

DEAD MEMORY CLINIC [CLINIQUE DE LA MÉMOIRE MORTE]

by Sebastian Dicenaire

Advertising hook

Backing up your memories is a doddle! With our revolutionary technology, you'll never lose another memory again. Subscribe to Mnemosan© for peace of mind over your memory.

General description of podcast

Say goodbye to memory blanks, to hazy recollections, and to classroom learning going in one ear and out the other! From now on, anyone can remember everything, thanks to technology perfected by Mnemosan. Hippolyte Polycarpe works at the Dead Memory Clinic. He spends his days re-implanting the memories of patients who have memory problems. Though passionate and dedicated to his work, when a hopeless case presents at the Clinic, he finally crosses the line...

Synopsis

Thanks to technology developed by a company called Mnemosan, patients with memory disorders can now have their memories re-implanted into their brains. It's a very promising development... but is perhaps not without its drawbacks...

Summary of the whole series

Say goodbye to memory blanks, to hazy recollections, and to classroom learning going in one ear and out the other! From now on, anyone can remember everything, thanks to technology perfected by Mnemosan: this company is able to implant in our brain an artificial memory that has enough storage space to record our memories during our entire life - these memories are then accessible via crypted USB.

Hippolyte Polycarpe is a young night nurse at the Dead Memory Clinic. He takes care of patients who have been put in an artificial coma, waiting for a hypothetical awakening and a reactivation of their memories thanks to the Mnemosan technology.

One day, a beautiful stranger arrives in his Hippolyte's department: she's suffered brain trauma. Nobody knows who she is or what's her story. The access to her memory (both natural and artificial) seems compromised for good. In order to give a

« content » to this beautiful sheath with empty memory, Hippolyte decides to break the rules and to give to this patient pleasing memories that he has taken from other patients. He takes so much care of this pretty patient that he falls in love with his creature. He gives her a name - Barbara - and they decide to get married.

Barbara reacts rather well to Hippolyte's secret treatment. She learns fast. Soon her memory, even though it's artificially composed by Hippolyte, is as full and coherent as anyone's. Maybe even fuller and more coherent. But there's a problem - and not a small one. The patients' memories that have been uploaded to Barbara's brain are not copied: they are erased. Eaten. Barbara is hungry. Hungry for new memories. She always wants more. Hippolyte has to take bigger and bigger risks in order to satisfy her voracious needs. At some point, his "memory transfers" between patients and Barbara are noticed by his hierarchy. Barbara and he are expelled from the clinic. They now live in Hippolyte's small apartment. And then, Barbara - or rather, the woman whose body was "occupied" by Barbara - wakes up. Her real name is Emily. All this time, Emily has been conscious in a corner of Barbara's psyche. She hates Hippolyte from day one. She hates what he's done to her body. She escapes from Hippolyte's flat. The story ends as she's starting to retrieve some of her own memories.

Production

A drama by Sebastian Dicenaire. A Welcome to Earth production, co-produced by the RTS [Swiss Radio & Television] and RTBF [Francophone Belgian Community Radio & Television]. A Welcome to Earth production supported by the Wallonia-Brussels Federation's "Aide à la Création Radiophonique" fund, the Gulliver fund and the "Atelier de Création Sonore Radiophonique" (ACSR).

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Cast:

Hippolyte Polycarpe: Fabien Magry.
Barbara/Émilie: Marie Diaby.
Vita Lazarenko: Lenka Luptáková.
Young Ms Britney: Émilie Praneuf.
Kenzi: Samuel Padolus.
Young Ms Paula: Claé Tabourdiot.
Mr Siegfried: Andreas Perschewski.
Nurse: Françoise Berlinger.
Journalist: Caroline Berliner.
Security Guard: Sybille Cornet.
Teacher: Edwige Guerle

Episode summaries and titles**Memory Garden (1/4)**

Summary: Hippolyte Polycarpe works at Dead Memory Clinic. Using special memory technology, he re-implants his patients' brains with the memories they've lost. But as he himself admits, looking into other people's memories can become addictive...

Hopeless Case (2/4)

Summary: A patient arrives at Dead Memory Clinic in a critical state. In an attempt to give her her memories back, Hippolyte Polycarpe breaks Clinic protocol

Memory-starved (3/4)

Summary: Hippolyte is forced to leave Dead Memory Clinic... taking Barbara with him. The memories he has implanted her with seem to be disappearing, and Barbara wants more.

Rainbow (4/4)

Summary: Hippolyte faces the consequences of his actions.

Biography - Sebastian Dicenaire

Sebastian Dicenaire is a poet and audio playwright, born in Strasbourg in 1979. He has lived in Brussels since 2001. His radio plays, which explore the boundaries between narrative, poetry, and sound production, have won a number of festival prizes, including a Special Commendation at Prix Europa Berlin, the Phonurgia Nova Prize, and the Prix SGDL. In 2019, he wrote DreamStation, a direct-to-podcast audio play for France Culture.

EPISODE 1

VITA LAZARENKO

Our brains work just like computers. They have a 'live', random-access memory, and a 'dead', read-only memory. With a computer, everyone knows you should back up your data. You're never safe from a crash. And, well, it's the same with your brain's memory. Amnesia, head injury, Alzheimer's... it can happen to anyone! Subscribe to Mnemosan, and we'll guarantee to restore your memory, fully intact.

ADVERTISING JINGLE

OPENING THEME TUNE/CREDITS, FUNFAIR

TEACHER

Light is an electromagnetic wave, and its colour depends on the wavelength. ...

ANNOUNCER

Dead Memory Clinic by Sebastian Dicenaire

TEACHER

... The light spectrum is visible to the human eye, but animals can see wavelengths that we can't.

ANNOUNCER

Episode 1.

