

ENDLESS PATTERNS

Written by

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[NOTE: THIS SCRIPT IS A LIVING DOCUMENT... ESPECIALLY THE LAST ACT.]

EXT. SPACE (STYLIZED ANIMATION)

Galaxies sparkle and outline an organic web of connections.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(with Alan Watts charisma)
This story takes place in the
future, as much as it's based in
the past... It's just a matter of
perspective.

The Narrator lets out a friendly chuckle.

The web of galaxies and stars start to repel each other and spread out.

The star clusters evolves into an amoeba-like organism and then start to become more complex. The voiceover continues:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It's like these AI systems that
traverse their environment, take
actions, and get rewards...

It's a perfectly legitimate
perspective taken from one level,
but taken from a different point of
view, from a bottom-up perspective,
complexity just bubbles up... *from
that perspective* there is no notion
of *agents* or an *environment*...

The same system, two different
perspectives, both equally valid...
and equally insufficient.

A shamanic chant starts as the Narrator lets out a hearty chuckle because the last thought just came to him and caught him by surprise.

NARRATOR
Reality is just-

A Big Gong is struck and rings out and takes the place of the ineffable description of existence.

A few of these celestial amoebas begin to explode, scattering their inner components, which infect the amoebas around them.

There is a chain reaction, and the entire frame transitions into a chaotic pattern of apparent noise.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT (ONE LEVEL UP)(CYCLE 1)

The camera pulls back from an old television set displaying white noise. Through the noise, brief pockets of structure bubble up like flashes of lightning and are accentuated with glimmers of synth music. The shamanic chant fades and takes on a room tone as we see that the previous scene was just a movie on a television, one level below.

A Writer sits motionless above a typewriter. After a moment he gets up from his chair to turn off the old television.

On the wall hangs a painting of a soccer ball and the Earth as a Yin and a Yang.

On another wall hangs a parakeet in a cage.

On the way over to the television, the writer juggles a classic black and white soccer ball with his bare feet a couple of times.

He puts his hand to the power knob on the television. The warm voice of the narrator continues:

NARRATOR

The writer writes a film... Of what else, but himself.

We see a close up of the Writer's eyes staring at the white noise on the television as the Narrator chuckles.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...The ego.

The writer moves his hand from the power knob to the volume knob instead. He turns it down and then walks back to the typewriter.

The writer sits down and stares at the typewriter. He has nothing to write.

He hits the return bar and space bar several times to line up the typewriter head to the center of the page.

WRITER

Title...

Titles: "Endless Patterns"

The Writer looks around the cabin. We see the television which still displays white noise with hints of structure bubbling up.

He stares out the window at a house in the distance, with a matte-painted surreal sunset behind it. He has a flashback to when he first arrived at the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

An upbeat elderly man, the Cabin Owner, is showing the Writer around the small cabin.

CABIN OWNER

So here's the fireplace to keep you warm... the plants are here to keep you company...

The Writer looks around the cabin. He seems a little concerned.

CABIN OWNER (CONT'D)

And this parakeet over here will be your canary in the coal mine... If anything bad comes out this way, his immune system should fail before yours... Once that happens, you best be on your way.

The writer nods his head but still looks concerned.

The Cabin Owner battles a hacking cough.

CABIN OWNER (CONT'D)

Good luck.

The Cabin Owner holds out his hand to offer a shake. It is old and dirty.

The writer looks concerned and is unsure whether he should shake it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Writer has an anguished look as he remembers this awkward moment. After a moment he turns his head back from staring out the window and leans back in his chair.

KHATCHIG

(mumbling)

What?... What are you talking
about?

Khatchig continues to play non-verbal communication games with the plants.

He periodically hits his headband and shakes his head back and forth.

The camera eventually pans away from Khatchig, and floats towards the carcass of an old school bus which sits in a small clearing in the woods.

The camera passes over a fog which blankets the forest and goes inside the bus.

INT./EXT. SCHOOL BUS CARCASS - DAY

The rows of seats are removed and there are plants everywhere.

On a retrofitted counter grows a variety of mushrooms.

In the corner is a classic black and white soccer ball which sits unused next to an old television set and underneath a pile of filthy clothes.

There is a radio on the counter with the news on. We only hear part of the broadcast, but it is clear that there is panic and people are fleeing the cities. Khatchig stops to listen.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)

The normally-packed streets are
starting to become empty... Only
those without a way out are
deciding to stay here and bunker in
for what will undoubtedly be
uncertain and difficult times
ahead... The fortunate will
distance themselves in more rural
areas.

Khatchig shakes his head as he turns the radio off.

KHATCHIG

It's like you drop out of society
and it tracks you to the middle of
the woods anyway.

The decoration of the structure/school bus is futuristic-archaic hippie. We end the tour of Khatchig's house on an abstract, organic, unfocused close-up shot.

EXT. BOAT YARD - DUSK (ONE LEVEL UP)

The camera pulls back from the unfocused abstraction to show it is just the blurred out background on a broken mirror. The mirror hangs against the exterior of a shack, next to a couple fishing poles.

A young woman steps into frame and looks into the mirror. She checks her eye shadow and lipstick in the mirror for a second before she is yanked away.

JACK
(panicked)
Muffin, let's go.

Jack, a 60-year-old man in a gaudy futuristic jump suit, slicked back hair, and futuristic glasses rushes Muffin, a much younger woman with large hair, high heels, and a miniskirt, along the dock.

JACK (CONT'D)
Like this.

Jack encourages Muffin to pump her arms and pick up her knees up when she runs, despite being slow and out of shape himself.

NARRATOR
Jack used to play soccer...

INSERT

We see a soccer photograph of Young Jack as a professional soccer player. The soccer kit still looks otherworldly and rather futuristic.

BACK TO SCENE

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And then for a few years, he's even coached it.

INSERT

Another photograph shows Young Jack doing a chalk talk session with players gathered around him. On the handheld, soccer field chalkboard are Xs and Os and the formation note: "Triangle 4-3-2-1".

BACK TO SCENE

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

More recently Jack has taken to betting on matches and just following the score lines... The patterns of the *game* are being forgotten, and the outcomes have become the focus.

They are scoping out boats along the dock, while also looking back over their shoulders to see if anybody is watching them.

Jack points to one which they plan to steal and then motions for Muffin to get into the boat.

They stand next to the boat trying to figure out how to proceed. He bends over to lift her up as she awkwardly tries to climb up his body. He pushes her butt high in the air until it tumbles over the side of the boat, and falls in with a thud.

Muffin's head pops back up. She fixes her hair as she looks back at Jack.

Muffin extends an arm but is not really much help as the portly old man attempts to pull himself into the boat.

We watch him for a few seconds. Jack doesn't seem to be making progress.

Muffin rushes towards the vessel's cockpit.

INT. BOAT COCKPIT - DUSK

She enters the room and runs towards the controls. She reaches for an old walkie talkie mic that is connected to the dashboard.

MUFFIN

(New York Accent)

Hello? Does thing work? Hello. SOS.

EXT. BOAT YARD - DUSK

Her voice is being projected from the Boat's PA system.

MUFFIN (O.S.)

(through loudspeaker)

S. O. S. Hellllo?

Jack is still hanging by the side of the boat and is getting annoyed that Muffin is attracting attention.

JACK
(loud whisper)
Shut up!

MUFFIN (O.S.)
(through loudspeaker)
S. O. S.

JACK
(louder whisper)
Shut UP!

We see a close-up the PA speaker/horn projecting her voice.

MUFFIN (O.S.)
(through loudspeaker)
Hel-

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE (ONE LEVEL UP)

There is a close-up of a hand slowly turning the tuning dial of an old radio. We hear a split second of noise before Muffin's voice comes through for a brief moment.

MUFFIN (O.S.)
(muffled through noise)
-lo-

Muffin's voice is quickly overtaken by inter-frequency noise.

BOB
Did you hear that, Alice?

Bob, a young scientist with sideburns and a 1970s look, is sitting on the ground with the radio. He turns to Alice, an older and more senior female scientist with a conservative look, who is holding a clipboard.

ALICE
What, Bob?

Bob turns the dial on the radio back to the frequency it was at a second before. It is only noise now.

BOB
I thought I heard someone.

Alice looks confused and slightly disappointed in Bob.

ALICE
Remember? I told you, all
communication is down.

Bob stops to think if he does remember her telling him that.

BOB
Right... but I just thought...

ALICE
You know, I'm really happy you're
studying under me now. It's a much
better situation... Did you know
your former advisor hasn't produced
one student that's gone on to get
tenure?

BOB
Well, that's because his field of
study is-

ALICE
Out there, I know.

Bob doesn't seem to agree with this characterization.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(changing subjects)
Ok, let's stay focused. We don't
have much time to spare. Remember,
we have four goals.

BOB
(confused)
Four goals?

ALICE
Write these down.

Bob picks up his notebook.

On the notebook page is written something about "closed time-like curves" along with an elaborate drawing of a soccer ball that looks like a Dodecahedron with a Möbius strip beneath it. It has some paradoxical geometry that makes it look like an M.C. Escher drawing and it is imbued with psychedelic imagery.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I want to see more formulas in that
notebook.

Bob quickly turns the page to start a fresh sheet of paper. He writes "1.", "2.", "3.", and "4." vertically down the margin of the page.

