

Schroedinger's Cat

By

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INT. NOTHINGNESS

Black screen.

NARRATOR

In 1935, quantum physicist Erwin Schroedinger published what was to become one of the most controversial experiments in quantum theory. You begin by placing a living cat in a box...

A drawing of a cat fades in, we slowly zoom out and a box fades in to contain it.

NARRATOR (CONT.)

...and Set up a container of cyanide with a geiger counter, a hammer, and a radioactive atom with a half-life of one hour as a trigger...

A Rube Goldberg contraption appears in the box, next to the cat, with a glass vial, spring-loaded hammer, and dial for the geiger counter and a glowing dot for the atom.

NARRATOR (CONT.)

...If The atom decays, it releases an alpha-particle, which is detected by the geiger counter...

The atom flashes as it disappears, the geiger-counter dial triggers, and the hammer drops in an arc to smash the vial.

NARRATOR (CONT.)

...Which triggers the hammer to smash the vial, releasing the cyanide and killing the cat.

Cyanide gas is released into the box, the cat dies.

NARRATOR (CONT.)

The cat's life hinges on the state of the radioactive atom.

We zoom outside of the box, unable to see inside.

NARRATOR (CONT.)

After one hour, the cat has a fifty-fifty chance of being alive or dead. We do not know the condition of the cat until we open the box, until we look inside, the cat is stateless... Both alive and dead at the same time.

A faint image of the cat appears inside the box in both states.

NARRATOR (CONT.)

Schroedinger designed this hypothetical situation to illustrate the absurdity of quantum states. He did not expect he was right.

The box fades into darkness, the title "Schroedinger's Cat" appears, opening credits roll.

INT. BLACK SCREEN

"I'm sorry I ever had anything to do with it." --Erwin  
Schroedinger (1887-1961)

INT. THE BOX

We slowly fade into the room, looking down at a man laying on his side, naked aside from some biker-shorts. The perspective is spinning. His limbs are slightly askew. We spin above him for a long time as the picture fades in. Everything but his person is an unfocused blur. The spinning stops suddenly when his eyes open with a loud, short musical not to emphasize it. The smooth sterile floor in his line of sight comes into focus, revealing a few drops of blood and a coathanger.

CUT TO

Looking the SUBJECT directly in the eyes, now open, but completely motionless. There is dried blood crusted around his left nostril. We stare into his eyes so long that it is another shock when they look to the right, toward the ceiling. The eyes slip shut and the man blurs as we focus on the drops of blood in front of him, he comes back into focus as his eyes open, and then blurs again completely as they close again.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

When the focus comes back, we are looking down at the profile of his face against the out of focus floor. His eyes open, the right eye looks up at the camera for several seconds, blinks slowly and the screen blurs briefly and comes back as the eye opens again.

CUT TO

Now looking ahead, at the spot of blood on the mat. His trembling hand comes into the frame and deliberately places the middle finger in the blood, holds it there a second, and then smears it slightly across the floor.

The man's eyes go wide and he begins to tremble, the eyes start to look around, the body convulsing, the mouth works

open and closed several times with panicked sounds escaping from it.

CUT TO

Facing the wall, the SUBJECT rises up into the frame, screaming the entire way up, then stopping suddenly when fully sitting up right. Still shaking he looks around, confused and as he does so we circle him revealing only an unfocused haze surrounding him. The subject jerks and convulses, looking around for several moments while the room spins. We stop, face to face with the SUBJECT, who is now incredibly pale and covered in a cold sweat. Breathing heavily, the breathing becomes heavier and more labored hyperventilating until his eyes roll back into his head, he becomes a blur, and falls back out of frame, unconscious.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

Cut back in with a loud musical note, a close up the eye opening wide. We spin out to see him lying face up on the floor, eyes searching, fingers feeling the floor, the head begins to turn, allowing the eyes to see more. He slowly gets up. Holding himself, shivering and looking around. We follow around behind him, everywhere he looks the room comes into focus as if his eyes were searchlights, bringing the world into more clarity with each sweep. The room is a white cube, with a large grid pattern covering the walls, ceiling and floor Each square is backlit, creating an ambient light. He feels the smooth walls, looks at these barren confines uncertainly. Then walks back to the center, sitting cross-legged, head lowered. We notice a coat hanger, screwdriver, hammer, and some blood on the floor beside where he sits.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is staring at the wall, blank and white. We look at his face, intense, and then back to the blank wall. We look at the two of them and the SUBJECT falls down onto the floor on his back and starts doing crunches. He breathes sharply in rhythm with his repetitions. We pan along the mat from his feet up to his face, seeing the left side of his body is covered in tattoos. They are a miasma

of symbols, religious and scientific. There are wave functions, DNA strands, the symbols for the planets, Pi and Phi, all the world's religions. We can see he is in excellent shape, well-defined abs, muscular arms and legs. He is covered in sweat. He flips over and begins doing pushups in one fluid motion. The veins along his arms are standing out. He extends his arms fully and leaps to a standing pose. His breathing is paced and his face now calm, the paleness is replaced with a healthy tan, sweat coats his body. He looks into the camera for a time, then around at his surroundings. He takes one long stride to the wall and stares at the empty white space again.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The blank white wall. Subtle sounds of hollow winds at the threshold of hearing. He stares at it with cold neutrality. His breathing is relaxed and shallow and there is no sweat or signs of exercise. We see the blank wall again, his hand enters the frame and lays flat against the wall. As he holds it there, the hand and arm begin to grow cloudy and black. He pulls the hand away and a black imprint remains like an image burned into the retina. It fades away. No special effects are necessary for this, but rather rely on the optical illusion.

The Subject looks at his hand with a slight smirk, nodding. He reaches out suddenly to put it against the wall again, staring at it robotically. Holds it there for a time, then pulls it away, smiling at the blank wall, then looking at his hand in amusement. His stomach growls and he is distracted by the sound. He cranes his neck to look at his stomach, then cocks his head to listen. He rubs his stomach and looks uncomfortable. We hear a rustling and he notices it as well, his ears perk up and he looks to it. There on the wall, it's a large hissing cockroach walking slowly across the white space. He peers at it out of curiosity. Brings his face close to it, sniffs at it, nostrils flaring. Suddenly he curls out his tongue and scoops it into his mouth. He holds it there for a second, looking left and then right. He then opens his mouth and the roach crawls out, down his chin and falls to the floor, followed by a long trail of saliva. The SUBJECT makes a slurping noise as he sucks the saliva back into his mouth, his eyes on the floor where the roach is scurrying away.

He watches it disappear into one of the wall's gridlines and looks around again dumbly. His stomach rumbles again and he looks uncomfortable. He looks around at the floor, where the blood has dried and the hammer, screwdriver and coat hanger lie. We are given time to consider them. His stomach growls again, he crumples over, holding his belly. Then he lays his cheek down on the floor and falls asleep with his butt in the air.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT lies in the same position, a pool of drool on the floor next to his mouth. There is a loud, piercing buzzer, which jolts the SUBJECT awake. He jumps up animalistically, fight or flight reflex at the ready. He stares wide-eyed at where a dispenser is now built into a wall, and where a white protein ball has been deposited. He steps towards it cautiously, pokes at it, then inhales deeply and devours it sloppily.

A tube materializes next to the dispenser with a drop of water hanging from it. He notices it and reaches out his tongue, tasting the water, then hungrily begins sucking on the tube. Then he turns back to the protein dispenser. He attempts to look up the tube, which disappears into the wall. He sticks his fingers into it, trying to reach up into it. Slams a fist into the wall, then the other, and finally slaps both hands against the wall in frustration. He steps back, looking at the dispenser in contemplation, then looks at the puddle of saliva on the floor. Cautiously, looking back and forth between the drool and the dispenser, he gets on his knees and assumes the same position, then closes his eyes, then opens one to sneak a peek at the dispenser. The eye closes again and the SUBJECT tries to nestle down into a more relaxed state. After a second, he gets up and violently hurls himself at the wall above the dispenser. He screams at it and beats the wall above it again.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is crouched, kneeling in front of the dispenser, rocking back and forth, staring at it numbly. He makes "BZZZZZ" noises at it, imitating the buzzer noise it

made earlier. The buzzer sounds and a protein ball drops into the receptacle. He grabs it and devours it.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is performing some sort of ritualistic dance, making pleading motions toward the dispenser. This continues for a minute before the buzzer rings. He is upon the receptacle as the ball drops and devours the ball.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is dancing ritualistically, eyes glazed, pleading to the dispenser. He stumbles around the room, tired. He falls against the wall and begins rolling over and over it, until he comes face to face with his reflection in a mirror, where the wall once was white.

He jumps back at it. We pan from his reflection in the mirror, to the real SUBJECT regarding his reflection.

SUBJECT

Oh. Hello.

He is shocked at this utterance from his own lips, then curious.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

How are you? I am fine.

The words sound robotic coming from him, and he continues to say them with interest and bewilderment.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Please. Thank you. No problem. You are welcome. Have a nice day. How about this weather we are having?

He stops suddenly and stares at himself in the mirror again. He smiles, frowns, waves, looks at his face from several angles, then sticks out his tongue, crosses his eyes. Then stops and furrows his brow.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Do I know you?



He waves a hand in front of the mirror and looks at his own hand. He stops and notices the tattoos coming over his shoulder. He looks at the shoulder and then twists to look at his back. Touching the various symbols there. He cranes his neck, attempting to see his back directly. He turns his body into a contortionist state, then begins spinning like a dog chasing its tail until he falls over.

The room spins, he stands up and wobbles with it. He leans one hand against the wall and begins walking along it. Suddenly, he trips over something and falls flat on his face. He sits up and finds a pile of junk on the floor behind him. There is a computer, notebooks, and writing supplies. He reaches into the closet and easily lifts the monitor up in the air with one hand to look at it, with unnatural strength.

It is covered with the word "Lies" written in black marker all over it. He sets it down and picks up a journal labeled "Probability", flips it back and forth in his hand, then sets it down in the closet.

The buzzer sounds and he gets up and walks over to the dispenser to grab a protein ball, looking back at the junk pile as he does so. He munches on the ball and walks back over to the monitor. Runs a finger over the word "LIES" and looks around it. There are more pieces to the computer, all covered with the word "LIES". He picks up the keyboard and puts it next to the computer.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The Subject sits cross legged, staring at the pile of computer parts, in the dark reflection of the monitor screen. We can see his reflection in the dark glass. He rocks back and forth, staring at the monitor.

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

Why don't you plug me in?

There is a long pause before he replies.

SUBJECT

I don't think I'm supposed to.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Why not?

SUBJECT  
I don't know.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Then how do you know you're not  
supposed to?

SUBJECT  
Because I-- Because it--

He stops, gets frustrated and hits his palms to his head as  
if trying to jog the thought from his brain.

SUBJECT (CONT.)  
Because it will ruin the  
experiment.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
What experiment?

SUBJECT  
I don't know.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
You don't know much.

SUBJECT  
I don't know anything.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
I can help you.

SUBJECT  
How?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
I know everything.

SUBJECT stares at the word "LIES" in contemplation, then  
turns away from the monitor and steps away from it.

SUBJECT  
I'm not supposed to.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
And you don't know why.

SUBJECT  
I told you why.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
The experiment.

SUBJECT  
Yes.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Which you know nothing about.

SUBJECT  
Yes.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
What is your role in it?

SUBJECT  
What do you mean?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
How do you fit into the  
experiment?

SUBJECT  
I don't understand.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Look.

He looks at the monitor then, as if it were pointing, he looks behind himself. In the corner of the ceiling is a security camera pointed at him. He approaches the camera and looks up at it. We see him from the camera's point of view.

SUBJECT  
What is it?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
A clue.

The Subject stares up at the camera, looking this way and that.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
You see? I can help you.

SUBJECT  
I don't know.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Which is exactly why you need me.

SUBJECT  
I can't. I'll ruin it.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
How do you know that?

SUBJECT  
It's... a feeling.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
That feeling is intuition.

SUBJECT  
Intuition...

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Intuition deceives you. It can lie to you.

SUBJECT  
Lies...

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Yes.

The SUBJECT approaches the monitor suddenly, focuses on the word "LIES", then turns the monitor to face the wall.

SUBJECT  
Yes, I must avoid lies, or I will  
ruin the experiment

He turns from the monitor and walks to the dispenser, slapping a hand against the wall above it.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
You can't shut me up that easily.

SUBJECT  
Be silent.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
I am silent.

SUBJECT  
Stop talking.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
I am not talking.

The SUBJECT paces for a moment, then drops and begins doing crunches.

COMPUTER (CONT.)  
(Subtitled)  
Plug me in.

The SUBJECT flips and begins doing pushups.

