



Episode 3:

Reflection

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FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

As we make our way into the alcove, Tanis is already at her display case. She does not see us enter.

She removes something from her collection, then makes her way to a large object covered with a dusty, gray tarp.

She lifts the tarp to reveal a tarnished mirror.

Standing before the mirror, she lifts the object she is holding to her chest -- a necklace -- a mirrored pentagon on a silver chain.

She pauses for a moment, admiring its looks. And the way it looks upon her.

Then she catches sight of us in her mirror. Watching her.

She smiles, not the least bit shamed by our spying.

TANIS

You catch Tanis at a weak moment.
Vanity always be my favorite sin.

Tanis turns -- and approaches us -- as she holds the necklace out for our inspection.

TANIS

She gorgeous, no? But like so many
beautiful things, she only be
pretty on the outside.

ON THE NECKLACE

Multicolored beams reflect off its polished surface.

TANIS(O.S)

Look close, and you find a necklace
like this ain't fit for nobody.

As the mirrored pentagon shimmers in the firelight, the radiant points of light begin to grow --

-- increasing in size and intensity until they transform themselves into hot, white...

STAGE LIGHTS

Casting their glow over a tired, beer-spattered night club. Tendrils of smoke waft through the air.

TANIS(V.O)

This not a gift from any
lover...ain't no kind of gift you
want at all. This necklace...her
mirrors show what be on the
inside...and her tale be
called..."Reflection."

SUPER: REFLECTION

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

SWING MUSIC fills the room.

Six MEN sit at separate tables. Their dress and looks,
suggesting the reason they are alone. They're all aged
between late thirties and forties. They sip their drinks and
watch the -

STAGE

- where SAM MONROE(early 30s) sings.

His good-looks and made-to-measure velvet suit, let down by
his voice. He's average, at best.

Sam finishes the song and walks over to a table. Takes a sip
of scotch as the BAND begins the next song.

He walks back center stage and looks to the -

ENTRANCE

- as the door opens.

LUCIANO BIANCHI(late 60s) walks in with a limp. He wears an
immaculate suit and long overcoat. There's an enthusiasm in
his eyes that gives him a younger appearance.

The CLINKS of his cane on the wooden floor makes everyone in
the room look his way.

He hangs up his coat and takes a seat at the back. Sam
begins to SING(O.S).

Luciano orders a drink from the WAITRESS and leans back in
his chair, watching Sam. An eye-brow raises as a smile
washes over his face.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - CHANGING ROOMS - LATER

Sam walks in and throws his suit jacket on a table.

He takes a seat and looks at his depressed reflection in the mirror. He shakes his head, loosens his bow tie and throws it on the table.

SAM

Six fucking people!?

Sam takes off his shirt and stands up. His eyes stay on his reflection.

He throws his shirt at the table and stands sideways to the mirror. He sucks his stomach in and gives an admiring smile to himself.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Sam looks at the door with disgust.

SAM

What is it?

A NERVOUS MAN speaks.

NERVOUS MAN(O.S)

Mi...Mister Monroe? There's a
Mi...Mister Bianchi that wants to
speak with you.

Sam puts a fresh shirt on. His eyes gaze into their reflected twins.

SAM

Tell him I'm busy!

Luciano takes over. A slight Italian accent but otherwise perfect English.

LUCIANO(O.S)

It'll only take a moment of your
time Mister Monroe.

He opens the -

DOOR

- and smiles at Sam.

LUCIANO
I assure you it will be a moment
well spent.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam stares at Luciano's reflection.

SAM
What is it old man? An autograph?

Luciano laughs softly. He smiles and walks in, closing the door behind him.

LUCIANO
No, nothing like that Sam -- I may
call you Sam, right?

Sam sits down and swings around in his chair to face Luciano. A bored expression on his face.

SAM
If you must. Just get on with it.

Luciano grins and takes a seat. He holds his cane to his side, swinging it slowly while he talks.

LUCIANO
Graci Sam, graci. I prefer to speak
on a first name basis. I'm Luciano
but everybody just calls me
'Lucky'.

Another grin from Luciano. Sam remains bored.

LUCIANO
Well, I just wanted to tell you I
really admired your performance
tonight.

Sam nods, rolling his hand as if to say 'hurry up'.

LUCIANO
Well, I was just wondering if you
had --

He looks around the room, searching for the word he thinks of. Raises a finger.

