

SHE SAID RUN

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

KARA, mid 30s, rolls out of bed and trudges to the bathroom to scrub her teeth. She's in athliesure, which no one, including her husband and two kids, would have ever suspected she went to bed in. Kara lives comfortably, but is not comfortable in her life.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

She walks into the bathroom, avoids looking at the mirror, bends over the sink and splashes cold water on her face. She holds her bent over position, not drying her face, not splashing more on, not turning the water off.

After taking a moment or two hunched over the sink, she picks herself up and dries her face, still avoiding the mirror. She preps her toothbrush for entry: she takes her toothbrush out of the holder that says "Her's&Her's" on it, a wedding gift. She squeezes the last remnants of toothpaste on the brush, and wets it under the sink.

As she lifts her toothbrush to her face, she hears a crash downstairs, followed by a squeal of joy. Kara sighs, almost like a mantra:

KARA
Good morning.

She lifts her head to the mirror, still holding her toothbrush, but now only at hip height.

Her reflection in the mirror just rolls her eyes. Her reflection also isn't holding a toothbrush, the first hint that her mirror reflection isn't just herself in the mirror.

She then brushes her teeth, brushing so hard that when she spits she sees a little blood in the residue. She leaves to go downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Kara shuffles into the kitchen, and tries to help her husband HOWARD, 40s, get their two daughters, FELICITY and CLAIRE, twins, 8, get ready for school.

Claire and Felicity are coloring, singing, making as much noise and mess as possible without ever actually eating. Howard is playing along while also gently pleading them to eat before school.

Kara is trying to find some way to help, packing lunches, getting the backpacks ready, but also getting them mixed up and packing homework in the wrong girl's backpack.

KARA

Everyone ready? Dad's got to take you to school.

CLAIRE

Look what I made mommy!

HOWARD

Actually could you take them in today? I've got a big meeting.

KARA

Sure, of course.

HOWARD

Thanks, love bug.

CLAIRE

Look!

KARA

It's beautiful dear.

CLAIRE

Hang it up on the fridge!

FELICITY

Mine too!

HOWARD

These are absolutely gorgeous my loves.

Kara takes the two pictures and hangs them up to the other "masterpieces" on the FRIDGE. This fridge is the Type-A person's dream. There's a calendar, color coded appointments (doctors visits, parent meetings, play dates, parties, etc). Kara isn't type A.

Kara sighs the smallest of sighs when she sticks these two drawings next to the pictures of "Best Dad Ever" the girls did for Father's Day.

KARA

Grab your backpacks. Let's go.

She turns around, grabs her keys, and herds the girls out the door. Kara is visibly awkward and uncomfortable with her girls.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Kara, Felicity and Claire are in the car, listening to whatever insidious, inappropriate pop song is popular, singing along. Loudly. Badly. The sound is grating, but Kara holds her tongue, trying her best to play the part of good mom, maybe even trying to bob her head to the over-sexualized track blasting at 8:30 am.

KARA

You guys excited for school today?

No response, they're too busy singing about big butts and bad bitches.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Kara pulls up to the Kiss-N-Ride at school. She puts the car in park, exits the car, and tries to help her kids get out of the car. It's a big SUV; it's hard for them to get out of the car.

FELICITY

Mom! You aren't supposed to get out of the car!

KARA

I have to kiss you goodbye!

MS. HUBLE

Ma'am, you can't park in the line.

MS. HUBLE is the teacher on duty for the school today to ensure the kids get to class after being dropped off. She's overweight, in a tight red dress with a reflective yellow vest atop, and is wholly unpleasant. She's also Felicity and Claire's teacher, so Kara gets to see a lot of her.

KARA

Oh right, sorry Ms. Huble.

MS. HUBLE

Girls, what do we say about "sorry"?

FELICITY AND CLAIRE

You never have to say sorry if you never do anything wrong.

KARA

Right, sorry.

Kara shuffles back into the driver seat, turns it on, rolls down the window.

KARA (CONT'D)

Bye girls!

MS. HUBLE

Girls, don't you think mommy should buckle up?

Kara discreetly rolls her eyes, complies, and slowly pulls off the curb.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Kara looks into the rearview mirror. MIRROR KARA is sitting in the backseat, dressed in all black, make up looking great, bright lipstick, no seat belt.

Mirror Kara is somewhere between a figment of Kara's imagination, alter-ego, and a representation of who Kara was before she settled down. Mirror Kara is beautiful, crass, confrontational, and unforgiving.

Until otherwise specified, Kara can only see Mirror Kara through reflective surfaces.

MIRROR KARA

Cunt.

KARA

She's just doing her job.

MIRROR KARA

Maybe if she didn't want people to stop, she shouldn't have dressed up like a bloated stop sign.

INT. KITCHEN - MIDDAY

Kara brings bags of groceries into the kitchen. It's still a mess from this morning. She sets them down on the table, goes over the fridge and crosses "Grocery Store" off of the list.

She also has with her a bag that looks like a craft store exploded.