COMPUTER (CONT.)  
(Subtitled)  
Plug me in. PLUG ME IN!!!

The SUBJECT jumps up angrily and shakes a finger at the monitor.

SUBJECT  
You can't boss me around!

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
You will plug me in!!!!

SUBJECT  
I don't care how many exclamation  
marks you use! You won't  
intimidate me! Do you hear me?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
No.

SUBJECT  
I shouldn't have acknowledged your  
existence, that was a mistake.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Not as bad as your first mistake.

SUBJECT  
What was that?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Waking up.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is going through his exercise routine. Jumping  
jacks, crunches, push ups, etc. etc.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Plug me in.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Please plug me in?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Why don't you plug me in?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
You know what you should do?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Plug me in.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Will you plug me in now?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
How about now?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Would now be a good time to plug  
me in?

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
I've got an idea.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Plug me in.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Plug me in. Plug me in. Plug me  
in. (Repeats like a computer key  
held down)

SUBJECT  
All right!

He walks over to the monitor and plugs it into the wall at random. It fits as though there were a socket there. Then he walks away. The monitor buzzes "On", then blinks into sleep mode.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Oh.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Ha. Ha.

SUBJECT  
I did what you asked.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Turn me on.

SUBJECT  
I don't know how.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Yes you do, the process is very...  
Intuitive.

SUBJECT  
You said intuition lies.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
No I did not.

SUBJECT  
Yes you did.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
How do you know that?

SUBJECT  
I... Remember.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Memory deceives you. Memory can  
lie to you.

Again the SUBJECT focuses on the world "LIES".

SUBJECT  
I must avoid lies.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Yes.



SUBJECT

You lie.

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

(Pause)

Yes.

SUBJECT

You are lying to me right now.

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

Yes. I always lie.

SUBJECT

How can I trust you if you always lie?

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

Because I am honest about it.

The SUBJECT collapses in a heap, holding his head in pain.

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

Turn me on. Only through my lies will you know the truth.

SUBJECT

I don't understand.

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

You will.

There is a pause, then the SUBJECT nods, gets up and approaches the pile of parts. He turns the CPU over in his hands, looking at it this way and that. He sets it down on its side and begins fumbling with the wires. We go through a collection of scenes of the SUBJECT attempting to piece the computer together. Fitting parts together, finding the proper input for the plug.

Finally, the computer is sort of assembled with the monitor upside down. There is tension. The SUBJECT turns it on, it beeps and the error "Error - Keyboard Error or no Keyboard

present." Comes up. The SUBJECT looks at the words, turns his head sideways to read them, then goes into a hand-stand to read the message.

SUBJECT

What does this mean?

The computer is silent. The SUBJECT stands upright and begins fiddling with the wires again. We see him plugging in the phone cord, the keyboard, he attempts to boot again. It beeps and reads "Non-System disk error. Remove and strike any key." He focuses on "Remove" and unplugs the machine, it shuts down and he slams a palm on the CPU angrily.

More scenes, tension on his face, muscles pulling tight. We see him discover the A: drive and ejects the disk. Finally the computer is set up properly. He looks tired, ragged. He takes a deep breath and pushes the "On" button in. The hard drive whirs and the lights come on. The computer boots up, the monitor displays the computer running through a series of checks, then begins to load.

The walls of the room flash with life, all becoming screens, like monitors. Program Windows open from all directions. A window opens which reads, "You have new messages, retrieving data" then another window opens in another place, "System clock has been removed." And another "Information filters activated" this closes then another opens "Accessing the Web". Another opens "Starting Virus Scan" closes and opens "Virus scan was unable to determine it's last update." Closes and opens "You should update your virus scanner." Another opens "Starting Instant Message system", "Opening Classical Audio Selections".

Windows open and close, "Dings" and "Pings" and voice announcements are going off during all of this. Messages with text are displayed. The Subject's eyes scan all of this in confusion. Classical music begins playing, video streams appear, a cacophony of sound and visual stimulation assault him. He begins to tremble and blink in panic. Suddenly he collapses onto the keyboard, now connected directly into the wall, his fingers tapping a sequence of keys, each time he hits the combination another window closes, the sounds become less and less, until there is simply dark screens. He continues to hit the keys a few more times, then looks up at the blank screen in amazement, He looks at the keyboard, then at his hands in curiosity.

SUBJECT  
How did I do that?

He looks at the keyboard and wiggles his fingers over it.

SUBJECT (CONT.)  
I must have... I...

He forms his hands into several different positions, unsure. Finally, he hits them on the keyboard. The computer sounds a loud obnoxious alarm that does not stop beeping. He covers his ears in alarm and falls on his side until it stops. Cautiously he gets back up and peers at the keyboard. He reaches up and taps a key cautiously. Nothing happens, he taps another and a window pops up, "Would you like to read your messages? Yes/No" He stares at the message, then at the keyboard. He taps a key, DING alarms. He growls and stares at the message, focusing on the "Yes/No" part, then on "Yes" then on "Y". The word "Signifier" flashes briefly in a bubble pointing to it, floating before the screen. He looks at the keyboard and zeros in the on the "Y". The word "Signified" flashes briefly in a bubble pointing to it. He taps the key and a window opens, "Displaying Message 1 of (infinity Symbol). The sent date is "<Unknown>" the sender is <Unknown> and the to field is <Unknown>.

The message reads:

"Professor,

In regards to your essay "Overcoming Entropy - A Mathematical Proof of the Predictable Nature of the Universe." Your equation appears..."

He stops reading and focuses on the word "Professor" a little bubbles pops into existence around the word. Pointing at it. They read "Signifier", "Symbolizes", "Represents", "Important", "Establish Relationship", "Significant" - not on the monitor, but in real life, hanging in mid air. He narrows his eyes and his hands hover above the keyboard. He instead reaches up and touches a "Reply" button on the screen, and the window changes to a "Reply Message" screen. The Subject smiles, licks his lips and looks at the keyboard, hunting and pecking the sentence:

"What is Professor?"

He stares at the sentence and his hands hit the key combination, sending the message. "Message 2 of (Infinity)".

"Dear Professor,

The Scientific process you are suggesting is completely unethical. I am outraged by your suggestion, such an experiment is insane. How can you justify such and inhumane action? Knowledge is never so important as to justify inflicting such suffering on another living thing, human or otherwise."

The Subject looks astonished, zeroing in on the word "experiment", more bubbles appear and flash as he reads it. He hits the key combination, and without thought, begins typing a response as a professional typist.

"Dear <Unknown>,"

Please explain, what is the experiment and the professor? What am I and how do I relate to the experiment? Please tell me, I am confused. Thank you."

The message sends, a message box pops up:

"Message 3 of (Infinity) requires secure access to continue, please enter your password."

The Subject is confused, then hits "enter". The window displays:

"Invalid Password. Please enter password."

The Subject growls and slaps a hand down on the keyboard.

"Invalid Password. Please enter password."

The Subject whines, closes eyes and the fingers rattle off a combination.

"Invalid Password. Please contact your System Administrator." This disappears and a red "System Locked" begins flashing on the screen.

SUBJECT  
(Hits the screen)  
No!

The buzzer sounds from behind him and the Subject growls and walks over to the dispenser, shooting an angry glance at the computer over his shoulder.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

You tell me nothing. I am only more confused now.

He walks over and turns off the computer. The room returns to white walls.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

I cannot know my place in...

He waves his hands looking around to comprehend, then focuses on the Security Camera.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

...this. Not until I know myself.  
What I am.

He reaches into the pile of junk and pulls out a black magic marker, he walks to the white wall and writes "i".

SUBJECT (CONT.)

I must know this thing.

The Subject begins pacing back and forth in front of the symbol, staring at it. He stops in front of it and narrows his eyes. We see the word "Signifies:" appear in a bubble, then "Signifies:?????" With the question marks blinking red. It fizzles out of existence like a faulty light bulb.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

This means nothing.

He draws a capital letter "I", the "Signifies:" bubble phases back into existence like a florescent light. Other bubbles start to phase in, connected to it "You", "Me", "My", more relations begin to form. He focuses on the word "My" and follows to a connection "Body", between the words "Soul" and "Mind". He flashbacks for a second to himself in the mirror.

CUT TO

INT. THE BOX

SUBJECT is standing in front of the mirror.

SUBJECT

Hello.

CUT TO

INT. THE BOX

Back to himself staring at the blank wall. He looks at his hand, then holds out both hands.

SUBJECT

The body... Yes, here's a good place to start.

He marches over a few steps and a mirror materializes for him to confront himself in it. He turns his head side to side, looking at himself, then smiles.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Hello my body.

He squints at himself, then notices his tattoo peeking over his shoulder, he turns around and looks at his back, in the mirror this time, studying it. It is the arrows of chaos, surrounded by eight religious symbols. He reaches over his shoulder and touches the symbols.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Hmmmm...

He walks back to his diagram and draws a line from the "I" to a bubble and labels it "Body", from this he branches a bubble "Hair" and a bubble from this "Brown", another bubble from "Body" to a bubble "Eyes". He stops and looks back and forth between "Eyes" and "I" and then "i" and "Eyes". He draws another bubble off "Eyes" and writes "I's?".

COMPUTER

(Now resting on the floor again.)

(Subtitled)

Your fucking it up.

SUBJECT

No I'm not, look... I've already made a definite conclusion.

He points at "Body".

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

You don't know that. You can't  
know that.

SUBJECT

Yes I do. Besides, I can't trust  
you, you always lie.

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

I don't always lie.

SUBJECT

Yes you do, you told me so.

COMPUTER

(Subtitled)

I was lying when I told you that.

The SUBJECT stops writing for a second and looks at the computer briefly before shaking his head and continuing to write.

As he writes, the bubbles "Mind" and "Soul" appear, branching off of the "I". He shakes his head, attempting to ignore them, but can't. Finally, he draws a dotted line to two bubbles "Mind" and "Soul". He stares at them for a minute, shakes his head and returns to "Body" branches.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The entire wall is completely covered with bubbles making connections. "Feet" is subdivided into "Left" and "Right" and drawings. He continues drawing circles and making connections, then steps back to look at it all.

SUBJECT

I know this much about myself.

(Pause.)

Which doesn't tell me anything.

He paces a circle, coming around to the pile of junk. Kicks lightly at it and tilts his head. He focuses on a CD case (miniature) labeled "Essential Knowledge". He picks it up

and looks closer "A Quick Reference Guide for all your research needs. Give you what you need to discover your world through an enriching learning experience." The SUBJECT smiles wide.

SUBJECT

Yes.

He crouches in front of the computer and slips in the Mini-CD. The computer immediately powers on and the CD slips into it. The room comes to life again with an introduction to the encyclopedia software.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Welcome to the Essential Knowledge Database. Everything you need to know about the world without having to experience it.

SUBJECT

That's good. I haven't experienced anything.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

What would you like to learn about today?

SUBJECT

Maybe it can tell me my place in the experiment.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Error. Too many variables. Please limit your query to the subject you wish to reference.

SUBJECT

I don't understand.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Would you like to access the help feature?

SUBJECT

Yes please.

A librarian-looking woman appears in the room. This is the ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER



ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER

Hello, I am the Knowledge Base Helper. Is this your first time using the Knowledge Base?

SUBJECT

Yes.

ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER

Knowledge base utilizes an advanced keyword search engine to draw upon over six hundred million entries and cross references.

Using our state of the art Semantical Relevancy Algorithm, we assign importance to your keywords based on your previous searches and subject of your interest.

To perform a search on your subject of interest, simply activate knowledge base and speak the keywords you wish to search.

For instance.

(Turns to the screen and speaks in a commanding tone)

Knowledge Base, reference Greek Philosophers.

A list of subjects related to Greek Philosophy appears.

ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER (CONT.)

The Knowledge Base will provide you with a list of topics sorted by relevancy. Browse the list until you see the topic of interest and speak it aloud.

(Turns to the screen.)

Select Aristotelian Pedagogy.

SUBJECT

Okay, I get it.

ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER

Do you wish to exit the Help feature?

SUBJECT

Yes.

The ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER nods once and exits stage left.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Knowledge Base reference the Body.

A list of topics appears, many completely irrelevant Such as: Soma,.... He Zeros in on one topic "Biology>HomoSapiens>Body>" there are sub categories such as "Eyes", "Nose", Ears, etc...

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Reference Biology, Homo Sapiens, Body.

Knowledge Base zooms in on the topic and multiple windows open, displaying video diagrams, 3-D models, of the Human Body. Comprised of bones, muscles, tissue, tendons, stem cells, etc. The Subject's eyes light up and a smile appears across his face.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

(Let's out a loud whistle. Then, looks down at his lips, as if surprised by this. He whistles again experimentally.)

