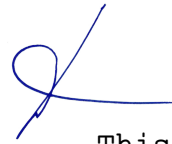


MEMORY RELOADED
A science fiction short film
by
Despina Charalampous



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1

INT. - CONNECTED ROOM 1/LUMINOUS - DAY

1

A baby, wrapped up in a red cloth, is lying on a soft surface like a bed, in the center of a small luminous room; a glass panel covers a large part of the side wall; there are also signs on the walls. The baby is moving his hands in a joyful manner, babbling and smiling.

2

INT. - CONNECTED ROOM 2/DARK (NEXT TO 1) - DAY

2

A MAN, dressed IN YELLOW, enters hastily in a rather dark room, where another MAN, dressed IN WHITE, stares at the baby in the adjacent room through a glass panel. MAN IN WHITE is seated on a chair in front of a table next to the glass panel; an empty chair is lying besides him and a switched off lamp is on the table (or a spot light on the table surface). MAN IN YELLOW rushes on the empty chair as Man In White turns on the light; a low dim spot light gives a peculiar red color to the mens' faces. Random baby babbles from next room are heard clearly, as through a loudspeaker. In the room, there are also signs on the walls

MAN IN WHITE

You are late!

The Man In Yellow ignores him and starts speaking towards the glass panel, addressing the baby; the glass looks like reacting to his voice: a minor turbulence -like sound waves- is produced and some shapes appear on its surface, activated by each word or number (on the baby's side or both).

MAN IN YELLOW

(voice with a slight echo)
Latitude 38 degrees, longitude 24,
South East, 13 degrees in a
distance of 3 point 27 kilometers,
deviation 3 digits of the Rom
scale, North West, 11 degrees by
adjusting 2 points in the parabolic
curve. Authorization MLQ5, latitude
49 degrees, longitude 97, deviation
minus 7, adjusting again, 1 point
left, again, 2 points right, ...

While the Man in Yellow is speaking, baby laughs are increasing, both in duration and in volume.

MAN IN YELLOW (CONT'D)

(whispering to the Man in
White, doubting)
Are you sure, he is loading data?

3

INT. - CONNECTED ROOM 1/LUMINOUS - DAY

3

An old -really old- man, GRANDFATHER, dressed in red is lying on a bed, looking very ill. A young man, 20-22 years old, dressed also in red, but of a different tone, NICHMON, is tenderly cleaning the old man's body with a wet napkin, carefully moving his cloths and changing the position of the old man's hands and legs. A serum is adjusted to grandfather's artery, fluid is leaking inside his body. The two men are inside a small luminous, rather empty room; a glass panel covers large parts of the side walls; there are also signs on the walls. The old man (Nichmon's grandfather) is unceasingly speaking with his eyes closed, being in some kind of ecstasy. The phrases coming out of his mouth are apparently descriptions of military equipment and activation codes.

GRANDFATHER

Code theta, omikron, lamda,
omikron, sigma - Plutonium 9
micrograms in the axis, spherical
shape, diameter 22 micros,
automatic ignition circuit,
temperature 87-62-56, external
detector, triploid defensive
umbrella, homogenization cage,
magnetic dissemination bomb, type
A, range 2 point 5, up to 3 point 8
mega-meters, type B to F...

Nichmon is trying now to move his grandfather around.

NICHMON

Come, grandpa, turn around.

A loud feminine voice is interrupting him.

FEMININE VOICE (LARA)

(intensively)
You don't speak! Not at all!

Nichmon is staring at the glass panel which connects the room with the next dark room (looks like the ones in the interrogation offices); a dim red light from the other side indicates the presence of a female human figure. Grandfather hasn't stopped talking not even for a moment.

GRANDFATHER

...range 3 point 8 to 5 point 2
mega-meters, code zeta, omega, eta
critical mass adjusted to 9 point 7
micrograms, types C, D, E, under
irreversible division protocol,
type G to M...

4

INT. - COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

4

About 10 middle aged persons, 6 men and 4 women dressed in white, are standing inside a rather empty hall; few of them are sited. The windows of the council room are looking to the inner of a dome; through them many other rooms are visible, some with people watching the session; the members of the council speak one after the other, voting. On the room's walls there are also signs. From a distant room. Nichmon is watching too.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 1

Yes.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 2

No!

COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 1(looking at Council Man In
White 1)

Yes...?

COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 2

(a short pause, reluctant)

...mm..No...

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 3/BAD

(strongly)

Of course not!

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 4/GOOD

(pensively)

Yes..I suppose it's not forbidden..

COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 3Disputers are dangerous! Yes, Yes,
let him leave!**COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 5/HANDSOME**(self-confident, even a
little mean)Certainly, yes! We don't need him
any more.**COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 4**No, it's a pity... There is nothing
out th...**COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 6/ELDER**

(interrupting her)

In conclusion, Yes, according to
the usual terms.

The Council Room darkens abruptly.

5 **INT. - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY**

5

Nichmon watches the Council's session from another room, probably also the darkening of the Council Room. Suddenly, Council Man IN WHITE 3/BAD enters the room (faster than anyone would expect); Council Man IN WHITE 4/GOOD follows carrying a draped grey cloth and puts it on a table.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 3/BAD
(walking fast towards
Nichmon)
I have never seen a Gifted
relinquishing his powers/forces.
It's very sad for all of us.

Council Man IN WHITE 3/BAD begins taking off -in a ceremonial way- Nichmon's red outfit. Nichmon himself is impatient and tries to quicken the procedure. Council Man IN WHITE 3/BAD, stops him by pushing his hand away.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 3/BAD (CONT'D)
Show some respect to the uniform,
young man!

NICHMON
(staring at the man with
rudeness)
You didn't expect them to approve
it, isn't it?

A little later: Nichmon by now is standing naked in the middle of the room. Council Man In White 3, standing close to the table, carefully folds the red cloth; then he throws the gray outfit to Nichmon's feet and steps out of the room.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 3/BAD
Keep it clean, pleb!

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 4/GOOD
(hesitating in front of the
exit door - gently)
Your time stock is poor, lad... you
should prepare yourself, alright?

6 **EXT. - INNER DOME - DAY**

6

The elevator is moving inside the dome. (CGI)

7 **INT. - ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY**

7

Nichmon steps out of the transportation cabin (elevator), dressed in the gray outfit; an announcement is heard.

(CONTINUED)

CABIN VOICE
Sector twenty one.

8 **INT. - CONTROL POINT & CORRIDORS 1- DAY**

8

Nichmon is in front of a closed door -an opaque(?) glass panel- with the indication "LOADING AREA - CONTROL POINT" on it. He speaks in front of the door, registering himself. (Optionally, the glass of the door reacts to his voice with a minor turbulence)

NICHMON
Nichmon Antikatabe the second -
Alpha clearance.

CONTROL VOICE
(mechanically)
ACCESS TO THE LOADING AREA DENIED -
YOUR VOICE RECORD HAS BEEN REMOVED
ACCESS TO THE LOADING AREA DENIED -
YOUR VOICE RECORD HAS BEEN REMOVED.

Nichmon presses the fabric on his sleeve and some digits appear (NCHM 3663) in between the texture.

NICHMON
(trying again)
Auxiliary - NCHM 3663 - temporary
permit under regulation 13.

CONTROL VOICE
ACCESS TO THE LOADING AREA APPROVED
-YOU ARE ENTITLED TO 220 TIME-UNITS

The door opens and Nichmon steps in a long corridor with many other closed doors, crossing with a few more corridors; on the walls (or/and the floor and the ceiling) there are signs of the LOADING AREA. Talking voices are heard all around, but most of the words are hardly and partially defined (or undefined). A young woman (Lara), dressed in red, cross passes in the distance.

9 **INT. - CONNECTED ROOM 2/DARK (NEXT TO 1) - DAY**

9

Nichmon enters a rather dark room, connected through a glass panel with the luminous room 1, where his grandfather is now sleeping. There are signs on the walls.

Council Man IN WHITE 5/HANDSOME is seated in front of a table with a lamp on it (or a spot light on the table surface); he is staring at the grandfather through the glass panel, cleaning at the same time his glasses thoroughly. The noise of the old man's heavy breath is heard loudly with a slight echo.

