

MINE

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A pair of **EYES** BURST open.

A **WOMAN (late-20s)** - covered in **BRUISES** and **CUTS** - wears a nightgown and lies in an ornate canopy bed.

She sits up, **SCRATCHING** her leg absently. Looks around:

A beautiful Victorian bedroom. **PAINTINGS** on the walls. **CANDLES** light up the cozy room.

The **OCEAN** is visible through the window.

Woman takes this all in with **CONFUSION**. *Where is she?*

She starts to stand -

WINCES in pain. Pulls up her nightgown: a large **BANDAGE** covers her **BRUISED** thigh.

Hesitantly, she peels it back to reveal a stitched-up **GASH**.

 WOMAN
 (softly)
 What?

She glances up - and **JUMPS** at her reflection in a **VANITY MIRROR**. Notices the rest of her injuries with a frown.

Woman gets off the bed -

HIGH-PITCHED RINGING surrounds her.

She **HISSES** in pain and grabs her **HEAD**. Grits her teeth -

The ringing slowly **FADES**...

She catches her breath. **LIMPS** to the vanity.

Leans in close. Inspects her reflection. Touches her cheeks, her hair, her arms, her nightgown like they're **FOREIGN**.

She looks up and pauses at a **PORTRAIT**:

It's Woman with her hand on a **MAN**'s shoulder. Very regal.

Woman gazes at the portrait curiously. Specifically, the man.

Enthralled.

A soft **BUZZING** fades in -

The door **OPENS**. A **GASP**. Buzzing **CUTS OUT**.

Woman whirls around to see **MARY LACEY (40s)**, a kind face and earnest eyes, **GAPING** in the doorway. A **WARMING PAN** slack in her hands.

LACEY
You're awake.

WOMAN
Who are you? Where am I?

LACEY
It's me, ma'am. Mrs. Lacey.

Woman just stares. It means nothing to her.

Lacey is instantly sympathetic. Approaches cautiously.

LACEY (CONT'D)
It's all right, love. You're safe now. Come on, it's all right.

Woman watches her nervously but Lacey continues her soothing words. Woman allows her to steer her back to the bed.

WOMAN
What's going on? What's happened to me? What is this place?

LACEY
It's all right, it's all right. I'm just going to fetch the master. I'll be right back.

WOMAN
No, wait, who -

Lacey disappears out the door.

Woman's eyes are **WIDE**. She waits breathlessly. **SCRATCHES** her leg as her fear **RISES**.

Finally, she can't take it. She gets up and limps out of the room, into the...

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Cozy and warm, just like her bedroom. Ancestral **PORTRAITS** and lit **SCONCES** on the walls. Beautiful **STAIRS** that lead down.

A **LANDING** from which Woman can see the foyer below.

And the room beside it, where the light of a **FIREPLACE** filters out the ajar door. A man's voice **ECHOES** out of it:

SILAS (O.S.)
What? When?

LACEY (O.S.)
Just now, sir.

Woman looks around fervently, searching for an escape route.
Heads for the...

STAIRS

Woman only gets halfway down before the door is THROWN open,
painting the dark foyer in the fire's warm glow.

The man from the bedroom portrait, **SILAS MILTON (30s)**, stands
in the foyer.

Dark hair, dark eyes, a swoony Heathcliff everywhere but his
smile, which is bright and warm as he gazes at Woman.

She freezes. A deer in headlights.

SILAS
(relieved)
Claire.

Woman - **CLAIRE** - just stares. At a loss.

Silas quickly climbs the stairs, beelining for her.

SILAS (CONT'D)
What are you doing? You're not fit
to be out of bed. You should -

Silas reaches for her arm, but Claire shrinks back.

He pauses with a frown.

SILAS (CONT'D)
What -

CLAIRE
Who are you?

SILAS
What are you talking about? You
know who I -

CLAIRE
Tell me who you are and where I am
right now.

He looks to Lacey behind him for an explanation. But she just shakes her head, equally dumbfounded.

