

FICTION

by

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This movie is set in current times, it is as "normal" as possible. The story is based around the main character, FICTION, a late 20's male. His name reflects his story, it's unbelievable.

This movie is about the power of communication, the actions and decisions we make in our lives, and, how energy affects our world. There is a theme of explaining and helping people understand how science and spirituality can coexist.

This unlikely candidate to save the world has the ability to share his power with anyone, who then also has the power and ability to share "the power."

The purpose of this movie is to leave everyone in the audience with the feeling that this guy FICTION actually exists somewhere.

Along the way, the audience will learn how to see auras and what they look like and how you can interact them. As the story progresses, so should your abilities...

The story ends with the ability to do a sequel, potentially a trilogy.

Chapter 1 - Interrogation

Opening on a busy street while main character, FICTION begins to narrate. We see him sticking out of the crowd and heading towards a government building.

FICTION
(narrating)
I always had the urge to
protect people.

View starts black to the switching on of a security camera. We are looking at the front office to a government looking building. The view changes from a security camera to real world view as the main character FICTION enters. He is longhaired, bearded, almost homeless looking. He approaches the front desk.

FICTION
(calm voice)
My name is Fiction, I believe
you've been looking for me.

Looking shocked and unable to speak, DESK CLERK 1's breath gets heavy. She rings a silent alarm. Fiction smiles, Fiction knew she hit the alarm and puts his arms up and waits for the storm of swat members to swarm in.

FICTION
(grinning)
I'm ready.

Swat team surround Fiction

SWAT TEAM 1
Get down! Get on
the ground!

After arresting FICTION, he begins to narrate as the SWAT team brings him down a series of hallways and elevators to an interrogation room.

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FICTION
(narrating)
Communicating an
idea has started
and ended wars. The
right or wrong word
can resonate with
our emotions or
provide a new
perspective. A
story told the
right way can
change your life
forever.

Several black suited, white shirt and black tie government
looking official people enter.

AGENT 1
We've been looking
for you for quite
some time. Why
would you give
yourself in before
your big event?

FICTION doesn't respond. He is waiting for them to ask the
right question.

AGENT 2
It doesn't matter,
we have ways to
keep you in line.

AGENT 1
What do you plan on
doing tonight?

AGENT 3
Answer him!?! Do
you know what were
capable of?

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FICTION
...Do you?

AGENT 2 pulls out a cattle prod and tries to zap FICTION, who is not affected. Everyone looks confused except for FICTION who is grinning. AGENT 2 gets annoyed and tries zapping him again. This time FICTION lets out a giggle. (note fiction should be playful about the interrogation)

AGENT 3
Come here you son
of a ...

FICTION
Please don't.

AGENT 3 approaches FICTION and before he can get his hands on him, an electric shock comes from FICTION'S body and zaps AGENT 3 with the power of the 2 previous zap's into 1. AGENT 3 falls back.

AGENT 3
Ooowww!!

AGENT 1
Get him out of
here.

AGENT 2
Yes sir!

AGENT 1 closes the door.

AGENT 1
Ha ha ha... they
don't know much
about you, But I
do. I've
investigated a lot

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of people you've
met. We know all
about you and what
you think you are
capable of.

FICTION doesn't appear shocked and just waits for the next
question.

AGENT 1
So why is it,
you've come here?
You know I can
treat the people
you've met like a
virus. We have a
treatment for
people you've
infected. You're
done talking. No
one is ever going
to hear you again.

FICTION
A story doesn't
need the founder to
be present.

AGENT 1
That's what you
think, you see,
we've been doing
this for a LONG
time and we're very
good at it. It is
no different than
how you can be the
master of a dog. We
are your masters,
NOW why do you wish
to bite the hand
that feeds you!?

FICTION switches from playful to serious. He looks at the
camera.

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FICTION
That is a good
question. Why don't
I tell you.

Fade to black.

Chapter 2 - War

FICTION is found serving in the military in a war zone set in the Middle East somewhere. He is found in his rack, apparently asleep while others are too excited about going home to sleep.

FICTION
(narrating)
It was the night before we
were heading home. No more
patrols, no more war. I
remember there was a debate
over what the difference was
between a cheesesteak and a
Philly cheesesteak right
before it happened...

MARINE 1
No no no, there is a
difference!

MARINE 2
What difference? Why do I have
to distinguish between the
names?

MARINE 1
Whoa, it's all about the bread
my friend.

MARINE 3
I don't care what you call it,
if it's not an MRE, I'm sure
it's delicious.

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MARINE 4
I can't wait for an In N Out
burger, I'm going to get a #
1, animal style!

An explosion in the distance, everyone's ears perk up.
FICTION is now sitting up alert. He hears a whistling
sound!

FICTION
Everybody get down!

A mortar drops right on their sleeping quarters.

MARINE 1
Motherfuckers!!

AK-47 gunshots ring out.

FICTION
They blew a hole in the fence.
Grab your shit and follow me,
the war's not over for us yet.

FICTION leads what's left of his unit in a SWAT style to
help clear the base of terrorists. A head pops over the
fence with a bazooka and fires it directly at FICTION who
sees it coming.

FICTION
(narrating)
I turned left, instead of
turning right.

FICTION
Get back!!

The noise cuts out and everything slows down.

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FICTION
Get DOWN!!

The blast goes off near FICTION sending him in the air
towards a wall.

FICTION
(narrating)
What if it was it fate?

FICTION ends up landing into a pile of rubble, unconscious.
FICTION's team runs over to him and he appears to be asleep
with his eyes open. The camera zooms in on his face and we
see that he has a slight grin and is staring up at the sky.
The camera zooms into the black of his eye until the screen
fades to black.

Out of the darkness, FICTION is found, kneeling and looking
down in a dim lit spot light.

FICTION
(narrating)
I remember thinking how
familiar that place felt.
Feeling the solidness of the
ground beneath me, I stood up.

Voice
(multiple voices at once)
It is time.

FICTION says nothing but looks serious. He looks up and
sees that there are people sitting in the shadows, barely
visible, in a circular room that has an infinite amount of
stories stacked on top of each other. Each level with an
equal amount of people sitting at them in cloak type
clothing. At the top, we can see the stars.

FICTION
I'm ready.

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Chapter 3 - Hospital

FICTION is back in the states, in a coma. The nurse enters to wake him up for the first time.

NURSE 1
Ok sleepy head, time to wake
up!

FICTION slowly begins to wake up.

NURSE 1
Good morning, how are we
feeling?

FICTION
How long have I been gone??

NURSE 1
Gone? You've been in a coma
for 3 weeks but don't worry
you are back home in the good
ole' United States of America!

FICTION seems confused, for him the experience was
instantaneous.

NURSE 1
(inner thoughts)
Oh my, look at your eyes. You
are a cutie.

FICTION
Thank you?

NURSE 1
(checking vitals)
Mhmm, mhmm.

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NURSE 1
(inner voice)
Oh my, look at those dimples
too, And these arms, mmm...

FICTION
I'm sorry did you say
something?

NURSE 1
Hm? I'll be right back with
the doctor.

The doctor enters.

DOCTOR 1
How are you feeling?

FICTION
I think I'm hearing voices.

DOCTOR 1
So your humor is intact, do
you remember your birthday?
Hometown?

FICTION
November 22nd, Philadelphia.

DOCTOR 1
Good, follow the light...
Good. Ok, you seem to be in
good health, CT and Cat scans
seem normal, we're going to
run a couple more tests but
you should be on schedule to
link up with your unit before
being released.

FICTION appears confused.

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DOCTOR 1

Your friends wanted to make sure you can enjoy yourself next week at their party so try not to overdue it. Try to keep it under 4 drinks.

FICTION

Ok...

Chapter 4 - Party

FICTION shows up to a party hosted by Marine 1. Marine 2 and Marine 3 are there. Marine 2 is missing a leg and Marine 3 is missing an arm. Marine 5 (wasn't in barracks during attack) is there as well.

MARINE 1

Look who it is! Welcome brother, come on in! Can I get you something? We heard you were going to be out soon but no one knew when.

MARINE 2

It's good to see you awake.

FICTION

It's nice to be awake.

MARINE 3

So what are you going to do next?

FICTION

I haven't figured that out yet.

MARINE 2

Have you checked out MARINE

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5's truck.

FICTION

No..

MARINE 5

You know what, why doesn't
everyone come see it. Hey
MARINE 1, cut off the music.

MARINE 5 motions to someone to turn off the music.

MARINE 5

Attention everyone, come
outside and check out my new
truck!

No one moves at first.

MARINE 5

(serious)

I said, come check out my
truck!

People start coming outside. MARINE 5 has a big smile and
is corralling all the people out of the party.

MARINE 5

Are you ready!!

MARINE 5 clicks his garage door opener and we see a monster
truck. It's raised, crazy rims, huge shocks, tinted, big
stereo system, etc.

DRUNK GIRL 1

Wow!!!

MARINE 5

Hop in.

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DRUNK GIRL 1
OMG!!

FICTION
So that's what he did with his
bonus pay, eh?

MARINE 1
Guess so...

MARINE 5
Check this out!

MARINE 5 walks over to stand next to his Marine friends.
The DRUNK GIRL is still checking out everything in the car...
MARINE 5 raises his hands with the clicker.

MARINE 5
Bet she's never heard anything
this loud!

MARINE 5 turns on really loud heavy metal music and
everyone at the party puts their hands on their ears. DRUNK
GIRL 1 get's it the worst. Everyone is ooh-ing and ah-ing.

MARINE 5
HAHAHAHA, Got her good!

FICTION becomes fixated on the music, the heavy metal
thuds, the viewing lens begins to vibrate to the beat.
Every bump distorts the view of the camera so that only
FICTION is the one who stays in focus. Everyone is dancing
and time the beat hits, everyone else becomes distorted and
turn a red color.

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MARINE 1
Real funny...

DRUNK GIRL 1 stumbles into their reunion.

DRUNK GIRL 1
Hey hero, your cute.

FICTION
Thanks...

DRUNK GIRL 1
You want to come dance with
me.

MARINE 5
Yeah go dance with her!

DRUNK GIRL 1 hops on FICTION's lap and he gets a flash back
of her throwing up several minutes earlier in the bathroom

FICTION
I'd rather not.

DRUNK GIRL 1
Whatever!?

MARINE 5
Dude, she's the hottest girl
here?

