



Departed

by

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BELLA'S BEDROOM- MORNING

Bella wakes up and stretches facing towards the wall because she does not like the feeling of her facing the darkness of her room. Who knows what lurks in the darkness. To keep her days consistent Bella walks towards a record player and puts on the same song she puts on everyday to get her ready for the week of repetitiveness.

(Music playing in the background)

Walking towards the bathroom with a bit of a bounce and a twirl Bella gets ready for school.

(Music playing in the background becomes more muffled)

BELLA'S BATHROOM- MORNING

Looking down at the rusty sink drain Bella brushes her teeth in front of a mirror she intentionally avoids eye contact with.

BELLA'S BEDROOM- MORNING

Bouncing and twirling back to her room Bella starts to get dressed for school. She buttons up her plaid shirt with ease and then laces up her shoes.

BELLA'S LIVING ROOM- MORNING

The living room is still until Bella bounces in, but that energy fades when she lays eyes on her backpack that is stuffed to its brim with notebooks. She grabs her bag with a firm grip and throws it on her back and walks out the door for another unexciting day of school.

The next few days blur together, one seeming the same as the next. The redundancy makes life seem empty and still.

DAYS LATER

BELLA'S BATHROOM- MORNING

While brushing her teeth she finally looks in the mirror making eye contact with herself. Her face is covered with a puzzled look. Her face, it doesn't look right. There is something off about it. It's not her face and it looks a

bit fuzzy like a person in an old film. Bella looks down at her hands that are shaking; they are fuzzy as well.

IN BELLA'S HEAD
(nervously)
What is happening to me?
Why can't I remember?
Why can't I remember
myself?

BACK TO SCENE
Looking back up in the mirror with her mouth wide and her face pale like she's just seen a ghost. Her face has changed. It looks different. It's still not hers though.

IN BELLA'S HEAD
(nervously)
Why can't I remember?
Just make something up.

BACK TO SCENE
Bella takes a few steps back until she is leaning on the wall behind her. Her hands cover her face crying trying to cover up the fuzzy image she has made up to call her "face".

HUMMING OF PHONE

Bella's phone buzzes on the table taunting her.

BELLA'S PHONE
Lucy <3 is calling

BACK TO SCENE
Looking down at the phone confused and worried why her friend was calling her. Bella starts pacing back and forth in her bathroom about what she should do.

IN BELLA'S HEAD
(nervously)
What does she want? Does
she know? Why can't I
remember? I can't just
avoid her. Should I send
her to voicemail?

Bella prepares herself before she picks up the phone by shaking her hands like she's about to pick up something burning hot. She raises the phone to her ear hesitantly and shakingly replies.

BELLA

Hi Lucy... oh you want to come over? Um it's not really a good time... oh ok... see you soon.

Annoyed by the persistence of Lucy begging to come over to her house Bella walks over to the couch waiting for Lucy to arrive. Bella unconsciously starts bouncing her leg anxious for what Lucy will begin to rant about today.

FRONT DOOR OF BELLA'S HOUSE-NOON

DING DONG

The sound from the doorbell is always uncanny to Bella, she is not used to getting visitors. Or maybe she is, but she just can't remember. Bella grabs the doorknob wearily of what might happen after she lets this being into her house.

KNOCK KNOCK

The door shakes as Lucy bangs on the door. Her knocks sound urgent cries for attention. Bella calms herself down with some breaths to then confidently grab the doorknob and yank the door open. Lucy smiles and steps through the threshold. Bella avoids eye contact at all costs worried about what might happen.

LUCY

Hi Bella, how have you been?

Bella

Oh I've been alright.
How about you?

Bella and Lucy start to head towards the couch with Bella leading Lucy. Bella sits on the far end of the couch uncomfortable by the presence of Lucy like a germaphobe around a sick person. Lucy sits on the other end of the couch and tries to scoot closer, but every scoot closer

Bella scoots back twice.

Lucy

I've been great.
Actually I went to the
movies and saw all our
friends. You should have
been there. Why didn't
you show up?

Bella can not fight the urge anymore of having a stranger in her house. She needs to see who this person is. Bella looks up slowly at Lucy and instead of a face she is met with a television. A television with the face of a woman she does not recognize. Lucy's voice becomes more muffled.

IN BELLA'S HEAD

What does she look like?
Why can't I remember?
Who is she? She's my
friend. I should know
what she looks like.

Bella looks away ashamed that she can not even remember her friend. She can not even believe her eyes, so she looks back again for reassurance. This time she sees a new face on the television. This time it is a woman who looks worried. Bella looks over with the same expression. Then Lucy begins to talk again, but Bella tunes her voice out making Lucy sound muffled.

Lucy

Um Bella? It's ok if you
don't want to tell me,
but I'm worried about
you? Are you alright?
Bella? ... Bella?

Bella tunes Lucy out to the point she can not even hear her. Bella looks down to examine her hands and sees how they still blurry. Bella starts to cry and she puts her hands over her face. Then the room around her turns white and then she looks up to see a television, similar to the one that was on Lucy's head, on the floor. The television is showing Lucy looking at her with a perplexed expression. It's like she's watching herself.

Lucy
I don't know what is
wrong with you but I
hope everything is
alright.

Bella looks around the empty white room and sees a phrase
written in a red substance. She reads it aloud.

Bella
"why cant i remember?"