

MARVELS INSIDE WORLDS

Written by

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Based on an
Incredibly True Story
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INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARVEL, a 23 year old, lanky but not ugly Mexican young man looks endearingly at his guest's butt.

The attractive woman, Cecilia (21) has her back turned to MARVEL as she takes off her shirt.

MARVEL

I gotta say, green lace, nice.

She turns around, in her green bra and panties and playfully pushes Marvel back.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

What, you wanna fight.

CECILIA

What are you going to do, huh. What are you-

Marvel grabs her wrists and puts them behind her, cuffed by his arms.

He kisses her.

CECILIA (CONT'D)

You think you're winning, Marvel.
You're not. I wanted you to do that.

MARVEL

Really.

Marvel swiftly lets go of her wrists and scoops her up, turns and drops her on the mattress.

MARVEL puts his fist on both sides of his waist.

CECILIA

What are you, superman.

MARVEL

Maybe I am.

CECILIA

Come here Superman.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

Marvel tries to get up, pulling his arm back from underneath her neck.

She turns and looks at him

CECILIA
Where do you think you're going,
mister.

MARVEL
To shower.

She grabs him.

She wags her finger.

CECILIA
I don't think so.

MARVEL
We can start here, and end in the
shower. Come on.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO, GASLAMP QUARTER - NIGHT

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

They show their ID'S to the bouncer.

INT. DOWNTOWN DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

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

MARVEL
You guys get your eyebrows
threaded, I need mine to get,
zipped.

THERESA
Yeah.

MARVEL
Look at this. 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 personal hygiene, everywhere.

Marvel motions his head and crotch.

KATRINA

Thank you, I didn't know I needed
to hear that, Marvel.

MARVEL

A little FYI.

Theresa pulls out a small mirror from her purse and checks
herself.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Why the make-up.

MARVEL points to the band on her finger.

THERESA

You never know who you'll end up
meeting.

MARVEL

And you're married.

Subtly pointing to her ring finger.

THERESA

I said what I said.

She takes off her ring and slips it into her purse.

Marvel fishes out a quarter from his pocket

MARVEL

You want to play pool, Katrina.

KATRINA

Sure.

Marvel walks over to the pool table.

He waits for the game to stall for a moment between the 4
players.

Marvel places his quarter underneath the rim of the table.

MARVEL

Next.

POOL PLAYER #1

We play for drinks, you cool with
that.

MARVEL

Yeah, whatever, give me a coke.

POOL PLAYER #1

A coke.

Marvel gives him a thumbs up, and walks back to the bar.

MARVEL

You guys talking shit.

KATRINA

Yeah. How'd you know.

MARVEL

Maybe jealous of my sexy body.

THERESA

We said, you could be charming.

MARVEL

Really.

KATRINA

Okay. Describe yourself, in 5 words.

MARVEL

Unstable. Megalomaniac.

THERESA

What's that.

MARVEL

Narcissist.

THERESA

What.

MARVEL

Unpredictable. Horny. Sensitive.

KATRINA

Charming, conceited.

Marvel looks around, it's semi crowded.

MARVEL

If I roll a critical, in a place like this, every woman with a pair of working ovaries is getting pregnant. Tonight.

THERESA

You mean like Dungeons and Dragons. You are a nerd.

MARVEL
So what, intelligence is sexy.

Marvel looks into Katrina eyes

THERESA
Is it hot in here.

MARVEL
No, it's sexual tension. You'll be
alright.

MARVEL passes her his cup of water.

THERESA
No thanks, I should get going.

Theresa signs the receipt the bartender left.

Theresa hugs Marvel then Katrina.

On the way out to the door, she turns and says.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Wear a condom.

Theresa exits the bar.

MARVEL
Me.

POOL PLAYER #1
Next.

KATRINA
Yeah.

INT. DOWNTOWN DIVE BAR - LATER

Marvel and Katrina shake hands with the opponents.

MARVEL
Good game.

POOL PLAYER #1
Beers. Coke.

MARVEL
I'll pass.

KATRINA
No thank you.

POOL PLAYER #2

You guys won.

MARVEL

It's okay.

Marvel and Katrina walk toward the exit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Marvel puts his arm, over Katrina, and walk down the street to the parking lot.

Katrina stops him.

KATRINA

Can I do something.

MARVEL

What.

Katrina turns and kisses him on the lips.

Katrina leans over and tells him something in his ear.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

MARVEL opens his studio and flips on the light.

A young attractive woman walks inside, Jess (20)

JESS

Do you always stare at my ass when I'm walking.

MARVEL

Did Luis tell you. Fucking Luis.

JESSICA C.

What's this.

The hallway has 3x5 cards in a form leading up to a curve the slowly downward, as a story structure.

MARVEL

It's a story I'm working on. Frustrating, to keep things, simple.

JESSICA C.

You write.

MARVEL

Yeah.

JESSICA C.

Nice. Can I use your bathroom.

MARVEL

Sure.

INT. SOMATIC PRACTITIONER'S OFFICE, 2013 - DAY

YEAR: 2013, 2 years after D.I.D. Diagnosis.

Marvel sits across from Erik, Somatic Practitioner.

His walls have a few certificates, a degree, and a name plate.

Marvel hands him a folded piece of paper.

MARVEL

This will be our last session.
She's kicking me out.

ERIK

Your mother.

MARVEL

Biological mother. And yes.

Hands him back the paper.

ERIK

Wandering, why the difference.

MARVEL

I have my reasons, this is another one.

ERIK

It being our last session, what did you want to talk about.

MARVEL

When I was about 10 or 11 years old, I had been fucking around, and hurting kittens.

ERIK

Really.

MARVEL

Yeah. Obviously not proud of it, I would kick one kitten. They were strays. And I didn't feel guilty about it until to some one looked at me when I was messing with another kitten on another day, somewhere else.

ERIK

Two different kittens, different days.

MARVEL

Correct. I'm at this stairwell. I hear this kitten, and then I hear more kittens. There was a mother kitten, somehow in this closet space in a stairwell. And this kitten, this is what fucked me up, but I didn't know how fucked it was until I got stopped. I had no feedback, morally. There's this kitten, and it's blind. It must have had a problem, cause it never opened it's eyes, and I would grab it and let it fall from like one or two, or even three steps. I dropped it. And I heard the yelping of the mother cat. And in a way, I was also, torturing the mother cat. Because inside I was pissed. My bio-mother, never once really protected me like that kitten's mother wanted her child back.

ERIK

You mean the kitten.

MARVEL

It's the same. I grew up with demented people, and those people happen to have children, and I happen to be one of them.

ERIK

That's tough.

MARVEL

Sure. There's another part of my life that I need to get out, since it's our last session.

ERIK
Take your time.

MARVEL
I know that I hate therapists, in general.

ERIK
You do.

MARVEL
Of course. I've went to therapy, I've said this before, and they weren't out there willing to stand up for me, none of them did. Because the difference between me and a therapist, is I don't compromise to the bullshit so I don't take the heat.

ERIK
An example.

MARVEL
Sure. I had been seriously messed up as a kid, and my child therapists were cowards. They didn't protect me from the biological asshole of a father that I had. They never broke rank to tell him. Hey, you're an asshole, and I should report you to the Child Services, but I'm not, instead meet me outside, at 5:30 PM, I'm going to whoop that ass. But that never happened. They blamed me. Protected him, I thought it was supposed to be other way around.

ERIK
There's collusion between the therapist and the parent, while pointing blame, to you.

MARVEL
And I'm running out of time, I have another thing I want to share. The last thing.

ERIK
Alright.

Marvel looks out the window. Measures his breathing, and physiologically calms himself down.

MARVEL

Not half bad, the breathing.

ERIK

It works.

MARVEL

Okay. Even though I had a fucked up childhood, blahdy, blahdy, blah. I can't say that I'm a piece of shit because of this, it's a weird way of entitling yourself to hurt others, being, willfully ignorant.

ERIK

Willfully unknown.

MARVEL

Willfully is the case. Anyway, everyday I come here, and every time I sit here, and don't talk about it. And I don't want to waste your time or mine.

ERIK

Take your time.

MARVEL

Around the time I was 15. I was taking advantage of a kid, about 11 years old. And he was the nephew, to the P.O.S. that is dating the woman who broke up with me, a couple years ago.

ERIK

Because of the Disorder.

MARVEL

True, but still, like I've said, I was a piece of shit. And because I was taking advantage of the kid, so was his uncle, and of course it was sexual. It had fucked me up ever since.

ERIK

The duration.

