

Remember Me
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FADE IN ON:

INT. NEUROLOGY OFFICE - DAY

A soft couch. Even softer lights. Every detail's homey and inviting. Except for BRAIN POSTERS on the walls.

ALLISON (30s) waits in one of two visitor chairs. Blonde, petite and perky. Vulnerability in her eyes.

On the desk before her, two items:

A BRASS PLACARD that reads "Dr. Redstone." And a segmented BRAIN MODEL on the other end.

Allison looks around for witnesses. No-one's there. She picks the plastic model up. Studies it in her hands.

The door SQUEAKS open. Allison jumps.

As DR. REDSTONE (60s) walks in. Warm demeanor, white hair pulled up in a bun. A kindly face with gold glasses. She adjusts the frames, and sits down.

DR. REDSTONE
Allison Fenton?

ALLISON
Yep, that's me.

The left side of the brain model slips. Allison clamps down with her hand, terrified it'll slide.

ALLISON
Sorry. I got bored. I didn't mean to play with your - stuff.

DR. REDSTONE
No worries. That's built to take a beating. Unlike what it represents.

Dr. Redstone flips through Allison's folder, on the desk.

DR. REDSTONE
It seems you've made the medical rounds. Dr. Sykes. Dr. Gross. All the way to me.

ALLISON
Dr. Gross? Who is that?

Redstone puts down the folder. Cultivates a gentle smile.

DR. REDSTONE
A man who belies his name.

ALLISON
I'd remember if he was cute. I think.

DR. REDSTONE
You know what "belies" means? Excellent!

She jots a quick note on Allison's folder: "Vocabulary retrieval appears normal."

DR. REDSTONE
Okay. Let's start with your story. From the beginning to the top.

ALLISON
(grins)
That's what "start" means. Doesn't it?

She cradles the brain to her chest.

ALLISON
I was seventeen when it all began. I was almost done applying to colleges. Penn State had accepted me already - and that's where I wanted to go. Both because of my major, and because it was close to Allen, my boyfriend. That's the one I really liked.

DR. REDSTONE
The boyfriend or the college?

ALLISON
Both!

DR. REDSTONE
And what did you plan to study?

ALLISON
I was going to be a teacher. I've always loved being around little kids. Allen and I talked about having them. A lot. That is, we talked a lot. But just wanted one. But then... all *this* happened.

Allison waves her hand around her head. Not in a "crazy" circular motion. Indicating something else.

DR. REDSTONE
What happened? Exactly?

ALLISON

I was practicing for my driving test. Suddenly - I just blanked out. Next thing I knew, I was in the hospital with Dad. I'd hit a tree. He was in the passenger seat and crushed his foot. They were doing all sorts of tests on me...

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

- A CAR swerves wildly in the road.

- A gurney races through hospital halls. TEEN ALLISON lies on it, not bloody but dazed.

END FLASHBACK

Allison fidgets with the brain model.

ALLISON

Lots of tests. So many letters. MRIs. CAT scans and PETs. They took so much blood, my arm was purple when they were done.

DR. REDSTONE

And what did they find?

ALLISON

You read my chart.

DR. REDSTONE

I want to hear it. In your own words.

ALLISON

Dad broke his big left toe. And they found I had... this weird condition. AID.

DR. REDSTONE

That's "AIBD".

ALLISON

Oh yeah! Autoimmune Brain Disease.

Redstone scribbles another note: "LT Memory intact." She picks up her nameplate; casually hides it in a drawer.

DR. REDSTONE

And you've been dealing with the consequences ever since. How old are you now, Allison?

ALLISON

(beat)

Thirty. So they tell me.

But I don't remember getting this old. I don't remember anything after high school, really. Not too long.

The brain model slips apart; exposes colorful structures inside. Redstone points at one with a gold pen.

DR. REDSTONE

Yes. AIBD strikes short term memory the most. In the Limbic system. Especially the Hippocampus and the Amygadala here. You're quite a smart girl, Allison. Consider your brain a computer. The processor is high quality, working well.

ALLISON

But the RAM chip's corrupted?

DR. REDSTONE

Great analogy! That's my point. Who do you have helping you these days?

ALLISON

Dad, of course. He's outside. Allen - he left a month after my diagnosis. At least, that's what Dad says.

Dr. Redstone leans forward.

DR. REDSTONE

Here's what I suggest.

The door CREAKS open; BOB FENTON (50s) enters. A gentle bear of a man. Deep creases in his face, grizzled beard. He sits next to Allison. Reaches out, takes her hand.

BOB FENTON

Doctor -

DR. REDSTONE

Mr. Fenton, hello. Glad to finally meet you face to face.

Redstone pries the brain model out of Allison's hand - lays it out in segments on the desk.

DR. REDSTONE

Your daughter's a lovely girl.

ALLISON

(blushes)

Hey, I'm right here!

Redstone points to the Hippocampus again. Spreads her fingers out to touch the FRONTAL and TEMPORAL LOBES.

DR. REDSTONE

As I was about to say, the surgical experiment is somewhat dangerous. We inject a net of nano neurons in a triangular pattern. Very invasive, of course. About ten hours under the knife.

Allison and Bob exchange worried looks.

DR. REDSTONE

No-one wants you to take this lightly. But the benefits surely outweigh the risks. If it succeeds, we'll have resolved your daughter's primary cognitive deficits. She'll be able to dream of a career again. Relationships, too. All the things we take for granted.

BOB FENTON

I don't take *her* for granted. God did a blessed thing giving Allison to me. I'm not sure we should take the chance.

(to Allison)

Honey, what do you think?

Allison touches the brain "parts" herself.

ALLISON

I don't know. Sometimes, I'm ok.

DR. REDSTONE

(gentle)

Allison? What's my name?

The girl blinks. The name plate's missing. She's caught off guard.

ALLISON

Dr. Gross?

Dr. Redstone scoops the brain "parts" towards her; and assembles them back on their stand - piece by piece. The symbolism isn't missed by Bob.

DR. REDSTONE

This *could* be Allison. If things go well.

Mr. Fenton squeezes Allison's hand. Stands up.

BOB FENTON

We'll think about it. Then we'll call.

Redstone follows them towards the door.

DR. REDSTONE

By all means, take your time. My staff is
poised to book the procedure. When you're
ready, of course.

Allison whispers in her father's ear.

ALLISON

What should I do?

BOB FENTON

Whatever's best for you, Sweetheart.

ALLISON

I never forget you Dad. And that's enough
for me.

BOB FENTON

Let's talk over dinner. And we'll see.

Dr. Redstone watches them leave, and smiles.

DR. REDSTONE

What a lovely girl. I hope to see you
soon. Even if you don't remember me...

FINAL FADE OUT:

SUPER: IN MEMORY OF LORI, NYU