

MIRROR

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1. INT. A HALLWAY - EVENING

A white hallway in a Victorian house - tall ceiling, steep staircase - with a radiator and shelf beneath an oval mirror on the wall.

Enter CHILD, 5 years old, her hair is wet and she is in pyjamas. She is carrying, just about, a wooden dining chair.

She plonks it down in front of the radiator, and climbs up onto it, admiring herself in the mirror.

CHILD
Ready Grandma!

Enter GRANDMA, a happy woman in her 50s, wearing glasses and a soft looking cardigan. She's brandishing a hairbrush.

GRANDMA
You sure?

CHILD
Yep.

GRANDMA
Your Mum tells me you scream the house down when she brushes your hair.

CHILD
She's not gentle like you.

GRANDMA
I shall tell her she should be in future. Look at these waves!

CHILD
Can I have plaits?

GRANDMA
What's the magic word?

CHILD
Abracadabra?

GRANDMA
(smiling)
Close enough.

Grandma stands behind CHILD and begins to gently brush her hair.

CHILD
Who's that?

Child points at the mirror

GRANDMA
Who's who?

CHILD
In the mirror?

GRANDMA
That's you, silly.

CHILD
Why am I crying?

GRANDMA
You're not, look at your beautiful
face. Your cheeky face. Chin up
while I brush the top.

2. INT. A DIFFERENT HALLWAY - MORNING

ADULT 1, 30s, stands watching the scene above unfold, through a different mirror in a different hallway. She is crying. Through the mirror GRANDMA kisses CHILD on the cheek and they laugh together.

ADULT 2
Hey, hey now. You ok?

ADULT 1
I'm just... My mind is somewhere
else.

ADULT 2
Somewhere happy?

ADULT 1
Very happy.

ADULT 2
The car's waiting. We'd best get
going.

ADULT 1
Just give me one minute.

She touches the glass gently, and almost for a second, GRANDMA seems to catch her eye, then returns to braiding CHILD's hair.

ADULT 1 touches her own hair, in a plait down the back.

In the mirror, the little girl, now with plaits down either side, kisses GRANDMA on the cheek, then jumps down off the chair and runs off. GRANDMA smiles, then the mirror fades.

END