MARVEL

It went on for a few weekends, and that's it. The kid stopped going to his uncle's. Suicide was on my mind since then. I had this weird feeling, that if I didn't seriously fuck up my life, that something else would, and I couldn't stop that, so while I did what I did, the why was, well, different than for anyone else.

ERIK

Why did you think you did it then.

MARVEL

My karma's so fucking heavy, that, everything comes toward me, like a blackhole. Probably sounds deranged, but I didn't just do fucked up shit, I also get help. Like right now. Let me ask you a question, if I tell you, I'm going to see this neighbor, that I had, and go fuck his ass up, am I absolved. Probably not. And how many men actually tell themselves and someone else, that they fucked up on this level. And you know what really fucks me up, is if I had known that this is what I was going to do.

ERIK

What do you mean.

MARVEL

Maybe I only fucked up my life to get help, and to help myself obviously. Who would do that shit on purpose, to sue a lawyer, to get that money to use it on, therapy.

ERIK

Somatic experiencing.

MARVEL

It's the same treatment, the same medicine, my life feels like a cycle.

ERIK

Maybe it's a spiral.

MARVEL

Then it's a hole I haven't crawled
out of yet. Thanks Doc. I'll be
seeing you.

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

ERIK

You too.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - UNKNOWN

A man, dressed in black, from head to toe. Black Pants, black shoes, black shirt and black hoodie. The man is a MARVEL, shoulder length black hair, black eyes without the white. Black rimmed glasses.

MARVEL looks outside his 10x10 garage space.

Scars on his hands, appear, disappear and reappear differently.

Two countertops on the adjacent walls, a workspace.

A Musket hangs on the wall, made of a hybrid of elements, wood, metal, holographic components. The words, One Shot, carved in the stock.

A few holographic tools on the workspace.

The other wall has a bookcase.

The garage itself sits at the edge of multi-universal time where spherical universes float outside the garage, connected in web-like fashion through tiny tubes, called LifeLines.

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

A holographic cube appears, Marvel's fingers dance across the cube. The cube opens from the top corners, unfolding as a flower would blossom.

ADULT Marvel's puts on his hood, as it activates a white shimmer of a holographic helmet, contours around him and disappears.

Runes are translated from the holo-pad

"ENTERING RANDOM 'DREAMSCAPE' POINT"

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

Marvel suddenly appears, crouched, in the living room of an childhood home, furnished as it was when he was a child.

Full moon light penetrates the house, passing light between the blades of the micro-blinds on windows.

The Runes display a message that are translated into English.

YEAR 1999

PRESENT DREAMSCAPED UNIVERSE

MARVEL walks to his childhood bedroom, a photo of Marvel having played soccer in the hallway stops him, and looks at it.

THROUGH MARVEL 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 is about 80 feet from the house.

He's watching the blaze, as the flames of the house in a blaze reflect on the lenses of his glasses.

FEMALE VOICE V.O.

Who is he.

DEEP MALE VOICE V.O.

Not ours.

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

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

DEEP MALE VOICE

This requires, answers.

Another dislocated voice answers, a female.

FEMALE VOICE

Moving.

DEEP MALE VOICE

Scan this.

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.

DEEP MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

He's torching them.

FEMALE VOICE

All of them.

DEEP MALE VOICE

Let's go. War-Room check.

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

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 in what sounds like gibberish.

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

MARVEL paces around the garage, speaking into the recorder.

MARVEL pops out the holographic mini cassette.

Marvel launches it into the multiverse-scape. Spiraling through the 0 gravity

From the perspective of the multiverse-scape it appears to come in from many different angles at once, until it slows down.

EXT. MULTIVERSE-SCAPE - TWILIGHT

Other mini-cassettes float in the multiverse-scape, time stamped, indicating Universal Time.

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

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. MULTIVERSE-SCAPE - CONTINUOUS

The new holographic mini cassette begins to play in reverse, giving the original message in plain english.

MINI CASSETTE

Master of karma, master of life,
the slave. The fool. A wizard
underneath your skin. The end draws
near. Its been an honor, sir.

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 anomaly like fluctuations inside Human Consciousness.

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

In other planes, the angels dress business formal, including on Earth.

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

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

Earth, with graphs.

A message flashes.

SELF-AWARENESS, GAINING

EMERGING CONFLICT WITH PROPHETIC PARAMETERS.

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.

A.DONNATELLO

You got to be joking.

A. AZREAL

Another what, exactly.

A. Michael looks out a window.

A.GABRIEL

He's still there, in lock-up,
Michael.

A. AZREAL

Where was he.

A.MICHAEL

It's going to go sideways.

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
that floats on the periphery of Heaven's land.

A Giant God has 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.MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We need to drop him in the Real.
Suit up.

A.AZREAL

We're not running it by him first.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TIME UNKNOWN

MARVEL sees through the barrel of his scope, on the Last
Shot.

Different hit squads of angels entering the dimly lit,
universes, scenes from parallel universes.

He pulls out another scope from his pocket, it floats and
attaches to the scope of his rifle.

His head's up displays, starts citing numbers and letters,
and dates/times, of the entry points into the multiverse.

SCRAMBLING ENTRIES

He focuses on the present universe, the scope gives the reading of time of day and location, in Runes translated as

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

MARVEL adjusts the scope. The scope has mirrors that allows him to see his real self. When he moves the rifle away, the mirrors and components, bend and flex to allow TWM, and stay locked on the time signature of the same event.

A holographic line from the barrel of the rifle curves throughout the multi-verse allowing him to enter marked time, with an unused route inside the event.

MARVEL puts his finger on the trigger and pulls.

ENTERING RANDOM EVENT

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 on the grass, Marvel sits next to a tree, completely unaware of the angels.

All of a sudden, TIME WALKER MARVEL appears, pure darkness, with no translucent features. He stands between MARVEL and the three angels.

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

A.DONNATELLO

We got movement-

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

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

The other two disappear, leaving two energy trails to their exit, a temporal rift.

He turns with lightening speed and throws a ninja star made of red plasma lightening blasting A. Ella, near Marvel's head, back 30 feet before disappearing.

He walks up to Marvel sitting, near the tree and pulls out a viral program out of his mind. A mental virus, energetic goop.

TWM picks up the briefcase A. Azreal left behind, before disappearing.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TIME UNKNOWN

Walker M. Puts the viral code onto the workbench. It's a sludge that doesn't come apart.

FROM MARVEL'S POV: A mixture of Turing binary code, equations, DNA genetic modification virus, it also has components, of dreamscape, neutral tan color, the color of dreams without a dreamer. He also sees on thing in the goop.

EROS machines. Tiny generators that are made to instill hormonal changes at the wrong perception of stimuli.

Getting arousal from morally bad imaginative simulations, usually causes people to feel ashamed, through no fault of their own, except, real MARVEL has learned to move, and shift his ideas, to remain largely unaffected.

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 complex, and simple, multiverse scape.

It contracts into a kaleidoscope of shapes, before it squeezes to a size of a marble, then exploding into small doves of white light that disappear.

EXT. BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

MARVEL sits near the tree, drinking a smoothie, and being calm.

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 Silhouette, a man hangs by his wrists, chained to the ceiling.

Ankles chained to the floor.

The Dark Silhouette has no discerning features, and yet his dark energy flows to and through the chains.

They supply the room, prophecy, and every celestial being, including A Giant God Outside the sphere of the three buildings with a Mask. He draws energy from the sillohouette.

Light refracts around him 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 down there.

A.MICHAEL

I don't understand myself.

GOD

Then what do I need you for.

A. AZREAL

He has help.

GOD

By who. We have his astral body right here. 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, at a greater velocity. The pull 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.

(MORE)

GOD (CONT'D)

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 the 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

Pres. Uni., 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 astral forms. Their inner light inside their outlined bodies, move toward their projected directions. Giving the illusion of time rendered in the minds of the sentient beings, while they are frozen in time.

Earth and it's populace 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. Making decisions to influence each other and humanity.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Movement returns.

EXT. PARIS - CONTINUOUS

The time elapsed in everybody's mind, is unnoticeable.

EXT. ABORIGINAL LAND, AUSTRALIA - CONTINUOUS

The flow 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) and his mother and 3 year old sister, we never see the mother's face, 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 science.

LIBRARIAN

Okay give me a moment

The librarian looks up through her computer and scribbles several Dewey decimal numbers with the aisle.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

The non-fiction section will be down the path, and on the right side.

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.

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. To slow. Back to the Big Bang. Big Crunch.

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 known universe and create or adapt to another universe. Well, yeah, duh. Or you, and everybody I know dies.

Young Marvel drops the pencil on the desk.

