

CALL ME 7.14 YEARS AGO

Written by

Liliana Liu

lliu8192@gmail.com

OVER BLACK

Silence. Flat green line. Steady. Then a small ripple.

A distinctive voice, deep, smoky. In a different conversation, alluring. Here, resigned, tinged with sadness.

 OLDER WOMAN (V.O.)
 (sighs)
 I'm just trying to understand.

Large green waves cut across. Busy. Shaky.

Metallic, fiery voice. Defiance barely containing nerves.

 YOUNGER WOMAN (V.O.)
 You can't change my mind. Not now.

 OLDER WOMAN (V.O.)
 Where are you going to go?

The voices start to mute. The green lines start to blur.

INT. CONTROL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

The green lines continue to dance, now on a small black screen of an INSTRUMENT sitting on a desk in the dark.

Silence, the dark ravenous for sound.

A FIGURE drapes over the chair, the desk. Clearly a sprawler who can sleep anywhere. A pair of large OVER EAR HEADPHONES frames her head with two glowing red circles.

INT. CONTROL ROOMS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A metal door guards the control room. Its biometric lock glows red. Through the doorway window, two red circles.

Back of ANOTHER FIGURE slips into view, peeks into the room. She knocks on the window, TAP, TAP, then leaves.

The figure in the room rouses, lifting her head.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

A driverless pod with a passenger glides along an empty dirt road then slows to a perfect stop in front of a mobile home.

The front door light comes on, illuminating a white rounded RV. An igloo in the middle of the desert.

A figure steps out of the pod, slinging a black backpack.

INT. NICOLE'S HOME - NIGHT

She closes the door. Boots off. Black backpack and a pair of red over ear headphones go on a hook next to the door.

Small yet not cozy. Only the essentials: a table, one chair. Rustic. Retro. Wood and white dotted with red. No photos. Nothing personal.

NICOLE (22), maroon tunic over black tights, turns into the kitchenette. She is also unadorned, small, not cozy.

She grabs a red kettle, fills it, taps it on. PSST - boils in an instant. GRRL - straight to a Nongshim spicy cup noodle.

She grabs the cup noodle and a can of spam - perfect combo.

INT. NICOLE'S HOME - LATER

Empty cup noodle, can, slew of pocky wrappers line a desk.

Computer racks line the closet. Machines hum, fans whirl, punctuated by staccato bursts of typing.

Nicole cycles on a mini-exerciser, staring at: code compiling, algorithm running, video monitoring deep space.

She hops off the cycle and lies down on a hammock in the corner. It gently swings. She taps the wall. Ambient sound envelops her as projected nebula crosses above.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOME - BABY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Projected jellyfishes circle the ceiling.

A baby night light spins, on a night stand beside the crib. SOPHIE'S MOM (30s, tired) rocks BABY SOPHIE in her arms. She hums a lullaby as she stares at her little wonder.

SOPHIE'S DAD (30s, clean-cut) rushes in. He holds out a vibrating mobile. He nods at it.

She stops humming. Excitement and lament flash across her face. She glances down at her baby, asleep.

She hands the baby over, grabs the mobile and slips out, closing the door behind her.

On the door, a rainbow unicorn sign - SOPHIE'S ROOM.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**ON THE MOBILE SCREEN**

Caller name - **SOPHIE MASTERS**. Beneath it in flashing red -
APRIL 22, 2032 (8 MINUTES)

Sophie's mom sits on the edge of the sofa, staring at the screen. She taps **ACCEPT**, brings it to her ear, hand shaking.

SOPHIE'S MOM

Hello?

A long beat. Then a gentle voice whispers.

SOPHIE'S DAD (V.O.)

Say hi, Soph.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Hi ... mommy.

She is speechless. Tears well up in her eyes.

INT. RELINX POD #2 - DAY

Small white room. Dome ceiling. Therapist couch. Like you are inside half an egg, sitting where the yolk would be.

SOPHIE (7), in unicorn hoodie and ruffle skirt, sits on the couch with her dad. He now sports a beard and prematurely greyed hair. She buries her face in his shirt.

SOPHIE'S DAD

It's alright. Talk to her like you always do before bed.

SOPHIE

I feel weird. I wanna do it later.

Sophie squirms out of her dad's arms, coming off the couch.

SOPHIE'S DAD

Soph, wait, there's no later --

Suddenly, her mother's humming flows in from all direction. A gentle lullaby envelops them. Sophie stops, transfixed.

INT. CONTROL ROOM #2 - DAY

Through a floor to ceiling one way mirror, Nicole stares at father and daughter. Just as transfixed.