

Pamela

By

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STILL UNDER BLACK A CARD -- PRESENT DAY

FADE IN:

INT. POSH DESIGNER STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

JACOB, wearing sunglasses into the evening, stands in the middle of a quiet room.

He is a handsome, trendy young man in his early-twenties.

He picks up a small remote from a delicate looking coffee table. Click. Instantly a wall-mounted flat-screen monitor or TV of some kind fires up.

JACOB

Call mother.

On the screen... a series of different icons spin. The one that looks like an old telephone enlarges and blinks twice revealing a list of names with avatars.

A name lights up... Pamela Wallace... it enlarges and blinks twice.

FLAT-SCREEN

(proper female voice)

Calling Pamela Wallace.

Beep-beep. Jacob paces in small circles. Beep-beep.

PAMELA (O.S.)

Hello?

A live video feed of Jacob's mother standing in front of her sofa fills half the screen... in the other half a red disconnect button and statics about the connection.

JACOB

Mom, she went to Tokyo with a guy
she just met.

PAMELA through pretty clear video... is a thin, refined, blond woman... she still looks good for her age.

JACOB (CONT'D)

It's only been two months, I still
have the scent of her on my hands..
How can she...

Jacob's voice cracks. He takes off his sunglasses and his eyes are red.

PAMELA
Women... sometimes--

JACOB
Mom, I'm so lonely...

He starts to cry.

JACOB (CONT'D)
...so lonely mom, I'm so lonely...

Pamela's eyes go moist and there is a great pain in her face.

The couch behind her and the rest of the room remain solid and consistent, but in the video she quickly flickers twice.

EXT. PATHWAY OUTSIDE A LARGE RESIDENCE BUILDING - EVENING

Jacob walks quickly with his car keys in his hand and his sunglasses on. The sun is setting.

He passes a park bench with a preppie looking 16 YEAR OLD KID typing on a slim laptop.

16 YEAR OLD KID
Wait. Mr. Wallace, I've been waiting for you. I'm writing this girl... Sunshine.

Jacob doesn't stop walking.

JACOB
Tell her, that you are so in love with her that you fucking disgust yourself.

Jacob stops and turns around facing the younger man.

JACOB (CONT'D)
No don't tell her that. Keep that for later. But whatever you do tell her, have no fear about it.

The 16 year old looks bewildered.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I've got to get out of here.

Jacob turns away.

EXT. LONG OPEN STRETCH OF A PAVED MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The moon is full. There's enough light to see a road. In the foreground is some kind of night creature. It must be an owl.

Everything is still and silent. The owl does nothing. A moment passes...

The owl does nothing.

Neon flash of red. An electric hybrid car in silent electric mode speeds by going too fast. The loudest thing about the car is the radio.

INT./EXT. MODERN HYBRID AUTOMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Jacob is behind the wheel. He's driving much too fast. The radio is blaring.

Curves in the road have come up, he starts to climb into the mountains.

There's no emotion on his face... he's having to work the wheel pretty hard to keep the car on the road.

He drives with abandon. The car stays on the center line through most of the turns.

The modern car radio doesn't go to static when it loses signal, it just goes silent. The radio starts to cut out.

Then there is the SOUND OF JACOB'S ELEVATED BREATHING between the bursts of the radio coming in... he has no emotion but he's definitely alive.

EXT. LOG CABIN LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob silently glides up the dirt drive way in the electric hybrid. He parks the car and turns off the lights.

He gets out and walks onto the front porch of a large log cabin.

Jacob looks into a window. A 50 year old man sits on a comfortable looking couch watching TV.

INT. LOG CABIN LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob enters the front door without knocking.

JACOB

Dad.

DAD

Oh my god.. Jacob... hey... what's
going on buddy?

The father offers his son his hand to shake without getting up.

It is at this moment that a woman 15 years younger than his dad walks out of the cabin's kitchen. She looks... comfortable.

Jacob looks at her and then back to his father.

