

INT FRANK GOBI'S OFFICE ARBORETUM OF LIGHT HOSPICE - DAY *

A sunny and cheerful space with a large window, 2 comfortable chairs and a cluttered but organized desk. *

There are information sheets on the walls for Neurolinguistic Shiatsu Bodywork and Yoga for the dying. Down the hallway is the private room of IRINA, a thin bald woman covered in bandages who is about to pass away from cancer. *

INT. ARBORETUM OF LIGHT HOSPICE ROOM - DAY *

A small room, calm and peaceful, decorated simply. The only piece of modern machinery is the hospital bed. There is candle light, incense burning and the faint sound of rhythmic breathing. On the bed lies IRINA, her body wasted away and her brown eyes strangely bright against the pale grey of her skin. *

FRANK GOBI is standing next to her bed. He is in his early 40's, medium height, athletic and handsome with salt and pepper hair, a goatee and an easy manner. *

He leans in and whispers quietly to IRINA. He strokes her cheek gently and she smiles weakly. Her skin begins to glow as a peace fills her and she prepares to die. *

Frank places his Oakley VR Visor on, then carefully lays a small lightweight black cloth attached to a few small electrodes across Irina's eyes. *

Frank gently takes both her hands in his and activates the VR cloth. There is the SOUND of agonal breathing. *

INT. ARBORETUM OF LIGHT HOSPICE HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

Irina begins to die. *

There is the sound of CLICKING every few seconds as Frank's Oakleys record the scene. IRINA is surrounded by lotus shaped mandala lights and brilliantly colored angelic light forms. They spin around her in a display of joy and light, gesturing upward and coaxing her to come with them. Her smile is beatific. *

The angelic forms gently lift the image of Irina's spirit out of her body and she rises into the air joyfully. Her body fills out, her hair grows long and lustrous as she is lovingly caressed by the angels. *

They guide her to the center of the fractal light pattern and *
 together they all blend into the light. The room goes dark. *
 Frank gently removes the VR cloth from Irina's eyes and *
 carefully places her hands crossed upon her now still chest. *
 He removes his Oakleys. *

INT. HUNG FAR LOW RESTAURANT PORTLAND OREGON - DAY *

Frank and HANS ULBRICHT, a middle aged portly Professor with *
 thick glasses, eat lunch in a bustling restaurant. *

They watch the 24 hour news station projected from the 3D *
 Wall Cube, a paper-thin monitor fabric that is mounted on at *
 least 1 wall in every room of a home. The images and *
 personalities on the screen can leave it at will and exist in *
 any room in the home that has a Cube, known as 'teleprowling. *
 In order to travel this way, a person can use the Omni-Net, *
 the universal wireless internet that can be accessed via *
 surgical modifications, sunglasses or visors. *

There is a breaking news story. The ANCHORWOMAN is 45, dark *
 hair and brown eyes, speaking crisply with a slight British *
 accent. *

ANCHORWOMAN *

(on screen) *

...According to the most recent *
 figures, yesterdays Channel *
 Emmanuel incident casualty count *
 stands at 193, with an additional *
 87 brain-deads whose consciousness *
 files were lost in the mainframe *
 file servers in Portland and *
 Albuquerque. Extensive efforts to *
 locate these souls using the sect's *
 Angel Gabriel search program have *
 failed. Let's go to a clip of the *
 architect of this disaster as it *
 unfolded live last night. This is *
 Patrick Bruce, also known as the *
 Pope of VR. *

There is a tall gaunt blonde man on the screen in a dingy *
 wool robe with wires springing from tattooed holes in his *
 forehead and jawline. *

He is a 'Trode head, a person who is permanently connected to *
 the Omni-Net via electrodes implanted in the body. They are *
 generally blind or close to it, often requiring the services *
 of a guide dog. *

He raises his arms high in a grand gesture.

PATRICK BRUCE

(chanting)

All is beautiful! We will all be
one! The media is you now!! Come
with me to the River Jordan and let
us immerse ourselves in the TRUE
LIGHT!

ANCHORWOMAN

If you're just joining us that was
Patrick Bruce as he led an
estimated 80,000 'Trode Heads in a
televised VR baptism. Tragically
many of the dead perished by
winding the 'Trodies around their
necks and strangling themselves in
fits of ecstasy. We were unable to
reach Mr. Bruce for comment.

HANS ULBRICHT

What a tragedy! Still, it was an
accident waiting to happen, and its
nothing compared to New-Tokyo! Now
that, my friend is a more dangerous
situation than any you can possibly
imagine.

FRANK GOBI

How do you figure?

