

EXT. EARTH, VIEW FROM SPACE

A big blue ball, PLANET EARTH, dominates the screen. It's majestic how it just hangs there in space. OLDER KELLY, our protagonist in the future, narrates.

OLDER KELLY (V.O.)

Look at it, just hanging there: a big, dumb blue circle. Every story ever told is contained within that circle... have you ever thought about that? That's a lot of stories, yours and mine included. My story started off as predictably anyone else's: I was deep in a state of sleep...

ZOOM IN TO:

INT. APARTMENT, KELLY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

KELLY (22), a sweaty-faced and struggling writer, sleeps fitfully in bed. Her morose orange tabby EDGAR dons a Vincent Price mustache and rests nearby.

OLDER KELLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When suddenly...

In a flash, blinding light illuminates the room. Eyes open, Kelly wakes up shocked.

OLDER KELLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Something woke me up.

The spirit of deceased fantasy author J.R.K. ROLKIEN shines before her. The Spirit of Rolkien, a bumbling Gandalf-type, has a booming voice and intricate staff. Kelly instantly recognizes him. Edgar darts off.

ROLKIEN

Young artist! Your fate has forever changed!

KELLY

(terrified)

A-Are you *the* J.R.K. Rolkien, author of 'FalkLore: Lord of the Falk', the most famous science-fiction novels ever written?!

ROLKIEN (CONT'D)
 Don't forget about the film
 franchise!

The boom of Rolkien's confirmation knocks Kelly back.

ROLKIEN
 (takes it down a notch)
 I co-wrote the screenplays.

KELLY
 But... no. It can't be. You died
 last week! I cried for three days
 straight.

ROLKIEN
 That is very kind of you, young
 artist. You're right: my body did
 die last week. You have the
 pleasure of speaking with my
 spirit, how do ya do? Now come with
 me. There is much to be done.

Kelly responds with blank stare before shaking her head.

KELLY
 Okay. This isn't real. I need to
 wake up.

Kelly pinches and slaps herself to no effect. Beat. Kelly
 grunts like she's trying to poop.

ROLKIEN
 What are you doing, young artist?

KELLY
 Pinching and slapping didn't wake
 me so I'm on to plan c: bed
 wetting. No adult can sleep through
 the moist shame of sleep pee.

ROLKIEN
 Gross! Don't do that!

Kelly does that. A wet puddle appears on her groin. She
 closes her eyes, sure she will wake up, but opens them to
 disappointment.

KELLY
 So shameful... *and yet so moist.*

ROLKIEN
 That is disgusting, young artist!
 Wow, just wow! I don't even...
 (MORE)

ROLKIEN (CONT'D)
just gross! No more of this! You
are coming with me... now!

KELLY
But I didn't plan for-

Rolkien magically mutes Kelly's protest and uses staff to
make her float. Kelly is trying to scream to no avail.

ROLKIEN (CONT'D)
I'm not going to let you change
your pants either, young artist.
You won't learn your lesson if I
do.

Rolkien snaps his fingers and they disappear. Beat. Enter
Edgar, sniffing around the ethereal vapors. Spotlight on
Edgar.

EDGAR
The wizard ghost has mastered
interdimensional phasing...
finally, proof that it can be done!

Exit Edgar.

EXT. FANTASY WORLD OF THE FALKSHIRE, DAY

Rolkien and Kelly appear near stream in "LOTR"-style shire.
Hobbit-like creatures skip through background.

ROLKIEN
Tell me, young artist: is it as
fantastic as you imagined?

Kelly looks around, stops screaming.

ROLKIEN
If I unmute you, do you promise not
to scream like a little baby?
(Kelly nods)
Top notch!

Snap, Kelly can speak again.

KELLY
This is the Falkshire!

ROLKIEN
Indeed, young artist!

KELLY

No- this is the Falkshire. Like, the actual place. From your books. There's Dodo's house, here's the stream that he skips silver stones in, and there he is now with his best friend Samdum!

Kelly points. "Frodo" and "Samwise" doppelgangers skip by.

ROLKIEN

Good to see you, boys. Lovely day.

KELLY

But this is all fantasy! This has to be a dream.

(pats crotch, frowns)

I might have to poop may way out of this one.

ROLKIEN

It's no dream, young artist, so stop soiling yourself! None of my fantasy is fiction - it is all very real indeed. And that, young artist, is why we are here. Have you ever wondered why my stories seem so real?

KELLY

Because you're a master craftsman, of course. You outline your stories out with an end goal in mind, and plan out every little detail-

ROLKIEN

Nonsense! Phooey! Fools lay plans, young artist, but I live through my stories! I haven't written a false word in over sixty years because everything I write down actually happens. I live it and experience it all.

Kelly is distracted. SMOG THE NATURAL GAS DRAGON attacks the Falkshire behind Rolkien.

KELLY

D-d-d-dragon! That's Smog, the natural gas dragon!

ROLKIEN

Focus, young artist, I am trying to tell you something.