ALICE (CONT'D)

One is to get this local transmitters up and running. Two is to bootstrap the rest of the network with software patches. And three is to collect *credible, scientific evidence* to support our grant proposal after we get through this mess.

BOB

That's three, you said four.

There is a close-up of Alice as she looks back towards Bob.

ALICE

I know.

There is a wide shot of the two scientists, their tent, and a jeep at their camp site at the base of a half-dome mountain which is a surreal matte painting of a mountain behind the tree line.

INT. EDITING STUDIO - NIGHT (ONE LEVEL UP)

The frames on film become more apparent as the editing bay shutters to a halt. It is now obvious that we are looking at the edited footage of the previous scene on a 16mm editing bay.

EDITOR

That's the opening. What do you think?

An older Executive uses the lever on the side of his recliner to sit forward. He has a skeptical look.

EXEC

What's this movie about again?

We see a wide shot of the half-dome mountain as a motionless still frame of 16mm film.

EDITOR

Well, I'm not sure what the writer had in mind, but given the raw material we have... I think we should go for something a little more... organic and free-form.

EXEC

Organic?... But what's the point?

EDITOR

Well, we're just showing some relationships. I don't know if there is a point.

EXEC

No Point?! We need to inspire the people. How do you inspire with no point?!

EDITOR

I mean, what's the point of a dance or a piece of music?

EXEC

You think an audience wants to watch an interpretive dance for two hours?

EDITOR

Some might... and this cut won't be two hours... And maybe it depends on the dance, and whether the viewer chooses to find meaning in it.

This makes the Exec stop and think for a second. He puts a big cigar in his mouth and takes a puff.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The film executive puts a big cigar in his mouth...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. HUT IN RAIN FOREST - NIGHT (ONE LEVEL UP)

An index finger on an old hand underscores the last few words of the chapter, as the narrator reads them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...and takes a puff. He closes his eyes and tries to imagine what an organic dance with no goals might look like.

Was everything that came before this scene just a nested set of stories in a book?

A man dressed halfway between a shaman and a soccer coach puts down the book he was just reading. He picks up a soccer ball. He begins to juggle it with his feet.

There is a royal crest on the wall of the hut. It has a soccer ball over a Möbius strip on it, just like the drawing from Bob's notebook.

In slow motion, the Shaman Soccer Coach's bare feet dance over top of the soccer ball on a Persian rug as Bach begins to play. There is something magical about the shot; the soccer ball seems to be attracted to his feet. (The film is played in reverse to get this subtle effect.)

His bone-toothed necklace with a soccer ref's whistle at the end bounces on his chest.

He swivels his neck and body back and forth, adjusting the position of his head which looks straight up. The soccer ball bounces off his forehead.

He pops up the ball with his feet and kicks it directly at the camera.

The camera is hit, causing it to quickly tilt up towards the roof of the hut.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CRAFT SERVICES TENT - NIGHT (ONE LEVEL UP)

A frail teenage Production Assistant throws back his head, turning a can of soda vertically. His eyes stare at the roof of the tent--or is it the roof of the hut?--as he gulps down the soda.

PRODUCER (O.C.)
OK, easy there, soldier.

The Producer, a middle-aged man who looks, acts, and is dressed like a drill sergeant, comes over and pats the Production Assistant on the shoulder.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
We've got to ration the craft
service calories now.

The Producer picks up a megaphone that sits next to the craft services table.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
(through megaphone)
OK, all crew gather round for role
call.

A Cameraman, a Gaffer, a Grip, the Prop Master, a Best Boy,
and several other Crew Members leave the work they are
attending to and come to hear what the Producer has to say.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
Alright men, this is an important
picture you've been assigned to.
One whose completion will be
crucial to the future of our
species. Our mission is to make
art.

A few of the crew members look confused while others roll
their eyes.

JOKER
(quietly)
Definitely not propaganda.

The Producer's head turns, and he walks back quickly to the
group of people where the comment came from.

PRODUCER
Who said that?!

The crew looks scared. The Joker Crew Member steps up to take
the blame.

JOKER
I did, sir.

The Joker Crew Member stands before the Producer. He is
wearing a jean jacket with a peace symbol pin on it.

PRODUCER
Are you some sort of wildcard?

JOKER
It was just a joke.

There is a Figure watching from the shadows of the tree line
which is about 50 feet away. He flicks his wrist, which is
the signal for two Production Supervisors who stand close by
to come in and take the troublemaker away.

PRODUCER
Is this picture important to you?

JOKER

Of course.

PRODUCER

Our mission is too important to not
take seriously.

The two Producer Supervisors come from behind and lead the
Joker Crew Member away.

JOKER

(to Prod. Supervisors)

What are-? Who the-?

The other crew members watch in disbelief as the trouble
maker is forcefully removed from the group. One of the crew
members flashes a funny look as if to say WTF.

PRODUCER

(addressing entire crew)

If we're to succeed, we need to act
as one unit.

The Producer holds up a walkie talkie he has in his hands.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

There's been a change of plans...
There's a new vision... They want
us to be more like a documentary
crew and less like a movie crew...
while still maintaining the same
rigor and attention to detail.

The Crew Members turn to each and start chatting with each
other in confusion.

The Producer seems annoyed that he's losing control of the
meeting, so he picks up his megaphone.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

(through megaphone)

What I'm saying is...

The megaphone startles the crew, and their attention quickly
turns back at the producer.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

(through megaphone)

We're starting over.

The crew look at each other in more confusion.

We hear the sound of typewriter keys hitting a page, and then
coming to an abrupt stop.

INT. CABIN - DAY (ONE LEVEL UP)(CYCLE 2)

The camera pulls back from the television, which is showing the crew members from the previous scene, and pans to reveal the Writer sitting in front of the typewriter.

WRITER
(silently mouths words)
We're starting over?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Starting over, beginning anew,
rebirth.

The Writer looks completely shocked as he stares at his stack of printed script pages that will need to be thrown away now.

His look of shock slowly morphs into a look of panic. What is he going to do now?

It looks like he is going to have a nervous breakdown, but then a look of frustration slowly creeps in and anger start to wash over his face.

The Writer slams his hand down and grabs several pages of printed script that sit next to his typewriter. He crumples them up and shreds them to pieces. His eyes are wide like a crazy man.

The Writer gets up and hits several of the houseplants over with wild haymaker swings.

Still unsatisfied by his attempt at catharsis, he sees the typewriter on desk. He walks over, lifts the typewriter off the desk and holds it above his head. It looks like he is going to throw it on the ground or through the window... but something stops him. Something has caught his eye.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Ooh, what's that?

The Narrator chuckles.

We can see, from behind the television, that something has caught his attention. The anger is gone in his face but his eyes remain wide. The typewriter, which he still holds in his hand above his head, slips. It falls to the ground and smashes the silence.

The writer slowly walks towards the television.

On the television, superimposed on top of the white noise, is a multicolor Möbius strip, vibrant with energy coursing through it. The "twist" in the Möbius strip slowly moves through the band.

NARRATOR

You can't have a front without a back, or a buyer without a seller, just like you can't have life without death... or a past without a future, for that matter. They are what I like to call "mutually arising".

They both exist, although sometimes one is occluded through ignorance, or *Ignore-ance* as I like to emphasize... That's how consciousness works. It leaves out more than it takes in.

EXT. BIRCH TREE FOREST - DAY

Khatchig holds up his futuristic head band. He runs his fingers along it. The headband quickly changes so that it has a twist in it like a Möbius strip. It then quickly flips back to normal.

KHATCHIG

(mumbling)

It's not working.

He throws the headband to the ground and walks away.

He climbs inside the school bus frame.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Khatchig casually picks up a few mushrooms that grow on his counter as he walks through his home. He puts them in a satchel.

He grabs an air pump that sits on a shelf in between plants and other junk.

EXT. BIRCH TREE FOREST - DAY

Khatchig grabs a bike that leans next to the school bus and begins to pump up his tires.

Khatchig gets on the bicycle and starts to ride it on a path through the forest.

We see the spokes of the bicycle's tire go round.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT COCKPIT AT SEA - RIGHT AFTER SUNSET

Muffin frantically spins the boat's steering wheel around the same axis as where the bicycle wheel just spun.

JACK
I said, "take it easy"!

Jack wrestles the steering wheel back from Muffin.

MUFFIN
I'm just doing what you told me.

We look out at the water. The sea and the sky are matte paintings that look more surreal than real. This is the meta production value of the movie within the movie.

JACK
Let me take control. Everything is going to be fine.

Jack throws down the flip-up shades on his glasses. We see an augmented reality POV shot of a superimposed arrow pointing straight ahead, towards the ocean's horizon.

Muffin doesn't believe that everything is going to be fine. She crosses her arms and glares at Jack.

Jack sees that Muffin looks upset and sad. He tries to reassure her.

JACK (CONT'D)
I've got dough stashed all over the place. We'll be fine.

MUFFIN
What good is dough gonna do us if we're the only ones left?

JACK
You're crazy. This little bug ain't gonna wipe us out.

MUFFIN

Then why are we shipping out to sea? Seems like you're scared or something.

JACK

I saw a threat and my brain responded; that's what it does. It told me to steal a boat and get us the hell out of there... but that doesn't mean we're gonna die.

Muffin turns away and looks out onto the empty water.

JACK (CONT'D)

We just got to wait this thing out for a little while. It'll be fine.

