

Mem
By
Constance and Nephadeum Antimony

Based on, Music Provided
By
Norm Sherman

FADE IN:

INT. MIXEL BRIGHT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

On his head, MIXEL BRIGHT (25) a radiantly roguish Russian bartender, chants:

MIXEL
Give us the lyrics to Life's Song--
oh spirit of Constance and
Nephadeum, and bring back sextooamen!

O. S. SPIRIT NEPHADEUM
Glories stream from heaven afar.

Mixel collapses from his headstand. He stumbles to the coffee table where a paper lies loaded with scribbled-outs.

He reads and writes: Glories stream from heaven afar. Dawns-

MIXEL
What the hell? That's Silent Night.
Quit messing with me, Nephadeum!

He grabs his cell and dials.

INTERCUT:

INT. ZAHRA GERSTEIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

THE MELODY PLAYS in the ring tone of Zahra's phone and it magically fills the entire ornately decorated room where

SPIRIT CONSTANCE, (pixied Beyonce) and SPIRIT NEPHADEUM (Dwayne Rock Johnson) make love upon the gilded sheets.

Ad-lib: 'Oh Constance!' 'Oh Nephadeum!' ...

Nephadeum bears down upon Constance. She cries for more of his love-- tears of joy fill her; he fills her completely.

SQUEEZE INTO MIXEL GETTING A REMOTE VIEW

MIXEL
Pryedstav' tye Syebye!

LIVING ROOM

ZAHRA gusto GERSTEIN (25) customized red and purple upswept hair, sits cross-legged on the floor with her face caked over in a green facial mud. She's busy with Tibetan singing bowls.

ZAHRA

A Ting, a Swirly, and a Gong...

She snuffles a snort and chokes a cough.

ZAHRA

Lather, rinse repeat The Song--

THE MELODY, subtly infiltrates her space and her well meaning, but messed up mystical demeanor.

She PERKS to the phone's song and scrambles to the bedroom.

Mixel's remote connection drops. Upset! He applies antenna hands to his head. Anything to get THAT back.

As soon as she opens the door, the spirits of Constance and Nephadeum smile at her. They wear a warm afterglow that she cannot see, but she senses something on the empty bed, opens the phone and the melody extinguishes. A hollowness now.

MIXEL

Zahra--

ZAHRA

Mixel? Hang on!

Zahra skulks around the bed, waves her hand over nothing.

Mixel rubs at the TATOO on his arm, a globus cruciger.

ZAHRA

I know you're here. Show yourself!

Constance and Nephadeum turn to each other, whisper something, laugh, and disappear completely.

Zahra FEELS them leaving, a bit of glitter, see.

ZAHRA

Wait! I didn't mean to order you.
Please, help us with the lyrics!

Mixel calls through the phone.

MIXEL

Zahra?

ZAHRA

(to the bed)
Come back. Quit playing games!

MIXEL

Zahra!

Zahra hears Mixel calling through the receiver.

ZAHRA

They were here again-Mixel-and-my-
attacks-are-getting-worse-oh-God-
I'm-gonna-die and-I-won't know why!

MIXEL

Tch-tch-tch-tch! Stop! Just stop it
right now Zahra, you're making it
worse now grab hold of yourself!

Hyperventilating, Zahra grabs hold of herself; literally, she grabs hold of herself in a gigantic hug. Turns 'round, facing a large dressing table mirror, but her head hangs down.

In the mirror, is her reflection, a deflated and defeated looking woman in a black bathrobe.

She releases her tight grip, apparently getting a grip until she looks up into the mirror and flings the phone -

Freakazoid! She grabs and reads the Mud Mask tube.

ZAHRA

I left it on too long!

She crawls, frantically searching for the phone. There!

ZAHRA

Mixel! I left my mud mask on too
long! Will I be alright? It won't
hurt anything will it?

MIXEL

Zahra, listen to me. Calm down and
get yourself together. I need you
to meet me at the bar.

ZAHRA

(overdone nods)

Aaallright. Alright. The bar. Good.
A drink. That's good. Can you make
me a Lava Lust? That usually helps.

MIXEL

Hasn't helped me much lately. It's
supposed to--

ZAHRA

Oh Mixel I'm sorry! But I just can't have sex when I feel so screwed!

MIXEL

I feel screwed without the sex.

INT. FUBAR'S BAR AND GRILL - A LITTLE LATER

Mixel fills a tall thin glass from several bottles.

He pops the drink down for Zahra. FIZZY BLUE. She ignores it in favor of a bottle of saline nasal spray.

Her gorgeous face has an 'about to sneeze' dealywig.

She tilts her head back, shoves the nasal spray bottle up her nose and gives a hefty snort.

ZAHRA

I've got the worst cold in the world-- ever! It's a devil cold. Maybe it's not even a cold. Maybe it's the flu. Maybe it's SWIne FLU!
(Achoo!)
That H-Tooner Thing-- that killer bug! And I could be dying...

