

INT — A BED-ROOM — MID-MORNING

The room is angular and violent. Uncomfortable. The furniture is sparse and unfriendly. On a bed with a flat pillow and a thin, small blanket lies JANE. She lies on her back, facing up, eyes closed, unmoving. She could be dead. We zoom in quickly on her eyes as they burst open.

Jane sits up quickly and mechanically. She looks around the room, at first in the bewilderment of having just awoken, but gradually with genuine concern: she does not recognise this place.

She looks down at herself. She is wearing modest pajamas. She does not see clothing lying around, nor any indication of where she is.

A MAN peeks into the room, then enters. He is dressed casually, and seems to be in a good mood. He smiles at Jane.

MAN  
Good Morning! You feeling  
hungry?

JANE  
(fearful)  
Who are you?

MAN  
(playfully,  
mock-stalking  
her)  
I am the man who's going to  
drag you out of bed, if you  
don't get up soon and face  
the day!

Jane recoils from the man. He stops, concerned.

MAN  
Is every thing all right?

JANE  
Who are you?

MAN  
Are you serious? You don't  
know who I am?

JANE  
I don't remember you. Did we  
meet last night?

MAN  
(displaying  
his wedding  
ring)  
I'm your husband.

Jane looks down at her own hand, at the ring on her finger.

JANE  
No you're not.  
(She struggles  
with and  
eventually  
succeeds in  
removing the  
ring)  
I'm not married.

MAN  
(moving closer  
to her, to  
comfort)  
What are you saying?

JANE  
(retracting  
more)  
What is your name?

MAN  
My name is Cartika.

JANE  
(shaking her  
head)  
I don't know that name. I  
don't know you.

MAN  
(reaching for  
the telephone)  
Maybe we should call the  
doctor.

JANE  
Don't touch that phone.

MAN

(stops heading  
for the phone)

Listen, Natrilla. I'm  
worried about you. I don't  
know what's happened, but we  
need to see some one about  
it.

JANE

What did you call me?

MAN

Natrilla.

JANE

That's not my name.

MAN

(incredulous)

Oh really? Then what is your  
name?

JANE

It's—I don't know.

MAN

Natrilla, this is really  
freaking me out.

JANE

Stop calling me that!

MAN

It's your name. Why—your  
wallet. Check your wallet.  
Your ID will be in there.

JANE

I can't find my wallet.

MAN

Well, it's in your purse.  
Downstairs. I'll go get it.

JANE

No!

(the Man  
pauses)

We'll both go.

INT - A HALLWAY - CONTINUING

The MAN leads JANE out of the bed-room, down the hall to the stairs descending. Jane is not familiar with any of her surroundings, and tries to take it all in, desperately grasping for some recognition. She is, however, not taking her eye off the Man, half-expecting treachery. Jane looks into other rooms as they pass, but they are empty of people.

They go down the stairs, and at the foot thereof sits a small purse. The man picks it up and hands it to Jane, who snatches it quickly out of his hand.

She sits on the step and looks through the contents. None is familiar to her. She picks up keys, tissues, receipts, and then discards them after looking at them.

She pulls out the wallet, and opens it up. The Driver's License states her name: Natrilla Bikouman. She holds the license and drops the purse as she goes over to a mirror and compares the picture with her reflection. Then she tries to scratch the picture off the license, but it seems genuine.

JANE  
This isn't real.

MAN  
The licence?

JANE  
The whole thing. The  
licence, you, this house?

MAN  
You don't even recognise this  
house?

JANE  
Should I?

MAN  
We've lived in it for five  
years. You picked it out  
yourself.

JANE

You're lying.

She walks past him into another part of the house.

INT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JANE walks into the living room of the house; the MAN follows her. Jane surveys the living room. It is again sparsely furnished. The furniture that is there appears new.

JANE  
If we've lived here for five years, why is there hardly any furniture?

MAN  
You're a minimalist. Any thing we aren't using, you tend to throw out or give away.