(CONTINUED)

An empty chair is lying besides the Man In White; Nichmon notices on the table and chair traces of another person's presence: a red scarf, a stub, some crumbs, an origami.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 5/HANDSOME

We planned his decease in exactly two/three days. His memory should be completely unloaded; Then you are free to go; satisfied?

NICHMON

(sad)
He served you faithfully for eighty nine years, doesn't he deserve a blank day?

The Council Man IN WHITE 5/HANDSOME turns to Nichmon for the first time, he puts his glasses on.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 5/HANDSOME

(angry)
Don't you try to be smart with me, boy! If you agreed to take his place, it could be slow, without drugs. You can't have everything!

As the man talks, babbling and groans are heard from the next room; grandfather is waking up. A young woman, LARA, dressed in red, comes hastily in the room, and sits on the empty chair, in front of the glass panel; she concentrates all her attention on the old man, who starts speaking like being hypnotized; red light is on. Grandfather's voice from next room is loud and clear like passing through a loudspeaker. The separating glass panel slightly trembles from the voice sound, some shapes are formed too, like adding information on the old man's narration.

GRANDFATHER

System of multiple attack 422,
Biological capsule MONTIBO 68, code
alpha, yiota, omega, ni, yiota,
alpha, hypo-carbonic baronium with
chloro-fluoride-carbonium 78,
critical mass 32 moles, proportion
3 to 1 parts,, AMOPT 4,
TIBIKANENTAM 24, contamination of
water reserves, jet nano-capsule
FF, composition, phosphorus 3,
hyper-calcium 11, natrium 2,
acceleration fluid, white acid 7,
propane 12...

During this data transmission, the young woman closes her eyes and whispers with her lips repeating grandfather's words and numbers.

(CONTINUED)

LARA
(whispering)
...hypo-carbonic baronium with
chloro-fluoride-carbonium 78,
critical mass 32 mol, proportion 3
to 1 parts,...

Without looking, White Council Man 5, makes a gesture to Nichmon to leave the room.

10 **INT. - CORRIDORS 1 - DAY** 10

Nichmon steps out of the room, closing the door behind him (or the door closes automatically); the volume of the old man's voice is rising a little more, as if the walls increase the sound instead of lowering it. Nichmon's timepiece on the fabric starts beeping and projects a countdown, 3518-3517-3516,,, etc.

11 **INT. - TRANSPORTATION CABIN - DAY** 11

Nichmon is inside the transportation cabin which is moving downwards. There are no buttons at all. The cabin stops and the door opens.

CABIN VOICE
SECTOR 11 - ADVANCED RESIDENCES
ALPHA TO DELTA - YOUR TRESPASSING
PERMIT IS LIMITED TO 290 TIME
UNITS.

12 **INT. - CORRIDORS 2 - DAY** 12

Nichmon stands still in front of the cabin, the door closes behind him. He looks at the timepiece on his hand and pushes a button; counting down from about 2180; he starts running like mad along the corridors. A young boy (about 10 years old), dressed in a light red outfit, looks at him (probably a couple of other persons passing by).

Nichmon reaches a closed door and stops really exhausted; he looks at the timepiece once more, the countdown is now running faster. He tries to open the door but his voice command is heard with difficulty as he is still breathless.

NICHMON
Nichmon - Nichmon - Nichmon, damn
you!

Another door, next to him, opens simultaneously; a middle-aged man, KRAL, dressed in yellow, smiles with sarcasm.

(CONTINUED)

KRAL

You are not that young any more! I told you, stop this nonsense before it makes you sick.

Nichmon repeats his name and kicks the door a few times with force; it opens unexpectedly.

NICHMON

(ignoring him, he takes a deep breath and steps into his room)
You can take whatever you like ...

13

INT. - NICHMON'S RESIDENCE - DAY

13

Nichmon enters the room, Kral follows. It's a small apartment-room with two beds, a table and a couple of chairs. The room has a window looking at the dome, suggesting a high level. On the table there are some plates (with small rotten fruits probably) and a framed snapshot, picturing grandfather and grandson smiling in the open air, with their hair dishevelled by the wind. In the room there are also a sign.

Kral opens a small closet filled with shoes (or clothes); he tries some on his foot in a somehow ridiculous way.