Under "Grocery store" is written "unpack groceries." Under "unpack" she pencils in "clean kitchen." She leaves the kitchen to turn on the TV to the Today Show or some other bubble gum morning program, and she turns back to start putting the groceries away.

There are two reflective surfaces from which we see Mirror Kara. There's a window over the sink, as well as a mirror on the wall across from the kitchen table.

MIRROR KARA

Do we really have to have them over?

KARA

It's not your decision.

MIRROR KARA

Last time, Delilah got so drunk she guzzled jet fuel.

KARA

It was...

MIRROR KARA

(overlapping)

Yes...

KARA

Tiki torch fuel for the tiki torches made out of recycled wine bottles.

MIRROR KARA (CONT'D)

Fuel to make large candles out of bottles you already chugged.

KARA

It was an honest mistake.

MIRROR KARA

Delilah's never been honest. She said she liked your necklace.

Kara's hand jumps to get neck, in defense of it. Her NECKLACE is a gold beetle with a small, red, cartoon heart over its chest.

KARA

This was an anniversary present.

MIRROR KARA

Which anniversary is bug?

KARA

Eleven is steel.

MIRROR KARA

Fitting, since he stole eleven years from us.

KARA

E-E-L.

MIRROR KARA

What is Howard up to tonight? Will he be crafting with us ladies? ...Again?

KARA

He's going to this meeting for the Home Owners Association.

MIRROR KARA

Oh to be with the other dull people. Good thinking. Let's contain them.

KARA

It's actually a really important issue. A power station might be built in the neighborhood and that would just gut housing prices and...

MIRROR KARA

Sounds like a perfect time to move!

KARA

No we can't move, Howard has a great job here.

MIRROR KARA

I guess we'll just have to manage without. He'd somehow find an even more tedious place to live.

KARA

I'm not going to erase the past decade just because there might be some electrical lines built across the street.

MIRROR KARA

Sounds like a perfect excuse to me! "I'm sorry Howard, but I can't look out the window everyday and be reminded of how the two poles have more spark than the two of us."

KARA

He's a great father. The girls are our priority. I can't take them away from him.

MIRROR KARA

So don't.

KARA
Excuse me?

MIRROR KARA
So don't take them.

KARA
I'm not leaving my kids.

MIRROR KARA
Why not?

KARA
Because I love them.

MIRROR KARA
No you don't.

KARA
Yes I do.

MIRROR KARA
You want to. That's different.

KARA
How could I not love my children?
They're perfect.

MIRROR KARA
And so is Howard and so is school
and so are your Pinterest parties
and so is Ms. Huble and...

KARA
No, fuck Ms. Huble.

MIRROR KARA
No, this. Here. Fuck all this.
Let's go.

KARA
Don't follow me.

Kara storms out the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Kara leaves her house in a huff. She turns and power walks down the street. She is avoiding any and all reflective surfaces so she doesn't have to confront Mirror Kara.

Her elbows are flying during the walk as though she's watched a lot of moms out of her window and thought it was a trait all moms acquired upon entering motherhood.

As she walks, she's working herself up, getting more and more visibly upset.

KARA

Yes I do. I do. Of course I do.

She turns the corner, and there Mirror Kara is, not in a reflection, but in person. In front of her. Kara stops cold. She looks up Mirror Kara up and down.

KARA (CONT'D)

Nope.

She brushes past Mirror Kara, trying not to confront this new aberration.

MIRROR KARA

You can't power walk away from me,
Kara.

Kara turns back and gets in Mirror Kara's face.

KARA

What? What do you want from me?!

MIRROR KARA

I want you to be full.

KARA

I am.

MIRROR KARA

Full of shit. You're empty. Hollow.

KARA

You're uncaring. Do you even have a
heart? You're selfish...

During this, TWO MOMS (EVELYN and DENISE), power walk by. They come up from behind and pause as Kara continues to yell at what they see as nothing.

KARA (CONT'D)

You don't care about me. My kids...

DENISE

Kara, are you okay?

Kara whips around, embarrassed.

EVELYN
You feeling all right?

DENISE
Are you hallucinating?
(to Evelyn)
Again.

KARA
Oh I'm fine. I'm just... How are
you how are the kids?

DENISE
They're good. Look we've got to go,
we'll see you tonight?

KARA
Yeah, definitely.

Denise and Evelyn walk away, looking back at Kara, who is
still within ear shot.

EVELYN
Maybe we should think about moving
our party.

DENISE
Why? I don't want to clean up.
Besides, it's not like you can
catch mental illness and bad taste.

MIRROR KARA
(off screen)
Run.

Kara starts running.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Kara storms in the kitchen, sweaty from her run back to the
house. She charge the fridge, rips everything down. The
calendar, the to-do list, all the pictures. After she's done,
she stands in front of the kitchen mirror. Looks at herself,
and runs upstairs.

There's stillness in the house as Kara is upstairs in her
room.

Kara hurries down the stairs with a small overnight bag
(something like Smooth Sailin' by Leon Bridges in the
background).

