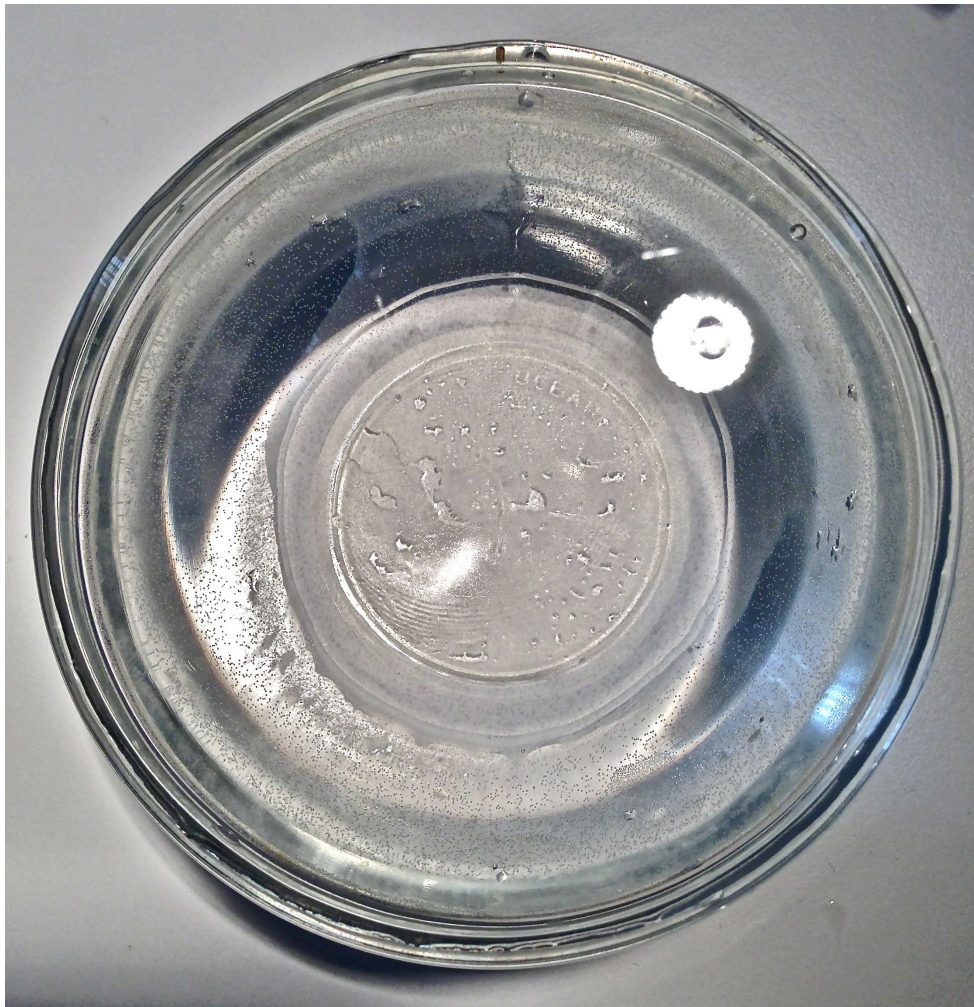


# GAZING

A short film

by

Ida Eva Zielinska



© Ida Eva Zielinska

## EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

FADE IN to a bleak cityscape (Footage in faded, muted colors until indicated otherwise).

It seems as if it is very early morning because the streets are deserted. The WIND howls softly. Pages of a torn newspaper sweep past, dancing on the wind. FOOTSTEPS, the sharp click of heels on pavement.

P.O.V. as we travel down a street, moving back and forth, seemingly without direction - scanning the environment.

CUT TO:

## EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAWN

In the distance, an obscure shop catches the attention of the viewer. An approach in P.O.V. Hands appear in frame, pressing against the glass door. We peer inside. The interior of an antique store comes into focus. Although everything is very dusty, it is extremely well ordered. Neatly arranged shelves hold objects clustered thematically.