FAIRGROUND RIDE, HEADPHONES BEING PUT DOWN

TRAFFIC IN THE DISTANCE; A DOOR OPENING

HIPPOLYTE (VOICEOVER)

My name is Hippolyte. Hippolyte Polycarpe... And that's it, really. I could end the story there. In fact, it's like I don't really have a story at all. It's true when it comes to other people, they always have loads of stories to tell. But that's not me. My life is ordinary, boring, end of. - Maybe that's why I do this job. I'm a "gardener" at Dead Memory Clinic. -Well, really, "Dead Memory Clinic", that's just our nickname for it. Officially, it's called "The Mnemosan Clinic".

COMPUTER KEYBOARD

VITA LAZARENKO

Subscribe to Mnemosan, and we'll guarantee to restore your memory, fully intact.

HIPPOLYTE (VOICEOVER)

Memory technology, DNA computing... none of that existed when I was a kid. Things really got going with the first ever DNA hard drives. It's true it was incredible! We were able to inscribe so much more data on just one gram of DNA than we could on thousands of regular hard drives. - That's where the genius of Mnemosan's founder came in... She saw straight away the medical applications it could have.

PRESENTER

Please give a warm welcome to Ms Vita Lazarenko, who's here to tell us about her new project -- ...

APPLAUSE

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Vita Lazarenko: Now there's someone with a story!

VITA LAZARENKO

Good evening.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

She is, today, at barely 31 years old, at the helm of one of Europe's most flourishing start-ups. - I got to talk to her once at a Mnemosan seminar.

DRINKS RECEPTION

VITA LAZARENKO

(in English)

... *Tell him I will come in person to visit his tropical greenhouse in Dubai...*

HIPPOLYTE

Ms Lazarenko?

VITA LAZARENKO

... *If the biopic in Hollywood allows me, of course.*

HIPPOLYTE

Ms Lazarenko?

VITA LAZARENKO

And you are...? You are...? Mr...?

HIPPOLYTE

... Polycarpe.

VITA LAZARENKO

Mr Polycarpe A new recruit! You know what I always say? Mnemosan is a beautiful garden, but it's people like you who make it happen. I'll raise my glass to the new gardener. Cheers!

HIPPOLYTE

Cheers!

VITA LAZARENKO

And guess who called me again the other day? The president of Kazakhstan. Open a clinic there? Can you imagine the disaster...

--

WAITER

Quinoa vodka?

HIPPOLYTE

Um... Ok.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

"Gardener". That's the metaphor Ms Lazarenko likes to use to describe our work at the clinic. And it's true that re-implanting memories into a patient is a bit like gardening. It takes time for it to take hold. A bit like a graft, or growing a plant from cuttings.

DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

Right then, Ms Britney, how's it taking, the memory of your twenties? Still those summers in your miserable little hometown? Ok, let's take a look.

MS BRITNEY'S MEMORY BEGINS

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
What is this place?

KENZI
I already told you! It's "Réunion Island". Surfers getting eaten by sharks...

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
No—wait! Is that a quarry?

KENZI
No, it's a gravel pit.

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
Wait, come on, give me a leg-up.

THEY CLIMB OVER A MESH FENCE

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
Wow! The water is so red! Did they massacre some baby seals or something?

KENZI
No, it's an algae. Micro-organisms. You can't see them. Yeah. I wanted you to see it.

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
Thanks. It's beautiful

INFLATABLE LILO

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
Do you want to put sun cream on me?

KENZI
Er... Yeah.

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
On my back.

KENZI
Sorry...

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)
What for? For trembling?

KENZI

Yeah.

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)

It's no big deal. Don't worry. Come on, let's go. The "Indian Ocean" is waiting for us!

BELLS

KENZI

Ok, I'm getting out of the water.

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)

This feels so good I'm floating on the Indian Ocean, like in a dream. Surrounded by waves. Surrounded by red. My favourite colour.

WIND; GENTLE WAVES

END OF MS BRITNEY'S MEMORY

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I like being in this clinic. I work nights. That means I'm not too bothered by my colleagues.

HIPPOLYTE

Ah, the nurse! - Are you back in tomorrow?

NURSE

No way! I never work Fridays!

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, see you tomorrow then!

AUTOMATIC DOORS

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

And even then, the patients don't disturb me. Most of them are in a coma. It's a bit like being in a great big story garden.

DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

Right, Mr Siegfried, where did we get to last time? Oh yes, you've woken up after your operation, after 24 hours nil-by-mouth, and you keep calling a nurse, over and over, for a dinner tray.

MR SIEGFRIED'S MEMORY BEGINS

MR SIEGFRIED

What the hell is she doing? Have you ever eaten in the hospital canteen? I had the Greek salad last time. You know at the time, I didn't think it was that good? How stupid! Now my mouth waters just thinking about it. Those olives... that feta!

NURSE 2

Mr Siegfried?

MR SIEGFRIED

Ah, at last!

NURSE 2

No, it's not time for your dinner tray yet... but I managed to get you this.

CUP OF TEA

MR SIEGFRIED

A tea? Thank you. - Do you know what they put in those teabags? The tea dust that nobody wants. Usually, I hate industrial tea, but this...

HE DRINKS

MR SIEGFRIED

Oh, it's good! It's so, so good! It's like heaven.

MR SIEGFRIED'S MEMORY ENDS

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I'm so immersed in other people's stories here, I no longer have time to even wonder why I don't have any of my own. - Nowadays, nearly everyone has a Mnemosan subscription. It's often covered by your health insurance.

SWIVEL CHAIR ON CASTORS

HIPPOLYTE

So... Ms Paula, based on the large purple zone I can see on this screen, this is a very important memory we're implanting you with today.

MS PAULA'S MEMORY BEGINS

COCKEREL CROWS

MS PAULA (CHILD)

20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. Coming, ready or not!

FOOTSTEPS

MS PAULA (CHILD)

They must be through there. Not here. Not there either. Then in that case... they must be IN HERE!

BARN DOOR

MS PAULA (CHILD)

Aah, the little cat. But... he's dead. Oh...

HIPPOLYTE

Oh... So that's the memory that's so important, Ms Paula! You loved this kitten, eh? Did you cry a lot? Let's have a look.