Silas stares hard at Claire. Searching her gaze.

But there's no recollection. Just terror and confusion.

He staggers back a step. Horrified. Heartbroken.

Tries his best to recover.

SILAS

I am Dr. Silas Milton. This is Mrs. Mary Lacey, the housekeeper. Can you tell me what day it is?

CLAIRE

I...I don't know.

SILAS

How about the year? Do you know what year it is?

CLAIRE

No, I - What's wrong with me?!

SILAS

You were in an accident.

CLAIRE

An accident?!

SILAS

You fell off a horse and hit your head.

CLAIRE

Wha -

HIGH-PITCHED RINGING rises again and she WINCES.

Concerned, Silas steps forward -

She FLINCHES away. But the ringing **INTENSIFIES** and she GASPS -

SILAS

I can help. Darling, please let me help you.

Still fighting through it, Claire looks at him.

He watches her helplessly. Concern pouring off of him.

Claire swallows and nods.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Silas' at-home doctor's office, complete with patient bench and anatomy diagrams.

Claire sits on the bench, nervously **SCRATCHING** at her leg.

Silas rummages through a **MEDICAL BAG**.

Pulls out a primitive **STETHOSCOPE**.

SILAS

Your leg took the brunt of the fall
but you landed on jagged rocks and
your head...I've been checking on
you every day and it seems to be
healing but -

CLAIRE

Every day? How long have I been
asleep?

SILAS

(thickly)
Nine days.

Claire absorbs that with shock.

SILAS (CONT'D)

May I...?

Silas gestures to the stethoscope. Claire nods.

He gently pulls down Claire's nightgown strap, revealing part of her chest.

Rests the stethoscope against her skin and listens.

Claire breaks out in **GOOSEBUMPS**. Frowns at her own reaction.

CLAIRE

You - You said my name is Claire?

SILAS

That's right. Claire Milton.

Silas removes the stethoscope and holds up a pen.

CLAIRE

Milton? The same surname...

SILAS

(gently)
You're my wife.
(MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

(re: pen)

Follow this with your eyes.

He moves it back and forth but Claire just STARES.

CLAIRE

Your wife?

Silas lowers the pen with a SIGH.

SILAS

I know this must be difficult. For me as well, believe me.

CLAIRE

But I - I don't remember you. I don't remember anything.

Silas lifts her foot into his lap.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Why can't I -

He draws her nightgown up her thigh.

Claire's words cut off as **GOOSEBUMPS** pop up again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And why does that keep happening?

SILAS

What?

CLAIRE

The...the goosebumps and the...

Her eyes are trained on his HAND on her THIGH. Her mind might not remember him but it seems her body certainly does.

Silas is more focused on the bandage, which is stained **RED**. Gently, he unwraps it.

BLOOD leaks past the gash's stitches.

Silas quickly pulls a **BOTTLE** and **CLOTH** from his medical bag. Pours the bottle on the cloth and puts it to her leg.

Claire HISSES -

SILAS

Sorry! I forgot to say it stings.

He cringes sympathetically and pulls the cloth away. Claire lets out a relieved BREATH.

He pulls out another bandage and wraps the wound. Fingers gentle against her thigh.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Your leg will be fine as long as you stop scratching. Try not to put your full weight on it just yet. And as for the goosebumps, I think it's a good sign.

CLAIRE

A good sign?

SILAS

We're married, Claire. We...

He finishes bandaging her up, fingers LINGER on her skin.

More **GOOSEBUMPS**.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Well, I think it means your memories are still there.

Silas covers Claire's leg again and lowers it.

CLAIRE

I can't remember the year or my own bloody name.

SILAS

It's the 21st of April, 1862.

CLAIRE

But I don't remember that.

Silas takes a beat. Broaches carefully.

SILAS

Sometimes, when we've endured something frightening, the brain tries to protect us by hiding that memory from us.

CLAIRE

What does that mean? Will my memories return?

SILAS

There's no way to say for certain. But there isn't any actual injury to the brain, so it's likely.