Jack goes to make an advance on Muffin, but she is still mad. She tries to push him aside but their tussle sends them both bumping into buttons on the communication panel. The buttons begin to blink and they make different beeping sounds.

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE - DAY

There is a retro computer router box with lights on it, that blink on and off. They make the same beeping sounds we just heard on the boat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Struggle on one level can be seen as harmony on another.

Bob notices the transmitter box is beginning to beep and runs over to inspect it.

BOB

It's working. It's able to transmit a test code I put in it.

ALICE

Good... let me see.

Alice inspects the transmitter by flipping it over and looking at the wires and soldering on the back side.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Looks good enough. Do you know what's next?

BOB

(unconvincingly)
Ah, sure.

ALICE

We're going to have to test it out
from up there.

Alice points to the top of a steep, half-dome mountain, which
is actually a matte painting behind the campsite's tree line.

ALICE (CONT'D)

We have to make sure it is at least
half as powerful as the old
network... Without communication,
civilization will devolve into
anarchy.

There is a wide shot of their camp which includes a tent,
science equipment, and a jeep in a small camp at the base of
the mountain.

INT. EDITING STUDIO - DAY

The frames of the wide shot on film become more apparent as
the editing bay shutters to a halt again.

EXEC

You showed me this part already!

EDITOR

That was a recut.

EXEC

Listen, I'm having second
thoughts... We need a more
traditional plot.

EDITOR

We have strong themes to work with.

EXEC

I said plot! Not themes. Themes
aren't plots. Plot, plot, plot.

EDITOR

I'm not sure what you want me to-

EXEC

(bargaining)

PLOT!... Listen, just make sure it
has something in it people care
about...

EDITOR

Of course.

EXEC

...something that inspires our people... And a happy ending. Audiences like happy endings.

EDITOR

You know, films aren't just about the endings.

EXEC

Well this one is. We have a definite goal. Inspire the workforce. Feed the machine. Don't confuse it.

EDITOR

We can't inspire people with the same old stories. We need novelty.

The Exec grabs his overcoat puts it on. He walks over and opens the door to leave.

EXEC

If you're going to do something different, it still needs to tie together. I'm not putting my reputation on the line for avant-garde art!

He starts to throw his cosmic-themed scarf around his neck.

In slow motion the scarf turns into a ribbon of pulsating energy and color, like the Möbius strip we saw earlier.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DUSK

The pulsating ribbon of energy transitions into an overhead shot of an earth-tone path. Jungle foliage begins to fill in and grow around it.

Khatchig comes riding his bike down the path with a satchel thrown over his shoulder.

He jumps off the bike without coming to a stop, and lets it ghost ride and crash into some plants.

He apologizes to the plants as he runs by off the main path onto another path into the heart of the jungle.

KHATCHIG

(to the plants)

Sorry.

INT./EXT. HUT - DUSK

The Shaman Soccer Coach and Khatchig face each other in meditative poses on the Persian rug in the hut. They both wear headbands and stare back and forth at each other, concentrating, but nothing comes through on either end.

After a moment or two, Khatchig gives a facial expression that says, "See? I told you so."

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

High bandwidth technology is always
the first to go in these epochs.

Khatchig stands up with an anxious amount of energy. He paces.

KHATCHIG

Shit, things are getting really out
of control now... Have you been
listening to the news?

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

No... I'm not opposed to it but
I've never found it very useful.

KHATCHIG

Well I'll give you quick overview.
It seems like humanity doesn't know
how to handle modern technology,
we've neglected the planet, and
everything's gone to shit. And now
there's this man-made pandemic
that's going to kill us all.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

OK.

KHATCHIG

(exasperated)

Well, what are we going to do to
fix the situation?

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

There's nothing to fix. It's just
the natural reaction of the system,
the way...

KHATCHIG

How do we change the way?

The Shaman Soccer Coach just laughs at this question.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

We cannot change the way. All we can do is learn from it.

KHATCHIG

Ok, then what is it trying to teach us, and how are we supposed to learn anything if we all die?

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

Each player must discover that on their own...

KHATCHIG

Oh, great.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

(reassuringly)

Remember, true agents define their own reward function.

NARRATOR

And there's nothing you can do about that.

The Narrator chuckles. Khatchig looks confused at his cryptic message.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

Have you been practicing?

The Shaman Soccer Coach tosses Khatchig a soccer ball that he's been holding. Khatchig tries to catch it with his foot, but his touch lets him down, and the ball bounces away clattering into some clay pots on the floor.

KHATCHIG

I haven't had time.

The shamanic chant starts back up.

NARRATOR

This world is the dream of the godhead.

EXT. THE EDGE OF A NATURE SET

The camera moves back and we realize the previous scene was just a feed on a monitor on the set which the Production Assistant watches.

An ominous gust of wind blows as the Producer comes and stands over the Production Assistant's shoulder.

PRODUCER

Just sit here and monitor what's happening. They're rewriting it by the moment.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Who is?

PRODUCER

We all are. The writer, the executives, our crew here... and most importantly, you.

The Producer's oddly ponderous tone doesn't last long. He picks up the megaphone that sits next to the monitor and then uses it to make a loud announcement to the entire set.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

(through megaphone)

Come on men...

A female Crew Member walks by carrying a piece of grip equipment and briefly makes eye contact with the Producer.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

...and women. This is a participatory sport. We're creating it as we go. Act like it!

The producer points to the cameraman who stands next to a camera on a tripod. The tripod points off screen, back towards the nature set which has stands and lights illuminating it, but sits just off screen.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Hawkeye, we're going to need you to move the camera over here.

The cameraman nods and picks up the camera and starts to move it.

The Gaffer and a Grip are helping to break down some of the lighting equipment.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

How much do you men know about light?

We now see the monitor the Production Assistant is looking at display the shaky camera feed coming from the camera being moved by the cameraman. We can see the Gaffer and Grip in the shot. Then we see the Production Assistant who sitting next to the monitor.

The Production Assistant is caught by surprise as he sees himself in a nested, infinite hallway shot on the screen. He grabs his head in shock and turns to see where the camera is that is looking at him.

We zoom in on the camera lens, a single eye that looks back at the Production Assistant. They lock eyes.

The soda in the Production Assistant's hand slowly slips through his fingers and starts to fall.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

There is a quick, close-up sequence of the Editor's hands splicing a 16mm film edit together.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT(CYCLE 3)

The Cabin is empty, and the writer is nowhere to be seen.

We see the desk. The typewriter is not broken. The pages are no longer crumpled, and they lay in a neat pile next to the typewriter.

We hear a thump and some feathers rustling from across the room.

The camera pans and moves over to the parakeet's cage. The bird is still alive.

The camera tilts down. There is an egg in the bottom of the cage.

INT./EXT. SCHOOL BUS AND BIRCH TREE FOREST - DAY

Khatchig is in deep concentration and frantically pacing back and forth.

KHATCHIG

(mumbling)

What medicine do you give society
so that it learns not to...?

We see a graph network of evolving connections on the television that sits next to the unused soccer ball, under the dirty pile of clothes.

Khatchig comes to a stop. He has a silly smile that indicates he has a questionable solution has come to mind.

KHATCHIG (CONT'D)
(declarative)
Don't go easy, my brother, your
cure is on its way...

MONTAGE START

A primitive, rhythmic drumming with a simple underlying synth melody starts the montage.

NARRATOR
The model of the external world
that lives in our head is never
correct. And what we perceive as
external change in the environment
really reflects a change happening
within.

Khatchig is wandering through the forest. There are mushrooms on the ground. He bends over to inspect them. He sniffs them a few times and then decides to pick them and put them in his satchel.

KHATCHIG
(to himself)
It's like, we can solve these
problems, we have the money and the
expertise and resources... but we
do not have the brains to do it,
the guts to do it, the imagination
to do it...

Khatchig is carefully inspecting leaves and vines. He holds some leaves up to the light to inspect their internal branching structure. He leaves some leaves and puts others in his satchel.

There is something moving on the ground. Khatchig bends over to inspect it. We see a colorful frog jumping along. It is trying to climb a log.

Khatchig grabs the frog and inspects it closer. He seems to think the plants have made a comment to him about the frog.

KHATCHIG (CONT'D)
(to plants)
Society needs a pharmacological
intervention... and you're all
going to help me.

Khatchig looks wide-eyed and crazy. Now he starts talking to the frog in his hand.

KHATCHIG (CONT'D)

Psychedelics are illegal not because a loving government is concerned that you may jump out of a third-story window? Psychedelics are illegal because they dissolve opinion structures and culturally laid down models of behavior and information processing. They open you up to the possibility that everything you know is wrong.

It looks like Khatchig is about to put the frog into his satchel, but he stops. He then places the frog on top of the log it was previously climbing, and it quickly hops away.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Khatchig removes all the vegetation from his satchel. He puts some of it into a blender and some of it on the counter.

He starts the blender running. Next to it, he minces the other plants with a knife, and collects the medley of psychedelics into a cloth napkin.

Khatchig puts a pair of safety goggles around his neck and a respirator mask with a cellular automaton design over his mouth and nose.

He pours the liquified blender contents into a spray bottle. He test it out by shooting it into the air.

The psychedelic mist starts to fall through the light that is streaming in through the bus window. The breeze takes it back towards Khatchig and right into his eyes. He let's out a high-pitched shriek.

KHATCHIG

Ahhh, my eyes!