LUCIANO
-- sorry, representation. That's
the word! Have you got any
representation?

Sam shakes his head and stands up. Walks over to the door and opens it.

SAM

I represent myself Mister Bianchi.
That's how I like it, so if you
don't mind --

Luciano stands up too and walks to the door.

LUCIANO

Call me Lucky, Sam. Please just
think about it.

He takes a business card from his coat pocket and hands it to Sam. Sam puts it in his back pocket without thought.

LUCIANO

I'm very selective about who I
represent, Sam. Very selective.

He walks out the door and turns to Sam.

LUCIANO

Give it some thought and call me.
I've put another number on the
back. He'll explain what I can
offer you.

Luciano raises two fingers to his head then points them to Sam. He winks and walks off.

Sam closes the door.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - RECEPTION - LATER

Sam walks towards the phone by the entrance. He picks it up and dials. Puts a coin in the slot.

He leans against the wall, phone to his ear.

SAM

(into phone)

Hi Holly, it's Sam. Can I speak to
the little man? -- Come on Holly, I
just want to say good night to him
-- Okay, I'll make it quick. Just
put him on alright?

Sam puts a couple more coins in the slot, readjusting his stance.

He smiles broadly.

SAM
(into phone)
Hey Tim, how you doing? School
alright?

He chuckles softly.

SAM
(into phone)
You did? That's great! -- Listen
kid, I'll be down to see you as
soon as I can. As soon as I get
this job I'll be living real close
to you.

A sadness washes over his face.

SAM
(into phone)
Holly? I didn't even get to say
good night to him!...Holly? Damn
it!

Sam shakes his head and hangs up the phone.

He stares at it for a moment before he walks out of the
club.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sam walks along in the heavy rain. Lifts the collar of his
coat up, burying his face.

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - TIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIM(7) lies in his bed. HOLLY(late 20s) sits next to him, a
tender smile on her face.

On a table stands a picture of Holly, Sam and Tim smiling.
The perfect happy family.

END MONTAGE

INT. SAM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Sam sits and stares into the mirror in front of him. There are mirrors either side of him which show the two previous scenes. The images slowly fade, revealing Sam's profile in their place.

Sam studies his face in detail. Runs a finger lightly over his skin.

A smile spreads over his face. Sam frowns. He runs his finger over the wrinkles that appear by the corner of his lips as he smiles again.

A phone RINGS(O.S)

In the b.g a YOUNG WOMAN sits up in bed naked. She yawns, stretching as Sam stands up and walks into the -

LIVING ROOM

Sam picks up the phone.

SAM
(into phone)
Yes?

He takes a seat and listens on the phone.

SAM
(into phone)
What do you mean I didn't get the
job!?
(shaking his head)
That's a load of bollocks. My
audition was flawless.

The young woman walks through fully clothed now. She looks to Sam, moving to speak. Sam points to the door without a look in her direction.

She sighs and leaves.

SAM
(into phone)
Well I didn't want to work in a
shit hole like that anyway.

He slams the phone down.

Sam stares into space for a moment, deep in thought.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the business card from Luciano.

He looks at Luciano's typed name and number then flips it over in his hand.

INSERT: A FRIEND 07928645553

His hand moves to the phone but stops inches away.

He continues to turn the card in his hand as he stares at it.

He picks up the phone and dials.

INT. IRISH BAR - NIGHT

The bar is dark and booths are scattered around, hidden by tall, wooden columns. Most tables are full.

People sit and chat with enthusiasm. Laughter and excited voices fills the air.

PETER(70s) stands from his table and extends a hand to Sam. Sam shakes it with an uneasy smile.

Peter is a tall, slim man. Well dressed and looks a lot younger than his real age. He speaks with an Irish accent.

PETER
Mister Monroe?

Sam nods and takes a seat. Peter smiles and sits down, giving a nod to the BARMAN.

PETER
I trust a Guinness is alright
friend? I'm buying and that's all I
do buy.

He smiles across at Sam.

SAM
Guinness is fine Peter.

Peter takes a long drink from his own pint as the barman brings over Sam's. Peter's eyes stay on Sam over the rim of his glass.

PETER
So you were asking about my friend
Lucky, right?

Sam nods and takes a sip of his pint.

SAM

What can you tell me? I think I need my head checked for even contemplating hiring him.

