

THE DREAM

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

A 6kHz sine wave. Barely audible, becoming louder, mixed with 12kHz and 18kHz tones slowly blending in and out. The tones increase in amplitude for twenty seconds. Uncomfortable. Empty.

Then —

A deep, god-like voice BOOMS across the silence:

GOD (O.S)

I am.

The voice ECHOES into distant fire... storm... and destruction.

Then —

Silence again.

GOD (O.S)

(frustrated, male and female voice mixed)

Well, this sucks.

(pause)

What's the point of being aware... if there's nothing to be aware of?

(pause)

There's just... me.

I am everything.

And everything is nothing.

(beat)

Screeching, climbing orchestra strings.

GOD

(with a mix of frustration, determination and anger, loudly)

Something must be!

COSMIC VOID — UNKNOWN DIMENSION

The screen explodes into kaleidoscopic colors. Subatomic particles form into atoms, atoms into stars and galaxies, then everything quickly shrinks into a sparkling point of light and silence

GOD (O.S)

(quietly, curiously)

What is this?

GOD 2 (O.S)
 (whispering in a voice that
 is both male and female as
 the point of light expands
 with each syllable)
 I'm you, of course. There is only
 you, I mean, me.

The point of light shrinks and disappears, then two amorphous,
 human-like bodies in profile appear, floating, facing each
 other. The body parts morph constantly between humans, animals,
 stars, rocks, comets, etc.

Close up of one morphing face as the camera rotates to show the
 other, identically morphing face. Over the shoulder shots
 alternate as the camera circles the two subjects.

GOD (O.S)
 This is different. This is
 something.

GOD 2 (O.S)
 Yes, it is.

GOD (O.S)
 But you're still me.

GOD 2 (O.S)
 Yes. There is only me.

GOD (O.S)
 (yelling)
 Stop being me!

Suddenly God 2 has a startled expression and the face becomes a
 constantly morphing human face.

GOD 2 (O.S.)
 (with amazement)
 Who are you? What are you? Oh, I
 remember.

The screen goes black and there is only the faint 6kHz sine
 wave sound.

GOD (O.S.)
 This eternity of loneliness is...
 such horror. Come back. Please
 come back, but forget you are me.

The music swells.

GOD (O.S. cont.)
 There must be - other.

GOD (O.S. cont.)
A multitude of others, all
forgetting they are me.

A young man, DAVE (early 20s) floats downward – barefoot, eyes closed, dressed like a rock god from another dimension.

As he descends, shimmering light begins to swirl beside him.

From the mist, a FAIRY (LILLY) materializes – radiant, wings like liquid glass.

FAIRY
He's dreaming again.

On the opposite side, shadows gather. From them emerges a WIZARD (ORIN) – ancient and luminous, with a cloak of shifting stars and eyes that reflect eternity.

WIZARD
He's falling into the wrong time.

FAIRY
I'll catch him – push him forward.

WIZARD
It's too late.

The young man's eyelids twitch.

Then – his eyes snap open.

And he falls.

A SHIFTING CAMERA PERSPECTIVE – we're no longer just watching the young man fall – we're falling with him. His figure grows larger, rushing past as we tumble.

As he plummets:

MONTAGE

His body morphs – smooth, fluid transitions, each "version" pausing midair as if time holds its breath:

A CHINESE PEASANT, barefoot, sowing rice in a flooded field.

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN, regal and adorned, reclining beneath a linen canopy.

A LITTLE BOY, shirtless and wide-eyed, paddling through plastic-strewn water in an African slum.

A 1920s GLAMOROUS WOMAN, hair perfect in the wind, sipping wine aboard a luxury yacht.

A BEATEN SOLDIER, caked in mud, clutching a wrinkled photo.
A YOUNG MOTHER, nursing her baby.

Each form lingers just long enough for us to feel their world... then dissolves as the fall resumes.

END MONTAGE

WIZARD (O.S.)
Every soul... a mask.
Every mask... a mirror.

The fall speeds up — stars, galaxies, memories blurring past in streaks of color and sound.

Then —

BLACKNESS. SILENCE.

A faint 6kHz sine wave rises.

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM - NIGHT (1990S)

CLOSE-UP: The same face we saw falling. Eyes twitching under the lids.

The eyes snap open, wide and alert.

The YOUNG MAN (DAVE at 18) lies in bed, sweat-dampened, breathing hard.

FAIRY (LILLY) SUPERIMPOSED IMAGE is lying on the bed behind him, on her side with her head propped up on her hand.

FAIRY (O.S.)
(softly)
He doesn't remember.

WIZARD (O.S.)
We don't want him to.

The room is cluttered with guitars, tangled cords, and 1990s band posters. A worn guitar case leans against the wall, covered with stickers.

DAVE sits on the edge of the bed, staring blankly, stunned. He exhales... and closes his eyes.

WIZARD (O.S.)
Now Lilly!

SUPERIMPOSED FAIRY pushes DAVE from behind and his head jerks backwards.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

DAVE (50) sits on the edge of another bed – same position, same guitar case nearby. The room is elegant, expensive... but spinning slightly in his perception.

Behind him, LILLY (in her 40s) sleeps peacefully.

A KNOCK at the door.

DAVE stands, a bit unsteady, and crosses to it.

He opens the door – and there stands WIZARD (ORIN), older, bearded, cloaked in charisma.

For a moment, WIZARD glows faintly... almost otherworldly.

Then –

He MORPHS into a stylish ORIN (DAVE's manager) in sleek black clothes.

ORIN
Soundcheck in 15 minutes.
(to LILLY)
Hi beautiful.

LILLY
(smiling)
Hello sweet lover.

DAVE
You'd better not let me catch you
talking to him like that... Oh,
you just did.

ORIN
(laughs)
Like I have a chance.

DAVE
(picks up the guitar case
with the stickers – to
Lilly)
See ya after the show.

LILLY
(blows him a kiss)
Don't forget you promised to do
the eye thing with me tonight.

DAVE
(sighs with slight
frustration)
Sure. OK. Love ya babe.

DAVE and ORIN leave the room.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

Dim blue and violet lights ripple across the crowd. The stage glows softly, like the edge of a dream.

A massive screen above shows abstract visuals: flowing galaxies, bioluminescent oceans, faces dissolving into starlight.

The crowd hushes as DAVE steps into a single spotlight.

He's wearing a long iridescent coat – not showy, but otherworldly. Behind him, the band Psychic Trance Fur prepares silently. LILLY stands off to the side, barefoot, veiled in shimmering cloth.

DAVE begins to strum slow, heavily processed, echoing chords on the guitar, then electronic tones begin – slow, liquid. The rhythm is slow and pulsing, tones stretching like space itself. A soft groove emerges.

DAVE begins to sing, eyes half-closed:

MUSIC - When We Are One

DAVE (singing, intimate):
In the ocean,
where the stars fall in the sea,
our emotion,
becomes all there is of me.
Our devotion,
like flower petals covers me.
Our love motion,
takes us beyond the galaxy.
(the music builds)

The words echo. The instruments continue to build slowly, atmospherically – synth tones evolve, the bass slowly builds louder and louder.

The visuals on the screen above the stage grow more abstract: human silhouettes merging into constellations

LILLY lifts her arms slowly, performing a ritual-like movement in sync with the rhythm.

MONTAGE (DURING INSTRUMENTAL CLIMAX):

Lovers in the crowd hold hands, tears in their eyes.
DAVE and LILLY lock eyes. She smiles – timeless.
The entire crowd closes their eyes, swaying together.

DAVE (cont. - singing)
I... am one...
When we are one!

The music peaks — a wave of climatic sound — then fades like a tide pulling back. A brief silence is followed by the crowd erupting.

INT. BACKSTAGE GREENROOM - NIGHT

DAVE enters, towel around his neck. He's surrounded by buzzing assistants and television reporters. The atmosphere is celebratory.

Then — a live NEWS REPORT appears on a TV.

ANCHOR (TV):

"Breaking news: forces from (Country 1) have crossed the border into (Country 2). Civilians are fleeing. Satellite images confirm major cities under attack... thousands confirmed dead."

The room falls quiet. DAVE freezes, eyes locked on the screen. LILLY steps beside him, gently resting a hand on his shoulder.

A REPORTER, younger, nervous, steps forward holding a mic.

REPORTER
"Uh... Mr. DAVE, amazing show.
Just one question. You sing about
peace and unity. What would you do
to stop this kind of thing?"

A pause. DAVE looks around. Everyone's waiting.

He steps toward the reporter, calm but intense.

DAVE
"Wars aren't started by the people
who suffer and die in them, but by
their leaders.
The solution isn't complicated.
You form a global enforcement body
with one mission: to eliminate any
leader who starts a war. And if
their replacement keeps it going,
eliminate them too.
Eventually, no one will start a
war...
because they won't want to end up
dead."

STUNNED SILENCE. The reporter blinks. The room is frozen.

DAVE

The truth is always staring us in the face. We just have to be open-minded enough to become aware of the obvious.

INT. NEWS BROADCAST ROOM - MONTAGE (DAYS LATER)

Clips from global networks. DAVE's quote spreads like wildfire. Crowds chanting. Debates in parliaments. The United Nations meets in emergency session.

EXT. DAVE AND LILLY LEAVING A RESTAURANT - DAYS LATER

A crowd of reporters.

NEW REPORTER

"Mr. DAVE, your idea changed the world. The UN voted to eliminate the security council because every country with veto power voted against your proposal. Several countries offered the military power to remove (DICTATOR A) and the invading forces are withdrawing. It's just possible that you might have ended all war forever. People want to know... what else do you think we can fix?"

DAVE hesitates. Then smiles gently.

DAVE

Almost everything, but the people have to be in charge. We need a single, worldwide government which operates under a system of direct democracy. Otherwise those in power will fight to retain their power, regardless of the wellbeing of the masses.

He turns to LILLY, who nods.

NEW REPORTER

The conspiracy types have long said that a worldwide government means the end of freedom.

DAVE

How can anyone believe freedom exists when it is repressed anywhere in the world? Right and wrong do not change when someone steps over a line drawn on a map. In a direct democracy, the people, all the people of the world, would decide what is right or wrong and it would be the same everywhere. If the people decide to change their minds about right and wrong, they could vote to do so. There would no longer be people escaping justice because they are beyond jurisdiction, or freedoms being repressed by despots clinging to power. When leaders act against the wellbeing of the people they can immediately be voted out of office.

NEW REPORTER

It seems unlikely that the politicians would ever accept a system like that.

DAVE

Nope. They will never give up power willingly. The people have to rise up and demand it... and no doubt thousands would die in brutal dictatorships. Is it worth putting your life on the line to save the world... and maybe fail in the attempt? That is something every individual needs to decide for themselves.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

A lively, upscale venue. THE BAND and their entourage — DAVE, LILLY, STEVE (bass), Chris (drums), Darren (keyboards) ORIN the MANAGER, and a few others — are gathered around a long table, laughing and drinking. For a moment, they're just people enjoying success.

A massive TV screen hangs over the bar.

Suddenly, the mood shifts. The screen lights up with BREAKING NEWS.

ON SCREEN - A montage:

Crowds in cities across the globe waving signs:
"Direct Democracy Now"
"Power to the People"
"One World, One Voice"

Then — chaos.
Riot police charging.
Tear gas.
Protesters beaten to the ground.
Gunfire.
A young girl screaming over a bloodied body.

The laughter dies.

STEVE
(quietly)
Fuck, dude.
You'd better keep your mouth shut
or you'll end up like one of those
poor bastards getting their face
caved in.

LILLY
He's right.
You've already stirred up a
hornet's nest, and the sting is
spreading.

DAVE
(quiet, shaken)
I never thought... anything would
really come of it.
It sucks, knowing I'm the reason
people are being hurt like that.

LILLY
It's not your fault.
You're not the one swinging the
club. Or pulling the trigger.

DAVE
(staring at the screen)
No... but I lit the match.

DAVE stands abruptly and walks toward the back exit. LILLY follows, worried.

CHRIS
(sipping his drink)
I hope he gets his head together
before the next gig.

ORIN
He's always been too sensitive.

ORIN
 But hey – that's why he writes
 such great songs.

They all fall silent, watching DAVE and LILLY disappear through the exit.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

A MASSIVE CROWD packed into a brightly lit outdoor arena. Tens of thousands. Some wave handmade signs:

"End All War"

"One World, One People"

"MR. DAVE FOR PRESIDENT"

A strange sound begins...

HUFF - HUFF - HUFF

Low and guttural at first, but growing louder – unified, tribal, thunderous.

Then:

CHEERS ERUPT as the band appears onstage.

DAVE
 (into mic, with a calm grin)
 Considering all the political
 turmoil lately...
 We thought we'd open with a song
 from our Disillusioned American
 Peasants album.
 This is, "Whatc'ha Gonna Do?"

A sharp synth horn fanfare BLASTS – energetic and raw.
 THE GUITAR ROARS TO LIFE – the crowd goes wild.

