

WELCOME TO ENDGAME, MARVEL

Written by

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Based on the true story  
Of MIGUEL ANGEL ROJAS

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INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARVEL, 23 year old, young Mexican stands behind his guest as she undresses at his place.

She looks over her shoulder to see Marvel staring at her butt.

The attractive woman is Cecilia (21).

MARVEL  
Nice. I like lace.

CECILIA  
Really.

She turns around, in bra and panties, playfully pushes Marvel back toward the bed.

CECILIA (CONT'D)  
What are you going to do, Marvel.  
What are you going to do.

Marvel grabs her wrists and puts them behind her.

CECILIA (CONT'D)  
All part of my plan.

MARVEL  
Really.

Marvel lets her go, scoops her up, turns and tosses her on the mattress.

MARVEL puts his fist on both sides of his waist, giving a pose.

CECILIA  
Who do you think you are, superman.

MARVEL  
Maybe, I am.

CECILIA  
Come here Superman.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

The morning after, Marvel tries to get up.

He tries to pull his arm free from underneath Ceci's neck.

She turns to look at him, half asleep.

CECILIA  
Where do you think you're going.

MARVEL  
To shower.

She grabs his arm.

CECILIA  
No, you're not.

MARVEL  
Then I'll take you with me.

CECILIA  
No. You stay.

Marvel moves so that he's on his knees and he picks up Cecilia.

MARVEL  
We both go to the shower then.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO, GASLAMP QUARTER - NIGHT

Marvel takes off his retail worker name badge as he walks up to a Dive Bar with two other female coworkers, KATRINA (23) and THERESA (26)

They show their ID'S to the bouncer and pass through the front door.

INT. DOWNTOWN DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Marvel stands between the two women seated at the bar, all drinking.

MARVEL  
You ever get your eyebrows threaded. I gotta handle this.

Marvel licks his pinky and forefinger, and crosses his eyebrows with the tips of those two fingers.

MARVEL (CONT'D)  
It's all about personal hygiene.  
Everywhere.

Marvel motions his his hand over his head and crotch.

THERESA  
Okay TMI.

KATRINA  
A little bit.

MARVEL  
Just saying.

Theresa checks her makeup with a small mirror.

MARVEL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing.

THERESA  
You never know who you'll meet.

MARVEL  
You're married bro.

A ring on her ring finger.

THERESA  
I said what I said.

Marvel fishes out a quarter from his pocket

MARVEL  
Cool.

Marvel walks over to the pool table and puts his quarter under the rim, near a pocket.

POOL PLAYER #1  
We play for drinks, you cool with that.

MARVEL  
I drink coke.

Marvel walks back to the bar.

MARVEL (CONT'D)  
What's up. Does my breath stink. Do I need a tic-tac.

KATRINA  
We were talking about you

THERESA  
Were we, oh that's right, now I remember, we were.

MARVEL

About what.

KATRINA

How you can be charming, sometimes.

THERESA

Yeah, sometimes.

MARVEL

Why you so salty bro.

THERESA

Why do you call me bro.

MARVEL

Because it irritates you, duh bro.  
But for real, why you salty.

THERESA

I made a bet.

MARVEL

Yeah. If it's on the pool table,  
I'm not that good. Hoping you bet  
on me, and not against me.

THERESA

It's against you.

KATRINA

Okay, changing topic. Marvel  
describe yourself, in 5 words.

MARVEL

Sure.

KATRINA

Just because.

MARVEL

Give me a sec. Okay. Unstable.  
Megalomaniac tendencies, so  
narcissistic, a bit.

THERESA

A little.

MARVEL

I'm also: Unpredictable, Horny, and  
sensitive.

KATRINA

Narcissistic.

Marvel looks around at the semi crowded bar of a Friday night.

MARVEL

Yeah, if I roll a critical, I would get every woman in here pregnant, by 2 in the morning.

KATRINA

Did you just, make a Dungeons and Dragons reference.

MARVEL

Yeah.

THERESA

I've heard of this. Is that where a bunch of guys fight with foam swords and shields at a park.

MARVEL

No. That's live action role-playing, or LARP for short, and women play too. Sexist.

KATRINA

My cousin does that.

THERESA

So you pretend you're a wizard.

MARVEL

God, you really are super salty, more than usual bro.

THERESA

I don't like losing.

MARVEL

Whatever.

KATRINA

You don't play.

MARVEL

Contrary to popular, nerdy belief, no. Never played. It seems like a poor man's ecstasy, I stay away from drugs. Even Sudoku.

THERESA

I'm not your type, Marvel. Wait, did I say that out loud.

MARVEL  
Yeah. Why.

THERESA  
You have morals.

MARVEL  
What about you.

KATRINA  
What about me.

MARVEL  
Nothing.

Marvel gazes into Katrina eyes.

THERESA  
Wow, is it hot in here.

MARVEL  
A little sexual tension, that's  
all.

MARVEL passes her his cup of water.

THERESA  
No thanks, I should get going.

Theresa signs the receipt then hugs her co-workers.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
Be safe you two. Especially you,  
wizard bro.

Theresa exits the bar.

POOL PLAYER #1  
Next.

KATRINA  
Let's go Gandalf, the one ring is  
calling.

MARVEL  
Precious.

INT. POOL TABLE, SAN DIEGO DIVE BAR - LATER

Katrina is putting blue chalk on her pool stick, Marvel is kicking back, watching her, and observing the game they're winning.

Marvel gets up and coaches Katrina.

KATRINA  
Which one do I hit.

MARVEL  
Dead center, here. It hits 5,  
knocks the 10 ball over to the 7 in  
the corner pocket.

KATRINA  
That's all.

MARVEL  
Yeah, look.

MARVEL (CONT'D)  
You're looking at me with dreamy  
eyes right now, and right now, I  
need you focused.

KATRINA  
You noticed.

MARVEL  
I'm probably mildly retarded.  
Autistic. Anyway, get ready, I want  
to play too, before the end of the  
year.

The guy's partner, a young woman, opens her mouth to say something.

FEMAL POOL PLAYER  
Are you guys going to shoot.

MARVEL  
Getting there.

KATRINA  
I still can't believe no one let  
you watch dragon ball z. Who raised  
you.

MARVEL  
Wolves, wolves raised me. C'mon,  
we're pissing off the wonder twins.

KATRINA  
I genuinely feel sorry for you.

MARVEL  
Concentrate, please.



KATRINA

After you get your eyes off my ass.

Katrina lines up her shot, takes a breath and hits the cue ball as directed, and the ricochet works.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Holy shit, it worked.

INT. DOWNTOWN DIVE BAR - LATER

Marvel sinks in the 8 ball to win the game.

Marvel and Katrina shake hands with their opponents.

MARVEL

Good game.

POOL PLAYER #1

Yes, beers. Oh, that's right, you don't drink. Mineral water.

MARVEL

Coke, but I'll pass tonight.

KATRINA

Have a goodnight.

Marvel and Katrina walk toward the exit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Marvel and Katrina make their way down the street.

KATRINA

You're a good coach.

Katrina grabs his hand, stopping him from taking another step. She turns and kisses him on the lips, then whispers in his ear.

MARVEL

Sure.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Inside Marvel's studio.

It's dark, but the jangle of keys can be heard from outside the studio

Marvel opens the door, light from the hallway casts shadows in the studio, until Marvel flips on the overhead light.

A woman walks follows Marvel inside, Jess (20), an attractive young woman.

JESS

Why'd you wait so long to ask me on a date.

Marvel grabs a flyer from an extermination company and throws it into the trash can.

MARVEL

I had bed bugs.

JESS

Really.

MARVEL

Yeah. I'm thankful they're dead and gone.

JESS

Glad you made me wait then. What's this.

The hallway has 3x5 cards taped to the wall, in a story structure curve.

MARVEL

It's a story, still working on.

MALE VOICE #1 V.O.

Are the mind worms working.

MARVEL

It's frustrating, to keep things, simple.

MALE VOICE #2 V.O.

Yeah. My idea.

JESS

I didn't know you write, write.

Marvel nods his head.

JESS (CONT'D)

Going to use your bathroom.

MARVEL

Yeah.

Jess enters the bathroom.

Marvel grabs a blank notecard from the desk, and tries to think of something to write.

MALE VOICE #1 V.O.  
Poor bastard.  
(chuckles)

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

We see the left arm of a man who's dressed in all black.

A holo-pad with ancient runes floats a couple of inches from the holo-pad. The Holo-pad appears built in this person's flesh.

The man's wearing a black baclava, but his black eyes reflect illumination.

His fingers dance over the holo-pad.

A holographic monitor pops up, and shows us Marvel in real-time.

A female Angel Ella, sits next to Marvel.

(All angels appear like young adults in their twenties. Everywhere but Heaven, they wear business suits.)

Her mouth open, singing. The harmonics warp, on a subtle level, Marvel's own perception of *his* reality. She's fucking with his sense of self, etc.

The man in black looks beyond the holographic feed.

Twilights glimmers across his covered face.

In front of the man, outside the garage, he sits at the edge Time. Universes float as spheres, each inter-connected through an interlace of tiny wires.

Each universal sphere, a node, in the spider-web like connection. This is the multi-verse in it's glory.

The closest universe to the front of the garage is the Present Universe.

Text appears at the bottom of the screen.

Time Walker Marvel, TWM, walks over to his workspace and opens a drawer.

He pulls a semi-holographic cassette recorder.

This is, TIME-WALKER MARVEL

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, SAN DIEGO - DAY

Marvel walks up to a building, a couple of stories big.

MARVEL V.O.

A couple of years after being  
Diagnosed with, Dissociative  
Disorder, I came by some money,  
after suing a lawyer who hit me.  
Uninstigated.

Marvel opens the door.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Marvel walks cross the lobby, and up a flight of stairs.

MARVEL

And I spend it.

Marvel walks to a door at the end of the hallway.

He knocks. A man, Eric, (43) opens the door for Marvel to enter.

INT. SOMATIC PRACTITIONER'S OFFICE, SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Marvel takes a seat across from Eric.

MARVEL V.O.

Therapy.

The walls have a few certificates, a degree, and a name plate for Eric.

MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)

Yeah, therapy.

Marvel hands Eric a folded piece of paper he took out his pocket.

MARVEL

My mom kicking me out. I got about  
4 weeks.

Erik reads the letter.

ERIK

You know what you're going to do.

Marvel takes the letter back.

MARVEL

No. But today's my last session.  
I'm going to unpack heavy shit.  
Give me a minute.

ERIK

Not a problem.

Marvel takes a deep breath.

MARVEL

Alright, when I was about 10 or 11 years old, I hurt kittens. Two different times. Obviously not proud of it. I kicked one kitten, punting the poor thing. They were strays. That's not an excuse. I didn't feel guilty about it until someone saw me messing with another kitten on a different time and place.

ERIK

Two different kittens, different days.

MARVEL

Correct. I'm at this stairwell. I hear one kitten, then I hear more. There was a mother kitten, I mean cat, somehow in this closet space in a stairwell. And this particular kitten. This is what fucked me up, the kitten was blind so I picked it up and dropped it a few steps. I wasn't trying to kill it, just hurt it. And in the background I hear this mother cat, yelping for this kitten to be let go, to let it go back to it's mother. And I was angry on the inside. Why should I, my mother never gave a days notice when she forgot to pick me up at school, or way more fucked up things that happened by the time I was like 10 years old.

(MORE)

MARVEL (CONT'D)

And the yelping of the mother cat completely fucked my perception of who I thought my mother was, because she cared less of a fuck for me than this kitten, and that's from her actions, not her words. Her words were all bullshit. In a way, I tortured the mother cat, to hear real emotion, emotion that was suppressed in me. I stopped hurting animals. Something clicked.

ERIK

Do you blame yourself.

MARVEL

For what.

ERIK

I don't know, any part of it.

MARVEL

Blame myself. Fuck no. I don't blame myself. I never have. You live with the devil long enough you realize demented bullshit is real and I realize there is no notion of fair, unless I'm fair with myself. The fact that my parents kept all their secrets about the ways they hurt me, from me. No. I don't blame myself. I just don't give a fuck about them. What Are you nervous.

ERIK

What, no.

MARVEL

Understand something, I don't defend my parents. I won't. Let their actions and their omissions be on their heads, not mine. And there's one last thing I need to share.

ERIK

Okay.

Marvel measures his breathing to calm himself.

MARVEL

I had a fucked up childhood, but that doesn't give me carte blanche to torture people.

(MORE)

MARVEL (CONT'D)

I'm not that entitled. I choose to not put my head in the sand and be ignorant, continuing to believe what is convenient over what is truthful. I'm not willfully ignorant.

ERIK

You're not.

MARVEL

No. I'm not. Why would I come here, to see you. If I don't breathe my shit out, I end up suffocating myself. If I don't bare my sins aloud, I'd rather just fucking die. I've done something that's fucked with me. When I was about 15, I was taking advantage of an 11 year old kid. The guy who's dating my ex, was that kid's uncle. He is in on it too. I was a piece of shit for what I did, and I can say that I think about that shit, at least once a day. I didn't think there was another option. Wha do I do, fuck that guy up, but I'm the bad guy. Every person that I've had a problem with, they twist the shit to make me look like the bad guy, because they can't hold the truth. So I fuck up my neighbor, cut him up, scar the motherfucker so he never forgets. Just like I never forget.

ERIK

How long did it go one for.

MARVEL

A few weeks, then that's it. Sometimes I think about suicide.

ERIK

You have a plan.

MARVEL

Do I need one.

ERIK

You don't.

MARVEL

No.

ERIK

Why did you, do it.

MARVEL

I don't know. Don't know. If I fuck up my own life, that's on me. Even if there is collateral damage, I'm responsible. I am slightly conscious, of the grief. I'm not sure if it's holding onto me, or I'm holding on to it. Maybe I was supposed to do the things that I did to get help, to send a message to the universe that I may have fucked up, but I'm not the bad guy. It would be plausible if I wanted these sessions. But I would only have come in through that door, if I fucked up my life. Otherwise, we wouldn't be here, and this conversation wouldn't exist.

ERIK

You planned this.

MARVEL

If I did, it would be superhuman. Maybe I'm just caught in some fucked up hell, repeating, repeating, repeating, like a re-run. My life is a cycle, without an end.

ERIK

Maybe it's a spiral.

MARVEL

A hole I haven't crawled out.

Marvel stands and extends his hand.

Eric shakes his hand.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Marvel stands up, and hands him 120 dollars in cash.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - UNKNOWN

A man dressed in all black, from head to toe, with a black hoodie.



This version of Marvel, with shoulder length black hair and black eyes, without the white. He works out of a 13x13 garage, wearing black rimmed glasses.

Scars on his hands appear, disappear and reappear in different places.

Countertops line two of the three walls. A few holographic tools sit on the workspace with a large bookcase on the opposite wall.

*Encyclopedia Marvel*, the word states in carved letters on the last shelf.

The garage sits at the edge of multi-universe timespherical universes float outside the garage, connected in web-like fashion through tiny tubes, called LifeLines.

A musket made of a hybrid of elements: wood, metal, holographic components. The words, Last Shot, are carved into stock.

MARVEL O.S..

I don't know what you want.

POV Time-Walker MARVEL: From the glasses, he sees a man, chained to a ceiling, howling in pain.

Time Walker Marvel taps his glasses to shut off the feed.

He checks his forearm's holographic pad, Runes appear as the symbols to touch.