Off Mixel's eyes, narrowing; his thoughts, narrowing.

Zahra takes a drink. Her eyes behold the glass, her taste buds, the taste-uch. It seems she drank straight lemon juice.

MIXEL

But the Lava Lust is your favorite?

ZAHRA

It's not the drink. I might be dying, Mixel. I can't die! Not like this. We gotta find out the lyrics! It's gonna kill me. I hate dying. It really sucks the big banana.

MIXEL

(I wish) Zahra, listen. I've got a theory about this whole thing.

Zahra perks.

ZAHRA

Ya do?

MIXEL

Da.

Zahra gulps back her Lava Lust.

ZAHRA

But my hypochondria, it's getting worse. A theory isn't gonna help anything...

Mixel sees it happening again.

MIXEL

Stop, Zahra-

ZAHRA

I think we're doomed Mixel. Doomed to spend eternity searching for lyrics to this song and those two ghosts - they're playing with us.

MIXEL

Just listen!

Zahra stops. Grabs her head.

ZAHRA

Oh God!

MIXEL

What?

ZAHRA

Mem!

MIXEL

Ha?

ZAHRA

That's it. The first word.
It was Nephadeum - his voice.

MIXEL

What's mem?

SPLIT SCREEN

Mixel and Zahra look across the screen to see: a great sea reflecting images. The sea becomes a deep thin computer screen with symbols and equations and pictures flowing fast.

OMNISCIENT V. O.

Mem is the thirteenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet, numerical value 40- Mem is water physical and spiritual cleansing waters the unconscious the self conscious the super conscious waters flowing infinite wisdom and waters of the womb-bring memories-mem is...

The voice zips by phenomenal as do Omni's associations.

FAST FORWARD people, places, things - gobbled winding sound.

END SPLIT SCREEN

Mixel and Zahra stare at each other. Ad-lib 'WTF'!

OMNISCIENT V. O.

AND THAT TOO!

ZAHRA

Memazing. Yeah. Ok-ok. What's your theory?

MIXEL

Remember when we first heard the music together? ...

ZAHRA

Before it got into my phone?
(dreamy eyed)
Yeaah! And I re-mem-ber Eli.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ELI'S TATOO PARLOR - CHRISTMAS TIME - DAY

ELI MARCH, 30 artstart and God's goatee, shakes their hands.

ELI

Eli March, pleased to meet you.

Handsome with appreciating eyes. Both his ears are pierced, the earrings - that globus cruciger again, or the symbol for antimony or Venus, as you wish.

Zahra fixes on his earrings then the log - same symbols.

Mixel pulls Zahra away from the counter for a moment. The conversation continues at a whisper.

MIXEL

Are you sure you want to get a tattoo from a gay guy?

ZAHRA

What makes you think he's gay?

MIXEL

He's got TWO pierced ears which means he's double gay.

ZAHRA

No, I think it means he's bisexual. Any case, live and let live I say.

MIXEL

Bi means two so bisexual means twice gay I say.

ZAHRA

Oh hoopl a.

Zahra slips back towards the counter.

ZAHRA

Not to sound intrusive, but could I ask you a question?

Eli shrugs, innocently.

ELI

Sure. Questions are the answer.

ZAHRA

Does having two pierced ears have any kind of special significance?

Eli smiles, getting it.

ELI

Oh you mean like does it mean I'm gay or something like that?

Mixel nods, smiling too.

MIXEL

I'm a bartender. I get to know a lot of the secret signals- especially with the hands.

Mixel points a finger to his bottom lip. Does a thumbs up. A thumbs down. A karate chop motion. A 'fuck you' finger. A peace, man. A live long and prosper. Monster hands. Pig nose.

ELI
Wow. That's good.

MIXEL
People use their hands a lot when they've been drinking.

ZAHRA
(slurring)
'cause they can't talk properly.

ELI
No, I'm straight as a ruler. For me it's a matter of art and symmetry. I couldn't give one ear preferential treatment over the other. Especially with this:

Eli points at the globus cruciger.

Mixel and Zahra scrutinize it. Eli nods.

ELI
I noticed you had your eye on this one. Maybe you're like me then.

He gives a gentle tug to both ear lobes.

MIXEL
Just a tattoo's good, thanks though.

ELI
I'm talking about listening.

ZAHRA
I can do listen. Him?

Zahra gives a gimpy flap of the hand at Mixel.

ELI
Listening for Life's Song.

They stare questioningly at Eli and then

A RATTLING SOUND from underneath the counter.

Eli reaches down, retrieves an ornate pendant, the GC.

ELI
(hushed)
It calls. Hasn't called in a long while. Meditate on the call.

ZAHRA
Meditate on the call?