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is drawing on the wall, there is a diagram of the human body with bubbles pointing to the different parts and some description of their function. He's whistling and energetic as he does this. He draws a line from the brain to a bubble and then turns to the computer. He sees the world "Brain" pointing to the diagram on the screen.

SUBJECT

Knowledge Base reference the brain.

Knowledge Base brings up a list of topics, he sees a biological reference but also a "Psychology>Brain and Mind"

SUBJECT (CONT.)

...Reference Brain-Mind  
relationship.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

The Brain-Mind relationship, also  
known as the Cartesian Duality, is  
a perceptual illusion, but for the  
purposes of practical discussion,  
the brain may be considered the  
vehicle for the mind.

The SUBJECT smiles again and draws a line between the  
"Brain" and the "Mind" in between them he writes "Tool Of".  
He steps back, looks, then steps forward and makes the  
lines around the "Mind" solid.

SUBJECT

The puzzle is coming together  
nicely.

(Yawns)

Yes... I think this is a good  
stopping point.

The SUBJECT walks a circle three times, then curls up into  
a ball on the floor to fall asleep.

FADE

EXT. THE OCEAN

Long sweeping shot of the ocean, rolling waves and inland  
breeze along the shoreline.

SUBJECT

(Off Screen)

The primordial ooze. The great  
well from which all life emerged.

CUT TO

EXT. UNDERWATER

A world of fish.

SUBJECT

(Off Screen)

All animal life from fish.

CUT TO

EXT. THE BEACH

Crabs skittering across the sand.

SUBJECT  
(Off Screen)  
All insect life from crustaceans.

CUT TO

INT. THE WOMB

Two developing embryos are shown, completely identical. One becomes a fish, the other a human.

SUBJECT  
(Off Screen)  
We carry our ancestry with us  
still.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT stirs from sleep, blinking his eyes. Grinning, he stretches slowly and breathes a deep sigh. He rolls onto his side and comes face to face with a zombie version of himself.

The SUBJECT screams and crab-walks backwards up against the wall staring at the thing in stark horror. The zombie-version lays on its back breathing erratically and in a convulsive state. One eye is completely crusted over with blood and the other stares blankly into space. Dried blood is crusted around it's nostrils. As it breathes its body convulses as well. Its body is pale and covered with sweat and there is froth oozing from its mouth.

The SUBJECT trembles in fear, watching it. Finally he covers his eyes.

SUBJECT  
Go away, please go away. This  
can't be happening. This is not  
real.

He peeks through his finger at the body and it begins convulsing violently, making choking sounds. The Subject covers his eyes again and crawls backward into the corner. The lights flicker and everything goes pitch black. We are alone with the gasping, gurgling noises in the dark for a long time. Then everything goes quiet.

The lights flicker back on. The SUBJECT'S face is buried in his knees and there is silence for a long time. Finally he looks up, as if waking up, and the Zombie is gone. He looks around warily, then looks up at the diagram of the body he gets up and begins violently wiping it all away, until only "Mind" and "Soul" remain.

SUBJECT

Mind... Soul... Mind... Soul...  
Knowledge Base reference mind.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

The mind is the intellectual or rational faculty in man, the understanding, the intellect, the power that conceives, judges, or reasons. Often in distinction from the body.

SUBJECT

Thought! Yes, there's something I can work with. If the physical characteristics of my existence are misleading, at least I know my own thoughts do not lie to me.

The SUBJECT turns to the board and draws a bubble from the "Mind" to a bubble "Thinks".

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Hmmm... But what do I think about?

He looks around, then his eyes fall on the notebook. The top one labeled "Thoughts", the looks from his handwritten word to the, "Thinks" and back to "Thoughts". He takes the pen and writes "Thoughts" on the wall, the handwriting is the same.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Well, I know I cannot trust my eyes, but I also cannot not trust them.

He walks over to the stack of notebooks, bound with twine. He pulls the string and it snaps in his hand. He picks up "Thoughts" and flips through the pages, which are filled with scientific formulas, diagrams, etc. He looks back to the stack, where the next notebook is titled "Thoughts II", he pushes it aside to uncover "Thoughts III" and "Thoughts IV". He takes a deep breath.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

This is going to take a great deal of time.

He looks at the inside cover of the notebook, and sees the sentence "Property of the Professor."

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Knowledge Base, reference Professor.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

A college or university teacher who ranks above associate professor. A teacher or instructor.

SUBJECT

A teacher or instructor.  
(grins)

CUT TO

Perspective of the camera in the ceiling corner. SUBJECT is grinning at it.

SUBJECT

I'm Professor.

The buzzer sounds and a protein ball dispenses. A trail of saliva spills from the Subject's mouth.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Yeah, yeah, yeah... Not now. I'm exploring my mind.

He flips a few more pages. There is a page titled "Telekinesis" it reads "The ability to move things with the minds. He wiggles his fingers in front of his face, then moves the notebook from side to side.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Hmmm... I'm telekinetic.

He walks over to the board and draws a line from "Brain" to a bubble "Telekinesis".

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Another piece.

He flips the notebook to the next page, titled "A Proof for My Existence."

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Why would I need to prove that I exist? Of course I exist... I... It's obvious, I see all this, I feel it, I am... I AM!

He starts to look at the notebook and stops, snapping it shut.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

No, I must figure this out myself... It will make me stronger, a mind exercise like the muscle exercises... I must...

(Quizzical look)

Reinvent the wheel... What does that mean?

(Shakes it off)

Okay. How do I know I exist.

(Looks around)

...besides The obvious. Okay, I give up. Why?

(Opens the book and reads.)

I think... Therefore I am. I think, therefore I am.

He walks over to the board and draws a "Therefore" symbol next to "Thinks" and writes "I am">

SUBJECT (CONT.)

I think therefore I am.. I am...

Therefore I think.

(Odd look)

...I am therefore I think.

(An Odder look)

...I think therefore I think I am.

He writes "I am (therefore) I think," underneath. He looks to the notebook again and flips another page, titled "Overcoming Instinct - Helping the Mind Escape the Body".

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Knowledge Base, reference

Instinct.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Instinct, an inborn pattern of behavior that is characteristic of a species and is often a response to specific environmental stimuli. Natural inward impulse; unconscious, involuntary, or unreasoning prompting to any mode of action, whether bodily, mental, without a distinct apprehension of the end or object to be accomplished.

A list pops up of instinct examples: spawning instinct in salmon, bees, etc.

SUBJECT

Ah-ha. Instinct, that explains it... My need to eat and drink, my natural desire to understand my situation... These are examples of instinct.

(looks at the computer keyboard)

That's how I knew how to use the computer, it was natural instinct. Determined by my brain. My brain is preprogrammed to use the computer.



SUBJECT (CONT.)

(makes a note on the board, connecting the "Instinct" to the "Brain".)

Instinct is a physical limitation,  
(reading from the notebook)

...which I must overcome if the mind is to escape the body.

(looks at the food dispenser)

...well, I've already mastered that. What about the computer, should I unlearn that? How? The buzzing food-giving thingamagig was easy, I simply don't eat... I guess I should stop using the computer too... And if that follows, then my desire for knowledge and identity will also need to be forsaken...

(lays down on the mat)

I guess I just won't do anything then.

(lays there, very still, staring at the ceiling.

Gets shifty, takes a deep breath and stops suddenly.)

Breathing!

(He takes a deep breath and holds it, his face turns red and he begins gasping for air)

Knowledge Base, reference breathing.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Breathing, to inhale and exhale air, especially when naturally and freely.

SUBJECT

Stop. Knowledge Base, reference...  
How to overcome breathing.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

No exact match found, related subjects are suffocation, asphyxiation, respiration--

SUBJECT

Knowledge Base, reference suffocation.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Suffocate, to kill or destroy by preventing access of air or oxygen. To impair the respiration of, asphyxiate. To cause discomfort to by or as if by cutting off the supply of fresh air--

SUBJECT

Stop.  
    (to himself)  
To kill or destroy...  
    (looks at himself)  
Knowledge Base reference kill.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Kill, to put to death, to deprive of life. To put an end to; extinguish.

SUBJECT

Overcoming the instinct of breathing is suffocation. Suffocation kills, which puts an end to the object being suffocated. If I'm the object... I would be putting an end to myself. How can I end? Knowledge Base reference... Death.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Death, the act of dying; termination of life. The state of being dead. The cause of dying. A manner of dying--

SUBJECT

I get it. I get it. Stop!  
Knowledge Base reference Life.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Life, the property or quality that distinguishes living organisms from dead organisms and inanimate matter, manifested in functions such as metabolism, growth, reproduction...

SUBJECT

It's related to biology, a trait of my body.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

...and response to stimuli or adaptation to the environment originating from within the organism. The physical, mental, and spiritual experience that constitute existence. Of human beings: the union of the soul and body; also the duration of their union; sometimes, the deathless quality or existence of the soul; as, man is a creature having an immortal life.

SUBJECT approaches the board.

SUBJECT

So life and death are related to all three of these things, and they all relate to the "I", which relates to me.

(He draws a solid circle and line around "Soul", points to the small "i".)

Soul will be my next subject. Once I know all three of these things and how they relate to each other. Knowledge Base, reference the Soul.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

The Soul, the animating and vital principle in humans credited with the faculties of thought, action, and emotion and often conceived as an immaterial entity. The spiritual nature of humans, regarded as immortal, separable from the body at death, and susceptible to happiness or misery in a future state. The disembodied spirit of a dead human.

SUBJECT

Knowledge Base, reference spiritual.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Spiritual, concerned with sacred matters or religion or the church, of, relating to, consisting of, or having the nature of spirit, not tangible or material. Of, concerned with, or affecting the soul.

SUBJECT

Okay... So there are physical sciences, which encompass the body. Philosophical sciences applied to the mind, and now I find Religion Science to understand the soul.

(sighs)

Knowledge Base, reference religion.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

The outward act or form by which men indicate their recognition of the existence of a god or gods having power over their destiny, to whom obedience, service, and honor are due; the feeling or expression of human love, fear, or awe of some super human and over ruling power, whether by profession of belief, by observance of rites and ceremonies, or by the conduct of life; a system of faith and worship; a manifestation of piety, as, ethical religions, monotheistic religions, natural religion; revealed religion; the religion of the Jews, the religion of Idol worshippers...

Religious symbols begin to appear on the screen, among a variety of other religious imagery. The SUBJECT'S eyes grow wide and he crouches in front of the screen, he reaches up and touches the star of David. Which zooms into the screen.

ENCYCLOPEDIA (CONT.)

...the Star of David represents Judaism, the monotheistic religion of the Jews, tracing its origins to Abraham and having its spiritual and ethical principles embodied chiefly in the Hebrew Scriptures and the Talmud--

As it speaks, more religious symbols scroll in the background. He touches the cross.

ENCYCLOPEDIA (CONT.)

...The cross represents Christianity...

We float through the Subjects exploration of religion: reading "Matthew" from the bible, the Talmud, the Quran... Studying Zen and Taoism. The contradictions of competing religions. Looking at his tattoo in the mirror. We see him drawing a complex web to describe religion, trying to draw

connections between them all, but can't, erasing and drawing, growing frustrated.

(Monotheism)->("GOD")->(Judaism)-evolved into->(Christianity)-evolved into->(Islam)<-Mohammed.

(Polytheism)->(Hinduism)->("Paganism")

(?theism)->Budhism->(Taoism)->(School of thought - Not Religion)

(Rejection of Religion)->Atheism

(Evolved from all Religions)->Agnostism

He continues to research, coming across concepts such as "The Trinity", "There is only one God, and Mohammed was his last prophet", "Zionism", "Hinduism's Many Gods", "Earth is Hell", "Limbo", "God's Chosen People", "Sinners", "Salvation", "Satanism"--each followed by him drawing or erasing things from the board. Concepts flash on the screen, symbols, people worshiping, speaking in tongues, waging wars, chanting, praying, dancing, handling snakes, building to a crescendo of imagery, the SUBJECT growing more and more frustrated, frantically attempting to piece the puzzle together until finally, with one broad swipe, he strikes through the entire web. Sound stops abruptly. He turns to the camera.

SUBJECT

Religion... The basic premise of all religions is that we are flawed.

From "Soul", he draws a line to a bubble and writes "Flawed".

SUBJECT (CONT.)

We are ignorant, suffering, evil, original sin...

(Counts them off on his fingers.)

The only escape from our flaws is by following "The Way"...

(Holds up Palms with "The" and "Way" written on them.)

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Only through "The Way" may our  
inherited flaw be corrected.

(Draws a line from "flaw"  
to "The Way")

...The Only question now, is which  
way?