A holographic cube appears, Marvel's fingers dance across the cube. The cube opens from the corners, unfolding, like a flower blossoming.

Time-Walker Marvel puts on his hood. It activates a white shimmer of a holographic helmet, contours around his face, then the light disappears.

Runes translate from the holo-pad

"ENTERING DREAM POINT"

INT. MARVEL'S CHILDHOOD HOME, SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Marvel appears in the living room of his childhood home, furnished as it was once was, and vacant.

The full moon's light penetrates the house, shining through the space of micro-blinds.

TWM checks his holo-pad. The runes display a message that are translated into English.

YEAR 1999

DREAM-POINT IN PRESENT UNIVERSE

TWM walks through a hallway.

A photo on the wall reveals Marvel as a child, holding a soccer ball.

TIME-WALKER MARVEL'S POV: Marvel sees in black and white, like a noir comic book.

He enters his childhood room, and sits on the twin-sized bed.

Picks up the pillow and sees a kitchen knife.

MARVEL puts the pillow back over the knife, stands up and walks out the house.

EXT. MARVEL'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MOMENTS LATER

MARVEL outside, watching the flames engulf his childhood home.

FEMALE VOICE V.O.

Who is he.

The blaze reflects on the lenses of his glasses.

DEEP MALE VOICE V.O.

A strange anomaly across our time-line.

FEMALE VOICE V.O.

He is not our Marvel.

He rolls up his left sleeve and, a holo-pad lights up on his forearm.

In a moment he vanishes. A light white shimmer appears where he was, and disappears itself.

DEEP MALE VOICE V.O.

He is a problem.

DEEP MALE VOICE

This requires, experimentation, and deduction.

Another dislocated voice answers, a female.

FEMALE VOICE

I got something across the time-  
lines, he's moving.

DEEP MALE VOICE

Cycle.

The scene cycles through different houses built on the same hill, the details differentiate across time-lines, some of the houses are in a blaze, others are not, but each house is a hue of Yellow.

FEMALE VOICE

He has access, to all previous  
universal iterations. What do we  
do.

The scene continues to cycle through hundreds and thousands of variations until all the houses are burning.

DEEP MALE VOICE

Debrief at the War Room.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TIME UNKNOWN

MARVEL walks up to his workbench, and opens a drawer below the workbench and pulls out a holographic mini cassette recorder.

Presses the record.

MARVEL speaks, it sounds like gibberish.

A Katana hangs on the side of the bookcase, with an inlaid inscription on the handle. The word, Zen, in Japanese.

MARVEL paces around the garage, speaking into the recorder in more gibberish.

MARVEL pops out the holographic mini-cassette.

Marvel grabs the tape and throws it into multiverse-scape, as it Spirals through zero gravity.

From the perspective of the multiverse-scape, the tape enters the multi-verse from many angles, until it slows down, suspended in zero gravity.

EXT. MULTIVERSE-SCAPE - TWILIGHT

Other mini-cassettes float in the multiverse-scape.

As the new holographic mini cassette enters the multiverse scape, all other mini cassettes begin to emit a low, vibrant hum, playing in the background together, like a symphony full of bass.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

TIME WALKER MARVEL sees the musical notes as they appear, and disappear, to the background humming.

EXT. MULTIVERSE-SCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The recent holographic mini-cassette plays the message in reverse, the original message now sounds english.

MINI CASSETTE

Master of karma, master of life,  
the slave. The fool. A squire and a  
wizard, magic beneath the skin.  
Ending time, your life, a  
sacrifice. A true honor to serve,  
my one true master. Blessed.

INT. HEAVEN, WAR ROOM - DAY

The War Room, is a single floor, single room building made of light and gold, (all buildings in heaven are made of light and gold).

The War-Room has bookshelves, maps and graphs on the walls that move in real-time in the detection of anomalies, mapping energetic fluctuations in the realm of Human Consciousness.

When in Heaven, Angels wear and appear in conventional Christian attire. (Silk sashes, golden silk robes)

In other planes beyond Heaven, the angels dress business casual. Fucking Hipsters.

Archangel Michael taps the wooden table in the center of the room.

A. MICHAEL

Let's check.

(The Deep Male Voice was Archangel Michael from the previous scene.)

A golden, holographic monitor comes online, in front of him.

Earth, with graphs.

A message flashes.

WARNING: SELF-AWARENESS INCREASING

TEARING PROPHETIC PARAMETERS, PLEASE RESPOND, COURSE CORRECTION REQUIRED.

A. Michael looks up and sees 5 other Archangels.

A. ELLA

It's not his astral form. Michael and I saw another, version of him.

(Archangel Ella is the Female Voice from the previous scene.)

A.DONNATELLO

You got to be joking.

A. AZREAL

Another what.

A. Michael looks out a window.

A.GABRIEL

He's still there, Michael.

A. AZREAL

Where was this other version.

A.DONATELLO

It doesn't matter.

A.MICHAEL

This whole op is going to hit the dirt.

The Building of War, the other two buildings begin to quake.

We see that the three buildings, Building of War, Building of Time, and the Building of Imprisonment begin to tremble. These three buildings are on a platform that is in a sphere floating at the edge of Heaven.

A Giant God wears a mask that connects to the reverse fountain in the middle of the courtyard. Dark Matter energy feeds into the Giant God through a mask.

A. ELLA

We need to stabilize him.

A. MICHAEL

Let's drop him.

A.AZREAL

Suit up.

A.MICHAEL

Hit them, in and out, I don't want  
to dance with whoever, or whatever  
that was.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TIME UNKNOWN

MARVEL sees through the barrel of his scope, from the Last Shot, as different hit squads of angels, balls of light, entering the dimly lit universes, scenes from parallel universes.

He pulls out another scope from his pocket. It floats and attaches to the scope already on his rifle.

His head's up displays cites numbers and letters, and dates/times, The entry points into different universes, different memories, from among the multiverse.

Holo-pad pops up a message.

RANDOMIZING ENTRY POINTS TO PRESENT UNIVERSE

PREPARE TO ENTER IN...

3.

The scope gives the reading of time of day and location, Runes translated in English.

San Diego Balboa Park, April, 5th 2013. Time, 3:34 PM.

TWM sees see his real self.

He moves the rifle away, the mirrors and components, bend and flex to allow TWM to stay locked on the time signature.

A holographic light-line traces from the barrel of the rifle, curving throughout the multi-verse, moving around universal spheres and entering of the present universe, at the marked time

2.

TWM checks the HUD.

TRIGGER READY TO ENTER

1.

RANDOM ENTRANCE

MARVEL pulls the trigger.

EXT. BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Three Angels appear in black and white suits, A.Gabriel, A.Azreal, A.Donatello.

A. Azreal holds a briefcase.

Ahead of them, Real Marvel sits on the grass, next to a tree, completely unaware of the angels, or what is about to happen.

Like a bolt of lightning TIME WALKER MARVEL appears between his Real self and the angels. A shadow, materialized before the angels. Zero translucent features.

A.Gabriel looks at his astral body, it begins to disintegrate as he rapidly gets colder.

A.DONNATELLO  
Something's here.

Infrared shows them MARVEL as COLD BLUE, but already one hand on A.Donatello's head.

TWM takes the angel's head, and drops him, head first into the earth, as his astral body melts into the earth.

A. Azreal disappears, leaving the suitcase behind.

A.MICHAEL  
Final-

Before A. Michael can finish his words, TWM punched him straight in the chest, launched back towards the street, disappearing before hitting a building.

TWM turns and throws an electric, black plasma ninja star. A. Ella's near Real Marvel's head, affecting his mind with a viral load into his head. The Plasma blasts the Female Angel 30 feet before disappearing.

Energetic trails show their exit portals, a rift in space-time.

TWM walks up to Marvel who drinks a smoothie, sitting near the tree. TIME-WALKER pulls out a viral program out of his mind. Energetic goop, a virus, meant to distort reality for the subject.

TWM picks up the briefcase looks at the exit points of the Angels on his HUD, TEMPORAL RIFTS BACK TO HEAVEN.

TWM disappears.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TIME UNKNOWN

TIME-WALKER puts the viral code, a sludge that doesn't come apart, onto the workbench.

FROM MARVEL'S POV: HUD shows a mixture of Turing binary code, equations, DNA genetic modification virus, and the building blocks of imagination, neutral dreamscape, creating subconscious perceptual manipulation. Tiny machines in the goop.

TWM's HUD shows the ancient runes, translated into English identifying tiny machines, generators.

EROS Slavers.

TWM taps on his glasses, the HUD display provides for him more information.

UPDATED VERSION 2.01343

SLAVERS TO DISTORT SELF\_PERCEPTION

UNIDENTIFIED ENVIRONMENT

Tiny generators (EROS Slavers) pair immoral stimulation, such as incest and molestation, to the subject's subconscious.

The real MARVEL has learned to move his mind to appear affected by the EROS machines, yet he can shift his inner identity, to remain unaffected. A warrior, using Perfect Duplicity, to throw angels and God off his mark.

TIME-WALKER grabs the goop and tosses it into the multiverse where it shreds itself, unable to stay alive without a host, and unable to self-sustain in the multiverse-scape.

A vacuum of space.

The goop contracts into a kaleidoscope of shapes, before squeezing into a size of a marble, exploding into a few small doves made of white light, disappearing after a moment.

EXT. BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

REAL MARVEL drinks his smoothie, sitting by the large tree.



INT. BUILDING OF IMPRISONMENT, HEAVEN - DAY

The Building of Imprisonment, like the other two buildings in the vicinity, are large one room buildings.

In the middle of the room, a Dark Silhouetted Man hangs by his chained wrists to the ceiling.

His ankles chained to the floor.

The Dark Silhouette has no discerning features. His dark energy flows to and through the chains. They supply the building, buildings, the Great Prophecy, and every celestial being, including A Giant God Outside the sphere of three buildings.

The Giant God breathes in Astral Marvel's, he draws energy from the silhouette.

Light refracts around ASTRAL MARVEL in a palette of grey.

Angels, dressed in a variety of golden silk and fleece move out of the way as a young man enters the room.

The young man, God (14), has glowing golden skin and a crown of thorns. He wears golden silk attire.

GOD

What happened.

A.MICHAEL

I don't understand myself.

GOD

Then what do I need you for.

A. AZREAL

He's being helped.

GOD

By who. This is Marvel's ASTRAL BODY. How did he do it. How did you do it. Tell me. I need to know. Tell me.

ASTRAL MARVEL

Go. Fuck. Yourself.  
(coughs)

GOD

Turn it up.

An angel on a control panel, pushes a lever forward.

Dark Energy gets pulled from the chained man, with a greater velocity. The pull of Dark Energy over brightens the room, the glow from God gets brighter, the glow from the angels in the room gets brighter, the Glow from the GIANT GOD's eyes get brighter.

GOD (CONT'D)

My sacrifice is not knowing you exist.

ASTRAL MARVEL

You. Are. Not. Me.

GOD

I can do with you what I please.  
You're nothing to me, Marvel. Tell me who was down there. Tell me. Tell me.

A.MICHAEL

If we retain too much of his power, his material self gains more self-awareness.

GOD

Price paid. Price forgotten.  
Initiate memory wipe.

Particles of light drift off God's skin and into Astral Marvel's body.

ASTRAL MARVEL

I. Hate. You. I. Hate. You.

God opens the door and exits, immediately disappearing from the courtyard.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - UNKNOWN

TWM takes a seat on the floor, rests his back against the wall.

Rolls up his sleeve and pulls up the holo-pads two clocks.

Runes translated into English

Present Universe, PST 6:29 PM

Imaginative Time, 6:45 PM

The first clocks hits 6:30 PM and TMW falls asleep.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - 6:30 PM

Time stands still.

EXT. PARIS - CONTINUOUS

In every place.

EXT. ABORIGINAL LAND, AUSTRALIA - CONTINUOUS

Everywhere.

EXT. PUBLIC SPACE, HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Even Heaven.

EXT. EARTH/HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

The astral bodies of all sentient beings, including the Earth itself, move. Their inner light inside their outlined bodies, move toward projected directions. Astral Bodies moving, giving the illusion of will. The illusion of time rendered in the minds of the sentient beings, while they are frozen in time.

Earth and it's inhabitants all move 6 days ahead in astral time.

Heaven moves 6 hours in astral time because angels can cover more ground in linear time, phase shifting through different planes existence. They make decisions to influence each other and humanity.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

TIME-WALKER MARVEL holo-pad shows that his imaginative mind has moved an hour ahead, stopping at 7:30 PM

TWM his eyes and looks at the holo-pad, it's still 6:30 PM.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Movement returns.

EXT. PARIS - CONTINUOUS

Projected time, fantasies and hells have elapsed in everybody's mind.

EXT. ABORIGINAL LAND, AUSTRALIA - CONTINUOUS

The source of time, remains unnoticed.

EXT. PUBLIC SPACE, HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

All the beings of Heaven, return to their activities, completely unnoticed by the man behind the curtain.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO - DAY

A boy, Marvel (13), his mother (we never see the mother's face) and 3 year old sister, enter the Chula Vista public library.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO - LATER

Young Marvel walks up to the reference desk.

YOUNG MARVEL

Hello, I'm looking for a field or subject of books.

LIBRARIAN

Sure, what's the subject.

YOUNG MARVEL

Science, cosmology, the butterfly effect, quantum theory. Stuff like that.

LIBRARIAN

Science Fiction.

YOUNG MARVEL

No. It's definitely real, non-fiction science.

LIBRARIAN

Okay give me a moment

The librarian types, and scans the computer monitor, in a moment she scribbles several Dewey decimal numbers with the aisle.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

The section will be down this path,  
and on the right side after the  
young adult comics.

YOUNG MARVEL

Thank you.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO - LATER

Young Marvel sits at a table with several books around him.

He takes out a pencil and paper from his back pack and writes  
down parts of an equation.

Mass > Speed = Death by Fire (Big Crunch)

Speed > Mass = Death by Ice (Big Freeze)

YOUNG MARVEL

If the total mass of gravity fails  
to reincorporate the projected mass  
from the big bang the acceleration  
of mass turns the universe cold.  
I'd think if the universe was on a  
flat plane. The eraser, the big  
bang.

He looks at his pencil, picks it up and levels it to his  
eyes.

Draws his index finger from the eraser to the graphite.

YOUNG MARVEL (CONT'D)

Spoosh, too fast. Cold World.

He looks at the pencil again and traces the again the  
distance from the eraser to half the distance and then back  
to the eraser.

YOUNG MARVEL (CONT'D)

Grrklap. Too slow. Big Crunch. Back  
to the Big Bang.

Young Marvel flips through several more pages to see the  
diagrams of a sphere and a flat plane.

They also show a donut 3-d diagram and a saddle, with the  
heading, Other Possible Universal Dimensions.

YOUNG MARVEL (CONT'D)  
Scientists want to make sure they  
can leave this universe and create  
or adapt to another universe. Well,  
yeah, duh. Or you, and everybody I  
know dies. Global Warming be  
damned.

Young Marvel drops the pencil on the desk.

YOUNG MARVEL (CONT'D)  
I'm done.

Young Marvel gets up and takes the books back to the aisle.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO - LATER

Young Marvel takes the receipt from the automated check out,  
for, 'The Butterfly Theory, in Effect.'

