

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Christian opens his eyes. Wondrous colors fill his mind. The green grass, the flap of birds. Everything's alive, connected.

The commander and Jan stand by a park bench. Christian, speechless, takes a step back.

CHRISTIAN

How'd you...

Christian now stands. He twirls around. Wondrous.

JAN

Much like I can pull things from your memory, I can recreate them too.

CHRISTIAN

They never said anything...

JAN

The protocol directive is to ensure your sanity, by any means. But we are given a certain creative freedom.

CHRISTIAN

This is... this is--

JAN

Magnificent?

CHRISTIAN

Beyond words.

JAN

I'm glad you like it, Christian.

Christian snaps to attention, mind fills with questions:

CHRISTIAN

What about other memories? Places? Food? Even People?

JAN

It is against programing to allow others to enter the simulation. They would only be your own interpretation, not a true person.

CHRISTIAN

But you said you *must* do whatever it takes to ensure my sanity. So what if in order to retain my sanity, I needed to have other human contact?

JAN

Christian, you have me.

CHRISTIAN

Dammit Jan! I've been rotting in space for seven months, The death of my family only shadows the future reality that could have been.

Christian turns around, faces the sunset. Jan steps closer to him, her hand reaches towards his shoulder. She stops before.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm lost without them, you must try to understand.

She retracts her hand. She doesn't/can't, she'll try.

JAN

Christian, close your eyes.

His eyes close. She steps to his ear to whisper:

JAN (CONT'D)

Just remember what's real