MEMORIES
An Original Short Screenplay by
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INT. ART GALLERY - MORNING

CAMERA: ZOOM OUT - SLOW

ALEX and CAROLINE are lying against a wall. A painted cherry blossom tree is projected across it. They are sitting at opposite ends.

A camera hangs around Alex’s neck.

CAROLINE
Do you remember?

CUT TO:

TITLE: MEMORIES

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - EVENING

TIME-LAPSE

The sun sets over a sky scrape and the city comes to life. Buildings illuminate the horizon, vehicles and persons moving throughout.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - EARLY MORNING

Alex stares out into the city, buildings moving fast across the glass, A blur of vivid colours. His head rests against the window.

ALEX (V.O)
Memories;

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A spinning top moves across a glass table.

Alex is lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

Pieces of paper scatter the room; drawings, scripts, essays, books. A desk clock ticks beside him.
ALEX (V.O)
An organism's ability to retain, store and recall information and experiences.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC HALL - EARLY MORNING
A Polaroid camera lies on table. The winding of the flash is heard, a low pitch frequency, increasing gradually.

ALEX (V.O)
Like a photograph taking a picture.

The camera propels a burst of light from the flash, blinding the surrounding.

As the flash dies, the image is visible once again. A Polaroid picture frames the scene. It is still developing and barely visible.

ALEX (V.O)
A link which connects events...
Events that form an idea of the past.

Alex is looking out from the hotel window onto the city.

ALEX (V.O)
They can determine our present.

CROSS FADE:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING
As Alex turns and looks across, he is standing on a train platform. It is quiet with minimal lighting.

Suddenly without warning, a train speeds across the tracks and continues toward its destination.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - MORNING
A video camera is staring into a room. It takes a picture, the lens moving distinctly.

ALEX (V.O)
And at times, contribute to our future.
INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Alex is sitting in a chair rubbing his face. He is drained and tired.

The spinning top begins to fall. Alex kneels and watches.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - EARLY MORNING

Alex stares out into the city, buildings moving fast across the glass. Lights illuminate the horizon. His head is resting against the window.

ALEX (V.O)
But memories have the ability to forget...

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - MORNING

A small LCD screen flickers. Caroline presses the record button.

Alex and Caroline are staring at the cherry blossom tree. He is amazed by the painting, looking in awe of its beauty. The camera separates their bodies.

CAROLINE
How long do we have?.

ALEX
A couple of hours.

CAROLINE
Are you excited?

ALEX
I haven’t really thought about it...Just seems surreal.

CAROLINE
Time moves quickly doesn’t it?.

Pause. They both continue to stare at the tree, avoiding eye contact.

ALEX
It’s beautiful!
CAROLINE
I wanted to create a connection.
memories recall experiences, they
capture feelings that are unique,
subjective, personal.

Caroline walks and stands against the painting, back
first. Alex watches as she walks, his eyes never leaving
her body.

ALEX
Unbiased by time!

Caroline is silent for a moment.

CAROLINE
With this, i get to record those
experiences, a time capsule, a
link to here and now.

Alex begins to walk toward the opposite side of the
painting. His pace is slow, hands in pockets.

ALEX
Why is the past important?

CAROLINE
Because every memory is a private
literature. It creates a story.

Alex leans against the painting, back first. He lifts his
head, looking into the lights above .

ALEX
Doesn’t that mean you live in
dreams, waiting for the memory to
become a reality?

CAROLINE
Didn’t you once tell me life is
just a dream.

Alex smiles.

ALEX
Maybe it was romanticism, an
escapism?

Caroline turns her head toward Alex but keeps her body
straight. She is still leaning against the wall.

CAROLINE
Perhaps, but it doesn’t make it
false. Dreams create art...
(soft voice)
Like this!

(Continued)
Alex smiles, turns and looks up against the cherry blossom, his hand moving across its surface.

He pauses.

**ALEX**
Why a cherry blossom?

Caroline moves away from the wall and walks toward the bench.

**CAROLINE**
It reminds me of you, a memory I don’t want to forget. They say a cherry blossom falls at 5 centimeters per second... and that its life span resembles our own... brief... but beautiful... inspiring... That’s my memory.

Alex looks at her. She stares back for a moment.

The camera continues to watch their interaction, capturing each moment.

Alex moves away from the cherry blossom tree and walks to the bench centered in the room. He sits down. His body is silhouetted.

They stare at each other.

**ALEX**
Tell me something?... Are you happy?

Caroline looks at the ground, not answering immediately.

**CAROLINE**
I used to be... But in reality I’m suffocating inside... Watching the world go by with no relevance to it...

Caroline looks at the cherry blossom.

**CAROLINE**
This is my only escapism... Staring into a bittersweet life.

**ALEX**
Someone told me once, that if you laugh, the world laughs with you... but if you weep, you weep alone.

Alex looks down at his camera.

(CONTINUED)
ALEX
When i took a photograph, that used to be my happiness... An image forever immortalized

CAROLINE
And now?

ALEX
Now i’m tired of capturing moments that have no relevance.

They sit motionless, silhouetted by the projected light.

CAROLINE
Were the same, surrounded but completely alone.

ALEX
Lost in translation.

Caroline sits beside him.

CAROLINE
Sometimes i feel that without us, the world would not exist!... I close my eyes, and the world disappears!

Alex and Caroline are quiet for a moment.

CAROLINE
Interesting concept hu?

ALEX
You always did see the world in a different shade.

Alex lifts out a small Japanese puzzle box from his pocket.

ALEX
Do you remember this?

Caroline looks at it slightly surprised.

Alex leans forward and begins the sequence to open the box.

ALEX
It took months to find the Algorithm. By the time i opened it, we were in separate cities.

The box opens. He slides the lid off to reveal a small music box shaped in the form of a piano.
ALEX (CON’T)
Since then, A day hasn’t passed that i don’t play its song...
It’s my remuneration... Like your painting, it’s a memory i wish had stayed constant.

Caroline lifts the piano from the puzzle box and begins turning the lever. Alex watches.

She places the music box between them. They sit motionless as a song begins to play. The melody fills the room. It is reminiscent of a lullaby.

They sit side by side, their bodies never touching. Initially, their eyes look out ahead, staring at the painting, simply listening

As time passes, their gazes begin to drift toward one another, but never at the same time. When one looks, the other diverts their eyes away.

The song reaches a half way point. Eventually their eyes connect. They stare at one another, as if nothing around exists.

They are living in the moment, hidden away from the world.

The song continues. Gradually they move closer until their lip are millimeters apart. They breath slowly, eyes closed.

The music ends. Faint breathing is only present. For a few moments they sit motionless, the cherry blossom framing the background.

CAROLINE
(Soft voice)
Stay!

CUT TO BLACK:

END