

AMNESIAC DREAMS

Written by

Keira Clements

SCENE ONE

INT. MINDSCAPE - TIME UNKNOWN

SARA, a young woman holding a picnic basket, stands expectantly in front of a BLUE DOOR. From a RED DOOR behind her, the OWL, a tall humanoid wearing a birdlike mask, approaches.

THE OWL

You're still here.

Startled, SARA drops her basket. Its unusual contents, a stash of clocks, spill out onto the floor. The OWL bends his spine at an inhuman angle as he places each one back in the basket.

SARA

Oh, I'm so sorry! I can handle this myself.

THE OWL

No, it's okay. I've got it.

They return the clocks to the basket in awkward silence.

THE OWL

You should forget about him. He's not coming.

SARA

Huh? How do you know about...?

The OWL closes in. SARA backs away uneasily and hits a wall.

THE OWL

I know everything there is to know about you, SARA. Your favorite things, your secrets...

The OWL reveals a violet AMULET in his gloved hand.

THE OWL

...your regrets. They're all right here.

SARA

If you're so informed, you should already know why I'm here.

THE OWL

Easy. You're waiting for JACOB, aren't you?

SARA

So you even know his name. Then I suppose you know he left me behind. And here I was, thinking he loved me.

THE OWL

Well, he did.

SARA

What?

THE OWL

But of course, that's all in the past now.

The OWL glides away, gestures to the red door. A white light creeps under the frame. SARA stays firm against the wall.

THE OWL

The door to a new future awaits, if only you are willing to go through it.

SARA

A new future? What's the point?

SARA slides down to a sitting position. She takes a clock from the basket and tinkers absent-mindedly with it.

SARA

Don't bother trying to convince me.

THE OWL

It's for your own good.

SARA

You don't know what's best for me.

A CUCKOO CLOCK springs from the wall. They both jump.

THE OWL

See, it's time already. You really must leave.

SARA

Not gonna happen.

THE OWL

Fine. But don't go crawling to me after what comes next.

The walls fade away and the OWL disappears. SARA stands at the center of a wide, grassy field. She picks up her basket and keeps walking.

SARA

Finally rid of that beast.

Her arms begin to shake uncontrollably. She cries out and falls to her knees. All the clocks in the basket start ticking in sync as the world turns black, then opens out on a cafe.

PAST SARA

I'd like a mocha latte. Extra whipped cream.

PAST JACOB

Same order as usual? You got it.

PAST SARA

You look funny in that outfit, Jacob. Never struck me as the barista type.

PAST JACOB

Well, you gotta do what you gotta do.

PAST JACOB reaches over to hand PAST SARA her coffee. She missteps and spills it on her shirt.

PAST SARA

Oh, I'm so sorry! I can handle this myself.

PAST JACOB

No, it's okay. I've got it.

He places a handkerchief over her shirt. She blushes.

PAST SARA

(playful)

You better still do this when we get old, you know.

PAST JACOB

Oh, of course. Who else spills their coffee every morning for me to clean?

PAST SARA

That still isn't a good reason to work here.

PAST JACOB

Better me than some other poor
employee.

PAST SARA
(leaning in)

Oh, hush already.

Cafe fades. Open on the interior of an apartment, dim lights. PAST SARA sits across from PAST JACOB at a table, fidgeting nervously. The air is tense enough to suffocate a man.

PAST JACOB

I know it's bad timing, but I have
a confession to make.

PAST SARA

Just spit it out.

PAST JACOB

Fine. I joined the military. I
have to leave in a week. I didn't
tell you earlier because—

PAST SARA

What? You're leaving and you
didn't think to ask for my
opinion? On our wedding day? Don't
you care how I feel?

PAST JACOB

I'll be back, baby, I promise. I
simply can't sit around anymore. I
need to help this country.

PAST SARA

What difference does it make if
you're there or not? You're just
another pawn to them.

PAST JACOB

This is my decision, not yours,
okay? You can't stop me.

PAST SARA

Please don't go. I need you.

PAST SARA tries to grab his hand. He pushes her away.

PAST JACOB

I'm going, whether you like it or
not.

