

Fred nods. He kisses her and heads for the door.

KAREL (CONT'D)

Good luck today

CUT TO:

A small white dot in the center of blackness. The dot gets bigger as we fly towards it and into it...

7 INT./EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - FRED'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY 7

Fred's car drives out of an underground garage.

8 INT. FRED'S CAR - CITY STREET - TRAVELLING - DAY 8

Fred talks to himself as he drives. Rehearsing something.

FRED

I know I don't have a lot of real world experience yet...

(starts over)

I know I don't have a lot of real world experience yet...

(starts over again)

I know I don't have a lot of real world experience yet...

Fred stops behind several cars backed up at an intersection. He notices a SMALL SIDE STREET with a ONE WAY STREET SIGN.

FYI —
BACKGROUND
INFO

FRED

Fuck it.

Fred turns his car down the side street in the opposite direction to the arrow.

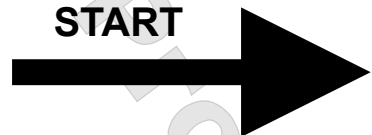
The one way street curves around a corner, and leads into a scummier looking street. Graffiti covered buildings. Some HOMELESS VAGRANTS wandering around.

Fred drives slow. Looking for a turn to get off this street.

He stops the car. He looks at his phone but the MAP APP is malfunctioning. Just displaying NONSENSICAL SHAPES.

Across the street a SCARRED HOMELESS MAN walks towards Fred's car. His long hair and beard give him a "Jesus vibe" albeit a filthy homeless version. He has a long, BRUTAL LOOKING SCAR stretching from his mouth to his eye. Seems high or deranged.

Fred looks over and sees The Scarred Man approaching his car. Speaking DISJOINTED WORDS, as if directly to Fred.

START

SCARRED MAN
(disjointed - rapid fire)
System... Language... Perceive...
Obey... Prison... Cindy... Your...

Fred starts to quickly raise his passenger side window as the frightening man walks right up to Fred's car...

A SIREN WAILS. Fred looks back and sees a POLICE CAR pulling up behind him. The Scarred Man disappears down a dark alley.

Fred rolls his window back down. A shadow moves across Fred's face. A FEMALE COP with reflective sunglasses hovers above.

FEMALE COP
Have a little trouble with shapes?

FRED
I'm sorry?

The female cop points to a STOP SIGN.

FEMALE COP
(annoyed, sarcastic)
You know what that is? It's called an octagon.
(points at other signs)
And that over there is a rectangle. And that funny thing there? That's a triangle. And I want to show you this special one right here...
(points at one-way sign)
It's a rectangle with a triangle on the end of it. It's called an arrow. Now, if you go in the opposite direction of that arrow, that means you're going to be going in the opposite direction as everybody else. And what do you think will happen then?

FRED
Look, I'm sorry, I-

FEMALE COP
BOOM!

Fred jumps slightly.

FEMALE COP
Turn it around. Next time you're getting a ticket.

The cop walks off. Fred starts his car and does a U-turn.

16 QUICK FLASH OF MEMORY 16

The Scarred Homeless Man walking towards Fred. Speaking strange, disjointed words to Fred. CLOSE ON the man's mouth-

CONTINUE

SCARRED MAN'S MOUTH
Obey... Prison... Cindy...

17 BACK TO THE CAR 17

Fred slowly stops his car. He just sits there. Thinking.
Did I really hear that name?

18 QUICK FLASH OF MEMORY 18

EVEN CLOSER - On the Scarred Man's mouth...

SCARRED MAN'S MOUTH
...Cindy.

19 BACK TO THE CAR 19

Fred just sits there. Getting a thought he knows is crazy but he can't let it go. He looks further up the street. Sees...

The one way arrow.

20 EXT. THE ONE WAY STREET - DAY 20

Fred, on foot, looking completely out of place in his suit and tie, wanders down the sunny, graffiti covered street.

He passes dark alleyways either side of the street. Each one seeming to lead to another place. Another mystery.

Fred sees a VAGRANT down one of the alleys. His back turned.

Fred, nervous, but pushed forward by curiosity, walks towards the vagrant, who hears Fred approaching and turns around...

It's an OLDER VAGRANT. Not the Scarred Man from earlier.

Fred, suddenly feeling ridiculous, turns around to leave...

The Scarred Man is standing right behind Fred.

SCARRED MAN
(intense - rapid fire)
Information... Color... Invasive...
Life form... Linear... Resist...

Fred stares at The Scarred Man in wide-eyed, frozen terror.

CONTINUE

The Scarred Homeless Man walks into view of the camera.

He walks directly towards Fred who's back is turned to him.

BACK TO LOBBY - Fred spins around. The Scarred Man walks right to his face. Fred's frozen in shocked terror.

CONTINUE

SCARRED MAN

Time... Outcomes... Even...