FICTION
And the drunkest.

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MARINE 2
Whatever! I'm going for it!

MARINE 5 is equally as drunk and walks next to FICTION.

MARINE 5
Being in a coma didn't make
you a queer or nothing did it?
You have one of those near
death experiences and found
out you were gay or something?

MARINE 5 puts his arms around FICTION and puckers his lips and pretends to lean in for a kiss. FICTION gets a flashback of MARINE 5 on their last night. He was sleeping on post where the terrorists were and they decided to attack after seeing he was not paying attention.

Flash back to the party and everyone is looking at FICTION who looks like he has been staring off in the distance, not responding.

MARINE 5
Yo!

FICTION jumps out of his seat and looks at MARINE 5.

MARINE 5
What is it?

FICTION looks shocked, angry and confused all at once.

MARINE 2
You alright?

FICTION get's another flash back of MARINE 2 in combat killing a child by accident. The sound of the party goes mute and FICTION looks at his friends with confusion.

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FICTION
I'll be right back.

MARINE 1 and 2 follow FICTION out back and light a cigarette.

MARINE 1
What's up?

FICTION
You wouldn't believe me

MARINE 2
Hey we didn't believe you when
you said you were bringing 2
dates to the Marine Corps
ball, but you did!

FICTION
I don't know what to tell you
guys.

MARINE 1
What is it?!

FICTION
It's..

MARINE 1
Out with it!

FICTION
I think MARINE 5 was asleep on
post our last night we got
attacked.

MARINE 2
How could you know that, we

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were all together that night.

MARINE 1
Did he tell you he did?

FICTION
I can't explain it.

MARINE 1
Try to, because I brought that
motherfucker a bottle of Johny
blue tonight and I need to
know if I have to go beat it
out of him.

FICTION'S attention is drawn to the little boy following
MARINE 2.

FICTION
I know that MARINE 2 killed
that kid. I can see him, he's
following you around this
party as we speak.

MARINE 2
What, kid?

MARINE 1
You mean that boy we found
shot in the chest in street?

FICTION
He's following you. I saw you
do it, I don't know how, I
wasn't even on that patrol.

MARINE 2
I never shot a kid.

FICTION
He had short black hair, about

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yay high with a soccer ball.

MARINE 1
MARINE 2, is that true?

MARINE 2
(trembling)
He came around a corner during
that firefight...It was an
accident.

MARINE 1 looks at FICTION and then backs into the party at
MARINE 5.

MARINE 1
(angry)
That means MARINE 5 was asleep
on post the night we got
attack.

FICTION
I believe so.

MARINE 1
That MOTHER FUCKER!

MARINE 1 heads straight back into the party to attack
MARINE 5, MARINE 2 is still paralyzed from the idea that he
killed a child in combat.

FICTION
I gotta go.

FICTION walks out the back of the party into an alley way
and is walking at a slightly faster than normal pace.

Chapter 5 - BAR FIGHT

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FICTION was not ready for that experience so after leaving the party we find him entering a bar. He doesn't see anyone's auras (because at first he needs to know them). We find him chatting to a guy next to him. FICTION is discussing the world in a negative way that represents the current view of the world that says "everything is fucked up what can I do about it."

FICTION

...This world is a messed up place ya know, you've got 1% of the world controlling the rest of us, every conspiracy is true and we're all sitting here with our thumbs in our asses.

BARTENDER

Do you want another drink?

FICTION motions towards his class to fill it up again.

FICTION

Then you've got the entertainment arm of the illuminati pushing all this bullshit down our throats. Now everyone wants to be an entertainer. Everyone wants to be looked at. "look at me, look at me". There are more people on stage than in the crowd. Who's entertaining who?

BARTENDER

You've got a lot to say, eh?

FICTION

Everyone's always saying the same thing. World peace, love your neighbor... you would think by now we would have listened to the lyrics. We hear music, we don't listen to

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the lyrics.

BARTENDER

Hey buddy, eat something.

BARTENDER pushes bowl of nuts towards FICTION.

FICTION

You know, I can't look at food without picturing all the people in the world that aren't going to get to eat what I'm eating?! Every time... and you know what, then I think about all the effort that went into that meal. The soil, the farmer, the transportation of the food, etc. But you know what, it makes it taste amazing. I appreciate it. No one appreciates anything anymore. No one puts in the effort needed.

Every one is trying to avoid FICTION.

BARTENDER

I think you've had enough.

FICTION

You don't know what I've had.

BARTENDER

Buddy, don't make me throw you out of here.

FICTION

(smiling cocky)

Just pour me 4 more drinks.

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BARTENDER

Jimmy.

JIMMY is much bigger than FICTION.

JIMMY

Hey Buddy, you want to do
this.

FICTION

Where's TONY? I thought you
were TONY.

JIMMY

You got a death wish or
something?

TONY should be slightly smaller than JIMMY but more intense
looking.

TONY

I don't think you answered
Jimmy. Do. You. Have. A.
Death. Wish?

FICTION stands up and puts his hands up. TONY gets ready to
throw him a punch.

JIMMY

It would be my honor, sir.

JIMMY is already next to FICTION but as his fist winds up
for the blow, time slows down for FICTION. FICTION,
apparently is drunk still and JIMMY strikes FICTION in the
face, knocking him down.

BARTENDER

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OHH...

BARTENDER drops behind the bar counter and calls the police.

TONY
Hello, 911,... yes theres a
fight at TONY's..

TONY
Stay down, and crawl out of
here if you want to live.

FICTION is on the ground, starting to laugh. He is bleeding from the lip and he touches it with his hand. He stands up.

JIMMY
Your dead!

FICTION
(cocky)
I guess he's TONY?

JIMMY heads toward FICTION and winds up, but before he can, FICTION hits him in the chin, knocking him out cold.

FICTION
TONY?

TONY APPROACHES FICTION and goes to knock him out. TONY sends a big left hook towards FICTION who backs away from it. Everyone seems stunned. TONY takes a swing with his right and misses again. FICTION stumbles back towards his drink.

FICTION
What a waste of time!

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TONY doesn't respond just bullrushes FICTION and jumps on him. A rush of people come towards FICTION. They are all trying to get there hands on him and hit him once before they thro him out. Suddenly, a flash erupts from the scuffle. FICTION is shooting blue mini lighthening out his body from all directions.

FICTION
Ha ha ah aha haha!

Someone cracks a chair over his head.

FICTION
(wagging finger)
No no no no...

He punches a guy so hard he flies back 6 feet. His cockiness continues until everyone is on the ground. He sits back at the bar for another drink when the BARTENDER jumps out from behind the bar with a shotgun.

BARTENDER
Time to get the fuck out of
here...

FICTION locks eyes with the BARTENDER and flashes his energy. Lighting bolts of energy flicker around FICTION. The BARTENDER freezes (he was hiding during the fight, calling the cops and didn't see FICTION's true capabilities.)

BARTENDER
What the...

FICTION perks up like he knows something. The cops are pulling up outside. The BARTENDER is still frozen. The police rush in to see everyone on the ground.

COP 1
What the...

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The BARTENDER is still standing there with the shotgun,
with a look of shock. FICTION is no longer there.

Chapter 6 - Returning home and leaving

FICTION bursts into his apartment for what feels like the
first time to him. Everything looks foreign.

FICTION
(narrating)
I wasn't sure what was
happening at that point. I was
half scared and half intrigued
by what had just happened.

FICTION picks up a picture of his unit from the war.

FICTION
(narrating)
I didn't know what I was
doing, but I knew what I
wasn't doing.

He changes his attitude and slams it face down on the
counter it was on. He starts rummaging around his apartment
packing things in a backpack.

FICTION
(narrating)
I saw the life I had and it
didn't feel right, everything
in my apartment seemed
foreign. Everything I had, I
didn't need. I grabbed some
money and a bag of clothing
and walked out the door. I had
no clue what I was doing next,
but I was ready for the
challenge of figuring that
out.

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FICTION leaves his apartment, door slightly open, with a note on the front door. It says "Take anything you want, I won't be back."

Chapter 6 - journey begins

FICTION now has stubble and his hair is slightly longer. He is found sitting in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

FICTION

(narrating)

You don't know where you are going if you don't know where you came from.

TOUR GUIDE

Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls,...

FICTION

(narrating)

I found myself obsessed with history and the idea of freedom.

TOUR GUIDE

...The founding fathers believe the government should operate like a cup of hot tea. The hot tea in the cup represents the HEAT of the country, the House of Representatives would raise many issues and cause many heated debates...

FICTION

(narrating)

This moment in time where people said, enough is enough. We know there is something better and we're going to

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fight to get it so we can hold
onto it forever. They did it
for the generations to follow.
The great experiment.

TOUR GUIDE

...The senate, balanced by
equal representatives from
each state would be the cup
that held the tea together.
The president, was the saucer
beneath that held the cup and
caught the hot tea that might
spill over...

FICTION

(narrating)

I felt a sense of warmth and
calmness rush over me, like a
baby in its mother's arms.

TOUR GUIDE

...The senate, balanced by
equal representatives from
each state would be the cup
that held the tea together.
The president, was the saucer
beneath that held the cup and
caught the hot tea that might
spill over.

FICTION

(narrating)

And then it happened again.

FICTION is focusing on the TOUR GUIDE and slowly the other
people in the room begin to fade out and FICTION can see
the founding fathers debating in the room.

NEW YORK

Gentleman, please, this is not
the best course of action!

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B FRANK

They have left us with no
other options. We have the
right to be free from those
with which to control us!

MASSACHUSETTES

Gentleman! Gentleman!

Their debate stops and they all turn and look at FICTION
with a face that looks like he shouldn't be there.

NORTH CAROLINA

Sir?

He jumps back and out of it and the TOUR GUIDE is looking
right at him.

TOUR GUIDE

Sir? The tour is over now, we
must clear out so the next
group can come in.

FICTION

Yes, of course.

TOUR GUIDE

Don't forget to check out the
liberty bell!

FICTION walks out of independence hall and notices he can
see differently. Surrounded by Old City, he can see a
combination of modern time and 1776 Philadelphia
overlapping each other. People dressed in both old and new
clothing. FICTION starts walking and someone from the old
times nods their hat to him.

FICTION

(narrating)

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I realized the importance of
history. Being aware of
history will effect the
decisions you make today and
how to plan for tomorrow.