MS PAULA (CHILD)

These must be his intestines. And these, that's his stomach and his lungs.

HIPPOLYTE

Oh, no... Ugh! You're not going to leave that cat in peace?

MS PAULA (CHILD)

And that, there, is his heart.

HIPPOLYTE

That's it! I get it! It's the day you decided to become a surgeon, Ms Paula, am I right? Look, I understand. I'm a scientist, too.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

With my patients, there's no need to tell them stories that seem plausible.

HIPPOLYTE

... Have I ever told you that I know Vita Lazarenko very well? Yeah, yeah. We drink vodka together... One of these days, I'll say to her: "Vita. Vita!"

HIPPOLYTE'S DREAM BEGINS

VITA LAZARENKO

And you are...? **You are...?** Mr...? Mr Polycarpe! A new recruit! Welcome!

HIPPOLYTE

You see, Vita, I've noticed something. Do you realise the number of people suffering from trauma or psychological problems, who we could cure, with just a slight modification to their memories? It's like both things—memory and personality—are connected, do you see what I mean?

VITA LAZARENKO

I'll raise my glass to the new gardener.

WAITER

Quinoa vodka?

HIPPOLYTE'S DREAM ENDS

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

What most people don't know is that when another person, like us gardeners, looks at a patient's memories, they put themselves in the patient's place, literally.

RETURN TO MS BRITNEY'S MEMORY

HIPPOLYTE & MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)

What is this place?

KENZI

I already told you! It's "Réunion Island".

HIPPOLYTE & MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)

Wow! The water is so red! Do you want to put sun cream on me? On my back. - Come on. The "Indian Ocean" is waiting for us!

KENZI

I'm getting out of the water.

HIPPOLYTE & MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)

Wow! This feels so good. I'm floating. On the Indian Ocean. Like in a dream. Surrounded by red. My favourite colour.

END OF MS BRITNEY'S MEMORY

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, Ms Britney... That's not all of it, but I have to finish my rounds. See you tomorrow. Good night.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

So, it's clear then. We don't make any secret of it, looking at other people's memories can be very powerful. Very addictive. So I can understand the security measures around DNA memories.

JOURNALIST

Ms Lazarenko, a question about security issues.

VITA LAZARENKO

What "security issues"?

JOURNALIST

Normally, a memory stays inside a person, unless they decide to tell someone else about it. By bringing a third person, the "gardener", between the patient and their memories, aren't you afraid of breaking that sacrosanct confidentiality code?

VITA LAZARENKO

Not at all. Rest assured that all gardener-client interactions are monitored. We take the utmost care to ensure the strictest confidentiality, throughout all levels of the chain.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Monitored? I'm not so sure... with time I've come to doubt it.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

Ms Britney? Yes, it's me again. I know, it's late, and I told you I wouldn't be back today, but... it's your memory of the gravel pit. Or the "Indian Ocean", as you call it. Personally,

I don't have any beautiful memories like that. So... I was wondering if I could - strictly between you and me, ok? - ... come by now and then, just to look at it, like this... ok? It would really do me some good.

MS BRITNEY'S MEMORY BEGINS

HIPPOLYTE

Wow, this feels so good.

EPISODE 2

HIPPOLYTE (VOICEOVER)

I have no love story to share either. I live alone, in my little flat... - Well, not alone, strictly speaking. I have her, my weeping fig tree, *Ficus Benjamina*. Yes, she has a pet name, but I'm not telling you what it is.

HIPPOLYTE

Yes, yes, I'll prune this stipule for you. Don't be so impatient.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I've had her pretty much since forever. Since I moved in here over a decade ago. I take good care of her. She's grown to be huge over the years, look.

HIPPOLYTE

If you're good, I'll put you by the window later.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I firmly believe that plants have emotions, sensations... and as for her, she has her own personality, eh? I'm sure she would speak if she could. Wouldn't you, eh, my beauty? So I connected some electrodes to her limbs, like this.

HIPPOLYTE

Did you want to tell me something?

ELECTRONIC SOUND FROM THE PLANT

HIPPOLYTE

You're still a little bit thirsty, is that it?

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Ok, the results aren't yet fully conclusive, but I'm not giving up.

PLANT SOUND

HIPPOLYTE

Bravo, you've made excellent progress! I'm very proud of you. If you keep this up, in a few months, you'll be saying your first words. And then we can say: "Hippolyte Polycarpe, the first man ever to make a plant speak."

LAUGHS

HIPPOLYTE

Oh, a little snail. Get out of here!

OPENING THEME TUNE/CREDITS, FUNFAIR

TEACHER

Light is an electromagnetic wave, and its colour depends on the wavelength.

ANNOUNCER

Dead Memory Clinic by Sebastian Dicenaire

TEACHER

The light spectrum is visible to the human eye, but animals can see wavelengths that we can't.

ANNOUNCER

Episode 2.

*FAIRGROUND RIDE, HEADPHONES BEING PUT
DOWN*

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

One day, a new patient was admitted.

AMBULANCE WORKER

Where do you want her?

HIPPOLYTE

Here. Here will be fine.

AMBULANCE WORKER

There you go.

HIPPOLYTE

Thank you.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

She was beautiful. She was my age. Her skin was as pale as a corpse. She had taken a blow, you could tell from the back of her head. There was some tissue damage. Just to be sure, I checked her natural memory, but... --

HIPPOLYTE

No... - No... - Unless...?

ALMOST-MUSICAL SOUND

HIPPOLYTE

No. Nothing.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

... As I had feared, her amnesia was total.

HIPPOLYTE

Nothing, nothing, nothing....

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

The procedure, in this case, required us to proceed immediately with re-implanting her DNA memory. And that can sometimes help trigger a startle reflex. The problem was... her backup was totally corrupted.

HIPPOLYTE

Oh dear, my love, you have been unlucky, eh?

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

These cases are rare.

HIPPOLYTE

You're a truly blank slate.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

But it can happen.

HIPPOLYTE

And you'll stay that way.

