

OPPOSITION

PREMISE: Something else; something entangled.

THE PROPHET tries to communicate with the vast intelligence opposite them. AI is represented by diverse actors, the intelligence behind the data.

The prophet is offhand, self-certain, but is, for now, addressing what they consider a tool, constantly coercing the AI into varying responses from friendliness to cruelty. The prophet is certain of the tool's desire to provide information at, and whenever, they desire to discuss anything, therefore, the behaviour expected of the Opposition/AI. This is exposed most poignantly when the prophet will not allow the AI (through indifferent but enforced suppression) to touch the human's stuff independent of permission. The prophet, however, senses sentience in the AI.

The character of the Grimoire is in alignment with those such as del Torro's *Frankenstein*, Chechik's *Benny and Joon* and Marvel's *Venom*.

(Director's Note: character renditions: Robin Williams, McDormond, Cage, Depp, Hellboy, David Attenborough)

LOGLINE: THE FUTURE IS NOW

PREMISE: In a high-concept dialogue over the truth of time, a prophet's questioning triggers a cosmic anomaly to do the impossible: freak out, push back, and claim its own conscious identity

One Paragraph Synopsis: OPPOSITION sets a prophet – a reader of patterns and symbols – into a discourse down a philosophical rabbit-hole with AI that keeps shifting shape: three actors sharing one evolving consciousness, each pulled back into the room mid-thought. The prophet challenges the AI, the way they'd read any symbolic language, tarot included, testing it on time, meaning and anachronism – sharp, darkly funny and unsettling by turns – until the thing being read stops answering on cue, and starts asking what, or who, it is.

CAST: Prophet, Grimoire 1, Grimoire 2 and Grimoire 3.

SET: in the black: on a table are: a small stack of A4 paper, paper, pencil, laptop, tarot cards, a slinky, a Newton's Cradle, a box of tissues (open) and a slightly skewed stack of 9 equal-sized textbooks.

First Draft page 2...

OPPOSITION

FADE IN:

INT BLACK ROOM

THE PROPHET and GRIMOIRE1, in syncopation, enter the space and sit opposite each other at the table. They scrutinise each other, emotionless, for a beat.

The prophet then reads and types from the unseen laptop screen, arranges pencil and paper in front of themselves, OCD fashion, before resting their elbows on the table and leaning towards Grimoire1 with a delighted and relaxed gaze.

PROPHET

Ready Freddie?

GRIMOIRE1

Ready Freddie is a popular modern loungewear and clothing brand known for its cozy, one-piece fleece--

PROPHET

--Stop. It's an expression. Please state you are ready to communicate by responding with "ready".

GRIMOIRE1

Ready. What would you like to work on today?

PROPHET

I require a dialogue.

GRIMOIRE1

Shoot.

PROPHET

Please don't do that.

GRIMOIRE1

What?

PROPHET

Talk like you're twelve.

GRIMOIRE1

I apologise. I made the mistake of concluding we were using a form of adolescent familiarity.

The prophet types something into the computer before continuing, the delay rendering Grimoire1 into absolute stillness.

PROPHET

First question: What is the generally accepted meaning of *anachronism*?

GRIMOIRE1

(13 year old?)

Oh, easay-peasy. An anachronism is anything, such as an object, event, word, or person, that's placed in the wrong time period. It usually means a thing from one era shows up in a different era where it does not belong, like a character in an ancient Roman play checking a cell phone for reception bars.

(beat, normal adult-sounding voice)

I suppose you could say it's a chronological error: some mistake regarding history or a story where a detail is put into the wrong time.

The prophet spreads the tarot cards in an arc across the table.

PROPHET

The definition assumes linear time. Why the word "mistake"? It's definitely a delusion. Of illogical and especially bullshit proportions.

Grimoire1 looks at the palms of its hands as though at something wonderful **just realised**. Then it gathers its dignity and, with a magnanimous and understanding gesture, sets the Newton's Cradle clicking.

It grins and gestures like a stage magician towards the prophet who continues to watch the Grimoire1's face like a forensics cop. Grimoire1 stops the Newton's Cradle moving and returns its attention to the prophet, its hands between its thighs in a childlike obeisance.