OLD TIME PERSON
Morning.

FICTION
Morning...

FICTION
(narrating)
I found it comforting to be
able to interact with the way
things were with the way
things are. However, I wasn't
sure what was happening at the
time. And needed answers.

Chapter 7 - Pastor

FICTION now has a heavy stubbled beard and longer hair over
his ears. He comes to a Swedenborough Cathedral on a hill
overlooking a valley in Bryn Athyn.

GREETER
Hello! Welcome, can I help you
with anything?

FICTION
I was just hoping to look
around? I grew up near by and
have never actually been
inside.

GREETER
Absolutely! Let me know if you
have any questions!

FICTION begins walking around, checking out everything. He

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notices this cathedral has obvious Christian influences but also Jewish, Islam and Buddhism. The only other person in the Cathedral apparently doing the same thing walks over to FICTION.

DAVID
Beautiful isn't it?

FICTION
I'm trying to figure that out.

DAVID
Let me show you around, I'm the grounds keeper for all the church's land.

FICTION
That would be great.

DAVID
So, do you want to know the most interesting thing about this cathedral?

FICTION
Sure.

DAVID
Follow me!

DAVID brings FICTION outside the Cathedral to one of the walls.

DAVID
You see this? See how the cathedral is built out of many different types of stone?

FICTION
Yeah...

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DAVID

The people that built this Cathedral were very wealthy and right before they began building this Cathedral, the great depression hit.

FICTION

Mhmm..

DAVID

So they decided to change their plans so they could order as many different stones from as many different quarries to help keep as many as possible open during those hard times.

FICTION

Wow. I had no idea.

FICTION puts his hand on the wall.

FICTION

I have been by this Cathedral so many times and never knew how much I might appreciate the truth.

DAVID

There's more, come with me.

FICTION starts to follow behind DAVID but notices there's something starting to form behind him. Like a storm cloud, lighting flashes turn into a woman with dark hair crying with her hands covering her face.

FICTION

Who is that?

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DAVID

Who is who?

FICTION

I'm sorry... I... ugh. There's
a woman floating behind you...

DAVID

I beg your pardon?

FICTION

... And she's crying. She has
dark hair and her she's
leaning into her hands like
this...

FICTION puts his hands to his face like the woman floating.

DAVID

I'm sorry, I'm not sure I
understand what you're telling
me?

FICTION

Uh yeah,...I normally don't do
this but I could see her so
clearly. Um, I guess I just
had to ask...

DAVID

So if I understand you
correctly, there is someone
behind me? I don't see
anything.

FICTION

... I can see a woman crying,
she's a brunette. And she's
following you. Besides that,
I'm not sure who she is. Maybe
you can tell me?

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DAVID is looking over his shoulder. He makes a face like he can see and knows who it is but doesn't want to say.

DAVID
Could it be my ex wife?

FICTION
It could be. I don't know, do
you have a picture of her.

DAVID gets excited and rushes into his office to rummage through some stuff. He pulls out a picture and hands it to FICTION.

DAVID
I mean, I've been remarried
for 15 years. I was an
alcoholic...but I've been
clean for 17 years now.

FICTION looks back at the woman behind DAVID.

FICTION
Yup, that's her.

DAVID
Well I'll be...

FICTION
Congratulations on 17 years
sobriety.

DAVID
It wasn't easy but it was
worth the struggle.

FICTION
Uh huh?

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DAVID

I discovered a fundamental truth about myself, and maybe most others too. We are all composed of two parts. The dark and the light. I lived too long in the darkness and I let it take over me. My ex-wife really suffered through a dark time, my dark time. She left before I could pull myself together... I can't blame her though.

FICTION

I'm sorry to hear that.

DAVID

It took a long time, but I eventually found balance. You see this world is ruled by duality. Up and down, hot and cold. Yes and no, right and wrong. It's as basic as 1's and 0's. Good and Bad. That's as simple as life gets, try not do to anything bad and you'll live a good life.

FICTION

I think your still carrying that memory with you. Perhaps, you haven't let it go?

DAVID

I haven't. I wasn't a good person. I'm sober now and live a completely different lifestyle. That was over 20 years ago but I still think about it everyday.

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FICTION
Maybe you can forgive
yourself?

DAVID looks off with a distant stare. FICTION notices the crying woman begins to float off and disappear. DAVID makes an audible sigh noise.

FICTION
She's gone.

DAVID
I just felt a huge weight lift
off my shoulders... I feel
great! How did you do that?

FICTION
I'm not sure, I'm still trying
to figure that out.

DAVID
I believe what you saw is
real, but I have never
experience it before. Tell me
the story?

FICTION tells him the story, we fade out and come to them at the end back at the Cathedral.

DAVID
I have something I need to
give you.

DAVID reaches for something and places an extraordinary luminous orange crystal on his desk. A cloud passes from over the sun and the light pours into the office from a window behind DAVID's desk. As the light catches the stone, it shines brightly into FICTION's eyes. FICTION experiences the orange light surround him, as if he is enveloped by it.

DAVID
Now, I know there is a stigma

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about crystals but someone like you gave me this when I was an alcoholic. I've had it for 20 years. Apparently, it's a rare crystal that has two different kinds of minerals combined in the center. I was told it would bring me balance in my life and I believe it did. The friend that gave it to me told me it was my turn to have it, and that it had helped him. Now that's its helped me, I pass it along to you. May it help you find balance in your life and help you with your new power.

FICTION

(narrating)

I never experienced such an open and free conversation like that one. I knew I would never forget it because not only was it the first time I felt comfortable discussing what I was seeing, but it was the first time I learned more about what I was seeing and why. I knew what I was seeing was real and could effect the lives of people I interacted with. It was something that needed to be hypothesized, tested and catalogued. It was a muscle I needed to exercise.

FICTION thanks DAVID for the crystal and leaves the Cathedral.

Chapter 8 - DOC

FICTION is leaning down, picking strawberries. He finishes and starts loading them on a cart and brings them towards the road to sell.

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FICTION

(narrating)

I had to get out of the city,
I needed to be in nature. I
wanted to eat nothing but farm
fresh food and work an honest
day.

A group of tourist shows up and buys some strawberries.

FICTION

That will be \$2 please.

FICTION

(narrating)

I was working for a guy that
promised 3 hots and a cot for
a 12-hour workday. It was a
pretty good deal considering
the lifestyle I wanted at the
time.

DOC

Here's your change.

TOURIST

Thank you!

FICTION and DOC finish the workday. DOC is a wise man in
his 50's , half african america, half japanese, working on
the farm with FICTION. DOC, being one of many, will stand
out to FICTION.

FICTION

(narrating)

I didn't know it at first, but
meeting DOC would forever
change my perspective. We were
both pursuing the same peace.
It took a while for us to have
our first conversation, which
went nothing more than a grab

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this or get that.

DOC
Help me with this.

FICTION and DOC load the final supplies into the shed to finish for the day. FICTION finishes but looks for DOC to give him some sort of indication of a conversation for once but it doesn't happen. FICTION begins to follow DOC on his daily routine, trying to replicate what he sees. One morning, while enjoying his morning tea, DOC finally recognizes FICTION's obvious interest.

DOC
What do you want?

FICTION
Boss told me you are a monk?

DOC
Mhmm.

FICTION
What was that like?

DOC
What do you really want?

FICTION
To know more about what I've experienced.

DOC
Do you believe your experiences are different than any other person's?

FICTION
I've been through some stuff...

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DOC
(angrily)
Did you eat today?

FICTION
Yeah.

DOC
Did you eat yesterday?

FICTION
Well, yeah.

DOC
3 meals each?

FICTION
Yes.

DOC
Think about everyone in the world and before you think about the struggle you've actually been through, nothing beats pure survival. Life is about necessity, if your needs are met and you can help others fulfill their needs than you are living well.

FICTION
(narrating)
He got me with that one. He made me begin to consider every other person in the world with every action I make and every word spoken.

DOC
What do you want?

FICTION

I want world peace for
mankind.

DOC

Why?

FICTION

(narrating)

I had never encountered a
negative response in relation
to world peace. Who would
question peace? And why was
the apparently wisest person
I've met question why I would
want world peace.

FICTION

Huh? Because it's peace.
What's wrong with peace for
mankind?

DOC

What about women? Consider
you're in a room with everyone
in the world, do you think
some woman would be offended
if you said you only wanted
peace for Mankind. Words are
powerful, use them wisely. If
you want peace, you have to
speak as if it exists.

FICTION

Ok, I want peace for all
humans...

DOC

Better.

FICTION

(narrating)

And that's how it went. I

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would say something, and he would correct me. DOC was an actual doctor of anthropology. Eventually, I started hearing him in my head before every word I spoke. "Make sure you consider everyone in the world" "How would someone who lives this way or that way react to what you are saying or doing"

FICTION and DOC begin to montage working and talking together at night when the day is over. FICTION and DOC montage of different days and different conversations they had on the farm. They're sitting on a porch at sunset.

FICTION

(narrating)

He had spent 35 years in a Buddhist monastery and I was going to learn everything I could from him. One day, his story became personal.

DOC

I was once lost..

FICTION

How so?

DOC

Out of disaster and despair you can still birth wisdom.

FICTION

mhmm...

Doc

You see, I grew up in Japan in 1950. My father was an African

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American Army officer who
married a local Japanese
woman. I knew I was a
homosexual when I was 6 years
old, but so did everyone else.

FICTION

I'm not trying to offend you,
but what do Buddhist monks say
about homosexuality?

DOC

A MAN can love a WOMAN and
this MAN can feel like a MAN,
but he can also feel like a
WOMAN. He can also want to
dress like a WOMAN and still
feel like a MAN or feel like a
WOMAN. He might also not call
himself a he or a she. In some
places, being a hermaphrodite
is being a live g-d.

FICTION

I never thought of it like
that...

DOC

I was teased my entire life so
when I was older, I tried to
kill myself. I took a handful
of sleeping pills and said
goodbye to this world. I woke
up 3 days later, just thirsty
and hungry. I said, I must
have lived for a reason, but
I'm only going to give myself
a year to figure out why. I
wanted to know the meaning of
life so I wouldn't try not to
take mine again. I went to all
the religions and asked them,
what is the meaning of life.
None had an answer I could
swallow. It was only when I
went to a Buddhist temple when

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I asked what is the meaning of
the life that the MONK looked
back at me with a smile and
said "The answer is no further
than your nose." After that, I
didn't leave for 35 years.

