

SCENE 1. EXT. SPACE - NIGHT (LIVE ACTION) (TITLE SEQUENCE)

A satellite circles the earth.
Crackled voice is heard from ground control instructing the satellite camera.

ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)
"32 27 57'56 N by 34 58 34 89 E.

The sound of rolling gears can be heard as the camera rotates into position.

ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)
"Zoom in on the coordinates"

The camera focuses, the stars flying past, a full moon in the sky, first we see cities, then one city, street lights, buildings, the harbor, settling in on an empty commercial city center. Before reaching its target the camera is distracted by a randomly floating piece of A-4 paper. It begins to follow the path of the paper, swirling in the wind, rising and falling, through the darkened streets of the city's financial district.

ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)
"Stick to the coordinates...
malfunctioning camera... stick to
the coordinates."

The A-4 paper is heading in the direction of a lone lit window in a skyscraper. The camera passes the piece of paper and enters the room via the open window.

SCENE 2. INT. BOARDROOM (LIVE ACTION)

We overhear a conversation taking place in what appears to be a boardroom. A business meeting is at hand. A large shiny oak table is surrounded by tired and irritable businessmen, who have been in that meeting for as long as they could remember.

At the table are seated a number of people, all looking tired and disheveled. The table is covered with the remains of half eaten Chinese take-out, buckets of chicken bones and scraps, napkins, pizza boxes, empty bottles of

diet Coke, plastic cutlery, empty coffee cups, stains and even some hungry and bloated insect life.

They are all yelling at each other, some repeating a catch phrase over and over and over and over and over again, for what seems like forever. The only clear point of the discussion is that there is a perennial urgent need for an Original Idea.

STEVE

"All I am looking for is an original idea, is that too much to ask for?"

BERNHARDT

"The market is not ready for this, figures show that the viewing public prefers known and comfortable formulas to irresponsible and costly original adventures."

ANNA (cutting in)

"Striving to satisfy the lowest common denominator does not always insure the success of the venture."

BERNHARDT (cutting in)

"Why do you always have to contradict me?"

ANNA (cutting in)

"Was I hired to massage your tired ideas?"

BERNHARDT

"Massage?" (Irate)

PENELOPE

"Stop it, stop it already, this bickering has been going on for days, and it is not getting us anywhere."

STEVE

"She is right, this arguing and accusations are not getting us anywhere!"

While this conversation is ensuing, another conversation is happening at the other side of the conference table. Audio balance changes as the camera drifts across the table.

TONY

"You realize we have a deadline to meet?"...

BOB

"You think you got problems?"...
"This is our money you're talking about."

MAUD (cutting in)

"I came to you seeking an original idea for a movie"... "Something which has not been done before. Let us call it a flash of brilliance. Until now all I have heard is arguing feasibility and statistics, where is the creativity, where is that spark of genius, (SHE PAUSES) where is your intuition?"

BERNHARDT

"I beg your pardon"

ANTOINE (cutting in)

"It is nice that you have money to invest, and we certainly appreciate that you have chosen our studio to make this project happen, but you did come to us because we are the most successful studio in town. Is that not correct?"

MAUD (cutting in)

"Yes which means..."

BOB (cutting in)
"Which means we have
expectations." ... "We are going
in circles here."

STEVE (cutting in)
"She is correct, we promised her
an original idea."

BOB (cutting in)
"Yes you did"

TONY (SCREAMS)
"I got it!" ... "Boy meets girl
during a time of war!"

"Naaaahh" groans the table.

ANNA
"It's been done a million times
before."

GREG (cutting in)
"War and peace you idiot."

TONY (cutting in)
"What do you mean calling me an
idiot?" "You're an idiot"

GREG (cutting in)
"You got anything better?"

TONY
"How about slave girl meets alien
zombies?"

Camera goes back to STEVE, standing at the head of the
table, pulling at his collar, scraps of computer print outs
in his hand.

STEVE
"No it has got to be original,
forget zombies and slave girls and
superheroes, we need something
that has never been done before.
Come on people brainstorm!"

BERNHARDT
"I got nothing."

A third parallel conversation thread is starting while the others still chatter.

BOB

"Wasn't it some Chinese poet who said there is nothing new under the sun."

TONY

"Nope, it was Napoleon, who said it when facing the Persian army at Troy."

ANNA (cutting in)

"You are seriously nuts?"

TONY

"I'm sure it was Napoleon if you know so much then, who was it?"

ANTOINE (SOUNDING CONFIDENT)

"Shakespeare."

ANNA

"No it wasn't Shakespeare, you dit."

ANTOINE (HURT)

"Then who was it?"

MAUD

"Actually it was..."

The room quieted down as the elderly woman begins to speak.

MAUD (CONT'D)

"King Solomon, it is written in Ecclesiastes 1:9,"

MICHAEL

"Euclase what?"

Michael is brushing back his shoulder length hair.

MAUD

"The bible young man... King Solomon wrote, what has been will

be again, what has been done will be done again, there is nothing new under the sun. And yet you promised me an original idea, which I have paid generously for."

They all start talking at once on top of each other.

STEVE (cutting in)

"Original, it has to be original... It must be!!"

PENELOPE (cutting in)

"Originality, not original, originality is what makes something Original."

BERNHARDT (cutting in)

"The market is not ready for anything like this... its not."

ANNA (cutting in)

"Feasibility studies show us that we can't afford originality"

MICHAEL (cutting in)

"Yes we can"

ANNA (cutting in)

"No, we cannot"

MICHAEL (cutting in)

"Yes we can"

ANNA & BERNHARDT

"Oh shut up!"

TONY

"No you shut up, you pompous bi..."

TONY's mouth is quickly covered by MICHAEL's hand.

ANTOINE

"The aim justifies the means".

BERNHARDT

"The aim is to make a profit"

BOB is yelling.

BOB

"No the aim is to come up with a
fucking original idea."

STEVE is trying to calm the meeting down.

STEVE

"People, people... We share the
same interests".

ANTOINE is picking at his fingernails.

ANTOINE

"Not sure about that".

STEVE is beginning to lose it as well.

STEVE

"Come on guys calm down!"

ANNA

"Boys..."

TONY (V.O.)

"Zombie bookkeepers...?"

ANTOINE is also losing it, pulling at his designer hair and
his sweaty brow.

ANTOINE

"I can't think under these
circumstances. I can't... I can't"

PIERRE has been fidgeting in his seat for some time, in his
need to make his views known. He cannot hold it anymore
and bursts out.

PIERRE

"Mon-dieu, what is going on here?
All of you are arguing about
nonsense, when we should be
discussing the nature of what is
an original idea... oui?"

Pierre has risen to his feet. Maude smiles and motions for him to continue, Bob has taken his seat again and is eyeing the speaker. Greg has swiveled his seat around and Antoine is acting as if he does not exist, engaged in the act of filing his nails.

MAUD

"Yes, yes, you are correct."

From the other side of the table the sound of a glass hitting the wall and shattering is heard.

PIERRE

"Originality is a dish best served cold. It is like a fine recipe. The fruit of associations mixed with the right amount of logic, the passion of CANDOR, free of guilt. A pinch of objectivity, education and a spattering of magic. Stir it all together, put it in the oven, and voila, Originality." He rounds his mouth and smacks it with his hand making a popping noise. "C'est-Toi!"

Making his point, he sits back in his chair, and looks at the others. Penelope claps her hands, Bob nods his head and Maude smiles. Steve is busy trying to stop the others from killing each other, while Antoine turns to Greg...

ANTOINE

"The guy's full of it."

MAUD

"Young men quiet down, if I may add to your brilliant recipe sir, I would suggest a hint of intuition, after all that is what brought me here, to all of you"

Maude motions with her hands to the group.

PENELOPE (SMILING AT MAUD)

"I agree" ... "Pierre has come up with a delightful metaphor for originality."

PIERRE

"Recipe".

ANTOINE is now forming his hair into a bun.

ANTOINE

"Shmecipe, shmetaphor it is all just babble, words leading to nowhere."

TONY

"How about some Mexican, let's order in some Mexican food"

BOB

"All you have to offer is negative energy." ... "Finally someone has come up with a recipe for an idea, and all you boys can do is shoot it down. Do you have anything more than sophomore cynicism to add?"

ANTOINE (STILL BUSY WITH HIS HAIR)

"We are artists, we can not be pushed into creativity, it must explode in us."

BOB

"Oh yes artists... well, as artists you should be aware that you can find the amazing in the mundane. But all I seem to be looking at is the mundane void of the amazing."

PIERRE

"Oh monsieur, how correct you are. Are we to get creativity out of group of swine?"

GREG (YELLING)

"Swine!"

PIERRE

"Use your imagination, you can be whatever barnyard beast you choose."

ANTOINE

"Steve, do we have to listen to
this crap."

STEVE stands up, a vase hurtling by just missing his head
and shattering against the wall.

STEVE

"Come on people, we have a
deadline, and this arguing is not
getting us anywhere."

MAUD

"I am sorry to inform you..."

The group hearing these words quiets down. Tony now has
Bernhardt in a head lock.

MAUD (CONT'D)

"I have had quite enough of this
nonsense, I am giving you people
one more hour to come up with
something, this is a real
deadline, and not just a FIGMENT
of your imagination."

(END TITLE SEQUENCE)

While MAUD speaks, we notice the piece of A-4 paper, which
has just floated into the room. It arcs in the air,
floating from side to side slowly descending to the table.

As the paper settles we see that it has now landed in front
of a forlorn shabby fellow (ART) whom we have not noticed
so far, He sits at the far end of the table, somewhat
alone, his curly locks covering much of his face. He is
dressed in a T-shirt and jeans. He is resting his cheek on
one hand while with his other hand he is doodling on a
well-worn napkin. The napkin is covered in a mess of words
and pencil drawn creatures. At this moment the floating A-
4 piece of paper passes over the table and lands sliding in
right under the his pen. He begins drawing on it a simple
amorphous character with a large head.

ART hearing the word "FIGMENT" writes the word under the character he is doodling.

ART
F...I...G...M...E...N...T

ART notices that the room has gone silent, he stops his doodling and lifts his head. He sees that everyone in the room is looking intently at him, expecting some kind of an answer.

A perfectly synchronized few seconds of silence as the Camera closes on "ART"

EVERYONE (OFF KEY)
"Well, what are you going to do
about it ART???!!"

There is silence in the room, "ART" has no idea what to answer... he is stalling for time.

ART
"FIGMENT... hmmm"

TONY
"Pigment?"

BERNHARDT
"No, he said FIGMENT, you jerk."

PENELOPE is resting her hand on ART's arm

PENELOPE
"FIGMENT?"

ANTOINE
"What's he going on about?"

GREG
"Just babbling."

MAUD
"Young man what are you trying to
say?"

STEVE

"I've got a lot riding on this..." "Have you hit the jackpot?"

TONY

"He's got nothing, let's order"

BOB (STILL HOPEFUL)

"FIGMENT, what do you mean?"

PENELOPE (SOFTLY TO ART)

"anything?"

The table goes silent again for a few seconds... everyone is looking at ART

EVERYONE (IN SYNC)

Well, what are you going to do about it!?!

ART, drops his pencil and looks back up at the group, wipes the hair from his eyes, leans back and says:

ART

"I need a break."

ANTOINE

"Toilet break, great idea!"

PENELOPE

"...I could use a break just about now"

MICHAEL is already running out of the door.

MICHAEL

"Come on gang let's go."

All rise and scramble for the door. ART takes the piece of A-4 paper folds it and puts into the back pocket of his jeans and heads to the door. The women are entering the women's washroom and the men are shoving each other as they enter their washroom.

SCENE 3. INT. BRIGHTLY LIT OFFICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT -
(LIVE ACTION)

ART is moving slowly and hears the noise of those clambering to enter the washroom, their voices filling the empty hallway. Eventually all goes silent, as he proceeds down the hallway, his footsteps echoing in his ears.

ART is thinking to himself: "Well, there is the question of an original idea." He hums the word "I-deee-a..." in a melody reminiscent of a mother calling her child to come home for dinner.

Suddenly 3 musical notes are heard. Similar to the tone of his voice. The notes echo in the background. ART stops surprised. He looks around to see where the sound is coming from. He spots a circle of tiny holes in the ceiling, he knows this to be the speaker system in the building, usually meant for fire drills. He approaches the speaker thinking that this may be the source of the music. When no sound is heard he heads for the elevator to see if the source is the piped in elevator music.

ART
"...Nothing..."

He turns around to check that no one is in the surroundings. He tries humming the word again.

ART (CONT'D)
"I...deeee...a"

He is hoping to elicit the musical response that he heard before. There is no answer, no music is heard.

ART (CONT'D)
"Hmmm..."

He continues walking. He arrives at the washroom doors. Just before entering, he peeps again at the corridor, looks around, trying to listen for the musical notes. He doesn't hear anything.

He pushes open the door, and sees that the men have already finished and are washing their hands, and chattering. He

checks for an empty stall, pulls down his pants and takes a seat wincing at the cold seat.

Outside the stall the men are talking,

STEVE

"Original ideas, where the heck can we find an original idea..."

BOB

"I've heard it said that there is nothing original under the sun..."

PENELOPE

What about the Beatles?

The voices are slowly disappearing at the door to the Washroom closes.

GREG

"They weren't original, they were just another punctuation mark in the evolution of Rock and Roll, synthesizing Hillbilly with Rhythm and Blues and Black Gospel with an English edge..."

SCENE 4. INT. TOILET (LIVE ACTION)

ART is sitting on the toilet in Rodin's 'The Thinker' position, he mumbles to himself.

ART

"They think its something that grows on trees

Camera starts a slow Zoom into center of ART's forehead)

ART (CONT'D)

"..Give me on idea... Do you have on idea about..." "...perpetual conglomerate of conflicting energies... Down the drain..."

He tries to shit, obviously constipated.

ART (CONT'D)

"They never put nice visuals on toilet walls"... "A lovely bunch of people though. They think I'm the messiah... Like I have all the answers... Where do ideas come from...? I wonder... feel mentally and physically constipated.

Camera continues to zoom in, ART's forehead now filling the frame

SCENE 5. INT. TOILET (LIVE ACTION TRANSITION TO 3D ANIMATION)

The camera zooms in to a frame full of hairs, into the skin surface, through the skin structure to a darker texture of interwoven labyrinths of brain tissue caves, then onto one of the neuron branches towards its bottom. There we discover FIGMENT pacing anxiously, looking very worried.

FIGMENT

"...Idea! ... Originality!..."

FIGMENT is literally looking for the idea. He runs around to the edge of the neuron tendril, looks up, down, sideways; he runs to the other side, worried; he halts, looks up again, jumps to the foreground, looks at the camera, looks to the other side, very nervous.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Idea... an original idea..."

He continues pacing on the neuron branch, as the camera continues to zoom in slowly. Several cross dissolves indicate that time has passed.

Its now hours later, FIGMENT continues his search, exhausted, still seeking an idea.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"I...deeee...a... An original

I...deeee...a...

Another cross dissolves indicate more time has passed. FIGMENT is still searching, yet now even more slowly.

FIGMENT collapses, sits down, obviously depressed. Neurons spark off in the distance, showing the brain is active. Suddenly the neuron on his branch fires up with a bang. Figment raises his hands to his ears, noticing his shadow for the first time. He begins to wave his hands back and forth seeing them casting long shadows on the neuron floor. Frightened, he jumps away, the shadow, of course, following. Slowly he looks at it, bends down, and sits again. He touches the shadow. His hand sinks down into it. Quickly, he pulls it out, and examines it. The hand is still there all right.

He tries again, cautiously, he plunges his hand deeper into the shadow, all the way up to his shoulder. Still he finds nothing.

He lies on the ground and reaches deeper. His hand grasps an unknown object. Its heavy. He pulls out a seed – a slightly pink seed – resembling that of an apple. FIGMENT examines the seed.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Idea?"

Nothing happens. Disappointed, FIGMENT casts the seed aside.

SCENE 6. INT. NEURON BRANCH (3D ANIMATION)

Camera follows the path of the seed. The seed falls on the soft grayish ground, shakes a bit, rattles. A series of transformations ensues:

A plant grows, becomes a young tree.

The tree grows, ages, wrinkles.

The sound of an unseen carving knife is heard etching the figure of a broken heart onto the skin/bark of the tree.

An invisible electric saw is cutting the trunk of the tree, and then the branches.

Trunks, are seen flowing on a river.

A lumber mill cuts the trunks into planks.

Sawdust is rolled into paper.

Paper sheets become a roll of toilet paper.

SCENE 7. INT. TOILET (LIVE ACTION)

The animated roll of paper is turned to the real pink toilet paper roll. The camera zooms to an overhead point to show

ART sitting on the toilet seat. He takes a piece of toilet paper, turns it over, folds it, and wipes his sweaty forehead.

SCENE 8. INT. Bottom of cave (Cut to ANIMATION)

FIGMENT has just thrown the seed. He is still sitting down, gazing at where the seed was. Looking toward where the neuron had sparked he spots a door.

FIGMENT gets up and makes his way towards the door. He notices that on it are carved an assortment of ropes, knots, nude people and animal forms. FIGMENT opens the door

SCENE 9. INT. Door on the Neuron branch. (ANIMATION)

The door crashes open. We find ourselves in a large hall much like an Opera Hall. FIGMENT stands on an elaborately decorated balcony. The Hall has five floors, each with a number of oval balconies and many side entrances. Down below at on the ground floor are a thousand seats, many of

them filled with people looking up "ooooohing" and "Ahhhhhing". The ceiling is a huge domed structure, covered in a mural and perforated by hundreds of holes. Hundreds of small trampolines hang multi-layered in mid air. There are holes in the ceiling, they look to be similar in shape and patterning to the ceiling of the conference hallway. From these holes illuminated, geometrical shapes of various colors, squeeze and fall onto the trampolines. They jump from one trampoline to another, transforming in size, shape, and color between jumps.

FIGMENT is walking on a narrow veranda in the foreground, amazed. Here and there are figurative association chains.

An egg falls from a hole in the ceiling, jumps on a trampoline, changes into a living (very surprised) chicken, the chicken jumps on the trampoline, changes into barbecue chicken, falls onto the trampoline, turns into a girl getting suntanned, then into a cancer patient turning inside an MRI scanner.

FIGMENT reaches a compact viewing telescope, mounted on the balcony. He eyes the telescope which has two lenses built into the top for his eyes, with handles on the sides for the purposes of turning. Written on the telescope is the name of the manufacturer "Association Optical Inc.", below it reads "to operate turn handle one full turn". On the pole of the device is attached a small speaker, with a small red button. FIGMENT presses the button, and a bored mechanical voice blurts, "Please Insert coin". FIGMENT checks his pockets, it appears that suddenly he has pockets everywhere. Finally realizing that he does not have a coin, he turns his attention to the trampolines. The action has gotten more turbulent, as new association patterns appear.

His attention is focused by a huge crane squeezing through a small hole in the ceiling, the crane hits the first trampoline before turning into a truck carrying a heavy load of iron ore deposits, which bouncing once again at a lower level, before morphing into molten ore being poured into a huge vat, at the next trampoline this turns into a chunk of metal which in turn becomes a coin, which bounces off the last trampoline and landing in FIGMENT's hand. The coin is still hot and FIGMENT juggles it in his hand like a hot potato. FIGMENT places the coin in the slot.

The bored mechanical voice is heard over the speaker.

BORED MECHANICAL VOICE

"Association is the knot you make
using ropes of different thoughts;
its incomprehensible unless
experienced in a framework of
coincidences. Now turn the handle
one full turn, please."

FIGMENT does as he is instructed and gives the handle one full turn.

The floor suddenly opens beneath FIGMENT's feet.

FIGMENT falls down on a trampoline and starts bouncing. He is bouncing completely out of control and is worried, but after three or four jumps he starts to enjoy it.

FIGMENT jumps by. The camera follows him.

FIGMENT

"ding dong...uuiipee, yooooouuu,
wow... this is fun! Bonk...
dippoom....
eeiiuuupi!I!!!!...iffl!U"...Ha-
ha.... So cool!"

He tries some acrobatics

In the background the movement accelerates as new elements fall from the ceiling. The sound in the GREAT HALL OF ASSOCIATIONS, gets filled with the start of VERBAL associations:

(V.O)

"Plot... Shot... Spot... Dot...
Sought... Trot... Lot... Polyglot
Rot... Got... Slot... Not...
Thought... Blot"
"Song... Gong... Pink... Pong...
King-Kong... Oblong... Long...
wrong... wrong... WRONG"

The sounds reverberate and echo through the hall.

FIGMENT bounces onto another trampoline and begins to morph. First he turns into a black and white line drawing. FIGMENT is surprised at the change and reacts.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Hey, on what earth are you
doiiiiinnngggg...!"

He bounces again turning into an artist's brush which hits the next trampoline, it does not bounce, but stands for a moment before falling on its side, from the impact a drop of black ink falls to the floor. The floor is dotted with the same perforations as the ceiling. The drop of ink finds its way through a hole in the floor and into white nothingness. The drop of ink, which is FIGMENT, splashes on the bottom of the white void, splitting into a number of black dots.

SCENE 10 EXT. LOGIC ALLEY (3D ANIMATION)

The black drops are slowly drawn to each other, all the while a horizon line appears on the white surface, followed by a dot on the horizon, which serves as the horizon point.

Perspective lines appear followed by an outline structure of houses. The black dots have come together to form a black ink puddle, out of which FIGMENT is beginning to reappear. During this coagulation, all is quiet accompanied by peaceful music. FIGMENT takes shape, though shaken he breathes a sigh of relief. Suddenly perspective lines emanate from the horizon point, producing train tracks, FIGMENT turns to see a bright yellow light, growing rapidly in the distance, he jumps to the side as a locomotive comes hurdling down the tracks, barely missing

him. FIGMENT looks around to see the environment surrounding him growing opaque and taking form. FIGMENT is sitting on the ground next to the train tracks, breathing another sigh of relief.

Camera is zoomed in on FIGMENT's surprised and disoriented face. The camera then pulls back showing FIGMENT far back into space, showing FIGMENT as a dot on a ruler floating in the universe. It is not a simple ruler, since it has both positive and negative numbers as well with a zero in the middle. FIGMENT is standing on the zero line. Camera then comes back down to FIGMENT. Cut back to FIGMENT standing in an environment which takes shape around. Roads, houses, trees and the railroad tracks. FIGMENT finds himself walking down a street, all the houses are identical, two storey, brown brick with different colored doors. As he walks we see that the houses are numbered, -4, -3 -2 -1, 0, 1, 2 ,3, he hears voices talking quite loudly and turns to see where they are emanating from. He retraces his steps and stops before a house numbered 0. Whereas all the other houses were quiet, this house was noisy and also sported an inverted triangle roof, whereas all the other houses had the ordinary triangular roofs, the peak on top.

FIGMENT approaches the house, bending down to peek into the ground floor window and the source of the noise. Looking inside he sees a gentleman standing before a chalk board, frantically scribbling complicated mathematical formulas, while cursing in German.

RATIO

"The square root of minus one from the inside... sheisse".

He continues scribbling at the chalkboard. Other voices are heard from the room.

LUCID VAN KLEEGEL

" Yes... the square root of minus one is an enigma"

PROF. REASONFLOTZ

"Zee unit imaginary number, allows the real number to be extended to

the complex number system, which in turn provides at least von root for every polynomial."

RATIO

"Ya... splendid, mine Herr Doctor Prof. REASONFLOTZ"... "Once again you have zeroed in on the essence of what is logic."

The man at the chalkboard makes his way to the center of the room where a zero shaped black hole is floating above a pink velvet pedestal. A number of objects are orbiting the hole, such as a coffee cup, a Rubik cube, and a bottle of wine whose contents are dripping out of the bottle, and being sucked into the black hole.

We see Figment's face peering in from the window, eyeing the black hole.

The man spots Figment at the window and points directly at him, a piece of chalk still in his hand.

RATIO (CONT'D)

"I have been expecting you... please come join us yes?"

He extends a hand to FIGMENT who climbs through the window, into a room with four other people sitting in large comfortable chairs, in a cozy private library setting.