KRAL

Oh! Your grandfather was so excited when the proper replacement was found! You see, the poor man was really afraid that you might leave before he manages to... you know... before unloading...

Nichmon puts some stuff in a small suitcase; the picture too.

KRAL (CONT'D)

(pompous)
I told him, the boy is no good for a Loader; he is not willing to give his memory for the sake of our beloved state as we, the elders do.

NICHMON

(scathing, sarcastic)
If I am not wrong, you memorize matrimonial agreements...

KRAL

(offended)
At the beginning..., then I got the adoptions too...

14 INT. - CORRIDORS 2 - DAY

14

Nichmon steps out of the apartment, in the corridor, holding the small suitcase.

NICHMON

(as he steps away)
Tomorrow he'll die, good bye uncle
Kral, see you at the funeral.

Kral holding some pairs of shoes (or clothes, blankets, the fruits etc), shouts behind him; his voice fades out as other voices are interfering in the corridor.

KRAL

(angry)
And the pending inheritance cases,
and the consensual divorces, and
the civil partnership contracts,
and the official wills, you
bastard!

15 INT. - RESTAURANT - DAY

15

Wide shot: the place is a medium sized hall with a few people around; there are also signs of the area. The decoration of this restaurant is minimal. On the floor there are windows looking to the inside of the dome; on the back wall there is a long window looking through the opus of the dome to the dome exterior; it looks like a storm outside, the light changes fast. Random unidentified voices are heard all around, producing a kind of background music to the scene.

CABIN VOICE

(voice off, without seeing
the cabin)
SECTOR 35 - ALPHA RESTAURANT - YOUR
TRESPASSING PERMIT IS LIMITED TO
210 TIME UNITS

The young woman in red, LARA, is seated at a table, eating and drinking; few middle aged people, dressed in white and yellow occupy some other tables.

Nichmon approaches Lara's table, carrying his small suitcase; he sits on a chair without asking her permission.

NICHMON

(addressing the table)
Coffee! Sweet...

Nothing happens; a moment of embarrassment. Lara stops eating and repeats.

(CONTINUED)

LARA
 (to the table)
 Sweet coffee, please...

A small compartment on the table's surface opens, revealing a hot cup of coffee. Lara takes the cup and leaves it in front of Nichmon.

LARA (CONT'D)
 No problem, I have an open credit.

Nichmon finally decides to take the coffee; he takes a sip.

NICHMON
 I emptied the apartment, you can register your own voice right away; Alpha 82 Alpha, 9th corridor, on the left.

LARA
 (eating again)
 Your grandfather was...is... a very important man.

NICHMON
 (slightly sarcastic)
 Yes! We even got a window! The secret files of the military equipment is no laughing matter; no, madam! If of course there are any weapons at all...

LARA
 (annoyed)
 I suppose those things mean nothing to you; a luxurious room, free food, access to all levels... well, they might even bore you! But I was born in the ground sector and the capacity of my memory brought me up here. You know what? I intend to stay!

NICHMON
 (with a smile but kindly, bending his head)
 I salute you Lara Labith, you are now the most important Loader in the World Records! If of course there is any world out there...

LARA
 That's your problem! You are the one who chose to leave!

Nichmon runs fast through the ramp to the terrace (dome exterior), still holding his suitcase. On the wall, EXIT sign.

17

EXT. - TERRACE (DOME EXTERIOR) - DAY

17

Nichmon comes out in the open air space of the terrace; it's a cloudy day with a strong wind blowing and some rain now and then. Some guards, in their early forties, dressed in blue, are spread around in several spots on the terrace. Through the fog, some other shapes of buildings (domes?) are hardly visible in the horizon (CGI).

A small group of young people (8-10) with rather empty eyes, dressed in gray, wait inside a restricted area, seated on uncomfortable benches with their luggage around; they look as if they are out in the cold for some time.

Nichmon approaches the restricted area; a guard stops him.

GUARD

You need oblivion clearance to pass in the transit area.

NICHMON

(disappointed)
I can't leave yet. Can I hand over my bag? I want to book a seat in the next flight.

GUARD

(laughing)
Don't worry, pal! I can book you the whole cabin, if you like! See any helicopter coming?

