



**BRNNNGGG**

THE FIRST THING I REMEMBER IS I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING AT ALL.

NOT MY NAME. NOT MY FACE. NOTHING BEFORE WAKING UP HERE IN A SKETCHY MOTEL ROOM.

SCRATCH THAT, PART OF ME REMEMBERS WHAT A SKETCHY MOTEL ROOM LOOKS LIKE.

**BRNNNGGG**

THE SAME PART OF ME THAT REMEMBERS HOW TO WALK, HOW TO MAKE WORDS.

DESPITE ALL THIS, I'M CALM. EXCEPT FOR THE PHONE.

ALL MY INSTINCTS TELL ME NOT TO PICK IT UP, BUT WHOEVER'S CALLING IS AS CLOSE AS I'VE GOT TO A LEAD.

THEY'RE COMING, SAM.

YOU'D BETTER START RUNNING.

**CLICK**

A man with a beard and a light blue shirt is in a kitchen, holding a handgun. He is looking towards the left. On the counter in front of him are several red containers, possibly for food. The background shows a window and a door.

SAM. I DON'T  
REMEMBER A SAM.

I REMEMBER THIS,  
THOUGH. THE WEIGHT  
OF IT, THE CONFIDENCE  
FLOWING UP FROM  
MY HAND.



I REMEMBER HOW  
TO CHECK FOR  
AMBUSHES.

Sam is shown from a low angle, walking through a hallway. He is holding a handgun. The hallway has a tiled floor and a door on the right.


I REMEMBER WHAT BAD  
GUYS LOOK LIKE.

AND I CAN'T SHAKE  
THE FEELING THAT  
IT'S BECAUSE I LOOK  
LIKE ONE, TOO.

A close-up of a foot stepping onto a door handle. The foot is wearing a white shoe with a red sock. The door is dark and has a handle.

**TWING**

C'MON  
SAM, WE  
JUST WANNA  
TALK.

Sam is running through a hallway, looking back over his shoulder. He is holding a handgun. The hallway is dimly lit.

I CAN'T SQUASH THE URGE  
TO RUN AS FAR AWAY  
FROM THAT FEELING  
AS I CAN.

**KRSCHH**

Sam is in a dark room, looking towards the right. He is holding a handgun. The room is dimly lit, with some light coming from a window in the background.

I REMEMBER  
STRANGE MEN IN  
SUITS WHO KNOW  
YOUR NAME.


I REMEMBER WHAT  
THEIR WORDS IN  
THAT COMBINATION  
MEAN.

THEY MEAN SOMEONE'S  
GONNA DIE SOON.



DIDN'T  
RECOGNIZE  
THE VOICE  
ON THE  
PHONE.

DON'T KNOW  
WHO'S  
CHASING  
ME.



NOT SURE  
WHAT CITY  
I'M IN.

NOT SURE  
WHAT CITY  
I THINK I  
SHOULD  
BE IN.



THIS? I'M PRETTY SURE  
I REMEMBER THIS  
FROM A MOVIE.



I FEEL LIKE I'M  
WATCHING MYSELF  
FROM A DISTANCE,  
MEETING SAM FOR  
THE FIRST TIME.

**BANG  
BANG  
BANG**



WHOEVER HE  
IS, HE KNOWS  
WHAT HE'S  
DOING.

WISH I  
COULD  
SAY THE  
SAME.



I THINK I REMEMBER HOW TO STEAL A CAR, BUT THEY'RE ALL UNLOCKED.

KEYS DANGLING IN THE IGNITIONS.



EVERYTHING I REMEMBER IS USELESS, LIKE RUNNING OUT OF A BURNING HOUSE CARRYING THE JUNK DRAWER.

STILL, I CLING TO IT LIKE A ROPE.



MY WORLD HAS FLOWN OFF ITS AXIS.

THUMPING AROUND LIKE A BROKEN WASHER.



THEN IT'S GUNFIRE, BREAKING GLASS, THE SQUEAL OF BRAKES.

THANK GOD.



THINGS START TO MAKE SENSE AGAIN.




I BARELY STOP TO WONDER WHY THIS MAKES ME FEEL SO GOOD.





I WANT TO WAKE UP FROM THIS NIGHTMARE.

CRAWL BACK ONTO THAT RATTY MOTEL BED AND TRY IT ALL OVER AGAIN.



MAYBE THIS TIME I'LL WAKE UP INTACT.




I'LL REMEMBER EVERYTHING I WANT TO AND NOTHING I DON'T.



I DON'T WANT THE WORLD.

ALL I WANT IS A MIRACLE.



THIS TIME, THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS THINKING...