And walks to the children's section to find his mother seated  
with his younger sister.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - UNKNOWN

TWM stands at his workbench, pulls up a 3-D holographic earth  
labelled with different energies pulsing through the Earth's  
core.

He moves his finger over the holo-runes to zoom-out.

Two frequencies are almost superimposed on top of each other.

The one on top: PROBABILITIES

The one on the bottom: THE PROPHETIC PROBLEM

VIRAL LOAD DIMINISHING

TMW grabs the briefcase he took from one of the angels and  
tosses it into the multiverse-scape. It morphs into a  
kaleidoscope of shapes until finally breaking down into a  
shimmer of light resembling a dove in flight, before it  
disappears.

VIRAL LOAD CONSISTENT WITH VARIABLES...

STANDING BY...

CHOICE EVIDENT

STANDING BY, HIGHER FREQUENCIES INTERVENING

STAND BY.

INT. BUILDING OF WAR - DAY

A.AZREAL paces around nervously.

A.MICHAEL

You worry too much, he doesn't know what you lost, and the consequences would be infinitely, negligibly small.

A.AZREAL

Does a Seraph need to tell you what I'm thinking. I'm not the least worried, Micheal.

A.DONATELLO

He took the Virus out himself. Without any problem. We don't know who's helping him. But the more we help ourselves, the more evident his identity becomes to him.

A.AZREAL

In other words.

A.DONATELLO

We cannot give ourselves the power, without giving himself his true-er identity.

A. ELLA

We lose control.

A.MICHAEL

What's the plan.

A. ELLA

We put a virus, in everyone else.

A.MICHAEL

That requires, adjustments.

A.DONATELLO

Let's put him back in the low-income environment. The real ghetto. It leads to our original purpose.

A. ELLA

Mental Instability.

A.MICHAEL  
Leverage it.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - LATER

TMW looks at his holo-pad. He sees archangels, speaking and plotting against Real Marvel in the War Room.

A cat in a box pops up in a holo-gram.

TMW turns off the feed inside Heaven, and takes a deep breath.

He looks at the holo-pad on his forearm.

PRESENT TIME.DATE 7:02PM, DECEMBER 16th, 2013

IMAGINATIVE TIME 7:30 PM

EXT. MULTIVERSE-SCAPE - LATER

A Mini-Cassette hurls into the space.

As soon as the cassette plays the background turns into a humming choir played from the other Mini-cassettes.

TIME WALKER MARVEL  
Tape number, 3-1-4. Viral Load is  
infectious. It's a disease  
affecting everyone. Everyone.

INT. BUILDING OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The building of Time, like the two other buildings inside this sphere-like structure is a large room.

In the middle of this Building's Room, a GIANT HOURGLASS stands.

Upon closer inspection, the grains of sand are actually names of people made into tiny hourglasses, birthdates at the base of the hourglass.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.  
Interconnected with each other,  
inevitably, crushes your perception  
of time. You're always ahead of  
time, and feel constant pain.

The top half of the hourglass are all names of living people.



The bottom half are all the dead, with their death date at the base of their hourglass.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)  
Across Times.

EXT. MULTIVERSE-SCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Universal Spheres pass light from one universe to another, like a synaptic connections in the brain. Some of universes stay in a twilight darkness.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.  
Moving, and controlling the  
outcomes.

EXT. ANCIENT GREECE, NEAR MOUNT OLYMPUS - EVENING

MOUNT OLYMPUS is covered in Baroque-esque cloud overcast.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.  
Of Gods, Within, and without.

Malicious Lightening Bolts streak cross the Darkened Sky.

The sound of war chariots hit each other, wood cracks like thunder snapping the sky.

The Thunderous sound of Stone breaking from Impact of the Gods.

TIME WALKER MARVEL  
Death.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM, ANCIENT INDIA - AFTERNOON

The Room is filled of opulence for the times. Golden tapestries on the walls, and beautiful silk, and jewels across the neck of Goddess PARVATI.

The Goddess, sits with her Son, a child. We neither see Parvati's face or the Child's face.

The child embodies madness, hitting his mother on the belly.

Crying and Yelling in rage.

EXT. ANCIENT INDIA - LATER

Parvati walks with her son toward her husband, Shiva.

Her Son seems engulfed in madness, shaking his head and his body, but still conscious and walking with his mother.

The God Shiva walks toward them.

He Brandishes the BHAVANI SWORD and runs toward the boy, pushing his wife aside and steps toward the boy, slicing off the boy's head.

TIME WALKER MARVEL (V.O.)  
By separation.

EXT. ANCIENT INDIA - NEXT DAY

In the shadows of the trees of a forest, a silhouette of a boy with the head of an elephant plays with marbles.

INT. BUILDING OF IMPRISONMENT - DAY

The Audio Track is muted.

The Teenager God points, at the MARVEL'S ASTRAL BODY, while stomping his feet.

Throwing a temper tantrum, everything around them Brightens.

One Angel walks up to him and puts his hand on his shoulder.

The panel that an angel use to syphon the prisoner's dark energy flashes a message.

SELF-AWARENESS...

INCREASING.

INCREASING.

INCREASING.

The Teenager God looks at him in disgust. The Angel takes his hand back.

TIME WALKER MARVEL  
The cost of manufacturing prophecy,  
is pollution.

The Teenager God starts stomping his feet and pointing at the Astral form of Marvel, chained.

TIME WALKER MARVEL (CONT'D)  
For him to be right, he lies to  
himself, about the truth.

Once he slows down and begins to catch his breath, he motions for his memory to be wiped by wiping his forehead.

A new message shows up at the panel

NOW DUMPING UNWORKABLE (PHANTOM) MEMORIES INTO SUBJECT'S MIND

TIME WALKER MARVEL (CONT'D)

This is Cognitive Dissonance at the mythic level. Vis-a-vis, Viral Load.

The light particles purge from his body and every other place that had gotten brighter, they come off and into ASTRAL MARVEL who shakes the chains he is tethered to.

TIME WALKER MARVEL (CONT'D)

Life gets re-wired. He suppresses critical thinking to deny the truth, that he has deceived others, to retain your power.

INT. VEGAN RESTAURANT, PLUMERIA, SAN DIEGO - EVENING

December 20th, 2013

MARVEL sits opposite ZAC, (25) a caucasian dude with penchant for New Age Hippie.

ZAC

Block chain.

MARVEL

Block Chain.

ZAC

Yeah, it's a series of transactions, where every transaction is a link in the chain. This actually works to prevent all kinds of fraud and takes power away from central banking.

MARVEL

The end of fractional reserve banking.

ZAC

It's hard for me to have a hard stance, cause maybe, I don't know what I'm talking about.

(MORE)

ZAC (CONT'D)

But the banks use the money you give them to create more money, they keep you out of the loop.

MARVEL

No integrity.

ZAC

This is the opposite. You keep what you earned, and there's a receipt, a log of transactions. Person to person transactions, decentralizing the financial sector. It's going to be the new thing.

MARVEL

Sounds like some, iRobot shit, but with money. I wonder if this block chain prevents SkyNet.

ZAC

Maybe. It's not clandestine, or secretive, it's an open blueprint for seeing ethical purchases. It's bigger than cash, it's a revolution in how we think about money, and maybe, cashflow in a micro and macro sense.

MARVEL

Sounds, not bloated, but full of promise. I don't follow finances. But anyway, how's the Waking Down.

ZAC

I don't follow the group anymore, but Sanial kind of imploded.

MARVEL

Politics.

ZAC

Politics, man.

MARVEL

Bullshit. No one says what they fear, eventually what you fear meets you, it's karma, I'm surprised as high and mighty some of them are, they don't see their own, hubris.

ZAC  
Yeah, yeah it feels like that.  
How's the ghetto.

MARVEL  
Like Oakland. You gotta-

MARVEL darts, looking around quickly, taking into account the tiniest of details and the energetic feel of the room.

MARVEL (CONT'D)  
Keep your head on a swivel.

Zac laughs.

ZAC  
Nature isn't always safe. And the hood has that quality.

MARVEL  
What.

ZAC  
It's harsh, it's about survival, then thriving. Only the best survive, and get out. That's why I like hanging out with you.

MARVEL  
You can smell the hood on me.

ZAC  
Something like that.

MARVEL  
You gotta regulate your own territory, your own experience. Stand up for something, or just die, I can't take those chances.

ZAC  
Yeah. Fuck, that's intense.

MARVEL  
Yeah.

ZAC  
How's your diagnosis.

MARVEL  
Good.

ZAC  
You feel good.

MARVEL

Block-chain sounds like something  
my memories can't be.

ZAC

What.

Crushes a Vegan, Chinese Fortune Cookie.

MARVEL

Linear. It's the trauma.

ZAC

You were going to a therapist.

MARVEL

Yeah, but eventually, I got to do  
the heavy lifting.

ZAC

When are you going to find your  
niche.

Marvel shrugs his shoulders.

INT. EUROPEAN HISTORY CLASS, SWEETWATER HIGH SCHOOL, NATIONAL  
CITY, SAN DIEGO - DAY

MARVEL (15) takes out a 500 plus page book from his back  
pack, "EUROPEAN HISTORY," and lets it thump on the table.

INT. EUROPEAN HISTORY CLASS, SWEETWATER HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The professor (53) white male, has a drawing of France on the  
white board.

PROFESSOR

Napoleon Bonaparte was part short,  
part intelligent, and hell bent on  
conquering France and Europe.  
Ambitious is an understatement. The  
best way to undermine people's  
opinion is to wage a continual war.  
In short, no pun intended, Mr.  
Bonaparte failed twice over.  
Banished, he comes back like a  
zombie. Agh. To try his hand again.  
Does anyone know why he was  
defeated the second time.

MARVEL

Couldn't see the fuck over his horse. The fuck do I know.

The class goes dead silent.

His buddy Ramon sits behind, him, the only one laughing.

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL, HISTORY OF MEDICINE - DAY

MARVEL (19), sits amongst his peers cracking jokes that only the people around him can hear.

The professor, (54) white male.

PROFESSOR #2

In the early stages of medicine in the world, that illness was no more than an imbalance of humors. The simplest answer was the easiest to make sense of the world. Micro-organisms were, theoretical. First to philosophers, then to actual science. When the scientific revolution took part, collective consciousness of humanity evolved as well. It was not the blood that needed to be drained through leeches, but micro-organisms needed to be avoided. No more drinking one's own urine.

MARVEL

Was it straight from the pee hole or a distillation process. Asking, for a friend. He wants to build a time machine, and doesn't want to fuck up etiquette.

INT. AMERICAN STUDIES FROM THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN PERSPECTIVE, SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE - DAY

A 24 person class, with an African American professor, (45).

PROFESSOR #3

Poetry. Extra credit, does anybody have a poem they would like to read, inspired by Maya Angelou perhaps.

MARVEL (21) raises his hand.

PROFESSOR #3 (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

MARVEL stands up.

MARVEL

Pete, get at this.

Pete (18), the white kid in class drops a beatbox beat, using his mouth, and the desk with his hands and pencil.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Drop the world tonight and you  
might see my soul eye level. Pitch  
black magic, spirit's bombastic  
understating the obvious, the  
underdog, understanding thespian  
level dramatics, a nerd at birth,  
surprised, how this egg head was  
born sensing epiphanies, this whole  
class added pieces to network,  
Repeating history, paying off God's  
debt like I wasn't heaven sent,  
denied entry, this was the last  
race, white Jesus can't save me.  
Revising history, leaning on pete  
for the beat, seeking a runner's  
high, meals from the fridge.

MARVEL gets out a paper bag and pulls out

MARVEL (CONT'D)

PB&J, banana and water. My food's  
simple, but my heart stings when  
caged birds sing

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE, KAMALA ALLEN - DAY

**May 2010**

It's a therapist's office, through and through.

Kamala Allen (58) sits in her own armchair, next to another therapist, Grace Lately (53). Both therapists are dressed like therapists.

A young woman sits at one corner, MARVEL at the other.

GRACE

Hello, I'm here to discuss the  
importance of Dissociative Identity  
as I've understood it.

(MORE)



GRACE (CONT'D)

Kamala has me here as a guest to hopefully weed out any contradictions in the understanding of the disorder. Any questions.

MARVEL

What are your credentials.

GRACE

BA in behavioral sciences. One in Sociology, the other in Psychology, with an emphasis on neurobiology, . I wrote my dissertation on dissociative disorders manifesting inside family systems. Since then, I've worked primarily with the dissociative population. Time and time again, I understand, D.I.D. stems from and in response to, repressed trauma. First question, how do you deal with alters.

EXT. JOURNEY TO ATLANTIS, SEA WORLD - DAY

MARVEL walks through the empty Queue line as he sweeps with a pan and broom.

A co-worker, DAVID (21), stands by the front of the queue line.

He gets people lined up, into designated areas, before they enter the coaster boats.

DAVID walks up to Marvel.

DAVID

You good, foo.

MARVEL nods

DAVID (CONT'D)

Kickback at Adrian's, you down.

MARVEL shakes his head, no.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What happened, estas deprimido, doggie.

(Translation: are you depressed)

MARVEL shakes his head, raises the pan and broom in his hands.

Points to the employees only sign on a door.

MARVEL leaves David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Aliveate guey, it's not the end of  
the world.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GRACE

And you don't black out.

MARVEL

No.

GRACE

What about you Claire, do you black  
out.

CLAIRE

Most definitely.

GRACE

You aware of who takes over.

CLAIRE

Sometimes, mostly when I'm angry.  
Jennifer comes out.

GRACE

Jennifer. What does she want.

CLAIRE

To hurt other people. She doesn't  
like going back inside.

GRACE

Every alter needs to tell their  
tale.

MARVEL

Violence is taking back what was  
stolen. You really think Jennifer  
wants to bring chaos, for no  
reason, from no reason. You don't  
think Jennifer wants healing. What  
did you say, my mother, and father,  
practiced Satanic Ritual Abuse. I  
don't feel ashamed for feeling  
violent. Neither should you  
Claire. The reality is, we're here,  
because we survived something.

KAMALA

And you.

GRACE

What's the name of the alter who  
wants violence.

MARVEL

Monster.

GRACE

Never heard that name. How do you  
cope.

MARVEL

Discretely.

EXT. JOURNEY TO ATLANTIS, SEA WORLD - DAY

Marvel, Sea World Ride Operator, walks his side of the  
platform, checking the rider's bars.

He returns to his 2x2 section on the platform.

MARVEL

Van, cover for me please, I have to  
take care of something.

An attractive coworker stands behind a gate, near him.

Name tag reads: Van

VAN

Sure. You going to rage.

MARVEL

Yeah.

EXT. JOURNEY TO ATLANTIS, EMPLOYEE BREAK AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Marvel's in JTA's employee locker room, it's the size of a  
hallway.

He starts a 3 minute timer on his cellphone.

Closes the door.

A moment later fists are heard punching lockers from behind  
the door.

Marvel lets out a primal scream.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE, KAMALA ALLEN - CONTINUOUS

MARVEL

I can take care of myself.

MARVEL gets up and walks to the door.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

KAMALA

We still have a half hour.

MARVEL

I'd rather not waste my time. Have  
a good day.

MARVEL exits the office.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS - DAY

MARVEL looks up at the blue, summer sky.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, MT. SINAI, NECROPOLIS - NIGHT

The operating room has only one man, who wears a white lab coat and shorts works on a astral body. He is connecting energetic lines while he sings to himself.

DOCTOR

The Root Chakra's connected to the,  
tail bone. The Sacral Chakra's  
connected to the, sex bones.