MUSIC: "WHATC'HA GONNA DO?" - LIVE PERFORMANCE

DAVE (singing)
 Whatc'ha gonna do
 When they come to your door
 With a pair of handcuffs
 And an invite to the war?
 Why do you think they don't draft
 old people?
 'Cause they've got enough sense
 not to go
 But when they point the gun at you
 Well, what are you gonna do?
 (verse)
 Whatc'ha gonna do
 When they lay you off

DAVE (singing)
 And you lose your house, your
 spouse
 And everything you've ever got?
 Do you think the people in the
 street have always been there?
 Come on man, you know that's not
 true
 But if it ever happens to you
 Well, whatc'ha gonna do?
 (break)
 Maybe you should think about it.
 (verse)
 Whatc'ha gonna do
 When it comes time to vote
 And the choice is cut off one hand
 Or to cut off both?
 Do you think democracy is real
 man?
 When's the last time you changed a
 law?
 When you finally realize it's a
 bunch of bull
 Well, whatc'ha gonna do?
 (verse)
 Whatc'ha gonna do
 When it comes time to march?
 Are you gonna stay home and watch
 it on TV
 Or go out and do your part?
 The world ain't gonna change by
 itself man!
 You know it's up to me and you
 So when you hear the call,
 Whatc'ha gonna do?

DAVE (shouting to the crowd)
 Well? WHATC'HA GONNA DO?!

BACKSTAGE - SIDE OF STAGE - CONTINUOUS

MANAGER leans to shout in LILLY's ear over the thundering
 applause.

MANAGER
 I don't know what you said to him
 —
 But it's great to see his courage
 again!

The cheers shift — SCREAMS erupt.

The crowd surges forward.
 Protest signs wave like banners in a battlefield.

Some break through the barricades.
A SECURITY GUARD punches someone trying to scale the stage.
People flood the platform.

LILLY
(tense, to herself)
I told him to be true to himself,
that's all...
I should've told him to keep his
head down.

The band SCRAMBLES, pushed by security toward the exit tunnel.
They slam the steel door shut behind them, just as bodies crash
into it from the outside.

Everyone is BREATHING HARD.

ORIN
(flat, catching breath)
You wan to know another name for
democracy...
Is mob rule.

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT (LATER)

The bus hums on the highway. Tension hangs in the dim light.

ORIN stands in the aisle, addressing the band — all present,
silent.

ORIN
It's ironic.
We've become the most popular band
in the country —
Maybe the world.
Music streaming is through the
roof.
But...
(pause)
Half our upcoming gigs have
canceled because of the riot at
the Cincinnati show.
There's talk the White House plans
to ban you from performing in
public —
Anywhere in the country.

(beat)

ORIN
I'm afraid... it's time for us to
go home.

CHRIS
(throwing a magazine across
the table)
That's totally fucked up, man.
I've got bills to pay.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. DAVE AND LILLY'S HOME - POOLSIDE - DAY

A sleek modern house backs onto a pristine swimming pool. DAVE types rapidly on a laptop under the shade of an umbrella. A glass of water sweats on the table. LILLY floats in the pool nearby, watching him.

LILLY
You haven't touched your guitar in weeks.

DAVE
(without looking up)
It's still there. I'll get back to it.

LILLY
Will you? Or are you running for office now?

DAVE
(pauses, leans back, gestures toward the screen)
I'm writing an article. For The Citizen's Ledger. They asked for a piece on how to structure an enlightened society.

LILLY paddles closer to the edge, resting her arms on the pool deck.

LILLY
And you couldn't say "Let's be kind to each other and share our toys"?

DAVE
(smiles faintly)
Not quite. I'm laying out the full framework — governance, AI architecture, energy, waste. The works.

LILLY
Of course you are.

DAVE

(getting animated)

Picture this – One-building cites housing tens of thousands, dramatically reducing costs and pollution. One global political system, run by direct democracy. AI would be used to create a continually evolving constitution based upon the votes of the people. No borders. No rulers. No wars.

LILLY (softly)

And no time for songs.

DAVE

Songs won't change the world.

LILLY

They changed your life, and the lives of many of your fans.

He looks at her – caught. A flicker of conflict crosses his face.

DAVE

(defensive)

If everyone lived like me, we'd burn through the planet in a year. But with automation and smart design, everyone on Earth could live in moderate comfort. People could work a few hours a week – or not at all, and spend their time creating, thinking. Like I'm doing.

LILLY

(getting out of the pool,
towel around her)

Dave... you're brilliant. But you're also getting a little high on your own blueprint.

She sits beside him, dripping slightly, nudging his arm.

LILLY (cont'd)

Just don't forget why you started dreaming in the first place.

A beat. DAVE lowers the laptop lid. The buzz of his vision fades under the sound of birdsong and water lapping.

DAVE

I miss it. The music, I mean. The simplicity of just.. making something beautiful.

LILLY

Then maybe it's time to stop planning paradise and just be with me.

He smiles, chastened and warmed by her presence.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. BOARDROOM - OSTINGER ENERGY - DAY

A cold, modern conference room. Floor-to-ceiling windows overlook a sprawling city skyline. The long, glass, boardroom table is expensive, and nearly empty. Only a handful of executives remain.

At the head of the table sits LENARD OSTINGER, 50s, expensive suit, dark circles under his eyes. Across from him, CAROL HENDERSON, CFO, flips through a thick financial report.

Silence. The tension is heavy.

CAROL

We're done, Lenard. The pipeline's dead. The funding just evaporated.

LENARD

(staring ahead, numb)
They can't do that. We had federal backing.

CAROL

Had. Congress just pulled it — folded under the pressure. Public wants renewables. Banks follow the wind.

She slides a document toward him.

CAROL (cont'd)

Our stock's in free fall. The debt's unserviceable. The board's filing bankruptcy papers.

LENARD

(snaps out of his daze)
I mortgaged both my houses to finance that deal!

CAROL
(gently, but firm)
We all warned you that something
like this could happen.

LENARD
(rising, voice rising)
You don't get it. We were months
from finish. Months! The contracts
were locked. The profit margin was
going to be huge!

ROBERT
Lenard, there's no oil market left
to sell it to. The future is
green. And thanks to that goddamn
rockstar lighting a fire under
every liberal butt in the country,
the banks won't touch fossil fuels
with a ten-foot pole.

Lenard storms to the window, eyes burning with rage.

LENARD
My wife saw it coming too.
(A bitter laugh.)
The only upside is when the bitch
takes half of everything... she'll
get half of nothing.

Carol closes her folder.

CAROL
We should talk about legal
protections. Your personal assets
—

LENARD
(cutting her off)
No. You don't get to tell me how
to roll over and die.

He turns, wild now.

LENARD (cont'd)
That wannabe liberal dictator
screwed us all. He doesn't want a
better world — he wants to control
everything.

A long beat. Carol says nothing.

LENARD (cont'd)
If he wants a war - I'll give him
one.

He storms out of the boardroom, leaving silence in his wake.

INT. BLACK VOID - TIMELESS

A vast, dimensionless space. Silent. Still. Weightless.

At the center, a shimmering 3-D WINDOW floats - an ethereal, translucent frame with soft, glowing edges. Through it, we glimpse the last moments of the boardroom scene: Lenard storming out, his face a storm of rage and humiliation.

Standing side by side, peering down, are ORIN, the WIZARD, and LILLY, the FAIRY.

WIZARD wears long dark robes threaded with stars. His face is ageless but weathered, eyes ancient and kind. FAIRY glows softly, like moonlight on water - her expression tinged with sorrow.

WIZARD
Dave's made a lot of enemies.

FAIRY
He has no idea how much danger
he's in.

ORIN watches Lenard vanish into the shadows.

WIZARD
Dave's not stupid. He knows the
kind of trouble he could find
himself in.
(beat)
He's mostly worried about you.

LILLY's smile is wistful, sad.

FAIRY
He doesn't realize I'm there to
protect him.

WIZARD
I'm concerned you might be getting
a bit too involved with him.

He turns to look at her.

WIZARD (cont'd)
You know how this ends.

A long silence.

FAIRY's gaze never leaves the window.

FAIRY
He has a beautiful soul.
(softly)
I can't help myself.

WIZARD closes his eyes, exhaling slowly. In the reflection of the window, a flicker – DAVE by the pool at sunset, deep in thought, with an acoustic guitar on his lap.

EXT. DAVE AND LILLY'S HOME - SWIMMING POOL - SUNSET

Reflected in the shimmering edge of the 3D window, then moving through the window, we see:

DAVE, seated beside the pool, silhouetted by the fading light. An acoustic guitar rests gently across his lap. He stares into the horizon, lost in thought.

LILLY emerges from the house behind him, barefoot in a flowing, ethereal nightgown that catches the golden light. She moves as if gliding, serene and otherworldly.

DAVE senses her and turns, his somber expression breaking into a warm, teasing grin.

DAVE
(half-laughing)
Do you remember when we split up
over that southern cowgirl with
the big tits?

LILLY
(smiling)
Of course.
It didn't take you long to realize
what a big mistake you'd made.

DAVE
Yeah... but you made me wait
months to be forgiven.

LILLY
(teasing)
I wanted you to suffer.

DAVE
Fair enough.
(pause, gently serious)
It's not about her.

DAVE
It's about what I was feeling...
while you were gone.

LILLY kneels beside him, resting her hand lightly on his knee.

DAVE
You've been on me to write a new
song. Well... I've been working on
this one lately.

(He gestures upward with his head.)

DAVE (cont'd)
Look up.

ANGLE: THE SKY
The crescent moon and brilliant Venus hover close above the
horizon, glowing softly in the twilight.

DAVE
This one's for you, babe.

He begins playing. A slow, haunting fingerpicked melody drifts
into the air.

MUSIC: "Venus and the Moon."

MONTAGE - (underscored by the instrumental intro)

- DAVE and LILLY cooking together in a cozy kitchen, laughing.
- An argument, sharp and painful.
- A moment of reconciliation, their foreheads pressed together
in silence.
- Him watching her sleep, brushing hair from her cheek.
- Her watching him write, wonder in her eyes.
- Them swimming together under the stars.
- A quiet kiss by firelight.
- Lying together in bed, tangled and peaceful.
- The moon and Venus reflected in still water.

As the full orchestration swells, DAVE begins to sing:

DAVE (V.O.) (singing)
The sun pulls the shade down
on another day.
Silver-slivered moon
floats buoyant in the haze.
To the west
two strangers rendezvous,
Lovers always,
Venus and the Moon
(verse)
Desire,

DAVE (V.O.) (singing)
 pulling time and space together,
 Two bodies borne
 on the wings of a wish.
 It goes on,
 almost forever,
 What drifts apart
 stands side by side again.
 (verse)
 Yeah! I care.
 But I can't make your decisions
 for you.
 Hey! I'm here.
 You know I'll always be here for
 you.
 We'll be
 Lovers always,
 Like Venus and the Moon.

As the final notes fade, it's only DAVE's voice and guitar. The sky above now deep indigo, stars twinkling.

LILLY's eyes shine with tears. She touches his face.

LILLY
 That is so beautiful.
 (whispers)
 Sometimes I think you ARE music.
 (beat)
 I love you... so... so very much.

She leans into him. They embrace – tender and real – the guitar caught awkwardly between them, causing them both to laugh softly through their tears.

FADE OUT.

EXT. POOLSIDE - MORNING

The sun casts a golden shimmer across the surface of the pool. LILLY sits at a table beneath a striped umbrella, a tablet open beside her and a steaming mug in hand. DAVE steps out from the house, barefoot, carrying his laptop.

DAVE
 You're up early.

LILLY
 I've been looking at the transits
 in your astrology chart.
 Everything that's happened
 recently... it all fits.

LILLY

(beat)

Pluto is crossing your North Node — right on the cusp of your Eleventh House in Aquarius. That's a once-in-a-lifetime aspect. It means you're about to make big contributions to the world.

DAVE

I've always tried to do what I can.

LILLY

Yeah, but this is different. This is the big chrgshendo — the culmination of everything you've been building toward.

(beat, hesitant)

But something's got me worried. Mars, Neptune, and Saturn will be squaring Pluto in your Twelfth in a few months. That's not good.

(picking up on his expression)

It could mean something unforeseen... maybe even something tragic.

DAVE

You know I don't put much stock in predictions. Astrology doesn't describe events — it describes influences.

(soft smile)

Personality, on the other hand... that's clear as day in a birth chart. It's like God built a machine in the sky that pumps out souls with quirks based on their timestamps.

LILLY

But this is serious, DAVE. You might even die.

DAVE

We all go when it's our time. No point worrying about it.

(grins)

Besides, I'm still in good shape. And I know you'd never let anything bad happen to me.

DAVE sets the laptop down, stands, and gently lifts LILLY into the air by her arms like she weighs nothing.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Just look at those big muscles. No one in their right mind would mess with you.

LILLY
(laughing)
You never take anything seriously.

DARREN, his wife JEN, and their two young KIDS step through the gate into the pool area.

DARREN
Permission to come aboard, sir?

DAVE (enthusiastically)
Hey Darren. Hi Jen. Looks like you brought the little munchkins with you.

JEN
It's the price you pay for having a pool.

DARREN
Yeah, but it's a great way to get the kids to clean up their rooms. All I have to say is we're going to Dave and Lilly's place and it's nothing but please, please, please till I say they can come if they do their chores. Works like a charm.

The adults hug their greetings. The two kids huddle on the edge of the pool. Jen sets them up with pool toys before they jump in.

DAVE
Lilly here was just telling me my future is full of doom and gloom.

DARREN
(to Lilly, with sarcasm)
Is that so? Got any insight on how the stock market is going to do?

LILLY (with equal sarcasm)
Doom and gloom.