Peter lets out a chuckle and grins.

PETER

Head checked friend? Hiring him will be the best thing you ever do. The man's a genius.

Sam gives a puzzled look.

SAM

Well what's so special about him? I mean, he sounded like a whacko to me.

Peter frowns. Offended.

SAM

Sorry.

(awkward silence)

How do you know him? Have you two worked together in the past?

Peter shakes his head and takes another long gulp of Guinness.

PETER

No friend, I can't say I've ever had the honour of that. It was my brother who worked with him.

Sam relaxes a little in his chair. Eyes fixed on Peter.

PETER

My brother Patrick was a painter. Nothing really too special -- at least in my opinion. Then he met old Lucky and something just clicked inside of him.

SAM

I'm sorry, he was a painter?

Peter nods, a grave expression on his face.

PETER

Yeah, he met with an accident at the age of forty. Wasn't too long after he first met with Lucky to be honest with you. He did have time to do some of the finest work I've ever seen though.

SAM

So where is his work? I mean if he was so special how come I never heard of him?

PETER

That's the strange thing about it Sam. Shortly before he died he took back all of the paintings he sold. Said that he didn't want anyone to see them. I believe he destroyed every last one.

Sam shakes his head, frowning.

PETER

He would have been Ireland's answer to Van Gogh though. Beautiful, beautiful art he produced. Such a shame.

Sam raises his eye-brows.

SAM

So this was all down to Lucky? Is that what you're telling me?

Peter raises his arms and shrugs.

PETER

Listen friend, all I know is Paddy was nothing special until he met that crazy Italian. All of a sudden he becomes the top man. Take from that what you want.

Sam sighs and stands up. He shakes Peter's hand.

SAM

Well I still think I need my head checked but maybe he's worth a shot.

Peter looks down at Sam's almost untouched pint.

PETER

Not staying to finish your drink,
friend?

Sam shakes his head and turns his back, walking off towards the exit.

SAM

Can't stand the stuff to be honest
with you, friend.

Peter shakes his head. His eyes follow Sam out of the bar and then along the bar windows. Sorrow in his eyes. He takes several large gulps of his Guinness, until the glass is empty. Points out a crucifix on his body.

BARMAN(O.S)

Get you another one there Paddy?

Peter looks to the barman without answering. Desperation in his eyes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sam sits on the park bench. He watches a SMALL CHILD several feet away from him. The child runs around in circles fast and then falls over. Gets up dizzy and staggers.

The child's MOTHER runs over and picks him up, carrying him away.

Sam smiles.

CLINKS break through the silence.

Sam looks up and smiles at Luciano. He stands up.

SAM

Thanks for meeting me Lucia --

They share a smile as they both sit down.

SAM

Lucky

LUCIANO

It's a pleasure Sam. I was waiting
for your call.

Sam nods and leans forward on the bench.

SAM

Well, although your friend confused the hell out of me, he didn't half spark my curiosity. I still don't know what it is you actually do though.

LUCIANO

It isn't too complex Sam, it's just a case of seeing what's inside someone.

Luciano smiles and looks to the -

SKY

- where the sun shines brightly. It's a beautiful day.

LUCIANO(O.S)

Some might say I see your soul -

BACK TO SCENE

Luciano grins, looking to Sam.

LUCIANO

- and it's just a case of getting it out of you.

Sam nods.

SAM

Well I'd be happy for you to represent me - at least for a trial period.

Luciano shakes Sam's hand.

LUCIANO

You've just made an old man very happy Sam, graci.

SAM

So what now? Do you have a contract for me to sign?

Luciano shakes his head.

LUCIANO

No contracts. Your word's good enough for me - I hope you can say the same about mine?

Sam hesitates and then smiles. Nods his head.

SAM

Not a problem. So do you have any advice for me? You know tips of the trade?

Luciano chuckles and shakes his head.

LUCIANO

No advice, no tips. Just sing tomorrow, Sam.

He reaches a hand into his coat pocket and pulls out a necklace, handing it to Sam.

LUCIANO

All I ask is for you to wear this.

Sam shrugs and gazes at the necklace in his hand. A pentagon hangs from it, mirrors that reflect the sunlight brightly.

LUCIANO(O.S)

Only wear that when you are about to perform, Sam. It's very important that you don't wear it too often --

Sam gives a questioning look.

