REMEMBER ME

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

OLGA'S ROOM

A woman lies sleeping in a plain twin bed. This is a small, simple room, painted white with wood floors. There are many family pictures on the wall, a window to a green backyard, a mounted TV, and a small closet. There are small crumpled up bits of paper on a little writing desk along with a stick of chapstick and a plastic straw.

The WOMAN, 30s sits up and yawns. She has short, curly brown hair, styled akin to the 60s. She has a plain sort of beauty about her. She looks around, confusion knitting her brows. She throws her legs over the side of the bed to find slippers, and slips them on, almost surprised to see them fit. She stands and looks around.

A SHORT HISPANIC WOMAN knocks on the door as she pushes it open.

SHORT HISPANIC WOMAN
Good morning Olga! Glad to see you're up.

OLGA
Gotta start the day eventually I suppose. Remind me your name?

She smiles softly at Olga.

SHORT HISPANIC WOMAN
Oh you know me silly. It's Liz!

Olga nods, still in her head.

OLGA
Right yes of course.

LIZ
Well it looks like you've got your slippers on and you're all ready to go. Breakfast is in the kitchen.

Olga chuckles a little.

OLGA
Oh you're too kind. I'm used to being the one cooking. For four kids no less! Or five. Somewhere in there.

LIZ
Of course. Kitchen is out this way.

Olga follows Liz out to a combined kitchen, dining, and living area.

KITCHEN/LIVING

There are a few other folks out here in their morning best. A BLONDE WOMAN a little younger sits at a dining table in a pink robe and a wheelchair. She waves at Olga and pats the seat next to her. Olga looks a bit unsure.

Liz grabs a plate of breakfast food and walks Olga to the table.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Come sit with Marie. You're great friends.

Olga sits and smiles.

MARIE
Good morning Olga! How did you sleep?

OLGA
Oh fine. I would sleep better in my own house of course. Speaking of I have so much to do at the house. Sewing to do for the kids, all that.

Marie's face drops a little. She quickly resets her smile.

MARIE
What kind of sewing do you like to do?

OLGA
Oh all kinds. I sew pajamas to donate to kids that need them at church this time of year. I have so much to do at home.

She catches Liz's attention.

OLGA (CONT'D)
When will I be getting back to my house?

LIZ
Not long, don't worry. Eat your breakfast Olga.

Olga huffs, distraught, and picks at her breakfast.

OLGA'S ROOM

We see the door over the shoulder of someone standing in the room. It slowly opens as Olga enters, and sees this person with a start. She is a little confused, but not alarmed.

OLGA
Hello…

We now see THE MAN ON THE WALL, leaning against the wall opposite the twin bed. He is in his late 30's, and handsome in a similarly dated way.

He smiles warmly, white teeth and kind ice blue eyes. Olga smiles back a little sheepishly.

OLGA (CONT'D)
Now I recognize you… I'm so sorry but your name seems to have slipped my mind.

He only smiles back, adjusting his lean on the wall.

OLGA (CONT'D)
A man of few words. I can appreciate that I suppose.

He looks at and gestures towards some of the framed photographs on the wall.

OLGA (CONT'D)
This is my family here.

She walks over next to him and points out the pictures.

OLGA (CONT'D)
These are my daughters here, this is a friend from church. Oh this is Betty, we were girls together.

She beams looking at these older pictures. The Man On The wall beams with love as well, though looking at Olga, not the pictures. He gestures to different frames on the wall. She laughs and shakes her head.

OLGA (CONT'D)
You know we, we used to get into all sorts of trouble. Running down to the creek after Sunday school and getting our nice clothes all wet. Mother used to get on me…

HALLWAY

Liz walks by the door to Olga's room and hears her talking. There is a little sign that says "Olga Andersen" on the door. She presses her ear to it, then pushes it open.

OLGA'S ROOM

LIZ
Olga, who are you talking to?

Olga smiles.

OLGA
My friend here! If he would just tell me his name.

She chuckles with a sly grin.

OLGA (CONT'D)
But he's great company.

Liz looks at the wall and back at Olga.

LIZ
Well, I'm glad you've got a friend to chat with.

She shuts the door again.

HALLWAY

Liz is a bit distraught. She pulls out a phone as she walks away, and we can hear it start to ring.

OLGA'S ROOM

OLGA
What was I saying? Oh yes mother. So, we would run down to the creek and my mother would always get after us…

The sound of the one sided conversation fades out.

KITCHEN/LIVING - AFTERNOON

Olga sits eating dinner with Marie, in good spirits unlike breakfast.

MARIE
You seem chipper!

OLGA
Oh yes, I've been chatting with a good friend all day. It's nice to catch up.

Marie looks puzzled, glances quickly to Liz, who stiffly shakes her head.

MARIE
Oh that's lovely! What's his name?

OLGA
I can't quite… I can't quite remember. And he's been quite the jokester keeping it from me. He always was.

Marie smiles and nods at first, but when Olga looks out the window, her face falls again.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

OLGA'S ROOM

Liz opens the door to find an OLD WOMAN sitting on Olga's small bed, scribbling something down on a notepad. This is how Olga actually looks to the world.

