

“Simulacres”

Written by

Robin C. Johnston



RobinJohnston75@gmail.com

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

C.U. on out of focus green leaves against sunlight. The leaves are from on a tiny Bonsai tree sitting in its pot on a brightly lit white windowsill. Perfectly manicured fingers caress the leaves softly.

MARIE, ageless, tall, slim, almost perfect skin and features is tending her Bonsai, clipping the sides if the branches with blank concentration.

A tiny drop of water falls on one of the leaves. Marie stares intensely at the tiny tear that just dropped from her cheek. She seems confused and wipes the trail of water away.

An OLD MAN shuffles into the white room. The old man looks confused at his surroundings.

The room around him is all white, white lines and wide white walls. No pictures. Everything seems sterile. Large windows look out onto a Japanese style garden.

OLD MAN

Do you live here, my dear? Do you know
the way out?

Marie smiles painfully at him. She nods.

MARIE

Yes.

EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN - DAY

Marie holds the arm of the old man, both to steady him and hold him close.

OLD MAN

This is so beautiful.

MARIE

Yes, it is.

OLD MAN

Not as beautiful as you. I feel like I've
been here before.

MARIE

You have. Many times.

OLD MAN

Many?

MARIE

Yes. You built it. Remember?

OLD MAN

It must have been long ago.

MARIE

Very long. Many years. You built many beautiful things, Ezra.

EZRA's head bows.

MARIE

You are tired, my love. Come inside.
It's time for dinner.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marie stands at the kitchen counter chopping onions. She stares back through the kitchen window into the white conservatory space where the old man sits. The old man is sleeping with a small white cat on his lap.

Marie hardly notices that tears are dripping down her cheek again. She grimaces and looks down.

She has cut herself with the knife. She looks curiously at the small trickle of blood on her hand. Blood drips onto the perfectly white kitchen worktop.

A tiny light flickers yellow on a small box on the wall next to her. The box beeps quietly. Marie wraps her injured hand in a small cloth and presses a button on the box. She still stares at the old man.

MARIE

Yes?

A voice answers. Male, young, curiously devoid of emotion.

INTERCOM

Marie?

MARIE

Can't it wait?

INTERCOM

The time was decided on. How is Ezra?

MARIE

The same.

INTERCOM

Please list his symptoms.

MARIE

Weakness, amnesia, loss of cognitive function, insomnia-

INTERCOM

Marie, your husband cannot function as he is. It is a cruelty to perpetuate this.

MARIE

I know.

INTERCOM

We must start the process.

MARIE

I know!

She slams her injured hand into the counter. Her blood smears its perfect white. She stares at the blood and looks back at Ezra sitting still in his wicker chair in the conservatory. Her shouting has woken him.

Another tear drips onto her cheek. She wipes it off and gets a smear of blood on her perfect pale skin.

INTERCOM

Marie, the mourners will be with you soon, and the seniors. I will join them.

MARIE

I understand.

She presses the box again. The light goes out.

INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY

Marie walks into the conservatory, holding a glass of water and a small pile of white clothes. Ezra has fallen asleep again in his chair. He snores lightly. The cat sleeps in his lap.

MARIE

Ezra. I brought your pyjamas.

EZRA

Is it so late already? The sky is still light.

MARIE

It is late enough. Please get ready.

Marie puts the clothes down next to Ezra who looks worried.

EZRA

These are not my usual pyjamas.

Ezra points at her cheek.

You've been crying, my dear?

MARIE

I have? I have. Yes.

EZRA

Is that blood?

MARIE

I cut myself when I was cooking.

EZRA

Let me see.

She looks down at her hand. The cut has disappeared! Ezra looks confused.

MARIE

I'm fine. Don't worry.

EZRA

Look. I found this.

He shows her a photograph. The picture shows Marie and a broad-shouldered good-looking man of her own age. They are both smiling, and the man has his arm around her. The photo looks incredibly old, wrinkled and faded.

EZRA

Is that you, my dear?

MARIE

Yes.

EZRA

Who is that with you?

A tiny jolt of pain passes across Marie's face.

MARIE

Ezra, we will have visitors soon. Please put these on.

EZRA

Visitors?

INT. HALL - DAY

Ezra shuffles softly in his white slippers into the hallway, a hall as sanitized and white walled as the rest of the house. His white linen pyjamas sit uncomfortably on his shrunken frame. He looks thoroughly uncomfortable.

EZRA

Marie? Can anyone hear me?

The cat appears and sidles up to him. Ezra bends down to pet it. He hears footsteps and looks up.

Several people wearing white suits approach. Most are wearing masks that cover the lower part of their face, except one. A striking looking young appears from the back of this small crowd. His voice can be recognized as the one from the intercom.

YOUNG MAN

Ezra?

EZRA

Yes? Do I know you?

YOUNG MAN

Yes. We were friends. It's good to see you again. Our seniors are honoured to meet you at last.

EZRA

Me?

YOUNG MAN

Of course. You are the creator. The originator of the process. We have so much to thank you for, but you need to come with us now?

EZRA

Why?

YOUNG MAN

Marie?

Marie walks out from behind the crowd. She is also wearing white. She does not look happy.

MARIE

Ezra. Please listen. It's time to go home.

EZRA

Isn't this my home? My memory, you know.

YOUNG MAN

That is why we are here, sir.

He nods to two of the men who take Ezra's arms.

EZRA

Marie? Where are we going?

MARIE

I cannot come with you, Ezra.

YOUNG MAN

There is no need to be afraid, sir. We only want to help you.

EZRA

I don't want to go. (to Marie) I want to stay here with you.

MARIE

You will, soon.

EZRA

I don't understand.

The two men lead Ezra away. The young man walks up to Marie.

YOUNG MAN

What happened to your face?

MARIE

Ezra said I was crying. I didn't know we could cry.

They walk after Ezra, who is being led down the hall. Ezra takes out the photo he had in the conservatory. He shows it to one of the suits.

EZRA

Excuse me. Can you tell me who this is?

SUIT

Yes, sir. It's you.

THE END