RATIO (CONT'D)

"I am Herr Doctor Professor RATIO and welcome to LOGIC-ALLEY, this is my home. Let me introduce you to my esteemed colleagues. To my left is Herr Dr. Prof REASONFLOTZ, and seated next to him is Frau, Dr. Prof. ANNA LYTISCH, and last but certainly not least is Herr Dr. Prof. LUCID VAN KLEEGEL."

When introduced the men rise from their seats and click their heels, bowing their heads for a moment, while the beautiful, be speckled woman, simply nods her head.

FIGMENT is bewildered in his new setting.

RATIO sticks his face in FIGMENT's face, their noses touching,"

RATIO (CONT'D)

So you have had an association,
has it gotten you anywhere?"

RATIO turns to the hole and takes a bag of stars out of his pocket which he feeds to the black hole. "Gut, yeah... eat.. Eat... my hungry little phenomena." RATIO turns back to Figment

RATIO (CONT'D)

"Think Logically!!!" "Logic does
not abide emotion..."

His voice almost purring a look of madness in his eyes,
bordering on love.

ANNA LYTISCH

"Why are you here?"

She is fingering her spectacles. RATIO is still tossing
stars to the low humming black hole.

RATIO

"He is here on a mission my
colleagues".

LUCID VAN KLEEGEL

"And what is the problem?"

RATIO is nodding at FIGMENT from behind the hole.

RATIO

"Go ahead..."

FIGMENT

"I need to find an original idea
...I must...."

LUCID VON KLEEGEL

"If I may... Logic is the root of
originality, Logic has been
described as a science that deals
with the principles and criteria

of the validity of inference and demonstration, ya?

Dr. Prof REASONFLOTZ is puffing on a cigarette attached to a foot long cigarette holder. Ash falls from his cigarette and is immediately sucked across the room into the black hole. Figment's eyes follow the path of the ash, bewildered.

REASONFLOTZ

"Indeed... Logic is the science of the formal principles of originality."

LUCID VON KLEEGEL puts his glasses and fiddles with his waxed moustache, appearing pleased with himself.

LUCID VON KLEEGEL

"Yes... I have heard it said that logic is something that forces a decision apart from or in opposition to origin."

RATIO

"Herr Prof., Fraulein Dr. Prof ANNA LYTISCH just said that forty seconds ago"

They all turn to Dr. Prof. ANNA LYTISCH, who leans back in her plush leather chair.

ANNA LYTISCH

"Yes... yes... I am curious Herr LUCID VON KLEEGEL. Have you taken to quoting me in my own company?"

LUCID VON KLEEGEL is showing signs of consternation.

LUCID VON KLEEGEL

"Please excuse me mine honorable friends, I must have experienced a moment of forgetfulness, but I dare say this should not bring on a wave of shaudenfraude."

RATIO interjects

RATIO

"Herr Dr. Prof LUCID, am I detecting The presence of emotion in your voice?"

LUCID VON KLEEGEL

"I dare say not, this is absurd... I am only defending my moment of forgetfulness, a condition most definitely chemical based and beyond my control."

ANNA LYTISCH is covering her mouth with her hand to hide a slight smile appearing on her lips.

ANNA LYTISCH

"Please control yourself Sir."

LUCID VON KLEEGEL

"What you obviously misinterpreted as a sign of emotion was but a Neuro induced spasm."

RATIO interjects

RATIO

"I am sensing emotion sirs, and logic abides no place for emotion. VON KLEEGEL, with all due respect you are guilty of both plagiarism and insipid emotion. You know what you must do."

REASONFLOTZ

"Indeed"

ANNA LYTISCH

"Logical"

VON KLEEGEL stands up, bowing to his colleagues and makes his way across the room to the black hole where he is immediately sucked in.

FIGMENT is watching this peculiar exchange with a look of amusement on his face.

FIGMENT

"Hello people... what does this have to do with my mission to find an original idea?"

RATIO steps away from the black hole and stretches his arm pointing chalk at FIGMENT's face. The piece of chalk then sparkles and emits a ray of bright light, filled with mathematical symbols, numbers, equations, formulae and an array of graphs.

RATIO

"You desire an original idea?"...
Listen well... "Originality can only be achieved through Holy Mathematical truth."

SCENE 11 INT. LOGIC ALLEY CLOSE-UP FIGMENT

FIGMENT is mesmerized, his eyes momentarily blinded by the light and knowledge. A look comes over his face, that moment of enlightenment, the euphoria of finally understanding.

FIGMENT

"I've got it!... I've got it.. Oh my God... Thank you, how can I possibly thank you!"

FIGMENT is getting more and more ecstatic. He is now doing a victory jig across the room in a romantic stupor. He loses his footing and falls into the pedestal knocking it over.

RATIO

"Noooo!!! You dumbkopf, look at what you have done."

RATIO Screams, his monocle falling, his eyes now wild with horror.

The black hole has been dislodged and is no longer contained. It starts to grow, humming louder and begins

floating around the room. The group of scholars are fighting and pushing each other in an attempt to get out of the path of the roaming hole. We see Anna's glasses torn from her face and jettisoned into the hole. Books are flying off the shelves and into the black hole. Figment is lying on the floor watching all the commotion.

RATIO (CONT'D)

"you cannot understand the repercussions of your action, this spells the destruction of linear space-time continuum, nothing will work!, Nothing makes sense, we are all condemned to an existence void of logic."

RATIO screams hysterically trying to avoid the black hole which is now filling about a third of the room.

REASONFLOTZ

"Run for your life!!"

RATIO

"Aaaaaarrggghhhh!!!"

RATIO is leaping towards Figment in sheer rage.

Figment is scared and seeing the approaching mad Professor, he leaps out of the open window. As he is leaping out the window, we see RATIO being sucked back into the room.

We then see, in slow motion, the Black hole devouring the house reaching the top of its amplitude... It explodes like a supernova!

SCENE 12 INT. LOGIC ALLEY

FIGMENT is seen running down an empty street, all the color has left the picture leaving behind just a wire-frame grid of the town. It is now night, the air becomes aglow with a bright tinge of red. Camera turns to see the familiar shape of a mushroom cloud in the background. Fade to black.

SCENE 13 EXT. THE VALLEY

Fades in - A purplish twilight landscape. Soft lavender hillside with occasional shrubbery and patches of darker shades of purple. FIGMENT walking towards the horizon further and further away.

FIGMENT

"Ahhh... paradoxes.... I think I'll forget about it."

FIGMENT is a distant speck upon the horizon, then he disappears into a misty far valley.

SCENE 14 EXT. THE VALLEY

FIGMENT has disappeared behind the horizon. We hear the voice of young woman. She is playing with a cat. The camera zooms in focus on the woman and the cat.

CANDOR

"Oh dear oh my... Time flies so fast. Here puss... Catch... catch puss... puss, puss, pss..."

The slender, BLACK CAT jumps into the frame, between seemingly giant, dark purplish blades of grass. He runs after a little stick which has obviously been thrown by the woman. He catches the stick, runs toward the camera and out of the frame. The stick is thrown again into the frame. We hear the woman giggle.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Catch Puss. Run, run catch..."

The black cat does not even look up the Woman, he is busy grooming himself.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Come on Guilt, just one more time... pretty please, for me."

GUILT

"It is beneath me to act like a dog."

The young woman, dressed in a pristine white flowing gown enters the frame. She walks very lightly, with a slow floating movement. She jumps over some vegetation, among amorphous shadows. The CAT rubs his black head against her white cloak. She looks hurt. The cat eyes her.

GUILT (CONT'D)

"What's wrong"

CANDOR

"You could have played stick with me one more time."

GUILT is licking his tail with much attention.

GUILT

"CANDOR, come on, it is time to face the fact that I am a cat, and not some slobbering stick chasing dog."

She pets his head with the fingertips of her right hand,, carrying the stick with her left. She looks up at the sky, opaque, yet ranging between varying shades of purple. Distant clouds continue to glow with the last remains of an atomic explosion. They walk away.

SCENE 14 EXT. THE CREEK AT THE VALLEY

CANDOR and GUILT come across a little creek, which flows with pure water. CANDOR leans down, her head beside the GUILT's head. She rubs her head against his. He purrs. She hugs him, and gazes at the dispersing remains of the distant mushroom cloud reflected in the water. GUILT looks at her, shivers, and, suddenly afraid, folds his ears backwards. CANDOR strokes his head, and he calms down.

GUILT (CONT'D)

"Red sky at night, sailors delight. I am not so sure."

CANDOR

"Shhhhhh... Here GUILT, drink. Eat and drink. Lala.. La.

GUILT looks at her, lowers his head to the water, and takes a sip.

GUILT

"Got anything to punch this up with?"

CANDOR

"You're so mischievous, Why?"

SCENE 15 EXT. UNDERWATER AT CREEK

The camera sinks below the water level and starts flowing with the little stream. We see lots of bubbles, underwater algae, and accelerating purplish movement.

A little ZEBRA FISH flits by. He slows for a second, looks at the camera, and in a polite manner of voice says:

ZEBRA FISH

"Hello, why do you do?"

He then darts off.

The current grows stronger. Another little ZEBRA FISH darts by:

ANOTHER ZEBRA FISH

"Hello, why do you do?"

He disappears, and another comes by, and another one "Hello, why do you do?". The stream is full of hundreds of very speedy but very polite little zebra fishes saying to each other, repeatedly, "Hello, why do you do?"

The babbling of the water becomes stronger and louder. We see a frame filled with little ZEBRA FISHES and bubbles.

SCENE 16 UNDERWATER (ANIMATION to LIVE ACTION transition)

Camera flows with the stream, slows down and comes to a halt, though we still perceive a gentle swirling of water around us. The babbling of "Why do you do"'s fades away. The water becomes murkier. Bits of algae float by. We notice a network of strange, rusty metal levers. It

suddenly becomes apparent that these constitute the flush mechanism of a toilet tank, and that there is something wrong with it.

The floating arm of the toilet water-tank is stuck from the accumulated algae, therefore the shut-off valve that closes the overflow tube is slightly shifted. Consequently, the filter tube holds the float ball at an irregular water level. The water tank is overflowing.

The camera emerges, dripping, from the water tank. It focuses for a brief moment on the outside of the toilet tank and onto a schematic drawing of its inner mechanism. We see ART sitting on the toilet seat, drops of water plonking one by one onto his head. He does not stir from his pensive "The Thinker" position. Camera orbits downward to look up as water drops fall from the leaking toilet tank. One is heading directly towards us. It zooms in fast and explodes in a splash onto the lens.

SCENE 16 EXT. THE CREEK AT THE VALLEY

FIGMENT is languishing on the bank, looking a bit depressed.

CANDOR and GUILT arrive. GUILT is alert and looking at CANDOR. He then sniffs the ground. They walk along the bank towards where FIGMENT is sitting.

GUILT walks by the edge of the water. A little ZEBRA FISH jumps out of the water. Instantaneously, sharp nails slash the air, and the fish is swiped. It flaps on the ground, mortally injured. The CAT looks at it, examines it, taking his time. He looks at the WOMAN, then back to the fish.

The little fish, gasping for air, has still just enough strength to murmur one lost, soft, very polite:

ZEBRA FISH
"Hello, why do you do?"

The ZEBRA FISH expires. GUILT swallows the little fish, and licks his chops.

CANDOR (GIGGLING)
"You do not have the best table manners."

They continue walking

SCENE 17 EXT. THE CREEK AT THE VALLEY

FIGMENT is asleep, a slightly disturbed sleep. CANDOR and the GUILT are smaller relative to FIGMENT. GUILT shivers, raises his hackles, and slips behind CANDOR, keeping a suspicious eye on FIGMENT. CANDOR is concentrated and thoughtful.

Guilt arrives first at the scene. He turns to CANDOR.

GUILT

"He's early."

CANDOR

"Yes he is, this is not logical."

GUILT

"It may have something to do with the red sky?"

GUILT is sniffing at Figment's limp fingers.

CANDOR

"Be careful Guilt, you know what curiosity did to the cat?"

FIGMENT, disturbed in his sleep, turns to lie on his other side and almost crushes them, they jump back.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"I hope it's the right
Traveller this time La la
la... We may as well give it
try."

She climbs on a little stone, cups her mouth, and calls:

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Hey you' Hey Yooo-hooo!"

Her call deploys the same three notes, associated with "i... Dee... a".

FIGMENT wakes up, startled, lifts his head and looks around. GUILT takes a few steps back.

GUILT

"Why you waking him up for, I don't trust this one."

CANDOR

"We don't know anything for sure, let's give him a chance."

GUILT is barring his teeth.

GUILT

"I don't trust this, it may be that HUBRIS is involved. Something happened earlier, you saw the sky."

CANDOR picks up GUILT in her arms.

CANDOR

"Oh stop it, always jumping to conclusions... Shhhhh... Stop being so negative."

She looks up at FIGMENT, GUILT feeling protected in her arms, also looks at FIGMENT

CANDOR (CONT'D)

Hey Yooo-hooo!! Down here!!..."

FIGMENT notices here, he looks down

FIGMENT

"Where am I?"

CANDOR

"The question should be why are you?"

FIGMENT

"I am in search of an original idea. Can you help me?"

GUILT

"Depends... can you be helped?"

FIGMENT looks at GUILT

FIGMENT

"Who are you?"

CANDOR

"My name is CANDOR, and this is my
cat. His name is GUILT."

FIGMENT is perplexed

FIGMENT

"GUILT?... Can you help me?"

CANDOR

"Depends on why you want it."

Figment is frustrated, He begins to sob

FIGMENT

"I don't know why, all I know is
that I am in search of an original
idea."

GUILT

"This guy is going to be trouble,
you shouldn't have woken him up
CANDOR"

CANDOR

"He seems a bit lost, and that may
be good"

GUILT (TO CANDOR)

"Ask him what happened to the
sky?"

On hearing the word sky, Figment leans toward them and
says, "LOGICALLEY?"

GUILT (TO FIGMENT) (CONT'D)

"You look guilty"

FIGMENT (ANGUISHED)

"Sure I do, I just blew up the
world!"

CANDOR

"Yes... what happened in
Logicalley?"

FIGMENT

"I thought I had it, and then I
destroyed it."

CANDOR and GUILT look at each other, concerned

GUILT

"Destroyed it?"

FIGMENT (SOBBING)

"One second I am dancing around with joy, and the next the whole world is being sucked away, it was awful."

GUILT (TO CANDOR)

"Like I told you, trouble."

CANDOR tries to calm FIGMENT down.

CANDOR

"You didn't destroy all of it... though they may think that they are the whole world, they are not."

She looks around pointing out the valley and beautiful lush riverbank. Gazing back at Figment she smiles and says:

I guess nobody told you that Logic does not abide emotions."

FIGMENT

"No, no, they did tell me, as soon as I got there... but it didn't stop me from dancing around... I thought I got it."

CANDOR

"Was that your motive?"

FIGMENT

"My what?"

CANDOR, with GUILT in her arms starts to float up eyeing FIGMENT, She hovers a bit in front of him, then flies away, leaving a trail of little glowing white sparkles, which very slowly fade away...

CANDOR

"Check your motives!"

Her voice is heard echoing....

SCENE 18 EXT. THE CREEK AT THE VALLEY

FIGMENT jumps up and starts running after CANDOR's glowing trail. The trail leads towards the outlines of a darker forest on the hilly horizon.

FIGMENT

"Motives?... Wait! Don't run away!!!" "Stop... Stop! Wait! What do you mean by check your motives? Stop, oh please don't go away!... I don't understand...."

FIGMENT follows the fading trail towards the forest

SCENE 19 EXT. THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

It is almost night, a dark, musky, purple greenish night. The sky seems alive, ever changing, gurgling, belching and oozing gobs of linseed drenched oil paint.

Two little winds, a blue one and a red one, are playing, flitting to and fro among the tree trunks. The soil is full of smaller vegetation. Childlike, the winds chase each other, whirling around branches; up, down, around they go, now into the frame and far away; suddenly up close in a sudden blur. They are chatting as they whirl around. For some strange reason they have Brooklyn accents.

BLUE WIND

"I gotta a bigger part then you do"

RED WIND

"What are you talking about?"

BLUE WIND

"I gotta a bigger part then you do"

RED WIND

"You nuts, we are in all the same scenes together, we are never apart, how can you have a bigger role then me?"

BLUE WIND (PROUDLY)

"I just do. I got this part that has something to do with building a huge bridge, do you?"

RED WIND

"Of course I do, we are all in the same scenes together..."

The two little winds, cheerful, begin to go further away from the camera, and disappear. We see a faint flash of what seems to be distant lightning. The atmosphere darkens. There is another flash of light, then a low rumble of distant thunder. It starts to rain. Glittering drops form on the silvering contours of the forest foliage.

SCENE 19 EXT. NIGHT. THE FOREST

The rain gets heavier, The winds return, bigger, stronger, ruffling the leaves. FIGMENT walks below, melancholic. He follows the faint glowing trail left by CANDOR and GUILT. There is another flash of light. FIGMENT looks to all sides, a bit frightened by another flash which is even nearer this time. He stops to listen for thunder, but there is no thunder, just the flash of light. He continues, staggering, hearing voices. He slows his pace. The voices grow nearer.

He beholds two trees in the middle of a little clearing. There is another flash of light.

FIGMENT regards the clearing, peering from his hiding place behind a bush. He is watching two old, stately oaks, who stand rooted near each other in the center of the clearing. They speak with a very dry British accent. Both hold Polaroid cameras in their arm like twigs

TREE 1 has just finished taking a Polaroid photo of TREE 2, He hands it to TREE 2. TREE 2 takes a look at it, but must wait a moment or two for the image to appear.

TREE 1

"This is definitely you!"

TREE 2 continues staring at the picture. He hands the photo back to TREE 1, who looks at it closely.

TREE 2
"Doesn't look a bit like me!"

TREE 1
"Yes it does!"

TREE 2 shakes his branches in disapproval. TREE 1 hands the photograph back to TREE 2.

TREE 2
"No it doesn't! It is not me, I assure you!"

TREE 1
"You're being subjective. Look... Look!" "That's the one! This is more you than you! Well, it might be less or more than what you think you are.... Look here."

TREE 2 stretches his branches and takes the photo, looks at it again, and throws it away. It falls on a pile of Polaroid pictures that is in fact a pile of old, fallen leaves.

TREE 2 is raising a limb into a pose

TREE 2
"Take another one."

TREE 1 Checks the camera, and replies doubtfully:

TREE 1
"There are only three left."

TREE 2 (INSISTING)
"But this is not me!"

TREE 1
"Yes it is."

TREE 1 takes another picture. There is a big flash of light. He hands the picture to TREE 2, and the conversation repeats itself, beginning another cycle.

At the end of the second cycle of the trees conversation, FIGMENT's curiosity grows. He just has to see what's in the photograph, so he crawls closer and searches among the dry leaves for one which is not yet totally transformed into a

leaf. The TREES have just finished another conversation loop, and there is another flash of light as another picture is taken. FIGMENT, blinded by the flash, trips across a root and falls at the foot of TREE 2.

TREE 1 is looking at the photograph. He is taking quite longer than usual. He looks at TREE 2. FIGMENT crawls quickly to safety, unnoticed. He hides behind some violet shaded shrubbery.

TREE 1 (CONT'D)
You... You changed."

TREE 2
"I say! Let me have a look!"...
"Let me see that picture!"

TREE 1 hands the picture to TREE 2

TREE 1
"You really have. Here."... "Look
for yourself."

TREE 2 looks at the photograph, and lifts an eyebrow in the direction of TREE 1.

TREE 2
"I have... and I am here! Rooted
to the ground as always!"

TREE 1
"Oh... I am sorry old sport... I
meant look at yourself."

TREE 2 is relieved to find an entry to a familiar dialogue

TREE 2
"Doesn't look a bit like me."

We see a close up of the actual photograph, showing TREE 2 with FIGMENT as a little pink spot at his feet. TREE 2 looks closer at the photograph

TREE 1
"Well, it looks more or less like
you, except for a small change...
"...there appears to be a little
pink wart at the base of your
trunk... interesting."

TREE 2

"This... This never happened
before?..."

TREE 1 is quiet, The last drops of rain fall.

TREE 1

"No... it hasn't... Hmmmm..."

He thinks a bit, but since he's rather stupid he doesn't
think about it too long. He is reassured

TREE 1 (CONT'D)

"Anyway, besides this small matter
of the wart, it's definitely You!"

TREE 2 is Also quite relieved to return to familiar
dialogue again

TREE 2

"Doesn't look a bit like me!"

We hear the dialogue loop for another 1/2 cycle or so.
FIGMENT can no longer contain his curiosity, overcomes his
fear and dares a few steps into the open. The trees are
busy with their usual dialogue. TREE 1 is just about to
take another picture. This time FIGMENT anticipates the
snap, and shields his eyes. The picture is snapped. TREE 1
hands the picture to TREE 2, but FIGMENT interrupts...

FIGMENT

May I look at the picture?
Please?"

The Trees are surprised. They look down in the direction of
FIGMENT, probing blindly for the source of the voice with
their extended branches.

TREE 1

"EEGAD!... Did you hear that?!"

TREE 2

"Y-yes... Hhrrmmff ...It does ring
a bell... Excuse me, would you
mind repeating what you said
please?"

FIGMENT

May I look at the picture?
Please?"

TREE 2 doesn't want to understand. He is utterly appalled at the idea of someone else looking at the picture. He objects.

TREE 2
"No, you may not!"

TREE 1
"Yes., by all means, have a look."

He hands the picture to FIGMENT. TREE 2 is panicky, trying to stop it

TREE 2
"Take another one! Take another one!"

FIGMENT looks at the large photograph, a very straight forward representation of TREE 2, in standard Polaroid picture quality. He looks at TREE 2, then at the picture. He looks at Tree 2 again. Again at the picture, at TREE 1, at TREE 2, at the picture. The picture slowly transforms to a dry leaf which crumbles in his hand. Tree 1 awaits FIGMENT's response eagerly. TREE 2 is apprehensive.

FIGMENT is acting childish

FIGMENT
"By the way, for your information, I'm not a wart, and I'm not pink either!"... "And all you trees look exactly alike, and there are too many of you anyways!"

He starts walking away, still looking at the trees

FIGMENT (CONT'D)
"Ahhh... you're not objective."

TREE 1 is trying to start over

TREE !
"It definitely looks like you!"

The trees are back into the dialog loop as FIGMENT walks away looking for the faint remainders of the sparkle trail. Another light Flash as a picture is taken. FIGMENT continues walking away, he takes a last look at the trees and yells:

FIGMENT

"You need more objectivity!"

TREE 2 (FADING OUT)

"Doesn't look a bit like me!"

SCENE 20 EXT. NIGHT. THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

FIGMENT is seen leaving the forest, the trees dwindle in both numbers and size. He is now following a dirt path, the sun has gone down leaving the encroaching dusk. To both sides of the path we see swamp, thorns bordering the path. FIGMENT spots a ruffled character limping towards him on the path. As the figure approaches we see that she is a woman, her red hair stands on end, a wild look in her eyes talking to herself, she is nervously looking around as if in fear, while chewing on her fingernails.

FIGMENT watches her getting closer, fearing a confrontation, but she just passes him, making no eye contact. Once she has passed him he hears her laugh and screech

FEAR

"The night is approaching, the night is nearly upon us."

She lets out another laugh continuing down the path. Figment watches her disappear into the forest, her figure silhouetted in the occasional flash of light emanating from the trees.

He looks back and continues walking. He sees the path continuing a ways, more swamp and some trees before him. He begins whistling to cover his fear. It is now getting

darker and he can just make out the contours of the path that he is walking on. He glances back to see if he can still see the forest when he hits a solid wall and slumps to the ground, dazed, he turns with his back to the wall to see a reddish full moon rise above the forest on the horizon. The last image he sees is a flash of light from the forest, and he hears the howl of a lone wolf. He closes his eyes and falls asleep.

SCENE 21 EXT. MORNING. SWAMP PATH

A myriad of insects are buzzing around FIGMENT's head, a tiny deerfly takes a bite out of his ear, FIGMENT in his sleep takes a swipe at the insect and wakes himself up.

FIGMENT

"OW!"

He opens his eyes and rubs his tender ear. He looks around blinking at the brighter light. He rises, stretches, looks around at the bright light and the last traces of mist near the ground. Stretching his arms, he knocks them into a solid surface, and turns around.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Ahhh... What now?"

