

A DIY PROJECT

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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - DAY

KATIE - a 60 year-old woman, who's wrinkled face and full figure reflect all the years of self neglect, sits in front of a mirror table and flips a book. She glances at herself in the mirror. A look of revelation.

She draws closer to an army of lotions and jars on the mirror table. She hesitates which one to pick. Opens the biggest and smells it: it's awful.

Katie, stripped down to her underwear, smears clay substance on her legs. After briefly consulting the book, she wraps her legs in sheets of plastic, then cloth. Chuckles.

Wrapped like a mummy, Katie slaps a questionable looking mask on her face. Another layer. Yet another substance is mixed in a bowl and pored over her hair. Her fingers work it into her roots. A shower cap descends on her head like a crown.

Katie, every inch of her body is wrapped or plastered, lies on the bed. What resembles tea bags is on her eyes. She can't move. A clock ticks on the bed stand. It's quiet. She lets out a light snore.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The room is dark. A knock on the door wakes up Katie. She looks at the clock.

RON (O.S.)
Honey? Did you forget we have the
reservations? Honey, are you there?

The door knob moves. Katie leaps up to hold the door.

KATIE
I'll be right there, Ron. Just
getting dressed...

She hears Ron's footsteps fade. She stumbles into the bathroom.

Rustle of cloth bandages coming off, then plastic. Water splashes in the shower. Steps of Katie getting out of the tub. Silence. Katie's terrified scream.

The bathroom door opens - Katie is 20 years old.