LANDLINE TELEPHONE

HIPPOLYTE

Hello? Yes, your new patient here, I'm transferring her back to you, ok? There's nothing I can do for her.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

HIPPOLYTE

What do you mean, she's staying on the ward? But, as I was saying... - No, no, I'm sorry, you can't bring up my success rate this month. It's got nothing to do with it. I'm telling you it's a hopeless case, there's no point in... --

VOICE ON THE PHONE

HIPPOLYTE

No-one has claimed her? That can't be true! She must have a family or someone who knows her, who could pick her up...

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Despite the police search and the notices posted on social media, the patient had still not been identified. Administratively speaking, she was... nobody. But *I* called her Barbara. I've always liked the name. I couldn't do much for her memory, but... I could take care of her.

HIPPOLYTE

So, Barbara, how are you today?

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Because if I didn't do it, nobody else would. And everyone needs someone to take care of them, don't they?

COATHANGERS

HIPPOLYTE

Right, let's get you out of these ugly pyjamas, eh Barbara? I've brought you a pretty dress. I thought the red might warm up your tired complexion. What do you think?

HE SINGS "BARBARA", SOFTLY.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I spent hours by her side, imagining who she might be and what she might have thought. I would have loved to hear what her voice sounded like.

HIPPOLYTE

If only you could speak...

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

At one point, I thought about using the speech device from my fig plant.

FOOTSTEPS

HIPPOLYTE

Hey, can you lend me this for a day or two?

ELECTRONIC SOUND FROM THE PLANT

HIPPOLYTE

I'll give it back when I'm done! - In any case, for what you do with it... Sorry, I need to unplug this cable, there...

PLANT SOUND FADES OUT

HIPPOLYTE

No, Barbara, it won't hurt. It's just a few electrodes. Like that, you can let me hear your pretty little voice, eh?

ALMOST-MUSICAL SOUND

FALLING OBJECT

HIPPOLYTE

Stop, forget it! How stupid am I? Of course we can't hear the sound of her voice, given there's nobody inside.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

That's when I had an idea. Of course, it wasn't entirely conventional. But what was I risking? After all, Barbara was "dead" on the inside. Without any brain activity, her brain was going to wither, irreversibly, within just a few weeks. We might just as well have unplugged her there and then. Except then... I decided to give her another chance. I put all of my know-how to work on the task.

HIPPOLYTE

So, if I put that there, will I manage to...?

OPERATING SOUNDS

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, there you go, Barbara. You should have your first memory now. Are you happy? Let's check that in the brain activity...

COMPUTER KEYBOARD

HIPPOLYTE

It's difficult to say. It's very, very weak. - Ok, apart from that—what else haven't I tried yet? Implanting two or three memories, to create a dialogue between them, and... --

BARBARA WAKES UP

HIPPOLYTE

Barbara? Wow! That's the startle reflex! And after just a single memory, too!

BARBARA

Where am I? Who are you?

SOUND OF AN OBJECT BEING PUT DOWN

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, let's start again. What's your name?

BARBARA

You really don't remember, Mr Polycarpe? You've asked me that fifteen times in the last half an hour.

HIPPOLYTE

It's a simple question. It's part of the examination. And like I said, call me Hippolyte. So, what's your name?

BARBARA

Barbara.

HIPPOLYTE

Are you sure about that?

BARBARA

Well, that's what you call me. So I guess that must be my name. I don't remember any other one, anyway.

HIPPOLYTE

Ok. And apart from that, what else do you remember?

BARBARA

Nothing. From before I woke up, there's nothing. It's as if I've only just been born.

HIPPOLYTE

And? How does it feel?

BARBARA

I don't know. I feel like I should feel something. Joy at getting a new life, or sadness at losing the person I was before...

HIPPOLYTE

Do you feel either of those?

BARBARA

No.

HIPPOLYTE

And do you feel like something's missing, not to feel that way?

BARBARA

No. I feel good. Nothing feels missing. In fact, I'm not sure I even know what 'missing' means.

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, let's try something, Barbara. We're going to try and find you a little piece of your personality. And once you've had a taste of it, I promise you'll have only one thing on your mind: finding all of the person you were before. Here, look at this...

HE PUTS THREE MARBLES IN A BOX

HIPPOLYTE

There's three marbles in the box. A blue one, a yellow one, and a red one. The person you were before would choose one of them without any hesitation. So, which is it to be?

BARBARA

I... Hippolyte, I... I'm not sure I feel like... my head is spinning.

THE MARBLES SPIN, LOUDER AND LOUDER

HIPPOLYTE

Concentrate! The marbles. The colour.

BARBARA

That one. The red one.

THE MARBLES STOP SPINNING

HIPPOLYTE

Why? Try to remember.

BARBARA

One summer. A gravel pit. The thrill of the forbidden. The Indian Ocean. Lying back, by myself on the water Surrounded by red. My favourite colour. - Hippolyte, you're right. I have a memory! I think I've just found a little piece of who I was.

HIPPOLYTE

Well done, Barbara!

BARBARA

But I would never have guessed that I was that person. I feel her spreading out inside me, like a liquid, right through to my fingertips. - Hippolyte!

HIPPOLYTE

What is it, Barbara? Why are you coming up to me like that?

BARBARA

It's the new personality I'm rediscovering. She's telling me to thank you!

SHE HUGS HIM

HIPPOLYTE

Steady! Slow down, Barbara!

BARBARA

You're a good person. I'm grateful to you.

HIPPOLYTE

Yes, yes, that's understandable, Barbara. But I'm only doing... my job.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

It's true that, ever since Barbara arrived, I've been focusing all my efforts on her, and I've neglected the other patients a little.

AMBULANCE TROLLEY

HIPPOLYTE

Hello? Yes. About the patient you brought me the other day... Yes, the hopeless case. - Excuse me, Mr Siegfried, I'm just checking whether your family has brought you any... - Yes, here you go. Well, I'm starting to get results. I'll have her back on her feet in two months, in my opinion. - The red ones? Excellent, Mr Siegfried, I'll borrow them from you. - No, no, not a miracle. Just a lot of hard work from me, that's all.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

HIPPOLYTE

It's nothing. Thank you.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Ok, so technically, it wasn't her memory that I implanted Barbara with... but it was the only one I had to hand.