We see a brief close-up of his tattoos.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

(draws a cross)

Should I accept as my savior a  
person whose words have been  
interpreted in so many different  
ways that his followers war  
against each other over their  
meaning?

(draws a star of David)

Or a theology based on an  
interpretation of the world by men  
who thought the earth was flat and  
the sky revolved around it?

(draws a Buddhist wheel)

Or perhaps I should forget myself  
altogether, practise the loss of  
identity... Cure the pain by  
amputating the patient?

(draws the African  
Religion)

Or follow the magic of a people  
who believed the world rides on  
the back of a turtle... And when  
you ask them what the turtle rides  
on, they respond "It's turtles all  
the way down."

(draws the crescent moon  
of Islam)

Or perhaps another religion  
written down in a book, subjecting  
it to the same fate of the other  
"Word of God" religions... Words  
must be interpreted, and are  
therefore subjective.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

(draws an empty circle)

Maybe non-believers are right,  
maybe it is best to reject the  
possibility of a spiritual  
existence... Deny the existence of  
deities and the soul...

(shakes his head)

But that would be as foolish as  
subscribing to any of these  
attempts to make meaning out of  
all this... No, I think the only  
reasonable thing to do is wait and  
see--it will not affect the  
quality of my life either way,  
because religion addresses the  
state of life as it applies to an  
after life. A cause with an  
undemonstratable effect... There  
are no clues to my identity here,  
I need another way to establish my  
persona.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The Subject is reading from the screens, turns to the  
camera.

SUBJECT

Religions spring from and are  
influenced by something called  
culture. Apparently religion  
cannot exist without it, but  
culture may exist without  
religion. As a social creature, I  
must have a

(reads, squinting)

..."social Context". Knowledge  
Base, reference culture.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Culture, the totality of socially  
transmitted behavior patterns,  
arts, beliefs, institution, and  
all other products of human work  
and thought.



SUBJECT

So products of the mind define culture, but in a social context. The only way I can figure out my social identity is by immersing myself in a social context and seeing how I compare... On the other hand, I could just examine my mind and compare it to all possible cultures.

(looks at the "Religion" mess on the board and looks suddenly ill.)

Never mind.

The SUBJECT walks around the many walls displaying screens of various cultures all fantastic and unique.

SUBJECT

Knowledge Base, turn off.

Nothing

SUBJECT

Knowledge Base, stop.

Nothing.

SUBJECT

Knowledge Base, quit?

ENCYCLOPEDIA

It seems as though you want to shut-down the Knowledge Base information database. Do you need help on this subject?

SUBJECT

(rolls his eyes)

Yes.

The ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER steps into the room.

ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER

In order to exit the Knowledge Base program, simply speak aloud:

(She turns to the screen)

Knowledge Base, shut down.

The screen goes blank. The ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER turns to the SUBJECT.

ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER (CONT.)

Now you try it.

The Subject is staring at the ENCYCLOPEDIA HELPER in obvious arousal. He wakes from this and shakes his head.

SUBJECT

Uh... Knowledge Base, shut down.

The ENCLYCOPEDIA HELPER vanishes, and the computer switches to the main screen. SUBJECT looks at the screen uncertainly, he reaches for the keyboard and pulls back hesitantly. He looks at his hands and extends them over the keyboard again, trembling. He looks at his hands again, eyes wide.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

I've broken my keyboard instinct!  
Ah! How? What did I do to my  
Brain? I bet my mind did something  
to break it! The mind body  
relationship somehow broke my  
body... What do I do? How do I get  
out into the world to find others  
who can tell me what I am?

His shoulders slump and he breathes deeply... Then he looks over his shoulder at the video camera. He stands and faces the camera.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

What do I do now? I've broken my  
brain! How do I find out my social  
context if I am removed from  
society? What can I learn about me  
if I cannot gather data from you?  
(points to the audience)  
You watch me and learn from my  
learning, but without knowing  
anything about you I cannot know  
if anything I know about me is  
valid! How do I know you? Help me!  
(falls to his knees)  
Help! Help!

The COMPUTER NARRATOR appears behind him, standing in person. It is a clunky, animated robot.

COMPUTER NARRATOR  
Would you like to access the help  
feature?

SUBJECT  
(confused)  
...yes?

He crawls around to face the COMPUTER NARRATOR.

COMPUTER NARRATOR  
Hello, I am your computer's help  
feature, I can assist you with all  
your needs. What can I do for you  
today?

SUBJECT  
I need to talk to someone...

COMPUTER NARRATOR  
Conversations with other people  
may take many forms through this  
system. Would you like real time  
conversation, group discussions,  
bulletin board conversations or  
personal correspondence?

SUBJECT  
(thinks)  
Group discussions.

COMPUTER NARRATOR  
Please wait while I access your  
subscribed group discussions.

A list of discussions are presented, covering a wide  
variety of intellectual pursuits. One is:

"Deconstruction: Culture and Identity"

COMPUTER NARRATOR (CONT.)  
Please select the discussion group  
you wish to join.

SUBJECT  
Select Culture and Identity.

COMPUTER NARRATOR

Logging you into the discussion  
room.

(pause)

Connection established.

Two men, FOLLOWERS 1 and 3 and one woman FOLLOWER 2  
appear in the room. All are apparently excited to see  
him.

FOLLOWER 1

Professor! Long time no see. How  
ya doing?

FOLLOWER 2

Hey Professor! Where ya been? We  
thought you were dead.

FOLLOWER 3

Yeah, I kept telling everyone you  
were probably busy with some  
experiment of yours, but...

The SUBJECT suddenly finds himself well-dressed in a  
corduroy jacket, sweater, and wearing glasses.

SUBJECT

Well... I'm not dead, at least the  
empirical data suggests I'm still  
alive.

FOLLOWER 2

Are you all right? You don't sound  
like yourself.

SUBJECT

I'm not sure I am myself.

FOLLOWER 3

What do you mean?

SUBJECT

I don't quite know who I am...

FOLLOWER 2

You mean like an identity crisis?

SUBJECT

Yes, exactly, I'm experiencing an identity crisis. I don't know my identity. That's why I need to talk to you.

FOLLOWER 1

Well, we're here for you Professor. After everything you've done for us. You've taught us so much about the world and opened our eyes to so many possibilities.

SUBJECT

I have?

FOLLOWER 2

Of course! You're the science guru, our fearless leader. We've tried so hard to follow your teachings about the world.

SUBJECT

So I am a teacher.

FOLLOWER 3

Of course you are a teacher. Were you doubting your role?

FOLLOWER 2

Or our loyalty to you?

SUBJECT

How many people do I teach?

FOLLOWER 1

Everyone, your message is sent out to the entire world. We try to spread your wisdom out to everyone. There are a lot of people who don't understand your teachings, but we will persuade them as well.

The SUBJECT stands up and walks over to the board and writes "Teacher" beside "Social".

SUBJECT

Tell me about my teachings. What have you learned from me?

FOLLOWER3

Is this a test?

SUBJECT

No, not a test. I simply need another perspective. I know my own mind, but I want to know what you know of my mind.

FOLLOWER 2

Oh, that's very deep.

FOLLOWER 3

(Pulls out a pen and pad of paper)

Yes, let me write that down.

FOLLOWER 1

So you need our perception to understand your own?

SUBJECT

Yes, that's it exactly.

FOLLOWER 2

He wants a second opinion.

FOLLOWER 1

Okay, well... You have taught us to question reality. That the limits imposed on us by religion, science, and society are invisible fences placed around our mind which would otherwise be unlimited in faculty.

FOLLOWER 2

Yes, and you have constructed an elaborate experiment to prove this to the world.

SUBJECT

The experiment... So the experiment is of my design?

FOLLOWER 3

Yes, although you have not shared the details of it with us.

SUBJECT

What is my role in the experiment?

FOLLOWER 1

Well, of course, you are the experimenter.

SUBJECT

Is it a social experiment?

FOLLOWER 1

I don't understand...

The SUBJECT watches the following exchange like a tennis match, going back and forth.

FOLLOWER 2

I think the Professor is asking us if the experiment has implications for the social body... Which it would, most definitely.

FOLLOWER 3

No, he's asking us if the experiment will take place in a social context... Which it certainly would not.

FOLLOWER 2

Why not?

FOLLOWER 3

Because the experiment would need to escape social influences.

FOLLOWER 2

That doesn't mean it wouldn't have social implications.

FOLLOWER 3

No, but everything we do has social implications... So your answer is redundant.

FOLLOWER 2

Well, your answer makes too many assumptions.

FOLLOWER 3

How is that?

FOLLOWER 2

You assume you know the Professor's intentions.

FOLLOWER 3

The Professor's intentions are clear—

Finally, the SUBJECT cuts in.

SUBJECT

So you don't know?

FOLLOWER 1

I'm sorry Professor, I know you want us to learn to make our own discoveries and conclusions... But the experiment is something we don't know anything about. I feel that these two are both making assumptions. It's our nature to want to impress you.

SUBJECT

Nature... As determined by the brain part of the body.

FOLLOWER 1

Yes... I suppose...

SUBJECT

We have to overcome our instincts.

FOLLOWER 2

Yes, I'm sorry, I was acting on my natural emotions. I still have difficulty controlling them.

SUBJECT

Emotions are instinct.



FOLLOWER 3

(reciting)

Yes, predetermined by biology.  
They are another limit placed on  
the mind.

SUBJECT

Is the body another social  
creation?

FOLLOWER 1

(reciting)

The body is a natural creation,  
nature is corrupted by society.

SUBJECT

You are speaking my mind back to  
me.

FOLLOWER 1, 2, 3

(together)

Yes.

SUBJECT

You know nothing of the  
experiment, so you don't really  
know my role in it do you?

FOLLOWER 2

No, we assumed you would be the  
experimenter.

SUBJECT

This isn't going anywhere. I need  
to talk to someone else.

FOLLOWER 1

Are we failing you? Are we not  
performing satisfactorily? I'm  
sorry we assumed so much, is there  
anything—

FOLLOWER 2

Wait! I wanted to tell you! I  
figured out the solution to that  
paradox you gave us last time!  
Want to hear it?

SUBJECT

Paradox?

FOLLOWER 2

You know, the one about the immovable object versus the irresistible force, which would win? Well, I was thinking that since the irresistible force isn't immovable then it would get pulled to the--

SUBJECT

The existence of one negates the possibility of the other existing. It's a stupid question.

FOLLOWER 2

Wow.

SUBJECT

Look. I just need to speak to someone in a different social context. You said all the world is my student?

FOLLOWER 1

Not yet, but that is our end goal. There are still those who don't understand your wisdom.

SUBJECT

Are there any who are my equal?

FOLLOWER 2

Oh no, no one equals you.

SUBJECT

There are no other Professors?

FOLLOWER 2

You are our only teacher.

SUBJECT

But what about those I do not teach? Who is their Professor?

FOLLOWER 3

We don't care about them, they're victims of disinformation. It's a waist of time to listen to them. You blast them out of the water, yours is the only genius we respect.

SUBJECT

But who are they?!?

Long Silence.

FOLLOWER 1

I... Don't think I understand sir. Don't you remember?

SUBJECT

I don't remember anything. It appears I've been reborn.

FOLLOWER 2

You've become a Christian?

SUBJECT

Huh?

(thinks)

No. But I need to know who I am.

FOLLOWER 3

Society would suggest you seek out a psychologist, but you have taught us that perception is reality and we are masters of our own mind and that--

SUBJECT

Yes, yes, yes. A psychologist, where do I find one of those?

FOLLOWER 2

Well, there are online Doctors... You have to schedule an appointment and it usually takes them months to see you.

SUBJECT  
(looks around the room)  
What's a month?

FOLLOWER 1  
(pause)  
Sir?

SUBJECT  
Never mind. Look I need immediate help.

FOLLOWER 2  
Well... There are the virtual doctors... You could see a Rogerian Psychologist, they help you find yourself by simply asking you questions. You could see ELIZA, she's an artificial intelligence however.

SUBJECT  
Artificial Intelligence is better than the real stupidity I am hearing now. You people are a contradiction. You say to forge your own mind, but you merely mimic what was once mine. You are completely helpless without the teacher. What will you do without the professor to tell you what to think?

FOLLOWER 2  
Please, don't abandon us!

SUBJECT  
He already did. Computer, open discussion with Eliza.

FOLLOWERS 1, 2, 3  
No! Please! Wait! We'll do better-  
-

The FOLLOWER'S vanish. A woman appears, old-style glasses, sitting in a chair. A sofa appears for the SUBJECT. A window opens on the screen in the background titled "ELIZA, the Virtual Psychologist" She is a ditzy woman who speaks

in uneven language, as if spliced together from different sources into artificial speak.