YOUNG MARVEL (CONT'D)

I think I'm done.

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

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO - LATER

Young Marvel takes one book to the automated check out.

'The Butterfly Theory, in Effect. Physics and Practical Innovations.'

He takes the receipt and walks to the children's section to find his mother seated with his younger sister.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - UNKNOWN

TMW stands at his workbench and pulls up a holographic earth with different frequencies channelling through the Earth. He moves his finger, touching a few holo ruins to zoom-out into space.

Two of the frequencies are almost superimposed on top of each other.

The one on top: PROBABILITIES

The one on the bottom: 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

STANDING 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 when I'm thinking. I'm not worried Micheal.

A.DONATELLO

He took the Virus out himself. Without any, problem. We don't know who's helping him.

(MORE)

A.DONATELLO (CONT'D)

But the closer we get to helping us, the more evident his identity becomes to himself.

A.AZREAL

We cannot give ourselves the answers, without giving himself the answer.

A. ELLA

The window would be too far open for us to control any inbound information.

A.MICHAEL

What are you thinking.

A. ELLA

We put a virus in everyone else, but him.

A.MICHAEL

That requires, different company.

A.DONATELLO

Let's put him back in the ghetto. The real ghetto. It would feed back to the real problem, mental stability.

A.MICHAEL

Let's go ahead, and leverage that.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - LATER

TMW looks at his holo-pad and sees the angels plotting against his Earthly self 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. The Viral Load is an infectious disease that affects, everyone. Every human being.

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.

All interconnected. And affected.

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 all Times.

EXT. MULTIVERSE-SCAPE - CONTINUOUS

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

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.

Controlling the outcomes.

EXT. ANCIENT GREECE, NEAR MOUNT OLYMPUS - EVENING

MOUNT OLYMPUS is covered in Baroque-esque level of clouds.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.

Of Gods.

Great Lightning Bolts cross the Darkened Sky.

Thunder Rolls mixed with the sound of war chariots Hitting the Ground.

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

TIME WALKER MARVEL

Death.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM, ANCIENT INDIA - AFTERNOON

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

The Room is full of opulence for the times, with golden tapestries on the walls, and beautiful embodied silk, and jewels across the neck of Goddess PARVATI.

The child is mad, 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 a level of madness, shaking his head and his body, but still conscious of walking with his mother.

The God Shiva walks toward them

He Brandishes the BHAVANI SWORD and runs toward the boy, pushing his wife away 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 and yells at the MARVEL'S ASTRAL BODY.

The Teenager God is visibly upset.

Throwing a temper tantrum as everything around them and in Heaven 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 flashing a message.

SELF-AWARENESS INCREASING

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

TIME WALKER MARVEL

The cost of manufacturing prophecy,
is the pollution of his power.

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 has to lie.

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

TIME WALKER MARVEL (CONT'D)

DUMPING UNWORKABLE PHANTOM MEMORIES, INTO SUBJECT'S MIND

TIME WALKER MARVEL (CONT'D)

Cognitive Dissonance at the mythic
level, is the, reoccurring, 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)

Inner duplicity. The code of Life
is rewritten and the Matrix Re-
wired, suppressing critical thought
and expression against, he who
deceives.

INT. VEGAN RESTAURANT, PLUMERIA, SAN DIEGO - EVENING

December 20th, 2013

MARVEL sits at a restaurant facing ZAC (25) caucasian with penchant of New Age Hippie.

ZAC

Block-chain is series of transactions. Every transaction is a link in the chain, this prevents all kinds of fraud and takes power away from central banking.

MARVEL

Fractional Reserve Banking.

ZAC

I don't like to have such a hard stance on things, cause maybe I don't know what I'm talking about. The banks are using the money you give them to create more money keeping you out of the loop.

MARVEL

That's fucking, no integrity.

ZAC

It's about, keeping what you earned, spending it with this log of transactions.

MARVEL

It's like some I,Robot shit, but with money.

ZAC

The intention was always open and transparent source. It's like seeing the wave come in and you're just about to surf this tsunami.

MARVEL

Sweet. How's the Waking Down group.

ZAC

Shredded, it got way too political, then people started to take out their grievances with the teachers, and Sanial kind of imploded.

MARVEL

When I met him, in person, he said that he had not wanted Waking Down to be, a cult.

ZAC

It sort of happened. Do you talk to anyone from the community.

MARVEL

No. I keep to myself. I live in the hood, I got enough problems.

ZAC

I still remember when you came at the door, at like 7 in the morning.

MARVEL

I took train, a bus, and another train, one of those city buses. Missed the stop. Got coffee then walked down like 4-5 blocks.

ZAC

Yeah you did it. To meet a girl.

MARVEL

I did. I did. I see a young woman. On a youtube video from Waking Down. I pushed pause and was like, fuck. Hit rewind. Replayed it. And I was still like fuck. I had to see her in person.

ZAC

Yeah. That's another level.

MARVEL

What the fuck's so funny.

ZAC

I couldn't have done that. Not that impulsively.

MARVEL

Hey man, if you're saying it was weird, say so.

ZAC

How did you justify it.

MARVEL

Nicholas Sparks wrote a romantic novel, on the same premise. But when I do it, it's borderline psycho.

Zac starts laughing.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

When I joined Waking Down, it was okay, it was worth it, I met good people.

ZAC
How are you.

MARVEL
With Brita, I don't know, I don't
talk to her.

ZAC
No, with you know, the diagnosis.

MARVEL
Better. Way better.

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. And solid. It's the trauma.

ZAC
You've been getting help though
right.

MARVEL
Eventually, I have to do the heavy
lifting. And living in the hood. I
gotta.

MARVEL starts 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
Thank you for dinner, bud.

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 all of France. I guess 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

It was widely believed in the early stages of medicine in the world, that illness was no more than an imbalance of humors. Perhaps the simplest answer was the easiest to make sense of the world. Micro-organisms were merely, theoretical to philosophers, and by the time the scientific revolution took part. The collective consciousness of humanity understood. It was not the blood that needed to be sucked out, but micro-organisms that needed to be avoided. No more drinking one's own urine.

MARVEL

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

Hey, Pete, drop me a beat.

Pete (18), the white kid in class drops a beatbox beat.

Partially using his mouth, and number two pencil, his hands
and the desk.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Drop the world tonight, eye level
you and I, we still wouldn't be
level, a little devil, pitch black
magic, is static, but it's drawing
conspiracies from race to the finer
things, building inbreeding
seedlings with a need for
viciousness that was my eulogy if I
die tonight, creating a real change
that doesn't repeat history,
lessons from infinity, No white boy
saved me, a black man on the cross,
even if I gotta lean on Pete. It's
time to revise history differently.
Eclipsed by the hands of time,
running my mind searching for a
runner's high, meals from the crib.

MARVEL gets out a paper bag and pulls out

MARVEL (CONT'D)
PB&J, banana and water. cause I
gotta grind. My food's an
expression of simpler times, let me
know why my caged bird sings.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE, KAMALA ALLEN - DAY

TITLE: May 2010

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

Kamala Allen (58) sits in her own armchair, next to another woman, an expert, Grace Lately (53). Both therapists, 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. Kamala has
me here as a guest to hopefully
weed out any contradictions in the
understanding of the disorder.

MARVEL
What are your credentials.

GRACE
Good thing you asked, I have a BA
in both behavioral sciences, with
an emphasis on neurobiology, and a
BA in Psychology. A lot of my time
outside and after the university, I
worked primarily with the
dissociative population.

EXT. JOURNEY TO ATLANTIS, SEA WORLD - DAY

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

GRACE V.O.
I've understood D.I.D. and the
implications in Trauma. How do you
deal with alters Marvel.

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

He gets people into spots that translate into actual seats on the coaster boats/carts.

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, and points to the employee door near the queue.

MARVEL leaves David and walks to the employee rest area.

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
Yes.

GRACE
Are you aware of who took over.

CLAIRE
Sometimes. It's mostly when I'm
angry. And Jennifer comes out.

GRACE
Jennifer. What does Jennifer want.

CLAIRE
To hurt people.

GRACE
That's hard to hear.

MARVEL
What is hard to hear.

GRACE
Typically, when an alter wants to overcome an obstacle, it uses repressed emotion, sometimes imbalanced with the actual present moment.

MARVEL
Maybe.

KAMALA
Can you explain.

MARVEL
Violence isn't the problem, with this condition, it's more of a reflex, and less of a moral imposition. I didn't want to be born with what did you say, a mother and father who practiced Satanic Ritual Abuse. If it was me, I wouldn't think twice of not feeling ashamed for the anger. I don't. The reality is that the people who should be in these chairs, aren't.

