

THE EXPERIENCE MACHINE

Written by

Luke Horchler

10/06/2023
Ithaca, NY

Content Warnings:
Violence and Gore (1 Extreme Instance)

FADE IN:

INT. LIGHT MONGER CORP - EXECUTIVE LEVEL - OFFICE - DAWN

A suited executive, HARRINGTON (35), looks to the window in front of him.

The city beneath the glass has not yet come alive. The factories are turned off, and the clouds hover around the dull, dull buildings.

Harrington chews on the tip of a pencil, and sips his espresso. He tugs on his tie, until it is very loose.

He turns a big silver dial to his left, and a wooden little man rolls along a track until he's at Harrington's knees.

Harrington hands him what's left of his coffee and the man rides the track away.

Harrington stretches out of his comfy leather chair.

The office is enormous and many little wood people ride little trains on tracks that line most of the room and walls.

A conference table has been covered with an army of 3 inch tall critters. With deep slits in the green flesh of their necks. Their little wax eyeballs twitch shut and open back up.

Clothed in all different colored astronaut suits, they walk around, and pretend to guard a model space-rocket. Many of them stop and wave to Harrington, showing their blue, triangle teeth.

Harrington nods and walks out the door.

INT. LIGHT MONGER CORP - THE GREAT HALL - DAY

His steps echo through a wide chamber, which makes him look like a dot. The walls climb hundreds of feet.

Harrington passes many rows of a hundred or so cubical desks, each with a vacant computer and a clean surface.

Keys echo loudly in the distance.

At the seventh desk down, in Row 308-B, ROBERT (78), clicks at his keyboard.

INSERT: MONITOR

On his screen he is playing a video game, "Pong."

BACK TO SCENE.

HARRINGTON

Robert.

Robert looks up from his screen. Strings of white hair pour out of his face and all over. He has phenomenal bushy, crunchy eyebrows which he raises comfortably.

ROBERT

Mr. Chambers?

Harrington doesn't step any closer. There are six desks between them.

HARRINGTON

I think I'm going to go out early.

ROBERT

You are??

HARRINGTON

Yes. I think so.

Robert pulls a yellow envelope from under his desk. Its typewritten label spells "HARRINGTON CHAMBERS."

ROBERT

Alright then.

Harrington takes his envelope.

He walks away from the other dot in the chamber.

INT. LIGHT MONGER CORP - THE LIFE-CAPSULE WALL - DAY

Before Harrington, are thousands of grey-square lockers, which fill a mountain-high wall.

He punches a code into the computer stand, and the lockers crank up and down then stop.

A door pops open, at shoulder height.

Harrington walks to it, envelope in hand.

He pulls off his watch, his tie, and a small wax figurine out of his pocket.

He jams the three into the envelope, and places it in.

The machinery begins to crank again, and Harrington leaves the lockers moving.

INT. LIGHT MONGER CORP - TRANSPORTATION ZONE - DAY

Harrington stands before a line of steel, green-gray doors.

He steps into one.

INT. LIGHT MONGER CORP - T.Z. - CELL 48 - CONTINUOUS

A light bulb buzzes from the ceiling. Streaks of light hit a steel chair, and the floor vents, but mostly, the room is colored with shadow. The chair has black bruises which cover most of the original metal.

A very tall figure, wearing gun metal from head to toe, tilts its head.

Harrington's eyes are spread out and he exhales shaky breath.

The figure reaches out with a silver hand, and it touches Harrington's face.

Harrington winces from the sharp cold embrace. The figure holds on tighter and points to the chair.

Harrington drops his suit jacket to the floor and unbuttons his shirt. The figure looks down at the mess being made.

Harrington sits, and as the figure fiddles with a control panel, Harrington belts himself in with leather.

The figure turns and takes a step back.

Harrington's lip quivers. A tube attaches itself to his arm vein.

The figure sticks out its index fingers about six inches apart. It keeps repeating this motion, emphasizing the measurement.

Liquid travels up the tube.

The figure unsheathes a two pronged blade of about two feet.

Harrington shakes his head back and forth but he can't escape the leather straps. The figure spreads out his offhand gently, and pats Harrington's chest hair.

Harrington screams.

The figure plunges the prongs into his spine. Harrington settles. His eyes sink into a dumb gaze. His mouth hangs out and drool sprinkles down his chin.

The figure picks up the jacket and shirt and throws it down a chute.

INSERT: MONITOR

On the control panel, a screen is building out a brain, cell by cell.

BACK TO SCENE.

The figure pulls a lever in the corner of the room. It stands at attention, as blue lighting reflects off its helmet.

Harrington lets out a low consistent hum. He shudders violently as the shocks hit him, and his body steams and melts and falls onto the floor, the leather left singed.

He's landed on his chin. The melted skin runs through his hair, down his forehead, and into the leftovers of his eyes.

INT. MANNA SPACE - THE DARK

Two eyeballs float in black space. A head develops around them and is modeled well. The spine and torso grow out of it, and then the limbs ripple out from that. The clothing and suit jacket form: it's Harrington!

He looks around in the liquid dark that goes on and on, as he melts into it. A yellow sun shines in front of him.

Harrington reaches into his leaking back pocket and pulls out a hammer. He shatters the black canvas.

INT. THE EXPERIENCE MACHINE - DAY

Behind it is a cloudy stretch of fields with grasshoppers bouncing and trees shooting up into the sky.

Beads of sweat swell up and slip off the plants.

The critters are back and suckle water off the plants and gnaw with their teeth.

A solidified Harrington sloshes through the greens, sending his friends upward into the windless day.

Toy trains bloom and fall as flower petals, which other critters scoop up in big arm-fulls and zip around with.

The clouds split, and sunlight reflects on the slicked down grass, as Harrington tumbles through it.

FADE OUT.