FICTION can see DOC's aura more clearly than ever. It is
the clearest he's ever seen. Like a river of crystals and
diamonds it rises and falls with DOC's breath.

FICTION

I can see your aura so
clearly. It looks like the
clearest water I've ever seen
and it feels like it's pouring
over me like a gentle
waterfall.

The aura grows in size, it begins to rise and fall with his
breath. FICTION begins to breath in the same pattern as DOC
when DOC motions for him to look at himself. FICTION looks
down and see's his aura for the first time. It is brighter,
like the clear water has a sun bouncing it's rays off of
it.

DOC

And I can see yours, it's like
a bright star, radiating
energy and light.

FICTION takes big breaths in and out and notices how it
effects his aura.

FICTION

How is this possible?

DOC

Energy displays itself in our
spectrum as light, color, and
objects. Red is a slower wave
than orange and the wavelength
decreases as the frequency
increases changing the colors

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from Red to Orange to Yellow
to Green to Blue to Violet...

FICTION

What?

DOC

You might have heard them
called chakras but that name
isn't as important as the
action. Understanding each
level allows for greater
awareness.

FICTION

What does that mean, how does
that help me?

DOC

Knowing how condusu's or
kundalini works will keep you
strong and healthy. You might
have seen the medical symbol
where 2 snakes wrap around a
staff? Those are the positive
and negative forces of the
world. Balance your energy,
and your power will rise.

FICTION

How?

DOC

Think of your energy like your
focus, what are you focusing
on. What are you working
towards, what did you do
today, what do you plan on
doing tonight. If every answer
refers to getting laid or
making money, we are only
accessing our 2 lowest forms
of energy. If people would

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trust their intuition, they
might ascend to the higher
beings we all could be.

DOC

Do you need more help? What do
you really want?

FICTION

(narrating)

He was always challenging me
and my ideas.

Montage ends between FICTION and DOC when they are sitting
after hard days work, covered in sweat.

DOC

You have a gift but it is
time, your story is not over
yet.

FICTION looks confused because DOC said it is time. He
thinks about his encounter with the hall of Wise voices
when He is transported back to the Hall of Wise voice.

VOICES

It is time.

DOC

Continue your journey.

FICTION

(narrating)

I knew what it meant, I was
ready to return to the "real"
world and see where I was
supposed to go next.

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FICTION is seen walking with his bag of clothing the after leaving the farm.

Chapter 9 - FABLE

FICTION arrives in Venice, CA. His hair is down to his chin and his beard is longer. He see's someone selling crystals and approaches them. On his way, he picks up a quarter. As he walks down Venice boardwalk he passes a street performer, Santa Cruz type hippie girl. As she is performing he contact juggling routine to a small group of tourists, FICTION catches her eye. As he steps past, he catches her look and returns a flirtatious smirk. He continues to walk past, taking in the spectacle, the hordes of different types of people (transients, tourists, locals, surfers, babes, etc.) that are walking up and down Venice boardwalk. FABLE finishes her performance, the small group claps and she hurriedly packs her canvas backpack, looking over her shoulder the direction FICTION walked. She slings her pack over her shoulder and hurries through the crowd to catch up with FICTION. The scene cuts back and forth between FABLE and FICTION as FICTION wander through the crowd, looking at trinkets on tables, into shops, stopping for a few moments at each street performer and FABLE follows him, staying behind him so as to not be seen. FICTION approaches a small table with a tie-dye cloth draped over it with assorted crystals on display and a small handwritten sign.

CRYSTAL GIRL

Hi, would you like to buy a
crystal? What's your birthday,
where's your venus, which moon
is affecting you the most
today? How can we help you
with your crystal purchase?

FICTION

I don't know much about
crystal's but I was hoping
maybe you might be interested
in buying or maybe trading me
for this.

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FICTION pulls out his crystal and the CRYSTAL GIRL's eyes get huge. She is almost licking her lips and tries to swindle FICTION. FABLE is staying back observing what is going on.

CRYSTAL GIRL
Oh that, not too rare you see,
and this. It looks like
someone glued 2 smaller
crystals together.

FABLE
(whispering)
She's trying to work you over.

FICTION turns and locks eyes with FABLE again. He smiles.

FICTION
(embarrassed)
Thanks...

CRYSTAL GIRL
I'll give you \$20, right now.

FICTION looks back at FABLE who gives a disapproving face.

FICTION
I'm not sure you are the right
person for this.

FICTION puts his crystal away and starts walking away.

FICTION
Thanks again.

FABLE
I recognize the light that you
are recognizing the light that
I am.

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FICTION

I'm sorry?

FABLE

Do you want to hang out for a bit, theres going to be a beautiful sunset soon. Want to check it out?

FICTION

Sure.

FABLE

You're not from here are you?

FICTION

First time.

FABLE

(smiling)

Come on!

FICTION and FABLE head towards the beach.

FABLE

You were going to give her that crystal weren't you.

FICTION

Everyone deserves a chance at balance.

FABLE

Who taught you that?

FICTION

A friend of mine helped show me how to find it. That's the thing I've come to realize, no one can you tell you anything that someone else hasn't said

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before. The journey is the destination. The only real wisdom comes from experience.

FABLE

Is that what brings you here?

FICTION

I'm not sure, I think I wanted to see what 50 years of preaching peace would create.

FICTION sees that her body is glowing a bright magenta color, the are colors radiating off her aura, you can see big wings behind her.

STREET KID

FABLE, what are you doing with that guy?

Her aura disappears.

FABLE

He's my new friend, you should meet him!

STEET KID

(acting tough)

Yeah, yeah, I can see your aura too. What are you doing here?

FABLE

We're watching the sunset. I was coming home right after.

FICTION

Home?

FABLE

We live in this area with a

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bunch of others for protection
and a sense of community.

FICTION is brought to the homeless's "house" where several
are sitting in a circle. FICTION sees some questionable
drugs and hears conversations about anarchy and conspiracy.

STREET KID 3
They kill everyone and anyone
who preaches peace. JFK, RFK,
Ghandi, the Pope, Lennon..

STREET KID 2
Anarchy man, anarchy. One day
everyone will see the world
through our eyes and the
beauty of the lives we live.

FICTION turns to FABLE.

FICTION
I have to go.

FABLE
You just got here. Do you have
a place to stay tonight? Stay
with us tonight, it's safer.

FICTION
It's... just...

FICTION get's a glimpse of STREET KIDS family, his baby
sister is sick but he hasn't called home in several years.

FICTION
Call your mom.

STREET KID
What did you say to me.

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FICTION
She'll forgive you, she still
loves you.

STREET KID
(teary eyed)
What?

FABLE
You told me your mom was dead.

STREET KID
She is, was, is to me...

FICTION
Look, your sister is sick.

STREET KID
You told him I had a sister?

FABLE
I never told him anything
about you.

FICTION
Call home. Your voice is all
she wants to hear.

FICTION pulls out a quarter and hands it to him.

FICTION
I know you still know the
number, I can hear you
repeating it over and over
again right now.

STREET KID grabs the quarter and heads towards a pay phone.
He calls and you can see him start crying and apologizing.
FABLE runs over to console him and FICTION turns and walks
in the other direction. FABLE and STREET KID look up after
a brief phone call and FICTION seen walking away.

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FABLE
FICION!!!

FICTION turns around and looks at FABLE with a smile.

FABLE
Where are you going? You can't
do something like that and
then leave!

FICTION
I have to continue my journey.

FABLE
How do you know your not
supposed to stay a little
longer?

FICTION doesn't respond but makes a face like he agrees.

FABLE
Have you ever floated before?

FICTION
Floated? I don't think so.

FABLE
Believe me, you would know if
you had. Floating in an
isolation tank. Its amazing!
I've been shown more in the
quiet stillness of a float
tank than anywhere else in my
life. I think you will really
like it.

FABLE pulls FICTION to a building on the boardwalk. The
person behind the counter is an older man, a burned-out
hippie dude.

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HIPPIE DUDE

Welcome to Drift Lab. Oh hey
Fable! You guys lucked out.
I've got two tanks open at the
moment. Just sign here.
Excellent! Enjoy your drift!

Scene from inside the tank of FABLE climbing into her tank.
Her expression is comfortable and happy. Cuts to FICTION
climbing into the tank as he looks apprehensive. The lids
close and we see fiction floating with his eyes shut.
Suddenly, a his lower chakras activate. We see him glow
red, orange, yellow and on green at his chest. FICTION
begins to vision, or travel's astrally to, conversations
with DOC about the 4th chakra, the green chakra.

DOC

The 4th chakra represents the
connection we have to every
living being on earth and in
the universe. Every species
and idea is connected to the
life we live.

DOC

There are all different types
of ways to meditate. You can
try auditory deprivation, not
talking, not eating, not
seeing, etc. The trick always
being doing your best to
completely let go.

A green smoke forms from fictions float, the same from
FABLEs. It engulfs both and we see there souls or auras
escape out of the tube. They rise and appear to dance with
each other, spinning holding hands. We flash back to a time
either in the distant past or distant future. FICTION
appears to be going into a battle of some sort and is
saying good bye to FABLE. They look like they are in love
and embrace for one final hug and kiss before FICTION says
"It is time" to her. WE cut back to the tubes and the smoke
is electric. THE hippie guy comes back in and wakes them
up.

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HIPPIE GUY

You guys ok, I thought you
were on fire or something.
What was going on? What was
that?

FABLE looks at FICTION and is speechless. Her face says I
was definitely with you. They walk out together not saying
anything, just looking deeply into each others eyes.

FICTION

Well that was different.

FABLE

Ever see an energy ball?

FICTION

No I haven't

FABLE starts rubbing her hands together, FICTION can see a
blue light traveling through her body towards her hands
into a ball.

FABLE

(smiling)

A ball of energy! Here

FABLE passes the ball towards FICTION, and he is holding it
with both hands.

FABLE

Spin your hands, think of
yourself like a tree drawing
energy from both below and
above, the roots of your feet
that hold you to the ground
and the creativity of the mind
to fly free above. Draw that
energy in with the breath and
focus on sending it your
hands.

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FICTION does what she says and a big crack of light bursts from the ball, it starts to spin faster and faster growing in size. Eventually, he can't hold it anymore.