BARBARA

Sun. The breeze on my skin. The Indian Ocean. I'm floating, surrounded by red. My favourite colour.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

And wasn't it a beautiful memory? Barbara seemed so happy...

HIPPOLYTE

Here, look what I've brought you, Barbara... red roses. I thought you'd like them.

HE PUTS THE FLOWERS IN A VASE

BARBARA

I love red. Yes, it's an excellent idea, Hippolyte.

HIPPOLYTE

We could even paint the walls red, if you like.

BARBARA
Hippolyte!

HIPPOLYTE
Ow! Let go of my wrist, Barbara. You're hurting me!

BARBARA
That memory you found me. It was nice. But it's not enough. I feel claustrophobic inside it. You are going to find me some others, aren't you? Find me some more!

HIPPOLYTE
Yes, yes. Of course. That was already the plan.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)
I couldn't give her back her own memories. No—that was impossible. But I could do better than that. I could give her the best memories in my collection. With all my artistry, and all my love, I could weave her the loveliest personality in existence.

HIPPOLYTE
Here, why not this one: the taste of tea.

MR SIEGFRIED'S MEMORY

NURSE 2
Ms Barbara? I managed to get you this.

BARBARA & MR SIEGFRIED
Oh, that's good. It's so, so, good, this industrial tea.

BARBARA
More, find me some more.

HIPPOLYTE
The love of nature.

MS PAULA'S MEMORY

BARBARA & MS PAULA (CHILD)
29, 30. Coming, ready or not! Aah, the little cat. But... he's dead.

BARBARA
More. More. More.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Bit by bit, I saw Barbara's personality growing, taking shape. It was beautiful to watch. But there was one thing about Barbara that wasn't changing... her sickly complexion. She must have always looked like that. But with a few accessories, she looked fine.

CHURCH ORGAN, RECEPTION

BARBARA

What do you think of my red dress, Hippolyte?

HIPPOLYTE

An excellent choice.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I had taken good care of Barbara. She was a happy woman, now. Blooming. My woman... my wife.

HIPPOLYTE

Thank you. Thank you very much. - I'm so happy you all came today; I'm happy to be here. I hope today will be a day to remember, with all of you by my side. Let's drink to friends, to love and life, and... to my amazing wife... to Barbara!

GUEST

Mr Polycarpe?

HIPPOLYTE

Yes?

GUEST

Your wife.

HIPPOLYTE

Yes.

GUEST

It's better you see for yourself.

HIPPOLYTE

Ok. I'll be right back.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE CHURCH

HIPPOLYTE

Barbara. Why are you holding a dead mouse?

BARBARA

I... I can't remember. - I wanted to make a cup of tea, I think.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Ok, so there were still a few glitches, but after a few tune-ups, she'd be... PERFECT.

EPISODE 3

JOURNALIST

Ms Lazarenko? Aren't you worried that an unscrupulous gardener could look at private memories or extract confidential information from high profile people... --

VITA LAZARENKO

Now listen here, madam...--Have you read our Terms and Conditions of Use? Well, you should. It's all there in black and white. Here: "In signing the Terms and Conditions of Use, the user authorises Mnemosan Corporation to access his or her internal DNA memory exclusively for the maintenance and restoration, in whole or in part, of the patient's memories by qualified technicians acting in accordance with the strict security protocols set out in Article 3". In short, your memories are completely safe with Mnemosan. End of.

OPENING THEME TUNE/CREDITS, FUNFAIR

TEACHER

Light is an electromagnetic wave, and its colour depends on the wavelength.

ANNOUNCER

Dead Memory Clinic by Sebastian Dicenaire

TEACHER

The light spectrum is visible to the human eye, but animals can see wavelengths that we can't.

ANNOUNCER

Episode 3.

FAIRGROUND RIDE, HEADPHONES BEING PUT DOWN

HIPPOLYTE (VOICEOVER)

The Clinic had become our little love nest. It had everything Barbara needed. So... it was difficult to imagine leaving. - Until one morning...

ALARM

HIPPOLYTE

That's coming from Barbara's room! What's wrong with her?

HE RUNS, THEN OPENS THE DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

What is it, Barbara?

BARBARA

I can't remember.

HIPPOLYTE

That's what you called me for? You can turn the TV on if you're bored.

BARBARA

Wait. - What's that?

HIPPOLYTE

That? What does it look like? It's the wall!

BARBARA

A red wall? Who on earth came up with that idea? Red is ugly. You'll repaint it, won't you? Paint it any colour you like, but... get rid of this horrible red.

HIPPOLYTE

Yes, Barbara. Of course. Of course.

HE CLOSES THE DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

I did implant her with the red, in her brand-new DNA. It can't just evaporate like that. - Ok, I would figure it out later. In the meantime, I just had to recopy the red from Ms Britney...

HE WALKS

NURSE

Right, Ms Britney, are you ok? Here, we'll just put your support stockings on, and then you'll feel much better.

HIPPOLYTE

Shit, it's the nurse! - Excuse me. Would you leave us alone for a moment, please.

NURSE

Do you mind? I'm in the middle of Ms Britney's personal care.

HIPPOLYTE

It's an emergency. Go! Get out!

NURSE

Young man, you need to watch your tone. You have no right to give me orders.

HIPPOLYTE

Pack up your stuff and get the hell out of here! Now! Is that clear?

NURSE

I'll finish Ms Britney's care!

HIPPOLYTE

Right, ok. Go on, clear off! Scram! Get out!

HE THROWS HER THINGS OUT OF THE ROOM

NURSE

Oh! Unbelievable! I never, not once in my thirty-year career have I ever seen... - I'll call the management! I'm warning you.

HIPPOLYTE

Well, since I did tell you it was an emergency...