From horizon to horizon a reflective wall faces FIGMENT. In it he sees his reflection. The image is a bit blurred, and magnified. FIGMENT takes a few steps back from the wall. The camera focuses on FIGMENT'S reflection moving back from the other side.

While FIGMENT himself remains the same, his reflection begins to transform, undergoing a series of clothes changes, which represent a variety of self-images:

First he is naked, then wearing a bib and diaper. - The image changes to a boy in a soccer uniform, then it changes into an army uniform - next comes a business suit, with a tie and trench coat - the image blurs, and reappears wearing panties, brassieres, and a garter belt - next he is wearing a golf shirt, banana colored golf pants, with a golfers cap. The next image, coming faster now, is to him dressed like Ghandi, ... As the light grows brighter, the white toga evaporates. The image is once again naked, and the entire cycle begins all over again.

While all this wardrobe change is going on, FIGMENT is trying to understand what is going on. At first he does not know what this image is, or who the image is. He looks at the reflection which is looking right back at him. When the soccer attire appears he makes the movement of kicking a ball, as does the reflection. At the appearance of the soldier uniform, he salutes as does the reflection. When the business attire appears he starts waving his arms in the air, followed by a series of funny and scary faces, which the reflection reflects. Ladies undergarments appear, and FIGMENT starts posing, flashing his eyes and making kisses with his mouth. Golfing attire appears, and FIGMENT begins to laugh loudly, when the Ghandi clothing appears FIGMENT is really starting to enjoy himself, and reacts to the change by hopping up and down on one foot.

FIGMENT decides that he must figure out a way to move on. He approaches the wall with one hand stretched forward and touches it with the tip of his index finger. The reflection does the same. He feels the surface of the solid wall, its surface smooth to the touch. He looks up and finds that the wall is about twenty meters in height. As he is doing all this his reflection is doing the same, all the while going through its change of attire.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"I have to get through this wall... somehow."

He tries beating at the wall. Seeing that its hopeless he holds his stinging fingers and searches for objects to throw. He picks up a rock and throws it at the wall, nothing, he finds a tree trunk and goes running at the wall, boom, nothing. He tries leaping over the wall, nothing. He then tries digging under the wall, but the wall is planted deep in the ground.

FIGMENT (MUMBLING) (CONT'D)

"Impossible.."

FIGMENT holds his head in his hands, thinking.

SCENE 22 EXT. MORNING. THE REFLECTIVE WALL

On the other side of the wall, in a position identical to FIGMENT's, CANDOR and GUILT, are sitting down. The cat rubs his back against the wall.

SCENE 23 EXT. MORNING. THE REFLECTIVE WALL

FIGMENT takes notice of the reflection continuing in its silly change of attire. When the reflection, in garter belt and bra reappears, FIGMENT begins posing again, this time making movements as if to remove the bra, the reflection doing the same, he makes the motion of tossing the bra forward, surprised to see that the bra from the reflection flies straight through the wall landing on his face. He pulls it from his face, smiles, and drops it on the ground. He now understands what he has to do. He waits until the Ghandi attire appears, and immediately starts motioning as if unfurling the turban and tossing it forward. The reflection does the same, the cloth of the turban landing at FIGMENT's feet.

FIGMENT continues to receive pieces of clothing one by one from the changing images, until at last the Reflection is completely naked throughout the entire cycle.

FIGMENT ties the pieces of retrieved clothing together into a rope. He measures the height, and throws the rope up in the air and over the wall.

SCENE 24 EXT. MORNING. THE REFLECTIVE WALL

On the other side of the wall, CANDOR and GUILT look up, and see the clothes rope dangling from the top of the wall. GUILT, very kitten-like, paws the rope, curious and playful.

SCENE 25 EXT. MORNING. THE REFLECTIVE WALL

Back on FIGMENT's side of the wall, he pulls the rope tight. It stretches. He checks its strength, then starts to climb.

GUILT, on the other side, is keeping FIGMENT's rope tight by holding it. GUILT lets go of the rope. It slides away. Playfully, he jumps after it and catches it again.

We are back with FIGMENT. He dangles on the rope, side by side with the Reflection. He climbs again, and struggles to

finally reach the top edge of the wall. He grabs hold with his fingers.

On the other side, GUILT lets go of the rope again, and the rope falls completely down. FIGMENT is clinging for dear life to the top of the wall, afraid to look down. He tries to extend a leg over the top, but fails. He looks at the camera.

FIGMENT

"Come on give me a break
already... now you got me on a
wall?"

SCENE 26 INT. DAY. HUBRIS'S STUDIO

The camera zooms to discover the outside CGI world. The image of FIGMENT hanging on the wall is seen as a on a desktop computer screen. We are in the movie production studio, next to the monitor on which the frame of FIGMENT is displayed. Lying about are some pencils, paints, lots of doodles, USB sticks, paper, brushes and other "ART" paraphernalia. On the walls hang printed pictures of various backgrounds, some familiar, such as THE GREAT HALL OF ASSOCIATIONS, LOGICALLEY, a still photo of a man sitting on a toilet, as well as others which are not yet familiar.

The camera zooms further out, displaying a 3D-animated version of "ART", chewing on a stylus, looking at the monitor. In the background we can still faintly hear FIGMENT's voice pleading and complaining for help.

HUBRIS Nods his head, and takes the stylus in his right hand

HUBRIS

"I was just having some fun,
alright?"

He touches the computer interface, selects the Wall and scales it down .

SCENE 27 EXT. MORNING. THE REFLECTIVE WALL

FIGMENT looks back to see that the wall is being scaled down and he is getting closer to the ground, still hanging

on to the wall. He leaps down to the ground when he is just a few feet above the ground. He watches the wall finish scaling down until it is hip level. Figment's attention is drawn to a walking cane that is being drawn on the other side of the wall. It is drawn standing on end, and once complete, falls to the ground. Figment steps over the wall and picks up the walking cane. He again looks at the camera

FIGMENT

"Thanks"

He starts off down the path, where the white light reflects in the distance where CANDOR and GUILT are making their way up a mountain.

SCENE 28 EXT. MORNING. MOUNTAINS OF EDUCATION

We have reached the Mountains of Education, which are essentially a collection of enormous piles of junk. These mountains consist of a multitude of objects - memorabilia and icons which, near the bottom, represent early childhood, and which, as the ascent is made, continue to represent the different years and passing stages.

FIGMENT climbs and crawls ahead. He comes across rows of white flowers, which, like nurses, put old-fashioned diapers with big safety pins on FIGMENTS body. He continues onward, over occasional half-buried baby toys, their bright colors reflecting the sunlight, here a rattle, there a teddy bear, and more clothing. On this part of the mountain the soil itself is all diapers and baby clothing.

FIGMENT passes by a wooden pinto-colored rocking horse. Invisible hands pick him up and put him on the horse, which rocks him fiercely three or four times then slowing down to a gentle rocking motion. This rocking is accompanied by distorted motherly voices coming from little built-in speakers, which say, "Good boy... Bad boy... Good boy... Bad boy..." A large baby bottle nipple is shoved into his mouth. He tries to resist but cannot, so lying on his back he begins to drink.

FIGMENT discovers his feet, and sends a hand for his toes, goo-goo-gaa-gaa-ing. Just as he touches his toe, another pair of invisible hands puts his running shoes (sneakers) on. He crawls further over toys, big marbles, wooden blocks, toy choo-choo trains. The slope is getting steeper,

the climbing a bit tougher. Further on he encounters the corner of a playpen, stops, looks, grabs it and shakes it. He climbs further over battery toys, cars, airplanes, etc.

As the slope becomes steeper, we begin to see alphabet letters and numbers scattered about, along with children's drawings, and still the distorted loudspeaker voices chanting., "Good boy... bad boy..." There is a crashed tricycle with wheel upturned, slowly rotating. FIGMENT continues his climb.

DISSOLVES
INDICATING TIME
PASSES

He encounters the first patches of chalk-stone, and must steady himself with his climbing pole. Still heard in the background is the chant of "Good boy... bad boy" interspersed with the sound of children playing in a schoolyard. He climbs over more chalk, books, drawings, pens, pencils, chairs, tables, baseball bats and soccer balls.

The slope is now almost vertical. A large rock of chalk blocks the way. This chalk rock is in fact the foundation of a dome-shaped building, which is carved directly into the chalk mountainside. Upon the wall is random graffiti. FIGMENT climbs up a water pipe which is also apparently made of chalk, and up ahead toward a series of cave like windows.

He reaches the first window, and hears the sound of an audience applauding. As he tries to peep inside, a large hand appears from the window, and hangs a medallion around his neck and hands him a diploma. The hand grabs FIGMENT's tiny hand and shakes it, almost causing him to fall. Applause is still heard. The hand retreats, the window dissolves into the facade of the building. FIGMENT sighs. He climbs further, carrying the diploma in his teeth. At the next floor the whole ceremony takes place again.

SCENE 29 EXT. MORNING. MOUNTAINS OF EDUCATION

The camera zooms out and up along the rocky building facade, leaving FIGMENT behind. We flash to a scene of two mountain goats lying down on the chalky slope. They are

playing chess. On the chessboard only the first move has been played. The goats look at each other.

GOAT1

"Beeeeeeeh"

GOAT2

"Beeeeeeeh"

SCENE 30 EXT. MORNING. MOUNTAINS OF EDUCATION

FIGMENT continues to climb, around his neck are approximately five medallions, a graduation hat and robe, a whistle, chained reading glasses, a pocket calculator a laptop, and another chain with some keys. Its all very heavy, and he can hardly climb anymore. He pauses, glances down, and promptly fastens his grip on the water pipe. He climbs a few steps further and reaches the facades cornice, where there is just space enough for him to crawl up and uncomfortably catch his breath. He looks up the mountain and then down the sickening depths below, then up again. More junk lies ahead, but he can see that this chalk layer is gradually diminishing into clouds of chalk dust, giving way to a dark gray cobalt basalt stone. Occasional machine parts and rusty circuit boards, minute red veins streak the stony surface. The mountainside is now extremely steep, the weather chillier.

SCENE 31 EXT. MORNING. MOUNTAINS OF EDUCATION

High up in the Mountains of Education, among the first misty clouds of chalk dust, CANDOR, with her cat GUILT in her hands, floats higher towards the summit ridge.

CANDOR

"Maybe I'll make a cake... la...
la... la... Graduation prom...
la... la... la... with chocolate
icing... a chocolate cake... yes,
a cake!"

GUILT purrs.

SCENE 32 EXT. MORNING. MOUNTAINS OF EDUCATION

A distance down the mountain from CANDOR, FIGMENT is on his feet again, holding the walking cane, the collection of objects still around his neck, in his hands and gripped between his teeth. He gazes up at bare volcanic rock, takes a deep breath, and restarts his slow climb.

There are more patches of red veins in the rock. The ground is composed of half-buried rusty metal plates; bows and arrows, an old Ballista, shotguns, rifles, handguns, half-erased army colors, oxidized automatic rifles, bazookas, grenades, mines, a rusty skeleton of an army tank. FIGMENT continues climbing, obviously scared. There are increasing numbers of red patches in the ground - corroded torpedoes, rockets, missiles. It has grown colder. What appears to be snow or ice on the crest turns out to be a layer of millions of dry white shining bones. There is more ominous junk which lies ahead: strewn about power saws~, nuts and bolts, grill frames, the half-buried flattop of an aircraft carrier, other unidentifiable metal structures. FIGMENT climbs further, surprised to find that he feels a bit lighter, almost as if he has grown accustomed to this state of being afraid.

All is silent, except for the whistling wind and the clanking sound of a rusted radar antenna turning slowly.

The mountain summit is in sight.

SCENE 33 EXT. DAY. SUMMIT OF MOUNTAIN

Above the clouds, little halo-like white clouds dot the sky, beneath a bright yet chilly sun. We look above to see CANDOR and GUILT effortlessly nearing the summit. We see that the size relationships between them has changed, the cat is much bigger now and CANDOR holds the cat by a leash..

As we approach the peak, we can now see that it is in fact the black mouth hole of a colossal cannon which has been buried, pointing upwards. The mountainside is silver, metallic, with a few white bones which reflect the sunlight. CANDOR and GUILT float over the cannon, around

it, then slowly begin to spiral downward into its mouth, moving alongside the carved spiral in the cannon hole.

FIGMENT stands looking into the abyss. He is sweating from his climb and wipes his brow. He reaches the crater's edge and withdraws.

FIGMENT

"What now?"

Gathering his courage he returns and looks down. CANDOR and Guilt are gently floating downwards.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Hey... hello! Don't keep running away. What did you mean by check my motives, what does it have to do with my original idea?"

CANDOR

"Be careful what you wish for... It may come true."

FIGMENT

"Stop talking in riddles... hold on a minute, let's talk."

CANDOR and Guilt hover in mid air. CANDOR looks at FIGMENT with bemused compassion while Guilt views him with contempt.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Motives... explain."

CANDOR

"What is there not to understand?"

GUILT

"All this education and you still have no clue as to what your motives are? You're pitiful."

FIGMENT

"I have no motives... I am on a mission to find an original idea and that's it."

GUILT

"So you are taking no responsibility for your actions, typical."

FIGMENT

"Typical what, I have a goal and it is pure... to find an original idea..."

CANDOR

"You happen to be standing on a mountain of original ideas and misplaced motives."

FIGMENT

"Well to be honest..."

GUILT

"Honest is the last thing you have been."

FIGMENT (PLEADING)

"What, am I the cause of all this destruction?... I have nothing to do with all this."

GUILT

"Just another one attempting to justify his motives."

CANDOR

"Even murder can be justified, anything can be argued."

GUILT (MOCKINGLY)

"But it is not just you who have to live with the consequences of your actions."

FIGMENT

"But I am not even sure of my actions, or even where the heck I am."

CANDOR

"The insanity defense?"

GUILT is sniffing the air and licking his fur.

GUILT

"Another defenseless creature
whistling his way to Hell...
nothing new under the sun."

FIGMENT can hear their laughter as they float further down the hole. He looks at the stairway, leading down to the base of the cannon, it is spiral and follows the circular contours of the barrel. He holds onto the sides of the cavern, its surface cool and smooth to the touch. He is scared of falling and makes his way slowly, step by agonizing step. CANDOR's figure is disappearing into the shadows.

CANDOR

"You must see the gates below,
they are delightful to the eye..."

GUILT

"Try your best not to
fall,"..."You are not getting out
of this one so easy."

The two disappear into the darkness below, leaving Figment alone to descend the ancient stairwell.

SCENE 33 INT. DAY. MOTIVES GATE

FIGMENT arrives to the bottom of the stairs to a steel floor. It is pitch black and FIGMENT is feeling his way around with outstretched hands.

Through the darkness he sees a dull throbbing red light. He makes his stumbling way to the light. He approaches the beam which emanates from the floor, and slowly places his hand over it. The moment his hand covers the light a bright beam of yellow light emanates from where the red light had been, revealing his surroundings.

A mechanical voice out of the darkness is heard.

MECHANICAL VOICE

"Password please"

THUNK!, The sound of a heavy spotlight being turned on,
Three female singers with big hair appear in the glow.
They sing a short musical number on the theme of motives.

SINGERS

"Every body is looking for
something"

CHORUS

"Like what?"

SINGERS

"Something original, never thought
of before"

CHORUS

"Like what?"

SINGERS

"Check you motives, yeah, check
your motives, check Check your
motives, leave your ego at the
door."

THUNK!, We see Figment's face lit up by the spotlight, The
spotlight turns off, FIGMENT is left in the dark again,
illuminated only by the pulsing red beam of light.

FIGMENT

"I... I... don't know any
password."

"Eeeeeeeee" A game show buzzer sound is heard

MECHANICAL VOICE

"Error, password not recognized."
"...Password please."

FIGMENT

"Ummmmmm..."

"Eeeeeeeee" The game show buzzer sound is heard again.

MECHANICAL VOICE

"Error, password not recognized."
"...Password please."

Figment is on the verge of tears.

FIGMENT

"I was just... Chasing CANDOR."

There is the sound of mechanical internal computation, the light turns to green.

MECHANICAL VOICE

"Password confirmed! Entrance granted!!"

There is a low "click" as heavy metal bolts start turning in their holes. A hatch in the floor next to Figment, turns, and opens, a circle of pulsing neon arrows on the floor all point to the opening hatch.

Figment kneels and looks into the opening his eyes making out the light from a number of well and differently lit caves. He starts to make out that he is looking into a huge cavern. The five caves are all leading in different directions.

Closest to him is a cave lit in eerily blue colors, a frazzled young lady is standing on a kitchen stool, as bats buzz her wild hair, and rats litter the ground. The silhouette of a man lurks in the shadows, masked and carrying a butcher's knife, which reflects the blue light.

Figment leans over even further to get a look at the next cave. He almost loses his balance and grabs hold of the inside latch clamp. He leans over even deeper to see a artificial yellowish lit cave, the shining chandeliers show a man in a tuxedo, well groomed and quite handsome, a lovely nubile blonde is holding his arm and nibbling at his ear, as he watches the roulette wheel spin. Stacks of money and chips are neatly piled on the table before him. Figment watches as the man wins, the woman screaming with glee.

He sees the third cave which looks like any living room with a group of guys hanging out, drinking beer, eating pizza, talking, laughing and watching sports on television.

Figment tries turning around to see the other cave, when the latch comes crashing down and with a steel thud closes.

Figment is left hanging with one hand on the closing mechanism, the other holding his diplomas. Figment's attention is grabbed by the motion of a few men swimming as hard as they can, far below his dangling feet. Following them can be seen the back of a huge crocodile gaining quickly on them. One man, Neanderthal, reaches the shore of the cave and climbs out, while another swimmer is eaten savagely just before reaching the bank. The surviving Neanderthal wipes his brow, before he is instantly scooped up by a pterodactyl and carried off into the darkness of the cave. A loud call of the flying reptile is heard echoing in the cave.

FIGMENT is hanging precariously....

FIGMENT

"CANDOR, where are you?"

There is no answer, just the slowly fading sounds of laughing friends, the screams of the frightened woman, and the sounds of the casino, as the cavern's water level rises, flooding the caves. We close on FIGMENT's face.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Now I have the feeling I'm really stuck."

SCENE 34 INT. NIGHT. THE STUDIO

The camera zooms out, and exposes FIGMENT's dilemma as a picture on HUBRIS's computer monitor. The studio is dark, except for the light of a single neon work lamp.

HUBRIS is sitting at the drawing table. CANDOR and GUILT are standing at the edge of the drawing table. HUBRIS is involved in a discussion with CANDOR. The Black Cat is dozing off among the pile of cables. HUBRIS places a hand on the monitor.

HUBRIS

"You know? I do think he's being honest for a change."

CANDOR

Dear HUBRIS, You mean to say you're stuck as well!"

HUBRIS

No! What are you talking about? I really do believe that he is being honest, just look at him... while you were busy telling him to check his motives, I was trying to show him what his motives are"

GUILT opens one eye eyeing CANDOR.

GUILT

"I think he's got you with that one."

CANDOR floats to the middle of the worktable, in front of HUBRIS.

CANDOR

"Oh, cut the shit HUBRIS, will you?"... "I hear the voice of EXCUSE, an old rival of mine, coming from your mouth. You are both stuck..."

She points at the monitor.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Do you want to help him?"

HUBRIS

"Ummmmmm..... Yes, of course I do."

CANDOR

"so what are you going to do...? There isn't much time, he is going to drown."

HUBRIS

"No problem, I'll just get rid of the water. Watch..."

he attempts to erase the water by using the software interface, fails, then he opens and closes a number of windows and this fails to remove the water as well. He tries to exit and re-enter the software but the water is still there and rising.

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"Hang on I'll just reboot".

He looks at CANDOR while clicking the power button on the computer. It doesn't work, the computer stays on. As a last resort he pulls the plug out of the wall, and this also does not shut off the computer. He finally resorts to banging the side of the computer, causing the water to wave.

CANDOR

"What... you can't lower the water?, What's wrong?"

HUBRIS is scratching his head, frustrated looking back at CANDOR with a look of bewilderment on his face.

HUBRIS

"I don't know... I don't understand, this is odd... nothing works."

The picture on the monitor shows the water level in the cavern quickly rising, reaching the dangling feet of Figment who is still holding on with one hand to the latch.

CANDOR

"It seems that both of you are stuck at Motives Gate... You are on the outside, and FIGMENT... is that what you call him?"

HUBRIS

"Yes, I thought that it was a cute name..."

CANDOR

"Doesn't matter. Have you yourself ever passed through Motives Gate?"

HUBRIS's face is puzzled. He does not comprehend.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"No, I see you haven't. We'll have to find another entry."

CANDOR rushes to the corner of the drawing board. GUILT wakes up and starts sharpening his claws on the wood of HUBRIS's desk. CANDOR whispers something in his ear. The

cat stops scratching and looks at CANDOR, then turns his head toward HUBRIS.

GUILT

"MIAOW?"

He looks back to CANDOR and lies down curled at the base of the telephone on the computer desk, between spread sheets, colored pencils and cables. CANDOR who has grown pets the cat reassuringly and floats back in front of HUBRIS's eyes, She is growing in size.

CANDOR

"Come on let's go"

HUBRIS

"What just me and you, what about the cat."

CANDOR is looking intently into HUBRIS's eyes, her fingers playing suggestively with her hair

CANDOR

"No just you and me, there is no reason for us to bring Guilt along, he'll stay and guard the entrance."

She looks back at the monitor.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Strange, I can't seem to make contact with Herr RATIO..."

She turns back to HUBRIS

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Well, let's get moving...."

HUBRIS

"Where are we going?"

CANDOR descends to the Keyboard and presses "PRINT". HUBRIS's eyes follow her. She folds the printed page showing FIGMENT up to his neck in water, and puts it in the 'HUBRIS's shirt pocket. She keeps growing and bends closer to HUBRIS's ear.

CANDOR

'Listen well!'"..."There is another path - the one of the heart."..."Are you ready?"

HUBRIS nods a hesitant yes...

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Just look at me. Remember, never take your eyes off of me. I have no time to explain, remember, keep looking at me don't turn your eyes. Ready?... Here we go! Lalala."

HUBRIS's eyes follow her as she gliding around the room, before hovering in front of a Valentine's card pinned onto a cork board. Written on the card is "Be my Valentine" above a glowing red heart. She looks back at HUBRIS and motions with a finger for him to follow. HUBRIS's face and her face getting close, HUBRIS closes his eyes as does CANDOR as if to kiss, when suddenly she is sucked into the bright red heart followed by HUBRIS.

SCENE 35 INT. DUSK. TUNNEL OF LOVE

CANDOR and HUBRIS are now sharing a small boat drifting along a river through the Tunnel of Love attraction in an amusement park. One can hear the muffled sound of fairground music as they drift past candy floss trees, pulsing hearts and neon lit angels and cupids. CANDOR looks at HUBRIS while dialing on her cellphone

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"You do know that this whole process can get quite complicated but you do have some powers... It's pretty fair altogether.."

HUBRIS

"Powers?"

CANDOR

"Well, what do you expect, sending a traveler off, just like that?"

She opens her cell phone from the folds of her dress and dials.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Hold on a second, I am going to try to get hold of RATIO again."

RATIO'S ANSWERING MACHINE

"Hallo, you have reached the little black answering device of Herr Prof. Dr. RATIO PhD. There is no one to answer your call at this time, zooo please leave a message, Danke."

CANDOR

"Ah, dear, dear Prof, where are you? Can you please remember to check the water level? There is a meeting of the group this evening, I hope you could make it. Please watch the water levels, will you?"

Looking troubled, CANDOR places the phone back into the folds of her dress. She turns to HUBRIS

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"He doesn't answer, I wonder if something is wrong, he always answers."

HUBRIS

Like I said, nothing seems to be working..."Tell me, why did you want Guilt to stay back in my studio?"

CANDOR smiles and cuddles closer to HUBRIS

CANDOR

"Don't be silly, there is no place for guilt in matters of the heart."

The sweet sounds of "Lover Me Tender by Elvis Presley fill the air. They continue to ascend on the moving river, climbing higher. Through the shallow water, tracks and

chains of a roller coaster begin to appear. As the boat approaches the summit, the sound of a dragging chain is heard.