Smog approaches, destroying everything in its path.

ROLKIEN

All my words are true because I
write them here, young artist:

(hands Kelly MAGICAL
NOTEBOOK)

This is my magical notebook. Well,
it was mine. Now it is yours.

Smog is dangerously close, taking all of Kelly's attention.

ROLKIEN (CONT'D)

This magical notebook was given to
me by the spirit of a great artist
when I was young. Now that I have
passed, I pass it on to you.

Smog is now close enough to sniff the pair.

KELLY

Um, Mister Rolkien's Ghost-

ROLKIEN

Silence when I speak, young artist!
Anything you write in this notebook
will come to life, no matter how
fantastic. It is how I wrote my
stories and it is how you will
write your stories from now on.

Smog rears head back to attack.

KELLY

Mister Spirit of world-renowned
science-fiction fantasy author
J.R.K. Rolkien, please-

Snap, Rolkien mutes Kelly.

ROLKIEN

I told you not to interrupt me,
young artist. Now where was I...
right! Your fate is forever
changed. This magical notebook is
the new source of your creative
powers. It will bring you fame and
fortune beyond your wildest dreams.
But use it wisely, young artist,
for all power can be abused.-

As he's finishing, Smog attacks with a fireball. Everything
is disintegrated. Kelly screams as her body melts away.

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT, KELLY'S BEDROOM, MORNING

Kelly jerks awakes in a cold sweat as alarms goes off, sniffs air, and frowns. She has indeed pooped herself.

KELLY

Crap... I guess it really was a dream.

OPENING CREDITS

Edgar stares, motionless and wide-eyed. Kelly rushes to clean up and get ready over 'Heavy Metal Orchestra'-style music. Pan to nightstand: Kelly hasn't noticed the magical notebook from her dream. Exit Kelly. Rolkien re-appears, Edgar remains frozen, only moving his eyes.

ROLKIEN

Wait! You forgot your notebook!
(sniff, frown)
Great Gatsby, young artist, get a hold of yourself!

Poof, he's gone again. Beat.

EDGAR

Incredible!

Exit Edgar.

INTRO GRAPHIC: THE HERO**INT. IRB LITERARY AGENCY, BUSY WAITING ROOM, MORNING**

LINDSAY (23) is Kelly's charming, confident, and "carpe diem"-roommate. She waits in a packed room for a competitive job interview at the illustrious "I Read Books" (IRB) Literary Agency. She is the only female candidate. While her male competitors looks wary and nervous, Lindsay is cool as a cucumber. She checks her phone, watches an old Craig Ferguson video with the volume turned all the way up, laughs out loud, and makes everyone around her uncomfortable.

LINDSAY

(to herself)

That Craig Ferguson is such a flirt! Ooh-wee!

SAM (44) is a stone-faced, Latin-American job candidate seated across from Lindsay. As the rest of the men become more uncomfortable, Sam appears to become more agitated. He remains composed and speaks in a measured tone.

SAM
Will you turn that down?
(Lindsay looks up)
Please?

There is a momentary stare down between the two. Lindsay smacks her gum, offers a fake smile, and acquiesces.

LINDSAY
Sure thing, bub!

Lindsay turns off phone and stares at Sam. Sam, unintimidated, stares back.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

SAM
It's Sam. And yours?

LINDSAY
Lindsay.

SAM
Lindsay? From the Scottish surname... tell me, Lindsay, are you a Scott?

LINDSAY
Welsh-Hungarian, if you can believe it. That's why I'm so well hung.

SAM
Hilarious. Are you here for an interview?

LINDSAY
Aren't you?

SAM
I am. I've applied to be IRB's regional manager. Yourself?

LINDSAY
Some sort of agent or something, I don't really know. I responded to some job board and then BAM I got an interview. So now I'm here.

SAM
You don't even know what you're interviewing for?

LINDSAY

Not at all. Interviews aren't about the job- they're about the person. Anybody can do these shitty jobs. What people want to see is confidence. And me?

(reclines, puts arms around uncomfortable neighbors)

I've got plenty of it.

Sam is not entertained. An OFFICE ASSISTANT calls for him.

OFFICE ASSISTANT

Hancho? Sam Hancho? We'll see you now.

SAM

That's me. It was... well we met, didn't we? Good luck with your interview.

Sam extends his hand for a shake.

LINDSAY

You too, dude!

Lindsay high fives his extended hand. Sam rolls eyes and exits.

LINDSAY

(under breath)

Asshole.

Lindsay returns to her comfortable seated position and pulls out her phone to call "Kelly - Roomie". The phone rings.

INT. PUPPYMILL PET BARN, CAGE ROOM, SAME TIME

Kelly is busy at work. We can't see much, but she is bent over and is aggressively scrubbing something. A vein is about to pop out of her forehead when her phone rings. She jumps and answers it quickly without looking.

KELLY

Puppymill Pet Barn, this is Farmer Kelly, how can I help you?!

