

# Remember

Written by

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FADE IN:

A BLACK SCREEN.

EMMY (O.S.)  
They just don't belong here. That's  
the problem. I'm telling you.

Someone coughs.

EMMY (O.S.) (cont'd)  
What a nightmare... but it's our  
fault. We let them inside.

Cough.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A wrinkly finger scratches a mosquito bump.

EMMY WALSON (70s, long gray hair) sitting in a easy chair  
near a window, looking annoyed.

Lip trembles.

EMMY  
Mosquitoes. They really don't belong  
here.

She pauses, looking at a chair next to her.

We see ADINDA MANUPUTTY (30s, long hair, friendly  
expression) nodding, grabbing a cup of coffee from the  
coffee table in front of her.

ADINDA  
Most likely the change in climate.  
It's been a long summer too.

Emmy stares, then continues her complaining.

EMMY  
Climate change? What are you talking  
about? I'm just telling you I don't  
remember ever seeing insects in  
winter before.

Emmy scratches her arm.

EMMY (cont'd)  
(Irritated)  
I hate these...

She snaps her fingers multiple times, as if trying to remember a thought.

EMMY (cont'd)  
What do you call them?

ADINDA  
Mosquitoes?

EMMY  
(Scratching her arm)  
I know that. Don't correct me. So annoying. They can really sting a person to death, I swear.

ADINDA  
Wait, I think I have something that might work for that itch.

She stands up, leaving the scene.

Emmy sighs deeply as she turns to the window next to her, rubbing the fogged up glass.

EMMY  
(Somewhat emotional)  
Look Garin, LOOK!

Emmy presses her thin pointing finger against the window.

We follow her point of view through the window, revealing dark clouds. It's sad winter weather outside.

EMMY (cont'd)  
It's winter and we're having mosquitoes, MOSQUITOES. Don't tell me that's normal.

She turns her attention to the chair in front of her.

We see the back of a male figure.

EMMY (cont'd)  
Gone are those long cold winters. Look, no snow. Only those blasted insects.

She reaches out for a photo on the small coffee table in front of her.

EMMY (cont'd)  
 We always went ice skating. Every winter. The first time I was able to stand on my skates, Dad was so proud. It was a real joy, that feeling of flying across the thin ice.

A small smile, as she overlooks the photo.

EMMY (cont'd)  
 (Softly)  
 Ice skating.  
 (Beat)  
 And snow...

Emmy presses the photo against her chest.

EMMY (cont'd)  
 Oh dad, do you still remember that snowman? We were the only family with a real carrot as a nose. All the neighbors were so jealous. We didn't have much. But you still fed us. And mom made a nice stew afterwards.

Emmy sighs, gently kissing the photo.

EMMY (cont'd)  
 (Softly)  
 I miss you.

She places the photo back on the table again.

EMMY (cont'd)  
 I really do.

ADINDA (O.S.)  
 Here. I've found it.

We see Adinda, smiling, showing her a tube of cream.

EMMY  
 (Looking surprised)  
 What?

ADINDA  
 (Nodding at the tube)  
 For your arm. It really works.

Emmy takes the tube, opens it and rubs the cream on her arm.

Adinda sits down and takes a sip from her coffee.

Emmy directs her focus to the window again.

EMMY

Last year it snowed. Remember, Garin? It was a real mess out there. No one expected that snow blizzard to hit us like that.

A clock ticks. The sounds echo through the room.

EMMY (cont'd)

Samantha had serious problems with that big pile of snow. Her car got stuck. You know, bad things easily could've happen.

A deep frown appears on her face.

EMMY (cont'd)

(Angry)

DeVries. It was *his* fault. All he needed to do was cleaning up his part of the street. But no, he was just too stinking lazy. We used to have morals. But nowadays...

She grabs a pack of tobacco from the table in front of her.

Emmy opens the package, fishing out a piece of rolling paper and stuffs it with the tobacco.

Her frown disappears.

EMMY (cont'd)

(Cheerful)

What a nice Christmas day it was. The neighbors even did some caroling. Mom hates it, but she knows me and dad love the singing. And...

Her hand tremors, causing the tobacco to fall on the ground.

EMMY (cont'd)

(Irritated and loud)

What a mess!

Tobacco scattered everywhere.

ADINDA

No worries, I can clean it up.

Adinda leaves her chair and walks to the kitchen.

Emmy looks at the chair in front of her.