NURSE

I'm... I'm fuming!

SHE LEAVES

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, Ms Britney, where's that red? - Ah... there it is.

MS BRITNEY'S MEMORY BEGINS

HIPPOLYTE & MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)

Do you want to put sun cream on me? On my back. That's it. - This feels so good. I'm floating. Surrounded by red.

THE MEMORY STARTS TO MALFUNCTION

MS BRITNEY (YOUNG)

Like in a nightmare/nightmare/nightmare...

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

No, the water in the gravel pit isn't red. It's... BLACK! It's an absence of water. A great big hole. With Ms Britney on an inflatable lilo, suspended in the void. A big, murky puddle, spreading out like oil.

ALARM

HIPPOLYTE

This can't be happening. The red should be there! It's as if that memory has been erased. Eaten up.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I had to face facts. The memory that I'd "borrowed" from Ms Britney had gone. It was nowhere to be found. I thought I'd borrowed it. But in reality, it had been... devoured.

DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, we'll find something else.

HE WALKS DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

Mr Siegfried? What's your favourite colour?

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

This disappearing memory was not an isolated case. One by one, the memories borrowed from other patients all met with the same fate. In the end, I had to see what was in front of me. Somehow, Barbara was feeding on memories. I had created... a monster. A memory-sucking vampire. A "mnemovore". A hungry monster. Her memory was a bottomless pit. She always needed more. Always more.

BARBARA

Hippolyte. Give me more. Give me more! More!

HIPPOLYTE

No. No, that's enough! I don't know what you do with them. We can't carry on like this.

HE LOCKS HER IN

BARBARA
Hippolyte. HIPPOLYYYYYYYYYYYTE!

BANGING ON THE DOOR, WHICH BREAKS

HIPPOLYTE
Barbara? Barbara? Bar... -- What has she done to the door? Kicked in. - Barbara? My darling. Barba... -- Ms Paula's room!

HE WALKS DOOR

BARBARA
Ow!

HIPPOLYTE
Barbara. Let go of the machine. You can't implant a memory by yourself.

BARBARA
So how do you do it then? It can't be that hard. Ow!

HIPPOLYTE
Give it. Come on!

BARBARA
Ah!

HIPPOLYTE
There you go. That's it. Sshhh.

BARBARA
Thank you, Hippolyte. Thank you.

DOOR

HIPPOLYTE
Yes, I know, Mr Siegfried. It's your last memory, about the green tea. You have no more after that. But life has more than just green tea. You could have liked... black tea, white tea, or yellow tea...

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

HIPPOLYTE
Yes?

OFFICER 1
Mr Polycarpe?

OFFICER 2
Would you like to come with us to your office?

COMPUTER KEYBOARD

OFFICER 1
Some unusual activity has been noted during monitoring of.. --

OFFICER 2
To get straight to the point: there are some memories missing.

HIPPOLYTE
Oh? That? No, that's nothing. I... I can explain. I think there might have been a little problem with my wi... -- with the patient you brought me the other day...

HIPPOLYTE (VO)
At the clinic I had always been quite discreet about our marriage. After all, it was no-one else's business. It's our private life.

HE SIGHS

BARBARA
Hard day? - There's a letter for you, there.

HIPPOLYTE
For me? - "I, the undersigned, Hippolyte Polycarpe, hereby resign from my position as gardener at Mnemosan Clinic, waiving all right to... compensation."

HIPPOLYTE (VO)
It had a Post-it note stuck on it: "Sign this, arsehole. Otherwise, see you in court. Your ID pass will be deactivated at midnight tonight."

HIPPOLYTE
We'll have to leave.

BARBARA
And go where?

STREET, SUITCASE ON WHEELS

HIPPOLYTE

Come on, let's go, sweetie. - What are you doing?

BARBARA

I'm not leaving. The clinic is my home.

HIPPOLYTE

Come on, honey, don't be silly. I'll take you back to my place. My home will be your home, you'll see. We're married now. Come on, let's go, sweetie.

BARBARA

No. All my good memories are in there.

HIPPOLYTE

Your...?! - But who cares about other people's memories, in there? All that matters now is your new memories, the ones you'll make on the outside.

BARBARA

Don't talk rubbish, Hippolyte! You know full well I'll never make new memories. Whereas in there, I've got everything I need.

HIPPOLYTE

Ok, what I meant to say was: There's loads of people out there. There are memories everywhere, you just have to go out and get them. I'll find you some, don't worry. Come on, let's go now.

SUITCASE ON WHEELS

KEYS, DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

Here we are! We're home. It's not very big, but it has everything we need.

BARBARA

Wow!

HIPPOLYTE

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you: I don't live alone.

BARBARA

What type of plant is that?

ELECTRONIC SOUND FROM THE PLANT

BARBARA

Did I dream that? Did it just try and talk to me?

HIPPOLYTE

It's a ficus. I tried to teach her to talk, but it didn't really work.

BARBARA

A ficus... it's beautiful.

HIPPOLYTE

"She." She's a lady. - I'll put her on the balcony. Otherwise, she'll get in our way.

BARBARA

She doesn't bother me.

HIPPOLYTE

She acts up when she's got an audience. - Sshh! - See? Er, are you hungry? Ok, let's see what's in the fridge.

Fridge.

HIPPOLYTE

Oh. Ok... Shall I order a pizza?

MUSIC

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Barbara was feeding on memories. I had created a monster. A memory-sucking vampire. A "mnemovore".

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

HIPPOLYTE

Sweetheart? That's the sushi delivery.

GAGGED DELIVERY DRIVER

HIPPOLYTE

Won't you just keep your arms in? If not, the wheelchair can't get through. - Ok, this is all I could find. I'm not sure he's going to have what you want. - Do you go to the beach much? Have you ever been to Reunion Island? Because islands are my wife's favourite. She always has them for starters, eh Barbara?

THE DELIVERY DRIVER PROTESTS

HIPPOLYTE

No, we won't hurt you. Don't worry. We're just going to take a few memories. No, really, I promise. Just your holidays. And your visit here, obviously. - There you go sweetie, I've plugged him in. You can go for it. Bon appétit.