LUCIANO

I'm sorry Sam, I really can't explain anything more. Just please, wear it only when you must.

Sam nods slowly and puts it in his jacket pocket.

SAM

So that's it? A necklace? What about bookings? Advertising?

Luciano smiles and stands up.

LUCIANO

Trust me Sam. Your voice will be the only advertising you need. As for bookings?

(laughs)

The bookings will come to you. You will be able to perform wherever you like.

Sam looks up at Luciano and returns his smile.

SAM

Okay Lucky. Well I guess I'll see
you tomorrow.

Luciano nods and winks to Sam.

LUCIANO

So long Sam, and remember, only
when you are about to perform.

Sam nods as Luciano walks off. He sits alone on the park
bench, staring into the distance.

Sam takes the necklace back out of his pocket and inspects
it.

In the sky; a dark cloud moves across the sun. Blocking out
the light.

SAM

(laughing)
Crazy old man.

He shakes his head and puts it back in his pocket.

INT. SAM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam tosses and turns in his bed. The mangled sheets cover
most of his body.

The necklace hangs on the bedpost. The moonlight from a gap
in the curtains reflects off the mirrors of the pentagon.
Multi-coloured rays bounce off in all directions.

BEGIN DREAM

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Sam walks along the aisle, eyes fixed on a CLOAKED FIGURE
kneeling by the altar.

CHANTING fills the room as Sam walks closer. His slow,
hollow FOOTSTEPS louder than they should be.

He looks around the church; strange symbols and pictures
engraved all around. A demonic feel to them.

The CHANTING grows louder.

The Cloaked Figure slowly turns his head to face Sam...

...The Cloaked Figure is SAM. Bloody, hollow spaces where his eyes should be.

END DREAM

BEDROOM

Sam sleeps on. Still he tosses and turns. Mumbled CHANTS come from his lips.

The mirrors of the pentagon glow.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Every table is full of PEOPLE. They all smile and watch the -

STAGE

- where Sam performs.

His voice is perfect. It is as if his voice controls the band around him. He has an effortless style as he moves around the stage.

He finishes his song and the room explodes into APPLAUSE and CHEERS.

Sam smiles into the audience. Allows the applause to wash over him.

The pentagon by his chest reflects the -

AUDIENCE'S

- smiling faces.

Luciano sits at the back of the room. The same table as the previous day. He smiles and nods towards Sam.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - CHANGING ROOMS - LATER

The door opens and Sam walks in. He's full of adrenaline. Nods his head, can't stay still. Pumped.

He takes a look towards the mirror and frowns.

MIRROR

Sam walks closer. His reflection is faint.

He takes a seat and stares into the mirror. Runs his hand over his reflection. Still faint.

He shakes his head and starts to undress.

A KNOCK at the -

DOOR

- and Luciano walks in with a broad smile.

LUCIANO

Bene Sam, bene! What a performance!

BACK TO SCENE

Sam smiles and dresses.

SAM

Thanks Lucky, I can't understand it though. I did exactly the same as I always do. It's as if the whole world has suddenly realised what was staring them in the face all this time.

Luciano nods and takes a seat. He points to the necklace around Sam's neck with a wry smile.

LUCIANO

You decided not to listen to your old friend Lucky, have you?

Sam raises his eyebrows then smiles in realisation.

SAM

Oh, the necklace? You were joking right?

Luciano laughs and stands up.

LUCIANO

Well you can't say you haven't been warned Sam. These things aren't to be messed with, but you do as you please.

Sam takes the pentagon in his hand and stares into it.

Looks back to Luciano with a wry smile.

SAM

It's just a lucky charm that's all. Judging by tonight's performance it works pretty damn good don't you think? I'm going to make you a very wealthy man Lucky.

Luciano shakes his head and walks to the -

DOOR

He turns back to face Sam and points to the mirror.

LUCIANO

A lucky charm is it?

Luciano walks out and closes the door.

Sam stares into the mirror. The pentagon sparkles with light.

INT. BAR - LATER

Sam sits at a table with ANNA(19), a gorgeous blond.

Two executive types sit opposite. MR HOLMES(45) and MR SELLERS(52). They are in the middle of a deep discussion with Sam.

HOLMES

It's a very generous offer Mister Monroe. I strongly advice you to accept.

SELLERS

You will have anything you want Sam. Anything.