The atmosphere is changing from a romantic pinks to hot red shades. The walls are changing from romantic hearts and cupids to pumping red hearts and a neon sign reading Motel, passing by as the little heart shaped boat makes its way up. Approaching the top is a fiberglass animatronic of Elvis, strumming on his guitar and singing the last words of Love Me Tender.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"I love this song, it makes me
feel odd sensations."

HUBRIS hears her words, and feigning a yawn rests his arm on the lip of her seat. When the song comes to an end we hear the sound of the needle scratching on vinyl, which coincides in beat with the dragging of the roller coaster chain. HUBRIS leans over to CANDOR.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Don't even think about it, at
least not until it is real".

HUBRIS lowers his arm replacing it back in his lap, a look of loss on his face drenched in red light...

HUBRIS

"But what if it is?"

They go beyond the summit, and plummet into absolute darkness. CANDOR screams, and as we sink into darkness we see HUBRIS frantically searching for her.

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"CANDOR!... Where are you?"...
"CANDOR!!"

The roller coaster car reaches the bottom where it then curves and HUBRIS is bathed in indigo blue. The car is no longer in the shape of heart but is now looking like a gargoyle. Now that he can see, he searches everywhere for CANDOR, babbling her name. As he realizes that CANDOR is gone, a tear comes to his eyes, and he rests his head in his hands, hurt by his loss

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"Where can she be?"

The car then goes into violent rises and descents, taking curves on its side. The tunnel has now taken the shape of flowing lava, human heads and hands peering out of the lava, their faces covered in distress, groans of agony and screams piercing the air, before sinking back into the flow. HUBRIS is angered by the turn of events.

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"CANDOR, where are you!"

The scene is bathed in bright yellows. The walls are now covered in mocking theatre masks, all looking at him and whispering between themselves. HUBRIS is still searching the air for CANDOR, crushed by the humiliating remarks of the masks.

MASKS

"So you have lost her... you were never good enough for her... she made a fool of you... what are you going to do about it now... how will you finish your story."

HUBRIS slunk down into the car, which is changing shape from a gargoyle into a powder blue 57 Chevy, convertible, a sad country tune being played on the car radio. The wall of the tunnel is going through an Escheresque patterning of green arrows which form into a green wall, a moose head on the wall, along with assorted wildlife and old license plates. The green quickly transforms into a sepia photograph colored bar. All is sepia, like an old photograph. The car slows down to a halt inside a musty rustic decorated tavern in front of a bar. On the wall behind the bar, is a large mirror and a lit sign spelling out the words "Hope, Bar and Grill". A mustached bartender is spitting into a glass and cleaning it with a cloth.

HUBRIS eyes his surroundings, turns off the car radio (music stops) and steps out of the car. HUBRIS approaches the lone bar stool and plunks himself onto the nawgahyde seat. He sees his reflection in the mirror seeing a forlorn and untidy reflection.

SCENE 36 INT. HOPE, BAR & GRILL

The bartender does not look up...

BARTENDER

"Nice car"

HUBRIS

"yeah I remember my big brother
had one of those, a real beauty
eh?"

Bartender looks up from his task at HUBRIS,

BARTENDER

"So what brings you to Hope?"

HUBRIS finds it impossible to answer that question.
Bartender is silent.

HUBRIS

"I don't really know... it's all a
bit crazy."

BARTENDER

"Didn't ask you how it was..."

HUBRIS gets his drift and starts to tell his story.

HUBRIS

"You see I'm stuck... I'm working
on a project..."

BARTENDER

"What kind of a project?"

HUBRIS

"Well I am writing about a
character named FIGMENT..."

The bartender is pouring a drink into the glass he has just
been cleaning. He places a napkin on the bar before HUBRIS
and places the drink. HUBRIS downs the drink and continues
with his story.

BARTENDER

"FIGMENT... ah huh"

HUBRIS

"Yeah Figment... He is the main character and he is looking for an original idea... you know... and he goes searching in my mind for this idea, so he finds himself in different places on his quest. He blows up logic... then there are some talking trees and then he gets stuck on wall..."

BARTENDER

"So you're here because your stuck, right?"

HUBRIS

"Yes... I've lost her..."

BARTENDER

"You're not the first one to have lost her... happens all the time... seen it before."

HUBRIS is surprised by the bartender's familiarity with his problem.

HUBRIS

"Huh?"

BARTENDER

"CANDOR can be an elusive creature."

HUBRIS

"but I have lost her... I was with her when we entered the tunnel and then she was gone. Have you seen her?"

HUBRIS is looking attentively at the bartender, hoping for an answer. The bartender takes the empty glass, spits into it and cleans it with his rag.

BARTENDER

"Well I can't tell ya much, but what I can say is listen for the ring"

HUBRIS

"Ring?"

A loud "DING!!!" Is heard. HUBRIS looks over to his left at the source of the ring, climbs off his stool and heads to the corner where there is an elevator arriving. "DING" the doors open and CANDOR is standing in the elevator, she is now full human size and gorgeous.

SCENE 37 INT. BAR ELEVATOR

CANDOR views HUBRIS, his shirt got wet from the ride and there is an ink stain spreading around his shirt pocket where FIGMENT's print is. HUBRIS is filled with surprise and elation. He also notices how beautiful she has become

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"CANDOR..."

CANDOR

"Come... quickly."

She beckons him to enter the elevator.

HUBRIS

"Wait... I want to talk... about us."

A gush of soap opera music, lasting for only a few seconds.

CANDOR

"What... you still stuck"

She pulls HUBRIS into the elevator by his shirtsleeve. On the wall of the elevator is a series of small pictures showing the evolution of a small zebra fish starting from a white fish and a black fish. The elevator doors close and the numbers above the door show the elevator is going down.

They are standing close together in the elevator and HUBRIS is amazed by her beauty. He eyes her up and down and places his hand on her smooth waist. They are looking into each others eyes, as the fish are jumping out of their frames and swimming around the elevator.

LITTLE ZEBRA FISH

"Hello... Why do you do...
Hello.. Why do you do".

Camera pans out to show the elevator descending down a narrow shaft which gradually expands into the opening of a funnel. The image is of a long elevator cable and the elevator slowly drifting down for what seems like a mile. HUBRIS is moving in to kiss CANDOR's pink lips.

HUBRIS

"I think I love you"

CANDOR

"Love is a feeling and you haven't
been feeling lately."

She gives him a warm kiss on the cheek while removing his hand from her waist.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Love should be more than just a
habit."

She whispers in his ear as the elevator comes to a stop and the doors open with an echoing "Ding".

SCENE 38 EXT. DAY. HABITAT

They are met by a Midwestern desert landscape. Cactuses and tumble weeds litter the ground, red mountains and a lone smoking volcano rising up in the sun scorched distance. The sun is high in the sky and it is hot and dry. CANDOR is attempting to pull HUBRIS out of the elevator. HUBRIS is feeling anxious.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Come... let's go... quickly"

HUBRIS

"No... no... I don't like the look
or the feel of this place,
something is wrong here."

CANDOR

"We have no time for your
feelings, we have to get away from

here as fast as possible... come
on!"

She yanks him out of the elevator, but HUBRIS is still hanging on to the closing door.

HUBRIS
"Let me go! I wanna go back!"

HUBRIS is now panicking. CANDOR sees a dust cloud approaching in the distance.

CANDOR
"We have no time... they're
coming... look"

CANDOR points off in the direction of the cloud which is getting closer. HUBRIS now also sees the approaching cloud.

HUBRIS
"What is that?"

CANDOR
"They must have heard the elevator
arriving... We have to get away
from here."

HUBRIS
"Why?"

CANDOR (YELLING AT HUBRIS)
"Do you want to save Figment or
not?"

The cloud approaches along with a storm of horse hooves, human cries, and the roar of motorcycle engines. The elevator has begun to ascend and HUBRIS finds his sleeve stuck in the closed doors. CANDOR tries pulling him down but she gives up and runs to take cover behind a large rock.

A lone rider arrives first on the scene; he stands on the back of his galloping horse and grabs HUBRIS's legs. Trying to use HUBRIS as a ladder to climb up to the elevator, he ends up pulling HUBRIS right out of his shirt. HUBRIS lands on the rider and they both fall to the ground in a dusty thud. The rider is momentarily out and HUBRIS looks around first seeing the approaching cloud of dust and

noise before spotting CANDOR motioning for him to join her in her hiding place behind the rock.

The gang has now arrived, as the dust settles, one can make out a number of horses and riders along with an assortment of banged together motorcycles and beat up jeeps, pick up trucks and a gold colored Cadillac convertible. They surround the fallen rider, honking their horns and swearing, pointing and laughing. HUBRIS and CANDOR are hiding behind the rock.

HUBRIS

"Who are they?"

CANDOR is shushing HUBRIS with her finger to his lips.

CANDOR

"Bad Habits"

A rather nasty looking slim gentleman, in a sailor's cap, cream colored suit with gold chains showing through his open shirt, steps out of the gold plated Cadillac.

GAMBLER

"Hey DRUNK what should we do with this Scayper?"

Drunk, a fat slob dressed in a clash of colors, falls off his horse, pulls a bottle out of his long black jacket and takes a long swig. He curses, belches, rolls over and farts. GAMBLER points his middle finger at DRUNK.

GAMBLER (CONT'D)

"Shit, come on man..." "How 'bout you SMOKER... what do you think we should do with this Scayper?"

SMOKER takes a huge drag on the exhaust of his pick up truck, breathes out a huge plume of blue smoke and begins to cough out of control.

GAMBLER (CONT'D)

"Shit, if I were a betting man which I am..."

Gambler mumbles to himself and walks over to the man lying on the ground.

GAMBLER (CONT'D)

"What, you don't like it here?"...
"It ain't like you don't have
everything a man could want, here
in our little paradise."

He places a swift kick to the stomach of the fallen man while flipping a casino chip between his fingers. SMOKER has stopped gagging and is now chain smoking, and spits on the fallen rider. DRUNK has now risen and joined the other two around the man on the ground.

SMOKER

"I say we string him up"

DRUNK (IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR)

"What the @#%@##%\$^^\$^@#\$^@#...
Trying to escape eh? Well I'll...
@#%@###@#%@..."

He takes a long gulp from his bottle, kicks the guy on the ground and stumbles to the dusty ground.

While the three Bad Habits stand around the Scayper, the others who are still sitting on the motorcycles, horses and pick-ups are now looking up at the sky, a small piece of paper is wafting slowly to the ground from where the elevator, still ascending, appears as a speck in the bright sky. They all follow with the heads the swooping movement of the paper.

RIDER

"What the hell?"

GAMBLER and SMOKER look up as well, while DRUNK is on his knees puking, he takes no notice of the goings on. One of the gang jumps out of the back of a pick-up and gathers up the fallen sheet.

GAMBLER

"I bet that piece of paper is a
clue of some sort... I got me a
feeling, and I'll bet my life that
there is somebody here..."

SMOKER

"What do you mean somebody here?"

GAMBLER points at the man who is still on the ground moaning.

GAMBLER

"I tell ya I can smell it, someone came down in the elevator to help this Scayper." ... "And that means they must still be close by."

SCENE 39 EXT. DAY. HABITAT

CANDOR and HUBRIS are hiding behind the rock. CANDOR squeezes HUBRIS's hand.

SCENE 40 EXT. DAY. HABITAT

The RIDER who picked up the picture is laughing

RIDER

"Hey it's only a picture of the some cartoon character, ain't no clue 'bout noth'n"

DRUNK takes a gulp from a new bottle which he pulls out of leather strap on his leg.

DRUNK

"I guess that means... that you are ready to die?"

GAMBLER is watching as the others begin to surround him, he stops flipping the chip.

SMOKER (COUGHING)

"That's right... You said, and may I quote you, I'll bet my life that there paper is a clue... that somebody's here..."

GAMBLER tosses the coin into the air.

GAMBLER

"Ya, and I'm still sure, bet my bottom dollar, that there is somebody out there."

RIDER 2

"Ya, right... I don't see nobody
out there GAMBLER"

RIDER 3

"I don't either"

They all join in....

SCENE 41 EXT. DAY. HABITAT

Cut to CANDOR and HUBRIS, still hiding behind the rock. The noise growing from the pack of bikers, drivers and riders.

HUBRIS

"Do you think he knows we are
here?"

CANDOR

"I don't know, he seemed pretty
certain..." "Stay calm they can
smell your weakness."

HUBRIS

"How do you know, do you know
these animals?"

CANDOR

"May I point out that they are
just like you."

HUBRIS

"What do you mean just like me?"

CANDOR

"They are you're bad habits."

HUBRIS is watching CANDOR. She is still growing in size and is finding it more difficult to conceal her growing form behind the rock.

SCENE 42 EXT. DAY. HABITAT

Cut back to the gang putting together a pulley and a rope, while tying up the angry and cussing GAMBLER.

SMOKER

"What do you say Gambler?... Since you're a friend we'll give you a choice... would you rather be stoned to death or cut with knives... your choice... think it over."

The others are laughing even louder, some dancing around GAMBLER with knives in their hands. Others are taking heavy swigs from bottles of liquor. GAMBLER is now dangling above the wretched mob, squirming and tossing his head from side to side trying to get free. On a squirm to his left he spots the sun reflecting on CANDOR's hair.

GAMBLER

"I never lose a bet boys" ... "Never!"

GAMBLER is now laughing and urging the crowd to look over to the rocks.

DRUNK

"What you talking about you dirty dog?"

GAMBLER

"Untie me you filthy skunk and I'll show ya"

They slash the rope binding his hands and he quickly points to where CANDOR and HUBRIS are hiding. The others look around but do not see a sign of anybody.

DRUNK

"GAMBLER what you babbling on about, you lost the bet now take it like a man... Tie his hands up again boys."

GAMBLER

"Come on guys, at least go over to the rocks and take a look, nothing to lose eh? It is my life we're talking about here."

SMOKER points through coughs to a group of minor habits, ordering them to go over and take a look. As the group of

men approach the rock, CANDOR is growing and HUBRIS is getting very concerned and scared.

HUBRIS

"They've spotted you... what are we going to do?"

CANDOR

"Stay there and I will create a diversion, when I have their attention you make a run for it."

Before HUBRIS can say anything, CANDOR begins to float from behind the concealing rock and just a few feet above the ground.

GANG

"There she is!... There she is!"

All the engines start and the riders climb onto their horses kicking up a holler as they gallop and drive in the direction of the floating and fleeing CANDOR. The last vehicle in the group, producing a huge amount of dust and dirt is a pick-up truck with a winch on the back. Dangling from the winch is GAMBLER, who is flaying his arms and screaming to be untied.

HUBRIS is watching from behind the rock as CANDOR attracts them away from him. With all the dust being kicked up, he sees his chance to make a run for it. He stands up starts running in the opposite direction from the mob in the direction of where the elevator was. He is passing the point where the elevator opened, sensing that he is almost free, when he feels his ankle being suddenly grabbed, as he falls to the ground face first. He turns to see that the beaten figure of the SCAYPER has brought him down.

HUBRIS

"What the fuck you doing"

HUBRIS kicks at the man trying to free himself.

SCAYPER

"You have to help me, I know you came to free me, now take me with you... please... get me out of here"

HUBRIS

"Let go of me, and we can both
make a run for it."

HUBRIS is rising to his feet, helping SCAYPER up. HUBRIS puts his arm around the badly beaten SCAYPER, and they hobble off together.

Gambler who is still dangling, his back to CANDOR, who is floating away, growing and turning transparent, spots the two escaping figures through the settling dust.

GAMBLER

"Hey!!! They're getting away!"

SMOKER looks up from the back end of the pick up truck, where he has been sucking up the exhaust.

GAMBLER (CONT'D)

"Look, Look... back that way you
dumb shit."

SMOKER looks back and sees the two figures as well. He then screams at the driver of the pick up to stop and turn back. The driver honks his horn and gets onto his walkie-talkie, informing the others of the change in plans. All the vehicles turn around and start racing back to where HUBRIS and SCAYPER are fleeing.

CANDOR (V.O.)

"I hope is he strong enough, he
has never been so deep before. Oh
my, I must be going."

The bad habits have now caught up to HUBRIS and SCAYPER, and have them surrounded. GAMBLER is still dangling from the rope, crying for the gang to untie him. SMOKER coughs his way over and unties his bonds.

SMOKER

"Shit GAMBLER... you were this
close to dead"

O'BEESE, one of the minor habits laughs

O'BEESE

"You would have made a fine meal"

GAMBLER's bonds have been cut, and he is now brushing off his fine cream colored suit, pulling another chip from an inside pocket of his jacket.

GAMBLER

"Fine meal my ass"... "Always have been a winner, always will. So what do we have here?"

GAMBLER now stands over HUBRIS and SCAYPER who are sitting on the ground. Dirty, beat up and sweaty.

GAMBLER (CONT'D)

"mmm... mmmm... Seems we have a guest boys... Our SCAYPER has found a friend."

The gang is laughing.

SCAYPER

"I've never seen him before... I promise"

DRUNK is now poking at HUBRIS's flesh.

DRUNK

"Welcome to Habitat".

SMOKER

"Where ya from boy?"

DRUNK

"You ain't one of those interventionists are you?"

JUNKIE, a character who has a strap between his teeth, holding a syringe steps closer.

JUNKIE

"We don't take well to interventionists in these here parts"

HUBRIS

"A what?"

SMOKER

"Don't play the fool boy, we know your kind, and we know just what

to do with the likes of you...
Don't we boys?"

His words are met with a chorus of yee-haa's and drunken laughter. PYRO, another habit is holding a zippo lighter and a can of hair spray just inches from HUBRIS's hair.

PYRO

"let me light him on fire... I
love fire... I love how it burns,
I love the smell... Oh please let
me light him"

Gambler steps in taking hold of Pyro's hand, and gently leading him away.

PYRO (CONT'D)

"I love fire, it is beautiful..."

GAMBLER

"Come on boys, you all know I
promised the chef some game for
tonight's meal".

HUBRIS sees all the eyes of those surrounding him looking him up and down as if he were barbecued pork in a Chinese restaurant window.

SMOKER

"Tie him up boys, throw him into
the back of the truck and let's
head home, been a long day."

HUBRIS is raised into the air and tossed into the back of the pick up truck where he hits his head on the winch, and all goes black.

SCENE 43 EXT. DAY. HABITAT CAMP SITE

HUBRIS comes to, He cries when feeling a pointed stick poking at his ribs. He finds his hands and feet tied to a long stick, he is suspended from the stick which is being carried by two of the minor bad habits, O'BEESE and SWEET TOOTH. O'BEESE is a huge, fat bastard from Boston, brown haired and in his thirties, while SWEET TOOTH is a Native American, who is shirtless, flabby and sucking on a candy cane.

HUBRIS

"Ouch!"

CHEF

"Welcome to L'Habitat monsieur!"

CHEF, a skinny white man with a thick black moustache. He carries himself like a prima-donna, his actions fluid, as he pokes at HUBRIS's tender flesh.

CHEF (CONT'D)

"I would suggest that you are an artist or a writer or maybe a man of thoughts, a philosopher perhaps?"

HUBRIS (PROUDLY)

"I am an artist"

CHEF

"Of course you are... from what I can see you have little meat on your bones and an oily viscosity to your skin. Not what I would call the finest produce but I CHEF MICHELIN can create delectable magic from the lowliest of beasts."

HUBRIS

"What are you meaning to do with me?"

HUBRIS is looking worried, very worried. Those in attendance burst out laughing, and Chef bows from his waist, turning to the crowd to receive their praise. Though suspended from a stick, HUBRIS looks around at his new surroundings. He sees a campsite of sorts. To his right is a stable for horses, next to a make-shift diner. Across the dusty road is a bar, the doorway is filled with smiling scantily dressed women, next to the bar is a cluster of teepees, and a garage for fixing the assorted vehicles.

CHEF

"Do not worry monsieur, I will treat your flesh with great respect and tenderness."

CHEF is now rubbing his arms and feeling HUBRIS's buttocks.

CHEF (CONT'D)

"Very nice... now I suspect you are curious as to my recipe, oui?"

O'BEESE hears the word recipe...

O'BEESE

"Mexican?"

CHEF

"No, no ...no, my pudgy friend, nothing so mundane, I, CHEF MICHELIN am planning a South East Asian experience."

The bearers of HUBRIS have stopped to listen to the CHEF's words.

CHEF (CONT'D)

"One calling on the most exotic combination of esoteric spices of known only to the virgins of Ceylon. Forest nymphs have picked the lemon grass and coriander, from the jungles of Sumatra, the finest most challenging red peppers from the opiate valleys of the Mekong River, whose sweet waters furnish us..."

HUBRIS

"Spicy food does not agree with me."

Everyone laughs. The bearers have resumed their march. HUBRIS sees that he has been carried to what appears to be a small square. Looking backwards he sees a House of Worship, It's stone façade covered in the symbols of the world's religions. He makes out priests and monks with young girls and boys standing in the windows, and a fight going on in the entrance.

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"What do you mean by L'Habitat?"

The bearers stop to listen to the Chef's reply.

CHEF

"L'Habitat, Ahhh Mon-dieu... None of us are here by chance, we have all earned it. I pour example, take great pleasure in serving up what could be called avant-garde cuisine. When I was younger those in the know claimed that I, CHEF MICHELIN, would become the greatest chef of all time, but those bastards at the Academe d' Cuisine were jealous of my great talent and feared me, for I had been kissed by angels."

CHEF pauses, upon which the bearers continue carrying HUBRIS forward. HUBRIS sees that he is being steered toward a huge pot of water, PYRO is placing logs around the pot... smiling and mumbling to himself, snorting and foaming at the mouth.

PYRO

"I love fire."

HUBRIS comes to the realization that every time CHEF speaks, his bearers stop to listen. He decides to bide for time by trying to keep the chef talking.

HUBRIS

"I believe that anything academia touches they destroy, whether it be art or fine cuisine."

CHEF

"Absolument!"

HUBRIS's bearers stop in their tracks.

CHEF (CONT'D)

"Ahhh... the academy, those fools, those overblown, pompous farts. After nearly destroying my life, I decided to get back at them... oh so brilliant, so clever so dastardly a plan it was..."

CHEF stops talking and poking and seems to be harkening back nostalgically to his great moment. The bearers continue their march, arriving at the pot.

They raise the stick above their head leaving HUBRIS looking down at the still water. It is finally dawning on him that he is the meal.

HUBRIS

"Go on... go on... please... so what did you do?"

CHEF

"I invited these so-called connoisseurs to a special dinner under a false name. They were given the impression that they were dining with the cream d' la crème of Parisian society. That given night I chose to feed these pigs, ambrosia, the rarest of meats, human flesh."

CHEF almost whispers the last word, then giggles to himself.

CHEF (CONT'D)

"That is how I got here... and to note, they claimed it was the finest meal they had ever eaten, that was until I informed them of my main ingredient... human flesh"

CHEF demonstratively pops his mouth with his hand and bows his head, he then turns to the others and raises his hands in the air to great applause and calls of Bravo. He bows and turns back to HUBRIS.

CHEF (CONT'D)

"Are you ready, my artist friend, to become the canvas for my original creation?"

GAMBLER interrupts stepping forward. He is holding the piece of paper bearing FIGMENT's image.

GAMBLER

"Excuse me CHEF... I would like to ask this interventionist a question or two before he becomes my tasty meal."

GAMBLER pushes the image in front of HUBRIS's face.

GAMBLER (CONT'D)

"Now would you be kind enough to tell me who this is?"

GAMBLER motions to the bearers to begin lowering HUBRIS into the pot. He then motions to PYRO who stands beside him to begin, and a little fire catches.

PYRO

"Yes? I light the fire now... it will be sooooo hot... ho..."

GAMBLER

"If I were a betting man, and I am, I would bet that you will answer my question."

HUBRIS smells the smoke.

HUBRIS

"Stop... I will tell you everything."

Gambler motions to Pyro to put out the small flame.

GAMBLER

"Talk interventionist!"

HUBRIS

"Okay... okay... his name is..."

HUBRIS stops talking, as he hears CANDOR's voice speaking in his ear.

CANDOR (V.O.)

"Bad Habits are not the only entities around here. You also have some powers... even if you don't know it yet... la La la..."

HUBRIS (MUMBLING)

"Powers..."