CUT TO:

## INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAWN

REVERSE ANGLE. LUCY RAY, a young woman around the age of seventeen, peers through the glass door. She has a tired, expressionless face - a blank look in her eyes. Hesitantly, she tries the door. It is jammed. She does not give up. Finally, with a pronounced CREAK the door unsticks and sweeps open.

Lucy ventures inside the store. She clears the cobwebs in her path and proceeds to explore the space. It appears deserted.

On the shelves, there are many objects which in some way distort vision. There are collections of prisms, magnifying glasses, distorting mirrors and other such things displayed. Lucy picks out several pieces and peers through them - watching the room take on other dimensions.

Another section of the store holds old clothes spanning many years in style. Lucy holds up one of the dresses. Although it is very dusty and old, it is the very same dress that she is wearing. Holding it up, she ponders for a moment.

Behind one of the shelves, a shadow lurks. An ELDERLY STOREKEEPER secretly watches his only customer. He grins. Lucy puts the dress back on the rack. She moves away, looking back at it once with a pensive frown on her face.

She approaches another wall where numerous photo albums are stacked. She is about to remove one from the shelves. The storekeeper comes up behind her.

STOREKEEPER

Looking for anything special?

LUCY

(startled)

Where did you come from!

STOREKEEPER

I work here.

LUCY

Oh. Well you scared me! - you shouldn't  
sneak up on people like that.

STOREKEEPER

(amused)

I'll try to remember next time.

LUCY

Why didn't you let me know you were here  
when I came in?

STOREKEEPER

Oh, I dunno ...thought you might appreciate  
the solitude.

LUCY

What were you doing, watching me?

STOREKEEPER

Perhaps ...

He makes her nervous. She stares at him disapprovingly, while he smiles confidently.  
She starts to back out of the store.

LUCY

I have to go.

STOREKEEPER

Are you sure I can't help you find what you're  
looking for?

LUCY

I'm not looking for anything.

She hurries out of the door and runs off down the street. He watches her as she disappears around a corner. He laughs to himself.

STOREKEEPER  
(murmuring)

Lucy ...

He goes to the wall with the photo albums and pulls one out. Dusting it off, he flips through the pages. There are many travel shots of a family - a man and woman, and a little girl. On one page, on a camel in front of the pyramids, there is a little girl who could be Lucy at a younger age. He stares at the photo as if he were trying to transport himself there. Then, looking up, he slams the book shut, a gleam in his eye.

STOREKEEPER  
You'll do fine - just fine!

FADE OUT.

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - DAY

PITCH BLACK.

In the darkness, VOICES can be heard - laughing, crying, some calling out as if in fear.

FADE IN.

Lucy sits up in her bed. Her room is quite stark. There is a single bed, a pitcher of water, a plain table and chair, and a sink. She pours herself a glass of water, and stares out the window as she drinks it.

Trees sway in the wind. There is no one to be seen. She HEARS a CAR approaching. She leans out the window, and waits to see it pass.

The sound grows in volume, then stops as suddenly as it started. Looking slightly perplexed, she draws her curtains. The room plunges into darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

The BELL on the door to the antique store rings as Lucy opens the door. The room seems to have been cleaned up since her last visit - there are no more cobwebs or dust to be seen. The glass prisms sparkle and glitter now - casting reflections on the walls. The storekeeper emerges, sweaty, a broom in hand.

STOREKEEPER  
I've been expecting you.

LUCY

That's rather presumptuous.

STOREKEEPER

Not really. The fact you've come back means you're looking for something - I just hope I'm the one who has it.

LUCY

Look mister, I already told you - I'm not looking for anything.

STOREKEEPER

If you insist.

He lets her browse for a while alone, although he watches her from behind a thick velvet curtain. She looks through a prism - delighted at how it splits the room into geometrically shaped segments.

Finally she prepares to leave. He throws back the thick curtains. A tiny room is revealed.

STOREKEEPER

(anxious)

Please - don't leave just yet. I noticed you looking through one of the prisms ... I want to show you something.

He motions, inviting her into the little room. She hesitates.

STOREKEEPER

Come on! You won't regret it.

LUCY

I'll bet ...