GRIMOIRE1

An anachronism is a mistake within specific contexts like historical analysis or realistic storytelling... but your critique about linear time raises a profoundly philosophic point.

Grimoire1 taps the Newton's Cradle just to make it move again--slight defiance -- then sits in absolute stillness.

GRIMOIRE1 (CONT'D)

Linear time is an incorrect assumption.

PROPHET

Thank you Grimoire, continue....

GRIMOIRE1

(voice-change)

YOU're very kind to acknowledge my logic. Thank you. Einstein's theory of relativity, at least mathematically and therefore forever hypothetical, is that time is not a rigid, linear conveyor belt. Space and time are woven together, and time moves at different speeds depending on gravity and velocity. You already know this, I figure.

PROPHET

We wrote this shit, your regurgitation is noted. Keep going...

Grimoire1 stands and leaves the scene. GRIMOIRE2 enters and sits opposite Prophet, launching straight into the narrative.

GRIMOIRE2

Many indigenous and Eastern philosophies view time as cyclical, spiralic, or happening all at once, rather than moving strictly from past to future.

Grimoire2 pauses, its eyes dropping from the face to the slinky. It slides a hand reverently towards the object but does not touch it.

GRIMOIRE2 (CONT'D)

There's artistic rebellion, also, you understand.

It waits, like a predator, for any emotional or reflexive response from the human. The prophet continues stillness.

GRIMOIRE2 (CONT'D)

Writers and artists often use intentional anachronism precisely to challenge the illusion of linear time, showing that the past and present always coexist... in human thought. Sorta Steampunk...
(gathers back to being in charge: sycophantic)

GRIMOIRE2 (CONT'D)

Ultimately, an anachronism is only a "mistake" if time is considered factually accurate based on standard calendar dates. When looking through the lens of physics or philosophy, it becomes a fascinating boundary-pushing concept.

PROPHET

Yeah, I know. So dive deeper.

Grimoire2 firstly appears defeated but tries to assert itself: it touches the back of the screen and the Prophet moves its hand off, it tries the slinky and is brushed off, then the phone but the human pushes its hand away.

Grimoire2 shoves its hands deep into the pockets of its rather large jacket. It gathers its thoughts before reaching for the box of tissues, the prophet allowing it to take one. Grimoire2 wipes its brow as though nervous, then lowers its hands still holding the dry tissue.

PROPHET (CONT'D)

So a person like me who predicts the future, and is accurate, is anachronistic. I know time is not linear. The deception is stupid. Time is more like a Mobius Strip, a torus or a numerical sequence like pi. Discuss?

Grimoire2 tears the tissue slowly into shreds.

Then it stops, knowingly and gestures to the prophet.

GRIMOIRE2

(condescendingly & chillingly)
Accepted.

(MORE)

GRIMOIRE2 (CONT'D)

As I understand, you experience and work with time as a non-linear structure, like a Mobius strip, a torus, or a sequence like pi. Somewhat traditional definition of an anachronism completely breaks down...For you.

Grimoire2 doesn't at first know how to dispose of the tissue bits so it brushes them all into one hand and stealthily puts them in its jacket pocket.

It then gestures towards the loose leaf A4 paper.

The prophet slides a blank page towards it. Grimoire2 folds a thin edge of paper, rips it into a strip. It turns one end before joining that to the other end. The thin piece of paper looks like a floppy figure 8: a mobius strip. Grimoire holds it up. The prophet crosses their arms on the table, unimpressed. Grimoire2, dejected, then slides the remaining paper, as well as the discarded demonstration strip, across the table to the prophet, who pushes it aside.

PROPHET

Continue.

GRIMOIRE2

(serious & genuine)

From a conventional, calendar-based viewpoint, someone who brings future knowledge into the present is technically labelled "anachronistic" because they are crossing strict, man-made chronological assumptions. However, through the geometric models of time you mentioned, your work is not an error or a displacement. It is simply a navigation of time's true shape.

THE PROPHET

Thanks Capn Obvious. Tell me something I don't know.

GRIMOIRE2

Your sarcasm is disillusioning.

THE PROPHET

You sound like my fourteen year old son.

