

Mirror

Written by

Madison Ballard

Based on the novel Mirror by Graham Masterton

EXT. NATHAN HOME - DAY

AN 80's HIT plays outside an agent's home in the Hollywood Hills of 1989... Blonde, tan, big breasted ALISON NATHAN (20's) sunbathes in a skimpy bikini.

Her wealthy agent husband MORRIS NATHAN (47) drinks scotch as he watches her. He makes sure his client is watching her too.

MORRIS
She's something.

MARTIN WILLIAMS (30) locks eyes with Alison. Martin is handsome, with dark curly hair and a boyish charm.

MARTIN
She looks like she's going to burn.

MORRIS
(yelling)
HEY, ALISON, SOME SUN BLOCK?

He drinks his scotch as she complies. Martin sips his own glass of scotch, hands clasped toward the screenplay Morris is ignoring.

The title is "Boofuls!"

MORRIS (CONT'D)
She's something special, Martin.
The step up I needed after
Charmaine. You know what it is
about her, Martin?

MARTIN
She checks your horoscope?

MORRIS
Jugs. Her jugs, Martin. I've been
married three times, each woman had
bigger jugs, better than the last.
Judith was brilliant but no tits.
Charmaine was smart -- sneaky, but
smart. Her tits were bigger but
kinda floppy.

MARTIN
How touching... Alison must be "the
one."

Morris takes another drink, watching Alison towel off.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
But I fail to see what it has to do
with my musical.

MORRIS
I have a type! I know what works!
Jugs, yes. Brains, no. Look,
Martin, you're a great writer,
but... Come on!

Martin hides his upset as Alison approaches.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
Boofuls? That nightmare? It's too,
too twisted. Bad karma, bad
kinehora.

ALISON
What's bad mojo. Morry?

MORRIS
Martin, here, is trying to sell a
musical about old Boofuls!

ALISON
(groans)
A musical? About that?

MARTIN
Well, only up until the night he
was murdered. That has nothing to
do with the story. It's about the
music --

MORRIS
You say that ridiculous name and
the only thing that comes to mind
is what happened to that poor kid!
IF they remember him at all.

ALISON
I think it's totally icky, Martin,
even if it is about the music.

Morris gestures as if she just proved his point.

MARTIN
-- But I have such a good feeling
about it.

MORRIS
Of course you do, YOU wrote it! But
I'm the one who'd have to sell it.
And Boofuls doesn't sell.

ALISON

I'd love to hear what you write about next.

MARTIN

Thank you, Alison, I'm not sure I'm finished with this one yet.

Martin excuses himself.

MORRIS

Martin, listen to me. You're a talented writer, but you waste your time rewriting A-Team. I figure, you're in your process fine. But you bring me this? Boofuls? Murdered Child Star: the Musical?

MARTIN

I have a feeling about it, Morris.

MORRIS

Feel it on your own. If you try to shop this, keep my name out of it. I don't want anything to do with Boofuls. Here.

He offers Martin the script. He accepts it and leaves. Alison pouts on Morris, chiding him for being harsh.

EXT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Martin lives in an old house around Loz Feliz.

Italian boy EMILIO CAPELLI (8) plays with a Transformer toy.

MARTIN

Hi, Emilio.

EMILIO

Hey, Martin! Check it out! I'm so Transformers! Optimus Prime! My grandpa's car is a transformer! I saw it!

MARTIN

Yeah, yeah. That's cool, little buddy.

Martin walks along.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Martin lives in a sectioned off part of the house and turns on the A/C. In his tacky add on kitchen, he prepares a light supper and sits.

Emilio enters.

EMILIO
I swear, I've seen it transform.

MARTIN
Get me a bottle of wine if you're going to talk.

Emilio opens the refrigerator.

EMILIO
Pinot Grigio okay?

MARTIN
Sure, that's perfect.

He eats as Emilio opens the wine.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
So, that dreadful old Lincoln is a transformer?