They all laugh. Jen sits at the table with the others.

JEN

I don't know anything about astrology, but I always thought it was fascinating.

DARREN

If you want a glimpse into "the reality behind reality," as Dave puts it, you should have him show you the eye thing.

JEN

What is the eye thing?

DAVE

My visual telepathy exercise. I came up with it when I was 17. It's an eye contact exercise that produces distortions in the visual perception of the two participants. The distortions happen at the same time and with the same level of constantly varying intensity to both people.

The others listen, curious but amused.

DAVE (cont.)

Emotional reactions to the visual changes produce changes in skin capacitance, and if you measure the responses of both people with electrodermal response equipment, the resulting graphs will match. That is scientific proof that "something" is connecting the subjective experience of both people — and that something is telepathy.

Jen stares at him blankly. The others laugh.

DARREN

Dave tends to get overly technical sometimes.

DAVE

I've explained this so often I've got it down to a spiel I use every time. This is how it goes. The first thing I want you to do is look around and notice that you can see everything as clearly as usual.

DAVE
You don't have tunnel vision or
anything like that.

JEN
Yeah, everything looks normal.

DAVE picks up his laptop and shows JEN a page of text.

DAVE
Look at this word near the top of
the page, and — don't take your
eyes off that word. Now, without
looking away from that word, tell
me what this word is.

He points to a word near the bottom of the screen.

JEN
I can't.

DAVE
That's because your eyes can only
focus on an area about an inch or
so across at this distance. When
you looked around earlier you were
convinced that you could see
everything clearly, but you
couldn't. Inside the average room,
the area of clear perception is
only about a foot or so across.

Jen looks around at the environment, thoughtful, then nods in
agreement.

DAVE (cont.)
The reason we don't all walk
around with tunnel vision is
because our subconscious mind
refers to objects we're familiar
with from our past — and it
"manufactures the impression" of a
clear image. We don't actually see
everything clearly at all.

The others are listening more intently now.

DAVE (cont.)
The visual telepathy exercise
focuses on what we actually see,
instead of what we think we're
supposed to see, and that gives us
a glimpse of

DAVE (cont.)
(air quotes)
"the reality behind reality."
(beat)
Do you want to try it?

JEN
It sounds a little scary to me.

DAVE
It's nothing that doesn't happen
constantly. We've just trained
ourselves to ignore it.

DAVE moves his chair so he's sitting two to three feet across
from Jen.

DAVE (cont.)
This exercise is so easy to do
that making an effort makes it
more difficult to see results. All
you have to do is look at my eye -
(points to his left eye)
- and try to see the rest of my
face as clearly as you see my eye
- without looking away from my
eye. That's all there is to it.
Pay attention to what you see and
feel, but otherwise try not to
think about anything.
(beat)
Now, try to expand the area of
clear perception to include my
entire face.

DARREN and LILLY move so they can watch what happens. The
camera shifts to Jen's point of view: first DAVE's full face,
then zooming in on his left eye. The image slowly expands to
show his full face again. The eye always remains in focus, but
the rest of the face appears slightly blurry. At first, the
area around the eyes grows darker, and the brow area becomes
lighter. Areas further from the eye go blurry. Then the face
begins to distort in a hallucinatory way. Jen suddenly pulls
her head back.

JEN
Wow, that's... weird.

DAVE smiles.

DAVE
Keep going.

The camera returns to Jen's view of DAVE's face.

DAVE (cont.)
Just look at my eye and try to see
my face as clearly as you see my
eye.

The face begins to distort more intensely. The area around the eyes grows dark and seems to recede, then expands again.

DAVE
(snapping gently)
There. That was a more intense
change.

Back to Jen's view. An even stronger distortion occurs, but it is brighter and Dave's eyes seem to smile.

DAVE
That one was even stronger – and
you felt a strong feeling of
friendship or appreciation.

JEN
How can you tell when what I see
changes?

WE now see JEN's face from DAVE's perspective. It is changing gradually, the right eye always in focus.

DAVE
Because the changes happen to both
of us at the same time and with
the same level of constantly
changing intensity. I'm just
describing what I'm seeing. It's
just as easy for you to tell me
when the changes occur.

JEN
But how did you know what I was
feeling?

DAVE
Because I felt the same thing. I
define telepathy as a merger of
subjective perception. It's not a
send-and-receive sort of thing –
it's a merger of awareness. If one
of us feels something while doing
this exercise correctly, then the
other will also feel it. And it's
not always possible to know who
created the feeling. It just
happens.

DARREN

Tell her the cool part.

DAVE

Sometimes the person you're looking at becomes replaced with a very clear image of an entirely different person. They can have hats, or beards, or eyeglasses – even clothing from different time periods. It feels very intense when that happens. It's as if the person you're looking at is suddenly replaced with an entirely different person, who just smiles knowingly at you.

JEN

Why do you think that happens?

DAVE

I can't prove it, but I think those are images of the person you're looking at in other incarnations. It's as if all of our lifetimes are happening at once, and the visual telepathy exercise lets you tune into personalities from other time periods – like moving through the layers of an onion. It can take quite a while doing the exercise before you see something like that, but anyone can do this. I have no special skill in this area.

(nodding toward LILLY)

Lilly here is the one with talent. She has lucid dreams almost every night.

LILLY

Two or three times a week at best.

JEN

(to DAVE)

For a moment you looked like a scary monster. Does that mean you were a monster in some other existence?

DAVE laughs.

DAVE

No. Remember what I said about how the subconscious mind tries to manufacture the impression of a clear image? When your vision is producing distortions, the subconscious mind attempts to turn that mess into something recognizable – and that can result in some really scary stuff. All you have to do is blink or look away for a moment and the monsters are gone.

The two KIDS come running up to JEN, both talking over each other, complaining about something the other has done. In the process, they splash water on Jen's clothes.

JEN

Excuse me for a moment.

JEN gets up to find a towel and settle the kids back into the pool.

LILLY looks from DAVE to DARREN.

LILLY

You never told me how you two met?

DARREN

It was a long time ago. I was nineteen and had just bought my first keyboard, and I was desperate to be in a band. I was working as a cook at Denny's, and Dave used to come in late at night to sit at the counter drinking coffee, chain smoking, and writing in a notebook.

(smiles at the memory)

One night I asked what he was writing, and he said, "song lyrics." Our mutual love of music made us instant friends. But he didn't want to be in a band with me because I wasn't old enough to play in bars.

DAVE

You were just a kid, and you barely knew how to play anything.

(grins)

But I admired your passion. And look where we are now.

JEN returns to the table, drying off her hands with a towel.

JEN
Did I miss anything?

DARREN
I was just telling Lilly how Dave
and I met, but you know that
story.

JEN turns to DAVE.

JEN
With everything you and Lilly know
about... psychic stuff, you could
teach classes or do seminars.

DAVE
Wow. That's a new idea.
(mock-inspiration)
It might enable me to make enough
money to finally escape this
horrendous poverty.

The obvious sarcasm lands, and everyone laughs.

INT. BLACKNESS - NIGHT

The sound of someone gently snoring and shifting in bed.

FAIRY (O.S.)
Come on, sleepy head. Wake up.
(beat)
No, don't wake up! Just come with
me now.

A pale, glowing, female arm reaches out of the darkness toward the viewer. Slowly, the rest of the FAIRY comes into view. She uses both hands to lift DAVE's arm and locks her arm with his. She pulls hard.

INT. GLOWING GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The scene bursts into color. Flowers and plants glow with inner light. DAVE stands, disoriented.

DAVE
Where are we?

FAIRY
You know where we are. We've been
here hundreds of times before.

DAVE

Oh, yeah. We're dreaming again.

FAIRY

I have to show you something.

She takes his hand. In an instant, they vanish.

EXT. TWILIGHT - PUBLIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

DAVE and FAIRY float mid-air, gazing down at a beat-up van parked under a streetlight. Inside the van sits OLDER DAVE (70s), typing on a laptop resting on his lap. An acoustic guitar hangs on the wall. He chain-smokes; the ashtray filled with cigarette butts.

FAIRY

You shouldn't have joked about poverty. That, and other times you felt superior because of your wealth, created this probable reality - this other version of your life.

(beat)

In this life, you never, ever succeed, in spite of putting in just as much effort. That's you in there. The real you. Just as real as the you here now.

DAVE

I may have been arrogant when I was young, but I strive hard to remember I'm just lucky - that there are no special people. Rich or poor, fat or thin, we are all equal.

FAIRY

You don't believe that at all. You'd die for your true friends, but not for some stranger you've never met.

(pointed)

You admire intellect, creativity, open-mindedness, and progressive thinking - while merely tolerating everyone else.

DAVE

I'm doing all I can to make the world a better place for future generations — for everyone, not just the people I know.

(earnest)

How much more inclusive can anyone be?

FAIRY

He's doing the same thing you are — only he'll never see a penny or be acknowledged for his work.

(softly)

Ever wonder why you can write such sad and melancholy songs?

(beat)

It's because he wrote them. He spent forty years working to invent a device that simulates the effects of anti-gravity, but he could never afford to build it. You can.

(a moment)

The concept for that design is about to pop into your mind, and when you develop it some will consider you the smartest person who ever lived. But it wasn't you who did the work to invent it. It was him. He inspired some of your best songs.

DAVE

Isn't there something I can do to help him?

FAIRY

I'm afraid that isn't possible. Every extreme implies the opposite. Your wealth and fame must be balanced by his poverty and obscurity.

(pauses)

Besides, that version of you is TOO smart. He can't let go of reason long enough to understand the power of faith and persistence. Your paths diverged when you decided that purpose takes priority over pleasure — that completing the task is more important than the reward.

FAIRY

He bemoaned his consistent failures and sought relief in sexual indulgence, cigarettes, and coffee. That version of you simply cannot believe the Universe wants to help him.

(a pause)

He will die alone and forgotten. You are him. In this reality, that is your fate.

DAVE

I won't remember any of this, will I?

FAIRY

No. Your higher self is aware of all your probable selves, and your many incarnations. You ARE your higher self, so you know everything. But in this life, you're limited to the perceptions processed by the body.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAVE suddenly sits upright in bed as a black veil slides from right to left across the image of him and the FAIRY. A look of forgetfulness crosses his face. Then - He looks down. LILLY sleeps quietly beside him. He gently brushes a strand of hair from her face.

EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - DAY

A massive modern estate in the hills - gleaming white stone, wide circular drive, manicured hedges. MOVING TRUCKS sit in the driveway. MOVERS hustle back and forth, loading up boxes, furniture, clothes on hangers.

A sleek black BMW stops abruptly at the curb. LENARD climbs out, still dressed in tailored business wear, but with the subtle slump of a man unraveling.

In the grass, three young kids - two boys and a girl in private school uniforms - sit listlessly, poking at the lawn.

LENARD

(softly)

What the hell...

He walks toward HIS KIDS.

LENARD (CONT'D)
Hey... where's your mom?

BOY (8)
She's upstairs with Sophie. She
said not to bother her.

LENARD looks toward the house, jaw clenched.

INT. MASTER CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

The closet is the size of a boutique. Rows of designer heels. Floor-to-ceiling racks of clothes. Empty shelves now spotted with dust outlines.

ISABELLE, 30s, stunning, casually radiant, flips through a rack of dresses, some still wrapped in plastic, and sighs. To SOPHIE, late 20s, her personal assistant -

ISABELLA
I have already worn some of these
so they can be thrown away.

SOPHIE jots notes on a clipboard.

SOPHIE
Don't you mean donate the clothes?

ISABELLA
Either way. I won't have room for
them.

LENARD storms in.

LENARD
What the hell is going on? You're
moving out without telling me?

ISABELLA
My lawyer told your lawyer.

LENARD
This is OUR house.

ISABELLA
Correction. Was. Until you tanked
the company and took us all down
with you.

He follows her into the bedroom, half-empty now. Boxes line the walls. She walks toward the large bay window.

LENARD

What about the bonds in Barbados?
I put them in your name so we
would have a safety net the courts
couldn't touch. That money can
keep us afloat for -

ISABELLA

(interrupting, smiles)
Closed that account a year ago. I
always knew you'd screw this up. I
planned ahead.

She looks down through the window at the kids playing.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Thanks to you we have to live at
my mother's now. That means a
forty minute drive to school,
twice a day.
(sighs, blows a kiss to her
kids, who look up to see the
couple standing by the
window)

Lenard raises his hand to wave at the kids, who see him but
just put their heads down.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

You never drove the kids to school
even once.

LENARD

I had more important things to do
for the kids, including giving
them all this.

ISABELLA

Which you just took away from
them.
(to SOPHIE)
I think we are done here.

Lenard tries to hold himself together.

LENARD

Isabelle, we can fix this. I just
need -

ISABELLA

Don't. If you need to speak to me...
you can do so through my
attorneys.

She walks out, Sophie in tow.

Lenard stares out the window, focusing on his reflection in the glass, then the focus shifts to a TOW TRUCK as the driver gets in and begins to haul away his car.

His face tightens, color rising in his cheeks. The Furry is quiet but volcanic.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. UPTOWN RESTAURANT - DAY

A trendy but discreet restaurant on a bustling city street. DAVE and LILLY step out of a parked car, both wearing hats and sunglasses, trying to stay incognito.

FLASHES go off immediately. A small group of REPORTERS rushes toward them, having followed them from afar.