Khatchig jumps out of the school bus coughing and rubbing his eyes.

EXT. BIRCH TREE FOREST - DAY

We see a large oak tree in the forest.

Khatchig has a sack/blanket full of content that is slung over his shoulder. He approaches the tree and attempts to climb it.

Khatchig sits on a limb, high in the tree, with the sack by his side. He releases finely minced vegetation powder from the sack. It is taken away by the wind.

Khatchig smiles mischievously.

MONTAGE END

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DUSK

A little time has passed. Khatchig is now sitting down between a couple plants on the floor, whispering into a walkie talkie.

KHATCHIG

Hey little buddies, are you there?

A faint, high-pitched, nasally sound is heard on the walkie talkie.

KHATCHIG (CONT'D)

I need your help... I got a job.

EXT. HYPERSPACE (SURREAL VECTOR ANIMATION)

The camera pulls back and we see Khatchig exist on some cubist television in some M.C. Escher-like hyperspace.

A "machine elf" (see Terence McKenna) is watching Khatchig on the other end. Machine elves can take on many visual forms but are distinguished by their high-pitched, nasally, exuberant voice. In their unaltered states they might look like little versions of Alf.

KHATCHIG

(echo from TV)

Code name: "Distributed Drop"

Machine elves use language to speak objects into existence. The first machine elf opens his mouth and repeats nonsense. It sounds like a chanted song from a voiced that has been slightly auto-tuned to sound robotic.

MACHINE ELF MONAD

(chanting/singing)

Waay-sze-meck-a-gorb-inav-
ffsaaayyyy...

Out of it's mouth flows a river of patterns that evolve like a simulation of microscopic life on a colorful grid.
(Reference: <https://youtu.be/xqdVHXkGCAw?t=578>)

The patterns spreads out, but then slowly start to coalesce and evolve into more amoeba-like structures. Those structures explode, and their components parts fuel more evolution.

Eventually, there are two higher level super-organisms that come into existence. It turns out to be two more machine elves.

The new machine elves each open their mouth and speak another stream of patterns into existence, starting an exponential explosion of machine elves across a map of a planet that looks similar to Earth.

We see a map with three blinking lights, then nine blinking lights, then twenty-seven blinking lights, symbolizing the growing network of machine elves distributed across the land and sea.

The camera slowly zooms in on one part of the sea on the map.

INT. BOAT COCKPIT AT SEA - DUSK

Jack is steering the ship. He turns to look at the young woman who stands next to him, silently peering forward at the open sea that lays before them.

Jack flips his shades down and turns on his augmented reality glasses. There is a POV shot of ten different soccer overlaid on top of the view from the cockpit. Five of the games have scores. Two of the games have start times of "30:16:30". Three of the games have strikes through them with "Postponed" in parenthesis.

JACK
Postponed to when? Shit

He looks around annoyed and then realizes he is not paying attention to his companion.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let's start over, Munchkin.

MUNCHKIN
Muffin.

When we cut to the closeup reaction of the young lady and we see her face for the first time in this scene, we see that the actress is different. She looks similar to the previous actress, and the dress and hair are the same, but her face and voice are slightly different, and she has more curves.

JACK
Once this all blows over, I thought
we could start a family.

MUNCHKIN
(East European-NY accent)
How? Wit' what?

JACK
With all the money I stashed.

MUNCHKIN
Who you will pay to build our
house?

The man looks uncertain. He doesn't have an answer for her.

They both turn back to staring forward out at the empty sea.
It is lonely.

MUNCHKIN (CONT'D)
Death awaits us.

Jack looks over at Munchkin's distress. He tries to lighten
the mood by doing an impersonation of Bruce Springsteen.

JACK
(singing)
Everything that dies, someday comes
back. Put your makeup on, put your
hair up pretty, and meet me tonight
in-

Munchkin starts to cry. She doesn't like being trapped with a
person she doesn't like, about to start on a journey that has
no possible positive ending.

She can't be consoled by the man. She pushes Jack away and
runs out of the boat's cockpit.

Jack looks surprised but is still in impersonation mode so he
only manages to say:

JACK (CONT'D)
(like "the boss")
Hhheewwww

EXT. BOAT AT SEA - DUSK

Munchkin runs and dives off the boat into the water. Again,
this is a set with beautiful, surreal, matte paintings as
backdrops. They are in a movie, within a movie.

Jack runs out of the boat's cockpit to see her.

She swims down deep into the ocean out of site.

The man is dumbfounded. He stands motionless for several seconds trying to understand what just happened.

We watch the light reflecting off the waves on the water.

Jack stands motionless staring down at the empty water. Several moments have gone by and she still hasn't resurfaced.

Jack looks deeply sad and emotional. The Narrator breaks a long silence.

NARRATOR

There is no such thing as waves
with troughs but no crests, or
crests with no troughs. We forget
that sometimes. We sometimes find
ourselves descending on a trough
that we think has no bottom...

Jack's eyes start to water.

The waves on the water transition to an abstract animated wave.

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE

The animated wave turns into the signal on an oscilloscope. Bob is staring at it.

BOB

It's working. Do it again.

Bob squats by the oscilloscope, and holds up the microphone to Alice who stands beside him.

Alice moistens her lips, puckers up, and whistles a note.

ALICE

(whistles)

BOB

Look at those curves!

NARRATOR

Yoinnnnnnggyoinngggggnnnggg. On and
off, on and off. Even a pure sound
wave is oscillating sound-silence,
crest-trough, on-off... How else
could you experience it?

Alice seems annoyed that Bob is staring so intently at the oscilloscope and not paying her any attention.

ALICE
So you've tested both the
transmitter and the receiver?

BOB
Yes, ma'am.

Alice looks annoyed again.

ALICE
I want you to climb that mountain.
We need to see how far you'll--it
will go... the signal.

There is an awkward silence as they lock eyes.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Leave the receiver here with me.
You take the transmitter. Now go!

Bob looks at the nearly vertical face of the half-dome mountain which is really a matte painting. He gulps.

INT. EXEC OFFICE - NIGHT

The Exec sits in a machine with a dome contraption that comes down on top of his head which makes it look like he is getting his hair done. This device is a brain amplifier which allows him to have executive control over the film production. There is red label-maker tape on it that says "Amplifier".

He is eating a large pastrami sandwich and looking at the latest cut of the film that has come in on a portable television that sits next to him. There is red label-maker tape on it that says "Editing Monitor".

EXEC
(w/ mouthful of pastrami)
You already established this in the
last scene!

He picks up the receiver on a rotary phone. There's no dial tone. He taps the hang-up knobs down a couple times, but still hears nothing. It doesn't work. He looks panicked. His eyes pan the office.

His eyes fix on a walkie talkie that sits on the far side of a large desk. He lunges across his desk to get it. He grabs it while knocking many things onto the floor.

EXEC (CONT'D)
 (into walkie talkie)
 You're dragging! People are going
 to sleep! Get on with it!

EDITOR (O.S.)
 (on walkie talkie)
 Hello? Hello?

EXEC
 (into walkie talkie)
 I'm starting to think you have no
 idea how to edit!

EDITOR (O.S.)
 (on walkie talkie)
 You're breaking up.

EXEC
 (into walkie talkie)
 Get him up that freakin mountain so
 he can save us!

There is no response on the other end.

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

EDITOR
 (on walkie talkie)
 Ok, sheesh.

EDITOR (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 It's like you've never seen art
 film before.

TRIBAL SOCCER GROUP (O.S.)
 (faintly)
 We are all onnnnnneee

EXEC (O.S.)
 What did you say?

EDITOR
 (on walkie talkie)
 I was just saying it's an art film.

EXEC (O.S.)
 No, I heard something else. It
 sounded-

The Editor shakes his head and turns off the walkie talkie. He didn't seem to hear what the Exec heard and mistook his last statement as additional criticism.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE WITH FOG - NIGHT

Men and women in robes jog through the jungle, on their toes, doing Brazilian soccer drills in rhythm and chanting. They are lead on the run by the Shaman Soccer Coach.

TRIBAL SOCCER GROUP
We are all onnnneeeee.

A man carrying a drum runs behind them adds a drum beat.

TRIBAL SOCCER GROUP (CONT'D)
We are all onnnneeeee.

Drum beat.

TRIBAL SOCCER GROUP (CONT'D)
We are all onnnneeeee.

Drum beat.

EXT. THE EDGE OF A NATURE SET - NIGHT

It is night time on set. Fresnel lights and C-stands sit next to the craft services table.

Most of the crew are gathered in a dark corner of the set where the camera sits on a tripod facing a video monitor that sits about a foot away.

PRODUCER
Now that everything is set I can
give you the details of our
mission...We've been asked to
explore the *purity of essence*...

The crew members look uncertain and slightly scared.

PROP MASTER
Like consciousness?

The Producer ignores the question and starts to sing a chant as he strikes a match. He takes the lit match and passes it between the camera eye and the monitor it faces. It seem to be a ceremony.

PRODUCER
 Hey-nah-tah-bot-sha-quaa-cee-que,
 tom-mah-nat-tah-bah-tua-not-say

We see a feedback design light swirl similar to the pictures in Douglas Hofstadter's book *I am a Strange Loop*.

BEST BOY
 (to Prop Master)
 He's speaking in tongues.

The crew members look concerned, but don't know what to do or say to their intimidating leader.

PRODUCER
 (shouting to Technicians)
 Increase the delay.