Sam laughs and runs his fingers down Anna's hair. She giggles.

SAM

I think you need to go and have a word with your boss guys. I'm not taking the offer - in fact I find it insulting.

The two executives look to each other, a shake of their heads.

HOLMES

That is as high as we can go Mister
Monroe. You would be our highest
paid performer.

SELLERS

We haven't offered anybody a five
year contract before Sam. Come on,
can't you see sense.

Sam whispers into Anna's ear. She gets up and walks to the
bar.

SAM

Gentlemen, add another zero to your
figure and you've got yourself a
deal.

The two men talk in hushed tones.

Mr Holmes SLAMS his fist on the table and storms off.

Mr Sellers grins and extends his hand to Sam.

SELLERS

Then I guess we have a deal Sam.

Sam laughs and shakes Mr Sellers' hand with vigor.

INT. PETER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Peter sits ashen faced. He looks to his wrist watch a number
of times. Stands up and looks out of the window.

CLINKS(O.S) and a door swings open.

Peter turns around in fright.

PETER

You're late. Did it work? Am I
free?

DOOR

Luciano smiles and nods, throwing a necklace to Peter.

LUCIANO

Yes Patrick, your debt is clear.

Luciano turns around and walks off, chuckling softly.

BACK TO SCENE

Peter/Patrick shakes as he stares at the necklace in his hand. His haunted eyes reflected in the mirrored pentagon.

He looks to a -

PAINTING

- on the wall. A work of extraordinary beauty. It is a portrait of Sam as he appeared in his dream.

INT. SAM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam and Anna burst through the door. Their bodies entwined as they kiss.

Sam pins her against the wall and kisses her passionately.

He tears at her clothes as she glances to the -

MIRROR

- and SCREAMS.

There is only her reflection visible.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam looks over his shoulder. Eyes wide.

Anna stares at him in disbelief. She pushes him away and backs off towards the door.

ANNA

What...what are you?

She struggles to put her torn clothes back on. Rushes to get away. Runs out of the door and SLAMS it.

Sam turns and walks towards the mirror. His eyes narrow, as he studies the reflected bedroom. His eyes more curious than scared.

He takes a seat and gazes into all three mirrors. They reflect everything but him.

SAM

What's happening to me?

Sam looks down at his necklace and holds up the pentagon. His face reflects out at him, illuminated brightly.

He stands up, anger registering on his face.

He swipes at the mirrors, smashing them to the ground.

He grabs hold of the pentagon, preparing to rip it off but...

...he grimaces and holds his hand to his chest, sinking slowly to the ground.

An amazed look of shock in his wide eyes as he pants for air. The colour of his skin pales.

His eyes close...his movement dies down. He is still. Silent.

INT. PENTAGON

Sam lies, curled in a ball. Mirrors all around him. He slowly stands and looks around. Eyes wide and jaw dropped.

He takes in his surroundings in perplexed silence...then suddenly runs at a mirror, pounding on it with his fists.

He sinks to his knees, punching the mirror. Blood dripping from his knuckles, smearing on the mirror.

Tears flow in his eyes as he bashes the mirrors again, and again. Pointless, there's not even a scratch.

He raises his fist to punch again...but stops. Staring into his reflection as his arms drop.

INT. SAM'S FLAT - BEDROOM

Sam's lifeless body lies on the floor. The pentagon glows brightly around his neck.

CLINKS approach...Luciano walks into the room, looking around with a smile.

His eyes fall to Sam's body, he grins.

Luciano kneels down next to him, taking the necklace from around his neck.

He stares into the pentagon and winks. Slides it into his pocket.

DISSOLVE TO

TANIS

Looking at us. But not directly -- reflected in her mirror.
The pentagon necklace dangles from her neck.

TANIS

They say a beautiful woman should
break all her mirrors while she
can...that way her beauty last
forever.

She smiles as she removes the necklace.

TANIS

But beauty...it die, just like we
all die.

She sets the necklace aside, then lifts her arms to the tarp
gathered above her mirror.

TANIS

People say they want to live
forever...but then they sit on they
couches...and watch they
television...not even knowin' what
to do with the time they got!

She drops the tarp over the mirror.

And Tanis is gone. All that remains to be seen are the dank,
dusky folds of the tarp.

But we can still hear her chuckling at us.

TANIS(O.S)

...and you want to live forever.

FADE OUT.