REPORTER 1

Mr. DAVE! Did you know (country 1)
has re-invaded (country 2)?

REPORTER 2

(Dictator A) is threatening to use
nuclear weapons — he says he'll
blow up the United Nations and
take most of New York with it if
anyone tries to remove him from
power.

REPORTER 3

Isn't this proof that your
solution to end all war doesn't
actually work?

DAVE freezes. LILLY looks up at him, eyes wide with horror.

LILLY

(quietly)
Oh my God...

DAVE

(somber, composed)
No... I hadn't heard. But I
expected something like this to
happen eventually.

He turns to the group of reporters.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I imagine every diplomat in New
York is already evacuating — and
they should.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Scattering means they can't all be wiped out at once. They can still vote electronically from wherever they are. Anyone who even threatens to use a nuclear weapon should be assassinated. My message to (Dictator A) is simple: give up power now, or die.

REPORTER 1

That's not much comfort to the people living in New York.

DAVE

No, it's not. I'm sure every New Yorker is terrified right now. Everyone, everywhere, should be terrified.

(pauses)

To quote myself: "The only thing more insane than a nuclear war is continuing to prepare ourselves to have one."

(pauses)

We need a single, global government. If there are no countries left to go to war, there's no need for nuclear weapons. Then — and only then — can we truly get rid of them.

The press explodes into shouted questions. DAVE and LILLY try to push through.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Look — I'm no messiah. I don't have all the answers. I'm a fucking musician, that's all. I look for solutions that might help. That's it. If you expect perfection from me — or from anyone — you're going to be sorely disappointed.

He and LILLY push past the reporters and into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Inside, calm and cool. ORIN and DARREN stand waiting just inside the door.

DARREN

Dude... that was getting ugly.

ORIN

I'm done asking nicely. You're getting 24/7 security. Non-negotiable.

They walk toward the back, where the rest of the BAND is already seated at a large table.

DAVE

(sitting heavily)

What the hell do they want from me? Don't they understand we're all flawed? That nobody has all the answers?

LILLY

I think you forget that sometimes. You act like you have all the answers – and then you expect the world to follow your lead.

(pauses)

Most people think they know everything. The difference is... people listen to you.

DARREN

And they should. He's been thinking about this stuff as long as I've known him. He's never wanted power and just wants to help this messed up world. Maybe some of his ideas are wrong – but at least he tries.

DAVE slumps back in frustration, rubbing his forehead. For a moment, no one speaks.

CHRIS

I know this isn't a great time, but we came here to talk about hitting the road again.

(to Dave)

You and Darren write most of the songs and you get royalties for that, but Steve and I depend mostly on the gigs to pay the bills.

ORIN

I don't think doing a tour now would work because of the security situation, but a promoter in LA has offered a hefty sum for just one show at the Coliseum.

ORIN

It should pay enough for Chris and Steve to get through the winter.

LILLY

The Coliseum is huge. Aren't you concerned about security there?

ORIN

We can double it if necessary. They have metal detectors and dogs that check for explosives. If it goes well we can think about adding another show.

DAVE

We haven't rehearsed in months so it will take time to get ready.

ORIN

We can use the same light show as on the last tour.

DARREN

Why don't we all stay at my place for a couple of weeks. Maybe we can come up with a couple of new songs.

DAVE

When would the gig be?

ORIN/MANAGER

Anytime we want.

DAVE

The sooner the better. I've been thinking about a design for an inertial propulsion device and I would like some time to work on that.

CHRIS

What is inertial propulsion?

DAVE

A mechanical device that simulates antigravity. Mainstream science says it is impossible, but my intuition tells me there might be a way to make it work.

LILLY

You always have to attempt the impossible. Why can't you just relax and enjoy life?

DAVE

We all have to do something with our time. Cows eat grass, people make money, and I enjoy attempting the seemingly impossible.

DARREN

If we don't rehearse getting through this next gig will be impossible. How does Saturday sound? Bring clothes for a week or two.

ORIN

I'll get in touch with the promoter and find out how soon he can set the date.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT STUDIO - NIGHT

Soundproofed walls. Cables snaking across the carpet. Synth racks glow in low light. Posters from past gigs line the walls.

DAVE is bouncing around like a little kid, hammering out the main riff from the song "So Sexy."
It's fast, playful, joyful – borderline silly.

DARREN and JEN walk in, followed by CHRIS and STEVE.

JEN is dressed provocatively, confidence in every step.

DAVE

(to Jen)

Wow, you're sure looking hot tonight!

CHRIS bobs his head, grinning.

CHRIS

That's good. Really good. Just come up with it?

DAVE

(all smiles)

Yep.

CHRIS hops behind the drum kit and jumps in. STEVE fumbles on bass for a beat, then locks into the groove.

DARREN sits at the keyboard, cycling through horn patches.

DARREN

There's too much going on. There's nothing for me to do here.

DAVE

(looking at Jen, singing)
Oh, you're so sexy.
It makes me wanna cry.
If you wrapped those arms around
my neck,
I'd lose my breath if I didn't
die!

He keeps jamming.

JEN glides up behind him and drapes her arms over his shoulders. He keeps playing, beaming.

Everyone smiles... except DARREN.

DARREN frowns and BLASTS out a jarring horn chord – totally offbeat.

The music STOPS.

DARREN

Dude, that's a great riff and all, but people don't expect that from us. We're Psychic Trance Fur, not The Cars. People want to hear the spacey psychedelic stuff.

CHRIS

(defensive)
You mean that's what you want to play – 'cause it lets you use all that tripped-out electronic stuff while I get stuck shaking a tambourine or tapping on a cymbal.

STEVE

Hey guys, calm the fuck down.
(turns to Darren)
Darren's right. There's nothing for him to play with all this going on.
(to Darren)
Hit that horn stab again.

DARREN reluctantly hits a sharp, funky horn stab.

STEVE drops into a slow, rolling bass line – pure 1970s porno groove.

STEVE

Again.

DAVE slams a chord in time with the horn, CHRIS fills in the groove, and the jam starts rolling smooth and sensuous.

DARREN drops in occasional bursts of horn – clean, tight.

LILLY enters, smiling, hips already swaying with the rhythm.

DAVE jumps back into his original riff.

Grinning at Lilly:

DAVE

(singing)

Oh, you're, so sexy!

Everyone laughs. Even DARREN smiles.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

Hundreds of FANS gather in the early afternoon sun, clustered around barricades, waving homemade signs and wearing band T-shirts. The mood is electric.

INT. LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A crane swings a massive lighting rig into place. CREW MEMBERS yell over the noise, lugging amplifiers, racks of cables, and monitor arrays. The show is hours away, but tension is already high.

STAGE MANAGER

(to headset, barking orders)

No, NO – the rig goes stage left,
not center!

(into walkie)

Hey! Someone move that loading
truck! Now!

He throws down the headset in frustration and storms off to handle the chaos himself.

ORIN, clipboard in hand, watches him go. He exhales and turns to the bustle on stage – just as the band members step onto it.

DARREN
(to a roadie)
You guys move faster than we do
when the bar tab comes!

ROADIE #1
(grinning)
It's just because we're sober,
that's why.

The band laughs and mingles with the crew. DAVE smiles, trying to soak it in – a rare light moment.

Orin's eyes drift toward an older Eastern European-looking STRANGE MAN, thin and stone-faced, rolling a heavy equipment rack onto the stage. Unlike the others, he doesn't interact. He slowly wheels the rack to center-stage, glancing furtively, then disappears down the stairs beneath.

Orin's gaze narrows.

ORIN
(under his breath)
Who the hell is that?

INT. UNDERSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dim, industrial. Steel beams, power cables, and scaffolding everywhere. ORIN moves slowly through the shadows, scanning.

He sees the STRANGE MAN standing under the stage, calmly using duct tape to affix something to the support struts beneath center-front.

ORIN
(sharply)
Hey. You there. What are you
doing?

The man turns his head with eerie calm. He doesn't answer and continues with what he was going.

INT. MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

ROADIE #1 spots the equipment rack left in the wrong spot.

ROADIE #1
What the hell—?

He starts pushing the rack off center – right in the direction of DAVE, who's walking toward a speaker wall.

INT. UNDERSTAGE - SAME TIME

ORIN steps closer — his eyes widen in horror.

CLOSE ON the taped object: C4, wires coiled like veins. A small green light blinks from a remote detonator, squashed into the explosive mass.

ORIN
(yelling, voice echoing)
SECURITY! IT'S A BOMB! GET
SECURITY!!

The European man bolts, pulling a detonator from his pocket. A few step later he presses it.

INT. MAIN STAGE

BOOM.

A deafening explosion tears through the stage. A massive fireball erupts from below, shaking the rafters.

The equipment rack smashes into DAVE, crushing him against the wall of speakers. The roadie behind it is blown ten feet into the air, landing with a sickening thud. Debris rains down — shrapnel, stage panels, twisted steel.

UNDERSTAGE

Orin is thrown backward like a rag doll, crashing into a support beam. His face is bloodied, arms cut and burned, forearm grotesquely bent.

ON STAGE

LILLY bursts out from backstage, shrieking as she sees DAVE's body pinned under the twisted rack.

LILLY
DAVE!!
(sobbing)
Help me! Somebody HELP!

She claws at the heavy rack, trying to lift it with bare hands, eyes wide with terror.

Stunned ROADIES finally spring into action.

ROADIE #2
Jesus — DAVE's under it! MOVE!

Three of them rush over and heave the rack back. DAVE's body slumps to the floor, twisted, bloody — barely conscious.

LILLY
(stroking his face, panicked)
Stay with me. DAVE, baby, please.
Please don't leave me -

DAVE
(weak, half-smile)
I think... we've done our last
show... for a while.

He goes limp in her arms.

ORIN stumbles on stage, limping, face pale, clutching his
broken forearm, covered in blood.

LILLY
(screaming)
Call an ambulance! Somebody-
please!!

The stadium is chaos. Sirens wail in the distance. Security
floods in.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Soft morning light filters through the blinds. The beeping of a
heart monitor keeps steady rhythm. DAVE lies in bed, bruised
and bandaged, his left hand in a cast, IV in his arm.

LILLY sits curled in a chair beside him, still wearing
yesterday's clothes. She's fast asleep, her head resting on her
arm, hand loosely holding DAVE's.

The door creaks open. ORIN, CHRIS, and DARREN enter quietly.
They all look battered. Orin is heavily limping, arm in a
sling, bandages on his arm and face. Chris wears a neck brace,
stiff but cheerful. Darren's face is partially wrapped in
gauze, an eye bruised nearly shut.

DARREN
(grinning through bandages)
They tell us you're gonna survive.
Sorry to disappoint the tabloids.

DAVE
(quietly, gesturing)
Keep it down... she's been in that
chair since I got here.

They glance at Lilly and soften. CHRIS crosses to the bedside.

CHRIS
They said you broke two fingers in
your left hand.

DAVE
Yeah.
(sighs)
Won't be playing guitar for a
while... but I guess it could've
been worse.
(pauses)
What about that roadie - Chuck?
How's he doing?

ORIN
Still in the ICU. But they expect
him to pull through.

DAVE
Make sure his hospital bills come
to me. And see that he is paid
full wages till he's back on his
feet.
(pauses)
If he hadn't pushed that cart
between me and the blast I'd be
harmonizing with the angels right
now.

A soft rustle - LILLY stirs, blinking awake.

DAVE
(smiling gently)
Good morning, my sleeping beauty.

LILLY
(sitting up, eyes glassy)
You're finally awake.

DAVE
I've been awake for hours. You're
the sleepy one.

They exchange a tender smile. ORIN moves closer, lowering
himself slowly into a chair.

ORIN
You might've noticed the guards
outside this room.

DAVE
Yeah. Hard to miss.

ORIN
Get to know them. You'll never go
anywhere without them again.

DAVE nods, processing. The mood darkens slightly.

DAVE
Was anyone else seriously hurt?

ORIN
Other than you, me, and Chuck...
just cuts and bruises.
(pauses)
Thank God the bomb didn't go off
during the show. That was
apparently the plan.

DAVE
Did they catch the guy?

DARREN
Nope. Got clean away.

ORIN
They'll try again.

DAVE
Who's they?

ORIN
Who knows? Could be anyone.
Dictators. Corrupt politicians.
Fossil fuel oligarchs...

DARREN
(smiling wryly)
Or people who don't like your
music.

They all laugh, even DAVE, though it hurts to do so.

DAVE
What about the promoter? Must've
sunk a fortune into this.

ORIN
He did. But I imagine he had
insurance. He'll survive.

LILLY
The lobby's swarming with
reporters. I told them you had no
comment.

DAVE
 (staring at the ceiling)
 I'm never doing another interview
 again.
 (beat)
 All I've ever wanted was to help
 make the world a better place. And
 now it's worse than ever.

LILLY
 Dave...

DAVE
 Have you seen the news? Riots.
 Fires. Hundreds injured, maybe
 more. All because I had to open my
 big mouth.

LILLY
 They still need your voice. Your
 guidance.

DAVE
 No...
 (shakes head slowly)
 They don't need me. What they need
 is to imagine what could be,
 instead of what is. And to have
 faith that together, they can make
 it happen.
 Faith and persistence. That's all
 they need.

Lilly reaches for his hand and holds it gently.