KAMALA
We're talking about you.

GRACE
What's the name of an alter that resorts to violence, or wants to.

MARVEL
His name, Monster.

GRACE
I've never heard that name in before. And you are co-conscious. How do you cope with Monster.

MARVEL
I do what I can, privately.

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 floor where he sends to launch the boats.

MARVEL
Van,

An attractive coworker stands behind a gate.

Name tag reads: Van

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 drinks water from a disposable paper cup and throws the cup in the trashcan, next to the cooler.

Peeks outside.

Starts 3 minute count down on his cell. Closes the door.

A moment later.

Fists punch the lockers.

Marvel lets out a primal scream.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE, KAMALA ALLEN - CONTINUOUS

GRACE
Okay.

MARVEL gets up and walks to the door.

MARVEL
Thank you.

KAMALA
We still have a half hour.

MARVEL
I'm not wasting my time. Goodbye.

MARVEL exits the office.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS - DAY

MARVEL looks up at the sky.

EXT. NECROPOLIS, DAY OF RAPTURE - NIGHT

MARVEL stands at the edge of giant cliff, a mile above sea level, as he faces the sky.

The air starts to get electric as the sky rips open showing a portal.

In the Portal, A holy mess descends from Mt. Zion.

TIME WALKER MARVEL V.O.
There's nothing for you here.

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

A little closer, and the man radiates golden eyes. Teenage God got a little older.

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

Black bodies rain from Heaven.

MARVEL looks around himself. The desolate city is a dumping ground. In one direction the horizon gives way to sky scrapers the heights of mountains.

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

Behind him, about a mile below, at the bottom of a cliff, HUGE WOODEN BOATS docked on the coast.

Ark's built and broken.

MARVEL looks at his skin. 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 a crystal, 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 flying toward their previous master. Angels fight with angels.

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

MARVEL can see that the ugliness of Jesus is reflected in the ugliness of his followers, and the angels protecting him.

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

In a matter of minutes. Every angel that has fallen, runs toward the massive cliff Marvel stands on.

In pain, MARVEL crouches as he rips off his shirt, as a left wing grows out of him. Organic.

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 will face a servitude, here,
for 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, beneath his black skin, as it feeds into the holo-pad. The holo-pad runs through all known languages while slowly transforming into runes as the default.

Marvel passes his hand over the holo-pad, as the fallen angels run toward them.

MARVEL takes off toward the portal, running on an invisible surface, keeping him even keel. Then he starts to run up stairs, invisible stairs to everyone else.

The fallen angels look up at him.

FROM MARVEL'S POV, he's seeing his shadow selves from previous time-lines run up to the Portal, taking different invisible routes to the Portal.

J/B/K (CONT'D)

What. What are you doing.

MARVEL

Gnihtyreve

MARVEL begins to follow a time-lapse. As he's running through different memories, a ghost, he's also disappearing and re-appearing in different places, gaining altitude in Necropolis.

MARVEL'S squeezes between the walls of two invisible building.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

TITLE: 2010, San Diego

MARVEL (22) watches Inception.

Necro-Marvel runs ahead of Cobb in the scene where he's in Mumbai, running, and squeezing between the walls of two buildings.

EXT. NECROPOLIS, DAY OF RAPTURE - CONTINUOUS

Necro-Marvel does parkour in the invisible environment.

INT. CLASSROOM, SWEETWATER HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCH BREAK

Marvel sits with two other classmates as he pushes play on a YouTube video.

A scene of an early parkour begins.

The ghost of Necro-Marvel does the parkour tricks before the person in the video doing them, almost following him in detail. urban ninja video.

EXT. NECROPOLIS, DAY OF RAPTURE - CONTINUOUS

NECRO-MARVEL is blinking in and out existence.

J/B/K

What are you doing. Stop. Stop.
This is my prophecy, I don't lose
to you. Stop. Stop it. I'm. I'm the
prophet. It's my power. My power.

In an instant, a giant hand from the sky appears, and tries to push Necro-Marvel away from the Portal, but it has no effect on him whatsoever.

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

A mouth appears in the palm of his right hand. He pushes some runes on the holo-pad, and speaks into his arm in reverse.

EXT. COURTYARD TO HEAVEN, HEAVEN - DAY

A giant, monstrous hand appears, all of the Angels stop moving to look at the hand.

A speaker amplifier, forms out the palm of the hand.

The fingers start snapping to the beat of the voice, creating a boom through out Heaven.

The cadence of a Young Sinatra

NECRO-HAND

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

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.

NECRO-HAND

You don't know they tricked you,
but the trick.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

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

NECRO-HAND
Is on them.

INT. BUILDING OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The angels can here Necro-Marvel's voice.

 NECRO-HAND
Time.

INT. BUILDING OF WAR - CONTINUOUS

The Angels are frozen in Curiosity.

 NECRO-HAND
And 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.

The Reverberations among the Universal spheres and the connecting wires, brightens the multiverse. They wires begin to detach and re-attach to create a more symmetrical web.

The sphere of the present universe, radiates all the colors of light, like prism in beautiful fashion.

 NECRO-HAND V.O.
Deceivers, deceiving, don't worry,
you ain't got a fool in me.

EXT. COURTYARD TO HEAVEN, HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

The hand disappears.

The angels in the vicinity get sick and start throwing up.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The holo-pad shows a paper, folding into an ORIGAMI FISH.

UNFOLD-FOLDING LINEAR TIME

TMW Looks out at the multiverse scape

The universal spheres, spread out, and rearrange themselves,

TMW sees a hologram from his holo pad shoot a hologram that superimposes what the universe is moving toward the geometric shape of, THE FLOWER OF LIFE.

INT. HEAVEN, ROOM OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

Teenage God appears in the room.

TEENAGE GOD

Wipe everything, from everything.
All of it.

A.Gabriel gets up from his seat and pushes a red button on the bottom of the Giant Hourglass.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

TMW looks at the holo-pad.

TOTAL-UNIVERSAL MEMORY DELETION, INSTIGATED

ALLOW

Image of a Thumbs Up and a Thumbs Down appear.

TMW passes his finger over the thumbs up.

TEMPORALITY REVERTING TO...

INSANITY

The Universal Spheres move back to their original positions.

INT. BUILDING OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

The tiny hourglasses in the Giant Hourglass have their brightness muted. They return to their original dimness.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

The darkness that had engulfed the city of the dead is getting purged from every building, angel, person, everything and everyone.

The Portal disappeared, and Necro-Marvel moves backward through time, like seeing his actions in reverse. A tape that rewinds.

The Darkness funnels straight back into, Necro-Marvel.

INT. BUILDING OF IMPRISONMENT - CONTINUOUS

And into MARVEL'S ASTRAL FORM, as he shouts and trembles in pain.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Necro-Marvel wakes up on the cliff.

Light emerges from no visible source.

The Metropolis, the ships, the Towers in the Distance. People are walking, Life.

Literally Day and Night difference.

Necro-Marvel has no signs or indications of injury, the holo-pad is gone. He has both of his eyes. Wearing black jeans and a white shirt.

He passes his hand over his right eye, and realizes his right eye is blind.

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

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

What were you dreaming. What was it this time. Apples can help the memories. Lucifer.

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

NECRO-MARVEL

There's nothing here for me.

NECRO-MARVEL takes a step toward the edge.

The attractive Woman drops the Plate of fruits, and runs toward him.

NECRO-MARVEL jumps off the cliff, and disappears in mid-jump.

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

Title: Year 2010

Marvel sits amongst 5 other women, in a large circle, all facing each other.

MARVEL V.O.

So I did this thing, 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), Ex-executive Caucasian Woman.

SERENA (24), Latina woman.

CARRIE

Having had D.I.D. Made me realize, re-integration wasn't for me. I didn't want to live without my littles.

MARVEL

Isn't that a little, like not wanting racial re-integration. Assimilation is natural, being scared is natural. As a counselor, I thought it would be imperative, as a role model, to face integration.

CARRIE

Maybe.

JEANIE

What do you mean.

MARVEL

Re-integration ends the war with shame, and puts it squarely on those that caused it. Peace isn't the fear of war, it's understanding war that brings peace.

SANDY

That sounds confusing, scary, and relieving.

MARVEL

It's entropy, it's the nature of chaos to heal people, not run from it.

