

For the Sake of Time

She dashes through the traffic jam, uncomfortably swinging her arms in her thick black blazer. Her face is distorted and soaked with tears and sweat. Her front teeth and under lip touch together with her every inhalation and part with every exhalation.

The subtitle shows "Last Friday." In the morning the girl opens an app called 'Most Efficient' on her phone, and the slogan "We make you the wisest man" pops onto the screen. She wears a contact lens on her right eye, on which a blue dot lights up. She blinks several times to adjust the lens.

She opens the refrigerator and sees everything in it tagged with a blue 'time calculation' figure. The apple is tagged as 5min, the oatmeal 4min, the frozen bread 8min and the leftover pizza 11min. She takes out the oatmeal without much hesitation and finishes it in front of the kitchen trashcan.

She turns on the striking lights in the bathroom and sees a time indication on every object -- 3min on the teeth brush, 2min on the toilet, 5min on the hair drier, 3min on the shaver... She looks between the 10min on the showerhead and the 20min on the bathtub, and finally walks to the shower with a deep sigh.

She trots into a grand office building and approaches a big anxious crowd in the elevator hall. The elevator is showing 10min and the stairs beside 4min. Her face shows some frustration before she heads to the dim stair well.

She quickly identifies the time estimation of everything that walks into her

view: the photocopier gets labeled as 4min30sec, the coffee bar as 6min25sec and the powder room as 3min50sec. She walks to her office desk and puts down her bag. People around all have a blue signal in one of their eyes, sparkling with the computer screen light reflected on their faces.

Her phone rings as she leans over to turn on her computer. She unlocks the phone and sits down. A new message from contact 'Dad' says, 'Dinner tonight?' She pauses a second, lays down the phone and looks back to the computer. Shortly afterwards she joins in the typing and clicking echoing in the room.

Sitting in the dusky restaurant, she carefully reads the menu in her hands. The elderly man in a neat brown suit with a blue and black tie across the table sips water from a glass and smiles at the preoccupied girl. The blue signal in her right eye sparkles. She sees through the contact lens that Combo A is worth 120min and Combo B 75min. She points a finger to Combo B and orders two of it. The man looks up to her with a little shock, and then slowly removes his finger from Combo A before closing up his menu. She hands her menu to the waiter, looks at the man, and squeezes a smile on her face.

She ceaselessly delivers food to her mouth and swallows it down without much chewing. The elderly man frowns with concern, nervously moving his fork in the air. Their eyes meet at a point, when the surplus food in her mouth automatically overflows. The amiable man laughs hard and hands the woman her napkin.

The scene switches to the woman walking out of her office one afternoon. It is overcast outside. Her phone goes off. She picks it up, listens, and suddenly freezes at the margin of the bustling sidewalk. She quickly enters an address

on the app on her phone and looks around, the blue dot flickering in her right eye; a bus tagged with 120min and a taxi with 80min are both stuck in the heavy traffic. She dashes through the traffic jam, uncomfortably swinging her arms in her thick black blazer. Her face is distorted and soaked with tears and sweat. Her front teeth and under lip touch together with her every inhalation and part with every exhalation.

She breaks into the ward door and catches sight of the elderly man lying rigidly under a blue blanket, with green hands and feet uncovered. Doctors and nurses in the room all avoid looking at her. An elderly woman shakily stands beside the bed, her eyes swollen red. The girl slides down to the floor and sits.

She sits stolidly on the hospital hallway bench and covers her face with both hands. She awakens to someone's calling, puts down her hands and sees a paper handed to her by a doctor. Her numb eyes lay on the closely typed words. The cremation description part is tagged with 2hrs 44min, while the inhumation part 12hrs 22min. She shows no emotion in her face; only the blue dot keeps sparkling in her right eye. The scene slowly dissolves to darkness.

Everything emerges as blurred and dreamy. A little girl is playing along the autumn street under the warm sun, creating a crunchy sound with every deliberate step on the fallen yellow leaves. A man is tightly holding her hand, helping her with every big jump between two distant leaves. He suddenly breaks into a hard laugh when the girl slips and falls down after an ambitious jump. She quickly stands up and joins in his laugh. They soon afterwards proceed with their journey. The girl is like the captain and the man her assistant as they slowly navigate through the golden sea.