

INT. PROFESSOR TETERA'S OFFICE — MORNING

The office looks like a strange place suspended between two different worlds. On the one hand, we have a modern armchair and white walls, reminiscent of a dentist's office. On the other hand, the equipment is in disarray, suggesting that its owner prefers to have everything at hand rather than in order.

When Tom crosses the threshold, the professor immediately points his finger towards the chair.

PROFESSOR TETERA

Sit, please.

Next to the furniture, on a dirty table, lies a pair of silver VR glasses. Tom takes a seat and tries to relax. It does not come easily.

Meanwhile, the old scientist approaches the table and disinfects the glasses with some liquid and a tissue.

TOM

So, how does it work, doc? Should I focus on the memory I want to bring back?

Before he can say more, Tetera hands him the VR glasses, now polished and shining like a mirror.

PROFESSOR TETERA

No need, just relax and let the brain do everything for you.

Our hero still doesn't look convinced.

TOM

But I guess I have to bring up this irritating part of my past, don't I? I actually have a bad habit of misplacing things, and memories are no exception here...

PROFESSOR TETERA

Oh, that piece of memory is there. You can try to repress it, but that only makes it easier for my system to find, da?

Tom finally puts on his VR glasses, though he's clearly a little afraid.

TOM

Well, here it goes... I hope you won't fry my brain or what's left of it.

The professor smiles with a tint of condescension. A short while later, he pushes a button on his computer.

Suddenly, the entire world around Tom magically blurs, and he finds himself transported to another place... and time.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. TOM'S ROOM — EVENING

We go back in time some twenty years, to a world that knew neither smartphones nor "patostreamers." We find Tom in a room plastered with posters of soccer players.

He is much younger than when we first met him. He is maybe sixteen—no older.

Young Tom is playing *Heroes of Might and Magic 3* on his computer while a storm rages outside. Lightning bolts streak across the sky, and rain lashes furiously against the windowpanes. Suddenly, the distant sound of the doorbell snaps Tom out of his concentration. He stands up, muttering something.

INTERIOR. TOM'S HOUSE HALLWAY — EVENING.

The doorbell keeps ringing insistently. Tom, having tidied himself up, walks to the front door and looks out onto the porch through the peephole. What he sees makes him quickly open the door.

Anne is standing on the threshold—looking much younger than he last met her, of course. She is wearing a wet jacket. When she spots Tom, she is in the middle of shaking the raindrops off her umbrella.

She smiles broadly at the sight of her friend.

ANNE

Oh, hi!

TOM

Hello.

ANNE

Why is it so dark in here? Did the party end so soon?