HANS ULBRICHT

Urban dematerialization, my boy,
that is the defining phenomenon of
our times. Channel Emmanuel is a
regrettable situation, neural
technology gone awry. But an entire
city that disappears for a twelve
hour period each day of the week?

(beat)

Something happened after the mega-
quake of 2026, Frank, and I think
everything is going to change.
Access to knowledge has caused a
drastic shift in human evolution
and this is a new world.

FRANK GOBI

What do you think is happening over
there? This "New-Tokyo Flu" as they
are calling it?

HANS ULBRICHT
 (gesturing with his
 chopsticks)
 Don't ask me where Tokyo goes,
 okay? Shopping, to the movies, it
 takes a vacation. I don't know! The
 point is, it vanishes from 7 PM to
 7 AM. What I can tell you is that
 all our fancy-shmancy instruments
 in the sky above tell us is that
 there is a gradual signal
 transduction of frequencies moving
 from their lowest to highest...

FRANK GOBI
 (interrupting)
 Which means what, exactly? In
 fortune cookie language, please.

HANS ULBRICHT
 (slowly and clearly)
 It means just this. According to
 the data we are receiving, it
 appears that Tokyo is undergoing a
 state of Flux on an atomic and
 cellular level, perhaps triggered
 by the Mega-quake. We don't know
 why, and this is the big mystery.
 Using Karl Pribram's model, which
 picks up where Einstein left off..

FRANK GOBI
 (interrupting, musing out
 loud)
 The brain as a hologram
 interpreting a holographic
 universe?

HANS ULBRICHT
 (approvingly)
 Genius, wasn't it! But where does
 that leave time? Time is just
 another illusion. Did you know that
 there is a primitive tribe in Papua
 New Guinea that believes the
 universe actually ended millions of
 years ago? All this is simply the
 fallout, the dust settling down
 after the Apocalypse! Tell me
 something, Frank, and you can be
 honest. You're a great specialist
 in dream-time technologies.

(MORE)

HANS ULBRICHT (CONT'D)

Maybe time doesn't exist, or
alternatively it does, but
simultaneously, past present and
future all at the same time, just
laid out on different tracks. Maybe
Tokyo is just skipping from Track 1
to track 100, or to some other
place we don't know about. Do you
believe in reincarnation?

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FRANK GOBI

(evading the question)
I don't know. Not necessarily...

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HANS ULBRICHT

Isn't that what you've been working
on? Reincarnation and consciousness
navigation? Word gets around,
Frank.

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FRANK GOBI

(chuckling)
I'm not really in a position to
discuss my work. Truly, I'm simply
a anthropologist who specializes
in the afterlife!

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HANS ULBRICHT

(rising to leave)
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry. I
should have known better, of course
not. I really must be going, I have
to be back in class in 15 minutes.

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FRANK GOBI

Not to worry, Hans. There's really
nothing to discuss. Honest! Take
care and give my regards to
Melissa.

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EXT PORTLAND STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

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Frank is on his bicycle riding home after lunch, distracted
about his conversation with Hans.

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FRANK GOBI

DAMN!

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He swerves to avoid a 'Trode Head and his guide dog who has
wandered into the bike path.

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The man stumbles, suffering from extreme hand-eye dyslexia, a
side-effect of excessive "VR tripping."

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Frank's bike twists sideways and he loses control. *

He flies off and ends on the ground on his back. He has the *
wind knocked out of him and can only lie there, looking up at *
the faces staring down at him. *

TARA EVANS-WENTZ is a beautiful 37 year old woman with honey- *
gold hair and green eyes. *

TARA EVANS-WENTZ *
(In an authoritative *
voice) *
Move aside please! I'm a doctor! *

Tara peers down at him. She places her hand on his head and *
he instantly feels better as she performs a Chi Scan by *
running her hands over his body with a very practiced healers *
touch. *

Tara has a genetic modification that causes her skin, hair, *
and eye colors to change depending on her mood. Such things *
are as commonplace as body piercing and tattoos. *

TARA EVANS-WENTZ (CONT'D) *
(Concerned) *
I think you'll live. I can see your *
skull is in one piece, and you're *
internal organs don't appear *
damaged. That was quite a landing! *
I'm impressed. Can you sit up? Go *
ahead and try. *

Frank is able to catch his breath and sit up slowly. *

FRANK GOBI *
(smiling weakly) *
Have we met before? A past life, *
maybe? *

TARA EVANS-WENTZ *
(Laughing) *
No I don't think so. Not that I *
can recall, by the way! *

FRANK GOBI *
I'm alright, but what happened? *

TARA EVANS-WENTZ *
I think you were trying to avoid *
the dog, but I don't think you *
would've minded hitting that man! *

FRANK GOBI

Oh? You're right about that, those
'Trode burners are a menace to
traffic!