CLAIRE

When?

SILAS

I...I don't know, Claire.

Claire processes. Less terrified but not relieved either.

Silas pulls out a small **BOTTLE** and pours **TRANSLUCENT SLUDGE** onto a spoon. Offers it to Claire.

CLAIRE

What is it?

SILAS

Diluted laudanum. It'll help with the headaches.

Haltingly, she takes the spoon. Puts it in her mouth. Brows rise in surprise: Not disgusting, like she'd expected.

Silas places the bottle on the nightstand.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Take one spoonful every morning until the headaches stop.

Claire nods. Draws a deep BREATH.

Silas starts putting his medical supplies away.

Claire examines the room. Stares out the window:

The OCEAN is visible but so is a small cluster of **BUILDINGS**.

CLAIRE

What's that?

Silas closes his bag and moves to a **CLOSET**. Rummages around.

SILAS

We live on Orkney, and that's our cozy little town, Heathstone.

CLAIRE

Orkney...That's Scotland, isn't it?

Silas reemerges from the closet with a **CANE**. He smiles.

SILAS

You remember?

CLAIRE

Yes, I...Why would I remember that?

SILAS

There's a lot about the brain
that's yet unknown. But perhaps
your memories are already
returning. Perhaps you just needed
a moment to get your bearings?

He crouches in front of her and waits hopefully.

After a beat, Claire shakes her head.

Silas tries not to appear too disappointed as he hands her
the cane.

SILAS (CONT'D)

I'll continue to observe your leg.
Use this until you're well enough.

Claire takes the cane and studies Silas. Really looks at him.

CLAIRE

How long have we been married?

SILAS

Seven years.

She takes that in. *Wow. A long time.*

SILAS (CONT'D)

Perhaps - Perhaps a look around
your home will jog your memory.

Claire debates for only a moment before she nods.

Silas smiles widely and helps her stand. Claire leans heavily
on him and the cane, and he wraps his arm around her WAIST.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Silas helps Claire down the hall. She takes in every inch.
Her cane ECHOES against the wooden floor.

The foyer is pretty but nothing about this place is over the
top. Homey.

They reach the STAIRS.

SILAS

Careful.

He holds her hand tightly as she hobbles up.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A modest library. One bookshelf with a sofa and a couple of chairs. A small fireplace against the wall.

Silas smiles as he helps Claire LIMP around.

SILAS

My favorite room. The library.

Claire approaches the shelf.

Filled with an assortment of **BOOKS**. *Pride & Prejudice*, *The Woman in White*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Jane Eyre*, etc.

PAINTINGS cover the walls. Beautiful depictions of the ocean and cliffs.

Silas follows her gaze.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Do you like them?

CLAIRE

(nods)

Where did you get them?

SILAS

I made them.

Claire turns in surprise.

CLAIRE

Really?

SILAS

I'm really only a novice. But you insisted I put them up. All over the house, I might add.

CLAIRE

You're hardly a novice. These are wonderful.

Silas beams.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silas and Claire poke their heads into the room.

SILAS

Our room you already know.

CLAIRE
Did you do that painting as well?

She gestures to their **PORTRAIT**.

He nods.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lacey is setting up a tray of tea as Claire and Silas enter.

It's a quaint Victorian kitchen. Copper pots hang above the island and various cutting boards cover the counters.

SILAS
The kitchen is Mrs. Lacey's domain.

LACEY
Though I'd never turn down company.

She smiles at Claire.

SILAS
Bring the tea to the drawing room,
would you?

LACEY
Very good, sir.

Silas holds the door open for Claire.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

A beautiful entertainment space. Sofas, a blazing fireplace,
and a gorgeous **PIANO**.

SILAS
And this is the drawing room.

Claire wanders the room while Lacey sets the tea tray down.

LACEY
Anything else, sir?

SILAS
No, thank you, Mrs. Lacey. Good
night.

LACEY
Good night, sir, ma'am.

She nods to each of them before she exits.

