

MONOLOGUE: A GIRL'S FAIRYTALE OF REALITY

Written by

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Based on a true story.

INT. DOOR

NARRATOR LEILA  
Once upon a time in a fairytale...

A door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

NARRATOR LEILA  
A wooden door which creaks.

A house.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

NARRATOR LEILA  
A house. A building with memories.  
A brick home with loved ones in it.

A room.

NARRATOR LEILA  
A room. A room with floral,  
grandmother wallpaper.  
A pink corner of a girl's life.  
Pretty yet chaotic.

A girl in front of a mirror, staring.

NARRATOR LEILA  
A mirror and a girl. A dirty mirror  
and a pretty insecure girl. A  
perfect match of judging mirror and  
a judging girl. Who is being  
judged?

The girl starts to examine herself.

ZOOMED TO CHEEKBONES.

LEILA  
Leila had quite normal cheekbones.

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO EYES.

LEILA  
And dark brown eyes.

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO ACNE SCAR.

LEILA  
She had a beauty mark on her left  
cheek or it might have been a scar  
left by old acne.

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO EYEBROWS.

LEILA  
Her eyebrows were a token of  
jealousy for others. Perfect shape.

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO EYELASHES.

LEILA  
Her lashes were long, only when she  
put makeup on them.

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO CHIN.

LEILA  
Leila's chin was definitely  
asymmetric. It looked like it was  
being pulled to the right side.

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO NOSE.

LEILA  
The compliments always found her  
nose. "It soothed her face" they  
said. For the first time she agreed  
with them.

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO LIPS.

LEILA  
Why were her lips always chapped?  
She did use gloss. Cheap gloss,  
maybe. It worked for others. So,  
why not her?

CUT TO:

ZOOMED TO HAIR.

LEILA  
Her hair was perhaps the biggest  
insecurity she had because it  
showed too much of her personality  
while she wanted to stay  
mysterious. Her blonde, big hair.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HAIR

NARRATOR LEILA  
Messy.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE OF HAIR.

NARRATOR LEILA  
Uncared.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP TO HER FACE.

NARRATOR LEILA  
Rejected.

Leila tilts her head and sits up.

LEILA  
Rejected? Hm.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

Leila is sitting on a classroom desk with a blunt, sad face.

NARRATOR LEILA  
She felt average, incompetent,  
useless.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

Leila is sitting in front of a mirror.

LEILA  
Looking at a mirror didn't help.  
She realized a lot when she stared  
at herself. She talked of herself  
as not herself. Third-person. To  
simplify her insecurities. She was  
like art actually.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM

Leila standing in the museum.

NARRATOR LEILA  
Standing.

CUT TO:

Leila sitting on a chair in a the museum.

NARRATOR LEILA  
Sitting.

CUT TO:

Leila looking at her watch while crowds of people passes her  
by without looking at her.

NARRATOR LEILA  
Waiting to be noticed in a museum.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF LEILA.

NARRATOR LEILA  
From far she looked okay.

UP CLOSE SHOT OF LEILA.

CAMERA GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER.

NARRATOR LEILA  
Up close she saw her flaws. They  
got worse as she stared at them  
more and more and more...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BALCONY

Leila standing on the balcony under the full moon and stars.

NARRATOR LEILA  
She never felt ugly. No. Never when  
the night found her.

STARS AND THE MOON.

NARRATOR LEILA  
She needed the stars. She was used  
to seeing the moon. The only way  
that she could dream of Hollywood-

ZOOM TO THE MOON.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD

Camera flashes and the big lights of the Hollywood sign  
turns on.

Stars are formed to shape Leila's name on the sky.

NARRATOR LEILA  
-was to see her name formed by the  
stars. And her face carved on the  
moon.

CUT TO:

INT. BALCONY

Leila looking at the stars and the moon with a smile on her  
face.

UP CLOSE SHOT OF LEILA.

NARRATOR LEILA

Now, she was not alone or lonely.  
Just Happy.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN.

NARRATOR LEILA

Fini.