

NEIL

Screenplay
by
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Draft 2.0

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A warm modern living room, comfortable, almost intimate. Neil (30) sat on a double width Barcelona chair. Calm but slightly nervous.

Opposite him is Rita (late 30's), nice, also nervous. Rita can't look him in the eye.

Neil smiles, watching her absentmindedly rub her arm.

NEIL

Is it warm enough? I could...

RITA

(nervous)

I'm fine (beat) So, should we..?

Neil holds out his hand. Unsure for a second, Rita finally reaches out. Takes it. He looks at her. Studies her.

RITA (CONT'D)

What is it?

NEIL

You look like a nice person.

She glances away for a split second, over his shoulder.

NEIL (CONT'D)

It's okay. Don't be scared.

RITA

I'm not...scared.

He smiles weakly, touches the empty seat next to him.

NEIL

They usually sit here.

She gets up, sits beside him. He looks at her profile. Gently he takes her chin, eases it round. They CONNECT.

She studies him, eyes flicking over every feature.

RITA

I don't know if I can do this...

NEIL

It's okay. I'll help you.

He takes her hand, gently touches it to his lips. Her expression softening as she feels his lips.

NEIL (CONT'D)

See.

She steels herself, leans in, eyes closing as she --

-- KISSES him. Neil's eyes remain OPEN.

Her eyes open, checking his, then close again. She continues. Slowly his eyes close. He starts to relax.

His arm comes up and touches her knee.

She flinches, pulls away. Their eyes search each others.

RITA
(defences crumbling)
You're...beautiful.

He blinks.

NEIL
Did they tell you to say that?

She shakes her head. They both lean in again and kiss DEEPLY. His hands come up, hers reach out for him.

A CCTV camera WHIRRS as it adjusts its zoom lens.

They part tenderly, looking at each other. Rita, on the verge of TEARS, stands shakily, backing away to the door.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Goodbye Rita. I hope to remember
you.

The door closes.

2 INT. LAB OFFICE - EVENING

2

Rita filling out a QUESTIONNAIRE. The header reads 'GRAYSON-ROCHE R & D - UNIT 18-5 'NEIL' TEST 3-12'. She looks down the list of questions 'HOW REALISTIC WAS NEIL TO THE TOUCH?' 'HOW DID HE MAKE YOU FEEL?....

The pen hovers. A memory touched, a wound opened. The pen starts to shake slightly, then uncontrollably.

3 INT. ROOM - SAME

3

Neil sitting there. For the first time we see a long FAT UMBILICAL of cables hang through the back of the chair he is sitting on. It snakes across the floor to a console.

Neil stares into space, as if trying to remember a dream that's slowly drifting away from him.

CLOSE ON a display - 'LOG OUT SEQUENCE - TEST 312' types up. A finger hits return on the keyboard - 'LOGGED OUT'.

With a sigh Neil SLUMPS back on the chair. Turned OFF.

We move in on him to see a tear has formed in his eye. It pools, slips over the edge, and courses down his cheek.