

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN  
OR  
THE SAD VICTORY

Written by

David Bemis

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285 Lafayette Street, Apt 4A  
New York, NY 10012  
917.750.2830  
dfbemis@gmail.com

INT. SOMEWHERE ... ANYWHERE ... EVERYWHERE  
(A few spare notes; A  
staccato horn riff)

FADE IN:

Medium Close-up in black and white against a black background on a WOMAN. After a moment, an image slowly fades up from black behind her becoming barely perceptible towards the end of the monologue.

WOMAN

Sitting on the curb in the cool night between two bars with people spilling in and out of time. The drummer climbs in through the window to settle on her stool. And talk turns to Texas and Mexican food and sewing shirts from scratch. We could wait for a streetcar or we could catch a cab.

CUT TO: BLACK.

(A few more notes; a  
languid horn riff)

FADE IN:

Medium Close-up in black and white against a black background on a MAN. Another image fades up from black behind him, a bit faster and becomes recognizable towards the end of the monologue.

MAN

It's dark at Muddy's at the end of St. Charles. Cabbies tell of the city's decline, an assembly of grand wizards to bring down the price of water. The AC rains, dripping on my head as the tom toms wail. She's hot, she's heavy, she's also, she's ready. She's funky, she's ripped, she's handy, she's tempted. She's not, she's told, she's nasty, she's plenty. Secretly, she likes me. She has a crush on me.

CUT TO: BLACK.

(A single note on a piano  
held and then cut short.)

FADE IN:

Close-up on the Woman in black and white against a black background. A third image pops up behind her and then fades quickly to black.

WOMAN

I can tell where your shoes were made.

CUT TO: BLACK.

(A final note; a horn stab.)

INT. TV STUDIO SET

FADE IN:

Slowly, the light comes up on a man and a woman sitting at a table like a Charlie Rose interview. The background is solid black. They are not sitting across from each other, but slightly toward each other at a round table, like a Charlie Rose interview.

Wardrobe 1 Woman: Idea(?)—She is wearing a bright multicolored blouse, and her long hair is arranged in a pony tail at the top of her head like Pebbles from The Flintstones.

Wardrobe 1 Man: Idea(?)—He has on a cowboy hat, a dark shirt with large cuff links.

MAN

If it wasn't today, it would be tomorrow.

WOMAN

Or yesterday. It could be yesterday as easily as tomorrow, if it wasn't today. Of course that is going backward instead of forward. But there might be a reason to do that.

MAN

Do what?

WOMAN

Go backwards instead of forwards. Like, maybe there was a stone left un-turned that really needed to be turned and that would be a very positive reason to go backward instead of forward. No stone left un-turned is a good approach to things in general, don't you think?

MAN

Not sure about that. Some things are better left as they are.

WOMAN

Well, maybe. Sometimes. But not always. I do see your point.

MAN

In general, I'm for moving forward. Forward momentum feels right to me. I'm not much for back peddling. Not my style really.

WOMAN

You don't like to look back? Don't ever find yourself looking back over your shoulder?

MAN

Not usually. I'm a straight ahead man myself. Like to keep it moving forward.

Wardrobe 2 Woman

WOMAN

Never? In my opinion, that's a mistake. To deal with what's ahead, you have to have a good notion of what's behind, where you've been, where you're coming from. It's always helpful to keep that in mind.

MAN

To a point, I'd say you're right. But when you dwell on what's come before, you run the risk of being restrained, held back, dragged down, retarded.

WOMAN

Retarded?

MAN

Well, you know what I mean.

WOMAN

Not really.

MAN

Perhaps that's not the best way to say it.

WOMAN

Perhaps not. And anyway, I'm not talking about dwelling on what's come before. You said dwelling. Did you hear me say dwelling?

MAN

Well, it's just a phrase.

WOMAN

It's more than just a phrase. It's an exaggeration. It puts a whole different slant on what I'm saying and perverts the notion that I'm trying to get at.

MAN

Perverts? That's a bit harsh isn't it?

WOMAN

One good exaggeration deserves another.

MAN

That's my point exactly. If we were moving forward without all this backward glancing, over the shoulder business, we'd be talking about one good turn deserves another. But because we are now dwelling on these insignificant turns of phrases, we are getting bogged down, one might even say mired in who knows what. The negative elbows out the positive. We've stopped thinking about tomorrow.

Wardrobe 3 Woman

WOMAN

Don't get your panties in a knot. It'll soon be here. Not necessarily better than before, but it'll be here. You can count on that.

MAN

Why not better than before? That's extremely pessimistic.

WOMAN

Slightly pessimistic. I can't help it.

MAN

Why go there?

WOMAN

Because without scrutiny, without evaluation, without rumination, there's no progress. Just repetition. Just more of the same. Eternal sameness.

MAN

From pessimistic to bleak. That's progress?

WOMAN

If you care to, if you allow yourself to look back at what I was originally proposing, you'll see that I was leaving no stone unturned as a positive. I was accentuating the positive.

Wardrobe 2 Man

MAN

You started with a positive and ended with a negative. Yesterday's gone. Yesterday's gone. Leave it be.

Wardrobe 4 Woman

WOMAN

Gone, maybe, but not forgotten.

CUT TO: BLACK.

(A short melody is played.)

FADE IN:

A quotation appears, white type on black. A voice reads the words.

MALE VOICE

"The sad victory I have won obliges me, at the end of my career, to forgive all my successors and to laugh at all those who ask me for advise, for I see before hand that most of them have no intention of following it."

CUT TO: BLACK.

(The short melody is  
played again. )

FADE IN:

The second part of the quotation appears, white type on  
black. A voice reads the words.

FEMALE VOICE

"This foresight results in my  
giving it to them with more  
pleasure than I should feel if I  
were sure they would follow it, for  
man is an animal who can only be  
taught by cruel experience. Because  
of this law, humanity will always  
exist in disorder and ignorance,  
for wise men make up at most a  
hundredth of it."

CUT TO: BLACK.

(The short melody repeats  
a third time)

FADE IN:

The attribution of the quote appears, white type on black.

From HISTORY OF MY LIFE  
by Giacomo Casanova  
Chevalier de Seingalt

CUT TO: BLACK