GAMBLER

"Powers?" ... "What, is this his name?"

CHEF

"Oh Mon dieu what is this talk of powers, we have food to prepare... allez, allez , get out of my kitchen... Now!"

CHEF is pushing Gambler and the others away, he pokes at SMOKER who has bent over to light a cigarette off of the flames PYRO had started while no one was looking. PYRO is being beaten back by CHEF. CHEF orders the bearers.

CHEF (CONT'D)

"Into the water, into the water."

The flames are rising around the pot, as HUBRIS is lowered. HUBRIS hears the voice of CANDOR in his ear.

CANDOR (V.O.)

"Remember why you are here, stop thinking about yourself, Be Honest, your mission is to save Figment, you will be fine."

First he feels the water hit his bottom, it is warm, slowly it rises to cover his stomach and then up to his armpits, closing in on his neck. He tries in vain to wriggle free in the pot, many hands holding him down. CHEF tries to calm him down.

CHEF

"A frightened artiste is not a tasty artiste"

Before the water reaches his eyes he sees GAMBLER, now standing next to the pot holding the drawing of FIGMENT.

GAMBLER

"Who is this... is he part of your organization?"

HUBRIS sees the cute drawing of FIGMENT, his own creation. The pot is starting to bubble, and a lone tiny bubble forms at the water line right in front of his eyes right in line with the distant volcano. He watches as the bubble builds up and suddenly pops. Now he realizes what he must do. There is a large explosion and the earth shakes. The volcano erupts sending out huge splashes of lava, turning the sky black.

All the while we hear the thud of Trance music coming out of the bar.

SCENE 44 INT. NIGHT. MOTIVE's GATE

We cut to a close up of FIGMENT, in water up to his neck. The water level is rising there as well. The ceiling is but a few inches from the top of his head, he is caught in a fine mess. He feels his graduation cap touching the metal hatch above his head.

SCENE 45 INT. NIGHT. TOILET (LIVE ACTION)

ART is still sitting on the toilet, the water from the tank has continued to overflow and has flooded the toilet. The water is up to the ART's shoulders; yet he sits quietly, unaware of his situation. The water flows; the level rises.

SCENE 46 INT. NIGHT. MOTIVE's GATE

FIGMENT is still stuck below the hatch, the water level rising around him. With fright he looks at the closing gap between the water and the ceiling. In a panic he tosses his diplomas away, sheds his graduation cap from his head, and proceeds to try and open the hatch, but it does not budge, as he bobs and turns with the movement of his arms.

SCENE 47 EXT. DAY. HABITAT CAMP SITE

Pandemonium rules, everybody is running in all directions, the ground is shaking as a huge crack appears in the earth. The shaking has turned the pot over and HUBRIS is lying naked on the ground, his hands and feet still tied to the stick. SCAYPER appears out of nowhere and cuts HUBRIS's bonds.

SCAYPER

"If you can make a volcano erupt
then you can surely take me with
you... here put these on."

Scayper hands him a pair of pants and a shirt. He then helps him up, the ground is still shaking and habits are falling over the edge of a great crevice caused by the volcano and earthquake. Together they run to the edge of the newly formed cliff.

HUBRIS

"Jump!"

SCAYPER

"No way... I can't"

SCAYPER is looking panicked and scared.

HUBRIS

"You got to, I thought you wanted
to get out of here."

SCAYPER

"I have spent years trying to run
away from here, but this...
Ahhh... nope, no way"

HUBRIS

"Why not?"

SCAYPER

"Well... I guess you could say
that old habits die hard."

HUBRIS

"I understand."

HUBRIS is looking over the edge into the dark active abyss. He is wondering if he could take the plunge. SCAYPER is quietly pulling back from HUBRIS and the edge.

SCAYPER

"You can do it, you have powers."

SCENE 48 INT. NIGHT. TOILET (LIVE ACTION)

Water reaches the nose of ART, and begins to trickle into his nostrils. He chokes, and his eyes suddenly pop wide open. Coming out of his trance, he coughs, gasps, hacks, and tries to breathe. He looks around to see the washroom covered in water up to his neck. He is still sitting in the Thinker's position. He throws his head back in panic, instinctively reaches for the toilet tank chain and pulls hard on it. The whole toilet tank comes crashing down to the floor of the toilet stall, splashing water and causing a crack in the floor to emanate from the toilet. The floor shatters before cracking wide open, sending both the toilet and ART straight down to the floor below. Bits of tile and concrete land on top of ART. He sits up, visibly shaken wiping bits of debris from his eyes and off his jacket. He looks around him, seeing that he is in a brightly florescent lit room, hundreds of flashing lights, and racks on racks of computers. A steady hum fills his ears. He realizes that he has fallen into the data center of the building, a room he had always heard about but had never visited. The water is tumbling into the room from above and he watches the many shortages sparking and tzzzzzing.

ART

"Holy shit, what just happened?"

He puts his hand to his head feeling for injuries.

ART (CONT'D)

"What was that... a dream?...
Something about associations..."

He rolls over and gets up on one knee.

ART (CONT'D)

"... CANDOR... Logic... IMPULSE...
Was I falling ?"

At that moment he looks up upon hearing the ceiling above crack, giving way to the toilet tank tumbling over the edge and onto his head. He is knocked out by the impact.

Fade to black.

SCENE 49 INT. NIGHT. HUBRIS'S STUDIO

CANDOR comes out of the Valentine's card on the wall. GUILT has grown and is looking at some storyboard drawings on HUBRIS's drawing board. There is a drawing of Habitat, with HUBRIS in the pot, covered in water and a drawing of figment desperately holding onto the hatch, a drawing of one tree taking a flash picture of the other tree, and another one of a blind man in a flowered shirt being led by a blind dog.

GUILT

"So I see you have failed...
once again if I may add."

CANDOR is coming alongside GUILT who is now larger than her and looks at the drawings.

CANDOR

"I am not so sure."

GUILT

"Not from these drawings, do you
enjoy making these people
miserable?"

CANDOR

"Take another look, before you
find me guilty."

GUILT

"Ha... you are so full of
yourself."

GUILT, licking a paw and chuckling, suddenly notices the picture on the computer screen change. The volcano in the distance is now erupting over HABITAT, a huge gash in the dusty surface. Camera zooms into the screen, focusing on the erupting volcano.

SCENE 50 EXT. DAY. HABITAT CAMP SITE

HUBRIS is standing right at the edge looking over the abyss.

CANDOR (V.O.)

"The void holds possibilities."
..."I understand why you do not
trust me; I have led you down some
pretty dangerous paths."

HUBRIS

"You can say that again..."

CANDOR (V.O.)

"I know I have much to explain,
but there is no time for that...
you have powers," ... "CANDOR is
the best policy. Love conquers
all"

At that, HUBRIS closes his eyes and holds his nose.

HUBRIS (V.O.)

" Love... Hmmm..."

HUBRIS dives over the edge. As he jumps he hears the
three familiar musical notes.

SCENE 51 INT. NIGHT. MOTIVE's GATE

Echoing in the chamber below the hatch, FIGMENT hears the
lilting three notes as well. He is watching as the water
is receding, into a huge vortex of whirling black foam,
leaving him alone his hands desperately holding onto the
wet and slippery latch. We see his feet dangling in mid
air.

He looks around, trying to find the source of the notes.
He bangs on the latch.

FIGMENT

"Help! Anybody there, please, let
me out!"

His lone hand that is still holding on to the hatch loses
its grip and he begins to fall.

SCENE 52 EXT. DAY. THE ABYSS

HUBRIS
"Holy Shhhhhh..!"

HUBRIS is now in free flight barreling down into gigantic red and turquoise steam clouds billowing upwards from the open void. After screaming in panic he slowly succumbs to the inevitability of it all, and begins to experiment with his hands, slowing his fall, dipping to the right and then to the left, and into flips and turns, sometimes coming dangerously close to the cliff side, which blurs by, before he gains control.

HUBRIS (CONT'D)
"If this is the end, I am going
out in style."

HUBRIS is executing a figure eight in mid air.

Images of memories flash by as HUBRIS descends. The first is of him as a baby stealing candy.

The second image is of him as a young teen smoking a cigarette with friends.

The third image shows him as a young adult in Las Vegas, shooting craps and taking another drink from the tray of a sexy waitress.

The fourth image is of HUBRIS sitting before a computer screen, a wire-frame 3D model of Figment is turning on a turntable in the screen. As he centers in on Figment's face, Figment mouths the word Help.

FIGMENT (V.O.)
"Help....!"

While in free fall, HUBRIS looks around for the source of the scream, wondering if Figment is close by.

The fifth image then appears, it is of CANDOR, looking quite attractive and demure

CANDOR (V.O.)
"I love y..."

Her cell phone is ringing, the ring-tone is made up of the three familiar notes. She stops in mid sentence to answer the call.

SCENE 53 INT. NIGHT. HUBRIS's STUDIO

We see HUBRIS in the act of falling inside the computer's large screen, in the studio. CANDOR and GUILT are eyeing the monitor. CANDOR is answering the phone. We can hear the voice of RATIO screaming in the telephone.

CANDOR

"RATIO,"

RATIO

"Do you know what your friend has done? Do you have any idea of the damage he has caused? This so-called Figment, has destroyed my phenomena, he has condemned all logic to the trash heap of history, this scoundrel. Oh ya he appears innocent but he is a monster... a monster!!!"

CANDOR

"Please relax Professor, la La la, I am sure he did not mean to cause you distress or damage."

RATIO

"He ist eine dumbkopf, your friend, you obviously do not understand the repercussions of his actions, this spells the end of all logical thought processes, the destruction of linear space-time continuum, nothing works anymore, nothing makes sense, we are all condemned to an existence void of logic."

GUILT is smiling, barring his teeth

GUILT

"It is not only HUBRIS and FIGMENT that you are intent on tormenting I see."

CANDOR gives Guilt a look, and continues to try to pacify the angry Professor.

CANDOR
"Professor, professor please calm
down..."

she pulls the phone away from her ears as the invective grows louder and sharper. Naughty German words make up the tirade.

CANDOR (CONT'D)
"Please let me explain..."

The voice of the professor quiets down until he is just mumbling.

CANDOR (CONT'D)
"I would like to remind you that
there is a meeting of the order
taking place late this afternoon.
I do wish that you could make it,
I will explain everything at that
time. Do you understand? Good
uh-huh, yes... yes... I will be
there... la la la."

She turns to GUILT, who continues licking his paw, letting out a small hiss.

CANDOR (CONT'D)
"As for you, my intent is not to
torment anybody, as for your
intent, I am not so sure."

CANDOR leans closer to the computer monitor showing HUBRIS doing acrobatics in the air.

CANDOR (WHISPERING) (CONT'D)
"I love you"

This causes HUBRIS to stop his turns and smile while falling. He starts waving his arms up and down.

HUBRIS
"I love you"

CANDOR

"It is up to you to save Figment,
remember you have powers."

SCENE 54 EXT. DAY. THE ABYSS (SPLIT-SCREEN with MOTIVE's
GATE)

HUBRIS
"FIGMENT!!!"

FIGMENT (V.O.)
"HELP!!!"

The screen is split showing both of them falling, FIGMENT in a nearly black background, while HUBRIS is shown alongside the blurred cliff wall. The screen is split by a solid line.

HUBRIS hears the voice of FIGMENTS voice and searches his space for the source. He peers to his right, up then down, and then to his left for Figment. Through the split screen he thinks he sees a blurred image of Figment in free fall. He is not sure, he rubs and squints his eyes in the direction of the image.

HUBRIS
"FIGMENT is that you?"

FIGMENT looks around for HUBRIS.

HUBRIS (EXCITED) (CONT'D)
"I found you!"

FIGMENT is trying to reach the center of the screen

FIGMENT
"Help me!"

HUBRIS
"Chill... I've got this all under control."

FIGMENT
"Control? Oh yeah... really?... I am not so sure."

HUBRIS
"Just trust me."

FIGMENT is falling out of control...

FIGMENT

"Trust you? Who the hell are you?... Ahhhhhhhhh!!"

HUBRIS though falling, is in control, slowly waving his arms up and down.

HUBRIS

"I am HUBRIS... I created you."

FIGMENT

"What do you mean you created me... I don't believe you... how?"

HUBRIS

"First with pen and ink on paper"

FIGMENT

"What I'm not flesh and blood?"

HUBRIS

"No... actually you are made up of millions of tiny polygons, that is what gives you your 3D appearance... but that is not important now... I've created you and now I can save you. But first you must help yourself, just wave your arms up and down."

FIGMENT

"Not a chance."

HUBRIS

"Why not?"

FIGMENT

"I don't trust you."

HUBRIS

"Why?"

FIGMENT

"Why? Haven't you noticed what you have done to me? It's not like I have had an easy time of it."

HUBRIS

"I suppose so..."

FIGMENT

"You suppose so? How about sticking me on the top of a wall, or maybe climbing a mountain only to end up in a sewer up to my neck in water?"

HUBRIS

"I created you for a purpose."

FIGMENT

"What purpose, to play with me, to make me suffer, is this all a game to you?"

HUBRIS (INQUISITIVELY)

"No, of course not, you do remember your purpose?"

FIGMENT

"How do you expect me to find an original idea under these circumstances?"

HUBRIS

"Trials and tribulations"

FIGMENT

"What... You serious?"

HUBRIS

"Why yes... it is important for you to experi..."

HUBRIS's words are broken off by FIGMENT shouting

FIGMENT

"Trials and tribulations, all of your making, what about my freedom, my freedom to choose?"

As Figment shouts the line in the split screen begins to break up with the words spoken.

HUBRIS is both taken aback and hurt by Figment's response. His voice breaking up with emotion.

HUBRIS

"I only wanted to help, I guess I
was acting on impulse."

FIGMENT's eyes are filling with tears, he looks at HUBRIS while they fall closer to each other in mid frame near the split line.

FIGMENT

"I don't trust your impulses, I
want my freedom."

The line of the split screen disappears presenting us with a full screen of both of them falling in the same space.

HUBRIS

"And so it shall be."

BOOM!!!

SCENE 55 EXT. DAY. THE ISLAND OF CAPRICIOUS

FIGMENT is shown falling from the sky and hitting a sandy beach with a thud. He slowly comes to and looks around him searching for HUBRIS.

FIGMENT

"Are you here... where are you?"

HUBRIS is nowhere to be seen.

RASTA MAN

"You appear to have met your maker
man"

FIGMENT brushes the sand from his eyes, and can only see a silhouette of the figure standing before him, framed in the sun's stunning bright glow. It is of a man with a thick Caribbean accent and Rasta curls.

FIGMENT

"Oh yeah... have you seen him... I
was with him just a second ago?"

RASTA MAN

"Ya man it is Dee vibe of Dee
island... man. We are all
children of the Creator."

The man lets out a laugh and strolls toward the sea. FIGMENT climbs to his feet and begins looking around. The Rasta man is walking into the surf, the sound of kettle drum music coming from the opposite direction.

FIGMENT

"HUBRIS where are you... are you here?" ... "Give me a sign... let me know"

He is met with silence excepting for the sound of waves and the distant sound of percussions. Looking a bit panicked FIGMENT peers up at the sky his hands stretched, palms up.

SCENE 56 INT. NIGHT. HUBRIS'S STUDIO

CANDOR, GUILT and HUBRIS are standing together looking at the image of FIGMENT on the computer screen. FIGMENT is standing on a beach, his arms stretched, palms up toward the sky.

GUILT

"Nice going, you two are a couple of sadists, aren't ya"

CANDOR turns to HUBRIS lovingly

CANDOR

"You have given him his freedom, that is honorable of you."

HUBRIS

"I felt that it was the right thing to do."

GUILT

"Oh enough of this shit, you two have been playing with this poor soul from the beginning, both of you have been acting solely on your impulses, how selfish is that, makes me wanna puke."

CANDOR

"Are you implying that we are disingenuous?"

GUILT

"Take it as you wish... I can only point to what this poor sod has already suffered. It is obvious that he is only a plaything for you and now you have left him alone with only his blind impulses to guide him."

SCENE 57 EXT. DAY. THE ISLAND OF CAPRICIOUS

HUNCH

"You look lost my pale friend... let me introduce myself, my friends call me HUNCH, and I will be your guide to this wonderful island we call Capricious... Come."

FIGMENT finds himself face to face with a blind man. He is wearing a straw hat, white T-shirt with the name Capricious emblazoned on the chest, a pair of baggy Bermuda shorts and one worn shoe on his feet. He is wearing a pair of dark sun-glasses, carries a white cane and in his other hand is a leash attached to a blind guide dog, who also wears dark sunglasses and carries a cane. The man takes FIGMENT by the arm and turns him around.

FIGMENT

"Come?... It is my choice."

FIGMENT is realizing that he has been given his freedom. He is looking briefly at the camera and smiles.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"This is the first time in this story, that I actually have a choice."

HUNCH

"Of course you have a choice, but I must warn you that this beautiful island of ours is filled

with thieves, liars, scoundrels
and those who do not wish you well
my friend. I HUNCH, can show you
the wonders and delights of our
island, just come with me."

FIGMENT

"How much?"

HUNCH

"Ohhhh... You do not want to
know... now come along, come on
Spur."

The threesome walk off together toward the town. They arrive at the entrance to a large open air market just across from the beach. The air is filled with smoke coming off many grills, the smells of cooked flesh and vegetables filling FIGMENT's nostrils. The space is awash in color from the many vegetable stalls and fabric sellers. Women are twirling customer's hair into knots, a man is getting a shave, jugglers are juggling, a elephant is performing tricks for the children in the square, heavily made-up women are chattering, while assorted individuals of all races and colors are walking up and down the dusty streets selling a wide variety of goods, from watches to kitchen utensils. There are tailor shops, and bags of multi-colored spices, deep fried locusts on a stick, ice cream sellers and candy floss. The music of kettle drums, congas, a deep throated bass and electric guitars fill the air. A group of local street toughs are eyeing Figment. HUNCH locks his arm holding the leash in FIGMENT's arm.

HUNCH (CONT'D)

"Follow me... Everything you ever
wanted or desired can be found
here. All you have to do is name
it and HUNCH will make it happen."

They pass a spice shop and the blind man breathes deep and smiles, revealing a gold toothed smile, which glitters in the sunlight.

HUNCH (CONT'D)

"Ahhh coriander and chili peppers,
very spicy, very good, would you
like?"

FIGMENT

"Anything?"

HUNCH

"Anything your heart desires."

FIGMENT (WHISPERING)

"Ummmm... I am seeking for an original idea"

HUNCH is distracted

HUNCH

"Hey get out of my way you piece of..."

HUNCH screams at a child and takes a whack with his stick but does not make contact with the street urchin.

HUNCH (CONT'D)

"I tell you these kids will steal your possessions if you let them, and that is why I am here, HUNCH, your guide. What did you say?"

FIGMENT

"An original... I am searching for an original idea."

The dog SPUR is growling at his words.

HUNCH

"Quiet SPUR, an original idea yes? I can help, HUNCH, your guide, can do anything. Come this way."

HUNCH whacks his cane in all directions, spitting curses at anyone and everyone, as they take a turn into a different section of the market. The colors change, the people appear to be South Asian, the stores are overflowing with Saris, fabrics, tailors and goldsmiths. HUNCH smacks a Chai seller with his cane as the music morphs into a mix of tabla drums, harmonium, sitar and chanting.

HUNCH (CONT'D)

"We are here".

He leads FIGMENT through a door and into a darkened room where an ancient man sits cross legged on the floor,

surrounded by young students. The old man is picking mucus from his nose and knotting it between his thumb and index finger. He is eyeing his action curiously as are the students.

OLD MAN

"A booger represents the essence of life... It can take any shape and consistency..."

HUNCH

"Excuse me ole wise man, I have a traveler here who is interested in acquiring some of your wisdom."

The old man looks FIGMENT up and down and motions for him to join the group. FIGMENT uncomfortably sits down and crosses his legs, looking around at the others. HUNCH who has joined the group along with SPUR who is has also taken the cross legged position.

OLD MAN

"Are you on a quest young man?"

FIGMENT

"Ahhh... "

HUNCH

Yes, yes, he is searching for an original idea"

The old man smiles at the group

OLD MAN

"An original idea... An idea, to be suggestive, must come to the individual with the force of revelation."

"BOING" The sound of a gong fills the air.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

"One can live in the shadow of an idea without grasping it."

"BOING"

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

"An idea needs propagation as much as a plant needs watering."

"BOING"... FIGMENT is visibly confused

FIGMENT

"Thank you, thank you... but all that has happened so far is that I have gone from one mistake to another."

The old man smiles at FIGMENT, dips the tip of a long haired brush into a basin of water, and flings cool drops in FIGMENT's direction

OLD MAN

"Mistakes are the only universal form of originality"

"BOING"... The students uncross their legs and rise, as the old man exits the room farting. HUNCH is getting ready to leave.

HUNCH

"See, I told you... now you have an original idea yes?" ... "Do you need anything else, a woman, Mexican food, maybe some entertainment, HUNCH can find you anything!"

FIGMENT

"I am still looking for an original idea, I don't have a clue what he was talking about?"

HUNCH

"Yes, yes, let me see... maybe we should go visit another wise one. We have many of them here. Would you like your palm read, Spur is famous from one end of the island to the other for reading palms."

FIGMENT

"Ah no... No thanks..."

Spur groans hurt. FIGMENT is looking run down and tired

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"I don't need anymore wise sayings
and metaphors, I need something
that I can grasp, that I can
finally understand."

SCENE 58 INT. NIGHT. HUBRIS'S STUDIO

CANDOR, HUBRIS and GUILT are watching the computer screen
where FIGMENT, HUNCH and SPUR are standing in the street.
FIGMENT is looking lost, while HUNCH is whacking a
passersby with his white cane and SPUR is banging into
walls and wheels. CANDOR looks at HUBRIS.

CANDOR

He is experiencing his freedom."

HUBRIS

"It doesn't seem to be getting him
anywhere though"

CANDOR

"La la... Well well, now... Its
time for you to decide. You can go
back to the familiar, you can
control him... or let him enjoy
his newly earned freedom."

GUILT is brushing nail polish onto his claws.

GUILT

"You are both operating under the
assumption that freedom is good
for him. Sure, it may be what he
says he wants, but is it what he
needs?"

CANDOR turns to GUILT

CANDOR

"What you say is relevant, Freedom
in terms of society and politics
is a question, but in our case
poor FIGMENT's goal is to find an
original idea, and this can only
be accomplished if he is given the
freedom to explore and the freedom
to think up something original."

HUBRIS elbows GUILT who had fallen asleep while CANDOR was talking.

HUBRIS

"She has a point, listen to her."

GUILT

"I have heard it all before,
FIGMENT is screwed and you are
doing nothing about it. Is this
the job description of a Creator?"

SCENE 59 EXT. DAY. THE ISLAND OF CAPRICIOUS

HUNCH

"You can grasp my hand, and I will
take you to someone I know,
actually a cousin of mine, who
will certainly be able to give you
the answer you so seek."

HUNCH blindly reaching for FIGMENT's hand. FIGMENT sees the searching hand and steps back from it, looking around for a chance to get away from his guide.

FIGMENT

"Enough, Now that I am free I must
find this on my own"

FIGMENT is ducking down a smoky alley. Hands are reaching out to him trying to entice him into their small stores and purchase their wares. He hears HUNCH calling.

HUNCH

"FIGMENT... FIGMENT, where are
you!"

FIGMENT can hear SPUR the dog, barking and getting closer. He begins to run, knocking over household utensils and other merchandise. SPUR has gotten a hold of his trousers and is growling. HUNCH's voice is getting nearer and FIGMENT is in a panic. He sees a large sack of black pepper leaning up against the wall, he takes a handful and throws it in SPUR's face. SPUR sneezes and let's go, then immediately runs straight into a wall and is knocked unconscious. FIGMENT runs away down the alley where he

reaches a dead end. He sees HUNCH coming down the street, dragging an unconscious SPUR by the leash, and whacking at everything he passes with his white cane.

HUNCH (CONT'D)

"FIGMENT, where are you?... I know you are here... do not be scared, HUNCH is the finest guide on CAPRICIOUS, please come out and let me help you."