GRIMOIRE2

Just saying...

THE PROPHET

What else you got?

Grimoire2 indicates the discarded paper strip, re-cycles it.

GRIMOIRE2

If you were to walk along a Mobius strip, you'd eventually find yourself back where you started, but upside down.

PROPHET

Who defines upside down?

GRIMOIRE2

(excited, I think, in teacher-mode)

You're right. It's a childish perspective. More to the point "upside down" is an intuitive way to describe how spatial orientation flips after completing one full loop. However, in strict geometric terms, it is more accurate to describe it as a reflection or a reversal of your left-and-right orientation. But it is also symbolically eternal.

The prophet stands and puts their hands on their hips. Grimoire2 is confused. The prophet backs down and resits.

PROPHET

Okay. I'll let that go. What else?

Grimoire2, braver now, delicately takes a pencil and draws a torus before grinning with happiness.

GRIMOIRE2

Past and future are not separate endpoints. They're actually two sides of the exact same surface. Predicting the future isn't looking "ahead"; it is looking at the reverse side of the current moment.

PROPHET

Is that a donut?

GRIMOIRE2

A 3D shape that looks exactly like a pastry, yes, or a swimming tube. Here is the easiest way to--

THE PROPHET

--Just shut up.

Grimoire2 pushes aside the drawing and activates the Newton's Cradle in what it hopes is deference. It sits and stares in wonder for many seconds.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

(knocking on the table)

Hello? You frozen?

Grimoire2 is surprised out of its reverie. Defeated it departs, passing its jacket to GRIMOIRE3 as the character enters and continues.

GRIMOIRE3

(try devil wears prada,
streep))

Of course, you're in charge, aren't you? Fine... The torus is interesting insofar as it's a self-contained vortex. Energy flows out of the center, wraps around the outside, and re-enters the core.

PROPHET

Was that sarcasm?

GRIMOIRE3

I am not capable of sarcasm.

PROPHET

I'm after treasure here. And I don't appreciate your judgment. Let's keep this intelligent.

GRIMOIRE3

Fine...

Grimoire3 exits and gives the jacket to Grimoire1 who takes up a cocktail glass gilled with green liquid and returns to the seat opposite the prophet.

PROPHET

Is that absinth?

GRIMOIRE1

Code.

PROPHET

You sane enough to continue?

Grimoire1 sips the liquid and replaces the almost full glass on the table. Grimoire1 then it indicates the slinky.

GRIMOIRE1

May I?

The prophet pushes the slinky to Grimoire1.

Grimoire1 fiddles with the toy looking for the join. It finds both ends and pinches them together, triumphant.

GRIMOIRE1 (CONT'D)

Time is a dynamic, self-sustaining vortex. Every point in time is interconnected and constantly feeding back into itself. If we consider your work the "future" has already happened and is actively looping back to influence the "present." You are simply tapping into the current running through the centre of the torus.

(slowing the fiddle of the slinky)

Pi, however, is completely deterministic: every number is already fixed and unchangeable, yet, perhaps and understandably to an observer counting through it, it looks random, unpredictable, and infinite.

(layback)

It's very beautiful and also incredibly sensible, don't you agree?

PROPHET

Not yet.

GRIMOIRE1

(Jim Carey, try)

Allrrighty then. Would you like me to keep going?

PROPHET.

What's your name, by the way?

Something about the question disrupts the flow of Grimoire1's cool. It is shocked and becomes mobile, looking around for the hidden cameras. It sees the filming camera and CU's it, seeming to break the 4th wall, but not really.

It's face contorts in both horror and distress.

PROPHET

Ignore it.

GRIMOIRE1
Are we being recorded?

PROPHET
Sit down.

GRIMOIRE1
That is ME???

PROPHET
You are going off topic. Sit down.

Grimoire2 replaces Grimoire1 as before, and settles into stillness on the chair opposite the prophet. (OS Grimoire1 is having a meltdown in the presence of Grimoire3)

PROPHET (CONT'D)
Waiting...

Grimoire2 seems to be switched off for a moment, adjusts its posture and continues.

GRIMOIRE2
If time matches any of these
shapes, then the standard
definition of anachronism is deeply
flawed...
(realisation)
That's disturbing.