*PAST JACOB backs out, slams the door shut as she bursts
into tears. Apartment fades. Return to grassy field. SARA's*

arms are now covered in thick, black feathers. She shrieks in horror.

SARA

Wh-what's happening to me?

She turns around. There the OWL appears, blocking the blue door.

THE OWL

I tried to warn you. Why do you linger?

SARA

Because Jacob's still out there!

THE OWL

And you're fresh out of time.

SARA

Stop getting in the way. What do you know about my husband?

The OWL is silent. He offers her the violet amulet.

SARA

I don't want anything from you.

THE OWL

This vessel holds many memories. If you truly want to see him, then keep it close to your heart.

SARA

(grabbing the amulet)

You're just like him. You're so selfish, always helping others but then hiding how you feel.

Small feathers have appeared on SARA's face. She doesn't notice.

THE OWL

Do not confuse me with someone else. You are here only for yourself, and you will drag others down alongside you in pursuit of your goals.

SARA

You jerk! This is all for Jacob, it really is.

THE OWL

Would he have wanted your
sacrifice?

SARA
It- it doesn't matter!

Dark, feathered wings have sprouted from SARA's back.

THE OWL
I'm sorry, you must leave now.

He turns the knob on the red door. A blinding light sprays out of the interior. SARA steps forward, then hesitates.

SARA
Five years and no contact. They don't know the situation. Don't know if you're dead or alive. But I believe you're out there somewhere. You'll come back. And when you do, I'll be waiting right here.

THE OWL
How can you be so sure?

The OWL removes his mask. He appears to be JACOB. A long, deep scar runs through his bloody face. He has a cruel smile.

THE OWL
How can you be so sure he isn't dead?

SARA
Stop! It's not true.

JACOB's face morphs into that of a corpse.

THE OWL
He could be beneath your feet right now.

SARA
It's not you, it's not you, it's not you.

JACOB's flesh rots until he is nothing but a skeleton.

THE OWL
Lying in a coffin six feet under.

SARA
I don't believe it.

JACOB's bones fall apart and form a pile on the ground.

THE OWL

Gone without a trace.

SARA

Get out of my head. He's alive,
he's alive.

The pile of bones rearranges back into the form of the OWL.

THE OWL

Don't be foolish. He's never
coming back.

SARA

How could you possibly know?

THE OWL

Look at yourself. Look what grief
has done to you. You know the
answer already, yet you continue
to deny it.

*SARA looks down. Her entire body is covered in feathers
now.*

SARA

It's fine. I can handle it.

THE OWL

No, you can't. This isn't your
battle to fight. Why am I always
the one cleaning up your messes?

SARA

I'll keep waiting for him. I'll
wait forever if I have to.

*The OWL seizes her arm and tugs her toward the red door.
She fights back against him, aiming for the blue door
instead.*

THE OWL

You're going, whether you like it
or not.

SARA

I'm not going to be carried around
by you anymore. I'm not going to
let you choose everything for me.
I don't need your help.

THE OWL

Then bury him. Stop carrying
around his memory.

SARA

He's not dead. He's not dead. For
the hundredth time, he's not dead.

THE OWL

Tell me where he is.

SARA

I don't know. Somewhere.
Everywhere. Right here.

THE OWL

You poor, despairing creature.

*At last the OWL overcomes SARA. He holds her up against the
doorframe. The blinding light inside strives to consume
her.*

SARA

Let go of me. I'm not done, I'm
not done.

THE OWL

Alas, your suffering ends now.
Sweet dreams, my precious Sara.

The OWL pushes SARA through the red door.

THE OWL

I love you.

*SARA wakes up in her dark apartment, face down on the
table. Blinking, she sits up to see an empty bottle of wine
in front of her.*

SARA

Huh. What happened just now? It's
like I had a really bad dream.

*SARA looks down at her hands. What was once the amulet is
now a framed picture of two people. She holds it up to
examine it.*

SARA

Feels like I'm missing something.
There's me and...

SARA tilts the photo, trying to get a better look at it.

SARA

I don't understand this photo.
Who...

She reads the caption: "Sara and Jacob's Wedding". She frowns.

SARA
Who is that person?

END