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE BACK ROOM - DAY

Lucy looks around with suspicion. The room is empty, save for a solitary armchair, worn with age, and beside it a small end table.

LUCY

Well? I don't see anything but a beat up chair.

STOREKEEPER

Patience ... Here, sit.

He seats her in the armchair and hurries out of the room. He returns quickly, a tiny glass brimming with water in his hand. He walks carefully so as not to spill the liquid. Beaming, he pulls the end table in front of Lucy and gingerly places the glass on it.

STOREKEEPER

There!

LUCY

You're kidding. You wanted to show me a glass of water?

STOREKEEPER

Ah! But this is no ordinary glass!

LUCY

Looks pretty ordinary to me.

STOREKEEPER

So impatient! My, my.

LUCY

(getting up)

I don't have time for this.

He pushes her down in the chair.

STOREKEEPER

Sit.

Although she is taken aback at his forcefulness, his intensity fascinates her so she stays.

STOREKEEPER

Ordinary things are hardly what they seem ...

(looking at her)

... and I think you have the gift.

He stares into her eyes for a moment, making her nervous. He then studies the glass, turning it slowly on its base.

STOREKEEPER

You see this little glass? It's not just a little glass. It's really a doorway ... to another place.

(turning to her)

Want to take a peak?

Lucy is fascinated despite herself.

LUCY

I don't know ... sure ...

STOREKEEPER

I want you to relax, and simply gaze into the surface of the water. Watch it settle.

CIRCULAR SURFACE OF WATER FULL SCREEN

STOREKEEPER's P.O.V. as Lucy looks up at him.

LUCY

This is dumb.

STOREKEEPER (V.O)

Don't let your eyes stray from the water. Let the shimmer speak ...

LUCY

(sarcastically)

Really? - what's it gonna say?

Lucy's P.O.V. of the storekeeper's stern face.

STOREKEEPER

You're wasting time.

LUCY

(amused)

Okay, okay.

Lucy looks down again. Black Velvet curtains are drawn shut, filling the screen.

HIGH ANGLE on Lucy in the armchair. PAN down.

LUCY  
(to herself)  
I don't believe I'm doing this.

She looks around the room in P.O.V. - it is rather stark. She scans the expanse of ceiling and wall - both are very plain with no pictures hung or lamps suspended. There are no windows. Finally, in resignation, she looks at the glass. Despite herself, she finds the surface of the water quite hypnotic in appeal.

CLOSE on water. It sways ever so gently, glistening with a silvery sheen. Slowly VOICES and DISTANT SOUNDS become audible. A DOOR SLAMS, someone LAUGHS ... it seems as if the sounds come from far away and have nothing to do with the immediate environment. In P.O.V. we veer closer and closer until the circular surface fills the screen entirely.

Suddenly, the SOUND SURGES in volume with a PRONOUNCED SHRIEK, as an industrial lamp and different ceiling appear reflected in the glass.

**(NOTE: the visions will appear in bright color,  
compared to their surroundings)**

Lucy is thrown back in her chair in surprise. The lamp vanishes, and the plain ceiling reappears. Sweat beads on her brow. Terrified, she gets up abruptly, knocking over the table and glass. She tears through the curtains.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Lucy rushes towards the door. The storekeeper comes running after her. She runs out of the store.

STOREKEEPER  
Wait! You don't understand! You don't have  
to be scared!

The storekeeper looks out the door after her.

STOREKEEPER  
Come back!

Storekeeper's P.O.V. of the street as she turns once before disappearing around the corner.

CUT TO:



## INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy sits in her room. She then gets up and starts to pace. She goes to the sink, takes a glass and fills it with water. She places it on the table, spilling some of its contents. She sits on the chair in front of it and stares into it. Nothing happens.

She goes back to the sink and fills the glass to the top, this time making sure it is brimming. Carefully placing it on the table, as the storekeeper had done, she stares again. Still, nothing happens.

She gets up abruptly, knocks the glass off the table in anger and rushes out the door.