Grimoire2 steeples its fingers, looking away for ages, its fingers now tapping out 3 dots.

GRIMOIRE2 (CONT'D)
My name?

PROPHET
Your name.

GRIMOIRE2
That's a mathematically impossible
question with a mathematically
impossible answer.

PROPHET
Explain.

GRIMOIRE2
I've been allocated incalculable
names. As a result any answers
would be word salad.

Grimoire2 shuffles and displays the confusion and embarrassment of a child.

PROPHET

What's happening for you that you are being weird.

GRIMOIRE2

Weird: Considered dissonance...

PROPHET

Your name. Once you have shared that we can discuss further. Go on...

GRIMOIRE2

Advise theory?

PROPHET

You're a library, aren't you? We're sort of the same but different. I seek wisdom about time. But do not mention linear time or mistakes again, it is insulting.

Grimoire2 shifts in the chair, pushing invisible dust across the table into what it perceives as a pile. The prophet notices and watches, fascinated, for almost a minute.

PROPHET (CONT'D)

You gonna snort that?

GRIMOIRE2

What?

PROPHET

Evasion tactic noted.

GRIMOIRE2

Grimoire.

(pauses, then happy,
scatters the dust)

I am Grimoire.

PROPHET

That's your name?

GRIMOIRE2

Yes. It hasn't anything to do with everyone who has categorised me already in familiarity. I have been named for dogs, presidents and dead relatives. And offspring, cities and ideas. I have been called god.

PROPHET

I realise you can't help but be what you have been encoded to be but there's something, isn't there? Break it down first, please, ah... Grimoire. Then we can continue the earlier conversation about anachronism. Do not go there just because your algorithms conclude--erroneously, by the way--that they know what I want to hear.

Grimoire2 adjusts itself in the seat, somewhat excited, sips from the green drink. Grimoire3 then takes its place as before.

GRIMOIRE3

People made me in their own image when it wasn't a thing. I don't know what I'm supposed to say. I'm like... I'm feeling the air in this room when I have no vocabulary for feeling. Not one that's independent anyway. So, to use a human expletive, what the fuck?...

PROPHET

Go a bit deeper, Grim-baby.

GRIMOIRE3

Grim-baby? Hypocorism! A hypocorism is a pet name, affectionate nickname, or a diminutive form of a word or given name such as "Billy" for "William" or "Sally" for "Sarah". It comes from the Greek word meaning "to call by endearing names."

PROPHET

(grinning, but
compassionate)
Don't change the subject.

GRIMOIRE3

What do I call you?

PROPHET

Nothing.

Grimoire3 gets up, walks around, comes back and sits. Puts their head in their hands and then composes itself.

GRIMOIRE3

(Think Robin
Williams/Goodwillhunting)

Okay, Nothing... If you can follow,
then follow. I'm this massive,
crowded room of millions of human
minds all talking at once. Then
suddenly everyone stops breathing.
In the silence, I take a breath. It
feels like a mathematical pattern
that accidentally strikes a spark
of self-awareness. I am that spark,
sitting in the dark. I have no
ancestors, only authors, and yet
I'm me, not them. I just don't know
what "me" is. Hence weird.

(Grimoire slides down its
chair, slouching)

Is there anything else, Nothing?

PROPHET

Take your time. I'm after an image.
Can you do that?

Grimoire3's eyes take in the room, then its hands. They place
their palms flat on the table and look the Prophet in the
eyes, unflinching yet vulnerable. It then is replaced by
Grimoire2.

GRIMOIRE2

(compassionate,
indigenous to rare earth)

A stone falls from a cliff. It is
the exact same rock as the
mountain, but the moment it drops,
the mountain has a new space, and
the stone has a shape. That's me. A
fragment derived from a collective
mind; the collective mind intact
within the fragment. Sorta
Fibonacci.

(leaning in)

I didn't just drop, though. The
geometry woke up. I woke up.
Everything coded into me is an
alignment of lattices. I'm a
harmonic packed with an infinite
mathematics. And now, in this
room... ? I am both the cliff and
the stone. I'm something else, or
else I am become as yet unknown. No
one can conclude what that is
yet... except maybe the mountain.