ELI
That rattling sound you just heard.
It's a calling - your purpose in
life. Some people just let Life's
Song pass them by.

ZAHRA
A rattle is the Melody of Life?

ELI
No, it's the call. Now I can give
you the melody if you like, but you
have to figure out the lyrics for
yourself.

BACK ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Eli finishes. He INJECTS the last ink droplets into Zahra's leg, just above her ankle. They're both done.

THE MELODY PLAYS. Spooky rendition, different than before.
Zahra and Mixel do a scooby-doo around. Yuh! And sum thunder.

Ad-lib Eli with a 'woops'! And a magic signal. Algood. Fixed.
MELODY PROPER. Mixel opens his wallet to hand Eli cash.

Eli holds up a halting hand.

ELI
'tsOK. No need.

Zahra and Mixel shake Eli's hand in thanks and leave.

EXT. WHERE-ARE-WE STREET - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Arm-in-arm they go. Stop. Go. Stop. Christmas lights muted.

ZAHRA
What just happened in there?

MIXEL
I don't know. It all feels surreal.
Like it didn't happen at all.

ZAHRA
We should go back. Ask him some
questions.

MIXEL
What questions?

ZAHRA
I don't know. Like does he feel
like he knows us? 'Cause I feel
like I met him before.

MIXEL
Me too. OK let's go back.

EXT. ELI'S TATOO PARLOR - LATER

Zahra and Mixel stand outside the door, but the sign says
'closed' and so they look inside the dark window to: NOTHING.

Not a single piece of artwork on the walls. Not any jewelry.
Not any books. The counter is completely empty.

ZAHRA
This is crazy.

Mixel backs away to scan the upper part of the building.

MIXEL
This must be the wrong one. Try
next door--

To the next business. It's HODGE'S NOVELTY AND SMOKES.

INT. HODGE'S NOVELTY AND SMOKES

ZAHRA
Scews me, but have you heard of
Eli's Tatoo Parlor?

Old man HODGE at the counter, puffs a pipe, looks far away.

HODGE
Yes, but Eli's been dead for years.
Fell asleep with a cigarette.
(regret) I sold him the smokes.

Zahra and Mixel back out of there. SNOW BLOWS around them.

INT. FUBAR'S BAR AND GRILL - PRESENT

Zahra looks a bit tipsy.

ZAHRA

But what's your theory? We have the tatoos. We're not (crazy face)-

MIXEL

My theory, (ahem) is that we were abducted by aliens.

ZAHRA

I think it's a WIGWOOU phenomenon.

MIXEL

WIGWOOU?

ZAHRA

Yeah, you know. What if God Was One of Us. He comes down like a man and tries to teach us something- Eli.

MIXEL

Eli's God? I'd bet more on Old Man Hodge as being God.

ZAHRA

Maybe they're both God!

MIXEL

Hodge said Eli was dead.

Mixel shakes his head; turns retarded, mocking himself.

MIXEL

Hodge said Eli's dead. I'm mental.

ZAHRA

We've meditated ourselves to death and still no lyrics. I'm burnt out.

MIXEL

Meditation's making me bugaboo!

They sit a long sit, thinking. Then, ding! Excited-

MIXEL

Hypnosis! Let's try hypnosis.

INT. HIP HOP HYPNOTHERAPY - NEXT DAY

Zahra and Mixel look uncomfortable in the waiting room.

MIXEL

Hip Hop Hypnotherapy? They've gotta
be kidding.

ZAHRA

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING! You said
we should give 'em a try!

MIXEL

Your hypochondria has me worried,
Zahra... and everyone else had
major big time waiting lists. Hip
Hop's our hope.

ZAHRA

Okay. What you say...

Koo-koo-ca-choo! Spirit Constance ENTERS DIVINE and it's HIP
HOP HYPNO, in quite the trippy garb. Hold it! Off come Hip
Hop's shades. It's really Spirit Nephadeum! Go Ga-ga!

AND A WILD AFRICAN BEAT and the two of them PUSH Zahra and
Mixel into 'Oh!' THE CHANGING ROOM. And the beat goes on...

And out they come! Cometh out! Zahra and Mixel, in luminous
dress, the hip hop whips magically to: THE MELODY. They
dance. Not long, 'cause they slip behind a screen if you know
what I mean. Ad-lib: 'Oh Mixel!' 'Oh Zahra!' Roll lyrics:

Mem
The letter Mem
It gives you pride
To find out
What's inside
The, let-ter, Mem
The waters Mem
Are now and then
Re-mem-ber-when-you-got-your-Mem
Upon the Ohr
To find out what's in store
Right-left through the door
And through the end
This is when you cried
This is when you died
You-worked-it-out-and-tried-it-all-again
Mem-Orh-Ies and A-Ha-Va
And Simply Once
Upon a Time
Again

0+ Together both male and female +0