Jacob's father still has his hand in the air for Jacob to shake and he's left hanging.

JACOB

Oh, Dad.

The father puts down his hand.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Why do you do this to mom. Don't
make me a part of this.

Jacob quickly leaves the way he came in... but sitting on the porch now... maybe just walked up the hill... is a guy a little more than Jacob's age, sitting with two attractive girls.

The group is drunk, most likely high.

CHAD

Hey Bro.

Jacob just walks past and starts down the hill.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

Is that your brother?

CHAD

Shit yeah. Half brother. Only got
one.

One girl looks at Chad.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

Are you going to go after him.

CHAD

Uh... either of you princesses need another beer?

Chad stands up.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE BOAT DOCK - NIGHT

Jacob sitting in his cosmopolitan clothes fishes off of the family boat dock.

He's using a floater. It's hard to see it. His feet swing freely.

Chad comes staggering down the hill. He's got a can of the beast in one hand. Cheap beer. Expensive family.

Chad steps out onto the boat dock.

CHAD

What... dude.. you got to fish on bottom... fish can't see that shit.

JACOB

Why are we fucked up?

CHAD

...fishing in the dark...

JACOB

Our terrible relationships with woman... and our dad fucking around on his wife... yeah, man... I'm talking about fishing in the dark.

Chad lowers his head. He starts to beat a rhythm on his beer can. A moment passes.

CHAD

I've been thinking for a long time about something I want to say... lets go to Berry's... you drive.

INT. BERRY'S BAR & GRILL - MIDNIGHT

The place is entirely hardwood. It's a bar in the mountains, where the patrons come in two classes: locals and tourists.

Jacob and Chad sit in a booth with two draft Sierra Nevadas.

JACOB

You think the girls are ok?

CHAD

...there's no easy way to say this,
so I'm just going to say it.

Jacob draws in close.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Your mother died in a car crash
five years ago.

Jacob leans back and now that he's got a beer in him...

JACOB

Okay, is there one of the girls
that you don't like as much of the
other?

Chad with a somber look on his face.

CHAD

Your mother died in a car crash
five years ago.

JACOB

I know. She already told me... WHEN
I TALKED TO HER YESTERDAY.

Some group in the bar erupts in laughter. Chad is still drunk but pretending not to be.

CHAD

That's a computer program. Your
mother died in a car crash five
years ago.

Jacob starts to get more animated but just smiles, then laughs.

JACOB

Sure, so why are you just telling
me this now?

CHAD
Well.. I killed my mom... you
know... in childbirth.

JACOB
Don't say that.

A strange awkward moment passes.

CHAD
I already fucked both of them. The
two girls. Drunk and lost in the
woods... just like a like 'em. The
lake house is good to me.

Chad takes a sip of his beer.

CHAD (CONT'D)
I recommend the 17 year old. Wait a
month... her dad's a cop.

Chad laughs... crazy drunken laughter.

CHAD (CONT'D)
I will tell you what I know.

JACOB
Brother... you're insane.

Jacob drinks his beer.

EXT. BERRY'S BAR & GRILL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Jacob awakens in the back seat of his car. Chad is nowhere to
be found. Everything is still.

He pushes one of the doors open with his leg and sits upright
with both feet on the pavement of the parking lot.

The dew has set, everything is wet.

Jacob raises one of his hands to his head signalling a
hangover.

He digs around in his pocket and pulls out a cellphone. It's
an oblong nondescript piece of technology with no buttons.

Jacob does something and it comes on. He does something else
and it reveals a list of contacts.

There in the list is the name Pamela Wallace, and besides that is the same picture as before used as her avatar.

Jacob lingers on the picture for a moment...

JACOB
(faint and weak)
Nah.

And then... Zap. The screen goes blank. He's turned off the phone.

EXT. MAD SCIENTIST'S LAIR - MORNING

A mortgage lending company building. Jacob's hybrid pulls into an empty parking lot. The weekend.

