

FUTURE HISTORIES
LOGAN MILLER

CHYRON:

“SCENE 001: THE MAN”

[N 36° 14.19 W 116° 46.035]

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

1

WE OPEN in a BRIGHT WHITE room. BLUE CHRISTMAS wallpaper lines the wall, covering up the aged interior facade. The room, although wrapped in plastic, is cluttered with fragmented objects (Scattered PAPERS, PILLOWS, PERSONAL ORNAMENTS, ETC.). A spaced tainted from uncivilized consumption. A proper MAN, outfitted in a BLACK SUIT with a striking PINK tie, sits on the edge of the mattress. Hunched over, head in his palms. A single beam of light shines through the top of the frame, illuminating dusk particles floating in the toxic air. BOB MARLEY can be heard playing on the radio (O.S.), inducing memories of PAIN.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The man rises solemnly, cracking his back + reaching for a pair of ROSE-TINTED GLASSES. SEVEN LETTERS scattered on a disheveled table become legible to the WATCHER:

[SECOND THOUGHTS]
[CONSCIENCE BY CHOICE]
[JOSEPHUS PROBLEM]
[I'M THINKING ABOUT THE RAIN]
[I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WENT AWAY]
[IT'S COLD HERE IN THE CITY]
[I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU ALMOST EVERY DAY]

ZOOM OUT:

3 **EXT. LOST VEGAS MOTEL - DAY**

A single tumbleweed blows past a blinking VACANT sign, half buried in the sand of the landscape. GEODESIC domes ebb + flow throughout the built terrain. Their curved architecture appears to be molded to the DESERT: an advanced level of BIOTECHTURE. The tenant-less environment provokes questions derived from modern loneliness by the WATCHER. The world is the same but looks different.

4 EXT. LOST VEGAS MOTEL POD - DAY

Dripping water droplets fall from a broken gutter. A multitude of GADGETS can be seen clustered around the exterior wall of a GEODESIC dome: Broken DIALS, busted GAUGES, decrepit AUTOMATONS. The surviving material of the architecture appears to be thin, like PORCELAIN. The narrative of the LOST MOTEL is heightened through the detailed proximity of the various machines. The story of departure is in question.



CHYRON:

“SCENE 002: DAVID”

[N 36° 14.19 W 116° 46.035]

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

1

WE OPEN in a ROSE COLOURED room. Pristine WHITE walls curve elegantly into the pristine WHITE floors. Song lyrics can be heard from a radio (O.S.).

[Alex + I ended up in a tie, he felt lost in Houston + I felt lost in Berlin]

The room is neatly organized with distinct personal objects (PICTURE FRAMES, LETTERS, SELF-SERVICE ROBOTS, ETC.). Indistinct chatter floods in from the open windows, a sense of COMMUNITY can be felt.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

An orb-shaped DRONE flies into the room from a HATCH on the wall. The smell of AMBER FLORAL PERFUME floods the space. A WOMAN'S voice calmly calls out.

WOMAN (O.S.)

That is enough, DAVID.

DAVID (ANDROID)

Okay, I'm going to go now.

ZOOM OUT:

3 **EXT. LOST VEGAS MOTEL - DAY**

A bustling oasis is seen from a distant PERSPECTIVE view of the LOST VEGAS MOTEL. LUSH greenery, swimming pools, + glamorous walkways line the GEODESIC built environment. A vibrant sign reading:

[WHERE THE ARMS OF THE SUN FIND YOU]

beckons to the WATCHER. The world is the same but looks different.

4 EXT. LOST VEGAS MOTEL POD - DAY

An automaton, DAVID, makes active repairs on the exterior structure of a motel pod. Several GADGETS displaying fluid measurements of the architecture's PERFORMANCE are visible in frame. Moments of LIFE + YOUTH fill the scene. A DIGITAL screen displays the DATE (01.17.42) + the FUTURE ~~MEMORIES~~ HISTORIES of ALEXANDER. Another robot, DAVID, projects the formula for MAGICAL THINKING, $MT=I^A$.

(Magical Thinking = Ignorance ^(Arrogance))

Future Histories of ALEXANDER:

2033 - Introduction of DAVID
2042 - The Departure
2043 - Resignation of Lights
2050 - Development of 9.0.9
2069 - Birth of ALEXANDER
2098 - Retirement of ALEXANDER
2115 - Arrival of ALEXANDER
2117



CHYRON:

“SCENE 003: ALEXANDER”

[N 36° 33.117 W 116° 42.909]

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTH OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT

1

WE OPEN with a steel-toed boot dispersing a patch of refined SAND. The CRUNCH of the dried grains echo into the mountains as the MAN’S weight shapes the earth beneath him. He is pictured near the edge of a ridge overlooking the LOST VEGAS MOTEL.