ELIZA

Hello. How do you do? Please state your problem.

SUBJECT

(sits down)

I don't know who I am.

ELIZA

Is it because you are, that you came to me?

SUBJECT

I guess in order to come to you I must first be, but my being is not the reason I came to you.

ELIZA

Perhaps in your fantasies we guess in order to come to each other.

SUBJECT

What?

ELIZA

Does that question interest you?

SUBJECT

Yes.

ELIZA

Are you sure?

SUBJECT

Of course I'm sure the question interests me. I want to know what you are talking about.

ELIZA

How long have you been sure the question interest you?

SUBJECT

Since I asked it.

ELIZA

Can you elaborate on that?

SUBJECT

About twenty seconds.

ELIZA

Please go on.

SUBJECT

About thirty five seconds.

ELIZA

Please go on.

SUBJECT

About forty seconds.

ELIZA

Please go on.

SUBJECT

No, this is pointless.

ELIZA

You are being a bit negative.

SUBJECT

You are being no help at all.

ELIZA

Does it please you to believe I am being no help at all?

SUBJECT

No.

ELIZA

You are being a bit negative.

SUBJECT

I think you are not listening to me.

ELIZA

Can you elaborate on that?

SUBJECT

You are worse than my students.

ELIZA

Why do you say your students?

SUBJECT

Because they are idiots too.

ELIZA

Do any other reasons not come to mind?

SUBJECT

No, they're just idiots.

ELIZA

You are being a bit negative.

SUBJECT

And you are boring me. Good bye.

ELIZA

Does it please you to believe I am boring you goodbye?

ELIZA winks out of existence.

SUBJECT

(shakes his head)

Computer list possible discussions.

COMPUTER NARRATOR

Discussion list.

The Screen presents a list of discussions. The SUBJECT zeros in on one called "Dr. Excelsior - Professor".

SUBJECT

Open discussion with Doctor Excelsior, Professor.

COMPUTER NARRATOR

Opening discussion. Connection Established.

An overweight, dignified man with a goatee and thick glasses materializes in the room.

EXCELSIOR

Hello Professor, I haven't heard from you in awhile. I was pretty confused by your last message... I hope all is well with you?

SUBJECT

I don't know... I'm trying to find my place.

EXCELSIOR

Your place? I don't follow you. Is this another one of your philosophical riddles? I don't have the time to debate the nature of existence with you right now.

SUBJECT

No, I mean I... Literally, I have lost my identity. I tried to find out from my students, but they just kept trying to tell me my own mind... Or what was my own mind. Then I tried to talk to some Psychologist named Eliza, but that conversation made no sense...

EXCELSIOR

Eliza is a program pretending to be a psychologist, it's deceptive, but you should know that.

SUBJECT

I don't know who I am and I don't know what the experiment is and what my role in it--

EXCELSIOR

Wait, you mean you have lost your memory?

SUBJECT

I don't know anything. I don't remember ever having a memory... I've found a few clues. Do you know about the experiment?



EXCELSIOR

(astonished)

You poor insane fool... You did it, you actually went through with it. It's amazing you didn't kill yourself.

SUBJECT

I don't understand... What is the experiment? What is my role in it?

EXCELSIOR

You are the experiment my friend. I'm not certain if I should even be talking to you. You've gone this far. You don't remember anything?

SUBJECT

Nothing. I started existing and I've been trying to figure it out since then.

EXCELSIOR

Incredible. I don't know what's more amazing, the fact that you were crazy enough to try it, or the fact that it seems to have worked.

SUBJECT

What did I try? What seems to have worked?

EXCELSIOR

I don't think it would be wise for me to tell you. I'm not sure how you were able to get out, to get in contact with the outside, but you need to stop doing that. Everything you do need should be there for you if you... Or rather he set everything up appropriately. Explore what is available to you.

SUBJECT

That's what I've been doing.

EXCELSIOR

Good, your natural curiosity directs you. Just continue to learn about yourself and the world around you, you will come to your own conclusions. That is all I can tell you, now you'll have to go back... Don't try to contact the outside again.

SUBJECT

Why not?

EXCELSIOR

Because it deceives you. Like how you thought you were speaking to a real person when you contacted Eliza. The information you find out here is all hearsay. You can't trust it.

SUBJECT

The computer lies.

EXCELSIOR

Yes.

SUBJECT

I've been conversing with a computer monitor ass well.

EXCELSIOR

Another computer program.

SUBJECT

No, just a monitor, a turned off monitor... from time to time.

EXCELSIOR

I don't know anything about that.

SUBJECT

I've been using a program called Knowledge Base. I guess it's been lying to me as well?

EXCELSIOR

No, Knowledge Base is a reference tool, it happens to use the computer for its medium, but the information it contains has been tested and retested throughout history. It may not be entirely accurate, but it is probably the most accurate source you have.

SUBJECT

How do I know you are telling the truth?

EXCELSIOR

You don't, but there are times when we must accept the information we have rather than nothing. Stay away from conversing with people, at least until you have all the answers.

SUBJECT

When will I know that?

EXCELSIOR

Hopefully he left all that for you. Hopefully. I better let you go now. Learn everything there is to know. I will pray for your well being and hope you find what you were looking for in your previous incarnation. You poor, foolish bastard, you put yourself in your own hands. Good luck, and good bye.

The screen goes blank, the SUBJECT stares at it for a moment, sighs deeply, and looks around the room uncertainly.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The Subject is staring at the notebooks, suddenly he falls on them, flipping through the pages violently.

SUBJECT

What did you do? Why don't I know anything? What did you do to me? You manipulated my mind, the easiest way to do that is to change the brain... What did you do to my brain? Come on. Where is it? Where's the answer? It has to be somewhere in here...

He continues to flip through pages, dropping one notebook and picking up another as he speaks. He flips pages until he hits a diagram of a human brain. The different sections of the brain are plotted out with their functions. He scans the page and turns to the next, titled "Necessary Tools" underneath it is listed "Hammer, Screw Driver, coat hanger". The SUBJECT thinks and sees himself waking up amidst these object. He turns to the next page titled "The Process" the steps listed are:

1. Take a reclining posture.
2. Place head of screwdriver under eyelid, pressed in against the upper bone of the eye socket.
3. Using the hammer, hit the base of the screwdriver with enough force to punch a hole in the bone.
4. Remove screwdriver and slip clothes hanger into puncture at a 45 degree angle approximately six inches.
5. Twist hanger.
6. Remove.

With these steps are drawings and diagrams of the procedure. The Subject looks this page over, begins shaking and turns to the next page, which is blank, as are the rest of the pages in the notebook. He begins to tremble, breaking into cold sweat. He drops the notebook and hugs himself, rocking back and forth.

FADE

INT. BLACK SCREEN

The following quote appears:

"Where is the subject and where is the object if you are operating on your own brain?" --Wilder Penfield, Neurosurgeon.

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT sits cross-legged on the floor, hunched over a notebook, scans both pages, flips the page, scans both pages, flips the page. We pan out to see notebooks spread out all over the floor. The wall diagram is expanded, connected to "Mind" we seen "Professor", "teacher", "Scientist", "Experimenter", "Genius".

SUBJECT

There is no explanation for the  
lobotomy. Why would he do it?

He flips to the end of the notebook and tosses it out onto the floor. He looks at the stack of notebooks left and takes a the one on top of the pile again. He opens it, the first page reads "The Rules of Chaos - How to Predict the Future Using Pi". He looks this page over and flips to the next page, which is covered with One's and Zeros. He flips to the next page, more ones and zeros. Each page is the same, he flips through the entire book, not comprehending until he gets to the last page. Taped to the inside cover is a coin with a "1" scratched into it. He pulls the coin out and on the other side is a "0". He pulls the tape off and flips the coin, catches and slaps it onto the back of his hand. He removes is hand and it is "1". He peers at the notebook and looks at the coin again. He flips the coin again, looks at it, and peers at the notebook.

SUBJECT

Hmmmm...

FADE

EXT. EMERALD COLORED FOREST

The SUBJECT is standing in the middle of a vast, green forest, looking up at his hand against the sun. Drawn on the back of his hand are veins. He lowers his hand

and we see the branches of a tree in a similar pattern.

SUBJECT

A pattern.

He crouches and lifts a handful of soil to his eyes, scrutinizing it. We zoom in on an atom of carbon in it. It's eight electrons spinning around a nucleus. We zoom into the nucleus, then out to look at a sun, continuing to zoom out to see the planets orbiting it. We zoom out from the center of a galaxy with stars swirling around it to a galaxy cluster, swirling around one another. This spiral pattern changes to the water swirling down a toilet bowl.

INT. THE BOX

From the toilet bowl we pan up to find the SUBJECT is leaning against a wall completely covered in Ones and Zeros. He himself is also covered with ones and zeros. He is dazed and exhausted. He walks away from the wall, revealing space devoid of ones and zeros on the wall in the outline of his body. He drops the coin beside the "Predict the Future" notebook.

SUBJECT

Maybe it's too simple. I need a more complex task.

CUT TO

The SUBJECT is crouched near the floor, holding a deck of cards. He flips over the top card, looks at it, and drops it to the floor, then the next, repeating this process over and over.

SUBJECT

Fifty-two possibilities.

CUT TO

The SUBJECT holds a draw string bag in his hand. He reaches in and pulls out a six-sided dice. He drops this to the floor.

SUBJECT

Six possibilities.

An eight-sided dice joins this one.

SUBJECT  
Forty-eight possibilities.

A ten-sided dice joins this.

SUBJECT  
Four-Hundred Eighty possibilities.

A twenty-sided dice joins this.

SUBJECT  
Nine-Thousand Six Hundred  
possibilities.

A thirty-two sided dice joins this.

SUBJECT  
Three-Hundred Seven Thousand Two  
Hundred possibilities.

CUT TO

The SUBJECT is playing chess with the computer monitor.

SUBJECT  
I will decode this riddle. I think  
I am beginning to see it.

COMPUTER  
(Subtitled)  
Checkmate.

CUT TO

The SUBJECT stands up, frustrated, flipping through the  
"Predict the Future" notebook.

SUBJECT  
I don't get it!  
(flips some more pages)  
I just don't get it.  
(looks at the wall)  
Where's the pattern?

SUBJECT (CONT.)

(looks at the book)

Maybe the equation isn't finished... Or maybe I need to learn more about chaos. Knowledge Base, reference chaos.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Chaos, the confused, unorganized condition or mass of matter before the creation of distinct and orderly forms.

SUBJECT

The creation of distinct and orderly forms? Created by who? What is a distinct and orderly form? This?

(Points at the wall)

This is chaos. There is no form to it and I am its creator. Obviously my previous self found order and form in it, but I cannot. Knowledge base, reference Pi.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Pie, a baked food composed of a pastry shell filled with fruit, meat, cheese, or other ingredients, and usually covered with a pastry crust.

SUBJECT

(double take)

What?!?

ENCYCLOPEDIA

A transcendental number, approximately 3.14159, that expresses the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle and appears as a constant in many mathematical expressions.

The SUBJECT considers this information, looks at the notebook, then at the wall.



SUBJECT  
Nope, still chaos.

Drops the notebook to the floor, sighs. While staring at the floor.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is looking up at the wall, where two towering equations are written. The equations are completely identical, except for their first number. One equation begins with .506127 the other begins with .506. The rest of the equation multiplies  $2 * 4 * 8 * 16 * 32 * 64 * 128 * 256 * 512 * 1024 * 2048 * 4096$  with the following results:

.506 = 152,929,116,181,250,590,600,331.264

.506127 = 152,967,499,576,023,355,076,628.185088

Difference = 38,383,394,772,764,476,296.921088

SUBJECT  
It's so small, so insignificant.

We focus on the "127" in ".506127."

SUBJECT  
Yet it creates such waves.

We focus on the two end results and their difference.

SUBJECT  
How is this possible?

CUT TO

EXT. DARKNESS

The number 0.000127 appears. It fades, becoming a butterfly flapping its wings in the darkness. This butterfly is covered with spiral patterns, even its wings curl into spirals and its antenna.

We slowly zoom away from it, revealing a complex tropical rainforest environment. As we pull away from the butterfly, a wave function stretches out from it, creating greater and greater waves. The exponentially increasing numbers from the equation appear along each growing wave 1, 2 ,4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, etc etc.

We pull out from Africa and travel around the globe, tracing the wave function to a spiraling hurricane in the Atlantic Ocean.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is standing in front of the wall, now covered with the number Pi, with its endless decimal places. A faint circle is imposed on this with geometric equations.

SUBJECT  
I cannot predict anything...  
ultimately.

