

PRIOR ART
FIG. 1

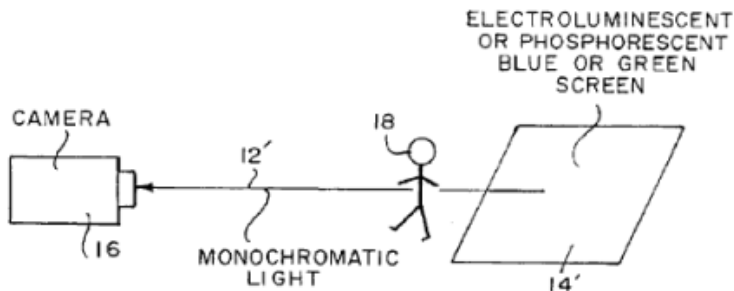


FIG. 2

Holly-would

One day all films will be written by computers. The recycling of successful plot lines and high-grossing combinations will have reached a point where not only whole sentences will be constructed, but personalities, arguments, chat up lines and deaths will be the job of algorithms. As creative decisions of success become entirely automated, and our perceptions are corrected by equations which manage our inability to tell the truth, a cycle begins. No longer do our fictions take on the appearance of a directors vision, but instead become a blend of what is deemed to be successful and entertaining.

This industry comes up against a fight. The public begin to become frustrated by the new cycles of repetition. What was once an exciting 'new' form of story telling now shows its own inability to innovate, and the studios implement a set of contingent or abstract rules to its programming. New left field, art house and edgy equations are created, to provide a set of narrative structures which offer a counterpoint to the predictive model of mass entertainment. These films become successful, with a hunger for a change in the routine blockbusters, they quickly gain a notoriety, and the equations find themselves being co-opted back into the main production line. Another revolt occurs, this time its bad. There is nothing that the film executives can think of, they have tweaked the computers, added more market research data, questioned millions, but the models seem not to please their public. One evening, they find a bundle of paper outside their office, a script.

James had been a bus driver for twenty years, but after a disagreement with the union he was forced to retire, and was now working as a chauffeur for the film studio executive director. For two years he had overheard the arguments, problems and disasters that the company was dealing with. He would spend most days at a diner on the studio premises, waiting for any journeys that needed to be made, but usually the executive would work late leaving James to observe the comings and goings from his usual seat. James didn't mind, he was used to waiting, or simply watching, as his years behind the wheel had taught him, this was time for his own mind to recall and process the thousands of experiences he had seen out in the real world, conversations overheard, arguments, fights, breakdowns and acts of kindness witnessed.

From his perch in the diner James recalled a day from the past. A series of events which on their own made little sense, but when drawn together, something emerged. Two lovers had used his bus for a decade finally married, using the bus to get to the registry office. There was a child that he knew well who had recovered from leukaemia, another had died of an allergy to chinese food, a cycle of suffering. An old lady who would ride up front could remember when the internet did not exist, and when waiting for a reply meant a thousand fantasies and a longing which was unrivalled today. Slowly he devised links, created names, and found a way to write them down, which when finished, made more sense than any film he had seen in a long while.