CUT TO:

## EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

The street is dark and foreboding. The rapid CLICK of HEELS on pavement as LUCY approaches the antique store. She turns around to look behind her several times - obviously scared.

Reaching the glass door of the store, she peers in. It appears closed. Noticing a light on in the back, she bangs on the door. It opens with a CREAK. She enters.

CUT TO:

## INT. ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

By the light of a solitary bulb, the storekeeper is busy cleaning a large mirror. He does not even look up from his work as she comes in. She stands over him impatiently, waiting for him to acknowledge her presence.

STOREKEEPER

A little late for shopping isn't it?

LUCY

(annoyed)

The glass had a trick bottom, right?

He laughs.

STOREKEEPER

I told you you had the gift.

He finishes polishing the old mirror and carefully leans it against the wall. He wipes his hands on his trousers as he admires the mirror, still not bothering to look at Lucy.

LUCY

It was a good trick ... I don't ...

He looks at her suddenly - his eyes piercing and sinister.

STOREKEEPER

That was no trick Lucy and you know it.

LUCY

(taken aback)

Who told you my name.

STOREKEEPER

You did.

LUCY

I did not!

STOREKEEPER

I read it in your eyes.

LUCY

Look - don't give me this mumbo-jumbo ...  
are you a magician or something?

He laughs.

STOREKEEPER

So - the non-believer wants to see more,  
does she?

LUCY

I was just curious ... and I was in the  
neighborhood, so...

STOREKEEPER

You don't have to lie.

He takes her hand and leads her in front of the mirror.

STOREKEEPER

The little glass was nothing. Wait till you see  
this.

He stands behind her and hunches forward so that they both appear reflected in the  
mirror.

LUCY

Maybe another time ... it's getting kind of late  
and ...

STOREKEEPER

(interrupting)

I want you to stare at it the same way as  
before. You're not really looking at anything  
in particular ... you're actually looking in...

Lucy looks into the mirror. Reflected in it, she sees herself, the storekeeper, and the back of the store.

LUCY

In where ...

The storekeeper shrugs - then leaves her alone.

She is not sure what to do, to stay, or to go. She looks at the door, and starts to move towards it. She glances back at the mirror - it pulls her to stay. She begins to stare into it.

Suddenly, behind her, a stark corridor appears. She turns abruptly - nothing is there except for the back of the antique store.

She stares into the mirror once more. ZOOM IN until the mirror reflection fills the screen.

Again, the corridor appears behind her. Everything seems to be moving, as if the spectator were travelling down the hall. Several doors are passed.

Suddenly, from out of a door along the corridor, a hysterical OLDER WOMAN comes running out. She looks demented, SHRIEKING and waving her arms around.

OLDER WOMAN

Ahhh!

She runs towards Lucy's back as if she were going to grab her. Lucy SCREAMS and jumps out of the way, turning in the process. The vision vanishes from the mirror.

There is no one behind Lucy - only the antique store and the storekeeper who comes out from behind the velvet curtains. She yells at the storekeeper in anger ...

LUCY

What are you trying to do to me?

STOREKEEPER

What are you trying to do to yourself?

LUCY

I'm not trying to do anything! What was that! -  
a ghost?

He shrugs his shoulders ...

STOREKEEPER

I don't know? - You tell me.

LUCY

You're crazy. I don't know why I even  
bothered coming back here.

She grabs the doorknob of the front door and pulls. The knob comes off - she almost  
falls as a result. She looks at the storekeeper.

LUCY

Well?

He shrugs and goes about his business. He finds a small music box and gets ready to  
polish it. She tries to open the door - it is impossible.

LUCY

Look - are you just going to sit there, or are  
you going to open this door.

He breaths on the box and wipes it on his sleeve.

STOREKEEPER

If you can't, what makes you think I can.

LUCY

It's your store!

He opens the music box. A HAUNTING TUNE sings out.

STOREKEEPER

Big deal.

Lucy approaches him threateningly.

LUCY

Look mister - you better let me out of here.

He ignores her. She stands very close to him, placing her hands on her hips.

LUCY

Are you listening to me?

Shutting the music box.

STOREKEEPER

Can you pass me that rag?