Frank begins to stand up slowly.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

(extending her hand to
shake his)

Hi, I'm Tara Evans. I know who you
are! You're professor Frank Gobi. I
have attended several of your
lectures, including your Clear
Light Workshop at the Arboretum.
You are really good! I think you
are onto something.

FRANK GOBI

(gasping a little as he tries to
stand)
Thanks!

Frank stumbles and briefly leans on Tara for support. They
both seem to enjoy the contact.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

I think you can manage on your own
now, go ahead and try a few steps.

FRANK GOBI

(wryly)
I think I'm going to have to push
this thing home.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

Do you have far to go?

FRANK GOBI

Um, let's see now. How about that
cafe over there?

(beat)

Listen, you saved me from a
concussion or even worse. I owe
you at least a drink for that, no I
insist. Coffee? Tea?

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

I'm afraid you're exaggerating, Dr.
Gobi!

FRANK GOBI

Please don't call me Doctor! It makes me feel like I'm grading optical chips.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

(laughing)

All right, I won't. If you'll call me Tara.

FRANK GOBI

I recall you saying you are a Doctor? Whatever you did, it really helped and I mean that sincerely. I feel much better, thank you.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

Thank you! Actually, I'm a Doctor of chi kung and I also practice herbal medicine.

FRANK GOBI

A healer.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

In a way, mostly I just help people help themselves. You're doing alright, and I really ought to get going.

FRANK GOBI

(gently pleading,
unwilling to be away from
her presence quite yet)

Please! I'm still a bit dizzy, to tell you the truth.

The air between them sizzles as they walk together towards the outdoor cafe where dogs and their human counterparts enjoy the summer heat.

EXT. VOODOO DOUGHNUT CAFE, OUTDOOR SEATING - LATE DAY

Frank and Tara sit across from each other, comfortably drinking tea and munching bacon maple bars.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

So, Gobi, what kind of name is that? It sounds like the Central Asian Desert. The Silk Road, teas and spices and Buddhist scrolls, all that.

FRANK GOBI

Yes, all that, but the name's been shortened. It was much longer at one time, something quite unpronounceable, from the Ugyur actually.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

I can relate to that, my name's been shortened as well.

FRANK GOBI

Oh really? We've got something in common, then. What was it originally?

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

It's rather a mouthful. My name's Tara O'Shaunessy Evans-Wentz.

FRANK GOBI

(grinning)

You're related to the W.Y. Evans-Wentz, the first Westerner to introduce the Tibetan Book of the Dead to the west! His other books Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines are classics! He was one of the early pioneers in East-West consciousness work.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ

He was my great great granduncle. Uncle Willy was sort of the black sheep of the family. He'd disappear for years at a time in India and Sikkim. He was a scholar, but he was also on the path. He was a big influence on my father so I was raised in Tibet during my early years.

Tara takes a sip of her water.

TARA EVANS-WENTZ (CONT'D)

That was after the fourteenth Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa, when Tibet finally became independent again. They needed all kinds of Western help to rebuild the country because the Chinese had left it in pieces. My mom was a nurse and my dad helped build the software industry up from scratch.

(MORE)

TARA EVANS-WENTZ (CONT'D)

He was a programmer at Microsoft,
but as they say, he found Tantra.

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FRANK GOBI

What a great childhood that must
have been!

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TARA EVANS-WENTZ

It was. In a sense, it was almost
like coming home again, with Uncle
Willy's historical connection to
that part of the world. We were
really well received with open arms
by everyone, including the Dalai
Lama.

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FRANK GOBI

(marveling)

You met the last Dalai Lama?

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TARA EVANS-WENTZ

(laughing)

I did. I'll never forget Tenzin
Gyatso as long as I live. Even
though I was just a little girl,
maybe 5 or 6 years old. He used to
slip me little sweets in the shape
of different gods and goddesses. He
called me Little Durga because I
was so full of energy, running
around and turning the Potala
upside down.

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FRANK GOBI

(In a serious tone)

I'd say you're more of a Kwan-Yin,
a goddess of mercy.

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TARA EVANS-WENTZ

(blushing)

I'd say you're exaggerating again,
Dr. Gobi. Well, there you have it.
My life story!

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FRANK GOBI

(desperately wanting to
keep hearing her voice)

Hardly! So you grew up in Tibet
until when?

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