**Bedroom**

The trip back home is a battle, and after I finally lug all of our groceries onto the kitchen table I head upstairs and jump straight into bed, my arms unresponsive and dead. Knowing that I’ll likely get no studying done in this state, I decide to take a quick nap.

It doesn’t take long for me to drift away…

**Nostalgia Scene** **- Field of Flowers**

\*$wait\_5\_seconds

**Bedroom**

A soft voice pulls me out of my slumber, and as I open my eyes drowsily the first thing I notice is the sudden lack of light in the room…

Mom (neutral smiling): Oh, you’re awake. Good morning.

Pro: Huh…?

Pro: How long was I out for?

Mom (neutral thinking): A few hours, maybe? I’m not really sure.

Mom (neutral curious):

Pro: I see.

I look outside the window, trying to recall what I just dreamed. There was a field of flowers, and…

Mom (neutral smiling): Dinner’s ready, so when you’re ready come down and we can eat. It’s been a while since we’ve eaten a meal together.

Pro: Yeah. That’d be good.

Pro: Give me a minute, and I’ll right there.

Mom (neutral smiling\_eyes\_closed): Alright.

Mom (neutral smiling\_nervous): Oh, and Pro? Next time please at least put everything in the fridge. So they don’t go bad.

Pro: Oh, right. Sorry.

Mom (neutral smiling): Don’t worry. Try to remember for next time, though.

Mom (exit):

She leaves the room, leaving me to my thoughts. For some reason, that dream felt so nostalgic, and not being able to remember what it was makes it feel like I’m forgetting something important…

However, no matter how hard I try I can’t remember.