18

INT. - CONNECTED ROOM 1/LUMINOUS - DAY

18

Nichmon is standing beside his motionless grandfather; he touches the dead old man's red cloth, tiding it up.

Lara comes in the room and puts her hand on Nichmon's shoulder, tenderly.

LARA

In the end he spoke about you, I couldn't stop him.

NICHMON

They probably gave him an overdose.

LARA

(tenderly)
He said how fast you were running in the corridor, he mentioned the little celebrations you had when the light reached your room, the one and only time you saw the helicopter at the terrace...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARA (CONT'D)

He remembered all the exact times you cried, the moment he told you about your parents and the big earthquake, even how you got tired of whistling him again and again his favorite tune when he had no more free memory left...

NICHMON

(interrupting her)
Stop it! His memories are yours now.

LARA

(angry)
This man cared for you; It wasn't me, damn you! He knew all the top secrets of our state, but you where the most precious thing in his life. How can you forget love?

NICHMON

(emotionally bursting)
Get out of my life! Or better don't! Stay! As much as you like; it's me who is going out!

19 INT. - GROUND SPACE - NIGHT

19

Many -mostly young- people dressed in gray outfits with number initials are lying down on the floor surface, one besides the other, sleeping; the space is pretty dark, looking through a pilotis or a transom window to the dome interior (CGI); agricultural implements -tools- are hanged on the walls.

Nichmon tries to sleep too among the others. On the side walls, floor and ceiling there are signs of "0ZACCI".

20 EXT. - TERRACE/DOME EXTERIOR - DAY

20

The weather is bad; big dark clouds, with a strong wind blowing. Grandfather's funeral is taking place in an area of the terrace, looking like a cemetery; there are signs around with names on marble plaques on the terrace's floor (like on the Hall of Fame).The dead body, covered with a red cloth lies on a stretcher. Some people are carrying it onto the terrace; they pass through and stop by a plaque with the sign:

NICHMON ANTIKATABLE,

lived NA1029 - NA1118 -

MNEMONIC LOADER - THE STATE IS GRATEFUL

Few people are following together with Nichmon, most of them in yellow -Kral too-, some in white;

(CONTINUED)

Nichmon looks at Lara who comes out in the terrace, hesitatingly. After three sharp sounds, the dead body is pushed from the terrace's curved surface down to nowhere; only the sound of the body slipping down is heard. The gathered people handshake Nichmon and leave; he then approaches Lara who is seated on a bench.

NICHMON

First time in the open air?

Lara nods yes, she looks dizzy and is shivering. Nichmon gets off his grey coat and puts it on her shoulders over the red clothes. Lara touches the gray jacket as if it reminds her of something.

LARA

(trying to stand up but she is feeling weak)
I have to seal my memory...

NICHMON

(tenderly keeping her down)
Here, on this same bench he was telling me once again the story of Achilles and the turtle; he couldn't remember any other. And suddenly it came above us, huge, with a deafening noise that covered everything. Grandfather took me in his arms and excited, as I had never seen him before, he moved his lips, pointing both at the helicopter and at the people who were ready to board. In two minutes everything was over; it took off, full of cheering travellers and vanished in the horizon. I still believe that he regretted not having pushed me inside.
(small pause)
I loved him too, you know.

LARA

(apologizing)
Forgive me, I shouldn't interfere.

NICHMON

I have never seen a helicopter again.
(pointing at the transit area)
Look, that guy over there, the one on the left; he is here for a couple of years now, waiting. Nevertheless, I envy him.
(to Lara with excitement)
Whatever exists out there Lara, it's better than here, I feel it...I know it.

(CONTINUED)

LARA
 (calm, self- confident)
 All that matters is here; and my
 job is to protect them, Nichmon.
 I remember every face I've crossed
 with, every odor I've smelled,
 every color I've seen, every word
 I've heard in my life, exactly as
 it was said... every move as I felt
 it.

Nichmon seated besides her, with gentle gestures pulls her
 windswept hair out of her face.

NICHMON
 (smiling at her)
 So, I may envy you some day.

Lara grasps his arm.

LARA
 (strongly, looking at his
 eyes)
 I will never forget anything! Can't
 you realize how important it is?

Nichmon turns his gaze to the transit area.

NICHMON
 What's your contract?