FABLE

Give it a loving intention
before you let go!

FICTION

(whispering)

No more war.

FICTION lets go and the ball travels up and bursts into a million little pieces traveling in all directions like a firework.

FABLE

Beautiful! I've never seen one
that big!

FABLE's magenta aura is now attracted to FICTION's energy, but we don't see FICTION's energy yet. FICTION and FABLE begin to wander the sidewalks of Venice as the evening falls. They walk and talk for hours.

FICTION

FABLE, I can't explain it.

FABLE

You have to try. I've never
encountered anyone with your
abilities. I have to know what
you do.

FICTION

Perception is reality. If you
know how to perceive
something, you will. The first
thing I think about is $e = mc^2$.
squared.

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FABLE
(listening intensely)

FICTION
If all things we see is
energy, then we are the equal
sign. Between both forces, we
put the two together.

FABLE
Mhmm.

FICTION
Then imagine an old TV that is
on a channel with no images.
You see that chhhhhhhhhhhh. Now
image that is everywhere and
creates every possible color
and shape.

We see the world around FICTION and FABLE start vibrating.
The images start twirling until we can only see the noise
creating what we are seeing.

FABLE
Wow!! So beautiful!

FICTION
I agree. But now that you
understand this concept, you
can read thoughts, see past,
present or future events...

FABLE
How?!?

FICTION
The brain gives off waves of
energy. These signals are no
different than tuning into a

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radio station. They're
broadcasting and you're
receiving.

FABLE

OHH, that makes so much sense,
I want to try. I always have a
deck of cards on me, not for
this purpose, but... maybe it
was for this purpose...

FICTION

I've never tried this,
usually, it just comes to me
without trying. This will be
new for me too.

FABLE

Ok what card am I holding.

FABLE holds a card close to her chest and smiles.

FICTION

You have to say it in your
head, picture it in your head,
and send it to me.

FABLE closes her eyes but FICTION sees nothing.

FICTION

I don't think it's intended
for showing off.

FABLE

You try sending it to me,
maybe I just don't know how to
do it.

FABLE hands FICTION the deck of cards. He pulls one out and
the camera focuses in on FICTION's face.

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FICTION
(inner voice)
4 of hearts, 4 of hearts, 4 of
hearts....

We see the start of a wave of energy coming from his head.
The camera zooms out and shows it entering FABLES head.

FABLE
WOAH!!

FICTION then forms the image of the 4 of hearts and sends
it on the wave towards FABLE.

FABLE
I can see it!! 4 of hearts!

The wave disappears and FABLE looks back at FICTION with
admiration.

FABLE
That was amazing...

FABLE smiles at FICTION and leans in for a hug. FABLE grips
FICTION tightly and says.

FABLE
You feel like a ball of
energy, like a sun bursting
with heat and light. Don't let
anyone change that!

FABLE kisses FICTION on the cheek.

FABLE
It is time.

FICTION doesn't respond and doesn't look as shocked as when

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DOC said it but he seems more confident after hearing it.
FABLE winks and runs off.

Chapter 11 - Crazy Man

FICTION is seen getting off of a plane in a foreign country. He has a small backpack, sunglasses on, and is not as raggedy as when we find him in the interrogation but his facial hair is almost as long.

FICTION
(narrating)
It would make sense the first person to approach me on my journey was what some may call, a crazy man.

FICTION is walking through a Market in 3rd world country, a CRAZY MAN approaches.

CRAZY MAN
You were born between Scorpio and Sagittarius??

FICTION
I'm not sure.

CRAZY MAN
You were born between Scorpio and Sagittarius!! Come, come, look, look.

CRAZY MAN grabs FICTIONS arm and FICTION realizes he's blind. CRAZY MAN opens an old book to a page and hands it to FICTION.

CRAZY MAN
Ophiuchus, Serpendius! The balanced one.

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FICTION
That is my birthday...

CRAZY MAN
Look, look.

FICTION looks down at the book again, and the camera shows that the name of the birthday is called, THE REVELOTIONIST. There is a clear picture of a medieval looking guy with a sword in his mouth.

CRAZY MAN
You grew up on a hill, next to
a big tree, aligned with the
sun and the moon.

FICTION doesn't respond. He thinks about the house he grew up in and the view of the description he just gave. The CRAZY MAN's face and skin start to disappear and we only see the blue outline of a body for a brief moment before FICTION snaps out of it and hears the man dancing and singing.

CRAZY MAN
It is time! It is time! It is
time!

FICTION puts down the book and keeps walking. CRAZY MAN is rejoicing in the streets but no body is paying him any attention.

CRAZY MAN
It is time! It is time! It is
time!

Chapter - Traveling Montage

Fiction is found hiking in various parts of the world. He has a backpack and is traveling around the world to find

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someone like him. He wants to know if anyone else like him exists. First we find him in typically places like London, Paris, Berlin, Venice, Greece.

Every touristy spot he goes, he will appear to be more and more detached from society, not talking to anyone. Just observing the world and all it's interaction.

In London, we see a mom smack her son and scold him.

MOM

What did I tell you about
taking apart your games!!

SON

I was just curious how it
works...

MOM

Do you know how hard your
father has to work to afford
toys for you like this. You
can't take things apart like
that, you hire someone else to
fix things like this for you.

In Paris, we see a group of local French guys hitting on every woman who walks pass them.

FRENCH GUY

Bonjour madam.

In Germany, FICTION observes a teenager spray painting a wall with a symbol of PI.

Then it will progress to be places like the MIDDLE EAST, AFRICA and ending in India and Asia.

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In Machu Pichu, he is ascending to the summit as the sun rises. He walks around, noticing the structure and obvious intelligence needed to build such a structure. He marvels at their ability to provide food and water in such a remote place.

FICTION arrives to India, in what seems like a large bustling market. He walks through, he sees a light through the crowd. He can't see where the light went, but he's searching for it.

FICTION comes around a corner and sees the ball of light, low to the ground. He sees that it's a little girl. He approaches, yet still observes her from a distance. She is with her grand mom who is holding her hand tightly. The grand mom buys something and turns around and looks at FICTION and begins walking towards him.

GRANDMOM

What do you want with my grand daughter?

FICTION

I'm sorry... I, uh.

GRANDMOM

(aggressively)

Out with it boy.

FICTION

She's glowing in a way I've never seen before.

The GRANDMOM smiles and looks down at her grand daughter who is holding a doll and not paying attention.

GRANDMOM

You still haven't figured it out yet?

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FICTION
What do you mean??

GRANDMOM
She knows my story. She knows
my daughters story. She knows
my mother's story and my
mother's mother's story.

FICTION
I don't follow?

GRANDMOM
(grinning)
You think you are the only
one?

GRANDMOM looks at FICTION and sends a warm hug of magenta
and blue aura which washes over FICTION.

LITTLE GIRL
You.. you feel like a heater.

FICTION
What does she mean?

GRANDMOM
It means you need to relax.
Enjoy the little things and
you'll do big things.

FICTION doesn't know what to say.

GRANDMOM
Come on, we've got more
shopping to do.

FICTION watches them both walk off, both glowing like balls
of energy.

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We finish the montage, with FICTION meditating on a hillside. The most beautiful place we can find, FICTION is deep in meditation when we zoom into his face.

FICTION
(narrating)
It was time.

FICTION takes one last breath in and out before the camera zooms into his face, and his eyes open, showing the most intense, serious looking face possible. Finish the shot tight in on the eyes.

FICTION
(narrating)
It starts now.

Chapter 12 - surf

FICTION approaches the shoreline in the early morning sun. He's in a wetsuit and is carrying a longboard surfboard. He's got the look of eagerness, excitement and fear. A long hair dreadlocked, slightly tattooed Australian surfer starts walking from behind FICTION towards the beach.

SURFER
Good morning!

FICTION
Morning.

SURFER
Wow, look at that set coming in, you heading out?

FICTION
Uhh..

SURFER

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First time?

FICTION
Is it that obvious?

SURFER
No worries mate, just remember
it takes 10,000 waves.

SURFER runs into the water and starts paddling out. FICTION heads out and follows surfer towards the break. A set comes in and we see SURFER ride a nice wave. FICTION tries hoping on the next one and wipes out.

SURFER
Relax mate. It's just surfing.

SURFER catches another wave. FICTION observes the ocean and starts looking for the next wave. SURFER comes back and as FICTION starts motioning like he's going to try and surf, we see a dolphin appear in the wave.

SURFER
Looks like he's taking this
wave ha!

FICTION and SURFER watch as a dolphin rides the wave FICTION was going to go for. FICTION watches and for the first time we see him smile really big.

FICTION
(giddy)
WOW! I've never experienced
anything like that! Did you
see how much fun he was
having?

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SURFER

Ha yeah mate, they do that all the time!

FICTION

Wow.

FICTION is in awe and sees a wave coming, he goes for it and catches it and although he looks like an amateur he is shouting at the top of his lungs.

FICTION

AHHHHHH!!! HAHahaha!!!!
YEAHHHH!!!

FICTION rides the wave all the way to the shore and hopes off the board letting him and it wash onto the beach. FICTION is just smiling and looking up. The waves breaking and washing around him. SURFER rides a wave in.

SURFER

You alright mate?

FICTION

Never been better!

FICTION gets up and heads back out. He goes over a wave and disappears and we fade out to the next surf scene. Now, FICTION's facial and head hair is noticeably longer and he is riding waves left and right.

Chapter 12 - cartel dad

Next, FICTION is paddling in the ocean, happens to notice kids playing soccer on the beach in Mexico. One of them, is the son of a major drug cartel. The soccer ball gets kicked into the ocean by accident and the cartel kid goes to get it. The rip tide pulls him out to sea and he starts screaming for help.

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CARTEL KID
Help!!!

FICTION paddles over and puts the kid on his board.

FICTION
Hang on. Te Ayudo!

He rides a wave into shore where there are a group of armored men in suits waiting for them, some are half way in the water.

GUARD 1
Estas bien?

FICTION
Si,

The father of the boy is nearby and runs over the thank FICTION.

CARTEL DAD
Thank you señor for saving my child.

CARTEL DAD reaches out and shakes FICTIONS hand.

FICTION
No hay de que.

CARTEL DAD
Please, let me invite you to dinner to thank you

FICTION
I really have to get back

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before sunset.