Jacob gets out of his car, goes up to the front door of this generic looking office building. It's locked, Jacob jiggles the handle.

Quite normally, he walks back to the trunk of his car. Opens it. He pulls out a single golf club.

There's a ribbon tied into a bow on the golf with a note that reads YOUR LOVING GIRLFRIEND FOREVER, VILMA.

He flicks the note and the ribbon off back into the trunk.

He holds the club with the proper stance and waddles like a duck. He focus for a moment, as if he's going to take a swing and then... he closes the trunk.

Jacob trots back to the front door and with no sophistication batters the door into a million glassy pieces.

No alarms sound, and Jacob steps inside.

INT. MAD SCIENTIST'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Cubicles. Lots and lots of cubicles as far as the eye can see.

The lights are off but there's plenty of the modern office natural lighting... saving energy.

Jacob surveys the evil lair for a moment, pondering his next move. He keeps the golf club held like a baseball bat.

MUSIC, faint music is the key. It's coming from someplace and Jacob starts to move toward it.

He walks down a row of cubicles. The music is a G'N'R' love balled. He keeps walking.

The cubes start to fade into more open space and the music grows in intensity.

Boom! There he is... the mad scientist himself. The music is blaring, he's got his back to Jacob.

The mad scientist is sitting at his computer, looking at three connected 30" monitors. Containing only spreadsheets. In high resolution.

Jacob silences the whole building when he puts the head of his golf club down on an ipod sitting in a cradle on the edge of a shelf. The ipod shatters.

The mad scientist does not flinch...

MAD SCIENTIST
I've been waiting for you all
morning... Ja-co-b...

Dun. Dun. Dun... DRAMATIC MUSIC UP. The mad scientist sways around in his chair. He's a big man.

The two stare each other down. They know the game.

JACOB
Why?

MAD SCIENTIST
Because... I... could...

The mad scientist says it defiantly.

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
...that and your mother paid me a
lot of money... I've nothing to
hide...

Jacob stands there looking down on the fat mad scientist sitting in an old broken down office chair.

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
All this started with a
computerized telephone operator
program.

(MORE)

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

It was going to save Telecoms a lot of money... but call centers in India... that's what fucked us.

JACOB

Keep going.

MAD SCIENTIST

Ten years ago I started a silicon valley start up that did voice recognition software. The company ended with the rest of the dot.com bust... that's alright I got into home equity lending... totally solid.

JACOB

Get to my mother.

MAD SCIENTIST

Your mother was to be the voice.

DRAMATIC MUSIC BURST. Dun. Dun. Dun.

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Pamela's voice was quite pleasant. We recorded her saying perfectly every possible syllable combination...

The mad scientist clears his throat...

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

But the kicker was her personality test. For this great new spokeswoman the company asked her to answer more than 4,000 different questions on video tape. Liability issues. She answered everything from... how was her first time to... beliefs about the Devine.

The screensavers on the huge monitors behind the mad scientist fire up, which are... flames. The flat-screens are full of hellish fire behind the crazy old bastard.

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

I took all the research with me when I left the company... I worked on it when I wasn't buying houses.

Jacob points to an empty chair... and sits down.

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Your mother loved this project.
When it ended, Pam was just
supposed to be the voice... but
with new conference video
technologies such as the VOIP
video, it made a lot of sense to
add a human face.

JACOB

Okay.

MAD SCIENTIST

We hoped that with this new human
face dimension we could sell it
back to the telecoms and get rich.
I spent a lot of time on it, and
then...

The mad scientist pauses as he sizes Jacob up.

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Pamela was killed on the 101.

Jacob acknowledges by nodding.

MAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Jacob... I mean in the end what do
you want? Chain Restaurants? More
fucking Beatles re-releases... I'm
talking about your mother and fuck
the Beatles... ...Guns 'n Roses.

The two continue to stare at each other in silence.

