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 Amygdala 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