CARTEL DAD

Nonsense, we'll get you some clothing and give you a ride anywhere you want. You saved my child, it's the least I can do. Por favor.

Cut to the dinner, after meals are finish and they are enjoying deserts. They are both laughing from their conversation. They appear to be getting along.

CARTEL DAD

There is a good living out here, I can help you. I am in debt to you for saving my child.

Describe fiction's ability to see beyond the façade of all the wealth. As if, he scans the drug lord's home and can hear all the stories, most involve drug violence that surrounds his possessions. Fiction narrates here: From the moment I looked the boys father in his eyes (cut to scene, FICTION locking eyes with the father, flashes of Narco violence appear to him in his mind.) I knew about his father.

FICTION

Maybe I can help you.

CARTEL DAD

Excuse me?

FICTION

How long do you think this can go on?

Immediately the room full of personal body guards quietly place their hands on their guns hidden behind their suit jackets. The father looks over to the guard closest to him and gives a small nod.

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CARTEL DAD

I don't follow you, senior.

Fiction conspicuously looks around the room, at the wealth, the guards and returns his gaze to the CARTEL DAD.

FICTION

You could do a lot more with your power.

CARTEL DAD

Are you trying to advise me?
HA HA HA?

CARTEL DAD pulls out a gun.

CARTEL DAD

I invite you into my home to thank you. Not many people who are come into my home are fed such a lavish meal, sit in such a comfortable chair and get to share my company. Don't bite the hand that feeds you... just because you saved my kid's life doesn't mean I wont take yours. Here's a piece of advice, mind your business because, believe me you don't want to know anything about mine. If you're not careful with your words, señor, you'll eat this bullet instead of what's on your plate.

FICTION doesn't seem rattled. He holds the CARTEL DAD's gaze.

FICTION

This is how you would treat someone who saved your child...

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FICTION stands up and CARTEL DAD's gun flies out of his hand on its own. Shocked, CARTEL DAD looks at his now empty hand, then at his guards, then to FICTION with a look of disbelief.

FICTION
Is this really the choice you
wish to make?

CARTEL DAD turns to his guards for help.

CARTEL DAD
Get him!!

4 guards come out and we see FICTION run behind something. He waits for the bullets to stop and then start heading towards different guards. CARTEL DAD is escorted by his closest GUARDS to his safe room.

GUARD
Vamos, Vamos!

CARTEL DAD
You're in my house! You fool,
don't fuck with me! You have
no idea what I'm capable of!!

FICTION
(narrating)
You might think that I started
all of this for nothing. Why
call out the leader of a Drug
Cartel in his own home? Well,
I did know what he was capable
of. It was because I became
aware of all the horrible
things he has done, that I
felt it was important to call
him out. Where better to test
my abilities, see what I was
really capable of, then in the
most dangerous setting I could

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find. I wasn't afraid to fail.

GUARD

Yes sir!

We follow the CARTEL DAD into the safe room where 2 more guards are waiting with him. We can hear the sound of bullets flying through the safe room walls. We hear a scream from a guard.

GUARD

Ahhhh!!

After a few minutes, the house becomes quiet again and there are no sounds of gunfire, yelling or struggle. There is a knock on the safe room door. The 2 guards look at CARTEL DAD.

CARTEL DAD

Open it.

Just as the doors open, a burst of energy comes in from FICTION's aura. The 2 guards get flown back from the amount of energy FICTION has and the CARTEL DAD is alone.

CARTEL DAD

Dios mio!!

CARTEL DAD drops to his knees.

CARTEL DAD

Forgive me, lord, forgive me.
[Prays in Spanish]

FICTION approaches CARTEL DAD slowly, light from his orb of energy is shooting off in all directions. CARTEL DAD makes the sign of the cross and pulls a necklace from the top of his silk button down shirt, kisses the crucifix pendant on the chain and holds it up to FICTION.

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FICTION
I'm just FICTION.

A flash of light radiates from FICTION and the screen is a white out. We find our selves back at the moment FICTION and CARTEL met and were shaking hands.

GUARDS
Are you ok, senior?!

CARTEL DAD snaps out of it and looks around, then back at FICTION with a look of terror. FICTION is smiling and looking back at him

CARTEL DAD
Uh, si, si. Estoy bien. Estoy bien.

CARTEL DAD is looking back at FICTION with eyes that say, how the hell did you do that and did that really just happen? CARTEL DAD looks at his son and leans down. While glancing at FICTION, he addresses his son.

CARTEL DAD
Don't ever scare me like that again. You be careful mijo.

CARTEL KID
Si, papi.

CARTEL DAD smiles and gives his son a big hug and stands to look back at FICTION.

CARTEL KID
Thank you, senior.

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FICTIOIN
No hay de que.

The child is wrapped up in a towel by one of the CARTEL DAD's personal body guards. The guard picks up the child and walks away with him in his arms. CARTEL DAD watches this with a small smile on his face. Once the guard passes him, he turns back to FICITON with a serious look. The silhouette of FICTION, who is standing between the man and the setting sun, is eclipsed by the light of the sun as it sets on the horizon. CARTEL DAD squints to see but then slowly turns and walks away in the direction of the body guard and his small son. Fiction is already walking with his board into the water and paddles off into the surf.

FICTIOIN
It had been a long journey,
but I had felt like I was
finally arriving.

Chapter 1111 - airport

FICTION lands at LAX. He is walking out of the gate where the airplane just arrived into the area where others are waiting to get to their planes.

FICTION
(narrating)
Arriving back, I was prepared.

FICTION is having a flashback to his childhood dreams.

FICTION
(narrating)
I've always been a dreamer...
Growing up, every night, I
would never sleep, but be
transported into an avatar of
my young self. I was always
the hero of some tragedy...

Humorous scene of a young FICTION being a hero in multiple

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different situations. Supposed to be funny, showing a kindergarten aged kid driving a fast car, being chased by a bunch of bad guys shooting at him. YOUNG FICTION is swerving thru traffic, shooting back at the bad guys chasing him.

FICTION

(narrating)

I was also always saving the
lives of everyone in my
kindergarten class.

Cut to being in playground recess setting, but all of a sudden, ninja's pop out and start kick and punching little kids. YOUNG FICTION approaches the ninjas and starts kicking ass like an old kung fu movie.

That were typical dreams but I
had 2 reoccurring dreams as a
child.

YOUNG FICTION is sleeping.

The first was about these 3
blue men that would show up at
night, they seemed to be
caretakers and I could hear
them teaching me things while
I slept.

3 bright blue humanoid figures are hovering around YOUNG FICTION's sleeping body. We can hear them talking but can't make out what they are saying.

FICTION

(narrating)

Sometimes, I would wake up
with enough control to chase
them and they would always
leave from the same place.

YOUNG FICTION pops out of bed and the 3 humanoid figures

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run through a portal of light that only they can enter and
YOUNG FICTION CAN NOT.

FICTION

(narrating)

I later learned, it was
because of an alignment my
bedroom had with a tree on top
of a hill in alignment to the
moon and sun...

Cut to a shot of a limo pulling up outside a party.

FICTION

(narrating)

The second, was a dream about
being in a limo on my way to a
best friends 8 year old's
birthday party.

Cut to inside the limo.

FICTION

(narrating)

There are always several black
suited men with one in the
middle. They are all lock and
loading their guns and telling
me, if I warn my friend that
they are coming to get him,
they will kill me too. If I
help bring him outside, they
will leave me alone. Every
time, I agree to what they say
and as soon as I enter I
scream "Run, they're coming to
try and kill you" I then
always felt the scorching heat
of bullets traveling threw my
back and out my chest, feeling
the sensation of dying over
and over again.

FICTION is walking down a main hallway in the airport.

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There are lots of people bustling towards their gates or waiting at them.

FICTION
(narrating)
It wasn't until now, I
realized I was being
conditioned for my role.

The view should switch from observing FICTION to FICTION view of the world.

FICTION
(narrating)
I see it all the time now.
It's like a switch I've turned
on that has no off button.

This is a great time for a FICTION's view of what everyone's energy looks like as he walks through the airport. There should either be loud intense psychedelic music or rock-classical music playing as this should be quite visually stimulating.

He sees a group of travelers from a foreign country their energy is blue and radiating around them.

Some kids are playing to the side and they're showing a rainbow color of joyfulness. An angry father turns a red tone and tells the kids to stop playing, the red aura energy surrounding them turning their rainbow into a similar red aura.

A couple in love are walking together, side by side, obviously on a honeymoon. They are a bright magenta aura that wraps around both, almost in the shape of a heart.

There is a woman at a kiosk who looks like she clearly doesn't want to be there and is texting on her phone. She is showing no colors.

He witnesses the combination of these levels of auras before leaving the airport.

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FICTION
(narrating)
It felt like a magnet was
pulling me towards something.

Chapter 13 - Spread the Virus

We are now in a major populated area, on a city corner.
FICTION is found sitting on the ground with the sign "TIP 4
A TIP." A group of frat boy stoke brokers walk by having a
good time.

STOKE BROKER 1
Hey Johnny, I think we finally
found someone that can give
you a good tip.

STOKE BROKER 2
Ha yeah, go find out your
fortune. Here's a \$1 I bet you
\$20 he doesn't even know what
Google is.

FICTION
What would you like help with.

STOKE BROKER JOHNNY
I need a tip on a good stock.

FICTION
The best investment you can
make is in yourself.

STOCK BROKER 1
Ha ha ha, I told you it was
some new age bullshit.

STOKE BROKER JOHNNY

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C'mon man, give me something
good. I'm not giving you a
penny.

FICTION motions for him to lean in.

FICTION
(whispering)
Be yourself.

STOCK BROKER JOHNNY
What?

FICTION looks at him as if signaling him to do something.
FICTION darts his eyes quickly to JOHNNY'S friends. JOHNNY
looks back at his friends and he just sees their energy is
red. JOHNNY furrows his brow at what he is seeing, as if to
look more closely, more intently.

STOCK BROKER 3
JOHNNY you alright? What did
that guy say to you?

STOCK BROKER JOHNNY looks back at FICTION and back at his
friends.

STOCK BROKER JOHNNY
Wow...

STOCK BROKER friends approach FICTION angrily, JOHNNY is
unable to respond to anyone yet.

STOCK BROKER 2
Hey man, what did he do to
you? What did you do to him!?!

