Faking It

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INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

REVEAU, 40s, an ultra-conservative soccer mom with classic beauty, models a silk blouse in the mirror.

She strikes a pose. Admires herself. The blouse hugs all the right curves; she looks fabulous.

The smile sinks away, her mood shifts.

From outside the dressing room door --

BREE (O.S.)

How does it look?

Reveau reaches into the blouse and pulls a couple enhancement pads out from her bra and throws them in her purse.

She looks in the mirror again. The curves gone, the blouse hangs awkwardly off her chest.

REVEAU

I hate it.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - OUTSIDE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

BREE, late 30s, edgy and hip, she looks like the cool mom, hangs outside the room.

BREE

Is it the color? I can grab a different one.

Silence. Bree waits for a response, anxious.

BREE

Reveau?

The dressing room door swings open. Reveau steps out wearing a baggy sweatshirt, somber and frumpy.

REVEAU

Are you done torturing me?

BREE

Let's try a different one.

Reveau hands the blouse to Bree and steps around her.

BREE

Reveau!

She stops and turns back.

REVEAU

Bree, I'm not doing this anymore.

BREE

You never let me see it. Try it on again and let me be the judge.

REVEAU

It looks terrible, they all look terrible.

BREE

You're being too critical.

She holds out the blouse as an offer.

BREE

This time, let me see it.

REVEAU

It's too...

She waves her hand over her chest.

REVEAU

...loose.

BREE

Did you put in --

Reveau shakes her head.

BREE

... Sweetie!

Bree steps in to comfort her with a hug.

REVEAU

I'm done pretending.

Bree leans back to look at her in the face, arms still wrapped around Reveau.

BREE

It's not pretending.

Reveau pulls away and reaches in her purse.

Pulls out a breast enhancement pad and flashes it at Bree.

REVEAU

This is pretending.

BREE

So what do you want to do about it?

Reveau stands silent; a stone, holding back her emotions.

BREE

You can't always wear baggy sweatshirts.

Reveau's emotionless facade takes a hit.

REVEAU

But I like baggy sweatshirts.

BREE

What about when you go out?

Her facade crumbles away more, there's almost a smile.

REVEAU

I won't go out.

BREE

Please, try this one more time, with everything on. And let me see it. If you still don't like it, fine.

Reveau flashes the slightest hint of a smile.

BREE

I'll leave you alone about it. I'll even start wearing baggy sweatshirts.

Reveau breaks out a small laugh and rolls her eyes.

REVEAU

Yeah, right.

Bree hands the blouse back to Reveau.

She walks back into the dressing room and shuts the door.

BREE

And let me see it!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Reveau hangs the blouse up and looks in the mirror.

She pulls the sweatshirt off.

Then the T-shirt she has on underneath.

She's topless, no bra, and no breasts.

Two recently healed, mastectomy scars cross her chest.

She runs a finger along one of the scars. The little smile from a second ago gone, replaced by a look of longing.

Her eyes are wet, on the verge of tears.

She shakes it away and pulls a mastectomy bra from her purse and puts it on.

Her face winces.

She places the two pads inside the bra. Each one brings more pain to her face.

She stands up straight and looks in the mirror once again.

This time it's too much. A tear falls. She cries silently.

BREE (O.S.)

Everything okay, sweetie?

Reveau takes a deep breath, gains a little composure.

REVEAU

Yeah, just a minute.

She wipes her eyes and takes a couple deep breaths.

The resolve leaks back across her face. She glares herself down until the stone cold facade is back.

A couple more breaths.

She practices a smile... looked fake.

One more smile. Better.

She picks up the blouse.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - OUTSIDE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

The door opens, Reveau steps out, models the blouse for Bree.

BREE

I love it!

Reveau smiles, the fake one she just practiced, but it looks more believable.

REVEAU

You do?

BREE

You have to get it. It looks fabulous.

Reveau spins, like everyone does when somebody admires what they're wearing.

BREE

This is big, Reveau.

Reveau gives one last grin.

REVEAU

I think I'll get it.

BREE

I'm buying.

Bree's excited. She claps and gives Reveau a huge hug.

REVEAU

Thank you.

She looks back in the dressing room, her sweatshirt hangs on a hook.

Bree reaches in to grab it.

REVEAU

It's okay.

Bree looks back.

BREE

You sure?

Reveau nods, hesitantly; almost like it physically hurts.

REVEAU

I always have more at home, right?

BREE

Yeah sweetie, you do.

FADE OUT.