Figment looks around for a way out, but all he sees is a concrete wall, garbage strewn around the street, the wall is covered with weird posters of a smiling black man, announcing a coming event. Laundry hangs from the roof, along with small shrunken heads of people and skeletal remains of reptiles. A wooden sign, suspended from a rusty steel bar, by two short chains reads "Bubba's Home of Original Ideas".

FIGMENT

"Yeah..."

A large black hand covers FIGMENT's mouth, yanking him inside the darkened doorway. A deep voice whispers in his ear

BUBBA

"Shhhhh or he will hear you."

They stand silently together listening to HUNCH, the sound of his whacking cane and the grunts of his victims approaching. HUNCH stops before the dead end wall, he is holding a cellphone and talking.

HUNCH

"Yeah... I lost him. He was here a second ago but he has vanished into thin air. No... no, he has not come up with an original idea yet. Yeah..., no, he did not seem to trust anyone, even HUNCH. I gotta go take care of my dog, so when is the meeting? Yes... yes, I will be there, yes... bye"

He puts the cell phone back into his pants pocket and heads down the alley dragging Spur behind him.

SCENE 60 INT. NIGHT. THE COMPUTER ROOM (LIVE ACTION)

ART is lying on the floor, and a large black man in janitor's clothing is slapping him lightly on the cheeks.

JANITOR

"Hey man, you alright... come on man show me you is alive. Gimme something."

ART slowly opens his eyes.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

"Yeah that's it, you going to be okay, just fine. Now tell me how many fingers am I holding up, come on, count "em."

The janitor is holding up four fingers in front of ART's eyes.

ART

"Ehhhhhh four"

JANITOR

"You right, now come on, let me get you up, take your time, no rush, you can do it, easy now... take it easy man."

ART rises to his feet, eyeing the damage and the man who has come to his aid. ART is rubbing a large lump on his head.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

"Oooo baby, now that is hell of a lump you got there on yer head man. Shit, that stuff can be dangerous. I been reading about all these athletes, you know, they got all these head injuries from their days playing professional sports. Seems they got all these concussions, which were never diagnosed man, and now that they's

old they's starting to experience
the effects..."

The JANITOR is picking up remains of the porcelain toilet
and placing them in his garbage trolley.

JANITOR (CONT'D)
"Parkinson's... Alzheimer's"

ART is still feeling unsteady, and wondering what the heck
happened. He looks up at the hole where the ceiling had
been and then at his wet clothing. His head thumps a dull
pain.

ART
"Yeah... I think I was knocked
out?"

JANITOR
"Yeah, you right, you were out
like the light in a dead mans
eyes."

ART
"Owww...."

JANITOR
"Like I said, with all this
concussion stuff going on, you
know, you should have a doctor
take a look at that lump man, if
you ask me it would be a good
idea."

ART blinks... his eyes suddenly lit.

ART
"Idea!... That's it, an original
idea!"

JANITOR
"Shit man, is that what you are
doing here, trying to think up
some original idea? You people
take yourselves way too serious.
Ain't no original idea under the
sun. We all are just recycling
baby, you know recycling, just

taking good ideas that have turned
to garbage and recycling them
man."

ART loses his balance for a moment, grasping the janitors
strong shoulder.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

"You okay man, you looking a
little rusty."

ART regains his balance, steps over the damage on the
floor, and opens the door.

ART

"I'll be okay, thanks for all your
help, but I have to get back to my
meeting."

JANITOR

"Hey man! Watch your step, seems
that your destruction of the
computer room is making a mess of
the buildings electricity."

ART

"Thanks"

ART closes the door behind him. He is now in the corridor.
Overhead fluorescent lights are flicking and the sounds of
electric cables shorting are heard. He knows that he is on
the floor below the conference room and heads for the
elevator. The elevator button light is out and not
working, he proceeds down the hall looking for the
stairwell. He spots an "exit" sign, which is also burnt
out and pushes on the door. It opens, he sees that it is a
stairwell, the faint light from the corridor shining on
bits of steel railing and tile floor. He steps through and
the door closes shut behind him. In the stairwell all the
lights are out and he finds himself in darkness.

SCENE 61 INT. NIGHT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM (LIVE ACTION)

The Camera flies up the stairwell one floor, through the
small window of the exit door, into the corridor and into
the conference room, whose door is open. All the

fluorescent lights are flashing, with a few popping sending out sparks.

MICHAEL

"hey what's with the lights?"

PENELOPE

"What's going on?"

BERNHARDT

"Obviously something with the electricity".

PENELOPE

"Hey, anybody seen ART?"

GREG

"Not since we got back from the washroom".

TONY

"It's impossible to work like this, no lights, no nothing."

MAUDE

"I have an idea. There is a full moon out tonight, maybe we can take this up to the roof?"

ANTOINE

"What you talking about that is crazy, the roof."

PENELOPE

"No, it could be very inspiring, what with the moon the stars and a cool breeze."

ANNA is unbuttoning the top button of her blouse.

ANNA

"Yeah, I could do with a little fresh air."

TONY

"I could do with some Mexican food, let's order some in."

MICHAEL

"I'll call."

BERNHARDT

"We have only one half hour til
the deadline."

STEVE

"I agree to the roof it is."

They all grab a chair and their note-pads and start heading out the conference room into the stairwell.

SCENE 62 INT. NIGHT. THE STAIRWELL (LIVE ACTION)

ART is fumbling in the stairwell when he hears the voices from the next floor up. He calls out to them, but they do not hear his voice.

SCENE 63 INT. DAY. BUBBA'S HOUSE

The large hand releases from Figment's mouth, and he finds himself staring into the whites of a large black man's eyes. The room is poorly lit, a lone candle burning in the corner, by an old photograph of a woman with a carrot in her forehead. On a big ole Bordeaux velvet sofa, is sprawled a huge black woman wearing only a bra, and barely visible panties through her huge naked fattened thighs. Her lips are painted bright turquoise, and she is knitting a box. On the wall behind her are a number of gold framed signed photographs. In all of them are pictured famous old time comedians, one is of Groucho Marx being held like a baby in the arms of the big black woman. Another shows Charlie Chaplin smiling, BUBBA's large arm around his shoulder, also smiling. The next picture is of BUBBA standing in the middle of the Three Stooges, Moe pretending to hit him over the head with a hammer. In the corner are the three signatures of the Stooges, preceded by the words, "To our mentor Hugh "BUBBA" Moore. Another picture is of Pac-Man with BUBBA. Another photo has Jerry Lewis riding on the back of BUBBA, who is made up to appear as the "Crazy Professor". A large wooden coffin lays open in the corner, propped up against the wall next to some bar bells and a stack of cream pies.

FIGMENT

"Thank you, for helping me get
away from that guy."

BUBBA

"Your welcome."

FIGMENT

"To think that I trusted that guy to show me around the island, I must be stupid, naive or crazy!"

BUBBA

"I'd check the box saying all of the above... Hi, I'm BUBBA..."

FIGMENT is excited.

FIGMENT

"Bubba's House of Original Ideas?"

BUBBA

"The one and only."

BUBBA smiles, his large white teeth visible in the dark room.

The large black woman on the sofa is now munching on a raw whole zebra fish sandwich.

SATYRA

"For a price sweetie, everything has it's price honey."

BUBBA

"Forgive me, this is Miss SATYRA... My main squeeze and soul mate."

FIGMENT stretches out a hand.

FIGMENT

"Nice to meet you miss."

SATYRA

"My hands are all full honey, and don't be so certain, I am many things but nice is not one of them."

BUBBA

"Yeah, she has been known to bite."

BUBBA is watching FIGMENT's eyes looking around the room and settling on the photos on the wall.

FIGMENT

"Are those of you?"

BUBBA motions for FIGMENT to follow him to the photo collection.

BUBBA

"If they ain't of me, then there is someone running around looking just like me and calling himself BUBBA."

FIGMENT

"Is that really you with the Three Stooges?"

BUBBA

"Oh yeah, they have all been to the Capricious, all of them in search of an original idea, which led them to my door, just like you."

FIGMENT

"That is Albert Einstein, right?"

BUBBA

"Yeah, yeah... he came to me as a young man, wanted to be a great Swiss comic, Swiss comic, that in itself is pretty funny, ha ha ha. Well... we had a few drinks and threw around this $E=MC^2$ idea, we laughed and laughed,... Who knew?"

FIGMENT

"So all these greats have come to you for ideas?"

BUBBA

"Everyone has been here, some leave with an original idea, others do not, it's up to you."

SATYRA is plunking two scoops of ice cream into a blender.

SATYRA

Honey you have to be willing to pay the price."

The whirl of the blender fills the air.

FIGMENT

"What price, what do you mean, I don't have any money."

BUBBA

"This is not a matter of money, though any contribution on your part would be appreciated."

BUBBA takes a tray with four strawberry milkshakes from SATYRA and motioning to FIGMENT to join him at the coffee table, FIGMENT looks at the glasses.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

"Strawberry milkshakes, a brilliant idea. The first glass is too calm you down, the second is the celebrate the first.

SCENE 64 INT. NIGHT. HUBRIS'S STUDIO

Cut to studio, where HUBRIS, CANDOR and GUILT are watching FIGMENT on the computer screen. GUILT looks at HUBRIS sarcastically.

GUILT

"Strawberry milkshakes?"

CANDOR eyes HUBRIS

CANDOR

"Strawberry milkshakes?"

HUBRIS

"Hey back off, I had nothing to do with this, remember, he wanted his freedom and now he has gotten it."

CANDOR

"SATYRA makes a wonderful strawberry milkshakes, mmmm..."

The phone rings. CANDOR answers it.

CANDOR (CONT'D)

"Hi, la la la, that's right the meeting is in two hours, don't be late please, the situation is rapidly deteriorating, Bye la la la."

They all turn to the monitor to see Figment and Bubba downing their first glass together, a strawberry colored moustache on Figment's smiling lips.

SCENE 65 INT. NIGHT. THE STAIRWELL (LIVE ACTION)

ART is shown trying to climb the stairs in the stairwell. We only see him for a flash, as the RED exit sign flickers and fades.

SCENE 66 INT. DAY. BUBBA'S HOUSE

Back at BUBBA'S FIGMENT is raising his second glass along with Bubba, and smiling.

BUBBA

"Now in celebration of the first glass, bottoms up and shake down, the king suffered terribly when he sat on his crown."

BUBBA winks and downs his glass. FIGMENT downs his glass, and a large tear drop falls from his eye.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

"Oh man, why you crying?"

SATYRA

"I knew that boy couldn't hold his shake, just a waste of some fine strawberries I tell ya."

BUBBA

"Leave the boy alone, he has been taking himself far too seriously"

BUBBA turns from SATYRA and rests a hand on FIGMENT's shoulder.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

"You have to learn to chill, feel your freedom and enjoy the ride."

FIGMENT (SOBBING)

"Yeah, but I still have to find an original idea, that is my reason for being."

BUBBA

"Original ideas are a product of a free thinking mind, you can't just go along the same path that everyone follows, that path is filled with well trodden ideas, passé, and worn."

FIGMENT

"Sorry, but that is the same cryptic Shit I have been hearing from everyone. Do you have an original idea for me or not?"

SATYRA

"Tell him one of your seemingly deep parables, BUBBA"

BUBBA gives SATYRA a look to keep quiet, then turns back to FIGMENT

BUBBA

"I can bring you to the water, but I cannot make you drink."

SATYRA laughs while polishing off a spare rib and licking her fingers.

SATYRA

"Sure you can, just stick that big round white head of his in the water, and he will drink or drown."

FIGMENT

"Water, don't talk to me about water, if I never see water again..."

BUBBA

"Let me tell you a story. One day Miss Satyra had just returned from ten pin bowling when there was a knock at the door. There was a man standing rubbing his head, just like you, he had this lump just protruding from his noggin. He was complaining of a headache saying that he had been sitting under a tree when an apple fell on his head." ... "And I just asked him why?"

FIGMENT

"Yeah so what happened?"

BUBBA

"You serious?" ... "That man went onto discover the laws of gravity, just from that little apple falling on his head."

FIGMENT

You saying that I have to sit under a tree?"

BUBBA

"No, no, boy, it means that even in the simplest of events one can find an original idea, you just have to keep your eyes open, find the amazing in the mundane."

SATYRA is pushing a huge chunk of cherry pie into her mouth and blurts, crumbs flying in all directions.

SATYRA

"BUBBA, don't you have a meeting to get to? You're gonna be late if you don't get a move on."

FIGMENT upon hearing these words, gets suspicious and turns to BUBBA

FIGMENT

"What is this about a meeting,
HUNCH was talking about a
meeting?"

BUBBA rises from his seat while FIGMENT is asking the question, taking his MP player sticking the head phones in his ears.

BUBBA
"You can hang with SATYRA if you
like, I gotta go."

FIGMENT turning to SATYRA

FIGMENT
"Does BUBBA's meeting have
anything to do with HUNCH?"

SATYRA
"Don't ask me, it was you who
chose a blind man with a blind dog
to guide you, want some pie?"

FIGMENT
"I don't know."

SATYRA
"Come on over and sit down next to
SATYRA, I got something original
to show you."

SATYRA has finished off the whole pie, she kicks the knitted box onto the floor and starts to take off her bra. FIGMENT begins to sweat, looks at the camera and makes his way to the Bordeaux sofa.

SCENE 67 INT. NIGHT. HUBRIS'S STUDIO

CANDOR, GUILT and HUBRIS are seen in the studio. GUILT is holding the door open for CANDOR.

HUBRIS
"Where are you going?"

CANDOR
"Off to the meeting of course, la
la la."

HUBRIS

"OK, let me grab my laptop."

GUILT is motioning for CANDOR to exit.

GUILT

"You are not wanted."

HUBRIS

"What do you mean I am not wanted?"

CANDOR is looking somewhat embarrassed.

CANDOR

"Well it seems that the group does not want you there".

HUBRIS is surprised and hurt.

HUBRIS

"Why?"

CANDOR

"The message from the group is that this meeting should take place without HUBRIS."

GUILT

"Even you should understand that there is no place for HUBRIS, when you are trying to cooperate."

CANDOR

"Don't worry, I will be back."
"See you later, la la la."

CANDOR kisses his cheek lightly. She smiles and disappears out the door followed by GUILT. HUBRIS waits, listening to the echo of their footsteps as they take the stairs down to the lobby. He goes to the window to watch them walking down the street. He then grabs his laptop and exits his studio.

SCENE 68 EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE BUBBA'S HOUSE

FIGMENT exits BUBBA'S House of Original Ideas, his face covered with big red kisses, his lump stained red as well. He has a big goofy smile on his face and is walking bull

legged. He turns right and heads down the alleyway. He is awoken from his euphoric state by the yapping of a dog barking. He turns to see SPUR running, banging into walls and the passing wheels of carts. FIGMENT takes off running down the alley, pushing people to the side and knocking over assorted kitchen ware and tapestries. In the distance he hears HUNCH's voice.

HUNCH

"SPUR... SPUR... here boy, come to
HUNCH... SPUR!"

FIGMENT begins to run even faster, trying to get away from both the dog and his master. FIGMENT exits the stifling alley and turns right finding himself in the market square. It is still filled with people standing around burning fires, others dancing to a drum beat, in the light of a full moon. SPUR is gaining speed in the wide open square and catching up to FIGMENT, who is entangled in the arms of a group of dancing women. FIGMENT is trying to get away, seeing SPUR closing in fast. Just as SPUR is about to catch him, one of the woman scoops SPUR up in her arms.

WOMAN

"What a cute doggie."

Another woman is tickling his tummy, which causes SPUR to moan happily, his leg twitching in ecstasy. FIGMENT escapes, and runs toward the beach which he spots at the end of the square.

HUNCH

"SPUR, SPUR."

SPUR awakens from his pleasure, and struggles out of the arms of the adoring women. He catches FIGMENT's scent and renews the chase. FIGMENT arrives at the edge of the road, looking to cross over to the beach, when an Off-Road Race Car, comes to a screeching stop in front him. The door flies open, and he is pulled into the car by the helmeted driver, who immediately takes off, burning rubber.

SCENE 69 INT. NIGHT. THE STAIRWELL (LIVE ACTION)

ART is proceeding slowly up the dark stairs, and has now reached the next floor. The Exit sign is flashing on and

off. He knows that this is the floor of the conference room and tries to open the door, but it is locked. ART trying desperately to shake the door open, he pounds on the door before sliding down to the floor.

ART

"Damn!"

SCENE 70 INT. DAY. RACE CAR

The driver speaks in a Finnish accent.

DOPLER

"Where have you been?"

He hands FIGMENT a set of headphones and a map enclosed in a clear plastic folder. FIGMENT puts on the headphones and looks at the map. At the top of the plastic envelope on a white strip of masking tape is written, "RASMUS DOPLER #7" The map contains a route marked in the color blue, showing the topography of the area.

INSTINCT (V.O. IN HEADPHONES)

"You are coming to a T, break and turn right at the T."

FIGMENT sees the T approaching very fast, and yells:

FIGMENT

"Break, Turn right, right at the T."

DOPLER

"Now?"

FIGMENT (YELLING)

"Nowww!!"

DOPLER puts his foot to the gas forcing the steering wheel right. The car goes into a skid and does a 360, smashing the back bumper into a pine tree, before skillfully forces the car into first gear, kicking up dust, getting back onto the dirt road route.

INSTINCT (V.O. IN HEADPHONES)

"Break into Left Turn and then cross the bridge."

FIGMENT

"Sharp Left, then the bridge.
Break!"

DOPLER

"What?!"

FIGMENT

"Sharp Left, now!"

DOPLER turns the wheel sharply to the Left, leaving the road, scraping a few boulders before hurtling over an embankment and back onto the route. They then leave the forest and enter onto the bridge.

INSTINCT (V.O.)

"Long straight over the bridge,
Car #12 four hundred meters before
you."

FIGMENT looks into the rear view mirror and sees that they have just left the island, with the open sea below them.

DOPLER

"What does INSTINCT have to say
about this long straight?"

FIGMENT's terrified face reflected in the visor of the driver.

FIGMENT

"Instinct?"

INSTINCT (V.O.)

"That's me. Tell DOPLER to step on
it, he has a meeting to get to."

FIGMENT

"He says step on it, and that you
have a meeting to get to."

DOPLER is flooring the vehicle

DOPLER

"OK,"

FIGMENT spots the other car up ahead, DOPLER gaining fast. FIGMENT sees that there is not enough space to pass the car.

FIGMENT

"Watch out!"

DOPLER

"Hold on, I know what I am doing,
I've does this before!"

DOPLER abruptly forces the steering wheel to the left. The car lurches and they find themselves driving on the two left wheels, easily passing the car.

FIGMENT

"What the f...!"

INSTINCT (V.O.)

"That is his specialty. At the end of the bridge, sharp left, into a sharp right, sharp left, and then the finish line."

FIGMENT

"At the end of the bridge, sharp left, sharp right, sharp left, finish line"

FIGMENT is feeling the excitement, as the bridge ends and DOPLER performs the turns. The Finish line, with its checkered flag, banners, balloons, band of musicians and waving cheering crowd blurs by.

INSTINCT (V.O.)

"Victory boys, congratulations!"

FIGMENT

"We won!"

DOPLER (LAUGHING)

"Of course... Vain yksi paiva toissa."

INSTINCT (V.O.)

"Get out of the car... enjoy the champagne my friend. Got to go! Congratulations navigator, Good luck with your idea. I'm outta here."

FIGMENT holds the headphones before they are ripped off his head by the car speeding away.

SCENE 71 EXT. NIGHT. OUTSIDE HUBRIS'S STUDIO

HUBRIS spots the odd couple walking down the street, they are of near equal size, human size and flowing into the crowd at the intersection up ahead. The buildings surrounding them are all Chicago Style warehouses, going through the pangs of Gentrification. The peculiar couple crosses on the red and turns right onto Main Street, heading in the direction of the Financial District. HUBRIS follows, grabbing a newspaper from the news stand using it to cover his face. At the corner of Main and Crystal streets, RATIO appears and joins the two. HUBRIS gains on them until he is following at a distance of some twenty meters. He is trying to overhear their conversation but it is drowned out by distance and the other pedestrians. As they near Chinatown CANDOR, GUILT and RATIO stop before a restaurant it's window filled with hanging Barbecued Duck and Pork . GUILT is licking his chops while RATIO is busy showing CANDOR an SMS on his Smartphone. CHEF steps out of the restaurant.

CHEF

Hey, you gotta eat here sometime,
the duck is delicious"

GUILT

"May I lick your fingers?"

The foursome then continues down the street, before stopping at the corner of Hugh and Mor Streets. BUBBA appears along with a woman. Her red hair stands on end, a wild look in her eyes, she is nervously looking around as if in fear, while chewing on her fingernails. Together they all move on down the street, in the direction of the port. The group passes an alley and out from its confines steps the BARTENDER, removing his apron and tossing it into a garbage can. The group continues down the street, a collection of homeless people are warming their hands around a barrel, its contents burning. One of the homeless with a dog, steps out of the group, HUBRIS recognizes HUNCH and SPUR. HUBRIS can smell the brine in the air, and hears the sound of tug boat horns approaching.

SCENE 72 EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE THE RACE CAR, VICTORY PODIUM

FIGMENT is all but dragged out of the car by the excited fans and media. The scene is of a swarm of cameras, interviewers, reporters, television cameras and lights. They are all patting him on the back, and urging him to pose for the cameras TV crews and microphones stuck into his mouth. Being tossed from side to side and turning in circles FIGMENT is mesmerized by the bright and flashing lights. A skinny female reporter wearing sun glasses and a touk on her head, puts her microphone in his face, and spits out a question.

REPORTER

"Did you have any idea that you
and DOPLER could win this race?"

FIGMENT thinks for a brief moment.

FIGMENT

"Did I have an idea? Ideas are..."

At that moment that a large bottle of champagne appears in the frame, a large thumb popping the cork. The sound of cork popping, is followed by the stream of champagne exiting the bottle and spraying right onto the camera lens.

SCENE 73 EXT. DAY. THE GEYSER

The burst of champagne morphs into the peak of a geyser's splash. The camera zooms out showing FIGMENT standing a little apart from a circle of happy cult members, standing around the geyser taking photographs and clapping in a beat which resembles the cadence of the three notes. But they are not speaking a sound. The cult members are all dressed in white, some in pants, others in shorts, dresses, sheets and even a wedding dress. They are also attired in sneakers and a name tag. After a few seconds the geyser subsides and all that is left is a big hole in the ground. FIGMENT watches as the clapping continues and one by one individuals separate from the circle and throw themselves over the edge into the hole. The clapping continues until the second last person tosses themselves over the edge. One man is left still clapping his hands and motioning with his head for FIGMENT to take the plunge.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Not me."

IN-2

"What?"

The lone man stops his clapping and approaches FIGMENT. FIGMENT realizes that the man's face seems to be changing, at one moment looking boyish, before taking on the features of an old woman. He stops a foot away from him, his face settling into that of a middle aged man, a pair of thick glasses, dressed in white and wearing a pair of walking sneakers.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"Why didn't you jump with the others?"

FIGMENT

"I've had my share of falling thank you, I don't want any more falls."

FIGMENT hears the calls of birds circling high above their heads. The ground trembles, the earth shaking under their feet.

IN-2

"Watch this".

FIGMENT

"Watch what?"

IN-2 is raising his arms theatrically to the coming geyser.

IN-2

The climax, L'grande finale, the whole shebang!"

At that moment the water storms out of the hole, thundering its way to the sky. FIGMENT is struck by the appearance of people at the top of the gusher. They are the same folks who threw themselves into the hole, and here they are smiling and laughing at the top of the stream. For a moment the tossed cultists come to a stop in mid air, at which point the birds swoop in picking them off in their beaks one by one. The cultists continue laughing and some even taking pictures as they are devoured by the birds. FIGMENT is horrified.

FIGMENT

"What the h...!

IN-2

"You noticed that they were smiling?"

FIGMENT

"It is weird and horrible."

IN-2

"It was all of their own choice my friend."

FIGMENT

"Who are they?"

IN-2

"You mean who were they, don't you? Do you find it odd that when given free will people will do some crazy things?"

FIGMENT

"Yeah but this is nuts!"

IN-2

"As they say, who are we to judge... different strokes... laissez faire etc.