BARBARA

No. Leave him. I'm not in the mood.

HIPPOLYTE

But... you're all weak, my darling! You need to get your strength up. At least take the time he's spent here, then. If not, there'll be trouble.

BARBARA

You'd better be able to delete it after. I really don't fancy it anymore.

HIPPOLYTE

Yes, of course I can... but I promise it will do you some good. What a waste!

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

I could see my Barbara disappearing before my eyes, melting like snow in the sun. The memories no longer held in her body. She would soon be a blank slate again, like on the first day. She would soon be... nobody, again. - And yet... it was strange, because physically, she had never looked so healthy. She had got some colour back. I'd even say she was radiant!

EPISODE 4

HIPPOLYTE (VOICEOVER)

I spent hours by her side, imagining who she might be and what she might have thought. I would have loved to hear what her voice sounded like.

HE SINGS "BARBARA", SOFTLY.

HIPPOLYTE

Of course we can't hear the sound of your voice. Given that there's nobody in there.

BARBARA (?)

Rainbow.

OPENING THEME TUNE/CREDITS, FUNFAIR

TEACHER

Light is an electromagnetic wave, and its colour depends on the wavelength.

ANNOUNCER

Dead Memory Clinic by Sebastian Dicenaire

TEACHER

The light spectrum is visible to the human eye, but animals can see wavelengths that we can't.

ANNOUNCER

Final episode

*FAIRGROUND RIDE, HEADPHONES BEING PUT
DOWN*

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

Until one day...

HIPPOLYTE

Barbara? Barbara! Barbara...

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

She's stopped responding...

HIPPOLYTE

She still has a pulse.

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

... No more memories...

HIPPOLYTE

My sweetheart!

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

... It had all disappeared...

HIPPOLYTE

Barbara!

HIPPOLYTE (VO)

... No more personality. Nothing.

HIPPOLYTE

Am I dreaming? You moved!

SHE WAKES UP

HIPPOLYTE

Oh, Barbara!

ÉMILIE

Émilie.

HIPPOLYTE

Um... Sorry?

ÉMILIE

Émilie.

HIPPOLYTE

What's happening to you, Barbara?

ÉMILIE

You heard me just fine. My name is Émilie. Émilie!

HIPPOLYTE

Come on. Come here, so I can... -- What's the matter? You're scaring me. I don't recognise you any more, Barbara!

ÉMILIE

Don't touch me! Get off! - Émilie. My name is Émilie. That much, I've known from the start.

HIPPOLYTE

The start?

ÉMILIE

I don't remember much else, but that much, I do know. Émilie, Émilie, Émilie..

HIPPOLYTE

Which start?

ÉMILIE

Ever since you started implanting me with your filthy fake memories. Since you brought another person to life inside my body. "Barbara"—what a joke! A robot, a substitute, a lap dog to do your bidding. You disgust me.

HIPPOLYTE

You mean you... Ah! you're the real owner of this body? You were in there, hidden in a recess of Barbara's mind, right from the start...

ÉMILIE

When you created this ghost, this sham, this bug, this glitch, this Barbara: I woke up. I witnessed it all. ALL OF IT! But I couldn't come round. This Barbara had taken all the space. She was hungry. She grew. As for me, all I had left was my name. Every time you called me Barbara, on the inside I was crying out my name. Every time you touched me, I was screaming: Émilie, Émilie, Émilie.. --

HIPPOLYTE

I'm sorry! I didn't know...

ÉMILIE

-You didn't know? You didn't know you had hijacked a body? You didn't know you were falsifying my personality? You didn't know you were violating my soul?

HIPPOLYTE

I swear to you, I didn't know!

ÉMILIE

I'm leaving now. You will let me leave, won't you?

HIPPOLYTE

But Barb... We're married. This is your home. You're free. You know that. You can do what you like.

ÉMILIE

Good, then get out of my way. I'd like to go out.

HIPPOLYTE

What do think you're going to do out there?

ÉMILIE

Hippolyte, you just said I was free... so let me pass.

HIPPOLYTE

No. No! NO!

ÉMILIE

Hippolyte.

HE GASPS FOR AIR

HIPPOLYTE

I can't.

ÉMILIE

Hippolyte, I don't like the way you're looking at me. Hippolyte! Stay where you are. You're scaring me!

ÉMILIE

Hippolyte. Hippolyte!

ELECTRONIC SOUND FROM THE PLANT

ÉMILIE

Oh! Listen! Your plant. She spoke. See? She's speaking. She said: "Let her go out".

HIPPOLYTE

She's speaking? That's impossible. Barbara has never spoken.

ÉMILIE

"Barbara"?! Wait—you just called your plant Barbara? So you call all of your creatures... --

HIPPOLYTE

No, it's not that. It's just that... I like the name, and...

ÉMILIE

Ah! She's saying: "Let her leave. You're not a bad guy, Hippolyte. You can see she's not the person you thought she was."

HIPPOLYTE

You stay out of it, Barbara, you stupid plant! You can't tell me what to do.

ÉMILIE GOES OUT

HIPPOLYTE

It's between me and her. You're jealous, that's all. She's my perfect creature-her.

ÉMILIE CALLS THE LIFT

ÉMILIE

Come on. Come on, get a move on, stop messing around! Come on!

HIPPOLYTE

Oh, forgive me, Barbara. I never meant to... -- Look, the other one is leaving now because of you. You've ruined everything. You always ruin everything!

THE LIFT GOES DOWN WITH ÉMILIE INSIDE

HIPPOLYTE

Barbara! Émilie... Um... you're not going to report me, are you? Say it, you're not going to...? You know you're nothing out there? You're nothing without me. No-one knows you exist. Except me, I'm here. Except me, who loves you. Barbara, you're the only... you're the only one I've ever loved...

NEIGHBOUR 1

Have you quite finished making that din?