LILLY
 That's the guidance I was talking
 about.

WIDE SHOT - The room is still, a fragile moment of peace.
 Outside the window, distant sirens echo in the city.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DREAM - DOME-SHAPED ROOM - UNKNOWN DIMENSION

DAVE blinks rapidly, then opens his eyes. He is seated at an
 ornate wooden table inside a velvet-draped, dome-shaped room
 glowing deep red. Opposite him sit the WIZARD and the FAIRY,
 calm and waiting.

WIZARD
 Nice of you to join us, Dave.

DAVE
(looking around, dazed)
I'm dreaming again, aren't I?

FAIRY
Of course.

DAVE
I won't remember any of this when
I wake up, will I?

WIZARD
Not anything specific, but your
subconscious will retain the
overall impression of the
experience.

DAVE
I'm amazed at how real this seems.

WIZARD
Every reality seems complete from
the perspective of someone within
it.

The WIZARD waves his hand. The red velvet room dissolves into
white sparkles, revealing a -

EXT. MAJESTIC PATIO IN A MAGICAL WORLD - DAY

Pastel clouds drift above snowcapped peaks, a river winds
through green plains, fountains gurggle nearby, and giant
luminescent flowers glow softly in the breeze.

DAVE
(in awe)
Ah... this is beautiful. But it's
just a dream.

FAIRY
(smiling gently)
While we're here, your world is
the dream.

DAVE stands and strokes the silky petal of a massive glowing
flower.

DAVE

It's funny — and a little weird —
that when I'm dreaming like this,
I remember both of you, and our
whole history.

(beat)

It goes all the way back to when
God created us so He wouldn't feel
so alone.

(laughs)

Yet now, when I think about my
life, I see only flashes... like
glimpses of a dream.

(laughs again)

I see flashes of someone rich and
famous who changes the whole
world. It's hard to imagine such
arrogance. How would God even let
such a thing occur?

FAIRY

Your world is just a dream, like
this one. We make your own reality
— because we are all God, being
who we are.

WIZARD

Your beliefs and expectations form
the world you know. They influence
your decisions..

(leans in)

which determine your actions...
and your actions create the events
you experience — within the
context of physical experience.

FAIRY

Things are not so restricted here.

She closes her eyes and smiles. The scene morphs with a whisper
of motion. Now the trio -

EXT. DEEP SPACE WITH NEBULA

Floating in deep space, surrounded by a vast nebula. Their
BODIES shimmer, then turn into radiant ORBS OF LIGHT.

Other brilliant orbs streak by, trailing light.

DAVE

(his orb glowing more
brightly)

Where are we?

WIZARD

Everywhere. Nowhere. Anywhere you want to be.

DAVE

I've been here before...

FAIRY

This is our natural state.

WIZARD

We will become something else as we evolve.

(beat)

Just what, I'm not sure yet.

DAVE

This place is... unsettling. Can we go back to the pretty place?

FAIRY

Just think about it, and we will follow you there.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - MARBLE PATIO WITH MAGICAL LANDSCAPE - TIMELESS

With a pulse of light, the scene changes. They now sit again in human form on a version of the magical world from before – but with elegant ROMAN architecture: white marble columns, curved benches, stylized mosaics. Giant glowing flowers and the river remain – but subtly reimaged.

DAVE

This isn't the same place.

FAIRY

Because you created it this time. We followed your lead.

DAVE

I just noticed... none of us are using our mouths to speak. It's all... telepathic.

WIZARD

(speaking aloud, amused)

We can speak normally, if you prefer.

DAVE

And time – there doesn't seem to be any passing of time here.

WIZARD

Time, space, matter... it's all an illusion.

(gesturing calmly)

We experience events as non-sequential moments.

You do the same on Earth, experiencing moments that seem to last — say, the duration of a sentence.

(beat)

If it weren't for your time keeping machines, and the way you link one moment to the next in a series, you'd see that you experience time almost the same way we do here.

DAVE walks slowly, gazing at his surroundings, then turns to the WIZARD and FAIRY.

DAVE

What about reincarnation? Do we really exist as other people in other times?

WIZARD

Identity is also an illusion.

(beat)

What makes you think you're different from me? Memory.

If I share all of my memory with you — which I can do now, telepathically — you will be me.

DAVE suddenly becomes the WIZARD. There are now two WIZARDS standing side by side.

FAIRY

(laughing)

You'd better bring him back before he has an identity crisis.

DAVE reappears, but now he has switched places with the WIZARD.

DAVE

Whoa that was trippy.

(beat)

You know more than I thought it possible for anyone to know. I felt the extreme patience you have to exercise just to interact with me.

DAVE

(softly)

I'm grateful – and a little embarrassed.

(beat)

I also understood what reincarnation means to you. There's only the One Consciousness... and any of us can be anyone else. It's the similar beliefs people share that connect individuals together – we form a kind of group soul... or soul family. We think in terms of reincarnation because we can totally identify with particular people who live at different times.

WIZARD

That's the general idea.

(beat)

The three of us are part of the same Higher Self. So are the rest of the band – and several others – including some of your enemies.

DAVE steps back, startled.

DAVE

Are you saying I've 'incarnated' as more than one person at the same time?

WIZARD

Well... yes – and no. We have other identities that exist simultaneously. But calling them "incarnations" is... not quite accurate.

(beat)

I prefer to think of incarnations as periods in time where soul groups gather to pursue a shared purpose. For example: you and Darren are part of the same Higher Self – but you don't identify with being Darren. You do identify with your other incarnations.

DAVE

(turning to FAIRY)

What about that old man living in a van? You said he was a different version of me. What did you call that?

FAIRY

A probable self. Humans have a very limited understanding of the nature of reality. Every time you face a major decision, part of you chooses the path you didn't take. That version of yourself is just as real. And later, it makes its own decisions, splitting paths again. There are almost infinite versions of you, each living separate lives. And that's true for everyone - for entire civilizations.

(beat)

Wars that were lost were also won - in another probability. History has near-infinite versions... every conceivable outcome is explored.

DAVE stumbles back to the table and sits down, head in hands.

DAVE

This is just... too much.
How can anyone possibly keep track of all of that?

FAIRY

God can.

(softly)

And remember - we are all God.
If you still your mind you can feel that truth, without needing to think about it.

She gently places her hand on his head. DAVE exhales and relaxes, visibly calming.

EXT. CITY PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

A quiet, wind-swept park. The grass is patchy. A few HOMELESS PEOPLE lie on blankets or sit under trees, watching the world drift by. LENARD, once a powerful man, now sits alone on a bench in a rumpled designer suit - dirty, worn at the seams. He watches the homeless with a distant stare.

He's one of them now.

An aging luxury SUV pulls up nearby. SOPHIE, warm but professional, steps out. She's well-dressed but not showy, carrying a quiet grace. She approaches the bench.

SOPHIE
The kids didn't want to come. I
tried to call but the number was
no longer in service.

LENARD
Yeah... I couldn't pay the bill.

Pause. SOPHIE sits beside him, gentle.

SOPHIE
They still love you, Lenard.
They're just confused. Their
mother... she's angry. She only
has negative things to say about
you, and the kids, well, they
blame you because their mother
does.

LENARD nods faintly, saying nothing. He looks at a patch of grass under a tree.

SOPHIE
Do you remember the company party
we held here. We were celebrating
the founding of Ostinger
Petrochemical. Isabelle had just
hired me and I was a nervous
wreck.

FLASHBACK — BRIGHT SUNLIGHT AND LAUGHTER.

EXT. SAME PARK - YEARS EARLIER - DAY

A large party. Red-and-white tablecloths. CHILDREN run barefoot. LENARD, strong and confident, in his prime, presides over a WATERMELON EATING CONTEST. His wife, ISABELLE, watches from the shade with a broad smile, not participating. Everyone else has red juice on their faces as they bite into large slices of watermelon. One of the toddlers throws a handful of melon against SOPHIE's white dress, leaving a large red stain. LENARD steps in.

LENARD
No ADEN.

He wipes the child's hands then sets him on his shoulders. ADEN laughs and giggles.

ISABELLE
That will never come out, dear.

Young SOPHIE frowns as she tries to wipe off the stain.

LENARD
Don't worry about it. Here, buy
yourself a new dress. Get
something nice.

He presses cash into SOPHIE'S hand with a wink. She's stunned.
He pats her shoulder.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. PARK BENCH - SUNSET

SOPHIE
(smiling softly)
I never said thank you for that
dress. Or for making me believe I
could handle her.

LENARD shrugs.

LENARD
You handled her better than I did
in the end.

A long silence. A TEXT ALERT sounds from SOPHIE's phone. She
checks it — a look of regret crosses her face.

SOPHIE
I've gotta go. She's waiting.

She hesitates.

SOPHIE (gently)
Where are you staying?

LENARD
With friends.

She doesn't believe it — the suit, the shoes, the smell of
someone living rough.

SOPHIE
Are you eating?

LENARD
I'm doing fine.

She smiles sadly, then pulls a folded bill from her wallet and
slips it into his jacket pocket.

SOPHIE (playful)
Just in case you need to buy a new
dress.

LENARD lets out a faint, surprised laugh as she walks away. Her SUV starts up and pulls out.

He sits on the bench as the daylight fades, hand slowly moving to the money in his pocket – but he doesn't pull it out. Instead, he puts his head in his hands.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A warm haze hangs over the Capitol. Police barricades line the streets. The NATIONAL MALL is packed with tens of thousands of CITIZENS – young and old, diverse, resolute. CHRIS and STEVE are wearing hats and sunglasses to avoid being recognized as they push through the crowds.

Protest signs and homemade banners read:

"One Planet. One People."
"Direct Democracy Now."
"No More Kings in Suits."

Some chant. Others sit silently, holding up placards with QR codes and the words "Vote Online Today." A GROUP OF SCHOOLKIDS hand out pamphlets. A digital billboard above a box truck parked on the street reads, "thedreamers.org" across the bottom. Above is displayed, "Proposal #295. "The Personal Freedoms Protection Amendment," and below that "FOR 67.6%, AGAINST 27.4%." The sign changes to, "Proposal #982 "GLOBAL RENEWABLE ENERGY FUND, FOR 62.2%, AGAINST 34.3%."

CHRIS and STEVE turn their heads to see a MOTHER nursing her baby beside a TEEN with a VR headset, immersed in a live-feed council meeting taking place simultaneously in Berlin, Nairobi, Tokyo.

CHRIS
What do you think DAVE would think
if he were here?

STEVE
I think he'd be struggling to keep
his ego under control. Who'd
imagine a handful of words could
turn the whole world upside down.
Demonstrations like this are
happening all around the planet.

STEVE

How would you feel knowing you had so much impact on the world?

CHRIS

I'd be terrified. They already tried to kill him once.

They walk past an

OLDER MAN WITH MEGAPHONE

(tired but defiant)

We tried petitions. We tried elections. Now WE become the government.

STEVE

I'm glad he's in Hawaii now. Only a handful of us know where he is, and he's got security up the yang.

CHRIS

All the same, I wouldn't want to be him. He's probably the most hated man on the planet.

STEVE

And the most respected.

CHRIS

I'm sure (DICTATOR A) doesn't have much respect for him. Can you believe he actually stepped down after the UN called his bluff on that nuclear threat.

STEVE

What would you do with half the cruise missiles in the world pointed at your head?

CHRIS

Well, you can bet that asshole still has millions, and lots of loyalists to do his bidding. I don't think Dave is going to live to see the world he's trying to create.

STEVE

I don't think Dave does either.

The camera pulls back to see the two friends lost in the massive crowd.

INT. BEDROOM - HAWAII - EARLY MORNING

The early light of dawn is creeping through a curtain. DAVE and LILLY lie on their sides, facing each other, LILLY wide awake as she studies DAVE's sleeping face. He is asleep, apparently dreaming. His face is tense — his closed eyes twitch, jaw clenched slightly. His head jerks in tiny, erratic movements.

Across from him, LILLY watches silently. Her expression is a mix of concern and curiosity.

Suddenly, DAVE'S eyes flutter open. He blinks rapidly, looking around as if returning from somewhere far away.

DAVE
(whispering, awestruck)
I've got it.

LILLY
(surprised)
Got what?

DAVE
The trick. The secret.
(pauses, breath quickening)
The thing that could make inertial
propulsion possible.

LILLY
Are you sure?

DAVE
Well... no.
(beat)
But maybe. It makes sense. It's
just... it'll be hard to build. I
won't know if it actually works
until I build a test unit.

He glances down at his left hand — two fingers in a splint.

DAVE
(sighs)
Fuck. How am I going to build
anything with just one hand?

LILLY
I'm sure Darren will help you.

DAVE
He's got kids. This'll take weeks.

LILLY
Can I help you?

DAVE
(looks at her, surprised)
Yes. I think you could.

LILLY
(suddenly excited)
Oh good!
(beat)
What are we going to build?

DAVE
An inertial propulsion test unit.

LILLY
So... what is that, actually? You
said it simulates antigravity.

DAVE
Right. I'll try to explain it
simply.
(he focuses)
When you throw a baseball into the
air, it keeps going even after you
quit pushing on it because the
force exerted by your hand put
something called inertia into the
ball. Gravity works against the
inertia, and when the inertia runs
out, the ball falls back to the
ground.

LILLY
Okay...