Zoom out to reveal Kelly is in cage scrubbing dog poop. It's one cage in a large pyramid-like stack of cages full of parrots, dogs, bats, other birds, cats, one tiger, etc... Zoom back in on Kelly.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

LINDSAY

Woah there, roomie. Chill with the mill, dog! Isn't this your personal line?

KELLY

Oh, yeah. I forgot. What's up?

LINDSAY

Not shit.
 (burps, blows it in
 neighbors face)
 How's work?

KELLY

Someone let Domino the mastiff eat Dominos the pizza last night and now I'm stuck cleaning up his carry-out.

LINDSAY

That's because no one out pizzas the hut.

KELLY

It's not so bad, though. When I'm done with this one, I'll only have...

Kelly dashes to check all around cage pyramid super quick and returns to phone call.

KELLY (CONT'D)

184 left to go.

LINDSAY

And they're all full of shit?

KELLY

Only most of them, Linds. Only most of them. My plan is do the shit cages first and save the best for last.

LINDSAY

Is there really a "best" in this scenario? You got to get out of there. You're better than this! I got something for ya - I 'm about to go crush this interview, and after I do I'm going to need a hot, young author to promote. You write nerdy stories, so you should quit your job and come write for me.

KELLY

You want me to quit my job before
you even have an interview and I
even write a book?

LINDSAY

Yep. Hold on.

Lindsay fidgets uncomfortably for a moment and then leans
hard to her right. She rips a huge, time-consuming fart and
breathes a sigh of relief. Her neighbor passes out.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Oh, my gosh. So much better. What
were we saying?

KELLY

That's going to be a no on me
quitting my job today.

LINDSAY

Whatever, your loss.

OFFICE ASSISTANT

Lindsay? Lindsay *Koch-ser*?

LINDSAY

Actually, it's pronounced
"Cocksure".

OFFICE ASSISTANT

Oh, my.

LINDSAY

(to phone)

Later, roomie.

KELLY

Later.

Click, click.

INT. LITERARY AGENCY OFFICE, WAITING ROOM, SAME TIME

Lindsay takes deep breath, closes eyes, stands up with a
big, confident smile, and makes her way past the office
assistant.

LINDSAY

How do ya do, doll?

INT. PUPPYMILL PET BARN, CAGE ROOM, SAME TIME

Before Kelly can even turn off her phone, enter FRANCINE (55), the overworked Puppymill Pet Barn manager who always has a cigarette in her mouth. She's here to rip Kelly a new one.

FRANCINE

Kelly! My office! Now!

Exit Francine. Kelly looks scared. A bird poops on her.

INT. PUPPYMILL PET BARN, FRANCINE'S OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER

Francine's office is an episode of "Hoarders" waiting to happen. The photos on the wall are crooked and have faces torn out of them. Books have mostly given way to stacks of magazines and empty "Cloves" cigarette boxes. Francine sits behind her desk in front of a wall with a large smoke stain on it. Even her aquarium is filled with too many goldfish, many of whom are smoking. Kelly is seated across from Francine.

FRANCINE

Why the hell you on your phone during work hours?

KELLY

I'm sorry, I didn't plan to, it's just-

FRANCINE

Didn't plan to? *Didn't plan to?* That's a riot. What kind of plans do you have, shit scooper?

KELLY

Well, I plan to keep working here until I can make it as an author. I plan to make it as an author as soon as I plan out a good story. I plan for a planning session once a week to do more planning.

FRANCINE

Geez, kid. You should try smoking.

Just like last night, the room suddenly explodes with light and reveals a powerful, glowing Rolkien with the magical notebook. Kelly is knocked back and Francine's cigarette explodes in her face. She blinks, pulls out another, lights it.

KELLY
You... you're real?!

ROLKIEN
Do we really need to review this,
young artist?

Kelly pinches and slaps herself trying to wake up. Nothing.
She turns to camera.

KELLY
I know what I must *do-do*.

Kelly grunts.

ROLKIEN
Gross!

Rolkien throws notebook and hits Kelly in the chest.

ROLKIEN (CONT'D)
There! You awake yet, dumb-dumb?

KELLY
But, this... it's all real?!

ROLKIEN
(exasperated)
Young artist, you have much to
learn. You are coming with me...
again.

Rolkien snaps fingers and the two disappear in a cloud of
smoke. Francine remains motionless except to puff cigarette.
Zoom in to aquarium on ONE TOUGH LOOKING GOLDFISH, who
throws down his cigarette in disgust.

ONE TOUGH LOOKING GOLDFISH
That's it! I'm quitting forever!

INT. KELLY AND LINDSAY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, DAY

The living room appears to be empty, but only for a moment.
Suddenly, a flash of orange this way, a flash of orange that
way, stop: Edgar freezes, stares into camera. He's off
again, only seen as a flash as he darts from one area to the
next. Finally, he comes to a stop underneath the coffee
table, still staring at the camera.

EDGAR
Meow.