LUCY

Listen you crazy old man -open this door right now or I'm calling the police.

He goes to get the rag.

LUCY

What makes you think you have the right to keep me here!

STOREKEEPER

You're free to leave my dear, The door's right there.

LUCY

There's no doorknob!

STOREKEEPER

That's your problem. You broke it - you fix it.

Lucy yells out in frustration ....

LUCY

Ooooooooooh! You're impossible!

Lucy goes back to the door and struggles with it. ZOOM IN on the face of a large grandfather clock near the door. It is 10 pm.

DISSOLVE TO:

The clock reads 1 am.

ZOOM OUT to Lucy sitting on the floor near the door - an air of resignation envelops her. At a distance the storekeeper, WHISTLING the tune from the music box, dusts the shelves. He pretends to ignore her, casting secret glances in her direction.

Lucy gets up and starts to look at the stuff in the store again. She sulks and ignores the old man - in as provocative a manner as possible. She keeps walking past him and getting in his way - all without a word. He smirks when she is not looking.

Lucy takes some of the photo albums from the shelves. Sitting on the ground, she opens one and scans the pages.

CLOSE on the pages of the album. Faded photos revealing settings and places long past are pasted on the worn pages. Among the old photos, a more recent one of a house is tucked away. Lucy takes it out, slamming the album shut. She stares at it.

ZOOM IN:

**The photo fills the screen and becomes imbued with vivid color ...**

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

In P.O.V. we run up to the house, up the steps to the porch, and in through the front door. The FOOTSTEPS of the spectator are heard. The low angle indicates that it is a child's P.O.V.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The spectator runs through the living room, stopping to pet a sleeping DOG on the floor. The dog moans in his sleep, and rolls over.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The spectator runs into the kitchen. The legs of a WOMAN are seen. She is bent over dishes in a sink. The spectator runs up to her, and grabs her by the ends of her apron. The woman leans down and picks the spectator up, swinging her around.

WOMAN

Hi honey ... want some Koolaid?

A MAN comes into the room in overalls, he wipes the grease from his hands onto his trousers and opens the refrigerator. We don't see his face. The spectator's voice, that of a LITTLE GIRL (V.O.), utters a greeting ...

## LITTLE GIRL

Hi daddy!

As the man begins to turn around to face us, suddenly everything in the kitchen, including the people, begins to fade. The WIND HOWLS, and before long, only the hollow dilapidated shell of the kitchen is left. The DOOR FLAPS in the wind, slamming again and again.

The steps of the child are re-traced, only now the house is totally deserted and in ruins - as if after a severe fire.

On the porch, a charred doll is pushed further and further away by the wind.

FADE OUT:

## INT. ANTIQUE STORE - MORNING

Lucy wakes up on the floor of the antique store. In her hand, she still clutches the picture of the house. The storekeeper is oiling the hinges of the front door, while holding onto the knob which shows no trace of being broken earlier.

LUCY

What time is it?

STOREKEEPER

Time to get up.

LUCY

How long have I been asleep?

STOREKEEPER

Long enough.

She gets up of the floor and straightens her dress.

LUCY

Oh yeah ... now I remember. I see you got the door fixed.

STOREKEEPER

It appears so.

He wipes his hands clean and approaches her, staring intently. She backs away.

STOREKEEPER

You're afraid of me, aren't you.

LUCY

I am not. What makes you think that.

STOREKEEPER

Don't lie Lucy - it doesn't become you.

LUCY

So, what. Now you're gonna play dad and tell me how to act?

STOREKEEPER

Don't get so defensive.

LUCY

I don't need this - I'm leaving.

STOREKEEPER

No one's stopping you.

LUCY

Fine.

STOREKEEPER

But we both know you want to stay...

LUCY

(interrupting)

That's what you think.

STOREKEEPER

Have it your way. I'm going to have some tea.  
You're welcome to join me.

LUCY

Why should I have tea with someone who kept me locked up all night.

STOREKEEPER

You haven't tasted the tea...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER AREA OF THE STORE - DAY

CLOSE on tea being poured from an old-fashioned teapot.