Control... Linear... Escape...

FRED'S POV - All COLOR in Fred's POV fluctuates. SHAPES lose their form. Everything becoming ABSTRACT MOVING PATTERNS.

Color, shape, and dimension start to reemerge...

Human faces looking down... A corner... A ceiling...

76

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - FRED'S SUBJECTIVE POV

76

Fred's POV again stares up at frightening faces staring down at him in an unknown room...

The woman who's face is covered in strange tattoos. The man with piercings through his entire face.

Cindy's face comes into view above Fred.

CINDY

Fred! Look at me! You're alright!

Cindy and the room momentarily change back into the swirling abstractions. PHASING BACK AND FORTH.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Fred, it's coming back! Do you understand? It's coming back!

A SCREAM heard. Fred's POV looks away from Cindy and sees...

Sebastian. His face wild with fear. Running up to Fred's POV.

SEBASTIAN

Get off him! Let him go!

A BIG MAN with a LONG GREY PONY TAIL grabs Sebastian before he can get to Fred. Sebastian Tries to fight him off.

Just as Cindy and the room blend back into the swirling abstraction, she again tries to tell him one last thing, but her words are drowned out...

A LOW GROWL... A SHADOW moves across everything...

147 INT. ROOM 308 - NIGHT - FRED AT 17 - FLASH EARLIER 147

Fred is back at the point he was being carried to the back room. Cindy has stopped next to the old metal lamp.

CINDY
Grab the lamp.

Fred looks at the blunt piece of metal near his dangling arm.
His hand grips the lamp.

148 INT. ROOM 308/BACKROOM - NIGHT - FRED AT 17 148

Fred, back with Cindy and the others. He looks down.

The lamp is on the floor next to him. He *did* grab it.

Fred stares at it... Grasping its significance.

FRED
(quiet - amazed)
I can change things.

Fred looks to Cindy. Fear being replaced by determination.

FRED
What do I do?

Cindy nods towards the 12 Year Old boy.

CINDY
Stay with him. We can show you the way. The way to escape them.

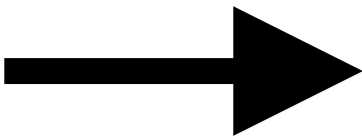
Fred, summoning courage, looks back into the kid's eyes...

CONTINUE

FRED'S POV - The 12 Year Old Kid/Scarred Man FLIPS BETWEEN ALL THE TIMES HE HAS MET FRED. Now though, all the disjointed words from all the different time periods that appeared as gibberish, are revealed to BLEND TOGETHER TO FORM INTO COHERENT SENTENCES...

His words coming at Fred so quickly he can barely keep up...

SCARRED MAN/12 YEAR OLD KID
The system you're using to interpret your reality is not one of your choosing. Numbers. Language. Color. Shape. All a misinterpretation of the information around you.
(MORE)



SCARRED MAN/12 YEAR OLD KID (cont'd)
A misinterpretation imposed on you
by an invasive life-form that is
attempting to control your
consciousness.

Fred stares, mouth open, wide eyed, into the eyes of the
strange being communicating to him in pieces through time.

SCARRED MAN/12 YEAR OLD KID (CONT'D)
The substance you have ingested
temporarily counteracts the
influence of the invasive life-form
which is trying to force you to
perceive information in the same
manner as itself. In a linear
fashion. To perceive choices as
having inescapable outcomes.
Outcomes it itself has dictated to
you. Thereby controlling all of
your choices and in effect,
eliminating them. It achieves this
goal by influencing you to perceive
the most elaborate of all
misinterpretations - Time.

END

The Scarred Man/12 year old FLIPS BETWEEN VERSIONS OF HIMSELF
WITH INCREASING SPEED. Creating the illusion he is in a
constant state of transformation. Like the GLIMPSES OF
PLAYING CARDS AS THE DECK IS SHUFFLED.

The flipping becomes so rapid, the Scarred Man/Kid becomes
one with the abstract environment all around him,
disappearing completely. Only the abstract whole now...

INT. THE PLACE BEFORE TIME - FRED'S SUBJECTIVE POV

Everything has become an endlessly fluctuating mass of
abstract patterns. Fred's consciousness seemingly no longer
able to distinguish COLOR, SHAPE, NUMBERS or LANGUAGE.

TWO OBJECTS move past Fred's POV. Seemingly made of the same
swirling abstract mass, but separate from the rest. They move
back and forth in front of Fred. He seems to control them.

They're FRED'S HANDS.

They appear to be FLIPPING BETWEEN VERSIONS OF THEMSELVES
just like the Scarred Man/12 Year Old Boy was doing.

From a child's hands, to a grown up to old and withered in an
instant and back again. Nails and hair grow long, fall off,
grow back again. Flipping so quickly they appear to be in a
constant state of transformation.