Two technicians sit next a computer monitor which sits on the line between the output of the video camera and the input to the video monitor.

TECHNICIAN 1
 You heard the man. More delay.
 Double the computation.

TECHNICIAN 2
 Right, sir.

The Producer continues to chant as he takes another two match sticks out of a box. He strikes them on the box to ignite them. With one in each hand, he passes the flaming points of light in front of the video camera.

We now see another time-delay feedback loop design created by the delay of the camera seeing not only the light currently in front of the camera, but also the light from the monitor showing where the light was a split-second before, and a more faint light of where it was two split-seconds before, etc.

The Technicians play with several control dials as the chanting and the overall weird ambiance continues.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

There is a quick, close-up sequence of the Editor's hands splicing a 16mm film edit together.

EXT. THE EDGE OF A NATURE SET - NIGHT

Khatchig "jumps bodies" and is now playing the role of the producer by lighting the matches and putting them in the little opening between the camera and the monitor it faces. He is even dressed like the producer, wearing his exact outfit, in fact.

As an audience we are getting to see the trippy effects Khatchig is creating as he continues the ritualistic, primitive chanting.

KHATCHIG

Hey-nah-tah-bot-sha-qua-cee-que,
tom-mah-nat-tah-bah-tua-not-say

Khatchig then walks over to play with the Technician's controls. He then tilts the camera that is facing the monitor to get spiral effects. Khatchig's antics are quite silly.

This silly and visually stimulating scene lasts for several moments before it is interrupted.

GAFFER

What are we doing here?

The chanting and the hypnotic music comes to a stop. Khatchig is no longer around, and the Producer is back.

PRODUCER

We're exploring light.

GAFFER

I meant in terms of the movie.

PRODUCER

We're doing effects. It's a feedback system, soldier. The purity of essence.

GAFFER

Effects? I thought we were doing a documentary.

PRODUCER

We are.

The Gaffer looks concerned but still presses forward with the questioning.

GAFFER

Are there more scenes with people?

The Producer seems to be under some spell by the way he responds.

PRODUCER
In fact, there are.

The Gaffer looks confused and skeptical.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
Talk to Benny over there.

The Producer points to the Production Assistant. The Production Assistant looks confused because his name isn't Benny.

GAFFER
Can you just tell me what you're talking about?

PRODUCER
They want to recast a role, and they want a new location. It's likely to fall on our troop... Maybe you, actually.

The Producer turns his attention back to the effects.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
(to cameraman)
We still rolling?

The cameraman nods. The Producer starts chanting again and strikes up another match.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
Hey-nah-tah-bot-sha-qua-cee-que,
tom-mah-nat-tah-bah-tua-not-say

The Production Assistant pulls the Gaffer aside.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
My name's not Benny.

GAFFER
I know... Jerry.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Ian.

GAFFER
Right, I meant Ian.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

The executive producer wants something different in the female leads... More curves, I think.

The Gaffer, who is much older than the teenage Production Assistant, looks really annoyed.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

And they also had some notes on a new location they wanted.

GAFFER

(changing the subject)

Just curious, what's your day rate?

Another Production Assistant (#2) who is close by responds.

GOFER

Half scale plus craft services.

The Production Assistant who is actually conversing with the Gaffer gives a nod to him that says, "exactly what he said".

The Gaffer looks annoyed, not at the Production Assistant, but at the production itself.

GAFFER

I paint with light. I'm not a gofer.

He walks off the set, kicking a bounce board along the way.

The Production Assistants look at each other wide eyed.

GOFER

I could go scout some talent. What kind of location are they looking for?

The chanting and the feedback loops of light, which are being generated just a feet away from this conversation, envelope the screen again.

FADE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY (CYCLE 4)

Shafts of light come through the window into a foggy cabin.

There is a sensory deprivation egg pod sitting in the middle of the room. It is accentuated with a glimmer of synth music.

We see a close up of the parakeet. It chirps, flaps its wings, and turns away as if to ask why we are looking at it.

The camera tilts down to see there is no longer an egg in the bottom of the cage.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

There are a few machine elves in the hyperspace on the television that sits next to the soccer ball and underneath the laundry.

EXT. BIRCH TREE FOREST - DAY

Khatchig is gathering leaves and vines.

He chops up the vines with a hatchet.

He throws the chopped vines and leaves in a large caldron of boiling brown liquid that sits on top of a fire pit.

The machine elves' voices can be heard on a walkie talkie that Khatchig has strapped to his side.

KHATCHIG

You guys ready? I'm ready.

NARRATOR

We don't pay attention to the wars going on inside our body, because on a higher level that war is necessary to keep us healthy and balanced... But we care a lot about the wars that happen on the human level... those matter a great to us. Our side must win.

EXT. HYPERSPACE (SURREAL VECTOR ANIMATION)

We see an animated image of a dodecahedron globe, with blinking dots representing the machine elves distributed across the planet. The globe sits in a hyperspace background.

EXT. BOAT AT SEA - DUSK

Jack sits alone on the edge of the boat. He is lost and stares blankly down at the water. There are shafts of light coming through the dark skies on the horizon (matte painting). He begins to pray.

The camera looks down on Jack who is mouthing a prayer and rubbing rosary beads.

He flips his augmented reality shades down and looks up at the sky.

We see a POV shot of the AR scanning the heavens for a signal.

JACK

I don't want to be alone. I don't
want to die.

Jack starts to cry.

After a few moments with Jack's emotions we have a Jump Cut to a few minutes later, after the emotions have passed and Jack seems peaceful.

NARRATOR

There's a difference between a
serious life and a sincere life...

Jack stands up. He starts pacing back and forth as he stares at the water. He is building up the courage to face his fears, his death, his destiny.

All of a sudden, he screams and starts running towards the edge of the boat.

JACK

(battle cry scream)
Aahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Jack leaps off the boat and cannon balls into the water.

EXT. UNDER WATER - DUSK

Jack continues to clutch his knees to his chest, as his body sinks in the water.

A mythical sea creature that looks like the Loch Ness monster but squeaks like a dolphin comes out of nowhere.

Jack sees it coming and quickly starts to dive deeper to escape it.

There is a large egg there. He cracks it open like a clam shell, gets inside of it, and quickly closes it.

The large sea monster passes overhead.

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE - DUSK

Alice is looking through binoculars towards the half-dome matte painted mountain.

EXT. HALF-DOME MOUNTAIN SIDE - DUSK

Through binoculars: Bob is climbing a nearly vertical mountain, which is really just a green screen shot on a surreal matte-painting.

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE - DUSK

Alice puts the binoculars down, quickly opens a satchel that looks similar to Khatchig's, and throws a few scientific supplies in it.

She grabs Bob's notebook. She flips through a few pages of formulas, cellular automaton drawings, a dodecahedron, and then the page we saw earlier with a soccer ball, an M.C. Escher staircase, a Möbius strip, and psychedelic imagery.

Alice closes Bob's notebook and packs it in her satchel. She does one last look through the binoculars to see Bob's progress, checks her watch, and then sets off into the woods.

INT. EXEC OFFICE - NIGHT

The Exec is on a walkie talkie with his superior, an unknown entity.

EXEC
(on walkie talkie)
Yes, yes. The edit is fine. The movie makes perfect sense.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

The Editor looks at the walkie talkie. He imagines his boss, the Exec, is still on the other end even though it's off.

EDITOR
I control the sequence of events.
That's like... *time*.

INT. EXEC OFFICE - NIGHT

The Exec wipes his brow with a handkerchief. All we can hear is the a low-frequency demonic grumble on the phone receiver.

EXEC

Everything is in complete control.
The crew remain inspired, despite
the pandemic. Complete control. The
State will be very happy. Yes, sir.
Yes, sir.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

The Editor holds up some 16mm film to the light. He twists one end of the film strip and connects it to the other end, forming a Möbius Strip.

EDITOR

The god of time!

We then cut to the same sequence we have seen already:

There is a quick, close-up sequence of the Editor's hands splicing a 16mm film edit together.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The Shaman Soccer Coach is leading Khatchig through the woods on a tour. He is pointing out vines and leaves in the woods.

Khatchig holds up a frog species for the Shaman Soccer Coach to inspect. The Shaman shakes his head "no".

EXT. BIRCH TREE FOREST

Khatchig watches the frog we saw earlier jump away off the log.

Khatchig stands up and licks the part of the hand that touched the frog.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The Shaman Soccer Coach is now hacking down a vine with a hatchet. He pulls on a vine that is not completely disconnected from his cut. It suddenly gives way, which leads to his weight becoming unbalanced, and he falls to the ground.

The Shaman, now back on his feet, is gathering leaves. He holds one up to the sun and points to something in the leaf's branching structure. Khatchig, the protege, watches closely.

EXT. THE EDGE OF A NATURE SET

The crew members watch the Producer, while also giving each other side eyes.

Several members of the crew walk away from the Producer and visual effects area at the same time to have a side conversation about the state of the production.

CREW MEMBER

(sarcastic)

So you think this is winning an award?

CREW MEMBER 2

Historically, "Best Picture" winners haven't come from film productions that pay their crew in food.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

They also got us beer now.

The Production Assistant holds up a beer and then throws his head back and takes a large swig.

Several of the crew members start to help themselves to beers from the cases that sit close by.

PROP MASTER

At leasts it's something. Not too many jobs out there right now.

