

INT. JAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Christian resides on a green chair in a room filled with colorful motivational posters. "IMAGINATION" Hovers above his head. Opposite him sits JAN, 28, who wears a floral pattern dress. Her arms rest on her lap, legs together.

Christian's eyes wander around the room, attention fixed on random trinkets, he comes across the Golden Box.

JAN (O.S.)
Christian?

He snaps back to attention.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah... What was I saying?

JAN
Your dream.

CHRISTIAN
Oh yeah. It seemed so real...

His focus returns to the Box.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but where did you get that?

Points to the Box.

JAN
As part of my programming, I have access to your memories. From which I can pull...

Jan trails off as Christian shifts in discomfort.

JAN (CONT'D)
Would you rather I deleted it from our session?

His eyes shift from the Box to Jan then to the Box, it's gone.

CHRISTIAN
Why?

JAN
You're distracted. (Beat) Tell
me about this dream.

Christian closes his eyes.

CHRISTIAN
I was in my house and Sara was
sitting on the bed holding
that very box. She stood
screaming. Lisa, Aaron. As if
she knew...

He opens his eyes.

JAN
Then what?

CHRISTIAN
They hugged, a bright flash,
and now I'm here. Doesn't
really make sense.

JAN
Things usually don't. How many
hours are left?

CHRISTIAN
ISAC predicts 23 hours, before
the missile is in range.

JAN
You've been aboard ISAC for 7
months now. You've never once
spoken about your family.

CHRISTIAN
Not enough time to tell it
all.

JAN
Start with the basics.

CHRISTIAN
Alright.

He clears his throat, takes a second to collect his
thoughts.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I had a daughter and son.
Aaron and Lisa. Lisa's hair
was blonde. I remember how it
would reflect the sunlight in
the living room. Aaron was
like any 16 year old.
Rebellious, invincible. He
hated school. He got in a
fight the first day of high
school. Who does that?

Jan laughs.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Everyone loved the outside. We
used to take family walks
around the neighborhood. There
was this one hill where you
could see the sun set above
the treeline. It was Sara's
favorite spot...

Christian stops.

JAN

Tell me more about your wife,
Sara.

CHRISTIAN

We met at school. She
protested the war, and was
involved in several
organizations for human
rights. While I was at the
Space Academy...

He pauses, after a moment Jan introduces an idea.

JAN

Tell me, what do you miss most
about Earth?

His eyes shift. (Beat)

CHRISTIAN

The sun. Outerspace is void
and solemn. I never truly knew
how much I needed the sun
until I couldn't look at it.

Jan lets the moment linger, sterile is the air.

JAN

We're going to try something new today. A method of exploring the mind. Are you familiar with Psychorimor?

CHRISTIAN

It's method of exploring memories.

JAN

It can be very effective. But, you must always be aware of where reality lies. Okay?

CHRISTIAN

I'll do my best.

Jan repositions her self. Hands together, legs tight.

JAN

I want you to close your eyes, Christian.

His eyes close.

JAN (CONT'D)

Now, count backwards in your head from ten. Every second that passes calm your mind. When you get to one, tell me what you see.

Several seconds of silence pass.

CHRISTIAN

I'm at the park.

JAN

What else do you see?

CHRISTIAN

The sun's setting just above the trees. Red haze mares the horizon.

JAN

Is this the same park you mentioned earlier?

CHRISTIAN

Yes. This is where we took the kids.

Christian sniffs the stale air, moves his head around.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Yes. The smell of cut grass, the light breeze.

He cracks a smile.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

God, I never know how much I missed the lightest of breezes.

JAN

Now, Christian, hold on to this image. I'm going to count upward from one to ten. When I reach 10, I want you to open your eyes. Ready?

CHRISTIAN

Yes.

EACH SECOND THE CAMERA CREEPS INTO CHRISTIAN'S FACE.

JAN

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine--

FLASH! The screen goes white.

JAN (CONT'D)

Ten.