

skin.

Written by
Amanda Galemmo

Draft 03

galem100@mail.chapman.edu
agalem@gmail.com

EXT. TEAGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TEAGAN, a short-haired 20-something, waits outside her home, scrolling through her phone. She wears a patterned button down and black jeans.

Before long, an average-looking sedan pulls up in the driveway. Teagan, noticing the car, gets in.

INT. BRITTANY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Teagan enters, Brittany, a butch-ish 20-something dressed smartly, gives Teagan a once-over. Her smile falls.

Teagan doesn't notice and goes in for a kiss. Brittany allows a quick peck before pulling away.

TEAGAN

Hey babe.

BRITTANY

Hey.

Brittany puts the car in reverse. Teagan notices it feels off. She squirms a little, looks pointedly out the window.

The radio plays, barely there, as they drive in silence. Teagan squirms again, making as much noise as possible. She steals a glance at Brittany--Brittany's eyes stay on the road.

TEAGAN

Did I do something wrong?

Beat.

BRITTANY

I thought you were going to dress nice.

Teagan looks down at her shirt.

TEAGAN

This is nice.

BRITTANY

I don't know. I just thought you'd, like, try or something.

TEAGAN

I like this shirt.

Teagan swallows, tries to hold back the tears building in her eyes. Brittany still doesn't look at Teagan. Brittany's jaw clenches ever so slightly.

Teagan tries again.

TEAGAN (cont'd)
You didn't tell me I had to dress nice, I would've worn something more if I knew.

BRITTANY
I don't know. I mean, I tell you we're going out to dinner. I don't know. I just thought you'd like, wear a dress or something.

TEAGAN
But I don't like--you know I don't like them.

Her voice cracks a little. A couple tears fall; Teagan gives a hard swallow, discretely tries to wipe the tears from her face. Brittany keeps her eyes on the road, frustrated.

Teagan takes a breath, composes herself.

TEAGAN (cont'd)
If you told me you wanted me to I would've.

Brittany doesn't answer.

TEAGAN (cont'd)
You didn't tell me to.

No answer.

The silence returns.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The sedan parks outside of an Italian restaurant. It's busy, with nicely-dressed couples waiting outside.

Teagan exits the car, eyeing the patrons. She looks miserable.

Brittany gets out a second later. She walks around the car to meet Teagan, in her hands a small, plush bear.

She presents the bear to Teagan. It holds a heart that says "I love you beawy much".

As soon as she sees the bear, Teagan tears up, smiling widely. It's a complete mood shift--as if nothing happened.

BRITTANY
Happy Valentine's day, Teags.

Teagan takes the bear, and pulls Brittany into a hug.

TEAGAN
I love you too.

They pull away. Brittany takes Teagan's hand in hers and they walk into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant is fancy, with dim lighting and a muted atmosphere. The waiting area is full with chatty couples.

Brittany and Teagan enter and approach the HOSTESS (30s).

HOSTESS
Happy Valentine's day, ladies.
Welcome to Prego.

BRITTANY
Hi, two?

HOSTESS
What name and time is your
reservation under?

Beat.

BRITTANY
Oh--uh, Brittany, no reservation.

The hostess pretends to look through her book.

HOSTESS
I am so sorry, but we are completely
full for tonight.

BRITTANY
Is there absolutely no
space?

TEAGAN
(to Brittany)
You didn't make a
reservation?

The radio comes back on.

Teagan shuts it off.

Beat.

BRITTANY (cont'd)
Are you hungry?

No answer.

BRITTANY (cont'd)
I'm sure you're hungry. You want
burgers? We can get burgers. You like
burgers.

Teagan continues to stare out the window.

BRITTANY (cont'd)
We'll go to Wendy's. Yeah, Wendy's?
We can get you that thing with the
pretzel bun.

Nothing. Brittany reverses out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brittany's car sits isolated in a fairly empty parking lot.

INT. BRITTANY'S CAR, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Brittany eats a Frosty while Teagan holds a bag of food in her lap. Brittany leans over and grabs some fries from the bag. She proceeds to dip them into her Frosty.