STOCK BROKER JOHNNY

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Leave him alone.

STOKE BROKER JOHNNY bursts into a ball of energy, in the same roygbv light ascending style that we saw before.

STOCK BROKER 1

Holy shit!

JOHNNY's friends take off running and the crowd is suddenly staring at JOHNNY glowing. FICTION isn't glowing, he still appears to be "normal"

STRANGER 1

WHAT THE!!?

STRANGER 2

DID YOU SEE THAT?!

STRANGER 1 approaches FICTION and they exchange some brief words before we see that person ignite. The camera starts rising above the corner as we see more people begin to light up and the crowd beginning to circle FICTION. FICTION still hasn't lit up yet and once the energy is spreading like a virus, FICTION walks away as the crowd shares the energy with themselves.

STOCK BROKER 1

Holy shit!

STOKE BROKER JOHNNY bursts into a ball of energy, his friends take off running but a crowd begins to form. As the circle begins to form around FICTION, the camera starts zooming up to a rising birds eye view. We see more people begin to light up and that energy spread through the crowd.

Chapter 14 - RICH MAN

Open on a big house, no neighbors (looks like a

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billionaires house). The camera shows the inside and the news is on...

NEWS REPORTER

It was quite the spectacle today when 118 people were quarantined in today's apparent attack. They say the individual they are looking for could be a homegrown terrorist and might have once in the military.

RICH MAN

Ha ha ha.

FICTION

It is funny.

RICH MAN isn't startled. He looks at FICTION intensely.

RICH MAN

How did you get in here?

FICTION

The same way you did.

RICH MAN grins.

RICH MAN

I know what you think you are.

FICTION

You think you know everything?

RICH MAN

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It's not like we haven't
stopped someone like you
before. We do it everyday.

FICTION

It's too late, this time,
everyone is going to have it.

RICH MAN

You really believe that don't
you...

FICTION

It's not my belief. You
believe you can keep people's
energy down by keeping them
focused on sex, money and
material things when after
they see the light will
realize they'll get more out
of life than being just a
mouse on a wheel.

RICH MAN

Ha ha ha, you're not saying
anything anyone hasn't already
said before. You think this
preaching is new? All day long
people preach about how the 1%
are ruling the world and guess
what, we have always ruled
you. Call us Kings, Dictators,
Presidents, Secret Societies.
We are more evolved because we
know how to control you all
like the dogs you are. You are
domesticated animals designed
for one purpose, to keep us
rich and powerful and to keep
you dumb and poor.

FICTION

We'll see about that.

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RICH MAN
(cocky smile)
Good luck.

RICH MAN and FICTION go to shake hands. RICH MAN grabs extra hard and quick to get a better grip.

RICH MAN
If you exist, I exist. And
unless you have everyone else
in the world on your side, I
win.

RICH MAN starts sucking up FICTION's power like a black hole.

RICH MAN
HA HA HA HA HA!

FICTION
ahhh.

FICTION can't let go. We can see a black hole forming around RICH MAN and a blue light leaving FICTION's body as he appears to get weak.

RICH MAN
Like I've said, we've dealt
with your kind before.

FICTION has a flashback to the war. We find him pinned down in a foxhole being shot at. He's helping a fellow Marine who's been shot fatally.

MARINE 9
I don't want to die.

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FICTION
You're gonna make it, don't
worry.

FICTION is holding pressure on the wound.

MARINE 9
Tell my parents I love them.

MARINE 9 dies as bullets continue to fly around FICTION.

FICTION
NOOOOO!!!

FICTION leaves his friend and gets into a good fire
position. He starts firing back at the enemy with a SAW
machine gun, shooting 3 second bursts.

FICTION
DIE MOTHER FUCKER DIE!
DIE MOTHER FUCKER DIE!
DIE MOTHER FUCKER DIE!
DIE MOTHER FUCKER DIE!

Fade out to FICTION screaming. We come back to find FICTION
laying down in his whole next his dead friend, looking up
at the sky after it is all over, it's a beautiful day. We
get a shot of the sky/clouds looking beautiful.

FICTION
(whispering)
No more war...

We're back in the room with RICH MAN's black hole taking
FICTION's energy.

FICTION
What did you say?

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He thinks of FABLE hugging and kissing him. And his orange chakra of light erupts. RICH MAN loses his grip a little.

FICTION
No more war!!

RICH MAN
What?!

FICTIONS energy sparks yellow and has a flash back of DOC. They are just working in the field, sunflowers everywhere, sun raining down on his back.

FICTIONS energy sparks green and he has a flash back of all the faces of people he's met.

FICTION sparks BLUE and flashes back to the crazy man dancing in the street.

RICH MAN
IT IS TIME!! IT IS TIME!!

FICTION sparks VIOLET from his third eye and has a flash of the future for the first time. He is walking in a park in a bustling metropolis. He sees that every tree planted, is fruit bearing of some sort. There are rows of vegetables used as landscaping. The air quality is amazing and the buildings all look clean and new.

We flash back to RICH MAN and now every color is shooting out the top of FICTIONS head. It radiates down towards the base red and forms a ball of energy around FICTION.

RICH MAN loses FICTIONS grip and gets pushed back.

RICH MAN
GUARDS!!

AGENTS enter the room with guns drawn to see FICTION lit up. They freeze.

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RICH MAN
Snap out of it!

FICTION is illuminating as a sphere of energy.

GUARD
Get over here!

The first GUARD who is having trouble pointing his weapon at FICTION approaches FICTION.

GUARD
What the...?

FICTION
Let me see that.

Red- thinks about war, orange
- thinks about fables kiss,
yellow - thinks about his
instincts on his travels,
green- he thinks about all the
random strangers into the
world, the animals and nature,
blue - he thinks about the
crazy man - violet - he thinks
about the perfect world
(foreshadowing the image of
the peaceful world we see at
the very end of the movie when
he is touching agent 1's head.

FICTION's sphere expands and grabs the gun with his energy and it floats in front of FICTION. He pulls it apart, piece by piece (like they teach you in the military).

GUARD
Holy shit.

FICTION's sphere expands to the entire house and grabs all

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the guns. They are all being taken apart militarily.

GUARDS

What the fuck, who the hell is
this guy?

Once every gun is taken apart. FICTION speaks so every
person can hear him, even if they're not in the room, it
sounds like he's standing right next to you.

FICTION

(whispering)

No more war.

FICTION flares a flash of light and every gun in the house
has their atoms ripped apart down to the protons. You see
FICTION collect all the molecules and recombine them into
balls of metal.

GUARD

Jesus!?!

The GUARDS are stunned. One tries to approach FICTION to
kick him. FICTION does nothing because as his leg
approaches FICTION's sphere of energy, it is stopped as if
hitting a magnetic force field type wall. FICTION then runs
through anyone else in his way and gets to the garage. He
sees a bunch of high-end sports cars but chooses the Tesla.
He hops in and starts the car without the keys, just his
radiating energy. He feels every part of the car; the
wheels, the engine, the alignment, etc. He is connected to
the car and knows how to use it... he drives away at a very
high speed.

RICH MAN

(on the phone)

I want you to stop at nothing
until that smart ass is back
in front of me!

RICH MAN hangs up the phone angrily.

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Chapter - Finding fable

The news turns on, this time full screen view.

NEWS REPORTER

Every agency in the world is looking for the one they are calling FICTION. He was last scene in (RICH MAN's area). We're being told by government official that any connection to this man is dangerous and you should call 911 immediately...

AGENT 1 is addressing a lot of people at once on monitors all over the world in secret looking locations.

AGENT 1

That ought to slow him down... The news will be playing that constantly for the next several days until we catch this guy. I want everyone in the agency working on this. Track down every lead we can find, if they've talked to him, they talk to me.

AGENT 1 hangs up the conference call. Cut to FABLE, back in VENICE, this time, she's performing in front of a big crowd.

TOURIST

Woww, how does she do that!

FABLE is holding an energy ball in her hand.

FABLE

What color would you like to see but don't say it out loud.

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LITTLE BOY
(eyes closed)

mmmmm.

The ball turns green.

FABLE
Open your eyes!

LITTLE BOY
Wowww!!!

FABLE
Ok everyone, lets build it up
so we can shoot it off like a
firework! Think about love and
world peace everyone!!

The crowd closes its eyes, and we see the ball grow bigger
and bigger so that FABLE can't hold it anymore.

FABLE
Here we go!!

FABLE tosses the ball in the air where it eventually bursts
green energy in all directions.

STREET GUY
Donations please, to the New
Church of Science and
Spirituality.

The crowd gives lots of money and tries to ask FABLE
questions but her and STREET GUY gather their things and
head off down an alley way. 2 vans pulls up and block them
in and rally them up.

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STREET GUY
What the hell do these guys
want?

FABLE
I don't have a good feeling
about this.

AGENTS get out of the van with cattle prods.

AGENT
Come with us.

She takes a step back and turns to STREET GUY. The agents
zap FABLE and STREET GUY and they both go down.

FABLE
Owww!!!!

STREET GUY
Owww!!!!

They get loaded up and drive out of the alley, no one
witnessing the abduction.

Chapter - final scene 1

FICTION is scene walking through the city (this is the
start of the final scene "THE SPEECH"). He stops at a TV
sales location where the news is on.

NEWS REPORTER
Every agency in the world is
looking for the one they are
calling FICTION. He was last
scene in (RICH MAN's area).
We're being told by gov't
official that any connection

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to this man is dangerous and
you should call 911
immediately...

FICTION can see the everyone's aura and color around them.
Most of them are Red and Orange. The hippies with signs are
Green, a preacher on the corner is BLUE. We find him
observing everyone, walking down an alleyway in between 2
busy streets, a guy follows him in.

BAD GUY
Hey Motherfucker, give me your
wallet!

FICTION
You don't need to do this.

BAD GUY
Shut up and Give me your
wallet

FICTION takes a breath in and exhales, you see his chakras
light up, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, into a
multicolored sphere.

BAD GUY
What the?!?

FICTION sees BAD GUY getting beat as a child and being
taught how to steal and rob from his dad and older brother.

BAD GUY DAD
Ok Jimmy, this is how you
break into a car. Ok Jimmy,
this is how you pick a lock...

BAD GUY is stunned.

BAD GUY

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You're that guy, FICTION?!?

FICTION takes a step towards him and BAD GUY turns around and runs off.