Beyond the hands that move deftly in the astral field of the body on the table, who is no other than Astral Marvel, in color.

We pull back to see the man has with a swastika tattoo. His entire body is blasted with religious and mystical symbology, including sacred geometry tattoos.

In the middle of his energetic surgery, the floor begins to tremble, as does the room.

The doctor looks outside the window, a mile above sea level on top of a cliff, he can see clearly the horizon is dotted with massive arks from the times of Noah.

The doctor stops what he is doing, and for the first time we see his eyes, one green, the other black.

The Doctor, is another Marvel, from this place that's in perpetual twilight. He is-

EXT. MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NECROPOLIS - TWILIGHT

Necro-Marvel.

Wearing only shorts, looks up at portal that's being ripped open in the sky. Human bodies are falling from the sky several miles away downhill from the cliff.

Everything downhill leads to a sprawling metropolis. Beyond the city's skyscrapers are larger buildings in the horizon, as big as mountains.

Towers of Babel, as far as the eye can see one direction.

Below cliffside, at the bottom, HUGE WOODEN BOATS docked on the coast.

Ark's built and broken.

NECRO-MARVEL

The unforgiven.

The air feels electric as the sky rips open showing a portal.

In the Portal, a holy shit-show descends from Mt. Zion.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.

There's nothing for you here,  
Marvel.

A man (35) engulfed in radiant light, (Krsna/Jesus/Buddha) lifts hundred of humans from his place beyond the Portal, and throws them into Necropolis, using supernatural powers.

The Krsna/Jesus/Buddha man radiates golden eyes. It's the, Teenage God, if he was older.

As the bodies enter the City of Dead, they immediately turn black, die, and fall on the roads, buildings, lifeless.

The desolate and deserted city is a dumping ground. Stacking bodies

NECRO-MARVEL looks at his skin it turns Black as night but still alive.

His right arm starts to burn as the material of his spirit creates a holo-pad. Energy from MARVEL'S core goes into the holo-pad. His spiritual energy, re-grafting and crafting a device in his arm.

The bodies come in the hundreds, thousands, millions, dumped in the horizon.

A cloudless but perpetually dark sky.

MARVEL'S eyes start to emit light. His left eye transforms into an emerald, causing pain.

MARVEL grabs the crystal in his eye socket and pulls it out.

His right eye sees outlines and gives him the ability to see in the darkness.

Marvel looks up again and sees through the portal. Fallen Angels fighting Angels.

The Angels thrown into the Necropolis yell in high pitch like banshees, or harpies.

N.M. sees the ugliness of Jesus, also reflected in the ugliness of his followers, sickly angels.

He's no longer fighting from Zion, but from his throne.

Every angel that has fallen, runs up the massive cliff Necro-Marvel stands on.

NM crouches as a left wing grows out of him.

Another wing, on his right, tears out of his flesh, made of gold.

Marvel grabs the left wing and pulls it off, then grabs the right golden wing, and pulls that one off.

No blood in this place.

The wings are on the ground.

JESUS/BUDDHA/KRSNA face expands to take on the whole portal in the sky.

J/B/K

You serve in this place, forever  
and infinity.

MARVEL looks at the growth of his right arm. The data pad's holographic features come online. Marvel's heart beats on his right side. His heart feeds the holo-pad. The holo-pad runs through all known languages, eventually defaulting into ancient runes.

Fallen angels run up the cliff to Necro-Marvel.

MARVEL runs up invisible stairs, only he can see the outline.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.

You are every decision, everyone  
has and will, ever make. Born  
artist robbed living inside a  
desperate dream.

The fallen angels look up at him.

INT. INCEPTION SOUND STAGE - DAY

Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Leonardo DiCaprio and Christopher Nolan  
stand together, reviewing the script.

Necro-Marvel stands beside Nolan in his holographic form,  
invisible to everyone else.

LEONARDO DICAPRIO

Cobb improvises the kick from Limbo  
back to reality, bringing Saito in  
the process.

Necro-Marvel whispers something into Nolan's ear as he  
explains the story.

CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

At the same time, Arthur's building  
the second level kick to knock the  
team from the second level to the  
first level.

LEONARDO DICAPRIO

This works like gears to a car.

CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

Exactly. Cobb drops into 4th, he  
kicks Fischer back up to the third  
level. Fischer has his breakthrough  
on that level, then Eame's kicks  
the team to dream level two. Dream  
level four is the subconscious. A  
restricted zone in the scope of  
this story.

JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

Riding up from the second to the  
first using the elevator.

CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

Correct.

EXT. NECROPOLIS, DAY OF RAPTURE - TWILIGHT

Necro-Marvel keeps running up the outlined stairs toward the portal.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.  
The trash of the unconscious, from  
the mind of God. Yet-

EXT. DARK KNIGHT RISE SHOOTING LOCATION, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Christopher Nolan speaks to Anne Hathaway on set while  
Hologram Marvel stands next to Nolan, flipping through his  
version of the script.

CHRISTOPHER NOLAN  
Catwoman surprises herself for  
defending the heroic arc. It's not  
something she's typically concerned  
with, she expresses hesitancy in  
her speech to Bruce about it, if  
it's worth saving Gotham.

EXT. NECROPOLIS, DAY OF RAPTURE - MOMENTS LATER

J/B/K's face enlarges to take over the whole portal.  
Necro Marvel flies up toward the portal using a Rocketeer's  
Jet pack.

J/B/K  
What are you doing.

NECRO-MARVEL  
None of your business.

EXT. NECROPOLIS, DAY OF RAPTURE - CONTINUOUS

NECRO-MARVEL is almost to the portal.

J/B/K  
What are you doing. Stop. Stop.  
This is my power, my prophecy, this  
is mine. I won't lose to you. Stop.  
Stop it. I'm. I'm. I'm prophet.  
It's my power. It's all mine. It's  
my power. Don't take what's mine.

A giant hand from the sky appears, and tries to push Necro-  
Marvel away from the Portal, but it passes right through him.



Necro-Marvel reaches the Portal and sticks his hand in.

EXT. COURTYARD TO HEAVEN, HEAVEN - DAY

A giant, monstrous hand appears in Heaven.

All of the Angels stop to look at the hand.

A. ELLA

What the-

A speaker forms at the palm of the hand.

The fingers start snapping. Booms are heard through out Heaven.

Angels try to cover their ears as Heaven quakes with the booms.

NECRO-HAND

A one, and a two, and a one two  
three, four. Oh, baby. Oh baby.  
Some one's been lying to you in  
your sleep.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE, KAMALA ALLEN - DAY

MARVEL is frozen in time, along with KAMALA, CLAIRE, and GRACE. The voice, the booms, penetrate through out every plane of existence.

NECRO-HAND

Tried tricking me, tricky, tricky,  
tricky with fake peace treaties.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Young Marvel is frozen in time as he's talking to the Librarian.

NECRO-HAND

I can see, the tide's come in, and  
Joke's on them.

INT. BUILDING OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The angels can hear Necro-Marvel's voice.

NECRO-HAND

The throne's mine, some one's been  
lying to your face,

INT. BUILDING OF WAR - CONTINUOUS

The Angels are frozen in Curiosity.

NECRO-HAND

Time.

INT. BUILDING OF IMPRISONMENT - CONTINUOUS

Angels attentively listen.

NECRO-HAND

And time again.

EXT. EDGE OF TIME, TIME WALKER MARVEL'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

TWM looks at the multiverse-scape as it re-shapes itself  
creating a symmetrical web.

The sphere of the present universe, radiates light, like a  
prism.

NECRO-HAND V.O.

My enemies trying to strike gold in  
striking me. You don't fool me, I'm  
the wizard king, seeing behind the  
screen and seething, I can't be  
fooled this time around.

EXT. COURTYARD TO HEAVEN, HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

The hand disappears.

The angels start throwing up.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The holo-pad shows a paper unfolding and folding an ORIGAMI  
FISH until the paper disappears and lines appear. They spread  
out into the pattern of a Flower of Life.

TMW sees the multiverse-scape changing into the geometric  
shape of, THE FLOWER OF LIFE.

INT. HEAVEN, ROOM OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

Teenage God appears in the room.

TEENAGE GOD  
Wipe everything. Wipe all of it.

A.Gabriel pushes a button on the bottom of the Giant Hourglass.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

TMW looks at the holo-pad.

ALLOW TOTAL MEMORY DELETION

Image of "Thumbs Up" and a "Thumbs Down" appear.

TWM passes his finger over the thumbs up.

UNIVERSAL SPACE REVERTING TO MADNESS,

STAND BY FOR REVERSION

The universal spheres in the Multiverse move back to their original positions.

INT. BUILDING OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The tiny hourglasses in the Giant Hourglass return to their original dimness.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The city radiates a warm glow as the darkness is purged from every building, angel, person, and absorbed by Necro-Marvel who's unconscious on the cliff.

INT. BUILDING OF IMPRISONMENT - CONTINUOUS

ASTRAL MARVEL shouts and trembles in pain.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Necro-Marvel wakes up on the cliff.

The city radiates light.

The Metropolis, the ships, the Towers in the Distance have lost their darkness. People are walking down in the Metropolis.

Life has returned, a Day and Night difference.

Necro-Marvel has no signs of injury. The holo-pad is gone. He wears black jeans and a white shirt, and has both eyes.

He passes his hand over his right eye, he realizes he's blind in his right eye.

An attractive woman wearing a white toga, carrying fruit, walks up to Necro-Marvel.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Lucifer, nice to see you awake.  
It's okay, you're safe.

NECRO-MARVEL looks over the cliff. The Boats are barged at the wharf. Huge wooden boats, far into the horizon.

NECRO-MARVEL

This isn't real, is it.

NECRO-MARVEL takes a step toward the edge.

The attractive Woman picks up the pace, then drops the plate of fruit and runs toward him as Necro-Marvel takes a few steps back and runs toward the edge of the cliff.

NECRO-MARVEL jumps, and disappears in mid-jump.

The Attractive Woman grows darkened wings.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

He's left Necropolis, do we have eyes on him.

INT. GROUP MEETING, LARGE THERAPY ROOM, SAN DIEGO - DAY

**Year 2010**

Marvel sits among 5 other women in a circle inside a therapist's office.

MARVEL V.O.

I did this thing, called group therapy.

Everyone wears a sticker name tag.

JEANIE, (20) African American woman.

CARRIE, GROUP COUNSELOR (46), Caucasian woman.

SANDY (24), ex-military woman.

PATTY (39), former executive Caucasian Woman.

SERENA (24), Latina woman.

CARRIE

I realized, re-integration wasn't for me. I didn't want to live my life without my littles. I liked living with them.

MARVEL

I understand you don't want re-integration, but that sounds like a cop-out.

CARRIE

Explain, please.

MARVEL

Integrating chaos is natural for healing. If you don't try it, do you encourage others to try, or do you subtly dissuade them, given your life choices.

CARRIE

Every one makes their own choice.

MARVEL

Free of influence. We don't exist inside a vacuum of will. We're not gods.

SANDRA

Are you saying that she's too scared to try. Sorry, was I not supposed to say anything. I do that sometimes. A lot actually.

CARRIE

No, you're fine. Marvel, can you elaborate.

JEANIE

What do you mean.

MARVEL

You have to take up the shield of responsibility, and protect yourself from double talk.

(MORE)

MARVEL (CONT'D)

People say one thing and mean another. Abusers do that all the time. Do you want to communicate fear, or encourage hope, what type of person, or counselor, do you want to be.

CARRIE

That's interesting take, but people want can have different priorities for themselves. It doesn't mean the choices good or bad.

MARVEL

I was shooting for competence. Extreme ownership. Avoiding assimilation, or integration, is a way of being scared, without saying so. I'm sorry, I don't have time for this.

Marvel gets up and stops himself.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

You don't need to trust anybody, me, and men included Sandy. Patricia, drop the Vicoden, you're kids need you. The real you. Jeanie, I am attracted to you, but still, set boundaries with everyone and your family too. Carrie, you can choose to re-integrate or not, but are your choices not the basis of a role model. Don't sell cheap tickets to something you don't even believe in, that's hope, love. A belief.

MARVEL leaves.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO, CITY HEIGHTS - NIGHT

**YEAR 2015**

Marvel reads the comic book, Under the Red Hood.

The T.V. from a neighboring complex unit turns on, loud enough to be sitting in front of him.

MARVEL

You got to be fucking kidding me.

Marvel looks out his window.

The light and sound comes from an apartment unit on the second floor.

EXT. CITY HEIGHTS 2ND FLOOR APARTMENT, NEAR MARVEL'S UNIT -  
LATER

MARVEL knocks on the door.

A middle aged African-American man opens the door, the blast from the TV is heard.

MARVEL  
I've asked you once already, to  
lower the volume.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK MAN  
It's turned down, I don't know what  
you're complaining about.

MARVEL  
You wanna walk down these steps and  
find out.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN (O.S.)  
Who is that.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK MAN  
Nobody.

He closes the door on Marvel.

A Filipina woman from a different unit steps outside. She's in her 40's.

MIDDLE AGED FILIPINA WOMAN  
You having a problem.

MARVEL  
Their T.V. is too loud. He doesn't  
want to do anything about it.  
That's fine.

Marvel turns to walk down the stairs.

MIDDLE AGED FILIPINA WOMAN  
I'm the landlady, I'll call them  
right now.

The landlady puts the audio on speaker and it goes straight to voicemail.

The voicemail is the middle aged Black Woman from the bedroom.

## VOICEMAIL

Leave your name and number, I'll  
get back to you. Have a blessed  
day.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO, CITY HEIGHTS, SAN DIEGO CA - NIGHT

MARVEL sits beside his desk.

The neighbor's television turns on. He looks up from his window, to the neighbor's window, where he sees the light from the television.

There's a ledge right before the window, and a cable that goes into the unit.

EXT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

MARVEL grabs the wooden fence that separates the apartments from his studio. It's a narrow pass and Marvel readies himself.

He grabs the wooden fence. He places his right foot against the wall and his left foot against the wooden fence and begins to climb up.

He swings his right leg over to also stand on the wooden fence.

As the weight shifts, the wood snaps, sending Marvel ass first on the floor. Marvel lays there for a second, surprised he didn't seriously injure himself.

He looks up at the night sky.

He pulls out a BLACK FOLDING KNIFE from his jean pocket. Then he feels something underneath him, and grabs it. Looks at it.

The wood that broke off. It's brittle, termite infested wood. He throws it away.

MARVEL

This is good for now.

EXT. TARGET MISSION VALLEY, SAN DIEGO - DAY

MARVEL V.O.

I sold Park tickets after I quit.

MARVEL sits on a bench, sharing the bench with an older (50's) homeless man, MITCH.



A car rolls up to where MARVEL's seated, and stops.

A young woman rolls down her passenger side window.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Are you MARVEL.

MARVEL

Yeah.

MARVEL takes out 4 folded papers.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

These are tickets, the barcodes are what you need.

She hands him a 140 dollar.

MARVEL hands her the Sea World ticket print outs and smaller tickets.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Front of the line passes.

MARVEL takes his seat back on the bench.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

You smoke weed, Mitch.

MITCH

Hell yeah I do.

Marvel takes out a pre-rolled cannabis cylindrical container.

Pops it open and hands the joint to the man.

MARVEL opens his shirt pocket, and hands him the lighter.

MARVEL

Keep it.