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. NORTH OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT**

A flame lights up the frame briefly. The MAN lights a cigarette, + inhales deeply. A trail of wispy smoke emerges as he exhales, almost out of desperation. The climate is HOT, TOXIC, + RAINING BULLETS - a nice place to live. The MAN puts out the cigarette in an outdated ashtray. A pair of CHERRIES sit in silence alongside the discarded ashes. A series of thoughts escalate in the MAN’S head, dreams of tasting her breath. A projector flickers to life.

[3 CLICK... 2 CLICK... 1 CLICK...]

ZOOM OUT:

3 **EXT. NORTH OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT**

The projector casts a film onto the distant mountain facade. The MAN is entranced with the flick. His arms are wrapped around his knees as he is sitting in an upright position. On film:

[A COUPLE WALKS DOWN THE RUE DES BARRES]

The MAN’S SORREL hair is tossed in the wind. In an attempt to preserve the sound of a whisper, he emits a sotto voce remark.

ALEXANDER

I can’t believe you went away.

4 **EXT. LOST VEGAS MOTEL - NIGHT**

The LOST VEGAS MOTEL sign comes into focus, situated between ALEXANDER + the base of the distant MOUNTAINS. The sign is lifeless, mostly buried in the sand. The GEODESIC domes provide periodic obverse inflections across the landscape. In part, defining how the modern lens of DEATH VALLEY is perceived, blighted by drugs + the internet. ALEXANDER murmurs to himself.

ALEXANDER

I am alone everyday, but wear a tie to be good.



CHYRON:

“SCENE 004: THE WATCHER”

[N 36° 69.115 W 116° 67.117]

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHWEST OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT

1

WE OPEN with the frame focused on a WATCH. The TIME [9:09] is displayed in a traditional form. A WOMAN'S bare foot steps out into the soft sand from a TRIUMPH SPEED TRIPLE MOTORCYCLE. Her toenails are painted WHITE. Second thoughts of DRINKS, FAST CARS, + the SUNLIGHT begin to populate her mind.

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. NORTHWEST OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT**

The MOTORCYCLE (viewed from an elevated perspective) is seen driving away from the MOTEL at DUSK. The dancing lights of the MOTEL in the distance are considered secondary by the WATCHER. Their consistent aura of warmth seem to celebrate THE DEPARTURE of the WOMAN. The single headlight emitted from the MOTORCYCLE is considered primary by the WATCHER. The WOMAN races toward the faraway escarpment, leaving the MOTEL to choke on the fumes. Visions of the Icarian Future inhabit her lovely mind. The WOMAN whispers to herself.

WOMAN

Why is Paris so beautiful tonight?

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. NORTHWEST OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT**

A single headlight burns toward the WATCHER, consuming the majority of the frame. The GROWL of the dust churning in the wind is coupled with the FLUTTERING of discarded bits of paper. Pages that have been torn, ripped, used, and lied over begin to occupy the gravel trail. A sundry of letters come into focus as the WOMAN streaks past the WATCHER towards the base of the MOUNTAINS.

[THE EXPERIENCE OF LOVE ENERGY]
[I WANT TO GLOW IN THE DARK WITH YOU]
[I PUT FLOWERS ON MY TONGUE]
[WE WERE MADE TO BE BAD]
[IN HOPES THAT YOU THINK I'M SOMEONE I COULD NEVER HOPE TO BE]

A sudden glow from a RED light signifies an abrupt stop of the MACHINE. A violent break.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. NORTHWEST OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT**

The WOMAN is centered in frame, leaning on her MOTORCYCLE, overlooking the SALT FLATS of DEATH VALLEY + the LOST VEGAS MOTEL. She appears to be in PAIN, however the WATCHER cannot completely discern her emotions from behind. A WATCH slips out of her left pocket. After some time, the WOMAN mantles back onto the MACHINE, driving towards the rising moonlight. She is chasing cinderella after midnight, a chimera.

PAN TO:

5 **EXT. NORTHWEST OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT**

The WATCH lays open in the SANDY landscape. The exhaust from the now distant motorcycle slightly impairs the WATCHER'S vision. The glass meant to protect the GADGET from the outside world is cracked. The TIME reads [9:09]. An inscription in the metallic casing with the number [42] can be seen. Nearby whispers can be heard:

[I'D RATHER SAY GOODBYE]

The stars are too far to illuminate the GADGET any longer. The DESERT sand begins to envelop the WATCH, giving the WATCHER a chance to sleep at will for the first time.