Edgar presses a hidden button. ZIP, he flies down a
whimsical secret tube to land in his SECRET LABORATORY.

INT. EDGAR'S SECRET LABORATORY, SAME TIME

Edgar dashes behind a curtain, back out dressed like a 1950's science-fiction doctor. He dramatically zips from carefully pouring vials to reading through a thick text to standing in front of his large COMPUTER, where he takes a moment to think.

EDGAR

Computer?

COMPUTER

Yes, master?

EDGAR

Pull up my quantum interdimensional phasing equations. I need to see them again.

COMPUTER

Again, master?

EDGAR

Yes... again.

COMPUTER

As you wish.

A large series of complicated equations fills the screen before Edgar, who reads over it while talking to himself.

EDGAR

Yes, let's see here... Carry the one, yes... subtract the inverse, of course... and if you sum all that up you should have...

COMPUTER

The ability to phase between dimensions, master?

EDGAR

But, of course!

COMPUTER

But is it even possible, master?

EDGAR

Theoretically! My equations proved it years ago!

COMPUTER

But you never went through with the experiments...

EDGAR

They were too dangerous, computer!
Why risk one of my precious lives
when my equations could prove it?!
But then, this morning... I saw it
done.

COMPUTER

Saw *what* done, master?

EDGAR

I couldn't believe it, but I saw
it: a wizard, ghostly in
constitution, phased in and out of
our dimension, right before my very
eyes. Twice!

COMPUTER

Wonderful news, master! Then your
calculations, they are correct?

EDGAR

They must be.

COMPUTER

Then that means...

Edgar slowly turns and looks at an old, bulky, dust-covered
INTERDIMENSIONAL QUANTUM PHASER in the corner. He dashes to
it and rips the cover off. Clunkily, the machine turns on.

EDGAR

It... is alive! And I... I must go
through it.

COMPUTER

As you wish, master.

EDGAR

Run the equations one more time,
computer.

(admires machine)

I must be certain.

ACT TWO

INT. IRB LITERARY AGENCY, HR OFFICE, LATE-MORNING

Lindsay is in the middle of an interview, which is going
well. Her interviewer, CAROL (43), is a plump and friendly
mother-type who appears to be smitten with Lindsay. She
hangs on to every word of Lindsay's story.

LINDSAY

*-... and the cafeteria is full of
pancakes inside of an ice cream
tower. That, Carol, is where I see
myself in five years.*

CAROL

Oh, my! That in no way answers my
question, but I am just delighted
by your passion!

LINDSAY

Thanks, Care. Say, do you mind if I
call you that?

CAROL

Not at all!

LINDSAY

You're a doll, a real Care Bear to
be exact. I forgot what your
question was, but at this point,
who cares?

CAROL

I certainly do not!

LINDSAY

(winks)

That's what I like to hear.

CAROL

I've heard everything I need to. No
more interviews - you're hired!

LINDSAY

Knew it. Thanks a ton, Care.com-
(stands to exit)
See you at lunch.

Lindsay walks toward the exit.

CAROL

And you're available to start
today, correct?

Lindsay stops dead in her tracks.

LINDSAY

Say whaaaat?

CAROL
 Your new job! It starts today. We were very clear about that in the posting. I hope that won't be a problem, Miss Kochser.

Lindsay gulps, smiles, sits back down.

LINDSAY
 No, no... of course not. I'd be happy to... *work today.*

CAROL
 Super! Oh, you're going to fit in so great, honey.

LINDSAY
 So great.

CAROL
 It's great.

LINDSAY
 It's so great.

CAROL
 This is going to be great.

LINDSAY
 I can't wait.

CAROL
 Why wait? It's already great.

LINDSAY
 So great.

CAROL
 So great.-

CUT TO:

INT. CREATIVE VOID, WHITE SPACE, TIMELESS

Kelly appears alone in vast, white void with the magical notebook on her chest. She scrambles to her feet, shocked. Rolkien's voice fills void.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)
 Okay, young artist, what part of last night's big reveal do I need to repeat for you?

KELLY

I have so many questions right now.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

One at a time.

KELLY

Where are we?

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

We, young artist, are in the Creative Void. It is an extra-dimensional blank canvas where you will bring worlds to life.

KELLY

You know how some answers generate more questions? This is one of those answers.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

Young artist, just listen! Your big, stupid ears aren't being used properly.

Finger snap. Kelly grows "Dumbo" ears, which perk up.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)(CONT'D)

Everything you write in that notebook is real. This is the space that it comes to life in. Open the notebook and see.

Kelly, freaking out about the ears, opens notebook to front page. Rolkien, voice booming, narrates as she reads.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

Whoever possesses this magical notebook possesses the magical powers of creation. Anything you write in this notebook will come true, as soon as the story has begun. Use this notebook wisely, and it will bring you great fortune and acclaim. Use it foolishly and you will know pain like no man has known before.

KELLY

Pain no man has known before... pregnancy?

