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**Chemical Brothers
“The Golden Path”**

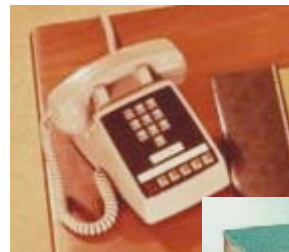
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Intro

The video opens on our 21-year-old protagonist, Greg, walking into his office building. The year is somewhere in the late sixties, early seventies. He is dressed in the typical garb for the era: a brown suit in a questionable fabric with a fat tie. The film also has the feel of the period. It looks a little industrial, like grainy Kodachrome with saturated, muddy colors and a yellowish tint.

The interior of the office is rendered in a color palette of mustards, browns and avocados. It's a pretty mundane place. Everyone is at least 15 years older than Greg. He ascends in the elevator under the soft buzzing glow of overhead fluorescents. He takes a moment to stare out the window as a flowered VW bus full of happy singing hippies passes by outside. His expression is one of numbed complacency. He punches his time card at the song's first cymbal crash.

This is the story of the one kid in the free love era who went and got a job in corporate America instead of rebelling against it. He chose the American dream, the supposed golden path of riches and power, over freedom and love.



First Verse

[As I walked along the supposed golden path]

Greg is sitting in his cubicle staring solemnly at his paycheck. It reads \$41. On his desk is a magazine with a cover reading “FREE LOVE!”

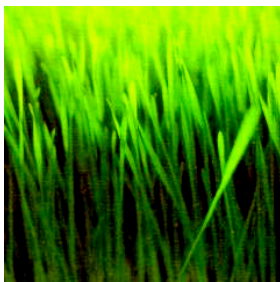
[I was confronted by a mysterious specter] Greg’s boss walks up to the opening of his cubicle, *[He pointed to the graveyard]* and points to a room stacked high with paper.

Greg’s boss speaks with subtitles at the bottom of the screen. “I need you to quantify the Rowlands Report.” Greg nods sadly.

Greg is now sitting in a room piled high with white reports. In front of him on a folding table is perched a 1970’s-style one-piece computer. We see a close up of the document he’s working off of; it’s just long strings of numbers. Cut to a close up Greg’s fingers tediously hitting the corresponding number keys on the keyboard. Cut to a close up on the computers screen as the numbers appear in the old school green font over black with the flashing square cursor. Greg’s life is a monotonous existence.



He momentarily stops typing and stares blankly at the flashing green cursor square. He leans quizzically forward for closer inspection. We cut to Greg’s POV. The flashing square green cursor is actually made up of thin vertical lines. The cursor grows brighter and seamlessly transforms into a close up of blades of grass. Two hands reach through the tall blades of grass, spreading them apart, and revealing a beautiful hippy girl.



We find ourselves in a grassy field with the sun setting in the background. Beautiful young hippies dance and frolic about. A large speaker system hooked into a record player plays the song. The colors are bright and sharp. The film no longer looks like it's from 1970. It is crisp and gorgeous.



Greg grooves with the beautiful girl. While a group dances around, others lay in sexy, lazy heaps laughing and talking, kissing and hugging. Two girls sit together, weaving a crown of flowers. A beautiful blond with long, flowing hair fingers a guitar idly.

Suddenly we see Greg's boss standing with his arms crossed next to the dancing flower children. He looks pissed. Cut back to the real world as Greg's boss stands over his desk. Greg snaps out of it. The boss points for him to leave the room.

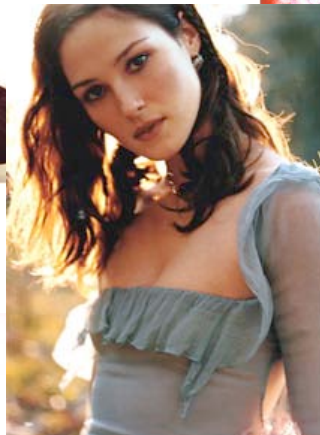
Second Verse

Greg is now staring out another window. He is watching some hippies protesting his company and making out in front of his building. He blinks wistfully.

An older woman comes to get him and points him towards the copier machine.

[I was confronted by a powerful demon force]

An out of control copier spits out paper everywhere. Its top cover opens in sync with the roar in the song. Greg stands expressionless. At *[the words flowed like glowing lava from a volcano]* the coffee machine on the counter next to the copier begins overflowing from the top. Greg stands over the copier machine looking down into it. The bright light bar inside moves back and forth from left to right. Close up of Greg staring blankly into the light as it passes back and forth across his face. Cut to Greg's POV of the light. It gets brighter and brighter and seamlessly transitions to a girl blocking the sun with her head as she stands over Greg. She leans down and begins kissing him.



Back in the real world, two older co-workers (one being Wayne from the Flaming Lips) stand at the door to the copy room. Greg is hunched over with his head in the copier. Wayne, in an avocado green suit, shakes his head disapprovingly. In a close up we see what the copier is now spitting out. They are black and white stills of Greg in his fantasy world. In one he dances, in one he flies a kite, in one he makes out with the girl in the tall grass.

Cut back to the colorful fantasy world where Greg is making out with the hippie girl. She leans back away from him as a glowing light moves across her face. In a shot looking up through the glass of the copier, the light pole moves across Greg's face. [*And I gained control of myself*] He opens his eyes and gets up.

Third Verse

Greg, now awake in the break room, groggily stares at a wall full of pictures. It is the wall of employees of the month. He stares at the sea of miserable corporate drones. They all have the same look of emptiness on their faces. The Chemical Brothers dressed in bad 70's suits and equally bad haircuts can be seen in one. Greg is quietly having a cathartic moment.



Bridge

Back squashed into his miniature cubicle Greg finds himself in a starring contest with a yellow happy face pin on his cork board. The pin happily stares back at him. He's had enough. He starts loosening his tie and shirt. He pulls his arms inside his sleeves. At the "*Ahhhhh, ahhhhh, ahhhhhh....*" part he pulls his head down through his collar. We are now inside Greg's shirt with him. He is furiously trying to pull his feet up into this newfound pocket of solitude. The

camera follows him crawling deeper and deeper into the folds of fabric until his whole body is encased in a yellow polyester cocoon. Continuing through the "ahhhhh'ing" Greg starts pushing his way through this new world. He is surrounded by a tube of flowing fabric that was once his shirt. He presses on.

Outro

As the cymbal crashes with the first "*please forgive me...*" in one dramatic action the fabric around him pulls taught, the camera flies upward, and Greg is launched into the air towards camera. The camera hovers looking down on Greg who is being launched into the air by the hippies with the help of a giant piece of fabric. The fabric is a giant version off his shirt and pants. Greg flies through the air in slow motion. It's a beautiful moment perfectly complementing the dreamy nature of the end of the song.



The field party continues through the outro. One hippy happily blows bubbles as Greg and his girl spin arm in arm through them. The camera shows each of their POV's with the background blurring around them. Bubble pop against the lens.

As the music ends and the vocal trails out we see Greg's coworkers staring into the opening of his cubicle. On his seat sits a pile of his clothes. Greg is nowhere to be found.

Cut to black.