

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

A desert country road at dusk. Everything is quiet.

Appearing from a turn, a MAN is walking. He is in his fifties, rather fat, and wearing a dark suit. He looks exhausted. In his hand, a fuel tank.

His tie is untied and, panting, he looks like suffering from the heat. His feet are heavy. He stops and scans around.

NO CAR IS SIGHT

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

As he wipes the sweat off his brows, the man freezes. On the right side of the road, an old large manor. The man grins a slight smile.

EXT. MANOR - DUSK

The man passes the gate and walks on the driveway. The house looks empty. The man stops and is about to turn back, when he notices that the main door is ajar.

He walks to the entrance.

He reaches the threshold, pushes the squeaking door, and peeps inside. The lobby is dark, but at the end of a long and gloomy corridor, a trembling dim light is passing under a closed door.

THE MAN
(shouting)
Anyone there?!

His voice echoes in the empty house.

NO ANSWER

The man steps in.

INT. MANOR - DUSK

The man slowly walks down the corridor and advances to the door with the light. He reaches it and turns the knob. The door opens without a noise.

The man finds himself in front of a red velvet curtain. He lifts it and enters a room looking like a child bedroom, only lighted by a candle on a saucer.

The man scans the place: a bed, a table, a chair, a wardrobe. . . And, here and there, several objects.

At first worried, the man's face lights up with wonder. He puts the tank on the wooden floor and steps to a child blue bicycle put against a wall. The bike looks brand new.

The man puts one knee on the floor and doesn't dare to touch the toy. Then, glad, he softly rings the bell.

He gets up and turns to the table. There, a school workbook. The man opens it. The pages are covered with dark ink and child handwriting. On the first page, he reads:

BOTANY

and above, a name:

MATTHEW DICKINSON

Visibly moved, the man is smiling. He brushes the page with the back of his hand and takes the object by the workbook. It's an old child watchband. He stares at it with emotion and puts it to his ear.

TICK TICK

The man is joyful. He turns now to the bed. On the blue quilt, between two cushions, a Teddy bear.

The man rushes to it and hugs it, tears in the eyes.

Like a kid in front of a Christmas tree not knowing what toy to chose, the man drops the Teddy bear on the bed, and notices on the bedside table a picture under frame.

He hands the frame and looks at it:

A WEDDING

A COUPLE

The man IS the young groom. The woman by him is young and beautiful, radiant in her wedding dress.

Overexcited, the man puts the picture back and scans the room again. He opens the wardrobe. It is full of men's clothes. The man takes a suit with a hanger. It's a black suit with a red carnation in the buttonhole. The flower is blooming. From the pocket, he can see a piece of paper. He takes it:

A MET GALA WORLD PREMIERE DATED SEPTEMBER 14, 1970

Touched, the man puts the Bristol back and hangs the suit.

On a nearby shelf, another picture. The man gets closer and stares at it:

Three kids - two boys, one girl - and a woman. The same woman that on the wedding picture, but older. All three look sad.

The man puts the picture back, wipes his tears, and steps back. His foot bumps against the fuel tank.

As he was emerging from an awoken dream, the man looks aware of the situation. He turns to the candle. It almost consumed and is about to die out.

The man gets his tank and rushes to the curtain. He lifts it, but the door has disappeared.

HE FINDS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF A BRICK WALL

The man starts panicking. The candle is now liquid wax with a dying flame. The man rushes around the room, looking for a way out. In vain...

Crying and exhausted, he hits his fists against the wall, and kneels.

THE MAN

(imploring)

Please, let me out! Is anyone there?!

He shouts a last time.

As the light dies out, silence comes back.

FADE OUT:

The end