LIZ
Olga, I have some visitors here for you!

She moves aside from the door and TWO WOMEN walk in. One blonde, one brunette, both in their late 40s. They look happy to see Olga, but some sorrow sits just behind their smiles.

OLD OLGA
Oh I know you guys!

She gets up and shuffles over to hug them both.

BRUNETTE
We heard you had a friend keeping you company?

Olga smiles back at the wall.

OLGA
Oh yes. He's just an all around good person, can't think of anything bad about him.

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She looks towards the wall.

OLGA (CONT'D)
If you would just tell me your name!

She chuckles.

OLGA (CONT'D)
He’s shy, doesn’t say much. But it would be a sad day without him.

BLONDE
It certainly is.

Both women get that same brief sadness that has flashed across Marie’s face. The Brunette shakes herself out of it and smiles again.

BRUNETTE
Well we’re taking you out to dinner!

OLGA
Oh! I wish I’d have known, I would have dressed better.

BLONDE
Oh hush you look fine.

OLGA
Well I should probably grab my purse.

She looks around the room.

BRUNETTE
Don’t even worry about your purse. I’m driving AND paying!

OLGA
Well what a treat!

The Blonde grabs Olga’s coat from the closet and they leave the little room.

KITCHEN/LIVING

As the little group passes by the kitchen, the Brunette waves to a small, frail woman in a wheelchair with white hair and deep smile lines. This is how the world sees Marie. OLD MARIE waves back, and continues eating her dinner.

FRONT HALL

As the three women exit the door, we see a sign on the wall that says “Welcome to Pine Acres elderly care facility”.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

OLGA’S ROOM

The Blonde and Brunette stand with Old Olga.

BRUNETTE
Well mom, it was great to see you, but we have to get home sadly. We love you.

They both wrap her in a big hug.

OLD OLGA
Oh I love you too.

BLONDE
You’re gonna be ok when we leave?

OLD OLGA
Of course, I’ll have to tell my friend all about our dinner!

They both smile.

BLONDE
You do that mom.

They both give her a kiss on the cheek and wave goodbye as they leave and shut the door behind them.

FRONT ROOM

The two women stop to speak with Liz, all looking concerned.

LIZ
She’s declining, there’s no way around it.

BLONDE
I’m just glad she still remembers us. For now at least.

BRUNETTE
Has she been eating?

Liz shakes her head.

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LIZ
Not much. She's down another five pounds.

OLGA'S ROOM

Olga sits on her bed while The Man On The Wall leans on the foot of her bed, smiling.

OLD OLGA
Oh it was lovely! I had some… Some… Oh I had something good. You should come with me next time.

FRONT HALL

BRUNETTE
She barely touched her food at the restaurant.

LIZ
Unfortunately that's usually how it goes.

They all stand for a silent moment.

BLONDE
Call one of us if anything changes okay?

Liz nods.

BRUNETTE
Thank you.

The leave out the front door. Liz sighs heavily and returns to the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

OLGA'S ROOM

Olga is asleep in bed when The Man On The Wall gently shakes her shoulder. She wakes up groggy. He is whispering excitedly.

THE MAN ON THE WALL
Olga wake up! It's time to go!

She sits up, excited

OLGA
Really? Where are we going?

THE MAN ON THE WALL
Home.

He smiles wide and offers his hand. She grabs it excitedly and gets out of bed.

They're both absolutely beaming at each other as they tiptoe out the door.

FRONT HALL

The house is dark and quiet as they rush out the front door with the fervor of two young lovers.

EXT. HILL - EVENING

Olga and The Man On The Wall climb a green hill overlooking a little suburb. A SIREN wails, getting closer to the houses they are looking over.

OLGA
Oh no, I hope that's not going to the place I've been staying. I hope everyone's alright. Oh maybe I should go back.

She looks back at the row of houses concerned, biting her nails. The Man On The Wall grabs her hands and turns her around to face him.

THE MAN ON THE WALL
I promise they will be okay without you. Besides,

He kisses her gently on the lips.

THE MAN ON THE WALL (CONT'D)
We're going home.

She smiles and nods, and they turn to walk away from the little houses now so far away, and into the night.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

HALLWAY

The Brunette shakes hands with a DOCTOR, face red and tear stained. The Doctor nods solemnly and walks away. She wipes her eyes and enters Olga's room.

OLGA'S ROOM

Inside the room The Blonde is similarly weepy, standing and looking at the twin bed, now stripped down to a mattress. A few of the pictures have been removed from the wall and instead sit in boxes on the little writing desk.

The Brunette puts her arm around her sister as tears roll down their faces.

BLONDE
I can’t believe she’s gone already.

BRUNETTE
I know.

They both turn to look at the wall where The Man On The Wall was always standing.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)
But at least she had dad keeping her company right up to the end.

As the sisters cry in each others arms, they move out of the way to finally show the large framed photo on the wall, right where The Man On The Wall has always stood.

It is a very large black and white photo of The Man On The Wall. Printed text on the bottom reads

“Jerry Andersen 1940-2023 Loving husband, father, and friend”

END

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