

BLACK.

NORA
(O.S.)
(whispering)
Can they hear us?

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Nora and Simon sit at a computer, their backs to us.

The camera slowly pulls back.

SIMON
No.

NORA
(now speaking normally)
Can they see us?

Nora turns and looks directly into the camera.

SIMON
No.

She turns back.

The edges of a COMPUTER MONITOR come into view.

We realize the scene we've been watching is displayed on a screen.

The camera pulls back farther, revealing another Nora and Simon seated in front of the monitor in the exact same positions.

NORA
Is this the past or the future?

SIMON
Neither. It's happening right now.

The camera pulls back through another screen, revealing another layer of Nora and Simon.

All the Simons raise their arms in perfect sync.

Another screen comes into view.

All the Simons lower their arms.

Another screen.

Screen within screen within screen – an endless recursion of Nora and Simon watching themselves.

The pullback accelerates through countless layers.

Faster.

Then slows.

Slower.

Until it stops.

NORA
I don't like this.

All the Noras stand and head toward the exit in perfect sync.

They pause at the doorway.

All the Simons remain seated.

All the Noras exit.

TITLE: DROSTE ON

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Nora prepares two mugs of tea.

She carries them through the living room and into –

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nora nearly trips over a cable on the floor, catching herself as tea sloshes over the rim.

She looks down, annoyed.

At the desk, papers, books, and more cables leave barely enough room for the mugs.

Nora waits, still holding them.

Simon stays glued to the screen.

NORA
Can you make some space?

Simon looks at Nora, then at the cluttered desk.