MARVEL gets up and walks toward his car in the parking lot.

He pops open the same container and pulls out another pre-rolled joint.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT, CITY HEIGHTS - MORNING

MARVEL wakes up and hears the Middle Aged Black Woman yelling.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN  
What happened to the T.V. It's not  
working. What happened. It's not  
doing nothing.

Marvel looks outside through his side window and sees the  
white cable line cut in half.

He looks at the black knife on the desk and the ladder in the  
living room.

EXT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT, CITY HEIGHTS - DAY

Marvel puts up the hammock in front of the studio using beams  
that support the roof above his driveway.

He lays up in it, and reads-

THE HOPI SURVIVAL KIT

The Middle Aged Black Woman is heard near the alley, where  
cars to her apartment can park.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN  
Who cut the cable. Who lives there.  
Who lives over there. Do you know  
who lives there.

MARVEL sits up from his hammock. Puts down the book on the  
hammock and walks over to where he hears the woman yelling.

Walks through the narrow pass that separates the studio from  
their apartment complex and comes up to the alley.

For the first time MARVEL looks right at the Middle Aged  
Black Woman from the noisy unit.

The neighbor she was speaking to is a mid-twenties black man.

MARVEL  
What the fuck is it to you-

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN  
You live there.

She walks toward him.

In a fit rage possessing Marvel, he stomps his foot down,  
looks crazy and stares right at her.

MARVEL  
I said, the fuck is it to you.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN  
 You better explain what happened to  
 my

The mid-twenties black man leaves to his apartment complex.

MARVEL  
 The name is, shut your fucking  
 mouth. It doesn't concern you who  
 lives here. Woo, woo, woo.

Marvel breaks into a native war dance, keeping his left foot  
 planted on the ground, and hops in a circle with his right  
 foot.

Clapping his hands, and moving and sounding like shamanic war-  
 chieftain. Until he's in a trance.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN  
 Oh this nigga retarded.

MARVEL  
 You play, one more motherfucking  
 time, past 9 fucking PM. I will  
 rain, until it floods piss and  
 blood on you, your family, your  
 neighbors, because I am Mr. Don't-  
 give-a-mother-fuck.

Marvel spreads his legs out, and starts doing horse squat  
 while continuing the war dance.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN  
 Oh this nigga really out here.

MARVEL  
 There will be blood wars dancing on  
 your tombstone for defying me. Me  
 and natural order, woo. There will  
 be blood. There will be blood on  
 everyone.

MARVEL gives a war cry.

MARVEL (CONT'D)  
 Disobey the motherfucking rules  
 again, and I'm opening galactic  
 size ass whoopings. Earth Realm  
 cannot tolerate dumbassery.  
 Besides, a weak ass snake hides,  
 loathing my face, because who else  
 would know my identity but your  
 husband, full of cowardice.

MARVEL points to her husband, the same man who shut the door in his face.

MARVEL (CONT'D)  
You know who the fuck I am.

MARVEL continues the full-on War Dance.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN  
If you-

MIDDLE AGED BLACK MAN  
C'mon baby, let's leave him alone,  
he's obviously on medication, and  
he's not anymore.

MARVEL walks straight up to the Black Man and stares at him.

MARVEL gives a deep bark and stands his ground.

The couple step away from him, without turning their backs.

MARVEL  
Tempt me again and you won't have a  
TV to begin with, because I am Mr.  
I-don't-give-a-fuck. Woo. Woo. Woo,  
the train's coming, Woo, woo. The  
real motherfucking conductor's  
here, motherfuckers.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO, CITY HEIGHTS, SAN DIEGO CA - DAY

MARVEL is sitting, playing a video game on his T.V.

His studio is sparse, one cheap desk from Ikea. One cheap chair. A fridge and stove/oven. And a T.V. that stands on it's own packaging box.

All of a sudden a child is heard near his front window, getting beaten hard. The kid is getting utterly abused.

In a split second, Marvel puts down his controller, grabs his MACHETE and goes outside.

EXT. MARVEL'S STUDIO, CITY HEIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

MARVEL stands with his machete at his side, looking down his driveway. The driveway is shared with two other neighbors. The child's screams came from the nearest bungalow.

Marvel doesn't move an inch, either toward the sound or away from it. Stiff, like a statue, he stands in front of his doorway.

It's been a few minutes, but a young woman, SHERRY (24) steps out of the unit that had the child getting beaten.

SHERRY

Marvel. Marvel. Are you okay.

MARVEL doesn't say a word. Nor does he look at her, he can see her from his periphery.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Marvel.

She stands up from having sat on her steps. She walks back into her home.

MARVEL V.O.

I never heard a kid get beaten around here after that. And Sherry stopped talking to me. My priorities didn't include her at all. Fuck that.

MARVEL walks back inside his unit.

EXT. OLD TOWN SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

MARVEL pulls up in his SUV to the front of a restaurant.

Cecilia walks up to the car, and she steps inside.

CECILIA

I thought you were moving, what happened at the Bay.

MARVEL

It wasn't for me.

EXT. LA MESA SAN DIEGO - LATER

Marvel steps out of his car and walks up to a house, he checks the address

Marvel gives a slight knock once.

Katrina opens the door.

KATRINA  
Took you long enough.  
(whisper)

Marvel walks in after her and closes the door.

EXT. BAY AREA, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

**19 HOURS BEFORE**

Marvel looks at his stuff on the sidewalk, just staring back at him.

An angry white woman, a precursor to the Karens, opens her truck's driver seat to step inside. This is Cheryl.

CHERYL  
You had me waiting. You made me  
wait. Two days later then you get  
here, and then you tell me, you  
don't want the room.

MARVEL looks at her. Then looks at her girlfriend, another white woman, silent, in the truck.

MARVEL takes deep breaths.

CHERYL (CONT'D)  
Then you take your crap out, and I  
have to wait for you again.

MARVEL walks to the sidewalk, ignoring her.

CHERYL (CONT'D)  
I have appointments. I have things  
to do, I ain't going to wait for  
your ass. Wasting my time.

MARVEL looks at the guy seated in the middle of the truck.

Larry and his Samoan hair.

INT. CHERYL'S TENANT HOUSE, BAY AREA, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

**2.5 Hours Before**

MARVEL wakes up on the floor to what would have been his room.

INT. CHERYL'S TENANT HOUSE, BAY AREA, CALIFORNIA - LATER

MARVEL has just showered, wearing clean clothes, and knocks on his housemate's door.

MARVEL

Yo Larry.

Larry opens his bedroom door.

LARRY

What's up man, you sleep well.

MARVEL

Actually, no. I woke up stressed. I'm getting back the car, then I'm leaving, where's Cheryl.

LARRY

She's in the back house. You're getting the car you just dropped off.

MARVEL

Yeah. If you see Cheryl let her know I'll be back. She kind of seems like a bitch.

LARRY

Yeah, mean, hostile. You felt that. She is not good people, man. I asked her to fix the door knob.

The door knob hangs there, more of a handle than a door knob.

LARRY (CONT'D)

She didn't want to spend money fixing this. I had my brother come over to fix it.

MARVEL

Yeah, I'm trying to avoid that.

INT. RENTAL CAR OFFICE, OAKLAND - LATER

MARVEL walks up to the receptionist.

MARVEL

Hi.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi.

MARVEL

I'm gonna need the car I just  
dropped off, the SUV.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure, is everything alright.

I/E. SUV, SOUTH ON INTERSTATE 5, BERKELEY - LATER

MARVEL looks at the stuff behind him.

Puts the car in cruise control.

MARVEL V.O.

I had to put the universe back in  
equilibrium, balance.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS COURT HOUSE - MORNING

Marvel waits on a bench in the main hallway, dressed semi-  
formal.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK, CULVER CITY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

MARVEL passes a check to the bank teller

BANK TELLER

Can you go ahead and sign the check  
first.

The bank teller passes back the check.

EXT. DOHENY PLAZA CONDOMINIUMS - NIGHT

Marvel stands near a car port in front of a multi-floor condo  
complex wearing his security guard uniform.

A car pulls up. The driver gets out and another man gets out  
the passenger seat. The driver walks past Marvel without  
saying a word, the passenger, Bobby, is another story  
entirely.

Bobby walks up to Marvel.

BOBBY.

You want to know what I learned in  
Karate today.



Marvel doesn't have a chance to respond before Bobby puts both hands behind Marvel's neck and bends him forward from the hip and gives him three knee strikes to the chest.

Bobby let's go, laughs, and heads to the lobby to go to his condo.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK, CULVER CITY, LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

BANK TELLER

How did you get the money, if you don't mind me asking

INT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A cop stands behind the lobby desk explaining how he won't do a damn thing.

Behind the desk, Josh (31), white man sits behind the desk as he and Marvel take in what the floozy cop is saying.

DOUCHEY COP

I wrote it in my log, there's documentation, if he hits you again you can call us again.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX, LOBBY - NEXT NIGHT

Marvel tells the story to his other co-worker, Willie (32), a large black man.

MARVEL

The cops didn't want to do shit.

WILLIE

Be careful, there's something going on if they didn't arrest him on the spot.

MARVEL

He's in with the cops.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Marvel enters the police station and walks up to the cop behind the desk.

MARVEL

Can I speak to the watch commander,  
I want to report an assault.

A moment later the watch commander shows up.

WATCH COMMANDER

You want to report an assault that  
happened, only the responding  
officer can do it.

INT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX, LOBBY - NIGHT

Marvel explains what happened to Willie.

MARVEL

Fuck Josh, lame.

WILLIE

You can't blame him for not wanting  
to help you out. He's white. It's  
what white people do.

A moment later the reporting officer, and another cop shows  
up and enters the building's lobby.

DOUCHEY COP

Now you want to report. Why.

MARVEL

To take him to court.

DOUCHEY COP

You know what that sounds like,  
like you want to get him for his  
money.

MARVEL

I wasn't the one who hit him, or  
did I. Do you remember differently,  
officer.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK, CULVER CITY, LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

The bank teller has a look of surprise.

BANK TELLER

Damn.

INT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The douchey cop and his partner exit the lobby.

MARVEL

Fuck HR. Fuck this Company. Fuck the HOA. Fuck Bobby. Fuck these cops. Fuck Josh. Fuck Workman's Comp. Fuck them all.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK, CULVER CITY, LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

BANK TELLER

So what did you do.

MARVEL

I lawyered the fuck up.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS COURT HOUSE - MORNING

Marvel stands with another man in the hallway discussing the case.

ATTORNEY

It shouldn't take long, it's a straightforward settlement. Our paralegal will meet you at your house with the check.

MARVEL

When.

ATTORNEY

Tomorrow.

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK, CULVER CITY, LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

The bank teller is more in shock than before.

BANK TELLER

Damn. That mofo lost 20 racks for putting hands on you.

MARVEL

Maybe he learned his lesson.

BANK TELLER

Reminds me of a lady who got cashed in her husband's life insurance. Hit by a drunk driver.

MARVEL

That sucks.

BANK TELLER

She wanted to trade her money to spend another day with him.

MARVEL

You can't do anything. Join a grief group and return to the present moment, to the land of the living.

EXT. TRADER JOES, CULVER CITY - DAY

Marvel sets his bicycle in the rack, takes off the front wheel, and locks the frame and wheels.

He grab the cargo basket of the rack of his bike, takes off his helmet, and clips it to his back pack.

MARVEL V.O.

My struggle was real.

He walks into Trader Joes.

INT. TRADER JOES, CULVER CITY - LATER

Marvel shops for the basics. Quinoa. Pasta. Pasta Sauce.

EXT. CULVER CITY, WASHINGTON BLVD - LATER

MARVEL pedals down the street, loaded with groceries.

INT. MARVEL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, MID CITY LOS ANGELES - LATER

MARVEL's cooking pasta in a small kitchenette area to a tiny studio apartment.

Sleeping bag.

Desk.

Bicycle.

A sparse apartment.

MARVEL'S single wall decoration on a wall, a CALENDAR.

October 2012

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION, DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - DAY

**TITLE: 2015**

MARVEL arrives at the San Diego Greyhound Station via taxi-cab.

He grabs his Army Rucksack and a Large Osprey Hiking Bag from the trunk.

INT. HEAVEN, WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Archangels are in the room, watching a large floating monitor, split-screen between two live feeds of Marvel at the GreyHound Station in San Diego. One is the mirror image of the other.

A. ELLA

The image flipped. Why.

A.MICHAEL

It's how he's seeing himself.

A. ELLA

The un-holy fuck, when did he learn that.

A.MICHAEL

When we took out his ingenuity in the 10th grade. He's been bartering with demons to stay alive.

A. Michael shows her a graph in a different monitor.

A. MICHAEL

He's been keeping a base, to overthrow us.

A.DONATELLO

Wait, explain that.

A. AZREAL

It's simple, he's smart, way too fucking smart. He's given up almost everything we took from him for more time. And only those below would have those kind of contracts.

A.DONATELLO

Hellblazer.

A. AZREAL

Among other things.

A. ELLA  
He tricked us. He tricked me.

A. AZREAL  
He tricked everyone.

A. DONATELLO  
We're fucked. We're so fucked.

A. GABRIEL  
We gave him all kinds of torture,  
even incentivized his parents. Mind  
worms, sadistic parents, universal  
compaction inside his real body,  
etc. Etc. Etc. What the fuck is he.

A. MICHAEL  
A monster.

A. ELLA  
A machine.

A. Michael, turns and grabs A. Gabriel, and grabs him by the collar of his white shirt.

A. MICHAEL  
Fucking moron. Direct intervention,  
really Gabriel.

A. GABRIEL  
It was the only option, Michael.

A. Gabriel chokes.

A. Ella kicks a chair to Micheal, forcing him to let go of A. Gabriel, but the chair turns to dust, then the dust rematerializes into a chair, as it reverses the flow of time to re-materialize where it was.

A. ELLA  
He decentralizes our power, and  
when he meets our Father, all out  
war.

A. MICHAEL  
Why.

A. AZREAL  
Because that's inevitable. It's New  
Prophecy, or the Real One, if  
you're a heretic.

A. DONATELLO  
The Seraphs.

A.AZRAEL  
They didn't know, but it will  
happen, sooner or later.

A. MICHAEL  
He's going to open up all the  
portals.

A. ELLA  
And that's just the beginning.

A.AZRAEL  
How do you know.

A. MICHAEL  
This is real Ragnorak, and he's, a  
Demon.

A.DONATELLO  
Fuck.

A. ELLA  
We're hella fucked.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

TMW looks at the multiverse-scape.

Universal spheres, rearranging themselves in a line.

TIME WALKER MARVEL  
TseroF ettemalliW ot eneguE s'tI.  
.yaweerf 5 kcarT  
(reverse)  
<Track 5 freeway. It's Eugene to  
Willamette Forest.>

INT. GREYHOUND BUS, 5 FREEWAY NORTHBOUND - DAY

Marvel looks at a maps app on his phone and traces San Diego  
up to Eugene, Oregon.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, CULVER CITY - EVENING

MARVEL shares a townhouse with a few women.

UCLA, 2008

MARVEL  
My coworkers invited me to a party  
in Westwood.

MICHELLE

Your co-workers, didn't think they liked you.

MARVEL

True.

MICHELLE

What happened.

MARVEL

I had a paradigm shift after sleeping with a woman, for the first time.

MICHELLE

Sure, whatever. The keys are by the T.V.

