

EPISODE OVERVIEW

THE FIRST REMEMBERING

A solo kinetic story from the LoweLyfe Origin series



LOWELYFE BACKDROP

IN A SOCIETY STRIPPED OF ETHNIC MEMORY AFTER A GREED-FUELED TOWER COLLAPSES ATOP SACRED GROUND, A POWERFUL AND POLARIZING FACTION CALLED LOWELYFE USES DANCE AND SPIRIT-IMBUED FASHION TO TIME-TRAVEL THROUGH ANCESTRAL MEMORY— REVIVING TRUTHS, HEALING ANCESTRAL WOUNDS, AND CHALLENGING THE SOCIETY THAT BOTH PRAISES AND PERSECUTES THEM.



EPISODE 1

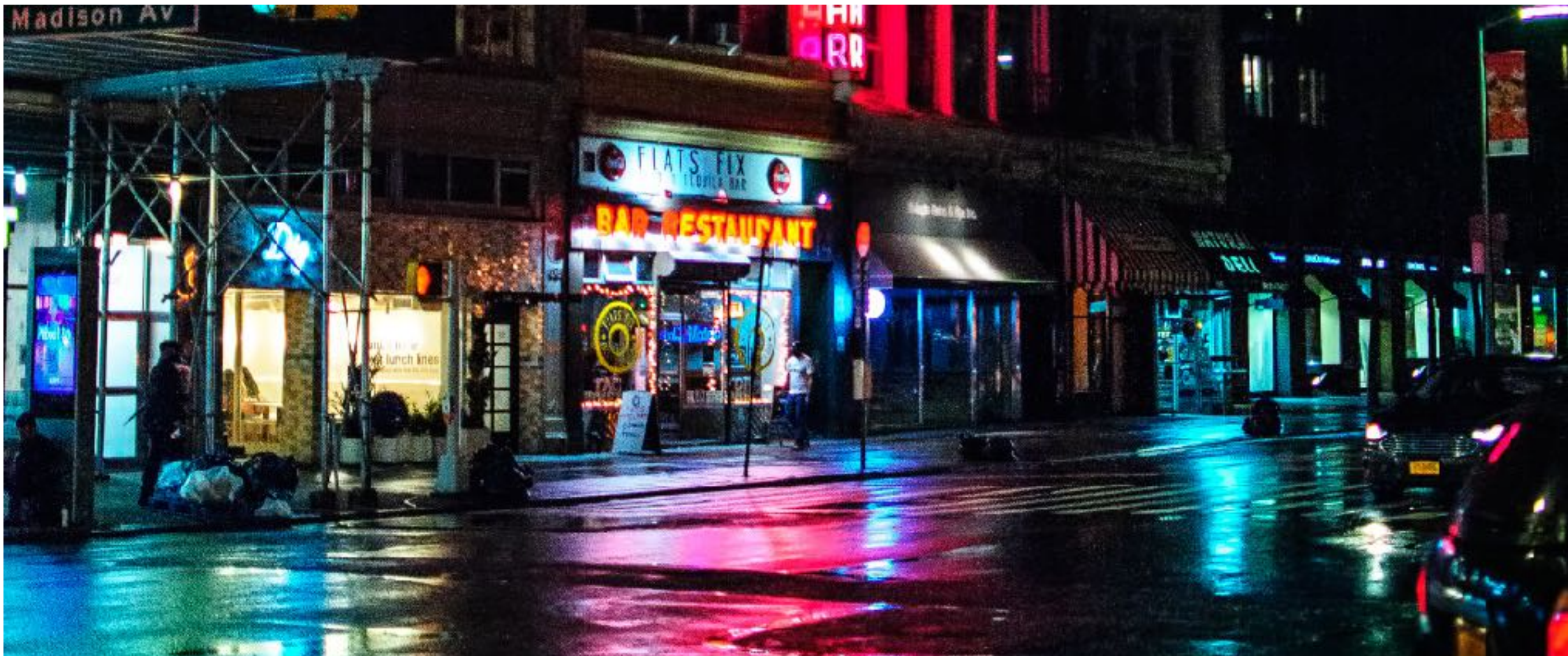
**PLAGUED BY UNEXPLAINABLE SYMPTOMS AND CREEPING
SELF-DOUBT, A DANCER SEEKS A CURE—ONLY TO
UNCOVER AN ANCESTRAL MYSTERY THAT REFUSES TO
STAY BURIED**