Claire trails her finger over the piano. Silas follows her.

CLAIRE
Do you play?

SILAS
No. You do.

CLAIRE
Really?

She sits at the instrument and looks at the **KEYS**.

SILAS
You're quite good, in fact. Jack asks for you all the time.

CLAIRE
Jack?

SILAS
Sorry, I - Jack owns the pub in Heathstone. You perform there on occasion. Though recently it's been nearly every Saturday.
(proudly)
You're popular.

Claire looks at the **SHEET MUSIC**.

HUMS the melody there.

Silas FREEZES.

She puts her fingers to the keys. Starts to PLAY -

Hits one wrong key after another.

Her shoulders SLUMP.

Silas covers her hands with his.

SILAS (CONT'D)
It's all right. That was good, considering.

She masks her disappointment with a nod. Gets up and continues exploring the room.

THROUGH THE WINDOW she spots **PERCY IRVING (60s)** guiding a **HORSE** into a large stable.

Claire FREEZES. **BLANCHES**.

Eyes **LOCK** on the image.

That **HIGH-PITCHED RINGING** rises...

Slowly, Percy turns toward her. Looks **RIGHT AT HER**. Eerie...

She **SCRATCHES** at her leg. Intense **FEAR** on her face -

SILAS (CONT'D)
 Claire? Claire, look at me.

He takes her by the shoulders and forces her to look at him.

SILAS (CONT'D)
 Breathe. You're all right. Just
 breathe, darling.

He **INHALES** and **EXHALES** slowly.

Claire copies him. In, out...in, out...in, out...

Until she calms down.

CLAIRE
 Sorry, I - I don't know why I - The
 stables just...

SILAS
 You remember the accident. You fell
 just beyond the stables.

CLAIRE
 No, I don't remember -

SILAS
 You do, somewhere deep down.

She nods, shaken. Studiously avoids the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW Percy still **STARES** at the house.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire sits on the bed and Silas helps her lift her leg up.
 She **WINCES** but once she's situated, she lies down. Tucked in.

SILAS
 I'll be just next door. If you need
anything, please come get me.

CLAIRE
 Wait, the library? That's where
 you're sleeping?

SILAS

That sofa's quite comfortable. In fact, I feel sorry that you're stuck on this pathetic thing.

He bounces on the edge of the bed.

Claire LAUGHS softly and Silas grins. KISSES her hand.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Good night, Claire.

CLAIRE

Good night.

Silas heads for the door -

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Silas?

He pauses and turns.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you for...I'm sorry I don't...

SILAS

Please don't apologize. I wouldn't want a stranger in my bed, either. I'm just glad you're all right.

He smiles. Blows out the candle and leaves.

Claire settles into bed.

INT. OUTSIDE BEDROOM - SAME

Silas rests his forehead against the bedroom door. Eyes closed. He was putting on a brave face but...

He SIGHS and straightens. Walks away.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (DREAM)

An idyllic scene. Warm sun. Blue sky. Gentle waves.

Claire and Silas walk hand-in-hand down the beach.

A **DOG** trots beside them.

They gaze at each other lovingly.

She KISSES Silas. A tender, loving kiss.

But when Claire opens her eyes, she's ALONE.

CLAIRE

Silas?

No response.

She looks around the empty beach.

CLOUDS roll in. The waves grow **AGGRESSIVE**. Rain **POURS**.

Creepy **PIANO MUSIC** plays.

Claire turns -

A **MAN** stands several yards away, his back to Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hello?

He doesn't answer.

Claire notices **BLOOD** covering his hands. DRIPS to the sand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hello? Are you all right?

Claire approaches.

The man slowly turns...

It's PERCY. He lifts his hand toward her -

Claire stumbles to a halt. Terrified.

HE FALLS APART LIKE A DOLL.

First his arm **FALLS OFF**.

Then his other arm.

His legs.

HIS HEAD.

Claire SCREAMS -

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Claire LURCHES upright in bed, breathing hard.