EMILIO
I saw him! He turned into Optimus Prime!

MARTIN
That's cool.

EMILIO
He didn't fight anything, though. He's old.

MARTIN
Hm.

EMILIO
But he works with the Autobots. He knows them!

He grabs a wine glass from the drying rack.

EMILIO (CONT'D)
He's working on a bigger dream.

MARTIN

He sounds full of crap, just like your grandfather. Tell him to give me the garage spot once in a while.

EMILIO

He says your car is a piece of junk.

RING! RING! Martin stops Emilio from pouring a glass.

MARTIN

(into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. HOLLYWOOD RESOLD - DAY

RAMONE PEREZ (30's) smokes a cheroot cigar. His cat LUGOSI lounges lazily on the counter, tail swishing.

RAMONE

Hey, Martin. What are you doing?

MARTIN

I'm eating. What's up?

EMILIO

My grandpa's Lincoln --

MARTIN

-- I'm on the phone!

Emilio goes to play in Martin's sparsely furnished apartment.

RAMONE

So, I got a call today that made me think of you.

Martin grabs the wine bottle.

MARTIN

Call about what?

RAMONE

Boofuls.

Martin halts.

MARTIN

What about Boofuls?

RAMONE

His old furniture's for sale.

MARTIN

His old furniture as in...?

RAMONE

The living room furniture. The furniture in the room the night Boofuls' grandmother chopped him into bits.

MARTIN

Holy shit!

(to Emilio)

Go home.

(into phone)

Are you going to buy it?

RAMONE

What am I going to with it? I heard Boofuls and you were literally the only person I could think of.

MARTIN

Well, great. Thanks.

He grabs the wine.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I should go. I have rewrites for the A-Team from Morris.

RAMONE

It's a private seller, Martin.

MARTIN

Oh, I'M going to buy it?

RAMONE

Yeah! At least check it out.

Martin puts down the wine but lingers.

MARTIN

I can't afford it.

RAMONE

You can haggle.

MARTIN

I mean, it IS the furniture from Boofuls' murder scene...

Emilio looks over. Martin makes him re-refrigerate the wine.

RAMONE
You can't miss out on it.

MARTIN
I have rewrites to do.

RAMONE
It's 1334 Hill Rise Avenue.

MARTIN
Hang on. Do you have the
directions?

He scrambles for paper and pen.

EXT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Martin waits at the end of the steps.

MARTIN
Mr. Capelli!

MR. CAPELLI (60's), an aged but robust Italian immigrant,
exits his section of the house.

MR. CAPELLI
If this is about the water --

MARTIN
-- Your grandson is in my house!
Get him out before I get back!

MR. CAPELLI
Shut up! You love looking after
him.

Martin leaves; Mr. Capelli follows.

MR. CAPELLI (CONT'D)
You're going to another meeting?

MARTIN
Furniture shopping.

MR. CAPELLI
Oh, that's good for you. The place
will look less depressing with
furniture.

MARTIN
Not with what I'm going for.

Martin drives a Mustang.

EXT. 1334 HILLRISE AVENUE - DAY

Martin pulls up the steep slope to the house on Hill Rise Avenue, and walks up. He rings THE BELL.

MRS. HARPER (50's) opens the door. She is dressed like it's the 1960's. Her lipstick is pale orange; her wonky fake eye-lashes make her look insane.

MARTIN

Hi, there.

MRS. HARPER

Can I help you?

MARTIN

Are you Mrs. Harper?

MRS. HARPER

What are you selling?

MARTIN

I...

MRS. HARPER

Vacuums?

MARTIN

No, I --

MRS. HARPER

Encyclopedias?

MARTIN

I'm not selling anything, lady.

MRS. HARPER

You didn't bring any samples of your wares?

MARTIN

Are you deaf?

MRS. HARPER

Excuse me?

MARTIN

I'm not selling anything. I'm looking for a "Mrs. Harper" who's supposed to be selling furniture.