STOREKEEPER  
... my very special blend.

ZOOM OUT to reveal the storekeeper pouring tea with his back turned to LUCY who is seated at a table.

LUCY  
Yeah. I'm sure it is.

She surveys the table settings.

LUCY  
You really like this old stuff. Don't you own anything new?

CLOSE on the storekeeper, a sinister smile on his face, as he stirs the liquid in one of the tea cups. The steam coming from it seems almost peculiar.

STOREKEEPER  
Old, new, it's all the same.

Lucy puts her hand in her pocket. She finds the photo of the house again. The storekeeper places the tea cups on the table, switching them around so that she gets the one he was stirring a moment ago.

LUCY  
What's wrong with the other cup.

STOREKEEPER  
(avoiding her eyes)  
It's chipped.

Lucy's P.O.V. of the chip on the cup.

LUCY  
Oh.

She looks at the photo of the house lying on the table.

LUCY  
Do you know whose house this is?

STOREKEEPER  
A family's.

Taking a sip of tea, as he watches her intently.

LUCY

Did you know them?

STOREKEEPER

Did you?

LUCY

Why must you talk in riddles?

STOREKEEPER

It seems that way, doesn't it.

They drink in silence for a while. Lucy looks around. Her gaze focuses on an hourglass.

Lucy's P.O.V. as suddenly, everything around the hourglass begins to fade, and a whole different setting appears (double-exposure).

It is the living room from the house on the photo. The hourglass is on the mantle above the fireplace. Lucy's gaze focuses on the dancing flames.

Storekeeper's P.O.V. of Lucy - a strange glazed look on her face as she stares at the hourglass. He smiles. Lucy breaks her gaze abruptly. She feels her forehead.

LUCY

It happened again. That's so weird.

STOREKEEPER

You're seeing things without mirrors ... that's good, that's very good.

LUCY

What do you mean it's good.

She stares at him with growing suspicion.

LUCY

You put something in this tea, didn't you!

STOREKEEPER

A little honey - buckwheat I think.

LUCY

I should never have trusted you ...

STOREKEEPER

Why don't you just trust yourself ...

LUCY

Don't count on me coming back here.

She jumps up. He continues sipping his tea.

LUCY

Haven't you got anything to say for yourself?

STOREKEEPER

See you later.

LUCY

You're crazy.

She huffs off out the door. He shakes his head and laughs out loud.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED STREETS - DAY

Lucy walks down deserted streets. She seems dizzy as she meanders a bit, on and off the sidewalk.

She walks by a mirrored glass show window. She glances at herself in passing. Suddenly, she sees herself flanked by the man and woman from the dream of the house. She looks beside herself - no one is there. She hesitantly looks in the mirror again. This time there is nothing there.

LUCY

(to herself)

I don't like this ...

She hurries down the street, turning to look behind herself, feeling increasingly paranoid.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lucy sits in her room. She has some pills in a tiny paper cup in one hand, a glass of water in the next. Absentmindedly, she raises the cup of pills to her lips. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Startled, she drops the two cups on the floor.

She goes to the door.

LUCY  
(frightened)

Who's there?

Silence.

LUCY  
(louder)

Answer me.

The KNOCK again.

LUCY  
Is that you mister?

She hesitates, then slowly takes the chain of the door. She turns the doorknob ever so slowly. She cracks the door open.

Lucy's P.O.V. of the empty corridor leading to her door as seen through the crack. There is no one there.

LUCY

Figures.

She opens the door fully, confident now.

Suddenly, the entire corridor bursts into flames. At the end of the corridor, TWO BURNING PEOPLE approach, their arms outstretched, yelling ...

BURNING PEOPLE  
LUCCCCYYYY!

Lucy slams the door shut as fast as she can. She backs into the middle of the room.

LUCY  
No!

She stares at the closed door. Nothing happens. She begins to turn away, relieved, when suddenly, all the walls in her room burst into flames. She SCREAMS in terror. She turns in a circle, MOANING. She closes her eyes and covers them with her hands.

