

What I see

By Alex Vance

FADE IN:

1 INT. ALEXS APPARTMENT, DESK - MIDDAY

ALEX is sitting at his desk with an empty page in front of him. The sun is shining in through the window. We watch closely as he pulls out a notebook and begins to write.

ALEX

Dear Diary, today...

He gets up and tosses the book against the wall, begins to pace.

ALEX

What the fuck am I doing? what is this? You're stupid you're stupid you're stupid you-

Cut off back to him sitting at desk holding pen. Old writing has been scratched out.

ALEX

Dear Diary, I will be 20 years old next week. All things considered, it came sooner than expected. 20, I mean... what a number right? I dont think I had the self-awareness to make a big deal out of the double digits, so this feels like the next best thing. Of course I use it to torture myself with ideas of all the things I could've done by now.

Cut to show him laying in bed, scrolling through folders on his laptop

ALEX

This is unfinished... This is unfinished... This is also unfinished, fuck me, god if I could just...

He shuts his laptop. Overlay diary voice.

ALEX (V.O.)

All in fear of the dreaded-

CHYRON: STAGNATION

stagnation.

2 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

CHYRON: ALEX VANCE - A PERSON WE FOUND

We're in a clean white lit room with a single chair.
Alex walks into frame and sits down. Cut to close up.

ALEX

Hello everybody, my name is
Alex and my life goal is to be
remembered.

INTERVIEWER

Have people ever told you that
you set standards too high for
yourself?

ALEX

Have people ever told you that
you ask invasive questions?

3 INT. LIVING ROOM COUCH - EVENING

Alex is sitting on the couch clicking through TV
channels, nursing a beer. He appears to have had a
couple already.

ALEX

Look at these fucking kids.
FUCK you.

(changes channel)

FUCK you!

(flicks through, sips
beer)

You young fuckingggs fucks
you...

He now turns and faces the camera. Zoom to close up.

ALEX

What are you looking at huh?

He turns back to the TV.

ALEX

Who decided who on earth gets
to be fffucking cool or some
shit.

4 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

INTERVIEWER

You say that... you are
somebody who has a lot of
ideas. And you clearly have
drive so... What is it thats
holding you back?

ALEX

You sound like my fucking
parents jesus christ man.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Alex is having a slightly heated conversation with the
person interviewing him.

INTERVIEWER

Dude come on.

ALEX

What?

INTERVIEWER

Can you please just answer the
questions?

ALEX

Ok, but just... Don't ask any
questions about deez.

INTERVIEWER

What's "deez"?

ALEX

Deez n-

SMASH TO:

5 INT. OLD TIMEY OFFICE - DAY

Alex is standing in front of a black background, behind

a desk with an old fashioned microphone, wearing a sharp black suit. The shot is black and white, and grainy.

ALEX

We interrupt our previous broadcast to bring you an important message from the US government.

TODO

6 INT. DOUBLEDECKER TRAIN - MIDDAY

Alex is sitting on the stairs of a train, writing in his diary and occasionally staring out the window and the countryside racing by.

ALEX (V.O.)

Every now and then, I get this bizarre thought. I'm seeing some prodigy do something brilliant, be someone incredible and I without hesitation say in my head: I'll do that next time. I'm not a religious person, never have been. Something in my brain is telling me that I want another chance. But in the end who doesn't? We're all just making shit up as we go, and regretting that we didn't understand sooner. Wishing we hadn't rotted our brains as kids. If you ask me, that's the main reason some parents are so entitled. "My kid must be all I could have been" and so on and so forth.

FADE TO:

7 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

In his apartment, Alex is stumbling wildly around the living room, seemingly quite drunk. Down the hall stand his two roommates, visibly concerned.

ALEX

AND ALL OF THESE EMOTICONS AND

WORDS TRY TO MAKE THINGS BETTER
BUT THEY ONLY MAKE IT WORSE!

ROOMMATE A
What's up with him?

ROOMMATE B
They've been fighting again. He
and [name].

Alex turns and runs up to roommates.

ALEX
Hey guys, can we throw a
fucking party?

The two roommates look at each other sceptically. After
a pause, they turn to Alex to object but are cut off.

SMASH TO:

8 INT. APPARTMENT - NIGHT

A lively party seems to be going on. People are
mingling, drinking, and making potentially bad
decisions in darker corners. Alex stands in the middle
of this, seemingly in a stupor. The noise is muffled as
though behind a wall.

ALEX (V.O.)
Dear Diary, am I doing enough
to stay alive? Everything I
consume to stay sane, to push
away the darkness, the drinks
bring me one step closer to
that which I fear. A push and
pull that never stops, doing
and undoing itself day after
day after day after day after
day...

CUT TO BLACK

9 INT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

ALEX (V.O.)
Am I wrong? Do we not all want
to be remembered? How many
years, decades, centuries, can
I live on in the minds of
others? Am I clawing at a goal

that no human can reach? When
the sun explodes, will my
achievements still matter? If a
tree falls and nobody is
there...

(overlaid)
Don't forget me don't forget me
don't forget me don't forget
me...

FADE TO:

10 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

INTERVIEWER
Would you say that your main
motivation to write is to go
down in history?

There is a long pause. Alex appears wistful.

ALEX
No... No I don't think it is.

INTERVIEWER
You say that with a certain
conviction, I take it you have
something in mind?

ALEX
Its a cliché, its a cliché as
old as writing, and yet as
young as the first time I took
English classes at school. When
I write... When I write, I
enter a world that is entirely
my own. I watch these stories
spring up around me inside my
mind, and yet I have such
difficulty putting them out
into the world. Its... Its
tough sometimes... You know
I... I spend my days doing
this. Every free moment I'm not
going down a YouTube rabbit
hole and- Its all in service of
a world that doesn't exist...

INTERVIEWER
And what sort of a world is

that?

ALEX

(slightly tearing up)

Its... A world I'm deeply proud of... And its a world... Its a world I'm terrified nobody will get to see.

MATCH CUT TO:

11 EXT. IRCHEL PARK - MIDDAY

Alex is laying in a field of grass, his diary open on his chest, his eyes closed as the camera slowly zooms out.

ALEX (V.O.)

Dear Diary, I am 20 years old today. Do I feel different? Not all that much. Was to be expected. The earth may've been moving faster or slower, and we may've counted in powers of 3 instead of 10, yet people insist on assigning significance to these round numbers. Obviously I am also people. As the poet Robert Burnham once said: "Its 2020 and Im 30, Ill do another 10".

CUT TO BLACK

ALEX (O.S.)

Of course, we all know when I'm actually 30 I'm making a sequel.