

REMINISCENCE

===== MEMORY 1 =====

1. EXT. ROAD, NEAR THE MANOR - DAY

The vision is a little blurry and jumpy. This one is an old memory. It feels like some parts/details might be missing.

ATANAS, 10, runs on the side of the road. A manor is visible in the distance. There's SOMEONE behind her, pushing a child's bike. Atanas is playing around.

It cuts to a vision of GUINEVERE, also around 10, in the garden of the manor. She looks at Atanas. Both girls exchange a look.

VOICE
(in the distance)
Atanas, let's go!

2. EXT. ROAD, OUTSIDE OF A HOUSE - DAY

The memory becomes a little clearer. It's not quite as old as the previous situation. It's still a little jumpy but it feels more continuous.

Atanas, older now - around 14, walks home. She stops outside her home. We can hear voices inside. Atanas listens. People are arguing inside.

3. EXT. FOREST - LATER

Atanas walks in the woods, without a real purpose. She's clearing her mind, killing time. Staying away from her home.

We get a glimpse of the manor through the trees.

Atanas stops at the edge of the forest. She studies her surroundings.

An older Guinevere is sitting on the porch, just outside the manor. She writes in a notebook and doesn't notice Atanas.

Atanas doesn't move. She just looks at her.

4. EXT. CHURCH - DAY

This memory is clear. It's much less older. It's continuous and not jumpy - but it's still atmospheric and contemplative.

Atanas, 20, observes the church on the other side of the road. People are gathered outside the opened doors, all dressed in black. Atanas is captivated by the show of emotions. A woman in the crowd looks up into Atanas' eyes. Guinevere and Atanas exchange yet another look.

VOICES (OFF SCREEN)
 (scattered and heard from
 a distance)
 ...a beloved husband...was like a
 father...hard worker...days always
 spent in the forest, caring
 for...be missed...

The hearse leaves the front of the church, people following
 behind on foot.

5. EXT. MANOR - DAY

Atanas walks the path up to the stairs leading to the manor
 looming over her. She's never been this close before.

GUINEVERE (OFF SCREEN)
 (far in the distance)
 ...help around the domain?

Atanas stops by the door. She rings the doorbell.

ATANAS (OFF SCREEN)
 (far in the distance)
 ...spent most of my time there... I
 know every inch, every details of
 this forest.

The door opens and reveals Guinevere. Both women take a
 moment to study each other before Guinevere waves Atanas in.

Atanas follows.

GUINEVERE (OFF SCREEN)
 (far in the distance)
 ...predecessor...irreplacable. He's
 left a gap around here...

6. INT. LIVING ROOM, MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

***This part of the memory starts to feel much more like
 reality, less like a memory. It's less contemplative.***

Atanas is sitting, facing Guinevere. She's determined to
 convince Guinevere.

ATANAS
 (the distance disappears
 and reality comes in full
 speed)
 I have no intention of erasing the
 memories you have of him. He
 mattered to you and did an amazing
 job at caring for this forest. I
 only want to continue what he did.

There's tension in the room. Guinevere is guarded. Atanas is intrigued but is trying to hold her trepidation.

GUINEVERE
(slowly nodding)
Why you? Only *men* applied... until
you show up.

Atanas shrugs.

Guinevere waits for an actual answer.

ATANAS
I know these woods better than
anyone else.

Guinevere raises an eyebrow.

ATANAS
(mumbling)
Right. Not erasing him.
(clearing her throat)
I know these woods really well. I
could walk around them with my eyes
closed.

GUINEVERE
Well, now you're just showing off,
aren't you?

ATANAS
You don't believe me?

GUINEVERE
It doesn't really matter if I
believe you or not, as you wouldn't
be required to work with your eyes
closed.

Atanas shrugs again.

ATANAS
I could still do it.

GUINEVERE
Would you be comfortable with
living on-site?

ATANAS
Is that the reason why you've been
struggling to fill in the position?

Guinevere stays quiet, her silence speaking volume.

ATANAS
People like to talk, you know? It's
a small village.

GUINEVERE

I'm aware of that.

ATANAS

(shaking her head before
answering)

I wouldn't mind living on-site.
There's always been something
pulling me back... No matter the
reason, I always find myself
wandering back here.

Both women look at each other.