

MIND MGMT

matt kindt



Two years ago.





Maybe we should say something to everyone?

What? Say...what?



I don't know. We're obviously working on this plane...

I have no idea how I got here! You want me to act like everything is fine?!

I know. I know. I'm scared, too!



Everyone... please...uh...be calm!



Call for help!

How?!



Flight 815. This is control. We've noticed that you've strayed off course. Is everything okay?

Yes, control. We...uh... We need help landing this plane.

Copy that. Is everyone okay? Is there a safety issue?

No...yes...!... We can't remember what to do.

Say again?



Present day.

Two years later we commemorate the anniversary of the famous Amnesia Flight 815. But what of the aftermath?



Of the 120 passengers on that fateful flight, none have fully recovered their memories.

It isn't the first time Meru has heard this story.



No food...

The mysterious and tragic memory loss has broken up families and destroyed successful careers...



No water, either...

As the victims try to piece together the memories of their former lives.

That's how she explains forgetting the story.

The one survivor who didn't seem to be affected was a seven-year-old boy.

Conspiracy theorists immediately jumped on this, convinced that the boy was somehow responsible for the amnesia.



It's been a rough couple of years, despite the modicum of success from her first book.



But after an intense investigation and an extensive report released by the CIA, he was cleared of any responsibility.

Other theories posit that there is some sort of amnesia virus. Perhaps the boy was born with some sort of immunity to this new strain of contagion.



She feels like she's been drifting the last couple of years.

Most experts rule out this explanation. One thing is certain — the boy was as much a victim of the tragedy as everyone else on the plane.



And it's true.

Left with parents who didn't recognize him, the boy now lives with his grandparents.



But like clockwork, she sees the story.

And the final mystery that has been keeping the conspiracy nuts chattering for the last two years is the flight manifest.



And a lightbulb goes off...again.

Dammit. Can't find anything ever.



121 people boarded flight 815. But only 120 people came off the plane. The missing passenger — "Henry Lyme" — has never been found.



Here it is.

Please, phone...don't be shut off.





Charlie?

Meru?
What's up?

She makes the call to her literary agent, like she always does.



I've got a new book idea. It's good.

Excitement over the prospect of a new idea. A new lead...



And a little desperation.

...



Don't you want to hear it?

Sure.

She hears the doubt in Charlie's voice.



What's wrong?

And isn't quite sure why it's there.



I've heard all of this before. It's been over two years since your last book.

Best-selling book.



Two years is a long time. You've been chasing this new idea for too long. You need to just start typing. Anything.



You had a bestseller.

PREM
PREM
PREM
PREM
PREM

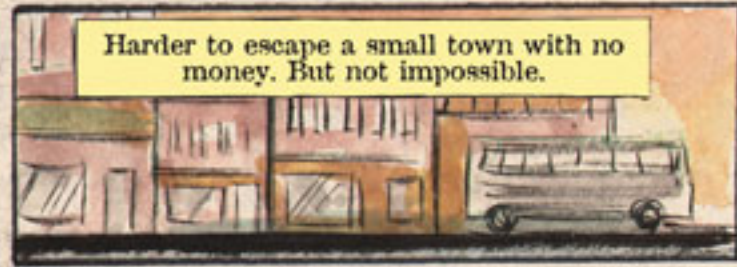
A TRUE STORY
PREMEDITATED

MERU



Stop chasing ghosts. True crime is what sells. Finding truth in crime. That's what you're good at.

You didn't even hear my idea...



To interview the victims of Flight 815.



Money she can't pay back. Until the next book is written.



And then the sense of urgency starts up again. As the walls close in around her.

BOOK CELLAR

Does she sense it yet?

The agents working in the background? With and against her?

She starts to get frustrated. The dreams keep cycling. Unconsciously, she searches another bookstore to see if they carry her book.

To prove to herself that she is who she thinks she is. A writer.

And it's just a matter of time for the follow-up.

And she tries to forget that she's once again at the end of her rope.

No money.

No leads.