She looks in the mirror in the kitchen, and she smirks.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kara throws her bag in the backseat, and gets in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

She cranks the radio, and the song we've been listening to gets even louder. She puts the car in reverse, and starts to back out of the car. While doing so, she looks in the rearview mirror and puts on the same shade of dark lipstick Kara had been wearing.

The car is at a crawl so Kara can focus on her makeup.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Claire and Felicity are walking in the driveway with their backpacks.

Claire is holding an art project from school.

INT. CAR - DAY

CLAIRE
(muffled)
Mommy, look what I made!

Still applying lipstick, Kara hits Claire.

Kara immediately stops the car, turns it off, and the music stops. Kara jumps out of the car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

FELICITY
Claire are you okay?

KARA
Claire, are you okay? Felicity,
what are you guys doing home?

Claire is crying, but not uncontrollably.

FELICITY
We got out of school early and had
a playdate!

KARA
Since when?

FELICITY

I don't know, dad put it on the calendar.

KARA

Okay baby, we're going to get you to a hospital.

(to Felicity)

Tell you father to meet us on the way.

Kara hands her cell phone to Felicity, opens the car door, takes out the bag she packed, opens the trunk, tosses it in, picks up Claire, and puts Claire in the backseat where her bag had been.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Kara, Felicity, and Howard are all sitting up against the wall in the claustrophobic waiting room that smells like old paint. They are waiting to hear back from a doctor how Claire is.

FELICITY

Is Claire going to be okay?

HOWARD

Of course, my love. She just might need a few stitches.

FELICITY

Like Frankenstein?

HOWARD

No, like FRANKEN-DAD!

Howard goes into the typical dad-monster character and starts tickling Felicity, who is squealing with delight.

The noise irritates Kara.

KARA

I'm going to go see if I can find a doctor.

HOWARD

Okay, lovebug.

Kara gets up to go to the hall way.

FELICITY

Mommy...

Kara turns to look at her daughter.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

I like your lipstick.

Kara then looks at her husband. She bends down and kisses Felicity on the head, and leaves to find a doctor. Once out of sight from her family, she ducks into the bathroom.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Kara just looks at herself in the mirror. She holds for a while. A toilet behind her flushes, and a NURSE comes out of the stall and washes her hands.

The nurse is older (60s), and has on bright scrubs. As she washes her hands, she's humming some sort of happy tune. The nurse is looking to her side at Kara, trying to catch her in her eye-line to make eye contact.

Kara tries to keep her attention on herself, sometimes darting a questioning glance onto the nurse, who responds to her like it's a game of peekaboo.

NURSE

You have a little one in here?

Kara just nods.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Got to keep those kids safe!

The nurse gestures to her hands, as if to say her cleanliness will protect them.

She then proceeds to use the blaring hand-dryer, even though there's a paper towel dispenser next to the dryer. She stands there, opposite of Kara and the door, just smiling as she dries her hands. Like, an obscene amount of time.

Kara tries to return her smiles, but can't manage.

The nurse finally leaves; Kara is alone. Kara locks the bathroom door behind the nurse. She stares at her face, then focuses on her lipstick. She tries to smudge it off with her fingers, then the back of her hand.

She bends down to the sink. She pools the water in her hand and splashes it all over her face, like a bad Neutrogena commercial. She looks up from the sink. It still won't come off. Her hair is partially soaked from all the water she flung on herself.

Finally, she grabs some paper towels from the dispenser by the hair dryer. Dry, she rubs them on her lips, as if she's sanding down the edges of the color. Raw, swollen, still colored, she stuffs the paper towels into her mouth, and lets out a muffled scream. She bends over the sink, supported by her shoulders, and lets the paper towels fall out of her mouth. Her wet hair drips onto her shoulders.

She picks herself up and goes to the dryer.

She sits under the dryer, with the bathroom door still locked despite people knocking, long enough for her hair to look somewhat dry. Her mascara has run down her cheeks, but her lipstick is still fine. She picks herself up, unlocks the bathroom door, and goes into the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Kara is pacing up and down the hallway. She comes across her daughter's room, who is watching TV and has chocolate pudding on her smiling face looking perfectly healthy besides the new cast on her arm. Kara pauses, and the DOCTOR in there comes out to talk to her.

DOCTOR
Are you her mother?

Kara hesitates, she looks through the glass, at her daughter, then at her reflection in the glass mirror. She sees Howard and Felicity down the hall, being ushered by another doctor to come and see Claire.

Unable to speak, Kara just nods. The doctor shows her into the room, and is soon joined by Howard and Felicity.

Only seen is the family in the room from outside the glass. Howard, Claire and Felicity are all boisterous, drawing on Claire's cast, while Kara isolates herself in the background.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The next day, Kara again rolls out of bed and trudges to the bathroom to scrub her teeth. She's in a different pair of Lululemons, but they look similar to the ones she had on yesterday, and perhaps the day before that.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

She walks into the bathroom, closes and locks the door. She lets out a sigh, looking down at the sink. Puts the toothpaste on her brush, runs it under the sink.

As she lifts the toothbrush to her face, she sees Mirror Kara looking back at her, disappointed.

MIRROR KARA
Morning.

KARA
Morning.

FADE TO BLACK.