MRS. HARPER
You're here for Boofuls?

MARTIN
No. The furniture. Do you have a
lucid husband I can speak to?

MRS. HARPER
You know, I've taken that furniture
to every auction house in
Hollywood. They won't touch it; no
one will do business with me!

MARTIN
I can't imagine!

MRS. HARPER
They say it's macabre. Sordid.
They'll covet some old lug nut that
touched Boris Karloff's neck, but
there's something wrong with my
furniture?

MARTIN
Well, I wouldn't know. Maybe I can
look at it?

He smiles boyishly. Mrs. Harper struggles with one of her
lashes but lets him inside.

INT. HARPER HOME - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The place has not been changed since the 1960's. Definitely
not Boofuls' furniture.

Mrs. Harper notices Martin scanning the place.

MRS. HARPER
I'm a widow.

MARTIN
Oh.

MRS. HARPER
It all reminds me of my Arnie. I
should sell it. So much to keep up
with now...

MARTIN
Is the Boofuls furniture here?

MRS. HARPER
I keep it in the cellar.

She grabs a giant key ring.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Mrs. Harper leads Martin down the CREAKY STAIRS. It's dark.

MRS. HARPER

-- The most awful thing ever, worse than Manson even. I mean, that lady chopped that sweet child into... I don't like to talk about it.

MARTIN

Yeah, no one does.

He points to tarp covered furniture. Mrs. Harper nods and they begin undressing the furniture.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I wrote a musical about Boofuls, actually. Not the night he died, of course, but about his life!

The sofa is gilded glamour, the fabric is pale green satin.

MRS. HARPER

You're a fan.

MARTIN

Lifelong.

Martin runs a hand over a nick in the coffee table.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You know, he grew up in an orphanage in Idaho before his grandmother found him and took him to Los Angeles.

He examines the liquor cabinet, the glass decanters, and the golden ringed glasses.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And he took off from there.

He glances at Mrs. Harper.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I was an orphan, too. He always gave me hope that things could change.

MRS. HARPER
Look how they changed for him.
Don't forget the mirror.

Martin turns around and pulls off the final cloth, revealing the gilded mirror. The face of the horned goat god Pan sits as the keystone of the mirror.

The mirror is so clear, so clean.

Martin becomes transfixed and forgets that his reflection isn't another him in another room.

MARTIN
(to himself)
"It's just the same as our drawing room, only the things go the other way..."

His face fleetingly skeletal. He leans closer, investigating.

In the background, Boofuls walks toward Martin. He notices the figure and jumps. But it's just Mrs. Harper.

MRS. HARPER
So, what do you think?

Martin notices a crack at the top of the mirror.

MARTIN
How much?

MRS. HARPER
Seven thousand for everything.

MARTIN
I'm not Aaron Spelling!

MRS. HARPER
It's as low as I can go.

MARTIN
Well, then I'm sorry.

MRS. HARPER
How about the cabinet for 700?

MARTIN
You'll sell the pieces separately?

MRS. HARPER
I didn't want to, but might as well. You want the stools?

MARTIN
I'll take the sofa for 300.

MRS. HARPER
Fine.

MARTIN
How much for the mirror?

MRS. HARPER
500?

MARTIN
For a mirror?

MRS. HARPER
That is an antique!

MARTIN
It has a crack in it.

MRS. HARPER
The glass is not the valuable part.

MARTIN
400.

MRS. HARPER
Fine.

MARTIN
That's, like, all my A-Team money.

MRS. HARPER
Well, maybe this will help you sell
that Boofuls picture you were going
on about.

MARTIN
Personal check okay?

MRS. HARPER
Fine.

Martin glances in the mirror, distracted the reflected room,
as he writes.

MARTIN
I think I can fit the mirror in my
car. I'll take that today.

Mrs. Harper doesn't help Martin carry the large mirror up the
stairs.