BEST BOY

Have you guys heard about that non-profit--I mean, some people call it a cult, but I don't know... anyway, they offer free meals plus lodging.

CREW MEMBER 2

That soccer cult? Those hippies that perform soccer ceremonies? What the hell is that about?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Did you know that this beer here came in from out of state? Soon those liquor stores will be shut down too. Everything's closing.

CREW MEMBER

We're going to have to learn to ferment alcohol if the shoot goes on much longer.

CREW MEMBER 2
(serious)
No, we're going to have to learn
how to survive.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Do you think the afterparty will
have drinks?

CREW MEMBER 2
Afterparty? Like after the
pandemic?

BEST BOY
Your rebirth?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
No, the actual afterparty in two
weeks or whenever this production
ends.

BEST BOY
I don't know if there is an end.

INT. CABIN - DAY (CYCLE 5)

The egg pod cracks opens.

The Writer is elevated out of sensory deprivation egg that
sits in the middle of the room. He is surrounded by
spiraling, kaleidoscopic, fractal patterns. It almost feels
like a deity is rising.

The bird cage door is open. The parakeet from the cage is
flying around the room.

The Writer is sopping wet from the epsom salt bath.

The window in cabin magically opens and a breeze flows in
causing the curtains to blow magically.

The Writer seems to be hovering in mid air, dripping water on
the cabin floor. He slowly is lowered to the ground, and
eventually his feet gently touch the cabin floor.

After circling the Writer several times, leaving a pixie dust
trail, the parakeet flies out of the open window.

INT. SCHOOL BUS (SURREAL)

The camera pulls back and we see the scene from the cabin is
nested on a television next to the unused soccer ball.

Khatchig breaks the fourth wall by looking back at the camera. His eyes are dilated and he gives a WTF look at the camera.

Khatchig is watching the television and eating mushrooms.

Khatchig then gets distracted as machine elves start coming out of the television and invading the school bus space.

One of the Machine Elves jumps in a frying pan, out of site. Khatchig runs over to see the frying pan. It now has a smirk and a face made of grease that makes a high-pitch, nasally auto-tuned purr back at Khatchig.

Another Machine Elf runs in between the plants. Another one darts into the crevice between the soccer ball and the television.

Zoom-Dolly shot: Khatchig blinks his eyes which are wide open and dilated.

The plant is now alive.

MACHINE ELF AS PLANT
We are distributed.

MACHINE ELF AS SOCCER BALL
We are ready. See us.

Khatchig turns back to staring at the television which now shows Machine Elves distributed throughout the planet. One takes the form of an eagle which flies through the sky with a sack in it's talons. Another machine elf is a monkey-like creature which is climbing to the top of a building which over look a city. It also has a sack over its shoulders. Another one is a koala bear with a sack over it's shoulder climbing to the top of a tree that overlooks a Japanese town. Another elf takes the form of a giraffe who carries a sack in its mouth through a small shanty town in the middle of a desert. Another one is a skeleton who sits on the outer rim of Latin American football stadium. Another is a gargoyle that looks down at the pedestrians below. Another is a bearded lady that is riding a chair lift. They all have sack of psychedelics with them. They are all waiting for the order and then the psychedelics will be released.

INT. INSIDE OF SENSORY DEPRIVATION TANK

The camera looks down on Jack as he floats with his eyes closed inside a sensory deprivation tank. There are overlays of spiraling, kaleidoscopic, fractal patterns circling around Jack's head. They look like the same patterns we say a second ago surrounding the Writer's resurrection.

These beautiful patterns are juxtaposed with the chaotic storm of neuronal firings that are overlaid on top of Jack's brain.

NARRATOR

Take a step back. What is this game you are playing? Become part of the greater pattern.

As the busyness inside Jack's head dissipates, the intricate fractal patterns superimposed on top of the external world overtake the chaotic firing patterns in Jack's brain. The patterns in Jack's mind are becoming synchronized with the environment.

The entire screen is now covered with a spiraling, kaleidoscopic, fractal pattern.

EXT. UNDER A MICROSCOPE

There is a scene of cellular mitosis.

MACHINE ELF AS RIBOSOME

There was a time before you were born. Go there. No self, no fear.

EXT. JUNGLE WITH FOG

A Bongo Drummer is lost in the rhythms and patterns of a primitive ritual drum circle.

We see Khatchig is one of the other drummer in the broader circle of five percussionist.

The other three participants play a a wooden fish, a single-stringed instrument, and another guy plays his thighs and chest.

The sounds sync to the birds, plants, reptiles, snakes and even the machine elves. (The effects are simple in design are not supposed to look like high-end CGI.)

NARRATOR

My jazz friends used to say, "You think, you stink."

We see a spider's web and an animated surreal spider hangs by a thread of silk from the middle of the web, dense with connections.

MACHINE ELF AS A SPIDER
Tell me how you relate to
everything else, and that will tell
you who you are.

The drums continue as we transition to the next scene.

EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK

Alice runs by a wooden sign post in the forest with an arrow pointing in the direction Alice is running. On the post is the royal crest containing a soccer ball over a Möbius strip.

Alice runs up the hut. The Shaman Soccer Coach sees her coming. He greets her but only with a smile.

Alice is out of breath. She opens her satchel, takes out Bob's notebook, and shows him some of Bob's drawings.

ALICE
I just want to make sure all this
is completely preposterous.

The Shaman Soccer Coach just laughs. It seems like Alice is actually curious to understand more about whatever Bob's drawings allude to.

The Shaman Soccer Coach invites her into the hut.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Alice is seated on a mat, along with about ten other participants, forming a circle around the Shaman Soccer Coach. The open air hut is lit by candles and moonlight.

Next to the Shaman is an iconic, orange sports cooler with a stack of small paper cone cups sitting next to it.

Alice watches as each participant walks up, bends down before the sports cooler, pours a couple ounces of liquid into their cup, and then returns to their mat and sits in a meditative pose.

The Shaman Soccer Coach is burning incense and doing chants while one of his assistants is playing a drum.

It comes time for Alice to get up and participate in the ceremony. She walks up to the water cooler and slowly grabs one of the paper cuts.

The Shaman Soccer Coach can tell she is scared.

She puts her cup underneath the nozzle of the sports cooler. Her hands shake. She pushes the nozzle and liquid comes out into her cup.

She slowly stands. She looks like she might faint.

The Shaman approaches her to see if she is ok. All of a sudden, he quickly flashes his hands in front of her face as if he is throwing an imaginary soccer ball at her, but really he is casting a spell.

Alice's eyes roll back in her head and she faints.

CUT TO:

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Alice starts to regain her consciousness. The ceremony is still in progress.

The Shaman Soccer Coach shuffles around the circle tossing the soccer ball to the participants on the mats who head the ball back to him.

His assistant is helping with the incense, chanting, candles, and general ambiance.

The Shaman stops his shuffle with the soccer ball when he gets to Alice.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

Are you ready?

She nods. He smiles. He throws her the ball and she heads it back to him.

The soccer ceremony montage starts. The participants do soccer drills with the Shaman Soccer Coach and with each other. They dance and sweat with a soccer ball.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

There are many mirrors set up in the forest amongst the trees. The Shaman Soccer Coach leads Alice and the other ceremony participants through soccer drills that keep them on their toes and moving with the soccer balls.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

You must hold and give, but do it at the right time... You are one team... The boundary between is dissolving.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)
Make it beautiful!

One of the participants does Ranoldinho-esque zig-zag drag with the soccer ball in slow motion.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)
Make it beautiful.

Khatchig is now in the group. He struggles to do the soccer drills elegantly. The ball keeps bouncing away from him.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)
Make it beautiful.

Khatchig clumsily bumps into the other soccer players by accident.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)
Make it beautiful.

From a wide-angle overhead shot, of the patterns of the soccer drill taking place, it look like there are many more soccer players than just the ten or so we saw in the ceremony. Collectively they make a fractal pattern. The one part of the pattern that is a mess is Khatchig's area where things are more turbulent.

NARRATOR
It's really hard to make something beautiful, but it's really worth while.

Khatchig gets up from the ground, pulls his soccer socks up to his knees, and continues to put more effort into the soccer exercises.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH
Make it beautiful.

There is more beautiful soccer juggling, reflections in mirrors, and colorful patterns.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)
Make it beautiful.

Alice watches a couple soccer players dance by in front of her. Like Khatchig, she is struggling to learn.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

There is a quick, close-up sequence of the Editor's hands splicing a 16mm film edit together.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE/TOP

Bob gets to the top of the mountain. He catches his breath for a moment, and then turns the transmitter on and holds it above his head.

BOB
(yelling)
I'm transmitting information.

INT. HUT

The receiver egg blinks, but nobody is there to see it.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE/TOP

BOB
Repeat: I am transmitting
information... Are you receiving
it?

The scientist holds the transmitter high over his head. All of a sudden we get a flash of lightning that makes the sky turn into a psychedelic look, very similar to a He-Man moment.

Bob silhouette starts flashing back and forth, between himself and Khatchig in the same stance. Instead of waving the transmitter over his head, Khatchig has his sack of psychedelics.

After blinking back and forth a few times, the transformation is complete and only Khatchig remains.

Khatchig releases the psychedelic powder it into the air. The wind takes it back into Khatchig's face. He coughs.

The powder also casts down into the valley and off towards the city-village in the distance.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Khatchig is hypnotized in front of his computer. On it is a hypnotic, fractal pattern.