The stranger is holding onto his hat which is being blown off his head by the gusts of wind from a landing helicopter. FIGMENT can barely make out the words of the stranger crying into his microphone. The stranger's body shakes as he climbs into the helicopter, waving goodbye to FIGMENT.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"All is clear, repeat, all is clear, prepare for Phase II."

The scenery is changing, snow has begun to fall, and all is quiet except for the birds who are now sitting on the branches of tall dark leafless oak trees. Through the thick silence can be heard the sound of the birds munching on their kill. Spitting sounds are heard as the birds spit chunks of bone from their beaks.

FIGMENT (MUMBLING)

"Phase II?"

ALL THE BIRDS

"Phase II!!!"

FIGMENT looks around only seeing dense forest surrounding the clearing. FIGMENT is taking a few steps. He is walking on powdery snow, puddles of red liquid spot his path.

FIGMENT

"Gotta keep moving.... Blood?"

A bone comes whizzing past FIGMENT's face and lands softly in one of the puddles. The bone spatters and burns, the red surface bubbling slightly allowing for glimpses of bright yellow and white to break the surface.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Lava?"

FIGMENT bends down placing his hand over the puddle; he feels that it is scorching hot. He plunges his hand into the snow, feeling his skin burning softly, a tiny trail of steam rising from where his hand is immersed.

BIRDS

"Phase II!"

The birds now take flight with their screeching calls piercing the air. Then there is total silence, nothing but the falling snow and the dense forest and that hole. FIGMENT looks back at the forest seeking a path of some kind through the trees, but there are none. He makes his way back to the hole, inching up to the edge, curious.

BIRDS (CONT'D)

"Phase II"

The ground begins to rumble, but FIGMENT finds no signs of activity coming from the gaping gash in the escarpment.

BIRDS (CONT'D)

"Phase II"... "Phase II"

Crashing rumbling sounds are growing near. Suddenly a huge cement truck comes crashing through the trees. It is bearing down on FIGMENT who has to leap to the side to keep

from getting run over by the huge vehicle. More trucks and tractors keep coming from the break in the forest, along with men in hard hats, hundreds of men all whistling the same tune made of three familiar notes whistled ad nauseam. All the workers are animated in black and white while the rest of the scenery is shiny and colorful.

FIGMENT is sitting on the ground about ten meters from the geyser hole watching the action taking place around him. He can hear truck and tractor engines, the whistling workers, and the sound of saws and the felling of huge trees.

The beep of the cement truck leads to the contents of the truck being poured into the geyser hole. This is followed by another truck and another truck, until the hole is filled. Workers are smoothing out the surface, affixing a huge sculpted garlic to a metal structure, to ward off evil spirits. When the garlic is in place, all the workers gather to lower their heads in an inaudible prayer. The workers then also start offering up a scantily clad virgin and a goat. The man in white reappears and is shooing them off while speaking into his cellphone. He spots FIGMENT and beckons him over. FIGMENT rises to his feet making his way past the cement filled hole.

IN-2

"Welcome to Phase II"

The man smiles while morphing into a middle aged bald black man now wearing a white suit, speaking with a British educated African accent.

FIGMENT

"Hi... why?"

FIGMENT is pointing at the covered over Geyser. The Black man winks and spreads his arms over the activity.

IN-2

"Phase II... my friend". First we had to rid ourselves of those who wish to become part of the food chain, and now... we can build and progress!"

FIGMENT

"What do you mean part of the food chain?"

IN-2

"My friend, there are those who do not appreciate what has been given to them, they are always seeking to rid themselves of those pleasures and freedoms they find too grand. They are impulsive, reflexive creatures, who have fallen pray to their need to be needed, unwilling to think for themselves, they find creativity in gestures and Pablum. Know what I mean?"

FIGMENT

"No, not really."

IN-2

"You have given me hope."

FIGMENT

"Why?"

IN-2

You were the first to resist temptation, signaling the start of phase II."

FIGMENT

"What kind of temptation?"

IN-2

"To do what everyone else is doing, of course."

FIGMENT is confused, but interested.

FIGMENT

"I don't get it."

IN-2

"You, see... I too was once a member of the gathering, until one day while standing on this mountain awaiting to become fodder

for the birds, I had an idea. We could do better.... You see, I was born empathic, clairvoyant & clairaudient. I suddenly understood that this beautiful mountain did not have to be home for those seeking death, but a place of spiritual renewal."

FIGMENT

"So what idea did you get?"

IN-2

"I envisioned a metaphysical retreat for those who sought to understand their conscious & unconscious issues, empowering those seeking enlightenment. I would build this spa, offering up an assortment of message therapies, chakra healing, Tai-Chi, Yoga, Dead Sea salt baths, combining all the elements of nature, fire, water, earth and air."

FIGMENT

"Wow"

IN-2

"All this with the promise of both spiritual and physical wholeness."

FIGMENT is visually confused... he smiles a shy smile....

FIGMENT

"I have been looking for an original idea."

IN-2

"Oh yes an original idea. Of course after I had my idea I spoke with the logical minds, accountants, lawyers, bureaucrats, but what I had that they did not was intuitive thinking. I could imagine what they could or would

not dare to imagine... Your name
is FIGMENT, am I correct?

FIGMENT

"Yes it is. What was that with
the girl and the goat at the end
of the ceremony?"

IN-2

"Oh sometimes our habits get the
best of us. The workers thought
it would be a good idea to make an
offering of a goat and virgin to
their Creator..."

FIGMENT

"Creator... huh... mine has
abandoned me."

IN-2

"How can you be so certain."

FIGMENT

"He told me so."

The man's body starts shaking.

IN-2

"You have spoken with the
Creator... really?"

The black man beams a huge toothy smile, and shakes so bad
that he can barely clap his hands with joy.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"We must stop work now."

He begins speaking into his cellphone calling on all work
to stop immediately.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"I have learned of good news!"

FIGMENT looks at the black man's name tag, points at it and
reads:

FIGMENT

"IN-2?"

IN-2

"Ah, ha, ha, you have noticed my name tag... I am INTU, at your unconscious service."

FIGMENT and INTU stand peering into each other's eyes, INTU's expression speaks of passion, his eyes awaiting some big news, his body almost being torn apart from the convulsions. FIGMENT stands perplexed as the engines of all the vehicles eerily come to a halt as does the noise of tree cutting saws. INTU still shakes.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"Please step to the side, my friend".

Crash! A huge tree falls on the spot where FIGMENT had just been standing. FIGMENT screams, pushing leaves and branches away from his face. INTU's body begins to relax.

FIGMENT

"What the... thanks, how did you know?"

IN-2

"Just had a feeling, an intuitive sense."

FIGMENT

"IN-2?... Intuition?"

IN-2

"You are shaking my friend, I usually experience convulsions during a moment of intuition."

The whistling of the workers is growing louder down below.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"Is our creator male or female?"

IN-2's body is beginning to vibrate again.

FIGMENT

"Just a guy. We were falling together."

IN-2

"And... what did he say to you,
this falling guy.?"

FIGMENT

"Oh, he gave me my freedom...
total freedom."

FIGMENT looks lost as he pulls a blade of grass out the overturned soil, eyeing a tiny ant who is chewing on the foliage. INTU whistles, gives FIGMENT a slap on the back and stands, looking down on the workers he cries:

IN-2

"The Creator says You are
Freeeee!!"

The workers stop their whistling and scream with raised fists

WORKERS

"Free, We are Free!"

Slowly they begin whistling again and going back to work.

IN-2

"I knew that would happen."

FIGMENT

"Wait, how did you know that the
workers would just get back to
work like that?"

IN-2

"One could say that I am a student
of philosophy, anthropology and
the social arts, one could seek
the rational or the logical to
supply an answer, I have people
who work on statistics and mass
psychology and impulse. But I
choose to rely on who I am...
intuition."

IN-2 laughs his laughter echoing through the mountains.

SCENE 74 EXT. NIGHT. THE BACK DOOR OFFICE BUILDING

GAMBLER is shown prying open the back door to the building with a pearl handled crow bar.

GAMBLER

"No better device created by man."

GAMBLER laughs, jerking the door open. The others all slip into the building, FEAR, her red hair shining in the light above the doorway is being pushed along by CHEF, leaving only SMOKER and DRUNK outside. SMOKER is chain smoking another cigarette while DRUNK is polishing off the last drops of a pina-colada.

DRUNK

"Arrrrr why do they have to ruin this with fruit."

DRUNK is stumbling off to the corner of the building by the waste cans to puke. SMOKER coughs and lays on the ground trying to get his breath.

SMOKER

"Why do they have to have the darn meeting on the roof, too many stairs."

HUBRIS sees his chance, and runs by the lying figure and opens the door to the building. Its almost black inside, and the opening of the door bathes the stairwell in light. A voice cries from two floors up.

GAMBLER (O.S.)

"Whose down there?"

HUBRIS begins coughing and choking.

HUBRIS

"It's just me, SMOKER."

GAMBLER (O.S.)

"Go back and watch the door SMOKER, we don't want any surprises."

HUBRIS opens and closes the door again, pretending to have left. He waits for total darkness and begins to make his way up the stairs. HUBRIS hears CANDOR's sweet voice.

CANDOR (O.S.)

"La, la la... It is only ten floors up, we'll take our time, and make it up safely.

HUNCH

"Come on, we are already late."

HUNCH begins to run up the stairs before falling over SPUR.

RATIO

"Please people be calm, we are faced with ten floors... Ya, from my estimate each floor is twenty steps, Two hundred steps taken von at a time, ten seconds for each shtair, 2000 seconds, thirty three point three three three minutes to be exact, err... that taking in the stamina and the group factor."

DOPLER is raising HUNCH from the floor.

DOPLER

"Half an hour to get up these stairs Professor? Not all of us are academics, come on gang, let's move."

GUILT is mocking the group

GUILT

"You are all pathetic, you can hardly get up a few flights of steps, how you ever going to help him come up with an original idea?"

HUBRIS hears the Cat's words and it hits him, that his mission, his job is to come up with an original idea, and he doesn't even know where FIGMENT is at this moment.

SCENE 75 INT. NIGHT. THE STAIRWELL (LIVE ACTION)

ART is still slumped on the floor, crying to himself, when he hears the voices slowly coming up the darkened staircase. His head is throbbing, his clothing drenched.

ART

"I gotta get up to the roof"

ART takes the first stair on his knees.

SCENE 76 EXT. DAY. THE GEYSER

FIGMENT watches as INTU stops, his body convulsing.

IN-2

"I did not expect this."

INTU turns to FIGMENT, INTU's face changing into that of an old Native American woman. Gone is the African voice, gone is the swagger. Before FIGMENT stands an old woman, her hair gray and long, shaking. FIGMENT who is also shaking, not from intuition but due to the earth's violent tremors.

FIGMENT

"Expect what? Does this have something to do with the geyser?"

IN-2

"I was worried about this, I see HUBRIS ascending."

FIGMENT

"HUBRIS... last time I saw him he was falling."

IN-2

"No he is ascending and this is why the earth is shaking. I asked my engineers if the geyser would be angry with me, they told me that I was silly. I should have gone with my inner voice."

FIGMENT

"It looks like the geyser has no place to go."

IN-2

"Ahhh, no, the Creator is angry with me, I have placed myself

above the creator, and in my own self-worship I have abandoned the natural state of being..."

She wags a finger at him, showing a toothless smile as geysers start exploding in every direction. The large birds have taken to the air again and are picking off workers as they run for cover. Screams are heard and the old woman is chanting and tapping on a small deer skin drum.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"Phase III, Phase III, Phase III..."

Suddenly FIGMENT finds himself in the talons of one of the prehistoric birds. As he is taken up into the sky, he hears the old woman calling to him.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"Intuition, Intuition."

FIGMENT sees that the geysers are no longer spitting out water, but flames and lava. He reaches for the birds scrotum and begins tugging. The bird screams in alarm and then pain. FIGMENT pulls on the beast until it begins descending directly toward one of the shooting flames. As they approach the flame, FIGMENT pulls himself onto the back on the creature, pushing its head forward.

The fire catches the bird, the smell of singed feathers filling the air. FIGMENT again pulls the bird down to the flame and jumps off. The delicious smell of roasted bird fills the air, and FIGMENT who has not eaten for a while watches with interest as the old woman approaches the bird, pulling a knife out of her buckskin jacket to carve up the flesh. The other birds at the site of this drop their prey and begin to circle shrieking at their dead friend, and those chowing down.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"Don't worry, we have freaked them out, young man."

FIGMENT

"They seem pretty angry though"

IN-2

"They are spooked, they have never seen anything like you before."

FIGMENT is still shaking from the encounter.

FIGMENT

"What do you mean?"

IN-2

"Do you have any knowledge of the subconscious, little traveller?"

FIGMENT

"Sub what?"

IN-2

"Your mind travels without a map. We come to many forks in the road, and must decide which path to take. Do not seek balance, tip the scales and go. Remember someone asked you a long time ago to check your motives."

A large crack in the earth is growing and coming closer to where they are seated. FIGMENT is still enjoying the BBQ.

IN-2 (CONT'D)

"This mountain is tearing itself apart, you should go."

FIGMENT

"Now?... Where do I go?"

IN-2 motions him strongly now.

IN-2

"Do not fear, I will be with you, I feel that you have bridges to build, now go."

FIGMENT stands, rubbing his full belly and looks out onto the majestic landscape which is now flowing in lava and half eaten workers. Geysers still rushing and thundering around him. He walks on, pointing and laughing at the geysers.

SCENE 77 EXT. NIGHT ROOF TOP (LIVE ACTION)

We cut to the group from the conference room, who are now on the roof, their chairs scattered around a air condition duct, not working, which has become a makeshift table.

BOB

"My first association of originality is with humor... my second association is with money".

BERNHARDT

"Originality is all a product of cause and effect. Logically a third order derivative of quantum reasoning."

TONY

"Quantum what?"

PENELOPE

"As I look around this table..."

ANNA

"Excuse, but it is an air duct"

PENELOPE

"OK, ...as I look around this air duct I see a group of people who are not honest about their own limitations."

ANTOINE

"Except of course for your darling ART, who has chosen to excuse himself from this meeting."

VERA is freaking out

VERA

"He could be dead!"

MICHAEL

"Relax... I am sure we can get this done if we are objective Penelope is correct we must admit our individual faults and be objective."

ANTOINE

"There are those who are simply incapable of getting beyond their own self image."

BOB

"And you're one to talk."

GREG

"I suspect that this room is filled with graduates from some of the finest universities, with degrees in beer swigging and sloppy sex."

PENELOPE

"We have to question our motives."

PIERRE

"Money darling, what brings us together to strive for an original thought are some terribly unoriginal habits."

TONY

"Zombie Island!" Yells Tony.
"Stay with me... imagine an island of impulsive zombies in search of originality!"

MICHAEL

"I actually like the idea, why not, a zany comedy about an island of zombies who in a quest to make their island a popular vacation destination sponsor a race, but of course nobody wins, because they all eat each other! Get it?"

BOB

"I like it"

BOB is smacked on the ear by MAUDE

MAUDE

"Excuse me, If I were to trust my intuition I would leave now, but I am a woman of my word, and you still have a few minutes"

PENELOPE

"Hey anybody seen ART?"

STEVE

"Last I saw him he was on the toilet."

PIERRE

"Must be all that Mexican."

SCENE 78 EXT. DAY. EXIT THE GEYSER - FIELDS

FIGMENT who is walking down a country path, butterflies fly around his head, bees buzz around flowers, and the mountain behind him is aglow in red lava flows and gushing geysers. FIGMENT comes to a fork in the path and wonders which way to go. A feeling is pulling him to the right path, but he hears sweet voices floating on the breeze from the left path, enticing him to come into the forest. He spots forest nymphs their baskets filled, picking lemon grass, fluttering from tree to tree. FIGMENT takes a step onto the left path and abruptly stops. He peers to the right to the other path which seems to lead to corn fields stretching for miles. He pauses hearing the voices from the left path, yet feeling his body pulled to the right.

FIGMENT takes another step to the left path, drawn in by an almost visible voice which licks his ear and beckons him on.

FIGMENT (V.O.)

"No, no, something is not right.
I know I have the freedom to
choose, and this path... is so
enticing, yet something is pulling
me, something I can not describe
to the right, why... intuition?"

FIGMENT looks to his right and to his left a number of times, until it is clear from his face that he has come to a decision, and takes the Right path. From off in the distance he hears the chiming of a church bell. Its the same three notes again. FIGMENT feeling confidence regains his strength, upon hearing the music. Onward he goes, into the corn fields.

SCENE 79 INT. STAIRWELL

Back to Live Action ART. He has now made his way up the last flight of steps. He can see a few more steps awaiting him, the light provided by a blinking "Roof Exit" sign. He hears the sound of the approaching group, their voices echoing in the stairwell. The noise is causing ART'S head to ache. He places his hands on his ears, his face contorted in pain.

CANDOR

"Hey GUILT, stop being so negative".

DOPLER

"That would be quite the trick"

RATIO

"He can't help it, it is in his nature."

FEAR

"I am scared of the dark"

BUBBA

"Nothing to fear, baby, but fear itself"

GUILT

"That is so cliché"

RATIO

Listening to your inane banter brings me to the conclusion, that my earlier estimation as to the time of arrival is no longer true. Simple linear deduction leads to the conclusion that the amount of oxygen invested in talking has caused the degradation of stamina to the point, where our time of arrival will be delayed by the amount of 1.693 seconds, providing that you keep talking at the present rate."

HUNCH

I think what he is trying to say,
is that we should all shut up!"

GUILT

"I think what he is saying is that
you should shut up"

Suddenly ART is being stepped on, his face flattened to the floor. FEAR is shrieking.

FEAR

"Oh no, I think I stepped on
something!"

HUNCH

"Me too"

BARTENDER

"Just probably some forgotten
garbage on the floor"

FEAR

"Does anybody have matches or a
lighter?"

GAMBLER

"Smoker has a light"

With all the chatter, nobody can hear ART'S groans as he is stepped on repeatedly.

SCENE 80 EXT. DAY. EXIT THE GEYSER - FIELDS

FIGMENT steps into the tall cornfield. The stalks of corn are higher than his head, and he can see nothing but corn and sky. Feeling sleepy, his belly full, he lies down. Just as he puts his head on the ground he hears a tiny voice.

ANT LEADER

"Hey get off us, what are you
doing?"

FIGMENT reflexively lifts his groggy head and looks around for the source of the voice.

FIGMENT

"Who said that?"

ANT LEADER

"You almost crushed us, watch out
next time"

FIGMENT looks down to where his head was, and spots a group
of ants, their slim line in disorder.

FIGMENT

"Talking ants?"

ANT LEADER

"Yeah we talk, so what of it
buddy?"

FIGMENT

"I've never met an ant that could
talk."

ANT LEADER

"You should get out more."

FIGMENT

"Sorry about messing up your line"

ANT LEADER

"Ahhh don't worry about it, no
problem".

FIGMENT

"How do you guys know where to
go?"

ANT LEADER

"I would say it is instinctive"

ANT 2

"But if was all instinctive, why
are you the leader?"

ANTS

"Yeah why are you the leader?"

ANT 2

"Maybe it is instinctive, that we
follow the leader."

ANT LEADER

"Maybe leadership is instinctive"

ANT 2

"Naaaa, there's got to be more than that at work here. I have instincts but I am not a leader, nor do I want the job."

ANT 3

"I have instincts too."

ANT 4

"Me too."

ANT 5

"Yeah me too."

ANT 2

"So what is it that separates you from the rest of us"

There is a pause as they all seem deep in thought, pondering the question.

FIGMENT

"Maybe it has more to do with intuition than instinct... It could be your leaders power of intuition, that cause you to instinctively follow the leader."

ANT 2

"He's nuts"

ANT 3

"Definitely out of touch with reality."

ANT 2

"Let's get out of here"

ANT LEADER

"Follow me." Says the leader.

FIGMENT sits for a moment watching the ants reform their line and head off into the corn. Feeling a new sense of energy FIGMENT rises and continues walking. FIGMENT catches the sound of the bells ringing the three notes again.

SCENE 81 INT. STAIRWELL

HUBRIS is in the staircase, keeping a floor of stairs between him and the chattering group. BARTENDER sides up to CANDOR

BARTENDER

"Where is your friend?"

CANDOR

"Which friend?" CANDOR replies.

"You know the love sick guy that I met at my bar?"

"HUBRIS?"

"Uh huh" replies Bartender.

"Oh, there is no place for HUBRIS anymore."

HUBRIS hears her words and is crushed and sits down on the stairs, not sure if he even wants to proceed.

DOPLER (V.O.)

"Hey, I think I found the door to the roof"

SCENE 82 EXT. DAY. SCALES

FIGMENT has made it to the edge of the cornfield and sees up on a gently sloping hill a huge construction. From the distance it seems to be a giant cross, metallic in structure. The sound of bells apparently coming from dangling objects hanging from the cross. In the field before him are hundreds of scattered wooden crosses some standing upright, others leaning, others fallen to the ground. He passes through this strange field, the sounds of bells getting louder. As he approaches the tall structure he can now make out that it is actually an enormous scale made from copper and steel. Dangling from its two arms are levels of scales.

As FIGMENT approaches he realizes that each scale holds another scale bearing two arms, emanating from the fulcrum. Simply put each scale holds a copy of itself, in all three levels.

FIGMENT finds himself facing two large staircases one to the left the other to the right. Leading to the base of

the structure they wind their way, at one point half way up crisscrossing and crisscrossing again before reaching the top of the scale's base.

Etched into the stone surface of the left stairwell is the word "Security" on the right set of stairs is carved the word "Freedom". FIGMENT stands facing the two stairwells wondering which one to take.

FIGMENT (V.O.)

"Security or Freedom. I haven't had too much luck with freedom so far, maybe it is time for some security. Hmmmmm..."

He rubs his chin.

FIGMENT (V.O.)

"But I am here to find an original idea... I think... Hmmmmm.... My instinct is to follow the path of security, but my intuition is telling me to take the stairs to freedom, Hmmmmm... security it is."

FIGMENT raises his head and goes trudging up the stairs. At the midpoint he comes to the first crisscrossing of the stairs. He sees some words carved into the stone. They read, "First chance to change your mind." He ponders for a moment before continuing up the stairs to security. He then comes to the second crisscrossing and another set of words carved into the stone, reads, "Last chance to change your mind." He keeps to security's path, reaching the summit of the base.

FIGMENT reaches a compact viewing telescope, mounted on the edge of the structure's base. He eyes the telescope with familiarity. It is the same one he has seen before at the Great Hall of associations. It also has two lenses built into the top for his eyes, with handles on the sides for the purposes of turning. Written on the telescope is the name of the manufacturer "Association Optical Inc.", below it reads "to operate turn handle one full turn". FIGMENT presses the familiar button.

BORED MECHANICAL VOIVE

"Hello again. Please Insert coin".

(FIX COINS SEQUENCE)

FIGMENT spots a pale sitting on the floor. He looks down into the pail and finds a hammer, nails and a yellow construction hat.

FIGMENT

"Great!"

He puts on the hat and pulls out the coin from his pocket. He turns back to the telescope and deposits the coin in the slot. The telescope buzzes for a second.

BORED MECHANICAL VOIVE

"This particular scale, was first constructed in commemoration of the victory at the III Battle of Personalities during the celebrated reign of Confusion the Second, Earl of Scales. Please turn the handle clockwise, one full turn, thank you."

FIGMENT complies and gazes into the telescope. Turning the mechanism to the right and focuses in on the huge scale. On a piece of metal is embossed the word is "Security". FIGMENT turns the telescope up following the shaft of the scale to discover another sign on the arm of the scale above the first. Written is the word "Flexibility", moving the telescope along the arm he notices another tray with the word "Rigidity". Following the shaft of the second scale he comes to another scale with two words on either side, on the left side reads "Punishment" while the sign on the right side reads "Benevolence". FIGMENT realizes that there are many more rows above the one's he has focused in on, but they are too small and too far away to comprehend what is written on them.

FIGMENT

"Fractals... Damn fractals".

FIGMENT then turns the telescope to the other side where he spots a piece of paper at the top of the "Freedom" stairs.