EP 1: THE FIRST REMEMBERING

MOODBOARD











THE FIRST REMEMBERING

NARRATIVE TREATMENT



AGUI SIMON LUZ IS LEAVING THE HOUSE TO GO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE TO RECEIVE ANSWERS ABOUT HIS SYMPTOMS. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH AS HE OPENS THE DOOR, 90 MINS TILL THE APPOINTMENT, PLENTY OF TIME. HE NAVIGATES THROUGH THE CITY SEAMLESSLY, TIES HIS SHOES, AND STANDS UP... "SHIT, NOT AGAIN"... HIS VISION BLURS LIKE STATIC AS THE WORLD BECOMES DIZZY. HE IS CONSCIOUS BUT BLACKS OUT. HE QUICKLY GRABS A POLL TO KEEP HIS BODY FROM SMACKING THE GROUND. 'WHY DOES THIS KEEP HAPPENIIIIINNNG, UGH SOMEBODY SAVE ME!'

AGUI'S SYMPTOMS ARE FADING, HE'S RETURNING TO HIS SENSES. "GET THESE BUMS OFF THE STREET CORNERS" HE HEARS SOMEONE SAY WALKING PAST HIM. HE IS TRIGGERED TO YELL BACK BUT DOESN'T HAVE THE ENERGY... HE SEES HIS SACRED HANDKERCHIEF.

HE SNATCHES IT UP QUICKLY. THE MOMENT HIS FINGERS TOUCH THE CLOTH, SOMETHING STIRS. A FLICKER OF MUSIC—DISTANT DRUMS, A HUMMING VOICE—WARMS HIS CHEST. FOR A BRIEF SECOND, THE WORLD GLOWS WITH COLOR, AND HE FILLS WEIRDLY REVIVED.

BUZZ.

HIS WATCH JOLTS HIM BACK. DAMN, MORE TIME PASSED THAN HE THOUGHT. HE'S CUTTING IT CLOSE, BUT HE CAN STILL MAKE IT. LET'S GO!

AGUI BOLTS INTO THE STREETS, DETERMINED TO MAKE THIS APPOINTMENT. HE *HAS* TO KNOW WHY HE'S BEEN EXPERIENCING THESE STRANGE SYMPTOMS SINCE THE TOWER FELL.

AT THE CLINIC, HE SIGNS THE PAPERWORK, SWEAT DRIPPING FROM HIS HANDS, HIS NAME SMEARING ACROSS THE PAGE. THE NURSE GESTURES TOWARD THE GOWN, SNAPS AND POINTS TO THE TOWEL. AGUI GETS IT. DRY OFF, STRIP, CHANGE, THEN WE CAN SCAN. HE COMPLIES.

AGUI ENTERS THE MACHINE, IT SCANS, AND... BREAKS DOWN



AFTERWARD, THE DOCTOR RETURNS WITH A NEUTRAL FACE. “WELL MR LUZ, NOTHING’S WRONG BESIDES MY MACHINE” HE SAYS. “WHAT’RE YOU TAKING FOR YOUR SYMPTOMS?”
CUE STIFFENS. “*NOTHING THAT’S WORKED,*” HE SAYS QUIETLY. “SINCE THE TOWER, MEDS ARE AS USEFUL AS CANDY.”

THE DOCTOR FREEZES AT THE MENTION OF THE TOWER. HE COVERS QUICKLY. “HANG TIGHT. I’LL BE RIGHT BACK.”

AGUI WAITS—UNEASY. SOMETHING’S OFF.

THEN: SHOUTS. FOOTSTEPS. UNIFORMS FLOOD THE ROOM.
“BE EASY, WE DON’T WANT TO HURT YOU”

AGUI’S HEART LEAPS. HE DIVES PAST THEM, CLUTCHING THE GOWN, BARELY COVERED, SPRINTING DOWN STERILE HALLWAYS. PEOPLE YELL. SECURITY ALARMS BLARE.

HE CRASHES INTO A LOCKER ROOM, LOCKS THE DOOR. IT SHAKES BEHIND HIM.
BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

FRANTICALLY SCANNING THE ROOM, HE SPOTS A WINDOW—AND BESIDE IT, HANGING ON A HOOK, SOME SWEATPANTS. HE DOESN’T THINK, JUST GRABS IT. NOT TRYING TO STEAL, JUST TRYING TO SURVIVE.

HE QUICKLY SHOVES THEM ON—

AND VANISHES.

BOOM!
THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.
GUARDS FLOOD IN, SEARCHING. LOCKERS, STALLS.
“ALL CLEAR,” THEY SHOUT.
THE DOCTOR STORMS IN, SATISFIED.
“WE FOUND HIM”



THE FIRST REMEMBERING

FEEDBACK?

