

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT - MORNING**

Sunlight filters through half-closed blinds casting gentle stripes across a tidy living room.

A kettle whistles softly in the background.

JORDAN (30s) sits at the kitchen table staring at a blank notepad.

**JORDAN**

Another day another blank page.

Jordan sighs rubbing their eyes.

The clock ticks steadily on the wall.

Jordan stands and pours coffee into a chipped mug.

A phone buzzes on the counter flashing with a new message.

**JORDAN**

Who could that be this early?

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING**

Jordan opens the door. A delivery person stands holding a small mysterious package.

**DELIVERY PERSON**

Package for Jordan Evans.

**JORDAN**

That's me. Who's it from?

**DELIVERY PERSON**

Doesn't say.

Jordan signs for the package curiosity piqued.

The delivery person leaves. Jordan examines the box turning it over in their hands.

**JORDAN**

No return address. Weird.

**INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Jordan carefully slices open the package with a butter knife.

Inside: a small ornate wooden box and a folded piece of paper.

**JORDAN**

What on earth...?

Jordan opens the folded paper. It's blank except for a single word:  
'REMEMBER.'

Jordan tries to open the wooden box but it won't budge.

**JORDAN**

Locked. Of course.

Jordan holds the box up to the light inspecting it for clues.

A faint engraving is visible on the underside.

**JORDAN**

What does that say?

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jordan sits on the couch box in hand staring into space.

A flash of memory: a child's laughter a garden the scent of lilacs.

Jordan blinks shaken by the sudden recollection.

**JORDAN**

Where did that come from?

Jordan grips the box tighter.

The room seems to grow colder.

Jordan stands abruptly as if to shake off the feeling.

**JORDAN**

No. Not today.

Jordan places the box on the mantel and leaves the room.

**INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Jordan sits at the edge of the bed staring at their phone.

**JORDAN**

Maybe Alex will know what to do.

Jordan dials a number and waits.

**ALEX (V.O.)**

Hey Jordan! What's up?

**JORDAN**

I got a package. It's... strange.

**ALEX (V.O.)**

Want me to come over?

**JORDAN**

Yeah. Please.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Alex enters glancing around.

**ALEX**

So what's this package about?

Jordan hands Alex the box and the note.

**ALEX**

'Remember'? That's cryptic.

Alex examines the box running their fingers over the engraving.

**ALEX**

Looks old. Maybe antique?

**JORDAN**

It won't open.

**INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Alex and Jordan sit at the table the box between them.

**ALEX**

Let's Google the inscription.

Alex types on their phone.

Jordan watches anxious.

**ALEX**

It's Latin. Means 'To find you must remember.'

**JORDAN**

Remember what though?

Jordan stares at the box lost in thought.

Alex places a reassuring hand on Jordan's arm.

**INT. APARTMENT - STORAGE CLOSET - DAY**

Jordan rummages through dusty boxes searching for something.

Alex stands nearby holding a flashlight.

**JORDAN**

My mom kept everything. There has to be something here.

Jordan finds an old photo album.

They sit on the floor flipping through the pages.

**ALEX**

Who's that?

Jordan studies a faded photograph of a young child holding a similar wooden box.

**JORDAN**

That's me. I don't remember this at all.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Jordan and Alex sit on the couch the box between them.

**ALEX**

Try opening it again.

Jordan hesitantly tries the lid. This time it clicks open.

Inside a tiny brass key and another note.

**JORDAN**

A key?

**ALEX**

And another note.

Jordan reads the note aloud.

'Look where it all began.'

**EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT**

Jordan and Alex stand outside a weathered abandoned house.

**JORDAN**

I haven't been here in years.

Alex shines a flashlight on the front steps.

**ALEX**

Ready?

**JORDAN**

As I'll ever be.

They walk up to the front door.

Jordan fits the brass key into the old lock.

The door creaks open revealing darkness inside.

**INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - FOYER - NIGHT**

Dust swirls in the beam of Alex's flashlight.

Jordan steps inside heart pounding.

**JORDAN**

It looks just the same.

A staircase leads into darkness.

Jordan and Alex move carefully through the foyer.

**ALEX**

Where should we look?

**JORDAN**

The attic. I think.

They head towards the attic stairs.

**INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Jordan and Alex climb into the attic ducking under cobwebs.

Moonlight streams through a cracked window.

**ALEX**

Creepy up here.

Jordan kneels beside an old trunk fitting the brass key into the lock.

The trunk creaks open.

Inside: letters toys and a small music box.

**JORDAN**

These are my things.

Jordan opens the music box. A lullaby plays triggering another memory.

Jordan tears up overcome with emotion.

**INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - ATTIC - LATER**

Jordan sits cross-legged reading old letters.

**JORDAN**

I forgot so much.

**ALEX**

Sometimes we have to forget to move on.

**JORDAN**

But some memories are worth finding again.

Jordan smiles through tears.

Alex sits beside them comforting.

The music box continues to play softly.

Jordan closes their eyes remembering.