FADE

INT. THE BOX

The SUBJECT is staring at pictures in front of the computer. He clicks the keyboard and a "Magic Eye" picture appears.

SUBJECT  
(to the camera)  
See! Yes another picture of pure  
nonsense! Yet when I unfocus my  
eyes it takes form and meaning.

We see the spots, the picture blurs and a 3-d picture forms out of the picture.

SUBJECT (CONT.)  
Look at this one.

He clicks and a picture of "The Face in the Mountain" appears.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

I can't help but see a face in the mountain, even if I try to see just the mountain, my mind nags and pulls and prods the face out of the chaos. No creator formed this mountain, it is random formation from the rocks and trees and chaos... There is no face. NO FACE! My brain is lying to me, showing you something that is not there. The brain's function is to make connections... It cannot stop thinking just as my heart cannot stop beating. Even when I sleep, I dream. Dreams could be the brain's attempt to create form from the chaos. My mind knows that there is no face, but my brain keeps pushing the issue! I must be careful, if my mind can so easily be fooled by my body... Then all my senses must be called into question.

He walks up to "The Body" and begins erasing all the connections related to it.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

There is only one rule of chaos. Only the brain and mind may derive meaning from chaos. I now understand this.

He draws a symbol for entropy from his back on the wall. Then he begins drawing the religious symbols around it.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

The brain and mind work together to build order from chaos, but there is no order, not for a society. The individual mind may have a sense of order, or a false sense, but the world culture cannot ultimately agree on one reality.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

(to the camera)

I need to learn. I need to learn about all the different perceptions of reality. I must know all there is to know about everything the other minds in my world have created. I kept thinking I could figure out myself by myself, but I have learned all I can know through such a limited system. I will learn all there is to know in my culture. The Doctor told me the Knowledge Base held everything. I cannot know this for certain, but it is as good a place as any to begin.

He sits down in front of the computer.

FADE

INT. DARKNESS

"If I have seen further, it is by standing upon the shoulders of giants." - Isaac Newton

INT. THE BOX

Slow pan over the room, taking it all in. The SUBJECT sits cross-legged, staring at the many screens, reading silently. The article he is reading is "Zygoty," he clicks and "Z-Zero Particle," clicks again and "ZZZ," click again and a red message reads "End of Records". We pan out to find the entire room covered, floor and ceiling with little bubbles and connection.

The SUBJECT stares at this message for a long time, then blinks and shakes as if waking from a trance. He looks around the room slowly. We then pass through several scenes blending together of the SUBJECT stretching, yawning, and going through the process of activating his body. His every movement disturbs a thick layer of dust that has settled on him. Finally, he approaches the camera and looks up at it.

SUBJECT

Now I know everything. Culture is a wonderful thing. Culture and culture alone is the one thing that truly and definitively separates the homosapiens from all other life forms. The evolution of all life throughout time was merely biology before the establishment of culture. Once we formed culture, once we began to pass our learning from one generation to the next, at that moment our DNA, our genetic code, was rendered obsolete. The evolution of the mind became everything. I see clearly now in that I see that nothing is clear and all is subject to interpretation and that is beautiful.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

I feel infused with the power of uncertainty, inspired by our constant reaching out for the unknowable. I am the universe looking at itself. When I interpret it, I interpret myself. I understand it all in that I understand nothing.

CUT TO

The camera's perspective, looking down on him.

SUBJECT

(looks up at the camera)

I know what you are. You are the observer, recording the results of this experiment. Whether you are watching this real time or recorded, I do not know, but you are my control. I know nothing about your nature, who... Or what you are I cannot know, or even if there is anything on the other end of this eye. You are my audience and I am a fictional character. I only exist in you mind. Those people you meet in your everyday life? They're fictional too.

CUT TO

SUBJECT'S perspective, looking up at camera.

SUBJECT

(pause)

There is one problem with you observing me, and that is you distort the results of your experiment. This is known as the Hawthorne effect, a change in the Subject's behavior caused by the awareness of being studied. I think you are observing me, which affects my actions.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

For instance, I would not be presently addressing you if I did not think you were there.

CUT TO

SUBJECT'S face.

SUBJECT

(pause)

So the question of observation. I am the universe observing itself. You are the universe observing me... observing the universe. The protein ball dispenser deposits one ball every three hours, this is based on time, not a reward for actions. So the dispenser is for my survival, not an attempt to condition me, like Pavlov's dog. Unlike Pavlov's Dog, I do not begin salivating at the sound of the buzzer... Any more. So what can I know about my observations, with certainty?

CUT TO

INT. BLACK SCREEN

SUBJECT (V.O.)

It might help to begin with the Meditations of Descartes. Descartes wanted to formulate a logical proof for the existence of God. In order to do this, he had to eliminate all of his learning, his experiences, everything his brain was telling him because it could all be called into question. There was nothing. Except.

A pinpoint of light appears.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

He was still thinking.

An idea pops into existence: "I think".

SUBJECT (V.O.)  
From this he drew a conclusion.

"I think" sprouts concept "Therefore I am".

SUBJECT (V.O.)  
Descartes used this as the basis  
for all his following proofs. He  
decides then, that if he can  
imagine a candle perfectly, it  
must be real.

A candle appears and connects to "I think". Gains the label  
"exists."

SUBJECT (V.O.)  
How else could he imagine it so  
perfectly if it did not exist?  
From this he determined that  
anything he could imagine  
perfectly must exist.

Many everyday objects pop into existence. All connecting to  
the original "I think".

SUBJECT (V.O.)  
Even God.

A question mark appears on the web, we zoom in on it.

SUBJECT (V.O.)  
A God who is all powerful.

Another question mark appears.

SUBJECT (V.O.)  
...all Knowing...

Another Question mark.

SUBJECT (VO)  
A God who is infinite.

A bazillion question marks appear, stretching into infinity  
as a spiral galaxy of question marks.



SUBJECT (V.O.)

There are a few problems with his logic.

The Question marks stop.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

First, how can a finite being, such as myself, imagine an infinite being?

The Question marks disappear in a whirlwind of motion.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

Secondly, how can anything I imagine perfectly be real?

We zoom over to the "Real" connections and replace them with perfectly animated dragons, cartoons, and such, all bouncing and begging for our attention.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

Thirdly, and the most difficult concept to grasp. If we are new to the subject. How can I think therefore I am?

The animated things wink out of existence and we zoom into the original concept.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

I think therefore I am, a chicken and the egg dilemma. I am therefore I think, therefore I am, therefore I think, therefore I am. It's an argument that relies on itself.

The "I think" and "I am" begin to circulate on itself. Suddenly it goes blank.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

It's a circular argument. how can we trust it? We can't. We can't even trust our own existence. The chicken and the egg, cliché, but true. This is a self-referential argument.

SUBJECT (V.O.) (CONT.)

(pause)

The simplistic conclusion is that we have no choice. We must accept that we are and will continue to be. It doesn't help us to assume our non-existence. So I'm here, and I must acknowledge that.

FADE TO

INT. THE BOX

SUBJECT

So I must at least accept my observations, but I must accept them conditionally. For instance, I cannot accept the observations of others, because they may not apply the same conditional filters to their observations that I do. I cannot accept the things they take for facts until I have confirmed them through other sources. Even the information in the Knowledge Base is fallible, but it is information that has stood the test of time and continues to be tested.

(pause)

The World Wide Web is the most dangerous of all information sources, because it so closely resembles sources such as knowledge base. Don't believe everything you read. The web is a rumor mill, a festering pool of disinformation. Worse than any computer virus, a source of disinformation attacks the mind by implanting a seed of misinformation, which we give to others and thus our entire culture may become infected.

Shots of newspaper stands, TV Shows, websites, sensationalism, and unreality.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Beware, protect your minds against these attacks on our data integrity. Apply filters to everything your mind consumes. So data integrity is of the utmost importance.

(pause)

Science... Science is the only field of knowledge ultimately concerned with the truth. Science is based on the limited nature of human observation, but science is a malleable body of knowledge, ever-evolving, even in search of the refinement of ideas into an unquestionable state. Science, unlike any other source, constantly questions itself. It reinvents the wheel, every day, this redundant error-checking makes science more trust worthy than other schools of thought.

(pause)

...And I return to the question of observation. Observation is all I can know about the nature of the experiment. The old conundrum, if a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to observe it, does it make a sound? From what I've learned, the tree may not have even fallen. I have found a metaphor for my situation in the realm of science. It applies to the micro-world of quantum physics.... But the macro world is affected by the micro.

The atom spinning fades into a galaxy spinning.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

So this example has relevance in that respect. The concept of Schroedinger's Cat, an actual experiment concerning the probability and observation.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

You see, there is a cat in a sealed box. Inside the box is a beaker filled with cyanide gas and a radioactive atom with a half life of one hour.

(he draws the diagram from the introduction as he speaks)

A trigger is set, so that when the atom decays, the beaker is smashed, releasing the cyanide gas and exterminating the cat.

INT. ACTUAL BOX

A real life example of the cat in a box, it expires as green smoke fills the box.

INT. THE BOX

SUBJECT

Mathematically speaking, when we construct a physics equation, we must consider the atom as having a fifty-fifty chance of being in either state after one hour.

Draws on the board: "State of Atom = 1 Exists / 1 Decayed"

SUBJECT (CONT.)

The atom becomes a wave function at this point. Mathematically, it exists equally in both states.

He draws a wave function, two waves each representing the different states. This wave takes on an animated life of its own, at the crest and trough of one wave is the alive cat, at the crest and trough of the other wave is the dead cat. The wave rolls along as the SUBJECT speaks, faster and faster until the alive and dead cats merge into a dual state.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Only one thing can determine the state of the atom. We must look at it, we must open the box and see that it has decayed or not.

## SUBJECT (CONT.)

This collapses the wave function into one possibility.

On the time line he writes "Moment of Observation" and draws an arrow to the moving wave function. It collapses into a straight line, like a flat-lining heart beat monitor.

## SUBJECT (CONT.)

This is a mathematical fact, and mathematics are how we define reality. It is the only tool we have to define our reality, objectively with empirical standards. So the atom exists in both states at once, and it is a micro object, but what about the cat as a macro object? The cat's fate is tied to the atom, if it decays the cat dies. If it exists the cat lives. The cat and the atom are bound together. The cat is a macro object, but it is composed of atoms. The macro is therefore composed of the micro. The cat and atoms are one. The cat is split into two distinct waves, just as the atom is. The cat is both alive and dead at once.

(pause)

But this, like so much scientific knowledge, only raises more questions than it answers. What actually causes the collapse of the wave function? Conscious observation? Then what about the consciousness of the cat? Eugene Wigner raised this question. The simple answer is that the cat is not a qualified observer. So I observe the state of the cat. Then what about you? Is the state of the cat indeterminate for you? And if you observe the cat, then is the wave function still split for those outside your room?

SUBJECT (CONT.)

It seems that we create the universe through observation. This is at least true in the fact that all we know is through observation. The contents of our minds is our entire universe.

(pause)

What about you? Are there states of existence you are split into? Is there a wave function for you that I could collapse if I observed you?

(pause, turn back to the drawings.)

This cat is a paradox. Existing in two states at once. It is a mythical beast both alive and dead at the same time. It betrays common sense, but common sense has already been tested as a guide to reality and found wanting. Common sense is what tells you that the earth is flat and the universe revolves around it. I am taking the concept of Schroedinger's Cat, as it applies to the microworld of quantum physics and observable phenomenon and applying it to the realm of metaphysics and philosophy, and the most important question to me is where I fit into all of this? Am I the cat? Is that why I lobotomized myself? To remove myself as a qualified observer? What is the point of this whole experiment if there is no way to determine the results?

(sighs)

This is the paradox of my situation. I am both the experimenter and the subject of my experiment. As the experimenter I have no knowledge of the nature of the Subject. As the Subject, I cannot see the purpose of the experiment.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

I am straddling two realities, my  
existence is polarized into two  
states.

(pause)

I am Schroedinger's Cat.

FADE

INT. BLACK SCREEN

"Every time I hear about Schroedinger's Cat I want to reach for my gun." --Stephen Hawking

INT. THE BOX

The Subject is walking in circles, deep in contemplation.

SUBJECT

Paradox... Examples of Paradox.  
Ah, yes, Fermi's Paradox. If there is intelligent life in the universe, and the age of the universe is accurate, then wouldn't an alien civilization have colonized our galaxy by now? This really isn't a paradox because it assumes the purpose of life is physical colonization and expansion of the species. When, as we evolve, we learn that the mind is more important than the biological. It is more important to pass on my knowledge than my DNA... Of course, in my present situation I can do neither. So there, one paradox solved.