JANE  
And why is the furniture that is here so new-looking?

MAN  
Well, it wasn't that long ago we re-furnished the whole house. You were tired of our old look.

Jane scans the room, looking for clues.

MAN  
If you don't remember, that I suppose I can understand. But are you saying you don't believe me?

JANE  
I don't know. It all seems too convenient.

MAN  
Convenient? What are saying? That you don't trust me? You think there's some sort of conspiracy?

JANE  
Could be.

MAN  
Natrilla, will you listen to  
yourself? Think of what  
you're saying.

Jane looks carefully at the man, trying to determine his sincerity.

MAN  
Please, Natrilla, just sit  
down. Relax. I'm sure it  
will all come back to you if  
you just rest a little.

The doorbell rings.

MAN  
That'll be Mikadu.

JANE  
Mikadu?

MAN  
She was supposed to pick you  
up for your football team.  
I'll let her know you can't  
go.

JANE  
No. Show her in.

The man nods his assent, and goes to the door. Jane looks at a framed picture of her and the man from a few years ago.

She turns to the Man as he re-enters with a WOMAN.

JANE  
(to the Woman)  
You're Mikadu.

WOMAN  
You're Natrilla.

Jane turns away, unsure.

MAN

This wasn't a good idea.  
Natrilla's really not feeling  
very well, to-day.

JANE  
I've seen you before.

The Woman gives a bewildered look to the Man.

MAN  
You should probably go.

WOMAN  
What's going on here?

JANE  
(turns to  
analyse the  
woman's  
responses)  
Are you sure you don't know?

WOMAN  
Quite.

MAN  
Natrilla seems to have lost  
her memory.

WOMAN  
(to Jane)  
Is this true?

JANE  
That's what I want to figure  
out.

MAN  
(to the woman,  
but facing  
Jane)  
She also seems to think  
there's a conspiracy against  
her, that none of is really  
her friend.

JANE  
I remember this woman. From  
some where.

WOMAN

I should hope so, Natrilla.  
I'm your sister.

JANE

My name is not Natrilla. And  
I do not believe you are my  
sister.

WOMAN

What is this? Some sort of  
joke?

JANE

(to herself)  
I wonder...

WOMAN

(approaching  
Jane)  
Natrilla, or what ever you  
think your name is, if you  
really don't remember any  
thing, this is a problem.

JANE

I am aware of that.

WOMAN

(pitying)  
Please, don't shut me out of  
this. Let's sit down. Let's  
discuss this. Maybe there's  
some way we can get your  
memory back on track.

JANE

(just realised  
some thing)  
I'm not interested in that.

MAN

You're not interested in  
what?

JANE

I'm not interested in getting  
back the memories you claim  
I've lost. I'm not that  
person any more.



MAN  
Of course you are.

JANE  
No, I'm really not.

Jane walks with a purpose, leaving the living room the same way she entered.

INT — A HALLWAY — CONTINUOUS

Jane walks forcefully to the front door. She stops just outside. She looks into the closet, full of coats, and picks one that fits her perfectly. Then she scans the shoes and picks a pair that also fit. She goes over to a collection of keys hanging on the wall, and after a moment of indecision, picks one set.

The man and the woman are confused as they enter the hallway to see what Jane is doing.

Jane unlocks, then opens the front door and walks outside.

EXT — A DRIVEWAY — CONTINUOUS

Jane walks over one of the cars in the driveway, and unlocks, then opens the driver's door. She sits inside.

The Man and Woman rush out.

MAN  
What are you doing, Natrilla?

WOMAN  
Where are you going?

Natrilla very calmly opens the door window next to her.

NATRILLA  
I have to go. I'm sorry.

WOMAN  
When are you coming back?

NATRILLA  
Never, I think.

MAN

I love you, Natrilla. We  
both do.

NATRILLA  
I know.

Natrilla reverses the car, and drives off, leaving Cartika  
and Mikadu alone on the driveway.

END