

Skin Deep  
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FADE IN:

INT. BAKERY. MORNING.

A tiny shop. Cozy, twee, rows of ornate pastries behind glass. A WOMAN (80'S) presides. Glancing out the front window, she sees a handsome MAN (20's) approaching. She hurriedly straightens her apron and fixes her hair.

He enters. Polite, distant, moving with the familiarity of a daily routine. She hands him a croissant, smiling with all her heart ... and places her hand on his. He doesn't register the caress. As he hands her a dollar, her face falls.

She watches him leave.

INT. BAKERY- LATER.

The woman affixes a "CLOSED" sign to the door. She mops and places chairs on tables.

She looks out the window and watches a young, happy COUPLE walk past.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM. EVENING.

Wearing a slip, the woman stands before a mirror. She passes her hands over her aging body, arranges her hair around her lined face. Her arms drop to her sides.

Massaging her temples, she looks closer in the mirror and pulls at the loose flesh on her face. To her horror, her skin peels away.

She grimaces in agony but continues, removing the skin from her head and shoulders. Doubled over and panting, she doesn't stop until she's fully eviscerated, and then kicks away a scarlet-streaked cocoon of wrinkly skin. Although coated with blood and viscera, her new body is slim, supple.

She wipes herself with a hand towel and smiles. Her decorticated face is young and lovely.

A lump of shed skin sits on the tiled floor.

INT. BAKERY. MORNING.

The woman, ravishing in a pretty dress, is at the counter. The young man enters, sees her. He does a double take and smiles.

She comes from behind the counter. As they lock eyes, she feeds him a croissant. He licks her fingers. They kiss, hesitant at first. Soon, they're grabbing at each other.

He backs her against the front window. She turns the store sign to "Closed".

She pulls off his shirt. He undoes her dress and yanks it down, his hands sliding down her body, reaching her backside. He hesitates.

Behind, she's a mass of mottled skin - remnants of her old hide. Spinning her around, he sees bloody chunks of flesh hanging from her body. He SCREAMS and backs away.

In desperation, she rips away the leftover skin, face contorted in pain. She tosses it aside and looks at him. Expectant, anxious for approval.

He runs from the store, leaving his clothing behind.

Again, her face falls. She slides to the floor. Seeing the croissant, she picks it up and takes a bite.

CUT TO BLACK.