SCENE 83 INT. STAIRWELL (CG AND LIVE ACTION)

HUBRIS listens to a door open, and the excited voices of the group exiting the staircase. He listens as the door closes with a soft thud. Silence fills the stairwell. Sitting, HUBRIS hears the sound of soft moaning from the next floor up. He stands and makes his way to the next floor, when suddenly he steps on something. The groan is louder, and he bends over to feel what he has stepped on. He feels around in the dark placing his hand on what feels to be someone's damp head. Passing over his hair he touches what feels like a large lump, which manifests in a scream from the mysterious figure.

ART

"Ouch!"

HUBRIS

"Oww, sorry about that... What are you doing here on the floor?"

ART

"I gotta get to my meeting."

HUBRIS

"On the roof?"

ART

"No... It was on this floor, in the conference room... but all the doors are locked."

HUBRIS

"There is a meeting on the roof... but it seems I am not allowed in."

ART rubs his sore head.

ART

"A meeting, what meeting?... I need to go back to my meeting... they all depend on me..."

HUBRIS is sure that ART can tell him more about this meeting... he thinks that ART is referring to the same meeting he is denied access to.

The sound of someone climbing the steps below them is accompanied by a shining light dancing from wall to ceiling to stairs, until the beam of light falls on ART AND HUBRIS'S faces. HUBRIS sees the features of the fallen man's mangled and bruised face, it is startlingly familiar, while at the same time, ART sees a blurred face of the man standing before him. He is surprised to make out what appears to be a computer generated version of himself.

MEXICAN FOOD DELIVERY BOY

"Hey, did you guys order food?"

HUBRIS and ART cover their eyes in identical gestures.

HUBRIS & ART (IN UNISON)

"Can you get the light out of my eyes buddy."

MEXICAN FOOD DELIVERY BOY

"What?... Did you guys order food."

We now see the three of them bathed in the cool light of a cellphone, carried by a adolescent delivery boy, who is taking his earphones out of his ears. We hear the muffled sound of Mexican rap music. HUBRIS looks at the bag that the lad is carrying.

HUBRIS

"What you got in that bag?"

MEXICAN FOOD DELIVERY BOY

"I got Fajitas, enchiladas, burritos, hot jalapeno dip, Quesadilla, Huevos Rancheros and a couple of Miniature Combos and Cokes."

ART

"Where are you taking it too?"

MEXICAN FOOD DELIVERY BOY

"They told me I got to take this order to the roof man, the fucking roof, ten floors in the dark, lucky I have this flashlight app on my phone man."

The delivery boy passes between ART and HUBRIS and continues up the last set of stairs, HUBRIS and ART follow.

MEXICAN FOOD DELIVERY BOY (CONT'D)

"You know the whole shit-ass street is out man, all the lights, black, no electricity, and now I have to haul my ass up these steps man, sucks. I should get a big tip out of this one man. Fuck!"

SCENE 84 EXT. DAY. SCALES

FIGMENT proceeds with the pail in one hand the hammer in the other and the construction helmet perched on his head. He heads down the steps coming to the first crisscross, etched in stone are the words, "Second thoughts?", he crosses to the set of stairs and goes up the steps to Freedom. Making it to the ledge, he heads straight to the piece of paper, he picks it up and reads, "Have a Nice Day".

FIGMENT smiles at the message, and looks up at the giant scales on the Freedom side.

FIGMENT (V.O.)

"How do I get over there?"

The voice of IN-2 the old lady is heard...

IN-2 (V.O.)

"You will build bridges".

FIGMENT looks around for a clue, his eyes settling on the multitude of wooden crosses littering the landscape. A choir of voices singing the familiar three notes "I...deeee...a".

FIGMENT scrambles down the steps and lifts one of the crosses onto his back and begins to climb up the stairs. He repeats this action over and over and over again, until he has collected a huge stack of crosses. Taking his hammer and nails he sets to building a bridge to the first set of scales. He begins by piling a number of crosses against the shaft of the scale, and nailing them together.

He repeats this action of lifting the wood and banging it in, until we understand the principle.

SCENE 85 INT. STAIRWELL (CG AND LIVE ACTION)

HUBRIS & ART (IN UNISON)
"You look familiar, do I know you from somewhere?"

They both laugh in unison.

HUBRIS & ART (IN UNISON) (CONT'D)
"This is weird.."

ART
"Go ahead"

HUBRIS
"OK... this is weird, you look like me, and you sound like me."

ART
"I was thinking the same thing... What's your name?"

HUBRIS
"I am HUBRIS, and you?"

ART
"Well they call me THE ART, more of a job description than a name."

HUBRIS
"Hey do you know a guy named FIGMENT?"

ART
"Yeah, short guy, big bald head?"

ART is surprised to suddenly know who FIGMENT is...

HUBRIS
"That's the guy."

ART
"He's my creation; do you know where he is?"

HUBRIS

"Last I saw him he was falling,
heading for the Island of
Capricious, lost track of him
after that. I had given him his
freedom....."

ART

"You what? !!!"

HUBRIS

"His freedom, I gave him his
freedom, when we were falling."

ART

"How could you give him his
freedom, he is supposed to be
searching for an original idea for
me."

HUBRIS

"For you?, I am the one who guided
him, I am his creator."

ART

"Without me you do not even exist!
Who are you to go and give him his
freedom, what kind of nonsense is
that?"

HUBRIS

"Where were you... what have you
been doing all this time?, You
left me the job of getting FIGMENT
down from the wall, where you got
him stuck, what was that all
about?"

ART

"I was on the toilet, thinking."

HUBRIS

"Great, so while you are on the
toilet... "Thinking"

HUBRIS makes the sign of quotation marks with his fingers.

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"I am trudging through your convoluted mind trying to guide FIGMENT to an original idea."

ART

"What was I supposed to do?... It's not a conscious process you know?... Things are just starting to pop up in my mind... At some point I thought u up..."

HUBRIS

"Seems you always call on me when you're stuck..."

ART ponders on this for a short while.

HUBRIS & ART (IN UNISON)

"How come I can see you? "

They both feel the lumps on their heads in identical manner.

HUBRIS & ART (IN UNISON) (CONT'D)

"Must be the lump on my head."

ART

"Okay, I know what you mean... I barely have any recollection of the Wall, I barely know what has happened to me in the last hour. Everything is still blurry."

HUBRIS

"I can sympathize, things have not been easy for me as well."

They are interrupted by the sound of the delivery boy knocking on the roof door. The door opens bathing the stairwell in pale light. ART and HUBRIS are standing face to face, looking at each other, inquisitively.

SCENE 86 EXT. DAY. SCALES

FIGMENT has now finished building a huge wooden ladder of sorts. He stands looking up at his handy work measuring its size with his thumb, like an artist, then turning to

the scales off in the distance, his goal, measuring once again with his thumb the distance. He seems satisfied.

He gets in between the Scale shaft and his newly built ladder. He spits on his palms and rubs them together looking up at his towering creation. Getting his feet in place he begins to push. The structure does not give. He pushes harder, his legs finding the side of the shaft, pushing, his little feet are now even with his head and hands, he continues to push, a close up of his head, beads of sweat dripping from his anguished brow.

A faint sound of wood creaking is heard. The huge makeshift ladder begins to move, ever so slightly, creaking forward. FIGMENT gives one last heave with his hands and the ladder stretches to the top of its arc. For a moment it stands balanced, neither creeping forward nor backwards. FIGMENT gets worried that it may fall back on him, and runs to the other side of the scale, and finds himself standing next to the etched in stone sign reading "SECURITY". FIGMENT stands his shoulders raised waiting for the crashing sound, but it does not come. He peers out from his hiding spot, and then begins taking cautious steps to where he can see his bridge realizing that the bridge is not long enough to reach the scale. The ladder/bridge is still standing precariously balanced in air. He runs to the bridge and holds it from falling over.

We see the two little winds, blue and red, far away swirling and dancing closer to the scales. The winds swirl through the many scales, causing the scales to sway forth and back and ring like bells. They chime louder and louder. FIGMENT's attention is drawn to the clatter of the scales and sees the winds dancing and flying, both separate and intertwined. The clatter of the scales sounds like wind chimes, singing "I...deeee...a!"

FIGMENT hearing the familiar notes and seeing the colored winds as they blur past his face, looks at his swaying bridge and with his thumb measures the length of the bridge and the distance to the first scale. He sees the scales swaying back and forth. At this moment perspective lines and what appears to be architectural calculations, are being done before his eyes. The voice of ANNA LYTISCH fills his head.

ANNA

"Pendulum behavior, distance and time. $m_r=F$, $F+B=T$, $B=mgk$. The above solution is a valid approximation only in a small time interval."

It hits him that the ladder is only long enough to serve as a bridge, when the scale is at its closest point to him. He walks over, stepping lightly, to his ladder/bridge. His body begins to sway slowly with the swaying movement of the scales. Back he goes, then forward, his body mimicking the scales forward and backward movements, waiting for the scale to be at its furthest point. As the scale reaches the furthest distance, FIGMENT applies pressure on his bridge, with his index finger his body leaning forward. The bridge hesitates for a brief moment and then slowly starts its descent building up momentum before crashing down onto the scale as it reaches the closest point to FIGMENT. The scale lurches for a moment under the pressure, the bells going crazy clattering binging and bonging as the scale tips down. The bridge is now perfectly horizontal and FIGMENT smiles, before taking his first steps.

SCENE 87 INT. TOP OF STAIRWELL, ROOF DOOR(CG AND LIVE ACTION)

STEVE

"Food, great, what took you so long?"

MEXICAN FOOD DELIVERY BOY

"Got here as fast as I can, half the city is blacked out."

STEVE

"Don't worry kid it won't affect your tip, what's the damage?"

The delivery boy hands Steve the bill. Steve looks at the bill, takes a coin from his pocket and flips it in the air.

STEVE (CONT'D)

"Double or nothing, what do you say?"

MEXICAN FOOD DELIVERY BOY

"No, sorry I can't do that sir."

STEVE

"Ha, ha, just trying, maybe next time eh?"

STEVE removes his wallet from his pants pocket, and as he is counting out a few bills, he notices ART standing in the shadows about ten stairs down in the dark stairwell.

STEVE only sees ART, he does not see or hear HUBRIS. HUBRIS looks up and instead of seeing the Steve standing by the door, he sees GAMBLER, smirking at him. As STEVE speaks to ART, GAMBLER speaks to HUBRIS at the same time.

STEVE (CONT'D)

"Hey ART, is that you? What are you doing down there in the stairs, come on up!"

GAMBLER

"Hey HUBRIS, is that you? No place for HUBRIS in this here meeting, get out of here!"

Both the voice of STEVE and GAMBLER are heard at the same time, from different speakers. STEVE's comes from the right side of the screen, and GAMBLER's voice emanates from the left side. Visually we see Steve from over the left shoulder of ART, and ART is seen from over the right shoulder Steve. As for HUBRIS, we see GAMBLER from over the right shoulder of HUBRIS and HUBRIS is seen from the over the left shoulder of GAMBLER; Cutting between over shoulder shots of the different aforementioned characters.

SCENE 88 EXT. DAY. SCALES

FIGMENT puts a foot onto his bridge, feeling unsteady and obviously doubting the structural integrity of the contraption that he built. He lowers to all fours and begins crawling. Feeling that the bridge is sturdy he rises and walks across the bridge.

FIGMENT arrives at the concave shaped scale and jumps inside. The scale is huge, about fifty meters in diameter, something like a small metallic crater. At the center is a tall pole reaching up into the sky. The floor is a burnished copper, the glare coming off of it shining in FIGMENT's eyes. He wanders covering his eyes with one hand, stumbling toward the pole in the center.

FIGMENT is again faced with two stone staircases, similar to the ones below. Again two words are etched in the stone, on the right staircase is chiseled the word "INSPIRATION" while on the other side is the word "APATHY". Looking up at the scales above him, he sees how far off it is. The word "APATHY" is before his eyes, and he lowers his head and takes a few steps to his left and stops, looks back at the word and continues walking until he arrives at the edge of the scale. He senses that the scale has tilted ever so slightly with his movement. He walks back still dejected.

FIGMENT

"How am I going to get to the next level, it is too far away, I can't do it."

He is arriving again at the word "APATHY" He looks over to his right to where the word "INSPIRATION" is carved into the stairwell.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"INSPIRATION..."

He continues his walk to the other end of the scale. Arriving at the edge he hears clanging and creaking from up above, he looks up to see the distant scales beginning to sway back and forth. He turns and walks faster stopping at the "INSPIRATION" sign. He looks up at the scales which are moving even more, and suddenly a diagram appears in the sky. A Newtonian calculation diagram representing the formula $F=ma$.

FIGMENT ponders the meaning of the drawing scratching at the bump on his head... He remembers a drawing from RATIO's chalkboard.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Force equals mass times acceleration."

FIGMENT feeling inspired begins running to the other edge. He stops to see the after motion. Eyeing the scales swinging above him, he starts running as fast as he can to the other side, and stops again. He is concentrating on the motion of the scale of INSPIRATION, trying to time his movements to match with the scales lowest swing point. He darts back across the shiny copper surface, again stopping at the other end. Trying to catch his breath he leans over, his hands on his knees, sweat is falling from his brow, as he realizes that the far scale is nearly at its low point.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"F=ma"

Gathering his remaining strength he runs across the surface to the other end. Before him is the huge scale, descending. He is five feet away when the scale creaks into its lowest position and he leaps to catch the edge of the scale. The scale buckles for a moment and begins it's upwards movement. FIGMENT is hanging precariously from the scales edge, looking down at the earth below. He is about five floors above the ground, and can see the once barren hillside dotted with blooming flowers; The flowers are applauding his achievement, FIGMENT smiles, and pulls himself up and over the edge.

SCENE 89 INT. TOP OF STAIRWELL, ROOF DOOR(CG AND LIVE ACTION)

ART takes a few hesitant steps up the stairs to a beckoning STEVE while HUBRIS hangs back looking up at GAMBLER.

STEVE

"Come on up!"

GAMBLER

"Get out of here!"

ART takes another step and stops, looking back at HUBRIS who is not accompanying him up the stairs.

ART

"Hey come on HUBRIS, get your ass up here, Force equals mass times acceleration."

HUBRIS

"No, I can't"

ART

"What do you mean you can't?"

HUBRIS

"I just can't... I'm not allowed in."

ART is visibly upset and surprised

ART

"Says who?"

HUBRIS

"CANDOR, GUILT and now GAMBLER"

HUBRIS is pointing up at Gambler, ART is looking in the direction of HUBRIS's pointing finger only sees STEVE. At the mention of the three names, CANDOR, GUILT and GAMBLER, a bell rings in ART's mind.

HUBRIS (CONT'D)

"GAMBLER, there, he is standing at the door..."

ART

"GAMBLER who, you mean... STEVE?"

Both HUBRIS and ART are looking at the figure standing in the door, the red exit light flashing on and off giving a strange erratic glow to the figure's face. ART sees that STEVE's face is changing, quickly morphing from the face he knows to that of a stranger, animated CG character and back to STEVE. It all happens in a split second. The bell is ringing again. ART offers a hand to HUBRIS.

ART (CONT'D)

"Come on up... I need you more than ever now."

HUBRIS

"You don't understand... I can't come with you... I never go to a place where I am not wanted."

ART

"So I am on my own, is that what you are saying?"

HUBRIS

"I guess so.... Good luck."

ART

"Thanks, I'm going to need it."

ART is reaching the top of the stairs, where STEVE greets him, his face still morphing from STEVE to GAMBLER, with a slap on the back,

STEVE

"Get in here, let's hear what you got for us."

PENELOPE's face appears from around the door.

PENELOPE

"I smell food!"

Her face changes when she sees ART, STEVE's arm around him.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

"ART, thank goodness you have arrived, where have you been?"

At the same moment that ART sees PENELOPE's face appear from behind the door, HUBRIS perceives CANDOR's face showing from the doorway. She smiles at HUBRIS, who is a few stairs below, HUBRIS is looking forlorn and humiliated.

CANDOR

"Ah you're here... HUBRIS, I am actually happy you didn't listen to me, thanks goodness you have arrived, how is FIGMENT?"

She motions for him to come up the stairs and join her. As HUBRIS arrives at the doorway, both PENELOPE and CANDOR say, one to STEVE and the other to GAMBLER:

PENELOPE / CANDOR

"Be a darling and take the food to the table."

They both pat STEVE / GAMBLER on the cheek.

STEVE / GAMBLER
"Food's here!"

PENELOPE / CANDOR
"You look like shit"

HUBRIS / ART
"Thanks... rub it in... Ouch"

They both rub the bumps on their heads.

PENELOPE / CANDOR
"No really you do look like shit... So, have you come up with anything?"

HUBRIS / ART
"Ah... well... no, nothing, empty"

HUBRIS
"I'm not even allowed in"

PENELOPE / CANDOR
"Not even a little inspiration?"

SCENE 90 EXT. DAY. SCALES

The applause still ring around FIGMENT who is now in the scale of "Inspiration". He looks over the edge seeing the flowers coming up all over the once barren hill far below him. The scale is a lot like the previous scale, the same dimensions with a pole for another scale emanating from the center. Instead of a copper floor this one is covered in different shaped and sized pebbles, all white and gleaming in the sun. Looking up he sees his goal which is two more scales swaying softly in the breeze.

His first reaction is to repeat the process from the previous scale, which is to run from one end to the other. FIGMENT stands looking across the expanse of the scale before him. He notices something different in the base of the pole, instead of two staircases there is only one. He

approaches the pole and reads, etched into the stone, the words "Enlightenment" and "Oblivion" one above the other.

FIGMENT

"Odd"

He is scratching the lump on his head, looking from one scale to the other wondering which is which.

He begins walking to the other side, attempting to repeat the last exercise from the previous scale. He quickly realizes that this is not possible due to the mix of large and small pebbles which cause his feet to slip and slide, unable to gain speed. There are also numerous obstacles in his way littering the ground.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Which one"

He takes a few of the larger rocks in his hands and throws one at the scale on the left, it hits making a sound, the sound is a C sharp, he changes the position of his feet and tosses a rock at the scale on the right, it lands make the sound C. He ponders for a moment about the musical notes. He then tosses a number of rocks at the left scale which creates a dissonant scale of notes. He waits for the cacophony of notes to die out and then tosses a number of rocks at the right scale, they land creating the harmonious sound that is associated with the notes of "I... Dee... a".

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

"Right one it is".

He is suddenly sure of himself. The notes continue to resonate filling the air, along with the applause of the flowers far below. Seeing that the right scale has shifted slightly lower as his rocks landed in the scale, he knows what he has to do.

SCENE 91 INT. TOP OF STAIRWELL, ROOF DOOR(CG AND LIVE ACTION)

ART suddenly sees the face and body of PENELOPE morph into that of CANDOR. He rubs his eyes in disbelief. As he removes his hands from his eyes, he realizes that he can now perceive both worlds, the Live Action and the animated world. It starts coming back to him.

ART

"Inspiration, am I inspired, I am beginning to get recollections of a journey, a mission to find an original idea, concept."

PENELOPE / CANDOR

"That's right, that is what we expect of you."

ART

"Yes, expectations, you all have great expectations of me, I am the ART, and it is expected of me to be ART. But I am nothing without my HUBRIS, and that has been taken away from me."

HUBRIS (AT THE SAME TIME)

"Yes, rejection, you have all rejected me. I am HUBRIS, I am essential to his creativity. Why am I not allowed in, he is nothing without me, and now you are taking me away from him."

PENELOPE / CANDOR

"If that is what it takes, let me stoke that HUBRIS of yours"

PENELOPE / CANDOR puts her arm around ART and strokes his locks of hair. CANDOR reaches out to HUBRIS and does the same. ART sees that HUBRIS is allowed in, and straightens up, a look of determination on his face.

ART

"Let me give it a try"

ART winks at HUBRIS as the PENELOPE / CANDOR take them both by the hand and lead them to the gathering.

SCENE 92 EXT. DAY. SCALES

FIGMENT is looking up at the sky, listening to the reverberations of the three notes hanging in the air. He can hear the sounds of applause from the flowers far below

piercing the air. He grabs some rocks in his hand, waiting for the scale's downward motion. The scale is about two storey's above his head. FIGMENT is tossing rocks into the scale experiencing the moment of creating music while lowering the scale, in the rhythm of the three notes. Each rock adds to the sound and also lowers the scale. The composition is growing louder and more complex with every fallen rock. The music is beginning to swirl with the flowers below providing the voices of a choir in the background. FIGMENT is getting more and more excited, acting as a conductor between tosses. The scale in all its enormity is not only lowering but moving closer to him, its huge brass base shining in the now setting sun.

With each fallen rock more voices are heard, drums beat out a building mix of rhythms. Closing his eyes he sees his short life passing before him. He remembers bouncing on the trampolines at the Great Hall of Associations, then appears the great explosion in Logic Alley, followed by the appearance of CANDOR and the fish saying:

ZEBRA FISH

"Why do you do?"

A great mountain appears before him, made up of books, armaments etc, before seeing the smiling face of HUNCH, his grin turns into the smiling face of Bubba, and the laughter of Satyra, a car flashes by with DOPLER waving from the window. As the music comes to a Crescendo, he sees the face of Intuition (old Native woman) flash before him, her words spoken in the tune of the three notes...

IN-2

"Intuition".

FIGMENT has become totally absorbed in the act of conductor of this movement, at the point of the crescendo FIGMENT raises his arms to air, looking at the looming scale before him, which passes as a shadow on his face. The music reaches its final chord. The edge of the scale is now right at his feet, he takes a single step onto it, as the scale starts ascending, FIGMENT raises his hands into the air.

FIGMENT

"I've got it"

SCENE 93 EXT. ROOF TOP (CG AND LIVE ACTION)

ART is standing before the group, he views the Live Action characters who are also morphing into various animated characters. He sees His Agent PENELOPE as CANDOR standing behind him holding HUBRIS's hand. Before him are all the people from the conference room. They are all gathered around a large aluminum vent which is acting as a table for the Mexican takeout.

ART's perception of reality has reached the point where those he sees before him are both live action people and their equivalent 3D animated characters.

Looking around the makeshift table he recognized MAUDE as INTUITION, she welcomes him with a hopeful smile and concern.

STEVE is GAMBLER, who is now urging him on with his eyes, while showing his crossed fingers.

BOB is BUBBA,

PIERRE is CHEF. He is busy dolling out the food, complaining about the absence of condiments.

TONY is HUNCH. He is totally immersed in the act of gobbling down a tortilla, pointing to a can of Coke.

GREG is the BARTENDER. He is seated on the ground leaning back against the brick wall.

ANNA is ANNA LYTISCH. She is awaiting ART's words, a pad and pen in hand.

BERNHARDT is RATIO. He is leaning over ANNA, stroking his goatee, eyeing ART suspiciously.

MICHAEL is DOPLER. He is opening up bags of food and passing them to PIERRE.

ANTOINE is GUILT. He is playing with the large ring on his finger, frowning at the food passed his way.

VERA is FEAR, and she is looking at the sky, as if in fear of a UFO landing or some unseen approaching tornado.

GREG / BARTENDER

"Where the hell have you been man?"

ANTOINE / GUILT

"Oh, look at what the cat has dragged in"

ANNA

"Why are you all wet?"

STEVE is taking his place at the edge of the group, arms now crossed eyeing ART intently with great expectations.

STEVE

"Hey guys he has had a rough run of luck, give him a break."

GAMBLER (AT THE SAME TIME)

"You're out of luck pal... "

BOB / BUBBA

"So has the apple fallen from the tree?"

TONY / HUNCH

"You want something to eat?"

MAUDE is banging on the aluminum vent with a plastic fork, attracting the groups attention.

MAUDE

"Your deadline has passed... Have you got something for us young man?"

ART stands before the group, HUBRIS is a transparent layer over him. Standing alone he puts his hands in his pockets, he feels the piece of paper in his left pocket and pulls it out. He unfolds it to find the doodle of FIGMENT, with the words, "I've Got It!" Drawn across the top.

ART looks up from the paper to face the group, a smile creeping onto his lips.

ART
"I've Got It!"

SCENE 94 EXT. ROOF TOP

Camera cranes up from the gathering on the roof, and climbs higher in the sky until we have left the earth's atmosphere, back to the satellite view, where it all started.

ROBOTIC VOICE
"Malfunction corrected."

THE END