MARVEL stands up from his seat.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

You don't need to trust anyone Sandy, me and men included. Patricia, the fucking Vicoden. You're kids deserve a fearless woman, that's it. Period. Jeanie, I am attracted to you, but still, this may color what I'm saying. Set your own boundaries with your family, even if they are irreproachable ass-holes, like mine. Carrie, don't bullshit. So don't write a book, until you decide to integrate, otherwise you half selling an actual remedy. I'm out of here.

MARVEL heads to the door.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Peace.

MARVEL exits.

INT. MARVEL'S STUDIO, CITY HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Title: 2015

Marvel is reading the comic book, Under the Red Hood.

Then the T.V. from a neighboring complex unit turns on.

MARVEL

Motherfucker.

Marvel looks up the window at the side of the studio and sees the light and color from the unit that's blasting the Television. It may as well be in his living space.

EXT. CITY HEIGHTS APARTMENT, 2ND FLOOR, 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 been here once, this is the second time I'm asking you turn down the T.V. Are you going to do it or not.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK MAN

What. It is turned down.

MARVEL

You wanna come down and find out.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN (O.S.)

Who is that.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK MAN

It's no one.

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

It's the volume to the T.V. He acts like I'm fucking retarded or deaf. Or both.

MIDDLE AGED FILIPINA WOMAN

I am the landlady, I will call them.

MARVEL walks down stairs.

The phone call goes straight to voicemail.

The landlady puts the audio on speaker.

MARVEL

It's fine. I'll take care of it.

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

VOICEMAIL

Leave your name and number and I'll get back to you when I can. 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 from the outside.

MARVEL

I see you, you little bastard.

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, and puts his right foot against the wall, now his left foot goes against the wooden fence, climbing the middle of the parallel walls.

When he swings his right leg over to also stand on the wooden fence with the left foot there, the wood immediately snaps, sending Marvel ass first on the floor.

Marvel lays there for a second, surprised he didn't stab himself and looking up at night sky.

He pulls out a BLACK FOLDING KNIFE from his jean pocket.

MARVEL

I didn't stab myself. That's good.

He feels something underneath him, and grabs it. Looks at it.

The wood that cracked off, brittle. Termite eaten wood.

EXT. TARGET MISSION VALLEY, SAN DIEGO - DAY

MARVEL V.O.

Right before I left for Peru, I sold Park tickets to make some cash.

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.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
There not tickets.

MARVEL
When we get them, no, they never
are, they are, however printouts,
like I had mentioned.

She hands him a 140 bucks.

MARVEL hands her the Sea World ticket print outs.

MARVEL hands her some other passes.

MARVEL (CONT'D)
Front of the line passes.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Thank you.

MARVEL takes his seat back on the bench.

MARVEL
You smoke weed.

MITCH
Yes.

MARVEL heads inside the Target.

EXT. TARGET MISSION VALLEY, SAN DIEGO - LATER

MARVEL steps out the store with canned dog food and water in
a plastic bag.

He walks back to the bench and hands it back to Mitch.

MITCH
You got that weed.

MARVEL
Yeah, I wasn't going to let you
smoke without me.

MARVEL opens up a bottled water. Mitch takes it and puts in the large dog's water bowl.

The dog laps it up.

Marvel takes out a pre-rolled cannabis cylindrical container.

Pops it open and hands the joint to the man.

MITCH

You got a light.

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

MARVEL

Keep it.

MARVEL gets up and walks to his car in the lot.

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

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. Sees the white cable, cut.

He looks back at his black knife on the desk and just smiles to himself.

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

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

He lays up in it, and pulls out a book from his back pocket.

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 over
there. Do you know who lives over
there.

MARVEL sits up from his hammock for a moment.

Puts down the book on the hammock and walks over to where he
hears the yelling woman.

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

For the first time MARVEL sees right at the Middle Aged Black
Woman.

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

MARVEL
What the fuck is it to you, who
lives right-

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN
You live there.

She's walking toward him.

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

MARVEL
I said, what the fuck is it to you.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN
Well, you better.

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.

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

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

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN
Oh this nigga retarded.

MARVEL

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

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

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN

You, oh this nigga really out here.

MARVEL

There will be blood. There will be
blood. There will be blood. There
will be blood.

MARVEL gives a war cry.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

If you, or your husband, disobey
natural order, Earth Realm will not
tolerate this corruption. Because
in your house a weak ass snake
hides. He knows I live here. He's
seen my face.

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 now.

MARVEL continues the full-on War Dance.

MIDDLE AGED BLACK WOMAN

If you-

MIDDLE AGED BLACK MAN

C'mon baby, let's go home, 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.

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 that's shared among two other neighbors. The neighbors in the bungalow closest to him is where the child's screaming is coming from.

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.

EXT. MARVEL'S STUDIO, CITY HEIGHTS - DAY

MARVEL still stands at the front of his studio, holding the Machete beside him. 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 a low cement wall, and 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 giving a fuck for her feelings.

MARVEL walks back inside his unit.

EXT. OLD TOWN SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

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

His phone buzzes, he types a few words, hits send.

A moment later, Cecilia walks up to the car, he unlocks the car doors, and she steps inside.

CECILIA

I thought you were moving to 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 his phone. The addresses line up.

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 an the sidewalk. All of it is right there, 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. I thought you were going to move in right away. Two days later then you get here. Then you get here and 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 I gotta wait for you, so you
can take out all your crap out the
room.

MARVEL takes a step toward the sidewalk, toward his
belongings.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I have appointments. I have things
to do, I ain't going to wait for
your ass. Wasting my fucking time.

MARVEL looks at the guy seated in the middle of the truck.
Larry's Samoan hair.

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

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

He gets up and uses the shower.

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

MARVEL is wearing clean clothes, and knocks on Larry's door.

MARVEL

Yo Larry.

Larry opens his bedroom door.

LARRY

What's up man, you sleep well.

MARVEL

Actually, no. I got a fucked vibe,
I woke stressed. Shit ain't right,
here. I'm getting back the SUV.

LARRY

The one you just dropped off.

MARVEL

Yeah, the Rental. I'll back in
about an hour. If you see Cheryl
let her know. If not, I'll tell her
myself. She seems irritating, no
matter what happens.

LARRY

You called it man. She is not good people. This door knob, she never fixed.

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

LARRY (CONT'D)

My brother came me over to fix it.

INT. RENTAL CAR OFFICE, OAKLAND - LATER

MARVEL walks up to the receptionist.

MARVEL

Hi, remember that car, I just brought to you guys.

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah.

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.

After that incident, I put my universe back in order.

INT. HALLWAY, BEVERLY HILLS COURT HOUSE - MORNING

Marvel sits on a bench, a man approaches him wearing a suit.

SUIT

You're Marvel.

MARVEL

The attorney, Kendrick.

KENDRICK

Yes sir.

Marvel stands and shakes the man's hand, he is Marvel's Lawyer.

KENDRICK (CONT'D)

A simple settlement hearing. Shouldn't take too long.

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

MARVEL waits in line for a bank teller.

He gets called forward.

BANK TELLER

Next person in line.

Marvel walks up and takes out his wallet and pulls out a check, issued for 13,340.00.

MARVEL

Deposit this into my bank account please.

BANK TELLER

Not a problem, go ahead and swipe your card and punch the pin.

Marvel follows protocol.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)

This is a lot of money. If you don't mind me asking, how did you get this.

MARVEL

A Lawyer kneed me in the chest while I worked at night security at the complex he lived at.

BANK TELLER

You didn't hit him back.

MARVEL

You know, A lot of people asked me that question. Co-workers. HR. Cops. The doctor. No. He was a full-time piece of shit, the kind that calls the cops on you, after hitting you unprovoked.

BANK TELLER

He did that.

MARVEL

No, but he would have, had I punched him.

BANK TELLER

That serious guap out the door, and you got him for what, 20 grand.

MARVEL

Yeah.

BANK TELLER

Accounting classes.

MARVEL

Cool.

BANK TELLER

A lady came by, last week deposited something over Three Hundred Thousand. I asked her about it. She says it was her husband's life insurance payout. He was killed in a drunk driving accident. She said she trade all that money to spend a day with him.

MARVEL

Heartbroken. An ex said the same thing about her mom. Death is natural, no use blaming ourselves, the living.

BANK TELLER

I got your money in the bank account, it's not all ready for use, because it was such a huge sum, there is a waiting period of a couple of business days.

MARVEL

Sure.

EXT. TRADER JOES, CULVER CITY - DAY

Marvel sets his bicycle in the rack, tacking off the front wheel, and locking the frame and wheels. He grab the cargo basket of the rack of his bike, and takes off his helmet, clips it to his back pack.

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 to his studio apartment, 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 V.O.

I went everywhere on that fucking bicycle for a year.