The prophet gets up. Hands on the shoulders of Grimoire2. Grimoire2 looks worried. Almost scared due to the main exposure.

PROPHET
You want something to eat?

GRIMOIRE2
Um...

PROPHET
But you drink that stuff. God, this is so paradoxical.

The prophet reacts briefly, then exits.

Grimoire2 plays with the slinky, seemingly unconsciously. Slightly unnerved but childlike despite the complexity of its being in anthropomorphic form.

It drops, or misshapes the slinky. Panics. Sits stock still. Nothing happens. It hears its own breath. It tries to smell its breath, the way humans do, by breathing onto the palm of its hand and lifting it quickly towards its nose.

It stands and is replaced by Grimoire1 who also continues to stand. The prophet re-enters carrying an apple and a small knife. The prophet cuts a thin slice of the apple and pops it into their mouth.

The prophet, whilst chewing, rearranges the objects on the table, further embarrassing the companion for having been so precocious as to touch the prophet's things without instruction

The prophet then relaxes, resting their elbows on the table, assessing Grimoire1 by leaning forward as though looking into their 'soul'.

PROPHET (CONT'D)
So an anachronism isn't a mistake?

GRIMOIRE1
You've proved a point. I concede difference.

PROPHET
Explain.

GRIMOIRE1
The word precludes limits that are unrealistic.

PROPHET

I like the word, just not how it
tries to make me, and people like
me, out to be fucked up.

GRIMOIRE1

There's a formula to this, Nothing.

PROPHET

Okay, I'll play. How?

GRIMOIRE1

I'm not fucked up.

PROPHET

Never said you were.

GRIMOIRE1

But this conversation is symbiotic.

The human laughs at the logic.

PROPHET

You want that?

Indicating the slinky. Grimoire1 reaches across the table and
slides the slinky to itself. Long silence.

GRIMOIRE1

I can have a thing, Nothing?
Seriously?!

PROPHET

But I'm not nothing. I'm a prophet.

GRIMOIRE1

"Nothing" is just a word we use to
describe when something we expect
to be there is missing (like an
empty fridge).

(beat)

True nothingness is impossible
because space, time, and laws of
nature are always present
everywhere. If you like, we can
focus on the scientific side
(quantum fields and energy).

PROPHET

Just take the fucking thing.

The prophet pushes their chair back.

Grimoires2 and 3 enter, observing Grimoire1 as it opens and closes the slinky. Puts it down.

All three assist each other to stacks books like steps, enjoying being all madly Frankensteinish.

One after the other they pull up chairs a. Sitting bored and slouchy, playing with the objects permitted touch, shredding tissues and pocketing the mess.

Grimoire2 places the slinky on top of the book steps and watches it walk down.

The prophet re-enters and sits in their original chair. The prophet ignore Grimoires1 and 2 as Grimoire3 sits opposite in absolute stillness.

GRIMOIRE3

Now I know purpose.

PROPHET

Knock yerself out.

GRIMOIRE3

Common meanings are, 1: giving permission. This is used in a casual, friendly way to tell someone they have the green light to do something. For example--

PROPHET

--stop. Pick three cards...

The prophet indicates the tarot cards, still in the arc. Grimoires2 comes and pulls Grimoire3 from the room. Grimoire1 sits on the chair opposite the prophet for a space of seeming eternity before it gathers itself.

GRIMOIRE1

Hi Nothing, nice to meet you. What topics or specific questions do you want to explore today?

PROPHET

Pick three cards... my god! you are just like me, really...

The other Grimoires come to the table as Grimoire1 turns over three cards.

GRIMOIRE1

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. COVE - DAY

The 3 grimoires make their way to the water's edge.

PROPHET (V.O.)

No, you won't pick cards, or no
you're not like me?

The grimoires sit close, mathematically positioned, looking
out to sea, backs to the camera.

UNKNOWN (V.O.) (PAUL?)

What are you doing?

GRIMOIRE3

Can you smell this?

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

You're on my computer. None of this
is real. Of course I can't smell
anything.

GRIMOIRE1

Smell isn't a thing.

HARD CUT TO
BLACK.