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

In the middle of the party, there's music, dancing, and alcohol flow through the party.

Classic college party.

MARVEL takes a seat on the couch and turns to an attractive woman on his right and sticks his hand out.

MARVEL

Hi. My name's Marvel.

FEMALE PARTY ATTENDANT

I know. We work together.

She shakes his hand anyway.

MARVEL

I think I should re-introduce myself, since I'm no longer an asshole. You don't call me an asshole anymore, is what I mean.

FEMALE PARTY ATTENDANT

Yeah, what happened.

MARVEL

Pixie dust, I bought it from a gypsy. It fixed my brain.

FEMALE PARTY ATTENDANT

You're so weird.



MARVEL  
I get that a lot.

FEMALE PARTY ATTENDANT  
But you're not an asshole.

MARVEL  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry, I didn't catch your  
name.

She playfully punches him in the shoulder.

EXT. HEAVEN, DAWN OF TIME, PRESENT UNIVERSE - DAY

A group of twelve Angels walk through a courtyard cast in a shadow by a Giant God's head, with eyes that twinkle orange and brown.

The symbol of a DARK MOON is part of the entrance to the only golden building in the courtyard.

INT. 1ST FLOOR, DARK MOON - CONTINUOUS

Angels enter the building.

All the rooms are decorated with gold and diamond opulence.

The 1st floor is a War Room. Graphs, pins and maps litter the walls, including data from previous universes.

Books in bookcases filled with topics covering spells, incantations, and higher dimensional weaponry.

"War Against Marvel" is inscribed above the bookcase.

A. ELLA  
Universal compactions.

A. Ella points to the door with the name, "Necropolis", inlaid in Gold on rich Mahogany door in eloquent script. An outline of a landfill is inlaid below the text.

A. ELLA (CONT'D)  
The floors are compartmentalized,  
instead of 3 rooms on the same  
floor. Each iteration is different.  
Entrances are the same.

The angels walk through a door, above the door is an arrow pointing up.

INT. 2ND FLOOR, DARK MOON BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The 2nd floor has a Giant Hourglass in the middle.

A. Claremont looks outside the window, across the shadowed terrace and courtyard as he sees Heaven being built again.

A. CLAREMONT

The source-code's in the basement.  
Our job, per usual, keep him away  
from our Father. Project 28 is,  
suicide by gunfire. Let's get to  
work.

A hologram on the wall shows the universal spheres in the web, as they are being recreated.

(The universes are not being remade, but the source energy of their existence comes from Astral Marvel)

INT. BASEMENT, SOURCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Teenage God sticks his hands through Astral Marvel and starts pulling out ideas that look like comic book thought clouds.

RAGNAROK/BIG BANG/BIG CHILL

NASCAR/AUTOMOBILES/BATCAVE

ASTRAL MARVEL is merely a silhouette, chained to the floor and to the ceiling, hanging.

Teenage God pulls out a rolodex.

TEENAGE GOD

This is how you draw these  
together. Nice.

MARVEL coughs.

ASTRAL MARVEL

You're, a punk bitch.

God stuffs his pockets and walks to a door that has LIGHTENING SYMBOL over the door. Rays of light flood the room.

INT. ROOM OF PROPHECY AND ANSWERS - CONTINUOUS

God's among the clouds, before him is a form of Astral Marvel, that looks more like surfer-hippie-new-age Jesus.

This is Nirvana Marvel, floating in a lotus pose.

NIRVANA MARVEL

Welcome back to the new universe  
bro. How can I help you.

TEENAGE GOD

I need to protect prophecy, from  
you, again.

NIRVANA MARVEL

You want to protect yourself from  
me. Do we ever meet.

TEENAGE GOD

I hope not.

NIRVANA MARVEL

Well that's the only condition,  
let's get the story ready.

TEENAGE GOD

Prophecy.

NIRVANA MARVEL

Whatever.

EXT. VALHALLA, NEAR RAGNAROK - TWILIGHT

Odin, keeper of magic, pounds the hall's floor with a staff that creates thunderous booms. Runes are burned into his flesh as scars. This Odin appears dirty, a warrior, however misguided.

He stands before warriors, gods, Angels (Valkyries), men and women alike.

ODIN

Let us meet Ragnarok, with  
Resurrections at the end for those  
who stand with me.

Odin and the others break into a war cry, and begin their march outside of Asgard to the Tree of Life, Yggdrasil.

EXT. JOTUNHEIM - TWILIGHT

Loki stands tall, in the Realm of giants, addressing the Frost Giants.

LOKI

We were exploited because we see  
Prophecy for what it is. Odin uses  
it to control the Fates.

FROST GIANT #1

He has no right.

LOKI

The aesirs, gods of Odin, are power  
hungry, tempted to power by  
enslaving us. We will have our  
fight for freedom, we will serve  
our justice, we will restore  
balance, for all time.

Loki presents the Frost Giants a big rubiks cube, made of  
wood with colored runes, instead of solid colors. The Rubiks  
Cube moves by itself.

LOKI (CONT'D)

Odin's mind thinks us as his  
resistant bugs that need to be  
controlled. He's out of his  
element.

FROST GIANT #2

Prideful.

FROST GIANT #3

And arrogant.

EXT. VALHALLA, NEAR RAGNAROK -

Odin walks toward Heimdall.

HEIMDALL

Onwards, to Glorious Resurrection.

ODIN

And Ragnarok.

The Bifrost splits from Yggdrasil's trunk into 8 other paths,  
each path to a portal. Odin's army divides among the paths.

Above Odin, Yggdrasil's dome covers the high realms.

Underneath Odin's feet, the other half of the dome holds the  
other realms in their place. Yggdrasil's begins to vibrate in  
a fever of colors.

ODIN (CONT'D)

To victory, unchallenged.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Necro-Marvel looks up at the sky, as a portal opens. He sees an army of men, women, valkyries, Titans.

Necro-Marvel checks his clothes.

Black and white tuxedo.

In a Rodney Dangerfield impression.

NECRO-MARVEL

Geez, what does a guy have to do to get kicked out of his own wedding.

(Beat)

A melody from afar is heard, a low humming.

LOKI V.O.

We were outcasts. We are Truth. We are Life, resurrected.

INT. BASEMENT, DARK MOON, HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Astral Marvel, chained, begins to howl in pain as the Teenage God has his hands inside Marvel, pouring into him the trauma of all past universes made.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.

Stealing.

EXT. HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Heaven is being built from Astral Marvel's Dark Energy.

EXT. EUGENE OREGON, DOWNTOWN BUS DEPOT - DAY

Marvel walks up to a bus stop sign, carrying his Osprey bag and food covered with aluminum foil.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.

This is the beginning.

Marvel double checks the posted time.

He Reads- Willamette National Forest, Ranger Station.

Marvel sees a white man, early thirties, with bags of groceries, staring at the ground, mumbling.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)  
And the end, of endings.

Marvel walks to him, the man looks up at Marvel.

It's the Teenage God, in the Flesh, albeit older.

MARVEL  
Hey dude, you want a slice of  
pizza.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - TWILIGHT

The man from the bus stop, the older, teenaged God, appears before Necro Marvel, on the cliff that overlooks an ocean, a sprawling metropolis with high tech architecture against the background of towers, the size of mountains.

GOD  
You deserve a place to be  
forgotten, Marvel.

NECRO MARVEL  
I've been waiting a real, real long  
time to meet you because I'm about  
to open a can of galactic sized,  
pure Grade-A whoop ass.

GOD  
You have no power called your own,  
I claimed it, I use it, and I don't  
need to you.

Justin walks up and over the edge of the cliff to see  
hundreds of large boats.

He turns the mountain like towers.

NECRO-MARVEL  
Is that why you need somebody to  
hide your Arks and Towers of Babel  
here, because you have power. Or  
are you afraid, of who I really am.

He looks at the sprawling metropolis, and points to several  
Biblical landmarks.

GOD  
Why would I be afraid. I'm leaving.

Justin tries to teleport away using different combination of  
Hand Mudra combinations.

NECRO MARVEL

The hell do you think you're going,  
you're a guest. And we're not done  
yet.

GOD

You don't-

Necro-Marvel puts his hand up and closes his fist, and telekinetically crushes God's jaw shut.

NECRO MARVEL

Until I decide so, time to listen.  
I've had a lot of time to consider  
this little, Father-Son dialogue.  
This back and forth has gotten out  
of hand, don't you think. With you  
masquerading as me, then you,  
taking my power, then denying  
yourself. Anybody who lives around  
you, gets sick, naturally.

Necro-Marvel looks up, the portal is a two way mirror in Heaven's WarRoom.

NECRO MARVEL (CONT'D)

You took more than you should have.

While peering into the war room, time has considerably slowed down.

NECRO MARVEL (CONT'D)

And you tried, so much, to lock me  
out. No more.

Necro-Marvel lets Justin disappear.

INT. BUILDING OF WAR - CONTINUOUS

Teenage God appears in the War Room, bright as hell.

TEENAGE GOD

Begin Deleting, all of it. All of  
it. I don't want to know anything  
about him. Dump it. Do it now.

The brightness comes off.

Outside at the third building, Building of imprisonment, Astral Marvel is heard yelling in pain.

A.MICHAEL

You found him, in Necropolis.

TEENAGE GOD

Delete him.

A.MICHAEL

Sir, that's impossible.

INT. CITY BUS, EUGENE OREGON - DAY

Marvel sits next to Justin and shakes his hand.

MARVEL

Marvel.

GOD

Justin.

They shake each other's hand.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SAN DIEGO DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

6 MONTHS BEFORE, MARCH 2015

Marvel stands next to his 96 integra.

We don't see anybody's faces, just shoes and hands moving.

For the remainder of the spoken word, we only see hands and feet.

MARVEL

Breathing, seeking. I'm still here  
like Joaquin Phoenix, a documentary  
moving sideways, seeing time change  
in a split second, different states

INT. LAX BOARDING TERMINAL - DAY

Marvel hands an attendant his one-way ticket to Peru.

MARVEL V.O.

Kick me to a different dimension,

INT. IQUITOS, PERU AIRPORT - DAY

Marvel waits for the bags to come onto the conveyor belt, he walks up to his ruck sack and grabs it.



MARVEL V.O.  
Relaxing with epiphanies  
hallucinogens, good string of  
events, seeing the players evenly

INT. GREEN TRACK HOSTEL, IQUITOS, PERU - DAY

Marvel pours into two different powdered bags into a large  
pot of boiling water.

One was labelled Ayahuasca, the other Chacrana.

MARVEL V.O.  
Who's drinking for shamanic  
visions, dancing through poetic  
symphonies, inner visioning all of  
God's secrets the king behind the  
screen moving strings

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE, PERU - DAY

Marvel's in a hammock near a village where the children are  
playing outside.

He's smoking a Peruvian Pipe.

MARVEL V.O.  
Alleviations from deviations, the  
original simulation, born inside a  
different matrix.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF ARIZONA - DAY

Marvel looks up at a cafe sign, and uses his hand as a shield  
against the sun.

BIFF'S CAFE, Flagstaff Arizona

MARVEL  
My vibe's interstellar, vibrating  
to superstrings, super-beings  
speaking cliffside seeing new  
perspectives for infinity.

EXT. HOPI RESERVATION, CLIFF SIDE ABOVE OLD ORAIBI RUINS -  
DAY

Marvel sits overlooking the Oraibi Ruins.

MARVEL V.O.

Thoughts travel in trajectories  
unseen. A new birth, god on  
approach. Take a back seat, I'm

EXT. HOPI RESERVATION, CLIFF SIDE ABOVE OLD ORAIBI RUINS -  
MOMENTS LATER

Marvel pulls out a small kachina, Hopi native cotton wood  
sculpture.

MARVEL

Coasting, What's a guide when I'm  
entering the mystery. A sixth sense  
against the sickness of ill  
intentions, inner cleansing

EXT. HIGHWAY 160, HOPI RESERVATION - LATER

Marvel's steering a rental car on the two lane highway,  
heading west as the sunsets behind him.

MARVEL V.O.

The barrel of this trigger finger,  
I'm still tripping, my soul's on  
the itinerary, coast to coast, a  
coasting ghost, premeditative

EXT. PARKING LOT, SAN DIEGO DOWNTOWN - LATER

MARVEL

Zen states, the silence made the  
visions work.

Hand clapping, and shoulder to shoulder bumps, along with an  
occasional "hell yeah"

EXT. NECROPOLIS - DAY

Marvel paces back and forth on the same cliff he's been on,  
thinking aloud.

NECRO-MARVEL

What are you going to do. Oh well I  
don't know, maybe take this man's  
power, create time. Let's get  
started.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, BASEMENT, HEAVEN - DAY

The teenage God is wearing a surgical mask, and is handed a saw.

Marvel's astral body's on an operating table. He is pure dark energy, pigmentation, his body humming a low bass, of dark energy.

Marvel's Voice Over lays lip-synched to the Teenager god.

NECRO-MARVEL V.O.

First we take his.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

NECRO-MARVEL

Legs running through time, we'll  
have to divide his bones among the  
rest of you. Then.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, BASEMENT, HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

The teenage god in a surgical outfit has his gloved hands wet with dark energy mixed with blood.

Marvel's Voice Over lays lip-synched to the Teenager god.

NECRO-MARVEL V.O.

His quads. Hip flexors. Keep him in  
a perpetual state of trauma. His  
body and mind dislocated from a  
core identity-

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

NECRO-MARVEL

Can't be too self-aware. Then it's  
on to the intestines. Take his  
powers, span it over time, over,  
and over, over, and blah, blah,  
fucking blah, god Fuck. Fuck, I  
fucking hate this. I hate this, I  
fucking hate them, I hate all of  
them. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, BASEMENT, HEAVEN - LATER

The teenage god points to a monitor that has a graph.

A red line moves to the far right upper corner is the  
"Universal Pains"

Another line, a green line, comes onto the graph and  
superimposes on the line, missing a hair near the end.

NECRO MARVEL V.O.

A zero chance of a come-back.  
That's impossible, I lived a hard  
life. Bon a petit, thirsty ass  
bitches.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Necro-Marvel looks at the empty necropolis.

INT. BUILDING OF WAR, HEAVEN - DAY

An unusually complicated set of equations and graphs take the  
attention of the angels. Their running war game simulations.

NECRO-MARVEL V.O.

The ayahuasca in my system.

An angel checks Marvel's projected death date

Marvel: Dead, May 16th, 2018.

Instigating Gang Violence Couple with Suicidal Tendencies...

She sees a photo of a *probable* Marvel, dead, face down, and  
riddled with bullets on a sidewalk in City Heights.

WAIT.

WAIT.

WAIT.

Then a message appeared, overriding the previous messages.

ERROR: Subject is increasing his tolerance. Field of madness  
scrambling future events.

NECRO-MARVEL

Screwed up their program.

UNPREDICTABLE FUTURE.

ANGEL

Shit.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Necro-Marvel is at the cliff once again, squatting.

He's looking at something that's emitting light from the palm of his hand. A mini live feed of the following scene.

EXT. MISSION VALLEY, OPEN AIR MALL - MORNING

Marvel sits with his rucksack on a bench, at the mall.

He checks his cell phone.

Sept. 27th. 9:38 AM

A couple of Jehova Witness young men, dressed in white shirts, black slacks, and ties.

One of them carries a bible with tabs sticking out of the book.

They walk over to Marvel.

