

A Lost Mind

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May 1st - Second Draft

INT. FRONT ROOM OF ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

A young woman in a vintage military jacket (mid 20's) enters through the front door of an antique shop. She shakes off her rain-soaked umbrella and sets it aside by the entrance. This is ZOE. It's her night off.

Zoe looks around the well-lit and stylishly decorated front room expecting to find an employee of some kind.

ZOE

Hello?

INT. ANTIQUE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She continues through a hallway into a warehouse filled with industrial-style furniture and a large assortment of vintage pieces. The space is dimly lit with a mix of various lamps and the moonlight shining through the windows. The eerie atmosphere is offset by a sweetly melancholy song playing over the building's sound system. It could almost be a dream.

ZOE

(echoing in the large space)

Hello?

Unbothered by the lack of response, she continues walking, looking in the various crates strewn about, and studying the eclectic mix of items from a bygone era.

Zoe stops in front of a large apothecary cabinet. She slides open a random drawer and a small bird flies out. She watches as the bird flies up and out of an open warehouse window.

Zoe opens another drawer and pulls out a 60's era walkie talkie hidden inside.

ZOE

(jokingly into the walkie talkie)

Breaker one, breaker one. This is Bored Bandicoot. Looks like I'm embarking on another solo mission tonight.

Zoe waits for a response she knows is not coming. She sets the walkie talkie down on a nearby table.

As she walks away, a YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE emerges from the static of the walkie talkie.

(CONTINUED)

YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Roger that Bored Bandicoot. Wish I
could help.

Intrigued, Zoe picks the walkie talkie back up. She
hesitates before finally speaking again.

ZOE
Who is this?

Long pause.

YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE (V.O.)
That's a good question.

ZOE
And that's a bad answer.
(beat)
There is a body behind this voice,
right? I'm not just losing my mind?

YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Y'know, you can't be in the process
of misplacing something. It's
either lost or it's found.

ZOE
Then I've officially lost my mind.

YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Let's go find it.

ZOE
Excuse me?

YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE (V.O.)
You lost your mind. Let's go find
it.

ZOE
(amused)
Okay. Where do we start?

YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Well, where did you last see it?

MONTAGE

Montage of Zoe searching through the shop, walkie talkie in
hand. She interacts with several items, commenting on them
and improvising bad jokes to her new friend. Things like:

(CONTINUED)

ZOE
(looking down a long piece of
ornate copper)
It's not in the gutter.

YOUTHFUL MALE VOICE (V.O.)
That would've been my first guess.

Montage ends when we hear an OLDER LADY from far off screen.

OLDER LADY (O.S.)
(echoing)
Sorry about that! Got stuck in the
back. I'll be up front if you have
any questions!

INT. FRONT ROOM OF ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

The older lady sits at a desk. Zoe approaches.

OLDER LADY
How you doin' hun? Find what you
were looking for?

ZOE
I think so.

She sets the walkie talkie onto the desk.

OLDER LADY
Oh, you found Theo's old radio!

ZOE
How much is--

OLDER LADY
Oh I'm sorry honey. This one isn't
for sale.
(beat)
Besides, it hasn't worked in
decades. The battery connector
broke off some time ago.

The older lady opens the back of the walkie talkie revealing
the absence of a battery. Zoe, confused, watches as the
older lady puts the walkie talkie into a drawer.

OLDER LADY (CONT'D)
Anything else I can do for you?

(CONTINUED)

ZOE
No--No. That's it.

Zoe turns and heads towards the door.

OLDER LADY (O.S.)
(tenderly)
Have a good night dear.

ZOE
Thank you.

Zoe picks up her umbrella and walks out into the night.