

PATHWAY ENDING AT THE EDGE OF A CEMENTED SPILLWAY, AS THE PATH CONTINUES ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Theta hesitates for a moment and enters down the path into the rushing waters. The waters are pushing hard against him up to his waist.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

You can take the spillway, but it may sweep you off your feet to the seaway if you're not careful. The seaway is nice but you'll need ships and relationships for that. All kinds, partnerships, companion ships, and citizenships. Save it for another day. The city of White and Gold awaits your arrival. You'll want to stop by the waters only momentarily just to take some cups for your vehicle to pull from the emotions when the times right. Thank the waters and then take the causeway over them.

Theta continues in the water, as he begins losing his balance. He slips by the push of rushing water and submerges below.

BUBBLES UNDERWATER WITHIN MURKY WATER, LIGHT COMING FROM ABOVE THE SURFACE.

Theta's arms are flailing underwater.

SLOW FADE TO  
BLACK

EXT./ INT. MOVIE THEATER BOX OFFICE - DAY

SLOW FADE UP

MOVIE THEATER WITH OUTSIDE BOX OFFICE.

Above the theater is a sign with movie titles that reads, "Old Father Williams", "And He's Treading on Our Tale", "Uglification", "Said the Fury". A ticket agent, Tella, is in the booth wearing a name tag and counting tickets. Theta approaches the window.

THETA NOW DRY.

THETA

Hi... I was told you sell cathartic experiences here.

TELLA BEHIND THE GLASS.

TELLA

We have many stories to choose from. What type of journey is of interest to your own?

(pause with curiosity)

Do you like stories too?... I love stories, ever since I was a little girl, they fascinated me.

THETA

Sometimes they're great, other times I'd prefer to stay out of them.

TELLA

(giddy and excited)

They can be so magical and amazing. As a little girl, grandpa would take me to them... I'd feel all these emotions I never even knew I had. The elated excitement of the magical castle, the appreciation for the reward the hero gets in the end. And after he'd take me to see them, grandpa would take me to the ice cream shop and tell me stories of his own childhood as a kid. It was simply delightful!

THETA

That sounds really great.

(pause)

Don't you find it sad though how they mostly fade away?

TELLA

(in a somber tone)

Well, of course... that's a sad story of its own. That's why we write them down, why we make films about them... to preserve them.

THETA

Stories can be so fragile, easily changed, easily lost... makes me wonder what a story really is?

Tella smiles and turns down the lights a little. The lighting shifts more into a reddish and purple with a mixture of dominant oranges. Tella begins to look more like a gypsy story teller with touches of green.

TELLA

(in a more serious tone)  
Stories?... We all have stories. They are sequenced events containing a series of changing emotions to form what we call a theme.

THETA

More or less. But we are not our emotions. If we were, when the emotions pass then we would no longer be ourselves. No, stories are illusions; tales if you will, like movies are parodies. That's not to say they don't have value, though.

TELLA

(saddened and somber)  
They're all I have... they're real to me... even if they are just stories. I'll tell you a story about stories. There's truth in all the world's a stage.

Tella takes out a film reel and puts it in a projector pointed at the glass booth window. She flips the switch.

BLACK AND WHITE VERY EARLY FILM PROJECTED ON THE GLASS WINDOW IN FRONT OF THETA.

The film is showing early actors getting into costumes and makeup as if an old documentary of a film set. After getting into makeup and costume, the actors are walking upon the streets and interacting with people and objects.

TELLA (CONT'D)

We are but players... playing an act... creating characters based on our past experiences when many of those experiences were never who we were in the first place.

The film now depicts a scene of building a set piece in the back lot that is facade to a building. Various people carry the set piece and lay it over the front of an old bank on a regular busy city street, as the bank is transformed into a nickelodeon.

TELLA (CONT'D)

We write scripts for these acts, we build sets for them, we cast ourselves and are cast by others into roles and we play them out. People call this reality, but it's for a game.

THETA

So we're all just writing scripts then... to show off our achievements.

Film cuts to show scenes of actors in a dressing room rehearsing lines. One of the actors then goes into a lecture hall in front of a bunch of people to give a dissertation.

TELLA

There is a war that becomes a battle of words... who becomes the lead writer in that? Who is installing their will upon the scene and who holds the dominance over the story being written for that scene?

Another scene of a work place where an employee with her own hair style is working on sewing garments. The boss comes in scolding her about her hair style and attire, picking at it physically, and then pointing at other employees as an example. He then orders the woman to leave the work place. The woman gets up and leaves.

TELLA (CONT'D)

We often fight for the right to write our own script, but others re-write them for us. We play these characters we create with costumes and masks that reflects the closest things we have to an identity meanwhile... our identities conform to the scripts written for us so to appease the surroundings and writer of the scene... and the whole time we are just trying to find ourselves again.