NARRATOR
Be one with the computer.

KHATCHIG
There's no other way to be.

The Narrator erupts in laughter.

NARRATOR
I feel like I've gotten through.

KHATCHIG
You have.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

There is a quick, close-up sequence of the Editor's hands splicing a 16mm film edit together.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

There is the faint beeping sound of the receiver in the distance.

ALICE
I think something is...

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH
Your training session has ended.
Go.

Alice quickly takes off her soccer cleats, socks, and shinguards and leaves them next to the Shaman Soccer Coach.

He bows to say goodbye. Alice bows back in appreciation for the Shaman Soccer Coach and what he has taught her.

After a moment, she quickly takes off running.

Alice runs back through the woods to the hut in her bare feet.

INT. HUT IN JUNGLE

Alice runs into the hut picks up the receiver egg. It is still blinking.

She throws Bob's notebook and the receiver egg in her satchel and runs out of the hut.

EXT. VILLAGE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

A gust of wind carries the psychedelic powder down from the Half-Dome mountain, through a lush green valley, towards a small village with one modern skyscraper with a blinking red dot on top of its spire.

INT. EXEC OFFICE - NIGHT

The powder comes in through the window. The Exec, who is still sitting in his chair with his brain-amplifying head pod on, inhales some of the powder and starts to cough.

The lights on his head pod start to short circuit.

NARRATOR

Default mode network turning off.

The Narrator chuckles.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The goal is to take in more than we leave out.

EXT. ROAD BY WOODS

The Gofer rides a bicycle on a road next to the woods. A faint sound of drums can be heard coming from within the forest.

There is Munchkin, the curvy lady from the boat. She has different hair.

The Gofer rides his bike over to her and comes to a screeching halt right in front of her. Before saying anything to Munchkin he looks down at the tire tracks on the road he has just left.

GOFER

(at tracks)

Whoa.

Munchkin looks confused. She starts to walk away.

GOFER (CONT'D)

Wait. Do you want to be in a movie?
I'm casting.

MUNCHKIN
What? Not really.

GOFER
Are you sure? I think you got what
it takes.

The Gofer looks her up and down.

MUNCHKIN
Yeah, I'm sure.

The Gofer shrugs and then gets on his bike and starts to ride
off.

MUNCHKIN (CONT'D)
Wait. I'm lost. Can you give me
directions?

The Gofer comes to a screeching halt on his bike again. He
does a quick look to see if he has left tracks again, but
does not react this time. He then responds to her.

GOFER
Where are you trying to go?

MUNCHKIN
Someplace safe.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

There is a quick, close-up sequence of the Editor's hands
splicing a 16mm film edit together.

The Editor picks up the walkie talkie.

EDITOR
I want to make this process more
democratic. What do you say?

EXT. NOT TOO FAR FROM A NATURE SET

The Crew members are smoking a joint.

BEST BOY
The best insights come in the first
hour. But you have to capture them
before they fade.

INSERT: We see a splatter of something ink-like on a surface
that spreads out in a fractal pattern, like the veins of a
leaf.

There are ten layers of fractal divisions formed in a split second, and then the intricacy of the pattern slowly fades back to five layers or so, like a brain losing neuronal connections.

The walkie talkie buzzes with activity.

EDITOR (O.S.)
(on walkie talkie)
Hello?

The Production Assistant picks it up.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Yeahello.

EDITOR (O.S.)
I am working on my edit, and wanted
to reach out to you for ideas.

Without missing a beat:

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Maybe you should have more
explosions, chicks, and underwater
scenes?

EDITOR (O.S.)
Ummm... ok

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
(to Best Boy)
You're right about this stuff.

The Technician #1 takes the walkie talkie.

TECHNICIAN 1
(in Walkie Talkie)
We could offer other ideas too. I
am good at speaking parts and
jokes.

There is a long pause.

INT. CABIN (CYCLE 6)

The Writer walks over and grabs the walkie talkie.

WRITER
How do you work this thing?

He finds the on switch.

WRITER (CONT'D)
Check, check. Hello?

There is no response.

WALKIE TALKIE
The person you are trying to reach
is not available. If you'd like to
leave a message, please wait until
after the beep.

The Writer is caught off guard by the voicemail message but
decides to hold on until he hears a beep. Beep.

WRITER
I figured out the ending... And in
some sense, I guess I've always
known it...

INT. EXEC OFFICE - NIGHT

The Exec is sitting passed out in his chair with the
amplifier off.

The answering machine that the Writer is leaving a message on
sits on a table.

WRITER (O.S.)
(on answering machine)
The crew drops off the screenplay
to me, which has most of the third
act, and then obviously the
ending... I know what you'll say,
you'll say...

The Writer proceeds to leave a long message on the answering
machine where he impersonates the Exec's response to what
he's just told him.

The Writer leaves the following message:

WRITER AS EXEC (O.S.)
So what are we paying you for? You
did no work.

WRITER (O.S.)
Of course I did.

We cut to the Exec who is unconscious.

WRITER AS EXEC (O.S.)
You've got some nerve. This is the first we hear from you and now you're having my production crew finish your script.

WRITER (O.S.)
But I wrote that trick in. I created it and it came back to me.

WRITER AS EXEC (O.S.)
But you didn't include any of the details. They did the writing for you.

WRITER (O.S.)
All the details were in the recursive structure itself.

We see the answering machine audio cassette wheels turning around.

WRITER AS EXEC (O.S.)
What about that scene on death?

WRITER (O.S.)
I cut it.

WRITER AS EXEC (O.S.)
Why? I thought you were doing arthouse.

WRITER (O.S.)
Too heavy.

WRITER AS EXEC (O.S.)
Too heavy? Embrace the pain, document it. That's the plight of the writer, but also your salvation.

WRITER (O.S.)
Too heavy for the audience.

WRITER AS EXEC (O.S.)
Good point. As long as you got the rebirth thing in there. I think they'll like that.

WRITER (O.S.)
Plus, I think with writing, it's not how deep you go, but how far out you're willing to wander.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

WRITER
(in walkie talkie)
No, actually I think I'll leave
most of that last part out. Is
there a way to delete this?

INT. EXEC OFFICE - NIGHT

We see an overhead view of the analog answering machine tape recording.

WRITER (O.S.)
Never mind that last bit. Alright,
talk to you later.

Beep. The recording and the audio cassette on the answering machine stop.

Khatchig has "jumped bodies" and is now in place of the unconscious exec sitting in the chair. His head and body start slump and slouch in the chair. His head falls lifelessly to the side.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Nothing to worry about. Nothing is
created nor destroyed... and it
never lasts very long.

The Narrator lets out a hearty laugh.

INT. UNDERWATER LOUNGE

Jack and his female friend, who has now turned into a mermaid, sit at a booth in an underwater lounge. Fish and other sea creatures swim by the window that sits behind them. Soccer is playing on the Television.

JACK
(under the sea)
How do you suppose we found
ourselves on this level? Things
seem to have changed.

MERMAID
Patterns change. We change.

JACK
(robot voice)
I'm a pattern recognizer. I am a
pattern.

Jack erupts in laughter at the silliness and the truth in what he has just said.

MERMAID

For some reason that reminds me of this trick I play with myself.

JACK

Trick?

MERMAID

(NY accent)

I pretend I'm the heroine of a great novel... like someone is reading my story... But I pretend it's a silly story... so I always play it cool... like important on one level, but not important on the other... Two levels at once.

JACK

And what's that do?

MERMAID

It allows me to live my life.

Jack laughs and so does the mermaid.

A waitress comes by.

WAITRESS

Can I get you guys anything else?

MERMAID

Another one of these.

The Mermaid holds up her tropical drink.

INT. CABIN

The Writer looks down an infinite hallway of mirrors as the sound of the Exec plays in his head.

EXEC (V.O.)

I don't think it's going to cut together.

There is a close up of the Writer. The angle of the camera changes and we now see Khatchig in the infinite hallway of reflection.

EXEC (V.O.)
..Too many disparate plot lines,
too many half-domed ideas.

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE - DUSK

As soon as the Exec says the word "half-domed" we cut to a wide shot of the mountain.

We can see Bob as a really small figure getting off at the bottom. Alice runs to greets him.

Alice arrives out of breath.

ALICE
You made it.

BOB
Did you get my signal?

ALICE
Yes... and you left the transmitter
up on top of the mountain?

BOB
Attached to a tree.

There is a pause. Alice is trying to figure out how to say something.

ALICE
I have to admit something... I
don't think there is a way for the
logical mind to be convinced
without experiencing it. I'm sorry
I doubted you.

BOB
Doubted me?

ALICE
That stuff in your notebook that
you're your obviously passionate
about. I realize I was projecting
my own... I think we all have
preconceived...

She searches for how to express herself but can't.

BOB
Oh, it's fine.

Alice smiles at Bob's graciousness. There is so much about him to admire. She hesitantly leans in to give him a kiss.

Bob, thirty years her younger, looks nervous. Their symmetrically-silhouetted faces are about to touch when the negative part of the image, the light background between their two faces, outlines a candle stick.

The candlestick becomes the foreground, and the faces fade into the dark background. The macro lens camera dives deep in for a close-up of the reflections on the candle stick. As we zoom in and the curved surface of the reflective candle stick becomes more locally flat, the reflective image of Alice ending a brief kiss with Khatchig who has "jumped bodies".

