

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

JENNIFER TRIES ON DRESSES

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INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

JENNIFER, 17, tries on a purple bandage dress. She is slightly curvy, but in no way rubenesque. There is a pile of semi-formal dresses of various colors piled on top of a chair. She puts her hands on her hips and looks at herself from all angles in front of the three-panel mirror.

TRACY, 52, sits in a chair facing her daughter outside the dressing room. Reading glasses hang around her neck. Her figure is rounded by age, lending her a maternal air.

Jennifer catches Tracy's eyes in the mirror and whips around to face Tracy.

JENNIFER

What do you think of this one, mom?  
And don't just say 'It's nice' like  
you did with the last five.

Jennifer channels her inner Madonna, voguing and striking various poses in front of Tracy.

TRACY

But this one *is* fine.

JENNIFER

Be honest! I can see that you don't  
like it even if you don't say it.

She playfully narrows her eyes, returning her hands to hips.

TRACY

If you like it, that's all that  
counts.

(beat)

Alright, you kind of look like a  
Chinese finger trap.

JENNIFER

I know it doesn't look good. I was  
testing to see if you can tell the  
truth.

TRACY

(laughing)

And that was the truth!

JENNIFER

You can be honest without being mean.  
I'm never going to find anything. I  
look awful.

Jennifer returns to face the mirror, pulling at the dress as it had scrunched around the hips. It is visibly too short.

Jennifer sighs, and returns to her dressing room with hunched shoulders. Tracy puts on her glasses and plays Words with Friends on her phone. We hear Jennifer grunting from out of screen.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Mom...?

TRACY

(not looking up)

Yes?

JENNIFER

Can you help me? I'm stuck.

Tracy chuckles a little, but not enough for Jennifer to hear, and enters the room. We see Jennifer is caught with her dress inside out, trapping her in a hand's up pose.

TRACY

Get down on your knees, and I'll pull it from the top.

Jennifer listens, and Tracy grabs the edge of the dress.

TRACY (cont'd)

1... 2... 3!

Tracy yanks the dress off, and Jennifer falls on her butt, her face red from unsuccessful attempts to undress herself.

TRACY (cont'd)

At least you didn't rip it!

Jennifer, in nothing but her underwear and bra, starts crying.

Tracy squats down next to her daughter.

TRACY (cont'd)

Why are you crying?

JENNIFER

(between sobs)

I give up. I don't look good in anything. Maybe I won't go to prom.

TRACY

That's not true. The dresses you've tried on just don't suit you.

JENNIFER

But those are the ones I like.  
Shopping isn't fun when you're ugly.

Jennifer glances around at the dresses that looked lifeless on the floor.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Everyone else looks good wearing it.

TRACY

Why don't you try on the dress I  
picked out? The ones you picked out  
have all been trendy. It's not meant  
for your body type.

JENNIFER

Dressing for your body type is a  
social construct!

TRACY

If that's the case, why don't you  
like the purple dress?

JENNIFER

Because... it just doesn't look  
good...

Tracy plucks a black dress from the bottom of the stack and hands it to Jennifer.

TRACY

Here, try it. For me.

Tracy goes outside and returns to her game of Words with Friends. We see that she manages to use all of her tiles.

Jennifer walks out in front of the three-panel mirror, once again looking at herself from all angles.

JENNIFER

This one's not bad... I like it.

Tracy gets up from her chair.

TRACY

Jenni, look! Your mom just got a 127-  
point word!