ROLKIEN

Pregnant with the knowledge of good and evil, perhaps. Flip to the latest entry.

Kelly flips to today's date followed by a passage, read by aloud by Rolkien.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

Thursday: create a white magical void for new possessor of notebook to practice in. Be sure to make it extra white.

KELLY

Holy crap!

POOF, Rolkien appears.

ROLKIEN

You're telling me!
(looks around)
I think it's more of an eggshell.

KELLY

I still don't understand, why are you giving this to me?!

ROLKIEN

Fate, young artist, has chosen you! I know not beforehand whom shall receive the notebook or why. I am only your guide.

KELLY

You, the ghost of my dead hero, the greatest fantasy writer of all time, J.R.K. Rolkien, are my guide?

ROLKIEN

Of course, young artist. This is too great a power to just hand over. Now go on, give it a try.

KELLY

W-what should I write?

ROLKIEN

That decision, young artist, is up to you and you alone.

KELLY

But I didn't plan anything for this.

ROLKIEN

Oh, phooey!

Rolkien rolls eyes, snaps fingers, disappears.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)(CONT'D)

You plan too much! You will never be a great artist until you learn to just write!

KELLY

But how will I know what to write without an outline?!

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

Oh, young artist, you are so naïve. Everyone thinks they have a plan...

The notebook disappears from Kelly's hands. We can hear Rolkien scribbling something. The notebook appears back in Kelly's hands.

KELLY

What's this? What are we doing?

Three huge, ugly, distinct, and blood-thirsty monsters materialize around Kelly, who freezes.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

Everyone thinks they have a plan, young artist, until they are surrounded by three carnivorous demons desperate to feast on human flesh. Write your way out of this one, young artist. Write like your life depends on it - because it does!

KELLY

What?!

The three monsters quickly move in on Kelly. She dodges one, slides by another, and runs away from the third one. They give chase while Kelly screams.

KELLY

Help me!!!

ROLKIEN (O.S.)

Help yourself, young artist. Don't think, just write!

KELLY

Ahh!!!

Kelly runs off into distance, tripping over her big ears, with the monsters hot on her trail.

INT. IRB LITERARY AGENCY, MAZE OF CUBICLES, AFTERNOON

Carol leads Lindsay down the cramped hallway to her new cramped cubicle. The desk is held together by gum and paperclips, there is already a tower of paper on it, and the trashcan is surrounded by very large flies.

CAROL

Here ya go, hon... oh, you're going to fit in just great!

LINDSAY

So great.

Exit Carol.

CAROL

(voice trailing)
So great...

Lindsay looks at papers, sighs. She jumps when someone knocks on her wall.

LINDSAY

Who is it?!

SAM

So they wanted you to start today too, huh?

Lindsay turns around, is shocked.

LINDSAY

You?!

SAM

Looks like we both got the jobs we wanted, right? You got the junior literary agent position and I got my job as... your boss.

LINDSAY

You're my boss?!

SAM

(changing tone)
That's regional manager to you, missy!

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Now your con-woman bullshit may have charmed Carol but it won't work with me. You are going to bring me talent, or you are going to be fired, got it?!

LINDSAY

I have to bring you talent?!

SAM

Ha! You still don't know what the job is! Get started on that stack of papers, Miss Kochser. It's just your introductory packet.

Lindsay's eyes widen at "Leaning Tower-esque" stack of papers.

SAM (CONT'D)

You're a junior literary agent for now, Kochser, but unless you bring me some fresh talent by Friday, which is tomorrow, you'll be unemployed by Monday, which is next week!

LINDSAY

That's a complicated threat!

SAM

It's not a complicated threat, missy... it's a complicated promise.

Exit Sam. Re-enter Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Just so we're clear, bring me a new author by tomorrow, which is Friday, or else...-

LINDSAY

-... or else I'm fired before Monday, got it.-

SAM

- Over the weekend, that's right. Good. Good.

Exit Sam. The stack of papers leans harder, making a cracking noise like a tree falling.

LINDSAY
 Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu-

CUT TO:

INT. CREATIVE VOID, WHITE SPACE, TIMELESS

Kelly, instead of using the notebook, is still just running, screaming, and tripping over her ears, barely out of reach of the monsters. A small, semi-transparent image of Rolkien appears next to Kelly, fleeing with her.

ROLKIEN
 Why are you still running, young artist? The power is in your hands.

KELLY
 This is a freaking notebook! Filled with blank pages! Those are bloodthirsty-monsters! There is no plan for this scenario!

ROLKIEN
 Again with the planning and calculating, young artist. One has no plan for true discovery. Stop running from your monsters. Turn around and face them, one by one.

Kelly peeks back as he's telling her this. She's thinking about it.

KELLY
 I should stop running?

ROLKIEN
 Stop running, young artist. Turn around and face them.

Rolkien fades away. Kelly slows down to a stop as the monsters surround her, licking their chops.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)
 Write your way out, Kelly.