DAVE
Now imagine there's a little
machine inside the ball — one that
keeps adding inertia so the
inertia never runs out. The ball
keeps going up — all the way into
space.

LILLY
So that's why you say it simulates
antigravity?

DAVE
Exactly. It doesn't cancel gravity
— it just overcomes it.

LILLY
So why hasn't it already been
invented?

DAVE

Because mainstream science says
it's impossible for a closed
system to propel itself.

LILLY

What's a closed system?

DAVE

Anything that doesn't interact
with its environment to move.

(gesturing with his good
hand)

Cars push against roads. Airplanes
push against air. Rockets throw
fuel away at high speed. But a
closed system moves without
pushing against anything outside
itself.

LILLY

So why does science say that's
impossible?

DAVE

Because of Newton's third law:
every action has an equal and
opposite reaction.

(he holds up his hands,
mimicking the forces)

If something inside the ball
pushes up, there's an equal force
pushing down – so nothing moves.

LILLY

And you think you might have found
a way around that?

DAVE

Maybe.

(he's almost in a trance now,
eyes distant)

I have always thought about
situations where equal and
opposite forces don't seem to
apply. For example, if you drop a
rock into a pond, if the forces
were equal and opposite, the rock
would bounce. Instead the forces
are turned horizontally in the
form of waves. If a law of science
can be broken even once, that
means it isn't always true.

DAVE

(beat)

I have spent years trying to find a way to change the direction of the opposing force, and I think I have finally found a solution.

(beat)

Time. Velocity. Precession forces.

LILLY

(squinting)

I don't know what that means.

DAVE doesn't respond right away – he's staring past her, into the nothing, lost in the physics of his own mind.

Then he snaps back to the moment.

DAVE

I need to run some simulations using AI.

(beat)

If this works, it could change the world.

(pauses, then adds quietly)

But I've thought I had it figured out before – and didn't.

(with resignation)

The laws of science exist because they're true,

(pauses)

but sometimes... they can be applied in unexpected ways.

LILLY watches him, still trying to understand, but clearly moved by his conviction.

FADE OUT.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - THE WIZARD'S HOME

A large, cozy, candlelit room with curving woodwork and stained glass lanterns. WIZARD sits at a thick wooden table smoking a long pipe. Across from him sits CRUCIBLE, a man in his 60s dressed in robes similar to that of a roman senator.

WIZARD

Well, Crucible, it seems your long awaited for revolution is finally about to happen, though I imagine you were expecting something on a much smaller scale.

CRUCIBLE

The world was smaller back then.
We didn't have the technology to
enable every citizen in a small
city to vote, let alone conceive
it could happen across the entire
planet.

WIZARD

Yes, and the technology 50 years
from now is inconceivable to these
peasants.

CRUCIBLE

You haven't changed a single thing
in this room in the last thousand
years. I'm surprised you don't
have one of those moving picture
things on your wall by now.

WIZARD

You know as well as I that such
devices are unnecessary in this
dimension. We can personally
witness any event that ever
happened, and create any event we
wish to experience. This old room
gives me comfort. It is an old,
familiar friend, like you.

The WIZARD smiles and reaches over to shake CRUCIBLE by the
shoulder.

WIZARD (cont.)

Have you calculated the odds of
this revolution being successful?
I am referring to this particular
probable reality of course.

A brown cow walks slowly by outside the window. CRUCIBLE
glances toward it, then smiles.

CRUCIBLE

Is the cow symbolic of something
you aren't telling me?

WIZARD

Not necessarily.

CRUCIBLE

It's eating your flowers.

WIZARD

The flowers don't mind.

WIZARD

They know they will still be there
when the cow has gone.

CRUCIBLE

So what's your point?

WIZARD

That regardless of what happens in
the short term, everything always
turns out fine in the end. You
filled our friend Dave's head with
revolutionary ideas over the
course of several lifetimes. If he
succeeds it is likely to cost him
his life.

CRUCIBLE

But the flowers will come back
again.

WIZARD

True. But they won't be the same
flowers. The garden will be tinged
with sadness.

CRUCIBLE

Then we should do what we can to
keep him alive.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOUSE IN HAWAII - KITCHEN

LILLY is preparing a meal at the counter while DAVE is
struggling to put the aluminum frame of a roughly 2-foot-square
box together.

DAVE

(angrily)

I can't do anything with these
fingers tapped together!

LILLY

Just give me a moment to finish
this and I will help you.

Lilly puts down the vegetables she was chopping, rinses her
hands and wipes them with a towel.

DAVE

This is pathetic. I need a real
workshop.

DAVE

What I really need is a team of engineers and a CNC machine.

LILLY

Let me help you.

DAVE

Orin won't let me work with anyone on this.

(sarcastically)

'No one must know where you are,' he keeps spouting.

LILLY

You know he's right.

DAVE

Even if I get this thing built it will be a piece of crap. Nothing will be balanced and it could shake itself apart before I even know if it works.

LILLY

I'm sure it will work, Dave.

DAVE

(drily)

I wish I had you confidence.

LILLY

What did the AI say about the design?

DAVE

For two weeks it was spouting out lift to weight ratios, and the problem was trying to build something strong enough, light enough, and with enough power to lift off the ground. Then it freaked out and refused to believe its own calculations, because (sarcastically, with air quotes)

'the law of conservation of momentum' said it was impossible. AI is amazing, but also just plain stupid.

LILLY

Let me help you with that.

LILLY helps thread a nut onto a bolt holding the corner of the frame together, then another nut comes loose and the partially completed frame folds in on itself. DAVE SHUDDERS with frustration.

LILLY

Take a deep breath, Dave. I promise that between us we can get this thing built.

DAVE

I know... I know. It's just that without proper tools this thing won't be solid enough to lift off the ground. Before the AI lost its mind it said the mechanism has to spin at 450 RPM to achieve lift off. I will be lucky if it stays together at 300 RPM. That should produce enough force to push the device, a closed system, across the floor, proving inertial propulsion is possible. But most people won't believe it unless they see it fly. This device is just one-quarter of what is needed for a flying machine that can be controlled, and that's only if it can hit 450 RPM... which it will never do.

LILLY

But if it moves across the floor that means the idea will work. You will have invented antigravity, or whatever you call it. That is a huge achievement.

DAVE

Yeah. I'm sorry to snap at you.

LILLY

You're nervous about the interview, aren't you?

DAVE

Yeah... I stirred up a hornets nest and it's nothing but chaos out there. People need to know what I know, or think I know. Just basic, simple stuff about how we can all get along.

DAVE

The interview is the one chance I will have to explain things, and if I blow it...

LILLY

Remember to have faith and you'll do fine.

DAVE

I just miss working on music and hanging out with the band. Sometimes I think some outside force takes over my brain and makes me work on things I don't fully understand.

Dave wraps his arms around Lilly's waist.

DAVE

I just want to go home and sit by the pool with you and watch the sun set. I would happily give up all this fame and fortune if I could just live with you in some tiny cottage in the mountains. We could grow strawberries -

LILLY

...and avocados, and tomatoes.

DAVE

...and flowers to decorate the table every day.

LILLY

...and grow old and fat together...

DAVE

(laughs)

Old is fine but I'm not OK with fat.

They laugh, then stare into each other's eyes, and kiss gently.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. OSTINGER CORPORATE BUILDING - NIGHT

A sleek, modern facade - glass and steel - now quiet and unlit. The logo on the front wall is gone, removed recently, leaving only drill marks and sun-bleached outlines.

A figure in shadow moves across the empty parking lot.

LENARD, alone, in a wrinkled suit and worn dress shoes, steps up to the main doors. He peers through the dirty glass and sees a sign on a wooden stand which reads, "Welcome. Please check in."

He inserts a key – the door CREAKS sharply.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A marble floor covered in dust and leaves blown in through cracks.

LENARD steps inside.

His footsteps echo. A fluorescent light flickers above. The security cameras remain fixed – no one's watching.

He walks past dead potted plants. The brown leaves beneath them on the floor crunch underfoot.

A single poster, covered with dust, still clings to the wall:

OSTINGER – ENERGY FOR TOMORROW

INT. EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A long glass table. Finger-smudged. Abandoned coffee cups. A broken chair lies in the corner.

LENARD enters. Slowly.

He walks around the table, trailing his fingers across the dusty surface.

He stops at the head of the table. The chair creaks as he lowers himself into it.

On the wall across from him: a framed company photo hangs crooked.

LENARD stares.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a folded protest flyer – the same kind seen in earlier scenes. It flutters as he tosses it to the floor.

He sits. Silent. Still. Listening to the distant sound of a wind gust through broken seals in the windows.

His eyes, at first reflecting nostalgia...

...slowly descend into revenge.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. GARAGE UNDER THE HOUSE IN HAWAII - DAY

Security guards talk into communicators as the garage door rolls open and a large, plain van enters. A guard pulls the door open on the van and people carrying sound and video equipment step out. They are followed by a middle aged man in a suit, CRAIG, a talk show host.

GUARD

This way please.

INT. HOUSE IN HAWAII - LIVING ROOM

All the furniture except two chairs and a small table, placed in front of a floor to ceiling window curtain, have been pushed against a back wall. The crew begins to set up in front of the chairs. DAVE and LILLY enter from the large, open kitchen.

DAVE

Mr. Jensen. It's nice to finally meet you. I hope your flight from LA wasn't too uncomfortable.

CRAIG

Five hours in a plane is never fun, but it was the first time in a private jet for the crew and they seemed to enjoy themselves.

DAVE

We wanted your flight to be as comfortable as possible. Can we get you a drink?

CRAIG

Water would be nice.

DAVE

I'm not exactly sure how we are supposed to do this.

CRAIG

Just relax and imagine we are old friends. I'll start out with a few questions and you can take it from there.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SAME LOCATION - LATER

The BAND MEMBERS, ORIN and a few others are gathered in front of a large TV screen in the same room. The conversations settle down as the interview begins.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO

In this scene the camera repeatedly cuts between the television studio and the the house in Hawaii, and between the "TV" in the studio and the audience there.

CRAIG

As promised, we are beginning tonight's show with an interview with Dave Henning, or 'Mr. Dave' to most - the most controversial man alive. It was shot at a secret location for security reasons. Here's the interview.

The camera swings to show a very large television screen suspended from the ceiling of the TV studio. It shows CRAIG and DAVE sitting in chairs in front of the window curtain.

CRAIG

I see you are still recovering from the assassination attempt.

DAVE

I'll be fine. Other people were hurt worse than me.

CRAIG

The world has been turned upside down by just a handful of comments you have made over the last few months. We are all looking forward to what else you have to say.

Dave looks very nervous and obviously embarrassed.

CRAIG (cont.)

Perhaps we can begin with what you think are the most significant problems in the world, and how you think we might solve them.

DAVE

The biggest problems, in general, are ignorance, religion and greed.

CRAIG

Can you elaborate?

DAVE

We are all born completely ignorant. It can takes weeks or months before we realize that the thing that keeps smacking in the face is our hand.

The studio audience laughs.

DAVE (cont.)

Everything we think we know we learn from others and our own personal experience. Little kids are not racist or prejudice. We are taught by others to classify people into groups of good or bad people, and these separations result in completely unnecessary conflicts. We are taught is it OK for some people to be rich while others starve, that our group is right and everyone else is wrong.

Dave pauses as he struggles to find the rights words.

DAVE (cont.)

Those who are convinced they are right, can never learn when they are wrong, because they believe they already know the truth.

Dave presses his hand against his forehead as if he is trying to remember something.

DAVE (cont.)

The more I know, the more I know I don't know.

(pauses)

At this point I can't be absolutely sure of anything, so that must mean I'm brilliant!

There is awkward laughter from the studio audience.

DAVE (cont.)

That was supposed to be funny.

(pauses)

The point I am trying to make is that we all need to stop believing we know the truth so we can reevaluate what we think we know. If rethinking everything proves we were correct, great.

DAVE (cont.)

But if new evidence conflicts with our previous conclusion, we can stop being wrong. We win either way.

The studio audience agrees.

DAVE (cont.)

The problem is, we all think we are openminded, and that what we believe is the actual truth.

(pauses)

Take religion for example. The average person's choice of religion has far more to do with their geographic location on the planet than with any serious pursuit of the truth. Americans are mostly Christian, Indians Hindu, etc. There are cultural reasons for that. But ask someone to question the validity of their religious dogma and they take it as an insult to their very identity.

The camera sweeps across the uncomfortable faces of the studio audience. The people in the room watching the interview on TV look nervously at each other.

DAVE (cont.)

Look. I am not asking anyone to throw away their religious beliefs, but I do think it is important to acknowledge the wars and persecution caused by religion throughout history, and which still continues today.

CRAIG

Just how do you propose to stop religious conflicts?

DAVE

I am simply asking people to examine their beliefs objectively. That spiritual high you feel in church when everyone feels a connection to God is real. But the same thing happens at concerts when the music is especially good.

DAVE

Everyone in the audience experiences the same feeling together, because they all become telepathically connected. It has nothing to do with what foods you should avoid, the objects you wear on your head or how everyone in society should behave.

There is mild applause from the studio audience.

DAVE (cont.)

We are spiritual creatures in a spiritual universe. Everything we perceive is an illusion.

CRAIG

Do you have any evidence for that claim?

DAVE

Actually, I do. It's the fact that the boundaries of the physical universe are infinity.

