

NIGHT & FIRE

Written by

Leon Wang

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. PUBLIC LOUNGE OF A SHABBY HOTEL. NIGHT.

The light from the incandescent lamp on the ceiling illuminates the only person in the lounge, an unshaven man wearing a white shirt that is full of wrinkles, who now slumps on the cheap hotel chairs for about 3-4 dollars. His floppy khaki coat hung on the back of the seat, and his leather bag has been dropped beside a pot of Aglaonema plant on his right. Some business file papers can be seen in the bag that hasn't been completely zipped up.

The Man lights a cigarette with his right hand. As he expected, the broken smoke detector does not respond at all. He then takes out his phone from his jean pocket. The phone seems to have been smashed before. The glass of the screen is now severely fragmented, one barely can see the wallpaper: a photo of this man kissing a blond hair woman.

He clicks on a name called "Louis" that he has called eleven times in the call history, closing his bloodshot eyes, waiting for the response.

"Du— .. Du—.." The ringing from the phone echoes throughout the whole lounge, continuing for 4-5 seconds, then fades into silence.

Man's chapped lips slightly tremble, followed by a deep sigh, He puts his hands down. His phone that shows "Call Failure" drops on the floor from his fingertips. He shakes his head, throwing his cigarette aside.

He stares at the blue picture hanging on the white wall that is slightly yellow. It is just a cheap replication of a painting. But, Man, in trance, sees a phantom with exactly the same appearance as him, which is now insanely waving a paintbrush, wantonly sprinkling the blue color on the canvas. His face painfully distorts, crying without a sound.

Such imagination ends by a special intruder, a 1.65m square-head hotel robot with mosaic face features displayed on a blue, LCD screen. Its short, cylinder-like hand holds a cup of water. It walks through the hallway to the front of the Man by the wheels functioning as its legs.

Man's weary face unfolds a little bit. He leans forward, trying to take the water, but before the words "Thank You" come out of his mouth. The robot suddenly splashes water toward the Man.

Half of his white shirt now turns into a nearly transparent look. The drops of Water slide down from his black hair. At the moment Man wants to stand up and release his colossal rage to this piece of shit in front, he hears a sizzling sound from behind.

He turns back, seeing a cigarette that just has been extinguished, and some almost-burnt leaves of that Aglaonema plant closely near the files in his bags.