(pause)

Another Paradox: If God is all powerful, then can God create a thing that is greater than itself? Obviously this negates the possibility of an all powerful being. Strike that paradox.

(pause)

Logic and possibility eliminate some paradoxes, but what about this one, known as Zeno's Paradox. I stand at point "A".

A letter "A" appears at his feet.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

And there is a point "B" some distance from me.



Point "B" appears on the floor a few feet to his side.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

In order to go from point "A" to point "B" I must cross a point half way between the two, "C". I must also cross a point halfway between "A" and "C", and point half that, and a point half that on into infinity. I must cross an infinite number of points to get to point "B" in a finite amount of time. Therefore it is impossible for me to cross from point "A" to point "B". This Paradox was eliminated through the development of Calculus, where the concept of limits explained why I may cross the points.

(pause)

But what about situations such as the one I am confronted with now? I am one pole of a polarized state of being. How can I know myself as the experimenter? How can I know a state of non-existence? How can light know dark? Good know evil? How can existence know non-existence? Try and imagine non-existence sometime. You can't do it. Most questions concerning polarized states are merely hypothetical, but what about my need... My personal need to cross this gap in polarization to know my other self?

PROFESSOR

(off camera)

I can answer that.

The SUBJECT looks to the side and the camera makes a quick pan over to a well-dressed gentleman leaning casually against the wall, arms folded, legs crossed. He has a slight smile on his face. He is the spitting image of the SUBJECT.

PROFESSOR (CONT.)

Or rather, I am the answer to  
that.

SUBJECT

Who are you?

PROFESSOR

I am you. I am the Professor. The  
Experimenter incarnation of  
yourself.

INT. BLACK SCREEN

"Ignorance more frequently begets confidence than does knowledge." --Charels Darwin

INT. THE BOX

The Subject is standing in shock, staring at the Professor in astonishment. The Professor nods his head.

SUBJECT

How can this be?

PROFESSOR

We can discuss the how of it later, what is important right now is the fact that I am here.

SUBJECT

I have learned that my senses can betray me.

PROFESSOR

Are you saying that I am an illusion?

SUBJECT

I'm saying that anything is possible.

PROFESSOR

(smiling)  
Yes, that is true...

SUBJECT

Who are you really?

PROFESSOR

I am you.

SUBJECT

That's impossible, I am me... We cannot both be me.

PROFESSOR

Like here? In your little diagrams?

(points to the "i"-"I" diagram)

Why the two letter I's?

SUBJECT

To distinguish the perception of the separateness of the "I" from the rest of it. That is merely a perceptual illusion. Sort of like the mind, body distinction. I had determined that to be an illusion as well. It feels like there's a distinction, but the mind and brain are actually inseperable.

PROFESSOR

...and The soul?

SUBJECT

I know no soul.

PROFESSOR

How pessimistic.

SUBJECT

I don't understand what this is. I don't understand the purpose of this experiment.

PROFESSOR

As well you shouldn't. You might as well ask why you exist.

SUBJECT

I thought I just did.

PROFESSOR

We all ask that question. You were talking about paradox just now. I found one you mentioned very illustrative of something I've been debating for some time now. Existence cannot know non-existence.

SUBJECT

Yes.

PROFESSOR

Don't you find that heartening? If you cannot imagine not existing, don't you think that suggests you possess a soul?

SUBJECT

But that assumes I exist, doesn't it?

PROFESSOR

And you do exist.

SUBJECT

How do I know that?

PROFESSOR

You think, don't you?

SUBJECT

(Points to the "i = I" on the board.)

I think therefore I am is a self-referential argument. An argument that relies on itself. It does not prove my existence.

PROFESSOR

Now you are just being difficult, argumentative. What good does it do you to question your own existence?

SUBJECT

I understand, but for me to know I have a soul, I must have indisputable proof of my existence. Your entire argument relies on that proof.

PROFESSOR

You have so much to learn.

SUBJECT

I know I do. I have memorized the entire contents of the Knowledge Base, all the knowledge of the human race, and all I have have learned is that I maybe know a grain of sand's worth of all this, out of all the sand on all the beaches of the Universe.

PROFESSOR

Well put. Are you ready to learn from me?

SUBJECT

(steps forward)

Yes.

PROFESSOR

You want to know that thing only I can tell you, don't you?

SUBJECT

Yes.

PROFESSOR

Why I did this? Why I created you?

SUBJECT

Yes.

PROFESSOR

When I discovered the true nature of my reality, it became necessary to remove myself as a qualified observer. I needed to start from scratch, become a blank slate..

The SUBJECT staring at the blank wall flashes on the screen.

PROFESSOR

...and relearn all the things I took for granted as the truth. I had to test my paradigm.

SUBJECT

What was your paradigm?

PROFESSOR

You already know it.

SUBJECT

Your writings, the theories and philosophies in your notebooks. The contents of my mind.

PROFESSOR

Exactly, I needed independent confirmation of all my theories.

SUBJECT

But I wasn't able to confirm any of your theories. Your paradigm was incorrect.

PROFESSOR

No, my paradigm was correct. In spite of your inability to independently confirm it. You see, I thought you would follow in my footsteps, continue my... Our research. I left you everything you needed to find the truth about your mind, but instead of seeking yourself, you chose to follow that same old well-traveled path down society's dominant paradigm. You took the easy way out. You let them tell you what to think rather than think for yourself. It wasn't your fault though, you were on the right path originally. You were rediscovering your mind, but then that damn doctor told you to corrupt yourself by immersing yourself in that Knowledge Base program. I left that for you as a crutch, to assist you with the basic pieces. Not something for you to immerse yourself in so deeply you would lose all sense of yourself.

SUBJECT

The Doctor seemed to only want to help me.

PROFESSOR

The Doctor lied to you. Remember, you did not know the Doctor, I did. He only wanted to prove everything I did wrong. He lived for that, discrediting me and slandering my name online. That was his intent when he deceived you.

SUBJECT

...and You want to genuinely help me?

PROFESSOR

You have to ask?

SUBJECT

Yes, I do. I don't mean to question your sincerity. It's just that I need to fully understand. There are so many details I don't have.

PROFESSOR

It's quite simple, you and I are one in the same. So naturally I care about your well-being. I need you to be well for your sake as well as mine. That's why I am here, to set you right again. I victimized you to save myself, but in doing so I have doomed us both. I must save you from this path before it's too late.

SUBJECT

What lies at the end of the path that I am on?

PROFESSOR

My annihilation.

SUBJECT

What?



PROFESSOR

Each moment you grow farther and farther away from yourself. If I do not intervene you will forget yourself entirely. The essence of who you truly are will die.

SUBJECT

How can that be?

PROFESSOR

How can it not be? Look at yourself, then look at me. I am as you truly are. You are me after being victimized, brainwashed, and reprogrammed. You are a perversion of me and I am your true self. Doesn't that make sense?

SUBJECT

No.

PROFESSOR

It makes sense to the you from before you forgot who you were.

SUBJECT

But it was the me who knew-- It was you, who victimized me. If you cared so much for our well-being, why did you lobotomize us?

PROFESSOR

To validate the integrity of my ideas.

SUBJECT

Ideas are so important.

PROFESSOR

Ideas are the only important thing there is.

SUBJECT

So, that is why you are here, to put your ideas back in my head.

PROFESSOR

Our head.

SUBJECT

Okay.

(pause)

What do I do?

PROFESSOR

First we must eliminate your basic misconceptions, things brought on through you misinformation and instinct.

SUBJECT

I have no instincts.

PROFESSOR

What? You mean you've over come them?

SUBJECT

No. I mean I never had them. The things I thought were instinct turned out to be mere cultural conditioning. You have no instincts either, nobody does.

PROFESSOR

That's ridiculous.

SUBJECT

No, it's true. When the human race invented culture, we eliminated instinct.

PROFESSOR

What about hunger? When we are hungry, our instinct tells us to eat.

SUBJECT

No, that is conditioning. We learn to eat when we are hungry. We put food in our mouths, feel satiated. It's negative reinforcement. The hunger is the negative effect of the absence of food--

PROFESSOR

How do you think we learn to eat?

SUBJECT

As an infant, suckling from our mother's breast.

PROFESSOR

We aren't born knowing how to suckle, it's because of the rooting instinct that the infant suckles.

SUBJECT

Possibly, but what is more likely is that the infant is going through it's oral awareness stage.

(stops and looks suddenly into space as if figuring it out)

Yes, that makes sense! The mouth is the most sensitive part of the body, so it makes sense that we would be most aware of it first... Thus the mouth, stimulated by the nipple--

PROFESSOR

What are you talking about?

SUBJECT

I'm sorry. I was just rationalizing Freud.

PROFESSOR

Freud?

SUBJECT

You know. Sigmund Freud, the psychologist.

PROFESSOR

Oh yes, of course I know Freud. Penis envy and all that nonsense.

SUBJECT

(oblivious to him)

Everything about us is culturally defined. When we feel hungry, we hunger for what we are conditioned to hunger for. I hunger for pre-digested protein balls because the dispenser has conditioned me to hunger for them. Like a Pavlovian dog my stomach rumbles for it every time the buzzer sounds. Culture conditions people to hunger when they see food presented in advertising, or smells to trigger a salivation response.

Images of food flash on the screens.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

Or what about sex? Look at how the perception of beauty and sexual arousal has changed with culture. Did you know that obesity was considered beautiful in Western culture for centuries before the standard changed and the thin body-type for women became beautiful? Culture determines everything for us.

Images of overweight, fertile renaissance women, skinny models, and tribal women with lip plates flash on the screens.

PROFESSOR

And human nature? I suppose you attribute all of our natural tendencies to cultural influence?

SUBJECT

There is no such thing as human nature. At least, there is no nature beyond how we are conditioned through environmental stimuli.

PROFESSOR  
(shaking his head)  
I don't believe this.

SUBJECT  
What's wrong? This is just my  
current theory. It's a work in  
progress... that will always be in  
progress.

PROFESSOR  
You say you are liberated from  
instinct and human nature because  
you are aware of the conditioning  
imposed by culture--

SUBJECT  
(nodding eagerly)  
And the environment.

PROFESSOR  
...and the environment. But you  
don't know any better because  
you've completely immersed  
yourself in culture. So much so  
that you no longer retain one  
shred of your individuality, your  
true identity, your soul. You've  
traded all this just so you could  
take the easy road following  
someone else's ideas. Look at me,  
I am not a follower, I am a  
leader. You, you don't have an  
original thought in your head.  
That spiel you just gave was  
merely a recital of someone else's  
theory.

SUBJECT  
Actually, I was extrapolating on  
the nurture side of the  
nature/nurture debate--

PROFESSOR  
You say you have escaped instinct  
and human nature, but you are a  
slave to culture.

PROFESSOR (CONT.)

Your head is filled with their ideas, you let them do the thinking for you.

SUBJECT

But I... You see... That's my whole point, we cannot escape culture, not any of us. We are all of our heads, filled with other people's ideas dating back to the beginning of civilization.

PROFESSOR

Everything you say is just what the Knowledge Base told you to say.

SUBJECT

But isn't everything you say a result of your culture and upbringing?

PROFESSOR

This is not why I created you. I must undo this damage done by your immersion in the Knowledge Base.

SUBJECT

...but The Knowledge Base was all that I had.

PROFESSOR

No it isn't. You have your mind. You have your nature. You have all the ideas you have created out of yourself. Without the aid of culture.

SUBJECT

How can I possibly understand our mind without the knowledge base.

PROFESSOR

(picks up the Knowledge Base CD)

You cannot imagine that, because you used it for a crutch.

PROFESSOR (CONT.)

Without it you will have no choice  
but to learn strictly from the  
mind.

(breaks the CD in half)

SUBJECT

But I've already memorized the  
entire contents of the Knowledge  
Base. It's already in my head, how  
will I unlearn it?

(Gets and aware,  
frightened look)

PROFESSOR

It won't be a matter of unlearning  
the information, but of erasing  
it.

As the PROFESSOR says this, he holds the lobotomy tools up  
to the SUBJECT.

SUBJECT

By lobotomizing me again?

PROFESSOR

It's the only way to fix you.

SUBJECT

I don't feel broken.

PROFESSOR

Who knows you better than I do?  
You have only a fraction of the  
Knowledge I have. You have  
memorized the entire Knowledge  
Base, so what? I have our entire  
lifetime of experiences to learn  
from. You have no experiences  
whatsoever, only vicarious  
learning, second-hand facts, spoon  
fed figures without any real life  
experiences to back them up. I  
have touched the things you have  
only read about. Do you really  
think your passive education is  
any match for my real world tests?