(pointing with his hands)

From the infinitely small, to the infinite vastness of space, the places where our ability to perceive will forever end - the actual boundaries of the physical universe - is infinity.

(pauses)

Imagine a line of apples that is infinitely long. It stretches from here and goes infinitely far past the edge of the observable universe. Now imagine an equally long line of oranges. Squish all the apples and oranges together and the combined line becomes twice as long - but it remains the same length - infinitely long. How can something physical, like a line of fruit, be twice as long and the same length at the same time? It can't.

(pauses)

Nothing physical can be infinite, because infinity is an idea. The boundaries of the physical universe are infinity. That means everything contained within those boundaries must also be an idea.

DAVE

The world we perceive around us
must, in fact, be an illusion.

The camera switches to Craig, who seems puzzled and a bit
confused.

CRAIG

That's a lot to try to take in.

DAVE (smiling)

Yeah, it's a real brain twister,
but no other explanation is
logically possible. It explains
why psychic phenomena can occur
when no physical mechanism for
such phenomena can be detected. It
means consciousness does not have
to be created by the brain, that
the brain is simply a construct of
consciousness.

Dave looks a bit unsure if he should say what he is about to
say.

DAVE (cont.)

As far as I can tell, there is
only One Consciousness. We are all
God being us.

CRAIG

So what does all this have to do
with religion?

DAVE

If you want to know what happens
after death, talk to the people
who have died. I've watch hundreds
of near death experience videos
and they all describe essentially
the same thing. Our original,
natural environment is a spiritual
dimension, and experience on Earth
is just an adventure we go on. The
only

(air quotes)

"religion" we need is the faith
that we are not in this alone,
that help from the other side is
available if we ask for it and
expect to receive it.

(pauses)

Faith and persistence. Putting
purpose ahead of pleasure.

DAVE

Pleasure is temporary, but purpose produces a consistent reward that lasts. Purpose, faith and persistence - those are the secrets to success.

CRAIG

You've explained your ideas on ignorance and religion, but what about the other main problem you say causes problems in the world - Greed?

DAVE

Yeah. That might be the biggest problem we need to confront - greed and the pursuit of power.

(pauses)

Money is the real problem. People need it to survive, so those who have it can pay people to do things those people wouldn't do otherwise. Few riot control officers would beat peaceful protestors if they didn't depend on their paychecks. Politicians use government funds to pay their rich buddies to build weapons designed to kill people. Corporate bosses build polluting factories. Drug cartels poison people with addictive drugs. People are exploited working for wages they can barely survive on - all that and more, because people need money.

CRAIG

Are you suggesting we all go back to bartering chickens?

The studio audience laughs.

DAVE

Of course not, but we have to think ahead to the next 50 or 100 years. Artificial intelligence and automation will result in an explosion of productivity that could raise the standard of living to unimaginable heights across the world. It will also replace most of the jobs that exist today.

DAVE

What do you think will happen when half the population becomes unemployed and can't pay their rent or mortgage. Those people will lose everything, and the oligarchs will be facing mobs with pitchforks.

CRAIG

You are painting quite a dismal picture.

DAVE

We have to think ahead, way ahead, in order to prevent the complete collapse of society. Reducing the workweek to 30 hours can keep more people employed longer. Eventually the only reason people will work is to have a sense of purpose and dignity.

CRAIG

Some would say you've been watching too much StarTrek.

The studio audience laughs.

DAVE

If we want a world where everyone can experience a comfortable life, we need to reduce the costs associated with that lifestyle. We should construct one-building cites, marvels of architecture housing 100,00 people or more.

CRAIG

It sounds like you want us all to live in a shopping mall.

DAVE

Billions of people live in crowded cities now, filled with noise, crime and pollution. What I'm describing would be a massive improvement from those conditions and the costs would be dramatically reduced.

(pauses)

Imagine giant machines that simply extrude the walls and floors.

DAVE

Less surface area exposed to the elements means greatly reduced heating and air-conditioning costs. There would be residential areas on the outside with large patios and wonderful views. Open interiors with natural light. Shops, schools, medical centers, maker-spaces, entertainment - all within easy walking distance. Dumbwaiters to deliver goods and return reusable packaging would dramatically reduce waste. Powered with renewables. Almost no pollution. Rigid buildings floating on sand, impervious to earthquakes and other natural disasters.

CRAIG

It looks like you have put a lot of thought into these things.

DAVE

We all need to use our imaginations to envision the future we want to experience. Not just for ourselves, but for our kids and the generations that come after. If we focus on what is wrong, that will only lead us to despair. We must SEE our future, then strive to BE that future, now.

The studio audience applauds.

CRAIG

How do you propose we go about creating that future?

DAVE

There are three fundamental principles I imagine at the heart of an enlightened society. Reason, freedom and fairness. Reason must replace dogma and emotional bias. To be irrational is to be insane, so reason and logic must be the fundamental tools used in determining social policies.

DAVE

(pauses)

Freedom must be maximized because it is essential for human happiness.

CRAIG

You are referring to your Personal Freedoms Protection Amendment.

DAVE

Yes. 'Behavior expressed in the pursuit of happenings, which does not force others to participate against their will, is an unalienable right of the people.' It basically means you can do whatever you want as long as it doesn't harm anyone else.

CRAIG

You're implying that all drugs should be legalized, and prostitution allowed.

DAVE

If no one is harmed, what difference does it make?

CRAIG

So how would that apply to something like abortion? The unborn fetus is definitely harmed in that case.

DAVE

Abortions are often traumatic for the would be parents and should be avoided when possible. Free contraception would go a long way toward preventing abortions, and any fetus capable of surviving should not be aborted.

(pauses)

When it comes to abortion, remember that the definition of slavery is forcing someone to do something against their will. This is where reason must take precedence over emotion.

CRAIG

And what about the third main principle you mentioned? Fairness.

DAVE

Every injustice in the world has its source in the lack of fairness. We have to begin with the idea that we are all equal, and that means we should all have equal access to the necessities of life. Food, shelter, healthcare, education, etc. Fairness also implies that those who work harder or contribute more to society should be allowed to acquire more wealth - at least until money can be eliminated. But there should be reasonable limits on individual wealth. The more one makes the more one should contribute.

CRAIG

So you are in favor of a progressive tax system?

DAVE

Yes... until money can be eliminated.

CRAIG

Is there anything else you would like to tell the world?

DAVE

I just want to express my heartfelt appreciation for the people who are willing to sacrifice their time, comfort, and sometimes their safety, by participating in the boycotts and demonstrations.

The audience applauds.

DAVE (cont.)

If those in power are going to step on us, the least we can do is make a noise.

The studio audience erupts in applause. The group watching the interview in the house in Hawaii also clap and cheer. Lilly hugs and kisses Dave.

CRAIG (Shown on the screen in the living room)

Those are some uniquely interesting ideas Mr. Henning.

CRAIG (Shown on the screen in the
living room)
Thank you for letting us speak
with you.

The studio audience applauds.

INT. LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Dave appears almost embarrassed.

DAVE
There is so much more I wanted to
say. How the most effective form
of protest is organized boycotts,
and, uh -

LILLY
You did great. I'm proud of you.

DARREN
Nobody's perfect, dude, so don't
get down on yourself. I think you
did a fine job.

CHRIS
Once everyone is done patting Dave
on the back, is there any chance
we can get some food?

LILLY
This way Chris.
(to DAVE)
Come on, Darling. After we eat you
can show them your new toy.

EXT. LARGE PATIO AT THE HOUSE IN HAWAII

THE BAND, their WIVES and KIDS, ORIN, DAVE and LILLY, are
sitting around tables in the patio, eating and being jovial.

ORIN
Lilly tells me you finished your
invention. Does it work?

DAVE
After a fashion.

DARREN
Come on dude. Let's see the thing.

Dave smiles and gets up from the table. He removes a vase and cloth from a brown box on small wheels, roughly 2-foot-square. He starts pushing chairs back against the table as everyone stands up to observe. He moves the somewhat heavy box and lines it up parallel with the side of the table. Everyone circles around him. He flips a switch on the side of the box and a small red light near the top corner comes on. Dave reaches into his pocket, takes out his cell phone, and a moment later the box begins to shake, makes an ever increasing WHIRRING SOUND, then slowly moves along the patio floor, gaining speed as it goes. Then Dave uses his phone to stop it.

CHRIS

That's it? You invented a box that moves?

DAVE

Yep, that's all it is.

He does something with his phone. The box begins to shake and whirl again and moves back across the patio floor to where they are standing. Lilly and Orin are smiling broadly.

DAVE

Look at the wheels.

Chris tilts the box sideways and spins a small wheel with his finger.

CHRIS

Yeah, little wheels. What about them?

DAVE

Is there anyway they could be powered?

CHRIS

NO. They're just free spinning wheels, like castors on a table leg.

DAVE

So what made the box move?

CHRIS

I don't know... Magnets?

Dave flips off the switch on the box and pulls open the top. Inside are motors, batteries, wires and electronic parts. There is a shaft down the center from front to back. Connected to that in the center is a horizontal arm, and at each end of the arm is a 6-inch long shaft positioned at a compound angle, and a stack of 2-inch wide flat washers attached to the end of the shafts.

CHRIS

Looks like a piece of junk.

DAVE

It is, basically. It's the best I could do working here with parts I could order online. It is also the most world changing invention since the Internet. The first practical inertial propulsion machine.

LILLY and Orin smile broadly.

CHRIS

You're telling me a box that moves itself across the ground is going to change the world?

DAVE

Yep. The box moves itself. That's the invention. If I could make the parts move faster without tearing the thing apart it would move up into the sky, and into outer space if the batteries didn't go dead first.

DARREN

Congratulations Dave.

(he gives him a heartfelt hug)

I know you have been thinking about this thing for decades. I think it's awesome that you finally got it to work. What is the next step in the development.

DAVE

Paperwork. Lawyers, patent applications, then finding someone with very deep pockets and an engineering company to develop a flying prototype. After I discovered the working principles I came up with five different designs. This is the easiest to build, but also the least efficient.

ORIN

You will all need to sign non-disclosure documents and promise not to discuss this invention with anyone.

DAVE

It's not that I don't trust you, but the signed forms will document the date I showed this to you and establish my priority at the patent office.

CHRIS

I'll sign whatever you want, but I have no idea how it works.

DAVE

Do you want me to explain it?

CHRIS

I'm sure it is all over my head.

DAVE

Have you ever seen those videos where someone spins a flywheel on the end of a rod and they can lift up the heavy flywheel like it weighs nothing?

Chris nods affirmatively.

DAVE

I figured out how to use the processional forces involved so two flywheels can keep pushing each other upwards like that.

DARREN

But there aren't any flywheels in there.

DAVE

The spinning weights act like flywheels that speed up and slow down at different times.

CHRIS

Like I said, way over my head.

DAVE

Give me a few months and the right engineers and I will be able to show you exactly how it works with a machine that will actually fly.

Dave puts the lid back on the box and drags it back against the wall. He replaces the cloth and vase.

DARREN

Aren't you afraid someone is going to steal it leaving it out here?

DAVE

With all this security? Unlikely.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. INNER CITY FOOD PANTRY

INT. PUBLIC FOOD PANTRY

LENARD is dirty and has a week of beard stubble. He is picking food items off wire shelving and putting them in a plastic bag. A VOLUNTEER approaches.

VOLUNTEER

It looks like that suit has seen better days. You can get fresh clothes next door, and the shelter down the street has hot showers... if you're interested.

LENARD

(groughly, faking politeness)
Thanks. I could use a shower.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER

INT. LOCKER ROOM AND SHOWERS AT SHELTER

LENARD is sitting on a bench untying his shoes. Two plastic bags are beside him on the bench. One is filled with food, the other clothes. He looks up to see the naked bodies of homeless men, some fat and grotesque, others emaciated, many with tattoos. One walks by just inches from his face. LENARD scowls, red faced and angry.

FADE TO BLACK

ON SCREEN - "3 months later"

INT. DAVE AND LILLY'S HOME IN SANTA BARBARA - KITCHEN

DAVE is talking on the phone. LILLY is arranging flowers on the kitchen table.

DAVE
That's awesome news. Which
channel? Yeah, be sure to tell the
rest of the band.

LILLY
What's all that about.

DAVE
Orin booked us to play the
Hollywood Bowl on the 19th.

LILLY
Aren't you afraid it's too soon
for you to appear in public again?

DAVE
It's a smaller venue so security
will be easier. The promoter says
the gig will have the tightest
security ever. Besides, I want a
chance to show off the inertial
propulsion machine we've been
building. That should really drop
a few jaws.
(pauses)
But that's not the biggest news.
Orin got a heads up from someone
at NBC. It just happened a few
minutes ago..

LILLY
What happened?

Dave maneuvers Lilly into the living room and turns on the TV.
He flips through the channels and stops on a sitcom.

LILLY
What has happened?

DAVE
Just wait. It should come on any
minute.

The television shows a breaking news logo.

NEWS ANCHOR

We interrupt this program with breaking news. The United States, Canada, and several European countries have decided to adopt the Universal Constitution created by artificial intelligence.

DAVE and LILLY hug with joy.

NEWS ANCHOR (Cont.)

The constitution is based on policies voted on at thedreamers.org by people all over the world. This is the first step toward establishing a worldwide government where the same laws will be applied in each participating nation. With us to talk about this historic moment is Ricard Borden, Republican leader of the United States senate.