Teagan, bored, looks out the window. She sees another car parked a few spaces to their right. It's the exact same car as Brittany's--inside, she sees Mirror Teagan and Mirror Brittany, sitting the same as them.

Mirror Teagan chats energetically, all smiles.

Teagan imitates that smile as she watches.

INT. BRITTANY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Teagan and Brittany make out--Brittany's on top. She breaks away.

BRITTANY
What do you want me to do?

TEAGAN
I dont know--what do you want to do?
(beat)
Daddy?

Brittany looks Teagan in the eyes, smiles devilishly. She leans in to kiss Teagan again.

BRITTANY
I've got an idea.

Brittany kisses Teagan once more before breaking off and moving down to eat Teagan out.

Teagan sighs, but not out of pleasure. She finds a spot on the ceiling to fixate on.

TEAGAN
Oh yeah, yeah, that's good.

Teagan gives a convincing vocal performance despite her bored expression.

To her left, she hears much more enthusiastic moaning.

MIRROR TEAGAN (O.S.)
Oh yes, babe. Don't stop.

Teagan looks to her left and sees Mirror Teagan lying on the other side of the bed, wholly enjoying herself. As Teagan watches, she grows disgusted--she turns away, fixating on the ceiling once again.

But the moaning continues.

Teagan closes her eyes, but can't tune it out.

Beat.

TEAGAN
Hey, babe?

The moaning stops.

BRITTANY (O.S.)
Huh? What's up?

TEAGAN
I, uh, actually just remembered I
have an early morning tomorrow. I
should go.

Beat.

BRITTANY (O.S.)
Oh.

TEAGAN
Yeah. Sorry.

Brittany crawls up to the left of Teagan.

BRITTANY (O.S.)
No, don't be sorry.

Teagan holds for a second, then looks over. Mirror Teagan is
gone. Brittany wipes her mouth.

BRITTANY
Uh, do you want me to drive you home?

TEAGAN
It's okay. I'll walk.

BRITTANY
You sure? It's late.

Teagan puts her pants on.

TEAGAN
Yeah, I'm fine.

She gets off the bed, grabs her now grease-soaked Wendy's
bag off the side table.

TEAGAN (cont'd)
Thanks for dinner.

BRITTANY
See you tomorrow?

Teagan opens the door.

TEAGAN
Yeah, probably. Night.

Teagan exits the room.

INT. TEAGAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

An absolutely disgusting-looking Wendy's burger rotates in a microwave, lettuce and all. Before the timer goes off, the door opens. Teagan reaches her hand in to touch the bun and recoils from the heat. She pulls the plate out.

INT. TEAGAN'S ROOM - LATER

From the point of view of Teagan's laptop, Teagan places her steaming burger on the desk. She sits down, now wearing PJs and a face mask.

She types something into her laptop and clicks--the sound of moaning women begins to play. Teagan leans back. Using both hands, she grabs her burger, and goes to town, getting grease on her mask, her clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAGAN'S ROOM - LATER

Teagan stands in front of the mirror in a sleeveless dress, her face mask pristine. She adjusts her boobs, checks out her ass, wiggles her shoulders, scowling at her body.

She takes off her face mask. She sees a zit in the corner of her mouth and picks at it. She pulls, pulling the skin off.

Underneath, light.

This Teagan, Mirror Teagan, fully removes this section of skin from the mouth to the jaw. She looks away from the mirror to the real Teagan, still slouched at her desk, in her soiled face mask and PJs.

The real Teagan gets up to meet Mirror Teagan. Real Teagan looks Mirror Teagan up and down, stares at the now-absent section of her face.

Mirror Teagan takes a step towards real Teagan, closing the space between them. Mirror Teagan reaches to peel off real Teagan's face mask. Real Teagan looks Mirror Teagan directly in the eyes, unable to look away.

Mirror Teagan discards the removed mask onto the floor. She searches real Teagan's face, places a hand on her jaw.

Then pinches, lifts, peels away the skin.

CUT TO BLACK.