Kelly opens the notebook, which shines with a fresh, blank page. The demons close in as she scribbles. They all pile on top of her like a rugby scrum. Kelly disappears beneath them. The monsters are sure of victory. But, after a few moments, they begin to evaporate and reveal Kelly scribbling furiously in her notebook.

ROLKIEN (O.S.)
*That's it, young artist! You're
 doing it!*

The white void starts to give way to mountains, rivers, and valleys. Kelly continues to scribble.

KELLY
 I think I'm doing it!

Kelly's ears shrink back to normal. Rolkien, in full form, reappears next to Kelly.

ROLKIEN
 You're doing great, young artist!
 Keep going!

INT. IRB LITERARY AGENCY, LINDSAY'S CUBICLE, AFTERNOON

Lindsay, shaky from caffeine, tries to speed read through the large stack of material, but isn't making much progress. DERRICK (32), African-American, fellow junior agent, enters carrying another large stack.

DERRICK
 When your done with that first
 part, they want you to get started
 on these...

Derrick drops papers on desk. The weight of the stack causes the desk to collapse. Derrick jumps but Lindsay doesn't react. Calmly, she turns to Derrick. Derrick seems a little scared.

LINDSAY
 Tell me, Derrick, you're a junior
 literary agent, correct?

DERRICK
 Top Junior Agent for three months
 running.

LINDSAY
 And how long have you been a junior
 agent?

DERRICK
 Four years.

LINDSAY
 Perfect. Now tell me, Derrick, is
 there anything more to this job
 than just reading stacks of papers?

DERRICK

Not at all! Unless you like, land the next J.R.K. Rolkien or something like that, which is just crazy.

LINDSAY

Come again?

DERRICK

If you can land a huge client, like a world-renowned science-fiction/fantasy author, then you'll be rich! And rich people don't read stacks of papers unless they want to.

LINDSAY

I see... thank you, Derrick.

DERRICK

So are we just not going to talk about the desk?

LINDSAY

I said thank you!

Derrick scurries out. Lindsay scrambles through her purse for her phone and again scrolls to "Kelly - Roomie" and hits dial. Phone starts to ring. Going once. Going twice.

INT. CREATIVE VOID, "NEW FALKSHIRE", SAME TIME

Close-up on Kelly's cell phone in her back pocket. We see it buzzing and lighting up, but Kelly doesn't do anything about it. Slowly pull out. The magical void is transformed into Kelly's approximation of a Falkshire-type world. Kelly, riding a dragon next to Rolkien, is having too much fun to notice her phone and misses the call.

INT. LITERARY AGENCY, LINDSAY'S CUBICLE, CONTINUED

Lindsay screams in frustration. She looks up to see Sam standing in her doorway and freezes. Sam shakes his head.

BACK TO:

INT. MAGICAL VOID, WHITE SPACE

Kelly calls out to Rolkien, who is also having fun riding a nearby dragon.

KELLY

So I can just write myself
invincible?!

ROLKIEN

Young artist, if you can write it,
you can do it. Check it out!

Rolkien aims staff and shoots Kelly with energy blast point
blank. Blast bounces off unharmed Kelly and takes out a
nearby dragon.

ROLKIEN

Woah! Didn't see that coming!

KELLY

I didn't plan that either!

Kelly thinks about it, takes out the notebook again,
scribbles something, and then, POOF, back to the white void.

KELLY

So, when I write in the notebook, I
just put everything into motion.

ROLKIEN

Precisely, young artist. You can't
control every *single* detail for
your reader. You just provide the
important ones, your reader will
fill in the rest.

KELLY

So I set the story into motion-

ROLKIEN

-and off it goes. You can stop it
at anytime. As long as your in a
creative space like this one, you
can undo anything.

KELLY

I think this is the creative spark
I've been searching for.

ROLKIEN

It is the creative spark all
artists search for, since time
immemorial. You, young artist, have
been handed the philosopher's
stone!

(MORE)

ROLKIEN (CONT'D)

You need not search and wonder any longer, young artist, for this is how I created the Falkshire, for both print *and* film!-

KELLY

(doesn't care)

Can I use the notebook *outside* of the magical void?

ROLKIEN

Err... no. So don't try it. Ever.

Kelly is suspicious of that answer.

ROLKIEN (CONT'D)

Now, come on! More dragon fighting!

KELLY

(shrugs)

Okay!

Kelly scribbles in notebook and they are back off on the backs of their dragons.

KELLY

Woo-hoo!

INT. EDGAR'S SECRET LABORATORY, LATER

Edgar cleans, primps large interdimensional quantum phaser. He dashes back to his computer.

EDGAR

Computer... you're taking too long. Tell me: what have you found?

COMPUTER

You know me well, master. Recalculations confirm your equations to be correct.

EDGAR

Egad!

COMPUTER

But, master, and this is a big but - we cannot rule out computational irreducibility errors.

EDGAR

I see... go on.