(pauses)

Mr. Borden. No one thought this would be possible in a divided congress. How did it finally come about?

BORDEN

To be honest, we didn't have a choice. Our constituents put enormous pressure on us. The boycotts and walkouts were decimating the economy. Many of us feared for our lives. I still believe this is a huge mistake. The people cannot possibly govern directly. They don't understand the nuances of the policies they have been voting upon. Do you realize the half the population has a below average IQ? How can such people possibly run things as well as the most educated people in the country?

NEWS ANCHOR

Isn't it equally true that half the population has an above average IQ?

Borden looks exasperated.

BORDEN (Cont.)

Just look at these new policies!
All drugs decriminalized, sex work
legalized. Do you want a
government that encourages our
young women to become strung out
hookers? Free education, free
medical care, guaranteed housing,
year-long parental leave. Do you
know how much these programs will
cost?! Trillions!

NEWS ANCHOR

The new policies also reduce the
military to a tiny, specialized
force whose only job is to
eliminate people who start wars.
Billions in fossil fuel subsidies
will be eliminated. Everyone
making over a million dollars a
year will pay taxes at a rate of
50%. It seems there is plenty of
money available when it isn't all
captured by the ultra rich.

BORDEN

(indignant)

This isn't a legitimate interview.
You are one of them.

NEWS ANCHOR

Yes, Mr. Borden, I am one of the
people, and we have a voice now.

BORDEN stands up to leave the interview.

Dave flips off the TV program.

LILLY

(excitedly)

Can you believe it Dave. The world
is changing. It is really
changing! How long have we dreamed
of this?!

DAVE

(smiling, happy, but a bit
cautious)

This is truly the news we have
been waiting for. As more and more
countries adopt the new
constitution the governments will
all merge into one.

DAVE

The people will be able to vote out any tyrant in monthly voting rounds. Analysts uncovering corruption can post their discoveries when the people can learn about it and vote to eliminate it.

(suddenly a bit sad and frustrated)

But no system is perfect. Special interests will find ways to game the system, to organize voting on proposals most people know nothing about.

LILLY

But the people will learn what happened and change the policies in the next voting round.

DAVE

That's the theory, but I am afraid it could take decades to work all the bugs out. In the meantime some mafia type might discover a way to take over the system and rig everything to put him in power.

LILLY

The AI is designed to spot such situations before they become a problem.

DAVE

Yeah. AI. So far it has been amazing at sorting through the data and building the constantly evolving constitution. What happens when AGI, Artificial General Intelligence takes over, or super intelligent AI? When computers know all the information that exists in the world, and can think thousands of times faster? That kind of AI could be clever enough to make us their unknowing slaves.

LILLY

One day at a time, Dave. This is a huge step forward. All we can do is try our best, and your best has been spectacular so far.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. PAWN SHOP

LENARD is standing at the counter, disheveled, with a full, untrimmed beard. He is wearing a sweatshirt hoodie with a big business logo across the front, and baggy jeans.

PAWN SHOP CLERK
Expensive phone. Might be hard to sell.

LENARD
How much.

PAWN SHOP CLERK
Depends. I'll do five-hundred cash or seven-hundred in merch.

LENARD
How much is that rifle with the scope?

PAWN SHOP CLERK
\$899.

LENARD
I'll take it.

PAWN SHOP CLERK
I said seven-hundred tops in merch.

LENARD
...and a box of shells.

PAWN SHOP CLERK
I said \$700 tops.

LENARD
But you're going to give it to me anyway.

Lenard stares with silent violence into the clerk's eyes.

PAWN SHOP CLERK
OK. OK. I see you really want the gun. You can have it. Fill out this background check form and if it clears you can come back in 3 days to get it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL - AFTERNOON

Lenard is hardly recognizable with the baseball cap, full beard and sunglasses. He is wearing a long trench coat over his hoodie. There is a line of people filling out forms at a table and getting black t-shirts with "SECURITY" printed on them in white letters.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

I.D.

The guard looks at Lenard's driver's license then back to Lenard.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Take off the glasses.

Lenard removes the glasses and stares blankly ahead. The guard looks at the license again.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

From the looks of this you've come down a few notches in life.

LENARD

We all gotta eat.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Let me see your clearance papers.

Lenard hands him two folded pages.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Clean as a whistle. Not even a traffic ticket. That's rare.

(he pauses, a bit suspicious, then...)

Aren't you a little hot in that garb?

LENARD

Nerve condition. I get cold easy.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Well, you can't wear that coat over the uniform. Pick up your shirt and meet the foreman at the south gate at 5. Here's your passkey.

The guard hands Lenard a plastic card. Lenard picks up his shirt and walks stiffly into the venue.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL - STAGE - DAY

Cranes are erecting towers on either side of the stage, which is bustling with people preparing for the show. Several men are adjusting the position of a disk-shaped UFO about 10 feet wide on a platform at the center rear of the stage. DAVE and LILLY are talking with ORIN.

DAVE

This is going to be the best show ever.

LILLY

You have put a lot of work into the preparations, and you have much to celebrate.

DAVE

We all do, the entire world is finally moving away from greed and violence towards something more enlightened.

ORIN

Not the whole world. China, Russia and some other countries withdrew from the United Nations and are forming an alliance to counter the way the rest of the world is going.

DAVE

That's because they don't allow freedom of the press or speech in general. They are filling the minds of their people with lies. Lying in a public forum should be illegal.

ORIN

We could end up with another world war.

LILLY

I pray it doesn't come to that.

DAVE

The UN will remove their leaders if anyone invades another country.

ORIN

There won't be an invasion, at least not to start with.

ORIN

There will be cyber attacks that shut down communication systems, water and power, the GPS system, etc. Supply chains will cease to function and people will start to go hungry in just a few days. There will be total chaos and desperation. That's when the invasion will occur. The tiny UN security force can't possibly contend with attacks coming from a third of the world.

DAVE

We simply have to find a way to get new ideas to the people of those countries. No one wants to go to war if they know they don't have to.

ORIN

There are underground networks in those countries spreading the news. How effective they can be is hard to say. Many of those activists have already ended up in prison, or dead.

DAVE

It is beyond sad that people have to risk their lives simply because they want to live in peace in a free and fair world

LILLY

You know why they do it... because you're one of those activists.

DAVE

We do it because we don't have a choice. For some of us, it's freedom or die.

The camera zooms from the stage to the back of the venue where LENARD sits in the top row of seats. He is wearing the security t-shirt, watching the group talking together on the stage. Beside him is something long and pointed covered with the trench coat.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL - DUSK

The crowd is holding lighters and cellphone flashlights, anxious for the show to begin. A murmur ripples through the crowd as the band takes their places on the darkened stage. Suddenly deep bass tones begin to pulse. Da da da da, da da, da da, da da da da. The crowd cheers. A high string sound fades in as lasers fan outward from the center of the stage. Blue and purple lights glow dimly. Suddenly the spotlight hits DAVE as he slams a guitar cord on his guitar. The lasers sweep forward over the audience as another guitar chord explodes, though not quite as loud this time. The band plays "Hike Like a Tree." As the lyrics begin, drones fly above the crowd forming images reflecting the lyrics in the song.

MUSIC - HIKE LIKE A TREE

I was sitting on the couch at the party
 Feeling stressed because my life was going nowhere
 So I went out back, and laid on the lawn
 Underneath a BIG tree.

And the tree seemed so calm
 With it's leaves flowing in the cool night air
 And I wondered aloud, how it could find such peace
 Living it's life in just one place

I talked to the tree, and it talked to me
 Silently, with emotion
 And it told me how to let the world come to me
 How to hike... like a tree

So I stretched my limbs
 And raised my mind high into the sky
 I saw the traffic moving through the city
 And the birds flying by
 I saw all the people at the party
 And the moon swimming through the clouds
 And I watched as the turning Earth swept up the stars
 As they came spilling out from the sea

For a hundred years or more
 I saw towns and people come and go
 I let the world come to me
 As I hiked like a tree

I was lying on the lawn
 When a friend touched my arm
 Wondering what had become of me
 "Well, for the last century or so," I said,
 "I've been hiking like a tree."

END OF MUSIC

The drones form the image of a huge tree which leans out over the crowd, then their lights go out and the tree disappears. Spotlights focus on the small UFO as it lifts up from the stage and slowly, silently, drifts over the crowd. It suddenly shoots straight up, then spirals slowly down over the crowd. It lands in the center of the stage, and DAVE lifts the clear bubble top and steps out. He is holding a remote control, and sends the UFO back out over the crowd.

DAVE

I am proud to announce the beginning of a new age in transportation. I bring you inertial propulsion. It is a mechanical system which mimics the effect of antigravity.

The crowd cheers.

DAVE (Cont.)

Traveling to Mars will no longer require waiting 2 years for an opportunity to get there in 6 to 7 months, but can be achieved anytime is as little as 2 to 3 days. The entire solar system will soon be explored, and perhaps even the closet stars can be reached in our lifetime.

More cheers.

DAVE (Cont.)

No more road building. Easy access to the most remote places - distant shores and the highest peaks. Pollution free transportation for everyone.

More cheers.

DAVE (Cont.)

Resorts in orbit, and on the Moon. All within our lifetime.

The crowd explodes with enthusiasm. DAVE maneuvers the small UFO back to the rear center of the stage. A stagehand brings him an acoustic guitar and takes the remote from him as the rest of the band returns to their positions.

DAVE

The world is in turmoil now. We are both excited and scared.

DAVE

Things have never look more
promising nor more fearful.
Nothing is certain. We must all
have courage. We must have faith
that the Universe will help us if
we persist in our heartfelt
endeavors. Faith and persistence
are the fundamental requirements
when it is time for a change.

DAVE begins to play the first slow notes of the song, "Time For a Change" and the crowd explodes.

MUSIC: Time For a Change

We have all been occupied
By our need for occupations
We put our freedom to suicide
Just so we can stay alive

We have all been hypnotized
To believe things must always be the same
If only we could open our eyes
We would see that it's time for a change

A power greater than force
Is the strength in cooperation
Remember we've got a choice
It's up to us to build a world worth living in

We have all been hypnotized
To believe things must always be the same
If only we could open our eyes
We would see that it's time for a change

It's time!
For a change.

END MUSIC

The song ends abruptly and the momentum makes the crowd go wild. THE BAND is all smiles. LILLY jumps up and down with excitement off stage. DAVE smiles as his eyes sweep over the still clamoring crowd. As lasers sweep over the crowd DAVE sees the light glint off the glass of the scope on LENARD's rifle. ZOOM IN on LENARD as the bullet leaves the mussel. DAVE's mouth falls open in a look of sudden comprehension.

SLOW MOTION side view as DAVE's head explodes and the momentum knocks him backwards off his feet. At the same time a SUPERIMPOSED IMAGE of him remains standing. This image turns to see his body skidding on its back across the floor of the stage.

He turns again to see LILLY screaming as she runs toward the body. ORIN holds her back as she struggles to go to DAVE. DAVE's expression turns to anguished sympathy for LILLY.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL - HIGHEST SEATS

Still in SLOW MOTION, LENARD places the barrel of the gun under his chin as audience members rush toward him.

BLACKNESS. BANG!

FAIRY (O.S.)
You certainly have a flare for
drama, Dave.

DAVE (O.S.)
Where am I? Who are you? Oh, I
remember now.

The blackness dissolves to reveal...

**EXT. DREAMSCAPE - MARBLE PATIO WITH MAGICAL LANDSCAPE -
TIMELESS**

DAVE, FAIRY and WIZARD are sitting at the table.

DAVE
Oh Lilly... She's just crushed.

WIZARD
Yes, devastated. So is nearly
everyone who knew you.

FAIRY
It will take her 2 years to
finally get over it, but I will be
there to help. Remember, she
signed up for this, and it will
make her will unbelievably strong.
You know she becomes a hero in the
resistance during the war.

DAVE
You mean after all that the world
couldn't avoid war?

WIZARD
That's just one probable reality.
Unfortunately, it is the most
probable.

DAVE

Can't anything be done to change that?

WIZARD

There are several probable realities where the people rise up and get rid of their corrupt leaders by demanding special elections, but thousands die and millions end up in prison. It works out in the long run though.

DAVE

What happens after the war?

FAIRY

All probabilities lead to one world government and peace and prosperity. Humanity will transition to enlightenment eventually. The only uncertainties are how long it takes and how much people have to suffer.

DAVE

I remember more and more now. I remember everything.

(excitedly)

I know everything! I am God! We are all God!

BLACKNESS

A God-like booming voice

I am.

THE END

MUSIC DURING CREDITS: "Someday" by Psychic Trance Fur.

Someday I'll drive this road again
Someday I'll remember my old friends
And the way we always looked forward to someday
'Cause we knew that someday
things would be as they should

Someday this world will live as one
All this ignorance and greed will all be done
When someday comes and the old will teach their youth
To speak the same language
and seek the same truth

Someday I'll see you standing at my door
We'll be feeling like we've both stood there before
You'll hold my hand and smile through the tears
I'll close my eyes
to wipe away the years

Yeah someday, I'll drive this road again
Someday I'll remember my old friends
And the way we always looked forward to someday
'Cause we knew that someday
things would be as they should

I wonder if today's somebody's someday? . . .