LARA
 (calming down)
 The usual, sixty eight years.

NICHMON
 (he turns back and touches
 her face with his hands)
 As things turned out, sweet Lara,
 keep my childhood memories safe.

LARA
 (she touches him too,
 excited)
 Stay a little longer Nichmon... I
 need my own memories of you.

NICHMON
 (tenderly)
 I'll be back before you get old, I
 promise.

Nichmon kisses Lara on her lips with affection.

21 **INT. - CONNECTED ROOM 1/LUMINOUS - DAY**

21

Nichmon is lying on the same bed, in the same room where his
 grandfather unloaded the data;

(CONTINUED)

a serum is adjusted to his hand. Council Man IN WHITE 3/BAD and Council Man IN WHITE 4/GOOD enter the room in a hurry; the second man carries a syringe with a fluid inside.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 3/BAD

(austere)
Your request was overruled. Nobody leaves World Records without memory erasure. The risk is too high, junior.

NICHMON

(grabbing the man's hand, with anguish)
One day! I need to remember just one day, it's enough for me!

Council Man in White 3 pulls off his hand.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 3/BAD

I'm obliged to ask you for the last time. Are you sure? You can still get your red color back, there are too many files to load.

Nichmon doesn't answer; he closes his eyes. Council Man in White 4 prepares the injection; Council Man in White 3 is heard leaving the room.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 4/GOOD

(proceeding to the injection, with sympathy)
Who knows...it happens every now and then... Not with numbers of course, never! But yours? So young? Hmm, I wouldn't bet, your memory is too thin...

During the injection, the eyes of Nichmon move intensively under his closed eyelids, and tears are flowing from the side. Council Man in White 4/GOOD presses slightly the fabric on Nichmon's sleeve; the countdown is coming to an end: 00005,00004, 00003, 00002, 00001, 00000, an alarm sound is heard.

22

INT. - COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

22

Lara is standing up in the middle of the Council Room. People in White are around her, moving with small steps up and down the narrow space; they are talking to her, one after the other threateningly.

LARA

How dare you ask me something like this? I am not obliged. 20% of my memory is mine, that's our deal!

(CONTINUED)

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 5/HANDSOME

There is lack of Loaders, my dear.
Your predecessor always displayed a
spirit of understanding.

COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 3

He was a patriot!

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 4/GOOD

It's temporary. Every now and then
someone with your talent is born.

COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 2

5% is as much memory as you need in
here, enough for a lifetime.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 3/BAD

(he stops in front of her,
with low threatening voice)
You said you could convince him to
stay; you didn't manage though...

COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 3

We have to upload the files of the
auxiliary defence systems. We can't
give them to the yellows!

LARA

(doubting)
But nobody has ever attacked us, so
far!

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 6/ELDER

And the official state decisions...

COUNCIL WOMAN IN WHITE 4

They are forgotten!

LARA

(frightened)
We made a contract!

The camera stops at someone, a small pause, tension.

COUNCIL MAN IN WHITE 6/ELDER

With the exception of article 16,
my dear; in case of extraordinary
circumstances! You should remember
that, especially you!

Lara runs fast through the ramp to the terrace (dome
exterior).

24

INT. - TERRACE/DOME EXTERIOR- DAY

24

Lara is looking from a distance at Nichmon who walks up and down in the transit area; the Guard prevents her from trespassing. She looks desperate making gestures to gain his attention.

LARA

Nichmon, Nichmon! Look at me!

Nichmon walks up and down inside the transit area; he is trying to warm himself. There are other young people sitting on some benches around him, guards too. The young boy in red is watching from a bench together with an older man.

Nichmon stops for a few seconds and looks at Lara, but he doesn't react to her calling.

He is shivering; he looks at the sky together with the others who wait for the helicopter; he looks at Lara once more as he starts moving up and down again.

NICHMON

(whispering)

Smoking is not allowed, keep my belt fastened, my suitcase under seat, no jerky movements, the weather - I should not be afraid of the weather, the pilot knows his job; my belt, I have to check often, is it firm? Don't talk, don't ask, the pilot knows where we are going...

Camera moves away from the dome exterior.

THE END**© DESPINA CHARALAMPOUS**