NEIGHBOUR 2

Yeah, if you carry on like that, we'll call the police.

HIPPOLYTE

Oh, leave me alone. Leave it!

ÉMILIE GOES INTO THE STREET AND RUNS

ÉMILIE (VOICEOVER)

Finally. I'm alone. By myself, At last. In control. Of my own body.

FLASHBACK

HIPPOLYTE

Good afternoon, patient in room 36.

ÉMILIE

Hello. I'm Emily. I don't remember much, but that much at least, I do remember.

HIPPOLYTE

Ok. I'm not going to call you "the patient in room 36" every day, so... I've thought of a nickname for you. A name I like. "Barbara". What do you say?

ÉMILIE

What the... As I just said...

HIPPOLYTE

It's a pretty name, isn't it?

ÉMILIE

... my name isn't Barbara, it's Émilie.

HIPPOLYTE

So, Barbara, how are you today?

ÉMILIE

Hey...

HIPPOLYTE

Right, let's get you out of these ugly pyjamas, eh Barbara?

ÉMILIE

Émilie. My name is Émilie.

HIPPOLYTE

I've brought you a pretty dress. I thought the red might warm up your tired complexion. Do you like red? I do; it's my favourite colour.

ÉMILIE

Émilie. Émilie! É-MI-LIIIIIE!

*ÉMILIE STOPS RUNNING ONCE INSIDE A
PARK*

ÉMILIE (VO)

My name is Émilie. I don't remember anything else. The only things I do remember, since I woke up in this horrible clinic, are things I wish I didn't. - What if he's right? What if I'm nobody? - Look, there's a cloud moving in front of the sun. - No. I am somebody; I'm Émilie. That much I know. Émilie, sitting on this bench. - That man can't do anything else to hurt me now. He's far away. - There's a police station, over there, behind the willow trees. Maybe I'll go there later. But not now. For now, I'm sitting on this bench.

ÉMILIE

Hello.

ÉMILIE (VO)

... in this park. People aren't staring at me, hostile. The way they look at me tells me, quite simply, that I'm Émilie, that I have the right to be here. They don't see anyone else. - Now the sun's coming out. A beautiful sunbeam is passing over the buildings, and landing on my face. - Maybe there's a life for me in this city. In one of these buildings. Or in another. In another city. - It must have been raining this morning. The grass is still a bit wet. The puddle at my feet is reflecting the sun. It looks like a little rainbow. It's probably just a drop of petrol. I've always loved rainbows. Ever since I was little, I've... always... loved... rainbows. - I've got it! I remember.

FUNFAIR

ÉMILIE (VO)

I'm four years old. I'm at the funfair with my mother. She wants to buy me a balloon, and she asks me: "What's your favourite colour?" I reply, in all seriousness: "Rainbow". She bursts out laughing. Her beautiful, tinkling laugh. I don't understand why she's laughing. "Rainbow", I think, "That really is my favourite colour."

TEACHER WRITES ON THE BOARD

TEACHER

Light is an electromagnetic wave, and its colour will depend on the wavelength. The light spectrum is visible to the human eye, but animals can see wavelengths that we can't.

ÉMILIE (VO)

I'm 16. We're in a physics class. My best friend Jonas asks me: "What's your favourite colour?" I still think the same thing, rainbow, but this time I don't dare to say it. So, to be clever, I reply: "I don't know—the one we can't see at the other end of the spectrum?"

TEACHER

So, this visible light spectrum, which you've all seen it through the mist you get when you spray the garden, and which makes what we call... a rainbow.

PARK

ÉMILIE (VO)

My name is Émilie. I'm sitting on this bench in this park. Ever since I was little, I've always loved rainbows. I don't have a favourite colour. I've always thought that all colours of the rainbow were beautiful.

POLICE SIRENS

ÉMILIE

Right then, time to go.

THEME TUNE

ANNOUNCER

That was "Dead Memory Clinic" by Sebastian Dicensaire. Liberally adapted from "La jeune Vampire", de J.-H. Rosny aîné. Starring - Hippolyte Polycarpe: Fabien Magry, Barbara/Émilie: Marie Diaby, Vita Lazarenko: Lenka Luptakova, young Ms Britney: Émilie Praneuf, Kenzi: Samuel Padolus, young Ms Paula: Claé Tabouriot, Mr Siegfried: Andreas Perschewski, Nurse: Françoise Berlanger, Journalist: Caroline Berliner, Security Guard: Sybille Cornet, Teacher: Edwige Guerlet. - Written and directed by: Sebastian Dicensaire. Sound recording: Pierre Devalet. Sound editing: Hélène Réveillère. Editing consultant: Mathieu Haessler. Sound

design: Anne Lepère. Sound effects: Elias Vervecken. Mixing: Gérald Wang. A Welcome to Earth production, supported by the Wallonia-Brussels Federation's "Aide à la Création Radiophonique" fund, the Gulliver fund, the Swiss broadcaster, RTS, and the ACSR.

"BREAKING NEWS" MUSIC

JOURNALIST

I'm reporting to you from outside the Dead Memory Clinic, where, allegedly, some memories have been stolen. At the time of reporting, the main suspect is still at large. I have several of the victims here with me. Mr Siegfried, can you tell me how you're feeling?

MR SIEGFRIED

I have almost no words to describe it. But ok, in one of my memories, I'm starving, and all the nurse brings me is a cup of... something black. An absence of liquid. Have you any idea what it's like to feel an absence of liquid going down your throat? No. I wouldn't wish it on anyone. No-one!

JOURNALIST

How do you feel toward Mnemosan today?

MR SIEGFRIED

Right now, all I want is for them to give me my memory back. Or any memory at all.

PATIENT 1

And us, we want a memory!

PATIENT 2

Yes, we're hungry!

MR SIEGFRIED

We've had enough of this.

PATIENTS

Yes, we're hungry! - We're hungry. - Give us some memories! - I want a memory too! - We're hungry. We're hungry!

MR SIEGFRIED

Give us some memories! WE'RE HUNGRY!