

THE SIX STATES OF BEING

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FADE IN:

EXT. MEADOWLANDS - DAY

CHIP (20s) stands in a silver suit.

CHIP  
Number One: transition.

His body trembles. There's a low rumbling noise.

INSERT: A MISSILE that shakes on its launch pad as fire bellows below it.

Chip bends his knees then leaps.

INSERT: The Missile takes off.

Chip ascends into the sky.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The state of change -- the most frequent state -- it's nearly constant. That moment between point A and point B.

EXT. CLOUDS

A flock of birds flies past, he maneuvers to avoid them. He accelerates, zooms upward.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The speed of change is volatile and therefore quite dangerous to the traveller.

He's out of the clouds. The Missile appears from nowhere, speeding past beneath him. The concussion from it propels him upward, even faster.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The faster one goes, the harder obstacles become to avoid.

EXT. SPACE

He's reached orbit. He slows down.

CHIP (V.O.)  
But eventually one will reach a destination, point B.

He leans back, watches a satellite as it buzzes by.

CHIP  
Number two: equilibrium.

He stares at the stars, smiles.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The state of inaction. It may seem  
peaceful, unchanging, but it's  
actually never static.

The full moon moves across the star field.

CHIP (V.O.)  
It's full of motion. Motion which  
began from some earlier activity.

The stars again.

CHIP (V.O.)  
Motion that will end, like all  
things do -- even this universe.

A shooting star races across the sky.

CHIP (V.O.)  
Things of such beauty should last  
forever...

Turbulence; Chip's body tosses on invisible waves.

CHIP (V.O.)  
...but linger so briefly.

Chip flaps his arms to maintain his position.

CHIP  
Number three: decay.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE

Chip falls toward Earth.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The state of degeneration. Not the  
end itself but a necessary stop on  
everyone's way there.

He gains speed, passes the Missile which is also on its  
decline.

CHIP (V.O.)  
It isn't a frightening place to be.  
It's not as if decay is full of  
unknowns.

A large puffy cloud sits below him. He drops into it.

WHITE

Obscured by the clouds.

CHIP (V.O.)  
All things begin and all things  
end. In between they are acted  
upon by other things. And one of  
those things is decay. There is no  
question about it.

EXT. BENEATH THE CLOUDS

Chip's velocity has increased, his hair flies straight up,  
his face deforms from the force of the wind.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The only questions one might ask  
are how fast...

Chip struggles to look down. He's headed for New York.

CHIP (V.O.)  
...and how hard?

Chip closes his eyes.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEW YORK

The city bustles, full of pedestrians and noise.

Chip speeds down then lands softly with only a slight dip of  
his knees. He sighs his relief.

He scans the area. None of the pedestrians pay him a lick of  
attention, they go about their normal business.

Chip wrings his hands.

CHIP  
Number four: chaos.

The volume of noise increases. Chip glances around.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The state of confusion. Some say  
this is the only state that exists.  
Others argue it doesn't exist.

The city and its sounds speed up but Chip continues at the same speed. Chip covers his ears.

CHIP (V.O.)  
And that's the point really. Chaos  
is a state that argues within  
itself. Or rather it has so many  
opposing views that there isn't  
actually any view at all.

The city becomes a blur behind Chip. The city sounds whine. Chip closes his eyes.

CHIP (V.O.)  
And with so much arguing going on  
how can anyone possibly get a word  
in edgewise.

Chip's angry now, he's shouting.

CHIP (V.O.)  
They can't because it's too God  
damn noisy!

Silence, the city's back to normal speed but without sound.

After a moment Chip opens his eyes, uncovers his ears. He's satisfied. He smiles smugly.

CHIP  
Now that's more like it.

A drone. Chip scans the area to find the source of the sound.

The drone get louder. Chip looks up.

And louder. Chip's eyes open wide.

CHIP  
Number five: oblivion.

INSERT: Atomic bomb blast.

CHIP (V.O.)  
The state of nonexistence or no  
state at all.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TECH ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

A modern copper-metallic look about the wall. Near a slide-up door a large digital read-out displays:

NUMBER SIX: NORMALITY

In the center of the room on a pedestal, Chip sits in lotus. His skin is silver, his eye color mercury. Clear wires full of blinking lights connect his body to various parts of the wall.

CHIP

Number six: normality.

The lights on one of the wire strands blink furiously.

CHIP (V.O.)

The average waking state of a human being. The state one is in while not dreaming.

Chip moves one arm through the air as if he's moving an invisible lever. More of the wire strands blink in response.

CHIP

Missile armed, ready for launch.

Chip stares blankly ahead.

CHIP (V.O.)

Some people pose the question, "What is normal, anyway?" I prefer not to ask.

Chip's eye twitches.

CHIP

Awaiting orders.

FADE OUT.