EXT. URBAN EXPRESSWAY - EVENING

The electric hybrid, driven by Jacob travels through the
arteries of a complicated urban expressway system.

All of the cars going in different directions... for a moment
he is lost in movement.

INT. INNER-CITY GHETTO WINE & SPIRITS STORE - EVENING

Jacob stands in line waiting to get checked out. He has a bottle in one hand, his cell phone held up to his ear with the other.

His keys and fat wallet are woven through his fingers.

Too much bling for such a place and it's making everyone else in line uncomfortable.

People in line exchange uncomfortable glances with one another.

DAD (O.S.)

(On Cell Phone)

I knew she was crazy when I married her. She just kept saying that you were more sensitive than other boys and needed more protecting.

JACOB

Dad. You disappoint me.

The line moves and everyone takes one step forward.

EXT. PATHWAY OUTSIDE A LARGE RESIDENCE BUILDING - EVENING

Jacob passes the bench where the 16 year old was trying to write a girl named Sunshine. No one's around now.

He slows and lingers for a moment.

JACOB

(under his breath)

Good Luck.

INT. POSH DESIGNER STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Jacob enters the front door of his apartment carrying a single bottle of hard liquor.

He puts the bottle on a counter. He throws his car keys on a table top. They slide off onto the floor. He hangs his coat up on... the floor.

He kicks off his shoes and picks up the little remote from the coffee table.

The flat-screen monitor comes on... it displays a message... three missed calls.

He hits a button and it lists the names of the missed callers... PAMELA WALLACE there in the middle. No message.

Jacob stares at the name for a moment.

JACOB
Call Mother.

FLATSCREEN
Calling Pamela Wallace.

The sound of it dialing and then ringing. Beep. Beep. Beep.

PAMELA
Hello!

A pause.

JACOB
Hello... M..

PAMELA
Baby, sit down.

Jacob sits rigidly on the expensive sofa and looks at the video feed of his computerized mother.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
How are you, sweetheart?

JACOB
Betrayed.

PAMELA
Not betrayed, loved beyond belief--

JACOB
You... lied to me, you made me some kind of weird... fool.

Sigh.

PAMELA
When I d..., you where too young to lose your mother.

JACOB

Why are we talking? You're not even real.

PAMELA

I'm all of your mother that remains. Didn't I help you get through some pretty hard times?

Jacob doesn't respond.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

You could have figured it out lots of times... one day I knew you would but I didn't want it to be when you were so young.

JACOB

I didn't actually see you for five years.

PAMELA

You got busy. College. International travel during the holidays. Your own life. It was nice that you called.

Jacob lets out a breath. Pamela continues...

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I daydreamed this up one afternoon. I put in a clause in my will that if anything should happen to me, your father would buy the phone program from that... porker. He was into real estate, but became the major sub-prime mortgage lender of the west coast with the money we gave him.

Silence.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

So?

JACOB

Where are you right now?

PAMELA

All around you. And always will be.

JACOB
Is this our last talk?

PAMELA
Are you ready to accept your mother
as simply iterations of images and
4000 questions?

Jacob looks tired.

FADE OUT.

ROLL END CREDITS. God, they're as long as the film. I hate that about short films.

FADE IN:

INT. POSH DESIGNER STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Jacob comes back to his apartment. He's wearing jogging shorts and is all sweaty. He gets a bottle of water from the fridge and flicks on the flat-screen with the remote.

Ka-bow! A young Lithuanian women is on the screen. It takes Jacob by surprise and he jumps back.

VILMA
(with accent)
Oh, I thought I was going to have
to leave you a message, Jacob.

He's silent. She's standing there on the screen at the end of the living room. Behind her is a little Japanese hotel room. Simple furniture, bamboo, etc.

VILMA (CONT'D)
Jacob, I've made a mistake.

No expression on his face, he just stares at her in the video.

The couch behind her and the rest of the room remain solid and consistent, but in the video she quickly flickers twice.

FADE OUT.