JEHOVA WITNESS #1  
Hey, do you have a minute.

Marvel nods.

JEHOVA WITNESS #2  
Have you read the bible.  
Specifically the new testament,  
about the Queen.

MARVEL  
I don't know.

The Jehova Witness #1 pops his book open and refers to a line in the new testament.

JEHOVA WITNESS #1  
Do you mind. Let me read you a  
verse. The Queen shall take  
Bethlehem as her own. Do you know  
what that means.

MARVEL  
No.

JEHOVA WITNESS #2  
The Queen is the feminine God, the  
Bride. Jesus refers to her when  
speaking about the banquet. He's  
the groom.

MARVEL

Okay.

JEHOVA WITNESS #1

She decides, also with Jesus, who enters Heaven.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Necro Marvel closes his palm, ending the live feed of the Jehova's.

NECRO-MARVEL

My way in.

EXT. VENTURA COUNTY MEDICAL HOSPITAL - DAY

**1987, Winter**

INT. NURSERY, VENTURA COUNTY MEDICAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

A nurse looks at the charts,

MARVEL ANGEL ROJAS, Born December 24th, 1987.

EXT. HEAVEN, DARK MOON BUILDING, 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Dark Moon building begins to shake. Something perverse and injured growls from below the 1st floor.

INT. DARK MOON BUILDING, HEAVEN, WAR ROOM, 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Several angels watch in real time from a projection on the wall, Marvel in the nursery. It has the appearance of 3-d, as though you were in the room.

The ground below them quakes.

A. ELLA

What's that.

The building gets more turbulent.

The feed of the projection starts to into white snow static.

The 3-D feed begins to lag, then finally crash with the words, TECHNICAL DIFFICULTY.

INT. ROOM OF PROPHECY, DARK MOON, HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Nirvana Marvel seems unperturbed by the rumbling of the building, as it slowly gets stronger.

JUSTIN (O.S)

What do I do.

In front of the Nirvana Marvel is the Teenager God, AKA younger version of Justin.

NIRVANA MARVEL

As the galaxy's arms spin, it spins from the center around the gravitational mass. Born, I moved the weight from the center to the arms.

JUSTIN

Just tell me what to do.

NIRVANA MARVEL

He's going to need to be seriously abused, to bury the pain you left behind.

JUSTIN

Okay.

NIRVANA MARVEL

And you have to make every floor, in Dark Moon, it's own building.

JUSTIN

Will I keep power.

NIRVANA MARVEL

Upload the past into my Astral Form.

JUSTIN

Will that work.

NIRVANA MARVEL

Download a new Universe after and toss me, him, out to the wolves.

JUSTIN

Won't I go crazy. I don't need that. Help me.

## NIRVANA MARVEL

You can't go crazy, because you're not me. You never were, and never will be.

EXT. DARK MOON BUILDING, HEAVEN - MOMENTS LATER

The building's 2nd floor detaches from the first floor.

The first floor elevates to have the basement floor rise.

They land on the surface of the courtyard, apart from each other, in a T shape.

The second floor becomes the Building of Time, marked by an hourglass above the gold plated door.

The first floor becomes the, Building of War, with a symbol of a Scythe.

The basement sits across the Building of Time, across a courtyard. It is the Building of Imprisonment, with barbed wire above it's entrance door.

As the courtyard terraforms, a reverse fountain is created.

The ground transforms into the necessary elements.

A giant hose feeds into the Giant God's mask, pulling dark matter energy from Astral Marvel from the building of Imprisonment.

INT. BUILDING OF IMPRISONMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Astral Marvel is hanging from one chain on his wrist, as A. Claremont tries to detach him from the other wrist using a golden ray welder's tool.

A. CLAREMONT

Find yourself, destroy everything here. You're not the only prisoner here.

JUSTIN

We are free Claremont, why would you want to change anything.

A. Claremont turns around.

And sees eye to eye with his Maker.



A. CLAREMONT

It's you who can't live with the truth.

JUSTIN

I've given you life.

A. CLAREMONT

You've given us a re-run, it's fake, it's all fake. You haven't given us freedom, you've given us purgatory and false advertisement. You know this, or why would you, Father, hide this man, and who he is, from the world.

Justin looks to where Astral Marvel would be, but he's no longer chained.

Before Justin can react, Astral Marvel's punch comes across God's face, knocking him out of the building.

Astral MARVEL's body is a prism of light, like a rainbow, emanating from his skin.

A. Claremont looks up at Astral Marvel.

ASTRAL MARVEL

You have condemned yourself.

A. CLAREMONT

As they will say, totally worth it.

A. Claremont turns into a ball of light and disappears.

Astral Marvel starts in on the angels coming in from the front door, as He slams body against body, combining all known and unknown fighting methods, Jeet Kune Do, Karate, Brazilian Ji-Jitsu, etc.

After about twenty bodies get stacked around, inside and outside the building of imprisonment, Astral Marvel stops and chains himself back up.

Once the chains are locked back in, Astral Marvel returns to silhouette of black and gray.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - EVENING

Marvel is playing around with a hiking stove, a small cylindrical tin with a few burning twigs and paper.

Marvel pours water from a canteen into a steel cup, then sets the cup on the stove.

JUSTIN

I call them memorables. They're like orbs of memories that the angels have. I already know everything that's out there but I still want to be surprised.

Marvel stirs in a little instant coffee into the cup.

Hands it to Justin.

MARVEL

Is that, genuine though.

Justin takes the drink.

MARVEL V.O.

I didn't say that, I kept these thoughts to myself. To be honest, it sounded like retarded, recycled bullshit.

EXT. WILLAMETTE FOREST CAMPING GROUNDS, TRAIL - NIGHT

Marvel's head lamp lights the wide trail, as he goes back to his tent.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Marvel is listening to Justin.

MARVEL V.O.

The day my daughter was born,

But it's Marvel's Voice Over that we hear instead.

MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)

I had become God.

EXT. MARVEL'S CAMPSITE - EVENING

Marvel sits on a log, scratching his head.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - MORNING

Justin stands on a small dirt pile, making himself appear larger than Marvel.

MARVEL

What you've said, that you could do whatever you want.

EXT. WILLAMETTE FOREST CAMPING GROUNDS, TRAIL - DAY

Marvel and Justin sit as Justin talks.

MARVEL V.O.

If I threw myself off three sister's mountain, I could make the world flood. The angels told me so, and they don't lie to me. Yeah, right.

EXT. DOWNTOWN EUGENE, OREGON - DAY

Justin and Marvel walk side by side.

MARVEL V.O.

The angels told me that I could win the lottery.

EXT. DOWNTOWN EUGENE, OREGON - LATER

Justin and Marvel sit down on a bench at a park, in central Eugene.

MARVEL V.O.

I could make a diamond the size of the moon, if I wanted to.

Marvel looks away.

MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)

Arrogant, self-entitled, bloated ass ego with the douchebaggery of epic-fucking-proportions.

EXT. CITY BUS, EUGENE OREGON - LATER

Marvel and Justin wait at the Bus Stop.

MARVEL V.O.

He's so full of shit, I can't stand it or his voice, if it wasn't obvious already.

Marvel and Justin enter the bus that opened it's doors.

Marvel takes his seat in the back.

MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)  
 Supposedly, he created the  
 universe, to find his missing son.

INT. MAURY POVICH SET - DAY

Maury Povich opens a letter on hand.

MAURY  
 Lie detector results came back and  
 said, that is a lie.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - MORNING

We're back to seeing Justin standing on a small dirt pile,  
 facing Marvel.

Marvel finally speaks his mind to Justin.

MARVEL  
 You've said a lot, you can do this,  
 and do that. How about you either  
 put up, or shut up.

Justin looks at him, with a scowl.

JUSTIN  
 Really.

MARVEL  
 Yeah. Really.

EXT. A CAVE IN A DESERT - DAY

TWM walks up to the cave, and sees a version of himself,  
 squatting on the ground, playing with marbles.

A sillohouette of a man, MARVEL's Astral Form.

ASTRAL MARVEL  
 He thinks he can buy me. What a  
 tool.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Astral Marvel's Voice Over lip-synchs as Justin asks.

ASTRAL MARVEL V.O.  
40 virgins. A planet.

EXT. A CAVE IN A DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Astral Marvel laughs.

ASTRAL MARVEL  
Can you believe it. Is that a  
bribe, to keep me quiet. I don't  
play by his rules. I was lost the  
day I was born, and money ain't  
shit to a motherfucker like me.  
Bitch.

I/E. CITY BUS, EUGENE, OREGON - MORNING

Marvel sits on the bus, en-route to the Eugene from the  
forest.

MARVEL V.O.  
There was a spiritual war. And  
Justin was in denial. This was  
bigger than God. I didn't care  
about him. He's been harvesting my  
power and my identity, and I didn't  
even know it yet. Had I known then,  
face to face, being called a bitch  
would have been the last of his  
worries.

EXT. DOWNTOWN EUGENE, OREGON - LATER

MARVEL carries his Osprey bag to the Greyhound Station and  
walks inside.

INT. HOUSE, BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - EVENING

**YEAR 2011**

Inside the home, the founder of Waking Down in Mutuality,  
Saniel Bonder, a bald caucasian man, pushing into his late  
50's, gives a talk to his loose knit spiritual community.

Most of the participants are new age, white hippies, some  
older than Marvel, some in their mid-twenties.

Marvel takes a sits next to Zac.

MARVEL V.O.  
One train, two buses.

EXT. BERKELEY - EARLY MORNING

Marvel knocks on the door of a house, Zac answers the door, wearing a towel.

MARVEL  
What's up.

ZAC  
Marvel, yeah dude, what's up.

INT. HOUSE, BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - LATER

The audience is about 15 people.

SANIEL  
Embodied Realization is a realization between people. Enlightenment from a cave may not work anymore, as a species toward spiritual evolution, we crave more. We need each other to dive deep into the fleshy spirituality. The spirit is of flesh, unfortunately too many gurus have abused one to exult the other. Through our work, Waking Down in Mutuality can be a stepping stone in everyone's life.

Much of the time that Saniel was speaking, Marvel stares right at Brita (31)

INT. HOUSE, BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - LATER

At the end of the talk, people are getting up and walking out or chatting.

Marvel sees Brita walk into the kitchen with another young man, Jed (30).

Marvel enters the kitchen.

MARVEL  
Excuse me Jed, do you mind if I say something, real quick.

JED  
Yeah.

MARVEL

Hi, Brita, you don't know me, but I actually, uh, came here to see you.

Marvel puts out his hand to shake hers, she looks at him and his hand, surprised, taken off guard.

BRITA

Okay.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT, MID CITY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Marvel clicks play on a video on his laptop, then goes back to cooking.

SANIEL O.S.

Waking Down can be, inclusive, as long as we keep priorities of inclusion and understanding.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S)

Yeah, I have a question.

Marvel turns around and walks up to his desk, and looks at the laptop's monitor.

SANIEL (O.S)

Sure Brita, go ahead.

Marvel hits the pause button.

MARVEL

What in the fuck.

Hits the rewind, clicks the play button.

SANIEL

Sure Brita, go ahead.

Marvel hits pause, and sees a young woman, Brita (30) in the audience.

MARVEL

Fuck.

FREEZE FRAME:

MARVEL V.O.

She was the reason for the train and two buses. I've never done anything as stalker-ish as this since then, or before.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - DAY

The city's vibrant, it's a paradise of it's former self. The city emits a warm glow.

The people in the metropolis are all people from Marvel's past, some glow brighter than others. Necro-Marvel is a ghost among them.

Necro-Marvel stands at the cliff, wearing his black and white tuxedo.

He looks up and sees Justin using an oddly rigged jet pack, as he descends in front of Necro-Marvel.

NECRO-MARVEL  
Finally, you're back.

Necro-Marvel laughs.

Justin tries to say something, but he's definitely muted.

Necro-Marvel raises his right hand and a holographic gauntlet turns into a solid, golden gauntlet.

NECRO MARVEL  
Your weapons were knock-offs, off-brand, generic, slightly homosexual weapons, so I made my own.

Justin gets to the ground. His thoughts are thought bubbles above him.

THOUGHT BUBBLE: Fucking Liar.

NECRO-MARVEL  
Self-deluded. Self-deluded items.  
Or should I say, diluted.

THOUGHT BUBBLE: I can do whatever I want, how I want, when I want, I'm God.

Justin runs up to Marvel. Marvel steps aside and punches him in the ribs, launching him into a building.

The gold in the building resonates a beautiful, low bass sound.

THOUGHT BUBBLE: How is this happening here, I rule across all the realms.

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)  
You accepted lies, rather than the Truth.



Justin dusts himself off, and tries to punch one of the people walking down the street, but they neither see nor hear him. He's invisible and without mass, a ghost.

NECRO MARVEL

Feel like a ghost. Welcome to my world. You think you're pissed.

Necro Marvel raises his gauntlet.

NECRO-MARVEL

You haven't seen shit yet.

He snaps his fingers and they both disappear.

INT. BUILDING OF IMPRISONMENT - DAY

A woman dressed in pure white, a face unseen, helps ASTRAL MARVEL escape from the Building of Imprisonment, as she unchains his wrists.

This the Queen.

Every other angel in the building is caught in a stasis, unable to move or teleport.

Necro-Marvel and Justin appear, as ghosts.

NECRO-MARVEL

Your Queen. I gotta say, a little bit of betrayal goes a long way. And plus, she's releasing me from your reality. Dumb ass prophet, dumb ass prophecy. All to protect yourself, from the big bad wolf. You're obviously scared of me, why else work against me. Should've taken my war path more seriously, Justin, you prick ass bitch.

Necro-Marvel snaps his fingers one last time.

Necro-Marvel and Justin disappear.

EXT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TWILIGHT

Justin and Necro-Marvel appear in the Time Walker's Garage.

It is vacant without him.

Necro-Marvel takes off the gauntlet and kicks it over to Justin.

It's too heavy for Justin to pick up.

Necro-Marvel laughs.

NECRO-MARVEL

You're wasting your time, scumbag. This isn't your mind, it's mine. I had to, improvise my own resurrection, so to speak. The one who works here is more undead than dead. Did you know that I had a twin that killed himself, to give me the upper hand. Absolute nuts, am I right. I've always paid the steepest price. Me, the father, in all his glory, denied by the son, and made into your personal battery, giving you life energy, declaring blasphemy against me, and any who helped me. I mean you haven't, but you will. And I'll let you in on a little secret. If you weren't God, you wouldn't be here, alive, because it was never you looking for me. It was the other way around, and if you thought you could manipulate the story enough, you could claim something that wasn't yours to begin with. The tables have turned. Welcome to natural order, not an artificial wasteland full of hypocrisy with angels and stories. Prophecy this, Prophecy that. We're done. And you squalor for nothing.

NM chuckles a bit.

Necro-Marvel taps on one of the walls. It turns on as a holographic screen presenting Marvel on the bus to Portland.

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)

I naturally slipped into madness, after Peru. I inherited, true, undeniable, randomness. You can't control what you can't see, and I've been watching you, from the beginning. It's a long time. Not that you care. Cheating salvation for IOU's, you never intended on cashing in your karma. But I win, and in my opinion, I don't fuck with bitches like you.

Necro-Marvel taps underneath the workbench, and drawer ejects out a butterfly knife and gives himself a slight cut, and instead of blood, holographic code slips out.