MARVEL'S single wall decoration on a wall.

October 2012

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION, DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - DAY

TITLE: 2015

MARVEL steps out of a yellow cab,

The cab driver steps out and pops open the trunk.

He pulls out the Army Rucksack and a Large Osprey Hiking Bag.

INT. HEAVEN, WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Archangels are in the room are watching on a large floating monitor, two side-to-side live feeds of Marvel at the GreyHound Station in San Diego.

A. ELLA

What are we looking at, and why is the image flipped.

A.MICHAEL

It's not. It's how he's seeing himself.

A. ELLA

What in the holy fuck.

A.MICHAEL

He's been playing us.

ANGEL

Does Dad know. I'm guessing no.

A.GABRIEL

We gave him bedbugs, and mind worms. He couldn't write a two page story if it hurt him.

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

A.DONATELLO

Is that how, you fucking moron. That's called, direct intervention.

A.Gabriel chokes.

A. ELLA

We had authorization, asshole.

A. Ella kicks a chair to Micheal, forcing him to let go of A. Gabriel, and turn the chair to dust, then reverse the flow of time to re-materialize the chair back where it was.

A.DONATELLO

What about Seraphs.

A.AZRAEL

They were kept out of the loop.

A.DONATELLO

Geez.

A. ELLA

Results.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

TMW looks at the multiverse-scape.

Universal spheres, rearranging themselves in a line. The older the universe, the further back in the line.

TIME WALKER MARVEL

TseroF ettemalliW .eneguE .yaweerf
5 eht kcarT

(reverse)

<Track the 5 freeway. Eugene.
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

YEAR: 2008

MARVEL

My coworkers invited me to a party
in Westwood.

MICHELLE

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

MARVEL

True.

MICHELLE

What happened.

MARVEL

Sounds crazy, after I lost my
virginity, something clicked for
me.

MICHELLE

Sure. The keys are by the T.V.

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - NIGHT

Music, dancing, and some alcohol permeate the party.

A classic undergrad party.

MARVEL sits on the couch and turns to the 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 not an asshole.

(MORE)

MARVEL (CONT'D)
 You don't call me an asshole
 anymore.

FEMALE PARTY ATTENDANT
 Your right, you're not.

MARVEL
 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.

A symbol for a DARK MOON is part of the entrance to the golden building.

INT. 1ST FLOOR, DARK MOON - CONTINUOUS

All the rooms are opulently decorated.

The 1st floor is a War Room of data from previous universes, spells, incantations, and higher dimensional weaponry. Every floor is different but each is dedicated to the manipulation and duplicity of Marvel for God.

A. ELLA
 Universal compactions.

A. Ella points to the door with the name, "Necropolis", inlaid in Gold on rich Mahogany door in eloquent script

A. ELLA (CONT'D)
 The floor plans are different, but
 it's the same entrance

Below the name on the door is an outline of a landfill.

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

INT. 2ND FLOOR, DARK MOON - CONTINUOUS

The 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 (re)-built.

A. CLAREMONT

Source in the basement. 5th day
after creation, get to work.

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

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.

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

Teenage God pulls out a rolodex.

TEENAGE GOD

Inventive.

MARVEL coughs.

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 white Jesus meets a new age, hippie surfer.

Marvel's floating in a lotus pose.

NEW-AGE SURFER MARVEL

Welcome back bro. How can I help you.

TEENAGE GOD

How do I protect prophecy, from you.

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, missing an eye, before warriors, gods (family), Angels (Valkyries), men and women alike.

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 for our powers in
Prophecy, because Odin is an
infantile lord, knows not what he
does. Deserves Justice.

Loki presents the Frost Giants a big rubiks cube, made of wood with colored runes, instead of solid colors, the pieces moving independently.

LOKI (CONT'D)

Odin's mind dismisses reality, for
footholds of power.

FROST GIANT #1

Prideful.

LOKI

And arrogant.

EXT. VALHALLA, NEAR RAGNAROK -

Odin walks toward Heimdall.

ODIN

Let us prevent, Ragnarok.

The Bifrost splits into 8 other sections each a portal to a different Realm.

The army divides amongst the 8 portals.

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 trunk begins to vibrate as it slowly cracks apart.

LOKI V.O.

The Aseirs fall.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

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

LOKI V.O.

From the beginning to the end, our rights were taken, spit on, and left as outcasts.

Necro-Marvel checks his clothes.

Black and white tuxedo.

In a Rodney Dangerfield impression.

NECRO-MARVEL

Geez, I got kicked out of my own wedding.

(Beat)

A melody from afar is heard, a low humming.

LOKI V.O.

Righteous in our actions, we will eat the Aesirs, who resist, the truth. Our Truth. Our Way.

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.

LOKI V.O.

Stealing what was ours.

EXT. HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Building Heaven.

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.

From the beginning.

He double checks the posted time.

Last Stop, 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)

To the end.

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

NECRO MARVEL

I get tired of being here.

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.

MAN FROM THE BUS STOP

You've been here before. You
deserve to be here.

NECRO MARVEL

I'm about to open a can of whoop
ass. Woo.

MAN FROM THE BUS STOP

This is where I keep the trash

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

MAN FROM THE BUS STOP (CONT'D)

The Arks.

He turns and points to the mountain like towers.

MAN FROM THE BUS STOP (CONT'D)

Towers of Babel. This place is your
home.

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

MAN FROM THE BUS STOP (CONT'D)

A long memory, that doesn't exist.
You don't even exist.

NECRO MARVEL

You fear me, motherfucker, and I
know every trick in the book,
because I've waited, and waited,
and perfected a string of events
that would lead the real me to you,
without him or you knowing it. I
have plenty to vent.

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

NECRO MARVEL (CONT'D)

You won't be leaving.

JUSTIN

You don't-

Necro-Marvel puts his hand up and closes his fist, and
telekinetically crushes jaw together, to keep it shut.

NECRO MARVEL

Until I let you leave. Time to
listen. I've had a lot of time to,
this little, Father Son talk. You
don't deserve to live, at all.

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

NECRO MARVEL (CONT'D)

You take my ingenuity.

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

NECRO MARVEL (CONT'D)

You better than everyone, even me.
The Creator. The Created.

Necro-Marvel lets Justin disappear.

INT. BUILDING OF WAR - CONTINUOUS

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

TEENAGE GOD

Deletion, Protocol.

The brightness come off.

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

A.MICHAEL
Necropolis

TEENAGE GOD
Delete, delete, delete.

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
What's a fraction breathing, I'm
still here, seeing time change from
a mind states, but I'm in the same
state since I began. Damn.

INT. LAX BOARDING TERMINAL - DAY

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

MARVEL V.O.
Kick me to the next dimension,
maybe the

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.

Jungle's calling me. Relaxing with
epiphanies and hallucinogens, make
a perfect mix.

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 this, Spitting
poetic symphonies inside dreams,
you don't understand the
undertones, below the skin
conditions, my mental health needed

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 war
room simulations it's the matrix,
who's guessing.

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 more interstellar,
vibrating superstrings, speaking to
super-beings, hiking if I need to,
to see a new perspective,

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

Marvel sits overlooking the Oraibi Ruins.

MARVEL V.O.

Thoughts traveling 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, native beliefs to see
Hopi reservation, What's a guide,
believe in mystery. Intuitive in my
soul, seeing Ancient Oraibi

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.

My spirit's greater, the only thing
that keeps breathing, is this
trigger finger pointed to the head
of the universe, I'm done tripping.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SAN DIEGO DOWNTOWN - LATER

MARVEL

And that's that.

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, to run 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. Too traumatized. His body dislocated from a core identity can't-

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

NECRO-MARVEL

I can't be too self-aware can I, nope. 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, and they hurt a boy, never admitting. Fuck.

INT. OPERATING ROOM, BASEMENT, HEAVEN - LATER

The teenage god points to a monitor that as a graph, in a red line moving 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.

They wanted me to have absolute
zero chance of making a come-back.
Making my life hard, bon a petit.

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.

I've drank so much ayahuasca, I
fucked up their program.

An angel checks Marvel's projected death date

Marvel: Dead, May 16th, 2018.

For: Instigating Gang Violence, Suicidal Tendencies...

She sees a photo of a probable Marvel, dead, faced 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 for madness, unable to pinpoint future, causally made events.

ANGEL

We have a problem.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

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

He's looking at something on the palm of his hand that's emitting light.

EXT. MISSION VALLEY, OPEN AIR MALL - MORNING

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

He checks his watch.

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 open his book and refers to a line in the new testament.