We cut back to a close-up of Alice.

ALICE

I probably shouldn't be your advisor anymore.

BOB

Ok.

Now Khatchig is no longer in Bob's place.

ALICE

Come on, we need to keep moving.
We have lot of transmitters to patch.

Bob and Alice break down a tent, pack a jeep with their gear, and get on the road that leaves their base camp.

EXT. NATURE AND HYPERSPACE

There are graph network connections evolving.

NARRATOR

Things do not exist. Not in the sense of being independent and separate objects of *stuff*. Our very essence is defined by our relationships, and the entire cosmos is needed for that description.

Khatchig floats through the hyperspace on a green screen background. Khatchig is floating over nature, and the universe.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 If good were to triumph over evil,
 to overthrow the other half, that
 would amount to the disintegration
 of the self.

The Narrator chuckles.

Khatchig stares at the whirlpool in a stream.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 When I see you tomorrow you're the
 same whirlpool I saw yesterday.

Khatchig looks at two sticks that lean against each other,
 defying gravity for the moment.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Dependent on the each other.

We see the big bang of the universe on a white background. It
 evolves and forms an impressionist version of John Wheeler's
 "participatory universe" U diagram.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 The universe looking back at
 itself.

We float over the most beautiful soccer fields. Soccer fields
 in jungles, in cities, in suburbs. Makeshift soccer fields.
 We see slow motion shots of kids playing pick-up soccer
 games, scoring goals, celebrating goals, practicing the
 patterns, and suffering after defeat when the game has no
 real consequence.

EXT. FOREST WITH SOCRER GOAL

We find ourself in front of the Shaman Soccer Coach.

KHATCHIG (O.C.)
 I want to come back...

The Shaman Soccer coach smiles.

We see a ball that sits several yards away magically roll
 towards the Shaman Soccer Coach's feet.

The Shaman Soccer Coach demonstrates a "pull-push-push"
 soccer drill.

Next he demonstrates an "around the world" juggle. Then a
 balancing of the ball on his forehead...

He quickly flicking his head to kiss the ball, and then back so it rests again on his forehead.

Finally the Shaman Soccer Coach pops the ball in the air and volleys it in the upper corner of the goal.

Khatchig looks impress and intimidated. The Shaman Soccer coach summons the soccer ball and it magically returns to his foot. He passes it to Khatchig's feet.

Khatchig looks unsure. Khatchig puts his futuristic headband on.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

Most advanced players don't use the headbands. Once you know where to go and how to react to the evolving play... I was going to say it becomes *subconscious*, but really I should say *superconscious*.

The Shaman Soccer Coach serves the soccer ball up for a volley from Khatchig. He whiffs.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)

Be the ball, be the goal, be the game, be the universe.

KHATCHIG

But...

The Shaman Soccer coach quickly toe kicks another soccer ball that sits next to him. It flies off his foot like a rocket and catches Khatchig off guard. Khatchig tries to protect himself and in doing so, the ball deflects off his face, and ricochets into the goal.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

Good.

Khatchig just stands there confused clutching the side of his face in pain.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH (CONT'D)

Remember, it's just a game.

EXT. ROAD BY WOODS

The Gofer is just riding his bike along the street next to a forest.

He looks into the forest. He sees a school bus.

INT. HUT

Chalk talk scene. There are X's and O's drawn on the soccer field chalk board.

The Shaman is drawing two different symbols: One is a continuous sine wave, and the other is a discrete list of vertical hash marks.

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

Duality is always secretly unity...
a particle and a wave, the discrete
and the continuous... it's both...
it's neither... it's perspective...
and there's even another
possibility...

KHATHCHIG

What's that?

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

That this is all a bunch of
baloney.

The Shaman Soccer Coach erupts into laughter, but Khatchig just looks confused.

INT. EDITING STUDIO

There is a quick, close-up sequence of the Editor's hands splicing a 16mm film edit together.

EXT. - SOME FOREST - DUSK

Khatchig is wearing the headband.

KHATCHIG

(pointing to headband)
It's back. I'm starting to dial in
to the hive mind again.

The Shaman smiles and throws the soccer ball up in the air. Khatchig catches it cleanly on his foot. He is learning.

INT. - UNDER WATER LOUNGE

Jack is looking at the soccer game on the television behind the Mermaid.

JACK
You know, I don't think I've
actually watched a game in years...
I don't even have money on this
one.

EXT. ROAD NEAR RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE - NIGHT

Alice and Bob are driving in the jeep. There is a small motel
on the side of the road.

ALICE
I'm going to see if they have a
room.

She pulls the car into the lot.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Two Rooms. We really need to keep
this professional.

Bob nods. She goes into the check-in lobby of the motel.

Bob sits in the passenger side of a quiet car writing in his
notebook.

INT. EXEC OFFICE - NIGHT

The Exec is coming back from the distorted reality with a new
perspective. It's not all about the ending. Let's enjoy the
patterns along the way.

EXT. THE EDGE OF A NATURE SET

The Narrator's V.O. of the final few sentences of the book is
being transcribed by a crew member who types away, and then
puts the final page in the screenplay before bounding it.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The hand reaching out is Khatchig's now, not the Cabin Owner.
The writer shakes it. Khatchig hands to him a finished screen
play.

EXT. ROAD NEAR RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE - NIGHT

Alice can be seen inside the lobby talking with the Motel
Owner who stands behind the counter. She then turns away and
comes out of the motel.

ALICE

There's no vacancy. Plus, the owner told me the phone lines are down.

Bob looks up from his notebook. The Notebook Reads:
"Regarding closed time-like curves and cause and effect" with an infinity sign underneath it. It is the page we saw earlier, although the Möbius Strip and soccer ball drawing is only sketched out and remain incomplete.

ALICE (CONT'D)

There's a local camp ground close by. Perhaps we should just stay there.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

SHAMAN SOCCER COACH

Do you have an obligation to future patterns that don't exist yet?

KHATCHIG

They have written our fate already.

The Shaman smiles and kicks the soccer ball at Khatchig.

We transition to slow motion as Khatchig attempts a "bicycle kick".

INT. UNDERWATER LOUNGE

Jack, in slow motion, excitedly leans forward and points at the screen. Mermaid turns to look..

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The soccer ball approaches. Khatchig's eyes lock in. His laces make beautiful connection. Water droplets on the ball fly like sparks. The ball flies towards the goal.

INT. UNDERWATER LOUNGE

Jack lets out his first pure gasp of joy in years.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The ball flies in the upper corner of the goal.

Instead of landing on his side or his feet, Khatchig's bicycle continues around for another 360 degree turn... before landing on his butt.

INT. UNDERWATER LOUNGE

Jack turns to Mermaid.

JACK
Did you see that?!

They embrace each other in joy.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Khatchig's eyes light up in belief, excitement, and joy. He looks over to the Shaman to see his reaction, but in his place stands his face on the Shaman's body.

Khatchig has a confused look.

INT. UNDERWATER LOUNGE

MERMAID
Did you have money on this game?

JACK
Not a penny... but it seemed to
matter more than ever.

The Mermaid smiles and puts her hand on Jack's thigh and rubs it.

The waitress comes by and sees Jack's exuberance. Jack pushes a wad of money in her hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
Keep it.

WAITRESS
You know this game is a replay...
from years ago.

JACK
It felt so alive.

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN AREA CAMP SITE - NIGHT

The jeep pulls into the camp ground. The two scientists are shown setting up the tent we saw earlier.

EXT. ABOVE A JUNGLE CANOPY

Camera floats up. The patch of trees in the forest is now the shape of a brain.

We see a levitating Möbius Strip

NARRATOR

You are the pattern, the twist,
only defined by the whole.

WRITER (O.S.)

So what about the self?

EDITOR (O.S.)

And what about the ending?

KHATCHIG (O.S.)

It doesn't exist.

EXEC (O.S.)

No, no, wait, wait... It's
everywhere.

NARRATOR

Wake up.

EXT. SPACE (ANIMATED)

There is a quick shot of space bending and patterns coalescing. The visuals should be inspired by the idea of the "universe waking up."

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK

Khatchig is lying on the floor in a room with many plants. His eyes slowly open. The Joker Crew Member stands above him, lightly shaking his body. Outside the bedroom window is a party going on.

JOKER

Dude, how much of this shit did you
take?

Khatchig sits forward with a glazed-over look on his face. Was it all just a really bad trip? A dream? Is this a spiritual awakening?

JOKER (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get you back to the
party.

The friend helps the Khatchig up to his feet.

The friend proceeds to walk Khatchig out of the bedroom. On the dresser next to the door they exit sits a toy school bus.

EXT. PATIO - DUSK

The Credits begin to play as Khatchig and the Joker exit the house and join the after-party taking place outside. Everyone is dressed in white and seems happy to see Khatchig. Most of the attendees are people we haven't seen before, but there are some familiar faces of characters from the movie/trip/dream. There are many rhythmic dances taking place. There is jazz and other music being played. There are frisbee and other lawn games being played. There is a film production crew that is filming people playing soccer. There is eating and drinking. There is even an angry parent running after a mischievous kid. It looks like perfect harmony as the drone shot slowly floats higher in the sky.

After the credits end, the opening shot with the text "Endless Patterns" over the stars is seen in reverse, from right to left, as if the projected film strip is on a Möbius strip loop.