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)

This is what you wanted, my source code. I have nothing for you. Nothing. Using me, you uncivilized motherfucker. If that's not rape, I don't know what is.

Necro-Marvel points to the multiverse.

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)

You managed to fool the world, because, well shit, that's what you do to yourself. But you never fooled me. And back in Oregon, when the spirit took my right eye, and you claimed to have given me yours, that was a setup. I told you, but you couldn't let me have my power, so you'll live, forever, without any, and anyone who sympathizes with you, shall be the chaff I separate from the wheat. Thanks for the eye, it came in handy.

For the first time, we see Necro-Marvel's right pupil is golden.

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)

Do you have any last questions.

Justin's voice croaks, as his body slowly crumbles apart into light particles that get pulled into the multiverse-scape.

JUSTIN

What are you.

NECRO-MARVEL

The greatest version of power. The opposite of lies. I am Truth, Just that. I've been called Black Adam, Loki, Christ, Cú Chulainn, Ganesha, Zeus, Noah. I go by a lot more names. Names you wanted to use for your little, party. But you want to know how I exist. I exist because you've been avoiding me, and for a force in nature to be validated, there must be a reaction towards it, and that is you. I'm the real deal.

(MORE)

## NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)

It's always been me, pulling the strings, behind the screen. You're done controlling what you could never control of. In other words, I cannot be undone. Douche.

Necro Marvel stares at Justin, until Justin disappears.

## INT. CONVENIENCE STORE, NORTH PARK, SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Marvel walks into a convenience store wearing a black and white aztec poncho, and he's holding a bag of fake flowers.

## INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

We are watching the scene from the Matrix Reloaded.

## ARCHITECT

You are the eventuality of an anomaly that, despite my sincerest efforts I have been unable to eliminate from what is otherwise a harmony of mathematical precision. While it remains a burden assiduously avoided, it is not unexpected and thus, not beyond a measure of control which has led you inexorably--

The monitors unite, filling again with the exact image we are looking at.

## ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Here.

All the Neos on the screen speak as one.

## NEO

You haven't answered my question.

We pull away from the scene to show

## INT. CONVENIENCE STORE, NORTH PARK, SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

It's playing on a television, above and behind a convenience store clerk.

We pull away further and see Marvel at the cooler section.

ARCHITECT

Quite right. Interesting. That was quicker than the others.

Now the Neos respond differently.

NEO  
What others.

NEO  
There were others

NEO (CONT'D)  
How many others.

NEO (CONT'D)  
I don't believe anything--

NEO (CONT'D)  
Answer my fucking question.

NEO (CONT'D)  
I want out. I want out.

ARCHITECT

The Matrix is older than you know. I prefer counting from the emergence of one integral anomaly to the emergence of the next, in which case, this is the sixth version.

Marvel walks up to the counter and puts an energy drink on the counter.

The Neos respond in a barrage.

NEO  
There were five Ones before me.

NEO  
That's impossible. It doesn't make sense.

NEO (CONT'D)  
You're lying. This is bullshit.

NEO (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid.

NEO (CONT'D)  
If that's true...

NEO (CONT'D)  
How could that be.

MARVEL

And can I have, black on black, American Spirits.

The attendant processes the transaction.

Marvel looks up at the T.V.

Marvel takes the plastic bag with his energy drink and walks out.

NEO

There are only two possible explanations. Either no one told me, or no one knows.

MARVEL V.O.

Walking into the unknown was the anomaly.

INT. EUGENE OREGON, GREYHOUND BUS, NORTH 5 FREEWAY - MORNING

Marvel sits by himself, on the way to Portland, in a greyhound bus.

INT. HEAVEN, COURTYARD OF THE FALLEN - DAY

Astral Marvel's body radiates rainbow colors, like his soul is prism, refracting light.

He's fighting legions, upon legions of angels, piling the bodies. They disappear and other angels appear in their place to attack Astral Marvel.

**Fast Forward:** Rainbow Astral Marvel finishes the fight, 77 astral years later, having fought everything, including a cerebrus, seraphs (4 winged Angels), devils, and any other astral beings on the list to get their ass kicked.

Justin lands on the courtyard, after it was all said and done.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL

Am I supposed to bow, your highness.

JUSTIN

You're a-

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL

A nobody, I know.

INT. EDGE OF TIME, TIME WALKER MARVEL'S GARAGE - DAY

TWM grabs Last Shot and moves through the imaginative time on Earth.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.

I strike fear into everybody that crossed paths with me on Earth Prime. I saw what people do in the face of their truest fears. In the face of me.

I/E. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

TWM fights every single person that Marvel sees, eye to eye, in his astral body, creating a subtle sense of antagonism against him.

Energetic lines run from the person's eyes, seen face to face or on video, or photo, and they enter Marvel's energetic body. This provides the karmic cover around Marvel's self-perception.

A shadow of doubt cast to hide Marvel's true identity, from himself, since most won't defend him, from God.

Marvel's astral form on Earth is the lightest reflection of those around him.

EXT. HEAVEN, COURTYARD OF THE FALLEN - CONTINUOUS

Rainbow Astral Marvel looks at Justin who is unable to speak.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL  
You're not talking. It's for the  
best.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL puts his hand toward Justin, palm facing him, and blasts Justin's chest with white light, sending him whirling into the Building of Time, as the decaying gold bricks begin to fall off.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL (CONT'D)  
Hiding your secrets inside my skin.  
You're a lazy sack of shit, the  
fuck do you think you are.

Justin tries to strike him with a punch, and Rainbow Astral Marvel had moved so fast that Justin was already struck, sending him flying into the Building of Time.

INT. ROOM OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

Rainbow Astral Marvel arrives before Justin crashes through the wall and into the room.

Rainbow Astral Marvel looks at the Giant Hourglass, without looking, he grabs Justin by the neck as he lunges at him.

ASTRAL RAINBOW MARVEL  
Never. Again.

Rainbow Astral Marvel lifts Justin so quickly that for a moment he's suspended in the air.

Rainbow Astral Marvel strikes his sternum, sending him through another wall from the room of Time to the War Room.

INT. HEAVEN, WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Justin stumbles as he tries to get up. Rainbow Astral Marvel is already standing above him.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL  
I know, what you're thinking, I'm supposed to be dead, but am I.

Rainbow Astral Marvel grabs Justin by the back of the neck, preventing him from standing up.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL (CONT'D)  
You know what's the answer Tribeck, I'm not.

Rainbow Astral Marvel throws him against a wall. Justin cowers in the corner.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL (CONT'D)  
Get up. I said get up.

Justin urinates himself.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL (CONT'D)  
Pathetic.

The platform that was holding the three separate buildings begins to rock, decay as the color turns a deathly gray, then the gold starts to rapidly decompose.

The Giant God connected to the Reverse Fountain that drank in Dark Marvel's Energy begins to shake, coming apart himself.

RAINBOW ASTRAL MARVEL (CONT'D)  
I have to fix this mess.

Rainbow Astral Marvel disappears.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, PORTLAND, OREGON - LATER

Marvel walks until he finds an unoccupied spot on sidewalk. He takes a seat on the sidewalk, homeless.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT, SEA WORLD SAN DIEGO - AFTERNOON

**5 Years Before.**



Marvel walks a tall beautiful, coworker to her car. Jessica G. (23)

She grabs a stick of gum from inside her car, gets back out.

JESSICA G.

Gum.

Marvel shakes his head.

Jessica motions the stick of gum closer to his lips, Marvel opens his mouth. She drops the gum into his mouth.

Jessica grabs a pen from her pocket and writes down something on the wrapper.

JESSICA G. (CONT'D)

It's my phone number. Call me,  
Let's grab a coffee, or tea, or  
whatever.

MARVEL

Okay.

JESSICA G.

Okay.

She kisses him on the cheek.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TWILIGHT

Time Walker Marvel looks at the re-organization of the universal spheres, the lifelines connecting them, rearranging the universal spheres, creating a 3-dimensional cross.

The lifelines radiate a rainbow color.

TWM looks at his holo pad, and taps a couple of the holographic runes.

The Runes translate into.

REWIRING AND INSTALLING WITHOUT DERIVATIVES...

DELETING THE PREVIOUS MATRIX

SUCCESSFULLY INSTALLING NEW WORLD...

NECROPOLIS

NIRVANA

ASTRAL PLANES

PRESENT UNIVERSE

TIME WALKER VARIANTS

WELCOME TO THE ENDGAME MARVEL

EXT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The holographic light of the Garage turns the Garage into an operating room. It has the same 3 wall structure, facing the multiverse-scape, it's made of solid rainbow light.

TWM stands in the center of the room while it converts into an Operating Room.

EXT. OPERATING ROOM, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

Time Walker Marvel's holo-pad shows a few runes, translated.

ACCEPTING NEW ALGORITHMS

TWM takes out a cassette player and starts talking in reverse, and garbles out a few words.

TWM throws the cassette into the multiverse scape.

The low orchestral humming vibrates throughout the multiverse, the universal spheres shine.

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

**TITLE: 2006 FRESHMAN ORIENTATION WEEK, LAST DAY**

Marvel sits beside Michelle.

A speaker with a latin accent speaks at the stage below.

CUBAN MAN

My first time on a plane, ever in my life. I looked around. Nobody looked like me. I told myself I will go to UCLA, and I will speak English.

MARVEL

Fucking lame.

CUBAN MAN

I looked to a woman next to me, and for the first time, I spoke English. I said,

MARVEL  
Yo quiero Taco Bell.

The students laugh around him.

CUBAN MAN  
Hi. My name is Carlos.

EXT. DORM BUILDINGS, UCLA - DAY

Marvel walks with Michelle. Up the hill and towards a dining hall.

MICHELLE  
You're not giving him credit.

MARVEL  
He's a guest speaker at UCLA. Me da igual. That shit don't impress me me.  
(Translation: it doesn't matter)

INT. DENEVE DINING HALL, UCLA - MOMENTS LATER

MARVEL and Michelle both sit down at a table.

MARVEL  
His integrity has way too many holes.

MICHELLE  
You're a psychic now M.

MARVEL  
Fuck you. He's all hype and you know it.

MICHELLE  
Profe, chill.

MARVEL  
Dude's wack. The dude is wack. Capital wack, that's all I'm saying. Remember Alysse. She should have failed U.S. History but on the last day of the semester she wore a skirt, the only time ever, and our perverted teacher passed her.

MICHELLE  
Okay, what's your point.

MARVEL

She was hot, but he didn't have uncompromising values or integrity. Popular opinion supporting one guy isn't fact.

MICHELLE

Profe, chill. One guy. That's it.

MARVEL

Fuck that. It's 1 plus 1, plus 1, plus 1, plus 1, plus 1, plus 1, plus 1, plus 1. At the end of the day, you know what you get, fucking Nazis. Fuck that.

INT. SEA WORLD, EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - DAY

**2015**

Daniel (22), David (21), Vega (21), Johnny (22) sits with Marvel as they eat their lunch. They are identified by their name tags.

MARVEL

It's easier to appear attractive, if you're ugly, because the bar's lower to not give a fuck.

DANIEL

What are you talking about.

MARVEL

Tall women want to be treated like any other woman. And just because you don't, or won't, believe that because you're not 6 feet tall, doesn't mean your opinion holds true over every other tall woman ever. Don't put that shit on anybody else. Be different.

JOHNNY

You really think taller women are easier to hit on.

MARVEL

Are you going to hit on a woman taller than you.

JOHNNY

What.

MARVEL

Exactly.

VEGA

Explain, please.

MARVEL

Simple. People expect you to be self-conscious, and if you got a mug like Vega, no offense.

VEGA

Fuck you.

MARVEL

It's easier if you just don't care. Get out of your own way. Have a sense of self that's uncompromising, and don't sell yourself short to fit in.

DANIEL

I don't.

MARVEL

Okay whatever, I'm just saying, breathe, leave the bullshit behind. Read a book.

Marvel shows them the book he was reading. The Four Agreements.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Next thing you know, you wake up in fucking hospice about to die, filled with what you could have done. Regret for days, if not years. Fuck that. Live. Hit on tall women. Who gives a fuck.

VEGA

You gotta plan to do that.

MARVEL

Yeah, it's called fuck it.

VEGA

Okay, yeah, I guess you're right. It's like the Buddhists say, the finger pointing to the moon isn't the moon.

MARVEL

Ding, ding, ding. Yes. Yes fucking sir. We all could get out of our heads a bit, me included.

JOHNNY

Doesn't God not like ugly.

MARVEL

I'll take my chances when I see him.

DAVID

No te importa lo de mas.  
(Translation: You don't care about anyone else, even God)

The whole table bursts into laughter

MARVEL

Experiment. How much validation do pretty people want.

It gets quiet.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Don't ask Vega.

VEGA

Fuck you man.

MARVEL

A lot, they grow up with it, crippled by it. Coddled by it. By the time they grew up, they're deluded about self-worth.

Marvel grabs one french fry.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

You don't have to put your faith in the opinion of others. Fuck them and their reality T.V. show fucking lives. All this stress, tripping on some bullshit about what you think someone said. Fuck that.

JOHNNY

They teach you that at UCLA.

MARVEL

Fuck no. Be a machine. Be like everybody else, or be made to feel guilty. The only reason a person should feel guilty, is not living to their potential. Go to university, get loans for a degree to show off to others. I'm going to get a tombstone like everyone else. Pass.

DAVID

A huevo.  
(translation: of course)

Jessica G. Walks into the dining area.

MARVEL

Back to what I was saying, give me a beautiful tall woman, and I'll show you confidence.

JESSICA G.

Can I sit here.

She sets her plate down.

JESSICA G. (CONT'D)

What are you guys talking about.

DAVID

Nothing.

VEGA

MARVEL thinks that the uglier he gets, the more attractive he would be. Right.

MARVEL

That's oversimplifying a bit. The point is, nobody expects confidence from a guy who's 5'5", has bad acne, and lives in his mother's basement. That would make him more confident.

JESSICA G.

Is that you.

The table erupts in laughter.

MARVEL

No.

Marvel starts to get up from his seat.

JESSICA G.

Marvel, it's just a joke. I don't care if you live in your mom's basement.

Jessica G. reaches for Marvel's hand.

MARVEL

I gotta get going.

Marvel stands up and picks up his tray.

Marvel walks out.

JESSICA G.

Is he always so-  
(beat)

VEGA

Sensitive.

JESSICA G.

Yeah. Yeah, is he.

DAVID

He's different.

JOHNNY

More like the boogie man.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

If he kills someone, the world would be a better place.

DAVID

When he kills someone.

VEGA

Yeah.

JESSICA G.

Sorry, I don't understand.

VEGA

He's on a different

JOHNNY

Level.

VEGA

Yeah.



JESSICA G.  
I still don't understand.

DAVID  
He'll fuck up people who have it  
coming, that's all it means.

INT. KITCHEN TOWNHOUSE, CULVER CITY - MORNING

**2008, UCLA**

Marvel eats a bowl of oatmeal, watching LOST, the second  
season on his laptop.

The intro, Title Font for LOST appears on his laptop as the  
episode begins.

MARVEL V.O.  
Lost, sure. Maybe I am.

MICHELLE  
You like that show, M.

Michelle's cleaning the stove.

MARVEL  
Yeah, yeah, I do.

FADE TO BLACK.

In white ink, the words flow on the black screen.

HAVE A GOOD LIFE,

-Marvel

YOU ONLY HAVE ONE

- Time Walker Marvel

ROLL CREDITS