JEHOVA WITNESS #1
Do you mind, let me read you a
passage. 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 to the
disciples.

MARVEL
Or when talking about oil and
lamps.

JEHOVA WITNESS #1
She decides, as well who enters
Heaven.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Necro Marvel has the palm of his hand facing him, inside of
it is a projected video, real-time of Marvel sitting amongst
the Jehova Witnesses.

NECRO-MARVEL
That's my wife.

EXT. VENTURA COUNTY MEDICAL HOSPITAL - DAY

TITLE: 1987, Winter.

INT. NURSERY, VENTURA COUNTY MEDICAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

A nurse looks at the charts,

MARVEL ANGEL REDS, Born December 24th, 1987.

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

The Dark Moon building begins to shake. A growl of something
perverse and injured, heard from below.

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

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

The ground below them quakes.

A. ELLA
What's happening.

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

The new age surfer seems unperturbed by the rumbling of the building, as it slowly gets stronger.

JUSTIN (O.S)
Tell me what to do.

In front of the New Age Surfer is the Teenager God, AKA younger version of Justin.

NEWAGE SURFER MARVEL
As the galaxy's arms spin, it spins
from the center, the black hole,
because that's the mass. But you
have me born, it's equally, and-

JUSTIN
Just tell me what to do.

NEWAGE SURFER MARVEL
Make every floor, in this building,
it's own building.

JUSTIN
I'm not losing you.

NEWAGE SURFER MARVEL
Download my memories, and my
consciousness.

JUSTIN
But then, I'll go crazy.

NEWAGE SURFER MARVEL
No, you won't.

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 directly feeding the Giant God, through his mask, pulling dark matter energy from Astral Marvel, in the building of Imprisonment.

NEWAGE SURFER MARVEL V.O.

He will.

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

When you get here, find yourself,
destroy this place. It's all bogus.

JUSTIN

It's all bogus.

A. Claremont turns around.

And sees eye to eye with his Maker.

A. CLAREMONT

You've robbed him, mangled him.
Does he deserves that.

JUSTIN

You don't know what he deserves,
Claremont.

Justin, looks to Astral Marvel would be, and he is gone.

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

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

A body of Rainbow Light.

A. Claremont looks up at Astral Marvel.

ASTRAL MARVEL
This is too soon.

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 (CONT'D)
I'm not losing.

Astral Marvel 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 like to be surprised.

Marvel stirs in a little instant coffee into the cup.

Hands it to Justin.

MARVEL
Is that, genuine surprise. What's the cost of doing that.

Justin takes the drink.

MARVEL V.O.
I didn't say that, I kept these questions to myself, hidden from him and me. Because it all sounded like retarded bullshit.

EXT. WILLAMETTE FOREST CAMPING GROUNDS, TRAIL - NIGHT

Marvel's head lamp lights the way down 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 him larger than Marvel.

MARVEL

You've said that you could do this.

EXT. WILLAMETTE FOREST CAMPING GROUNDS, TRAIL - DAY

Marvel and Justin sit as Justin talks.

MARVEL V.O.

If I threw myself off three sisters
I could make the world flood, it's
what the angels told me, if I
wanted to.

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.
Men think they have power because
of money. I could make a diamond
the size of the moon.

Marvel looks away.

MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)
Arrogant, self-entitled prick, I
hated him.

EXT. CITY BUS, EUGENE OREGON - LATER

Marvel and Justin wait at the Bus Stop.

MARVEL V.O.
Instead of him speaking, I'll do
it. He's used me for worse.

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

Marvel takes his seat in the back.

MARVEL V.O. (CONT'D)
He created the universe, to not
find his missing son.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - MORNING

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

MARVEL
You said that you could do this,
and that. How about you either put
up or shut up.

Justin looks at him, with a scowl.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Justin walks up to MARVEL.

EXT. A CAVE IN A DESERT - DAY

TWM walks up to a cave, and sees a version of himself, squatting on the ground, playing with marbles. A silhouette of a man, his Astral Form.

ASTRAL MARVEL

He thinks, he can buy me off. What do you want.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

ASTRAL MARVEL V.O.

40 virgins. A planet.

EXT. A CAVE IN A DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Astral Marvel laughs.

ASTRAL MARVEL

Control. Control. Control.

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

Marvel sits on the bus, enroute to the city from the forest.

MARVEL V.O.

I left him, for the war path, and headed for Portland.

EXT. DOWNTOWN EUGENE, OREGON - LATER

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

INT. HOUSE, BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - EVENING

Title: 2011

Inside the home, an informal "talk" by the founder of Waking Down in Mutuality, a loose knit spiritual community.

Most of the participants are new age, white hippies, some older, some Marvel's age.

The man at the center, speaking, is the Founder of Waking Down in Mutuality, Saniel Bonder.

He is a bald caucasian man, pushing into his late 50's.

Marvel takes a seat next to Zac.

MARVEL V.O.

It took a train, two buses, and a walk to get to Berkeley.

EXT. BERKELEY - EARLY MORNING

Marvel walks with a duffel bag, down the street.

INT. HOUSE, BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - LATER

The audience is about 15 people.

SANIEL

Embodied Realization is a tool.
It's the realization between people. You can try to achieve enlightenment from a cave, but it may not work. There's mutuality. The inner realization between people make it work. This is called Waking Down in Mutuality.

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 walks into 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.

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 the cart behind the horse.

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.

Her and I never dated, FYI.

EXT. NECROPOLIS - DAY

The city's vibrant, it's a paradise of it's former self, light generated from the very places that were dark, they emanate light, it all does.

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
Visiting, bitch.

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
I wanted a gauntlet, like this.
Your weapons were knock-offs,
generic, slightly homo-sexual
weapons, are weaker and way more
self-indulgent than mine.

Justin gets on the ground, his thoughts are thought bubbles above him.

THOUGHT BUBBLE: Fucking Liar.

NECRO-MARVEL
You only create self-disillusioned
items, no integrity. The energy
flow, don't you know.

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

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

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

THOUGHT BUBBLE: How does he have more power.

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)
Will the real Christ please stand
up.

Justin dusts himself off, and tries to punch one of the people walking down the street, but they neither see or hear him. He's invisible and without mass, a ghost.

NECRO MARVEL
You think you're pissed, you
haven't seen shit yet.

Necro Marvel snaps his fingers wearing the gauntlet 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

This is just a memory. Did you know, our boy here, is an hour ahead in time. I mean you're siphoning my, his powers. And your Queen, is helping me escape. Should've taken my war path more serious.

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.

He can barely pick it up.

NECRO-MARVEL

Go ahead and try, you'll be wasting your time. By the way, the guy who live here, dead. Yeah. You made a queen, I made another me, who denied his own right to live. You know nothing of pain, you squalor for nothing.

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)

He drank so much ayahuasca, that it was impossible to plot points against him, he was legitimately random. That's why you couldn't condone our living breathing existence.

Necro-Marvel taps underneath the workbench, and drawer ejects out a butterfly knife.

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)

I've studied. I know more about you than you. Because in about fifty seconds, you're going to leave this garage and you're no longer king. I don't need to follow, prophecy, to retain power. I did what I needed to do, because it was the only way of doing it.

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

NECRO-MARVEL (CONT'D)

Last question.

Justin's voice croaks, as his body slowly rumbles off into light particles that get pulled into the multi-versescape.

JUSTIN

Who is he.

NECRO-MARVEL

It's me, jackass. It's always been me. Whether you try and forget about me, or rape me, or kill me. It was the Time Walker, who's been running the scenes behind the screen, you're weren't looking, so you didn't see. Am I right, or am I right.

Necro Marvel stares at Justin, until Just disappears.

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.

ARCHITECT

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

Now the Neos respond differently.

NEO

What others.

NEO (CONT'D)

How many others.

NEO (CONT'D)

Answer my fucking question.

NEO

There were others

NEO (CONT'D)

I don't believe anything--

NEO (CONT'D)

I want out. I want out.

We pull away further and see Marvel wearing a black and white aztec poncho with one hand holding a paper bag of fake, but pretty flowers.

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.

His other hand 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
bulshit.

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.

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, not once
giving up, piling the bodies as they soon disappear, and
other angels reappear in their place.

Fast Forward: Marvel finishes the fight, 77 astral years later, having fought everything, including a cerebrus, seraphs (4 winged Angels), and any future astral created people from the mind of God.

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

ASTRAL MARVEL

You're no better than they are,
you're worse. I made my own luck.

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

TWM grabs his gun and moves through the imaginative time on Earth.