We see GARIN DARMAWAN (70s, glasses), smiling.

EMMY  
(Angry)  
Stop grinning.

She stares with an empty gaze, not noticing the tobacco anymore.

EMMY (cont'd)  
(Friendly)  
I wonder what Samantha is doing. She  
doesn't visit us anymore.

She stops, seemingly waiting for an answer.

Adinda enters the room, armed with a dustbin and brush.

Emmy jerks her head to Adinda.

EMMY (cont'd)  
Samantha? I didn't hear you come in.

ADINDA  
(Smiling)  
No, Mrs. Walson. I'm Adinda, Adinda  
Manuputty.

She grabs both of Emmy's hands.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
I come here every day to help you.  
I'm from HOME CARE.

She looks at the tobacco mess, bends over and cleans the floor.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
I wish you didn't smoke so much. Do  
you still remember what happened to  
your husband?

EMMY  
What do you mean?

Emmy looks for confirmation from her husband.

We turn in his direction and see... an empty chair.

ADINDA (O.S.)  
There. All clean now.

She throws away the tobacco in the dustbin and walks towards the kitchen.

ADINDA  
It's time for your medicine.

Emmy stares at the empty chair in front of her, looking puzzled.

EMMY  
Where is my Garin?

She looks around, searching.

Adinda walks into the living room again, offering Emmy a glass of water and a pill.

ADINDA  
Here you go. This will help you.

Emmy nods and swallows the pill.

Adinda smiles in content.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
It helps you sleep.

EMMY  
Where is my darling daughter  
Samantha?

ADINDA  
I understand that you forgot.  
(Break)  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Walson. Your daughter  
died five years ago. Tragic accident  
with a tree. Lot's of snow, you told  
me.

Adinda offers her both hands.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
Come, I will show you.

Emmy grabs her hands and Adinda pulls her out of the chair. Together they walk slowly to --

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Adinda supports Emmy as they walk to the bed.

ADINDA  
You can walk a little better. No  
pain?

Emmy nods slightly.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
I'll help you to sit down.

Emmy sits on the bed.

Adinda points at a cupboard next to the bed. We can see a  
photo and a music box.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
Look. There they are. Your daughter  
and your husband. He died of lung  
cancer. Do you remember?

Emmy shakes her head in disbelief.

Adinda walks up to the curtains, closing it.

Emmy picks up the photo from the cupboard and rubs the  
frame.

EMMY  
(Softly)  
They are gone, aren't they?

Emmy presses a soft kiss on the photo.

EMMY (cont'd)  
My sweet darlings.

She puts the photo back on the cupboard.

ADINDA  
Time to take a rest.

Emmy observes Adinda, opening a closet and taking out a  
night gown.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
Let me help you with this.

DISSOLVE TO:

Emmy is safely tugged in bed.

Adinda looks at the music box and picks it up.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
 And this little gem. You told me a  
 beautiful story about it yesterday.  
 It's from your grandmother, isn't it?

Adinda is ready to open the box as Emmy all of a sudden  
 reacts.

EMMY  
 What? No!

Her hand reaches for the box...

EMMY (cont'd)  
 Give it to me. It's MINE.

...and grabs it, leaving Adinda speechless for a moment.

ADINDA  
 Eh... Sorry.

Emmy rubs the decorated wood affectionately.

EMMY  
 It's personal.

ADINDA  
 (Smiling)  
 I understand.

Emmy jerks her head up, as if she is possessed.

EMMY  
 (Eyes wide open)  
 I need to write it all down.  
 Everything. I need...

Adinda takes the music box, placing it back on the cupboard.

EMMY (cont'd)  
 (Sad)  
 I need--

ADINDA  
 (Smiling)  
 --to sleep now. You really need the  
 rest. I'll be checking on you later.

Adinda stands up.

She walks up to the door, glancing one last time into the  
 room.

ADINDA (cont'd)  
Sleep well, Mrs. Walson.

She turns the light off and leaves the room.

EMMY  
(Softly)  
I need to write it down...  
Before I forget... again.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: "WE ARE REALLY A COMPOSITE OF OUR LIFE EXPERIENCES -  
MEMORY LAYERED UPON MEMORY AND ALZHEIMER'S STEALS THAT AWAY"

- Meryl Comer

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

REVEAL: the inside of the music box contains pieces of  
paper, wrinkled, torn, a photo, a love letter, a small  
statue: memories of a lost youth.

FADE OUT.