

HERALD: Hi, I'm herald. I'm a pigeon. I'm descended from the messenger pigeons that date all the way back to the ancient civilizations of Egypt and Mesopotamia. Contrary to what you perceive time and story don't only move forward. Sometimes messengers come back to us from the future. [*This might not even be necessary. Maybe just start with the voice?*]

(a kind of time warp sound, including but not limited to cars honking, rocket ships taking off, things teleporting from one place to another, and always kids playing. The sound of kid voices calling out games and ideas and sliding down slides and screaming happily.)

A MESSENGER FROM THE FUTURE (positive tone)

Hi. [really meaning it] Hi!

I'm from the future. No, you can't see me. You can't see the future, but you can see what's around you right now. What do you think? Turn all the way around. Do you like it or would you like it to be different? How? How different?

How you make it different is. . . well. . . How do you think you got here in the first place? Someone, someones, imagined this. Maybe not all of it exactly combined in this way but enough of it. They imagined big beautiful buildings scraping the sky. They didn't care who they exploited to do it. They imagined that it would all be worth it, eventually. Someone thought all of this up.

And the funny thing about us, people, now and in the future, and in the past, is that we generally get the world that we imagine.

You all made a fetish out of imagining how the world was going to end. People become zombies. Everything fails and falls apart. You all fantasized about your destruction so much that. . . well . . .

Can I tell you what did happened? You won't believe it. You won't. Try to explain a smart phone to a person who had never even seen a car? You can't even believe that no one in the future knows what a Taylor Swift is.

Listen. I don't mean to be mean. We all have a very hard time picturing the future because we only ever think it will be a worse version of the present. All the bad things you see and feel just get worse. If they could stop, they would have stopped already, right? What's even the point of the future when you think about it.

(The sound of kids playing again.)

They could be happy. They could be happier than you. They could love people as individuals and as generalities. They could choose not to uplift selfishness as though it were a virtue. They could. Can you imagine it?

And flying cars? Plus machines that can print anything? I mean, anything! Miraculous cures of diseases. The ability to repair broken bones in a fraction of the time you take today? Teleportation? Psychokinesis? Telepathy! Contact with other life forms outside our galaxy and learning languages you can't even [weird sounds that are a foreign future language]. . . Sorry, there's a lot to learn. What about schools that are palaces and places where everyone is welcome, no matter who you are or your age? What about imagining a world where people are always learning and sharing and learning more and growing? Can you imagine it? What about a world where more people are fulfilled and able and excited to be, more of the time?

Imagine.

If you can imagine it, that's the future I come from.

. . . I can't tell you when though.

THE END.