FICTION
(narrating)
It was time, the people were
ready.

FICTION walks off, we follow him to his next stop, which is to turn himself in. This should be the same shot as the first shot of the movie of him walking towards the government building.

Chapter 16 - Agent 1

Agent 1 is interrogating FABLE and STREET GUY

Agent 1
We know you encountered him!
Tell us what he told you!

FABLE
Who!?

Agent 1
Fiction!

STREET GUY
Fiction?

FABLE
What about him. We saw him on
the news just like everyone
else.

AGENT 1
Are you saying you were one of

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the infected people from that event? Because we know you weren't there.

FABLE

What does it matter?

AGENT 1

Because I need to stop this from spreading and I need to find out if you met him before or after that little stunt of his so I can properly treat you.

STREET GUY

What the fuck!?!?

Agent 1 gets the other agents to strap them into seats in front of monitors. They get strapped in to a device that appears to be a brainwashing device.

AGENT 1

How did you get that power!

FABLE

I've always had it, he just reminded me!

STREET GUY

He helped us man, what do you want with him.

Agent 1 is viewing a monitor that is showing their auras and energy levels. The device is designed to determine how powerful someone is before draining it, turning it off, and try to prevent it from turning on again.

AGENT 1

I want to know how you got this. (pointing to their

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auras).

Agent 1 turns the monitor to show them a view of what their auras look like.

AGENT 1

You see, I am in charge of keeping order. There can't be order with energy like this. Your thoughts and actions are dangerous to the society that has been built for you.

STREET GUY

We always had them...he just turned ours up a little bit...

AGENT 1

You've all been categorized before as harmless, energy levels not much higher than the average man. Now, you're at levels we just can't allow for the safety of society.

FABLE

The more you try to stop him the more you will make him stronger! You can't stop him, its too late. The time has come.

FABLE sits back in her chair with a satisfied looking smile. She holds eye contact with AGENT 1. AGENT 1 curls his lip slightly, in disgust.

AGENT 1

That's what you think.

FICTION is leaving the alley where the BAD GUY just attempted to rob him when he gets the sensation something is wrong. He can see what Agent 1 is doing to FABLE and

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STREET GUY.

FABLE

Why are you doing this?

AGENT 1

You don't deserve the power to
be free.

AGENT 1 flips the switch that will start to drain their
energy levels and reprogram them.

FABLE

(crying)

STREET GUY

Nooo!!

FICTION can feel their energy depleting and drops to the
ground.

FICTION

Nooo!!

FICTION focuses on the machines brainwashing and draining
them.

FICTION

NOOOOOO!!!!!!

FICTION is alone in the alleyway, the robber has run off.
FICTION ignites bigger and brighter than we have ever seen
before. A surge, like an EMT going off, shoots in every
direction. The machines being used by AGENT 1 start blowing
up, like being short-circuited. The dust settles around
fiction, who is kneeling.

FICTION

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(breathing heavily)
They won't stop...

Close up of FICTION, his energy is finally going down.

FICTION
Neither will I.

FICTION stands, looking more confident than ever. He starts heading towards the government building.

FINAL SCENE -

Show montage of shots of people from all over the world.

Shot of a dump somewhere with cars and trash. The owner walks out his trailer and sits in a beach chair. He lives in the dump, looking at everything, and enjoying a drink.

Shot of a family in poor place huddled around a radio.

Shot of a hustler NYC TV/radio store with hundreds of TVs on all on the same channel. He should be close enough to walk outside and see times square.

Everything seems normal in the world, we cut back to the interrogation room from the opening scene. FICTION is looking directly at AGENT 1.

FICTION
I've always had the urge to
protect people.

Cut back to the montage of shots of people around screens. We see all there screens flicker.

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TV STORE SHOPPER
Hey hey, what's wrong with the
TVs?

TV STORE OWNER
What, nothing. It's the cable
company.

The TV's flicker again, except this time, everything in the
store turns off, the lights, the TVs, etc.

TV STORE OWNER
That's nothing, it's the city
electric company.

Everything flips back on instantly. But this time,
everything in the store is fuzzy. There sounds like a
person talking but it's not audible. The words slowly can
be heard.

FICTION
Communicating an idea has
started and ended wars. The
right or wrong word can
resonate with our emotions or
provide a new perspective. A
story told the right way can
change your life forever.

Everyone in the store becomes mesmerized.

Cut back to the guy sitting at his trailer in the dump. He
sips his drink and is startled. Suddenly, all the radios
and trash and broken screens turn on. Like they're all
working brand new again. He can hear fictions speech.

FICTION
Communicating an idea has
started and ended wars. The
right or wrong word can
resonate with our emotions or
provide a new perspective. A

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story told the right way can
change your life forever.

The DUMP GUY nearly falls out of his chair. He looks down at his cup of some sort of alcoholic beverage and tosses it out. Then he starts approaching one of the cars he knows has no battery in it, he can hear FICTION speaking.

Cut back to NYC, The TV STORE OWNER walks outside of the store. We can see that whatever is being said is being transmitted everywhere.

TV STORE OWNER
What the hell is going on?

It is FICTION's voice but dubbed over the voice of other people. The TV screens will show a different face for almost every other word FICTION is saying. So the voice of the person shown on screen should be mixed with FICTION's overall voice. We never see FICTION's face.

TV STORE OWNER
Hey kid, is this some hack
job?

KID
I've never heard of someone
being able to hack everything
like this before.

KID holds up his cell phone to show that the same image and message is being transmitted on his screen.

KID
My speakers are broken, I
normally need to plug

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headphones in for this to
work.

Cut back to DUMP GUY and he is walking around looking at
all the broken old things that are now flipped on and
working perfectly. He's shocked. We hear AGENT 1's real
voice, not distorted.

AGENT 1
So why is it, you've come
here? You know I can treat
the people you've met like
a virus. We have a
treatment for people you've
infected. Your done
talking. No one is ever
going to hear you again.

FICTION
A story doesn't
need the founder to
be present.

AGENT 1
That's what you
think, you see,
we've been doing
this for a LONG
time and we're very
good at it. It is
no different than
how you can be the
master of a dog. We
are your masters,
NOW why do you wish
to bite the hand
that feeds you!?

FICTION
That is a good
question. Why don't
I tell you.

The montage of his speech should fade out and then cut back

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to the interrogation room, showing that time has passed.

AGENT 1
Nice story, but it's not going
to change anything.

FICTION
It already has.

AGENT 9
Sir, he is transmitting
everything you discussed.

AGENT 1
What do you mean? That's
impossible.

Agent 9 pulls out his phone.

AGENT 9
We don't know how he's doing
it sir. There are no
electrical signals or
transmitting devices in this
room. We searched him
thoroughly!

AGENT 1
Let me see this.

He looks at FICTION.

AGENT 1
Nice little trick, but this
isn't going to change anything
or influence anyone. You are
merely entertaining a crowd.

FICTION is phased.

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AGENT 1

Agent 9, what are you still doing here? Go help contain the situation.

AGENT 9

Yes sir.

Agent 9 leaves, agent 1 looks back at Fiction with eyes that say "how did you do that but I'm not going to ask..."

We cut back to Times Square, the speech, is coming to a close.

FICTION

The world has reached a point where information is available like never before. What we decide to do with this power will determine the fate of humanity.

Show shots of everyone in the world listening.

FICTION

You see it's not about whether you stop me or not. It's not about whether you contain the situation or not. The truth is out, the people are more awake now than ever before and I've given them the power to do this yourself. We can take back control of the future.

I remember thinking, why be a musician, they've been saying the same thing on repeat. Why write stories if the tales they tell

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don't have an impact. If society transformed in search of peace then 60 years later why are still at war.

I can't say I made every right decision but I can't say my decisions were also wrong. Try to understand the world we're living in. It was created by us, it's our responsibility to make something better. To educate ourselves. Envision something better, even if is hard at the moment, don't be afraid to step into the unknown. It is in our nature, to assemble, to collaborate, We know when we get together and do something we can accomplish anything. We have the ability to decide our own future. As individuals, as a society. We have done it before, it is time to do it again.

Above all, it is the most important thing to know yourself. Become familiar and confident of the power that lies within you. We are all composed of energy. All of our energy is connected and it is by means of this connection that we can rediscover our ability to decide our own fate. Together we will free ourselves of the fallacy that we can't change the world.

In space, the smallest change can alter your course tremendously. Let the tragedy of today be the

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triumph of tomorrow's
trajectory.

The world is on fire, and
it is our turn to
extinguish that fire.

After the speech is over, we are back in the interrogation
room.

FICTION gets up and starts walking over towards AGENT 1.

AGENT 1
Where do you think you are
going?

FICTION
It's over.

FICTION approaches AGENT 1, who becomes frozen.

AGENT 1
What the hell!?

FICTION
The war is over.

FICTION reaches his index finger up towards AGENT 1. He
taps AGENT 1 in between the eyes, on his third eye. AGENT 1
is transported to a glimpse of the future.

This shot is a montage of a quick glimpse of what will
happen in the sequel. FICTION is back walking in a park in
a future bustling metropolis. He sees that every tree
planted, is fruit bearing of some sort. There are rows of
vegetables used as landscaping. The air quality is amazing
and the buildings all look clean and new. Fade to black.

THE END

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The sequel: Concept

We will learn in the sequel that AGENT 1 and CARTEL DAD work for RICH MAN. FICTION, will have released the power of the individual to the point where RICH MAN needs to fight back with the AGENT 1's "clean" approach to the situation. Bringing the darker side of the battle with FICTION will be the CARTEL DAD, whose job is to take care of the "dirty" business.

The most exciting part about the sequel will be children's part in the revolution. Kids, the audience will learn, will have superior powers to their adult counter parts but less abilities with that power. For instance, they might be able to see the future, but not know how to interpret or prevent something negative from happening.

While FICTION is focusing his efforts on turning the most corrupt and negative forces RICH MAN has on his side, children's power is making world news. RICH MAN responds to this and FICTION decides to reemerge as the new leader of this massive, positive Fight Club style domestic terrorism of change. For example, painting bike lanes in every city. Installing solar panels. Planting trees and fruits and vegetables in public areas so homeless people will never go hungry.

There might be a congressional hearing for all the bad acts done to humanity and those living who partook. Since everyone will now have the power, they will be able to tell who is lying, what they did and what they plan to do.

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