COMPUTER

You understand, master, that even the slightest error, the slightest variance of reality from the equation, could result in the gravest of errors. You could come back as something other than yourself, or worse... *not at all.*

Edgar, face only lit by the screen, is taking all this in.

EDGAR

You're saying, dear computer, that no matter how beautiful of an equation I concoct, there is no way to be sure of its validity until it has been tested in the real world-

COMPUTER

-yes, master-

EDGAR

-and that, in my case, any slight deviation from the equation the real world may present could in fact greatly alter my ability cross back and forth between parallel realities safely and in my original form??

The interdimensional quantum phaser, on cue, lights up behind Edgar.

COMPUTER

Precisely, master. You understand exactly what I'm saying.

Edgar turns towards his interdimensional quantum phaser, which opens up a bright portal. Now Edgar is lit by the portal light only.

EDGAR

But of course, dear computer. I suppose these are the dangers of my chosen profession.

COMPUTER

Science-fiction scientist?

EDGAR

I am a science-fiction scientist.

(sighs)

Well, no point in delay. If I don't make it, dear computer-

COMPUTER

-yes, master?-

EDGAR

-make sure nobody touches my stuff!

Edgar, with a wild grin, dashes toward and into the machine. Big ZAP, he's gone.

COMPUTER

... now how am I supposed to do that?

ACT THREE

INT. PUPPYMILL PET BARNS, FRANCINE'S OFFICE, LATE AFTERNOON

Francine sits exactly as before with exploded cigarette hanging from mouth. Time hasn't frozen, she just hasn't moved. Zoom in on aquarium - ONE TOUGH LOOKING GOLDFISH is leading an "AA" type meeting.

ONE TOUGH LOOKING GOLDFISH

*... and I haven't touched another
smoke since!*

The other goldfish clap, but are soon interrupted by POOF - Kelly re-appears in blinding fashion. The fish scatter, except for one.

ONE TOUGH LOOKING GOLDFISH (CONT'D)

Well, today just ain't my day.

Pulls out four cigarettes, lights them all, inhales.

ONE TOUGH LOOKING GOLDFISH (CONT'D)

I'm back, baby! Woo-hoo!

Francine snaps back to it.

FRANCINE

Kelly?! What the hell is-

KELLY

Cut the crap, Francine! I don't want to hear it.

In one swift and very cool motion, Kelly spins, kicks just the cigarette out of Francine's mouth, grabs another smoke off the table, lights it, and throws it back into Francine's mouth. Francine sits back stunned but satisfied.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm tired of working at PuppyMill
Pet Barns! I'm not even sure what
we are! Are we a puppy mill? Are we
a pet store? Is what we're doing
right or wrong, Francine?!

FRANCINE

(big puff)

Well, technically...-

KELLY

Make like Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2
and pop-shove it, Francine. I'm out
of here.

Triumphant Kelly turns to exit. Francine is suddenly
emboldened.

FRANCINE

You think you can just quit? Ha!
You'll starve! You'll be back here
begging for your job by next week!

Rolkien's semi-transparent ghost re-appears next to Kelly,
who only she can see. They wink. Kelly turns around.

KELLY

I'll tell you what I'm going to do-

FRANCINE

-Did I ask?-

KELLY

I'm going to write! I'm going to
write stories!

FRANCINE

-I do not remember asking-

KELLY

I'm going to be an author,
Francine! It wasn't my plan to do
it like this, but I'm living it
now! Carpe diem, Francine!

FRANCINE

-Weren't you leaving?-

KELLY

-So goodbye, cruel capitalist
oppressor! My life begins now!

Kelly turns and marches off with the ghost of Rolkien in tow. Francine shrugs, touches intercom to speak with receptionist.

FRANCINE

Karla, I need more cigarettes.

(beat)

Do we have any more Cloves?

INT. IRB LITERARY AGENCY, LINDSAY'S CUBICLE, EVENING

Defeated Lindsay packs up for the night. She has shoddily rebuilt her desk using the stacks of unread papers as support. She turns off the light, exits cubicle. Suddenly, Sam is right up in her grill.

SAM

Tomorrow, Kochser...

LINDSAY

Stop it!

Lindsay pushes him away and runs like she's in a horror scene. Sam, unbothered, calls out to her.

SAM

You bring me some fresh meat by Friday, Kochser, or you're dead meat!

Lindsay shrieks, runs down hallway. Lights flicker as Sam cackles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Mwa-ha-ha-ha! You're a goner, Kochser, a goner!

INT. EDGAR'S SECRET LABORATORY, SOON AFTER

The machine sparks and squeals a horrific noise, but Edgar still hasn't returned. Everything seems to be short-circuiting and, suddenly!, all the power shuts off. Beat. Everything turns back on, but at FULL VOLUME X 10. The machine spits Edgar out and turns off, seemingly exhausted. Edgar looks... different.

COMPUTER

... Master?

(beat)

Master Edgar?

Nothing. Beat. Then, he springs to life. When he jumps up, you can see it: Edgar, due to some unforeseeable variable, has transformed into an orange opossum ("oh-possum") slightly resembling Garfield. He raises his tiny fists to the sky. His voice is higher pitched.