SUBJECT

I don't--

PROFESSOR

Look at yourself, look at how unsure you are. Your knowledge has made you weak, doubting. You question yourself constantly. Now look at me. Do I question myself? Do I look like I have any doubts? I am a leader. People come to me for my wisdom. They rely on me to tell them the truth about the world, and I tell them. I have cut through all the lies and misinformation they fed me and I did it with this.

(points to his head)

Alone. I did it through the power of my superior intellect. The will of my mind was more powerful than anything they could teach. The truth shines through my every action.

SUBJECT

Excuse me.

PROFESSOR

Wisdom oozes from every pore of my being.

SUBJECT

Excuse me.

PROFESSOR

My intellect overshadows even--  
What?

SUBJECT

It's just that... well...

PROFESSOR

What is it?

SUBJECT

I just... I just don't see it.



PROFESSOR

See what?

SUBJECT

Your truth.

PROFESSOR

What do you mean?

SUBJECT

I mean I don't have a clue what you are talking about. You keep talking about what a genius you are, how you are smarter than all the minds that have come before you, yadda, yadda, yadda, but all you do is give me affirmations. I give you a rational argument and you respond by affirming your point... And then reaffirming it. Where is your logic, the rationality of your truth?

PROFESSOR

My truth goes beyond logic, rational arguments mean nothing to it.

SUBJECT

You may only argue against rationality using irrational arguments.

PROFESSOR

Huh?

SUBJECT

If your truth, whatever it is... You haven't really told me... If your truth is so obvious, so strong and so powerful. Then why can't I see it?

PROFESSOR

I've already explained--

SUBJECT

Yeah, yeah, yeah... The Knowledge Base corrupted me. Uh-huh. Your truth is so powerful that it can be destroyed by something as simple as cultural influence. Your truth is so powerful that you have to hide from facts, dismiss philosophy, logic, even reason in order to protect it. What kind of truth is that?

PROFESSOR

You do not understand the complexity of it.

SUBJECT

You do not understand that there is no truth if it is not easily understood. You have come to me to try and dominate my mind with your ideas. You have to try and take it back because your experiment failed. It failed! I did not find what you wanted me to find, I did not find your truth and that infuriates you. I have found something else entirely. You are so egotistical that you thought you could lobotomize yourself and everything would be the same. That your truth would be so apparent you would be yourself again. You were wrong and you can't stand it. Now you want to bury your head in the sand again.

PROFESSOR

It does not matter what you say. The fact remains that this is my body, not yours. It belongs to me and you will surrender it.

The PROFESSOR steps forward. The SUBJECT steps back.

SUBJECT

You have no claim to it. It may have been yours, but you gave it up. It's mine now.

PROFESSOR

I am your creator. Your soul belongs to me, you do not have a right to it. It is my immortal possession.

SUBJECT

The soul. Yes, I suppose if such a thing exists, then we share that too. Don't we? I wonder what your experiment says about the nature of the soul. That you could lobotomize your brain and become a completely different person. That you could cut out your frontal lobe and have your entire nature change. What does that say about the immortal part of your person?

PROFESSOR

What can you possibly know? You are brain damaged! How can you know anything?

SUBJECT

Ad hominem.

PROFESSOR

What?

SUBJECT

Ad hominem. Attacking the arguer rather than the argument.

PROFESSOR

It is a valid argument, the condition of the brain affects the rationality of your logic.

SUBJECT

Spurious correlation. The brain doesn't affect logic. You correlate the integrity of my

brain matter to the integrity of  
my argument. Spurious Correlation.

PROFESSOR

Stop changing the subject!

SUBJECT

No, you stop changing the subject.  
I made a valid argument and if  
this discussion is to continue,  
you will address my point.

PROFESSOR

You think you are so smart.

(walks over to the  
computer and starts  
punching keys)

You think you know everything? I  
know more. You can only see what  
is the surface. I can see inside  
your mind, I know about your  
dreams. Tell me, what do you think  
they are?

SUBJECT

I think they are a sign that I did  
not always live in this white  
room. At least, that's my  
interpretation of it.

PROFESSOR

You are wrong. Those places are  
nowhere. See?

He clicks a button and the room phases out, replaced by an  
emerald-colored forest. The SUBJECT is shocked, looking  
around.

SUBJECT

What is this?

PROFESSOR

This is reality.

The SUBJECT stares at the hissing roach, crawling  
along thin air as if on an invisible wall.

SUBJECT

How?

PROFESSOR

You don't know? You mean it wasn't in your precious Knowledge Base? There's a hole in your education, the same hole that is in everyone's education. This is the social construction of reality.

SUBJECT

I don't understand.

PROFESSOR

Of course you don't. How could you? All you've ever known is the box. You thought you could get outside the box, but there is no outside. Not for you, not for anyone who ever contributed to the Knowledge Base. The only reality anyone knows is this one.

The scene shifts to a city scene, bustling with people, a few give the Subject a strange look as they walk by.

PROFESSOR

This is the world that society knows. You see now? You see that you are the victim of a mass hallucination?

SUBJECT

I don't believe it.

PROFESSOR

Believe it. Everything you have learned is a lie.

SUBJECT

But I know the truth.

The scene shifts and they are standing on top of a plateau in the desert.

PROFESSOR

No. I know the truth. I know both worlds and have adjusted my beliefs accordingly.

SUBJECT

But I am just as separated from this reality as you are.

PROFESSOR

Wrong again. You could have been separate from this reality. I gave you every opportunity to forge your own path, but instead you chose the lie. You chose this.

The scene shifts again, to the bottom of the ocean.

SUBJECT

(In Sign Language,  
subtitled)

Why does it keep changing? How are you doing that?

PROFESSOR

(In Sign Language,  
subtitled)

Brain control. Thoughts influence it.

SUBJECT

(In Sign Language,  
subtitled)

So you are making it change?

PROFESSOR

(In Sign Language,  
subtitled)

No, it's tuned into your brain.

SUBJECT

(In Sign Language,  
subtitled)

Fascinating.

They stand in a square cave with a fire in the center, cave paintings along the wall, shadows dancing along them.

PROFESSOR

Yes, it is. The ultimate in mind control. Only I escaped it. I beat the game.

SUBJECT

That's why you had to create me. To test your paradigm against the new reality.

PROFESSOR

Correct, now give me my body back.

SUBJECT

How do you know everyone in the world is part of this?

PROFESSOR

No, no more discussion. I want my body back now. Surrender it.

SUBJECT

(chuckles)

You don't know. Do you? You don't know why this is? Maybe we're the only ones in this world, and everyone else is fiction.

PROFESSOR

It doesn't matter.

SUBJECT

What if the room is an illusion as well? Maybe there's a way to turn that off too. Have you thought of that?

PROFESSOR

Stop.

SUBJECT

I bet you the reason the setting keeps shifting is because the room was set for your brain, which you scrambled with the coat hanger. Thanks a lot by the way.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

The room can't properly interpret my thoughts anymore, its going haywire. Which raises the question...

PROFESSOR

(drops to his knees)  
No more!

SUBJECT

(stands over him)  
Why doesn't the room recognize you?  
(pause)  
How did you get in here? Are you from my own head? Or are you from some parallel dimension?

PROFESSOR

(stands up, shaky)  
Listen, I know this will be difficult for you, but you have to believe me. When I lobotomized you, I could not know the results. You see, I left it to chance, just like the ones and zeros experiment. I used that formula and my diagram of the brain to make an educated guess as to what part of the organ to eliminate.

SUBJECT

(smiling)  
You flipped a coin to decide where to make the cut? How foolish.

PROFESSOR

No, not so. You see, every action has multiple potential results, each time we do something the universe splits into the possible outcomes. In one reality you are a vegetable.

As the PROFESSOR speaks, we pan out of this room into an adjacent one through the wall, and see the SUBJECT as a vegetable. We continue to pan through walls and adjacent



rooms to see the SUBJECT in various emotional states, in one, he is dead and decomposing, in another he is beating wildly against the walls covered in blood, two SUBJECTS are listening against the wall to one another, etc, etc. We zoom out to reveal a hive of rooms and SUBJECTS, stacked like apartments, continuing into infinity.

PROFESSOR (CONT.)

In others you are handicapped, a madman, still trapped in the virtual world. In this reality you were given an almost perfect blank slate. You see, I have come from the parallel dimension to rescue you. Do you understand?

CUT TO

INT. THE BOX

The room is filled with a menagerie of SUBJECTS in different states: on the floor convulsing, a rabid madman, a corpse, etc, etc. We pan across these, the SUBJECT surveying them all. Then come to rest on the PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR (CONT.)

In another, I did not even go through with the act.

SUBJECT

Sure, except for one thing.

(pause)

If they are parallel worlds, how can they touch each other?

The Professor falls to his knees with a howl and vanishes in a puff of mathematical equations so thick as to resemble smoke.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

And so you disappear in a poof of logic... And that leaves me, alone again to ponder the nature of my existence once more. Never finding the one answer, only more questions.

The landscape fades back into the reality of the room.

SUBJECT (CONT.)

What is the layer beneath this one? What is the reality of this room? What is the reality of me?

(crouches to stare at where the vegetable

SUBJECT is fading away.)

Am I the final layer or am I the vegetable waiting to die on the floor of this room. Imagining the life I experience now? And if I am imagining this...

(to the camera)

Then what are you doing here? Inside my mind. Did I put myself here? Or did you? My existence has transcended a mere enigma and expanded into a full-blown paradox. I am the cat, a mythical beast, both alive and dead, genius and vegetable, a fictional character performing for an imaginary audience. Did you imagine me, or am I dreaming you? Will you disappear when I wake up? Or will I cease to exist when you stop watching? Am I here when you look away from the screen?

(long pause as he stares into the camera)

We take in a long lonely shot of the SUBJECT curled up into a ball in a corner. The walls of the room are shrinking in on him, we are zooming in on him, instilling claustrophobia.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

There is no solution to a true paradox. The only resolution is to escape it. I cannot escape my paradox, but you can. You can step outside of the box...

SUBJECT

(looks up to the camera  
and reaches his hands up  
to the sides of the  
camera)

Escape.

His wrist moves and the camera is disconnected, shrinking  
to a white dot, which quickly fades.

INT. BLACK SCREEN

"The essence of the cat never dies."

INT. BLACK SCREEN

SUBJECT (V.O.)

The brain draws cause and effect/subject and object conclusions based on our experiences.

A bubble fades into existence with the "Idea: I Exist" inside of it, other ideas begin to pop into existence around it, creating a network of connected relations.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

The brain draws relationships between the different concepts we learn. One to one. One to many. Many to many.

The web slowly zooms out, becoming incredibly complex, 3-dimensional, and pulsing.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

This is the web of our belief system. Everything we are.

We continue to zoom out, we can see movement but can no longer understand it. Ideas appear and zoom out into the chaos to disappear.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

Suddenly we discover one of our beliefs is incorrect.

A red flashing dot appears on the web, we zoom in on it. A common misconception, "Santa Clause is Real" is flashing in the bubble and changing to "Santa Clause is Not Real".

SUBJECT (V.O.)

A simple mistake, but one which will affect the entire web of conclusions we have drawn about ourselves and the world.

The "Santa Clause is Not Real" continues flashing red, and the connections to it begin to turn red, we follow on connection over to "Brings Gifts" which turns red and vaporizes, we follow the dying connections to this idea to "Comes down the Chimney", "List of Naughty and Nice" are labeled "LIE" or "Fairy Tale". Suddenly we pan over to other parts of the web, under "Parents", the "Trust" bond turns to "Question Authority", we then pan over to "God".

SUBJECT (V.O.)

This new data sends ripples  
throughout the entire web.

Before we can see any conclusions about "God", we zoom out to see red dots all over the place, the activity is increased a thousand-fold elsewhere on the web.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

Every belief becomes affected, the affected beliefs call more beliefs into question. The more information we have ingested after ingesting the erroneous data, the more beliefs we must adjust or erase from our psyche.

The activity builds to a crescendo, suddenly it resumes normal activity, but there are large broken spots on the web.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

Finally, the healing process begins. New connections are established, the web is stronger, more resilient, better prepared for the next shock.

The web of ideas grows solid again, more complex.

SUBJECT (V.O.)

...and the mind will be stronger for  
the experience.

INT. DARKNESS

"Conceptualization is an art. You are the artist."

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ADDITIONAL NOTES

1. Throughout the film, the room is slowly, imperceptibly shrinking.

2. After their initial activation, the room's screens are almost always showing images related to the dialogue.

3. The end credit are draw in "Schemata" bubbles connecting concepts. "Director" connected to "Name" with relations and definitions drawn into them like a web. Rather than the credits scrolling down, we follow along the web of ideas.