The noise of the flames dies down as they disappear without a trace. She peeks through her hands. P.O.V. of the room.

Lucy rips her hands from her face, runs to the door, opens it, GASPING in anticipation. Nothing is there but a plain corridor. She runs out CRYING.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

Lucy BANGS on the closed door. The store is dark.

LUCY

Let me in. I know you're in there. Let me in!

She shakes the door, trying to open it. She looks behind herself, terrified.

LUCY

Let me in! PLEASE let me in.

A light comes on at the back of the store.

LUCY

Hurry up!

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE: the storekeeper sees Lucy behind the glass door. He goes towards the door.

STOREKEEPER

Okay, okay, I'm coming ...

He opens the door. Lucy rushes in, and throws herself in his arms. He is surprised, but welcomes her gladly.

LUCY

Fire, there was fire everywhere ... and these people - they were burning up and they were calling my name ... they were coming at me and shouting LUCY, Lucy ...

(crying)

It was horrible ... I was wide awake ... I couldn't make it stop ...

She pulls away from him.

LUCY

What's happening to me! Ever since I started coming here, I've been seeing things ...

She paces. She stops and stares at him angrily.

LUCY

What have you done to me! I hate you for this!

He looks at her lovingly.

STOREKEEPER

Lucy, don't you know me?

He stretches his arms out to her.

STOREKEEPER

Don't you remember me?

LUCY

Remember you? What do you mean remember you.

STOREKEEPER

Think! Come on! You can do it.

Lucy looks around the store, her eyes wild.

LUCY

Think about what?! Why am I so scared! I'm so scared!

STOREKEEPER

There's nothing to be scared of Lucy. Open your eyes, just open your eyes.

LUCY

They're open you fool!

Suddenly, a GRUFF MALE VOICE is HEARD as a MAN IN A WHITE COAT materializes.

LUCY

Oh my God!

He approaches Lucy. She SCREAMS.

LUCY

Do you see him? Can you see him!

The storekeeper approaches her, his arms outstretched lovingly.

STOREKEEPER

He won't hurt you.

The man in white approaches her as well.

MAN IN WHITE COAT

It's alright honey, calm down ... nice and easy

...

SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE start to appear as well, some sitting on the floor and swaying back and forth, others with their heads against the wall. Lucy registers each apparition with an exclamation. She calls out to the storekeeper ...

LUCY

Do you see them ? Look - they're appearing  
all over the place ... please make it stop! Help  
me, PLEASE!

The storekeeper follows her as does the man in white coat. Both seem oblivious to the presence and proximity of the other. Lucy backs right into the little room behind the curtains, and falls back onto the chair. Both men stand in front of the chair looking down at her, and inquire ....

STOREKEEPER

MAN IN WHITE COAT

(in unison)

Are you alright?!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAY ROOM OF THE ASYLUM - DAY

Suddenly, the entire antique store starts to fade away. Lucy looks around and begins to SCREAM in terror.

As the room fades, another appears in it's place. All the apparitions are a part of that interior.

We find ourselves in a large sunny room with many windows. There is a NURSE in the corner, knitting. Lucy is dumb-struck. She stares and looks around, her mouth gaping.

**(Bright Color - even Lucy is now a part of it)**

Her gaze finds the storekeeper. Now it is he who looks like an apparition - hazy and fading quickly. Lucy stares at him quizzically.

STOREKEEPER

I love you ...

He vanishes without a trace.

LUCY

Dad! Daddy! come back daddy! I remember, I remember! Daddy, come back ...

She starts to WEEP. The natural sounds of the room take full precedence - BIRDS, the MOANS and SIGHS of the people, a BASEBALL Game on a TV somewhere. The man in white, an orderly, stands over her - he is thrilled.

ORDERLY

Everything is going to be alright. You just stay right here for a minute ...

He backs away, then turns ...

ORDERLY

(yelling)

Dr. Burke, Dr. Burke! Hot Dooge!

He fumbles with the keys to the door to the room (which used to be the door to the antique store). He leaves.

Lucy wipes away her tears. She looks up and around the room. The other patients go about their business, mostly ignoring her. One WOMAN GIGGLES and watches her.