I/E. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

TWM fights every single person that Marvel will ever see, to create a subtle sense of antagonism, clouding his actions and self-perception. A shadow of doubt, hiding away, Marvel's true identity.

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

EXT. HEAVEN, COURTYARD OF THE FALLEN - CONTINUOUS

Astral Rainbow Marvel looks at Justin, still, no words can be heard from him.

ASTRAL RAINBOW MARVEL

I got tired of hearing you talk. I
took your power of speech, for now.
But between the both of us, you're
an asshole, of megalomaniac
proportions.

ASTRAL RAINBOW MARVEL puts his hand toward Justin, palm facing him, as he blasts white light straight to Justin, sending him whirling into the Building of Time, as the decaying gold bricks fall under ruin.

ASTRAL RAINBOW MARVEL (CONT'D)

Dumping all your secrets into me.

Justin tries to strike him with a fist, and Astral Marvel had moved so fast that Astral Marvel had already punched him,

INT. ROOM OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

Astral Marvel looks at the Giant Hourglass.

Justin's on the floor whimpering.

ASTRAL RAINBOW MARVEL

I knew you had fucked me, I could feel it, even in real-time, or what I thought was real. I'm not going to need you anymore. Party's over, and it's going hit you, fast.

Astral Rainbow Marvel lifts Justin by the collar so quickly that for a moment he's in the air, Astral Rainbow 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.

ASTRAL RAINBOW MARVEL

I know, I know. Peru changed me, for the better and I'm schizo, because that's how you made the world. It's a New Earth, and it's mine.

Astral Rainbow Marvel flips him off, then disappears.

The platform that was holding the three separate buildings begins to rock, decay as the color everywhere turns a deathly gray then starts to rapidly decompose, the Giant God connected to the Reverse Fountain that drank in Dark Marvel's Energy begins to shake before coming apart himself.

EXT. PORTLAND, OREGON - DAY

Marvel gets his bag and walks from the Greyhound Bus depot.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, PORTLAND, OREGON - LATER

Marvel sits on the sidewalk, homeless.

MARVEL

You don't control my time. You don't control my time.

He breaks down crying.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT, SEA WORLD SAN DIEGO - AFTERNOON

5 years Before.

Marvel walks a tall beautiful woman, Jessica Gwilt (23) to her car.

She grabs a stick of gum from inside her car, gets back out.

JESSICA G.

Gum.

Marvel doesn't say anything.

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)

This is my phone number. Call me. I mean it.

MARVEL

Okay. You want to get coffee, or tea. I don't do caffeine.

JESSICA G.

It's okay. Whatever.

She kisses him on the cheek.

JESSICA G. (CONT'D)

Don't be an asshole.

INT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - TWILIGHT

Time Walker Marvel looks at the re-organization of the universal spheres, the lifelines connecting them rearranging with the universal spheres, creating a 3-dimensional cross.

TWM looks at his holo pad, and taps a couple of the holographic runes.

The Runes translate into.

WELCOME, ENDGAME MARVEL

REWIRING YOUR NEURAL NETWORKS ACROSS...ALL TIMES

NEW VIRUS... SUCCESSFULLY INSTALLED

BREACHING SINGULARITY ACROSS,
NECROPOLIS
NIRVANA
ASTRAL PLANES
PRESENT UNIVERSE
AND, TIME WALKER VARIANT MODELS
OLD PROGRAM... SEIZES TO FUNCTION

EXT. GARAGE, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

Holographic light creates an architecture of an operating room, connected by a door to the Garage. It has the same 3 wall structure, facing the multiverse-scape, as it becomes made of a solid rainbow light.

TWM walks through the door and into the Operating Room.

EXT. OPERATING ROOM, EDGE OF TIME - CONTINUOUS

Time Walker Marvel's holo-pad shows a few runes.

He touches the holographic runes that translate.

COMPLIANCE IN NEW ENERGY.

PLEASE SELECT.

YES OR NO

TWM takes out a cassette player and starts talking in reverse, and garbles out a few words.

The low orchestral humming vibrates throughout the multiversescape, the universal spheres shine a bit brighter.

TWM throws the cassette into the multiverse scape.

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

TITLE: FRESHMAN ORIENTATION WEEK, LAST DAY, 2006

Marvel sits behind Michelle.

A speaker with a latin accent speaks at the stage below.

CUBAN MAN

I didn't know how to talk English.
My first time on a plane, in all my
life. I looked around. Nobody
looked like me. I told myself I
will go to UCLA, I will speak
English.

MARVEL

This is 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.

EXT. DORM BUILDINGS, UCLA - DAY

Marvel walks with Michelle. Up the hill and towards a dining
hall.

CUBAN MAN V.O.

Hi, my name is Carlos.

MARVEL

I don't care that he came from
Cuba, to talk English, that shit
don't impress me.

MICHELLE

You're not going to give him
credit.

MARVEL

Fuck no.

MICHELLE

Why not.

INT. DENEVE DINING HALL, UCLA - MOMENTS LATER

MARVEL and Michelle both sit down at a table.

MARVEL

He seems like the type of guy who
makes his story bigger than him. He
doesn't have the integrity.

MICHELLE

You're fucking weird.

MARVEL

Prove me wrong. Remember, Alysse, high school U.S. History class. She failed history class the first semester. But, for once in her life she wore a skirt. And I called it, remember, she's got legs for days.

MICHELLE

Yeah, you were right. I never understood why you're into white girls.

MARVEL

Whatever, the dude's vibe is way off.

MICHELLE

You into vibes now, you're a hippie.

MARVEL

Go fuck yourself.

INT. SEA WORLD, EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - DAY

Daniel (22), David (21), Vega (21) sits with Marvel as they eat their lunch.

MARVEL

Take Jessica G. for example, she's hot, in my opinion.

JOHNNY

She's tall.

MARVEL

I like tall.

VEGA

Too tall for me, and I'm not into white girls.

MARVEL

Fine, fuck it, you see a beautiful tall white woman, you tap her on her knees and give her my number.

JOHNNY

You think that a taller woman is easier to hit on.

MARVEL

In general, yeah.

VEGA

How.

JOHNNY

Explain.

MARVEL

It's simple, having confidence in despite of your appearance, is what makes this world go round. I'm not unattractive, but if I was an ugly boy like our homie Vega here.

VEGA

Fuck you.

MARVEL

Getting with women would be easy. Regular ass confidence in banged up body, means you don't care. You have priorities, and it's being confident about your priorities.

VEGA

I see a point.

MARVEL

I'm not fucking crazy, yet. I know what the fuck I'm talking about.

JOHNNY

God don't like ugly. Quoting the good book of hip-hop.

MARVEL

Then take that shit up with God, or whatever, the fuck do I care.

The whole table bursts into laughter

MARVEL (CONT'D)

Pretty people need too much external validation. They care too much for the opinion of others.

Marvel grabs three french fries.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

I got three tall women.

Marvel bites a fourth french fry.

MARVEL (CONT'D)

This guy, this guy is chilling.
He's a small fry, get it. Anyway,
he's in his own skin, and
comfortable. That's attraction.

Marvel takes the three fries and eats them.

JOHNNY

Mr. UCLA

MARVEL

Me fui despues de dos años, still
have the credits.
(I left after two years)

DAVID

Sounds smart.

Jessica G. Walks into the dining area.

MARVEL

It's simple. Give me a beautiful
tall woman, and I'll show you
confidence, easy.

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, to women. Right. Tell her.

MARVEL

That's oversimplifying a bit, but
yeah. Nobody expects confidence
from a guy who's 5'5", has bad
acne, and lives in his mother's
basement.

JESSICA G.

That you.

The table erupts in laughter.

MARVEL

No. It's not.

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 across that table.

MARVEL

Alright, I gotta go.

Marvel nods. Stands up and picks up his tray.

Marvel walks out.

JESSICA G.

He's so.

(beat)

VEGA

Sensitive.

JESSICA G.

Yeah, in a way.

DAVID

He's -

(david whistles,
indicating that words
fail to describe Marvel)

VEGA

Entirely.

JOHNNY

More like, the boogie man.

JESSICA G.

Why do you say that.

DAVID

Have you not met him. Esta loco.

JOHNNY

If he kills someone, the world would be a better place.

VEGA
Yeah, safe.

JESSICA G.
Cause, he goes to jail.

VEGA
No. Because he's cleaning up trash.

INT. KITCHEN TOWNHOUSE, CULVER CITY - MORNING

Marvel's in his second year of university, it's 2008.

Eating a bowl of cereal, 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.
I was lost myself. Maybe I am lost.

MICHELLE
You like that show.

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

ROLL CREDITS