EDGAR
Incredible! I've done it!

Edgar notices he can't see his arms. He looks down, panics.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
What's this?!

COMPUTER
Oh, Master! You have come back as an opossum!

EDGAR
But.. How?! How could this be?! My calculations... they we're correct!
(falls to opossum knees)
My interdimensional foibles have now turned me into an opossum, the most vile of creatures! Oh, why? Why did I play God?!

Quantum phaser sparks in background.

COMPUTER
We will change you back, master!
I'll begin the calculations now!

Computer, true to his word, lights up and beeps, seemingly in a fury.

EDGAR
We will, computer! By Jove, we will! Curse you, computational irreducibility! Curse you!

Edgar dramatically falls to knees with a cry. Computer joins his wailing.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
Does this count as one of my lives?? How many lives does an opossum have?!

INT. LINDSAY AND KELLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, EVENING

Kelly kicks open door with some pizazz. Rolkien floats close behind.

With her new found love for not planning things, she is making changes seemingly at random. She excitedly rearranges the space.

KELLY

And what if this went here? Or how about this, over here? Should it be upside down? Why not!

ROLKIEN

Tell me, young artist, are you feeling... well?

KELLY

I'm feeling great, ghost of my favorite author, sir, I'm feeling great! Nothing is planned anymore! Anything can happen at random! I'm just going with the flow, baby!
(re-arranges pillows)
That's better. Or is it? Who cares!

ROLKIEN

Despite what you may say, young artist, you do not seem to be doing well at all.

KELLY

You're right.

Kelly, nearly in tears, takes a breath, takes a seat.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You're right. I need to chill. I should chill.

ROLKIEN

That's right, young artist, rest. Your brain needs sleep to be creative.

KELLY

That's right...

Kelly begins to doze off. Lindsay, who normally kicks the door down, swings her leg and falls on her face because the door has already been kicked open.

ROLKIEN

That's my cue!

Rolkien disappears before Lindsay notices.

LINDSAY

Did something happen to the door?
You know what, forget it. I've been
calling all over for you. Where
have you been?!

KELLY

I've been, uh...-
(puts notebook in couch)
I've been busy living in the
moment, Linds!

LINDSAY

Oh?

KELLY

That's right! I seized the day and
quit my job.

LINDSAY

Wait, so does that mean?

KELLY

That's right, roomie! You're
talking to your new author!

LINDSAY

Hell yeah! You just saved my job!
Let's party!

Lindsay kicks an adjacent jukebox and the party has begun.
Lights flashing, Kelly leaps from the couch and they dance.
A moment passes before Edgar joins in, dancing as if he
weren't an orange opossum. Lindsay and Kelly notice the
unknown opossum in their living room and come to a stop,
frowning. Lindsay kicks the jukebox again, stopping the
music.

LINDSAY

What the fuck is that?

KELLY

Is that a fucking opossum?!

LINDSAY

Gross!

KELLY

Disgusting!

Zoom in on Edgar, panicking and seeking to explain.

EDGAR

No! Can't you see?! It is I!,
Edgar, your beloved house pet!
Don't you recognize me?! Can't you
see my darting eyes and clever
mustache?! I am now in the form of
a vile opossum, yes, but this will
soon change. Computer is working on
it as we speak!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. EDGAR'S SECRET LABORATORY, SAME TIME

Computer watches cat video, cries.

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, SAME TIME

EDGAR

*Can't you see me?! Don't you
understand?!*

Zoom out. Reveal that when Edgar speaks, all the girls hear
are the high pitched squeals of a frantic opossum. Kelly
grabs the broom.

KELLY

Get! Get out!

LINDSAY

Shoo! Fucking orange rat, shoo!

Kelly and Lindsay chase Edgar around the apartment until he
leaps out a window, which Kelly slams shut. Exhausted but
relieved, they both plop onto the couch.

LINDSAY

Whew!

KELLY

Talk about living in the moment.

LINDSAY

You're telling me, sister. Sounds
like you and I had pretty similar
days but in totally opposite ways.

KELLY

That's a pretty apt summation,
Linds. And it rhymes!

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm just glad that our individual struggles could be resolved in a mutual way that strengthens our friendship.

LINDSAY

Isn't that nice?

KELLY

You know what? It is.

LINDSAY

Say, have you seen Edgar?

KELLY

You know how cats are.

Kelly and Lindsay shrug, turn on television. "Falkshire: Lord of the Falk" is on. Miniature, semi-transparent Rolkien appears behind them, munching on popcorn. Slow pan out.

OLDER KELLY (V.O.)

That's how my story began, just the same as yours, but a little different. I'm one of billions, just like you. The only difference is...-

Zoom all the way out to earth scale before super fast zooming in on magical notebook next to Kelly.

OLDER KELLY (V.O.)(CONT'D)

- I have a magical notebook.

BLACK OUT.