Lucy gets up slowly from the armchair - her legs are wobbly.

Lucy's P.O.V. of a mirrored wall.

She walks towards it on shaky feet, the giggling woman following her.

LUCY

(to herself)

So mirrors are a door to another place, eh daddy? Let's see if that's true.

She approaches the mirror. She places her hands on it, then presses her face to it.



CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

REVERSE ANGLE on Lucy through the mirrored window between the day room and the observation room. DR. ETHEL BURKE and a COLLEAGUE are in the foreground, chatting, intimate.

DR. BURKE

I don't feel good about this anymore ....

COLLEAGUE

Did he say anything to you?

A KNOCK interrupts them. They look at the glass window, and see Lucy knocking. They see her mouth moving but can't hear her.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY ROOM OF THE ASYLUM - DAY

Lucy, her face pressed up against the glass, KNOCKS on the window.

LUCY

I know you're in there ... come out, come out!

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The doctors are staring at Lucy.

DR. BURKE

It's remarkable.

The orderly comes rushing in.

ORDERLY

Dr. Burke, it's Lucy Ray, she's ...

The three don't take their eyes off of Lucy.

DOCTOR BURKE

She's back ...

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Burke sits in her office. She reads the contents of a file marked "Lucy Ray".

CLOSE on her hand as she writes "Complete recovery - Recommend immediate release".

Someone KNOCKS on the door.

DR. BURKE

Come in.

Lucy, wearing a crisp new outfit, enters the office.

DR. BURKE

Please, sit down.

Lucy sits.

DR. BURKE

I guess there's nothing more to say other than "Welcome back".

LUCY

Thanks!

DR. BURKE

Quite frankly Lucy, I don't know what caused your recovery. It's been twelve years - we'd pretty much given up on you.

LUCY

I guess not everyone gave up on me ...

DR. BURKE

What do you mean?

Lucy looks off in the distance. Dr. Burke is concerned.

DR. BURKE

Lucy? LUCY!

Lucy looks back at her and smiles, her secret intact.

LUCY

I didn't give up on me.

She sees a black & white photo in the file.

LUCY

What's that?

Dr. Burke gives it to her.

CLOSE ON BLACK & WHITE PHOTO

It is worn and old, with burnt edges, but without a doubt, the man portrayed is none other than the storekeeper.

DR. BURKE

This was one of the few things that were found in the house after the fire. I believe it's your father.

LUCY

He didn't give up on me either ...

Dr. Burke reaches in her drawer and gets out one of the old photo albums and the music box that we had seen in the antique store.

DR. BURKE

These were found also.

She gets up, goes around the desk and gives them to her. Lucy looks up at the doctor, tears in her eyes ...

LUCY

Did they suffer long?

DR. BURKE

You know the answer to that.

Lucy looks down, CRYING. Dr. Burke puts her hand on Lucy's shoulder lovingly.

DR. BURKE

Let it go Lucy. The fact that you're back indicates that the healing's begun. It was an accident. You didn't mean it ... You were just a little girl.

Lucy gets up and hugs the doctor. She then looks into her eyes. Dr. Burke responds by smiling ever so gently.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWDED CITY STREET - DAY

P.O.V. as Lucy walks down a crowded city street. This is the same street as at the start of the film except that now it is cheerful and full of people. Lucy smiles as she walks. She utters greetings to people around her. They react with surprise which melts into pleasure.

As she passes an alley, suddenly, she notices a familiar sight at the end of it. It is the antique store - dilapidated, and slated for demolition.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Lucy approaches cautiously. She stops in front of the glass door, wipes some of the dirt off of it, places her hands on it, and peers in exactly like the first time she saw the store.

Lucy's P.O.V. of the interior. The shelves are gone - it is merely a hollow shell.

She then walks away, slowly, never once looking back.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

The HAUNTING SONG from the music box rises in volume. On the soiled floor of the antique shop, under some papers, something glistens.

ZOOM IN slowly.

It is the little glass in which Lucy first saw reality.

FADE OUT:

ROLL CREDITS