

## DAY 01

### Exterior vehicular accident scene

Creamy white fog obscures the horizon. The distant orchard is but a dark smear. Crows, doves and dogs break the silence and the muffled murmur of distant traffic can be heard against the splash of water droplets falling from leaves.

“If this doesn't lift we wont be able to proceed.”

Where the hell am I?

The poor bastard doesn't know where she is...

She will soon enough.

They never know where they are. That's to be expected.

Is it safe to move her yet?

We have to anyway. Is it ever safe to move them?

Yeah right, its our job.

Grab a hold of her feet. Get her on the stretcher. Lets go.

Where are we taking this one?

The usual place. Come along now. It's time.

parenthetically something here about you are what you pretend to be so get a move on

It's just over that ridge. I can see it now. We'll be there soon...

she lapses back into consciousness...

What is this place?

We will let you know in time.

The're always so thoroughly disoriented.

### Interior a hospital room or recovery bay

Just try and relax. Everything is going to be fine.

She looks up, turns her head as if she understand and then lapses back. This goes on repeatedly until she is conscious enough to answer questions and accept instruction. To be made aware of what has happened. To function in this new condition, and to move forward,

since there was no other way to move.

What's to become of me?

What has already become of you?

Where am I? I don't know this place.

Try and relax. We can't tell you that yet.

What am I doing here?

Your getting better.

What happened?

You don't remember?

No, I don't remember.

Try to recall. Earlier, our people removed you from the side of the road.

I remember a great deal of noise, of bending and scraping metal, and the engine roaring in the background.

Yes, there has been an accident and your car was destroyed. You failed to make the turn. There were no skidmarks. Was their motive behind this?

I don't understand.

...intentionally or consequentially unconsciously.

I don't know what you mean.

I am trying to determine if you belong here. Did you commit suicide?

What do you mean?

What is this about suicide?

Did you intentionally get here?

How could I?

Do you really want to be here?

I don't even know where I am. How could I get here.

Did you really not want to be where you were? or were you just pissed off beyond belief and could no longer see straight and plowed into the tree or went over an embankment and bounced down the hill or hit a freeway pylon.

So you miss the curve. So you missed the turnout. So you went sailing off into the air before crashing back down only to bone crushingly bounce into the Arroyo shedding your previous existence.

What did I see?

What's that?

What did I see before I crashed?

Well what did you see?

It was immense, dark and moving. Looked like a quonset hut there in the middle of the road but it was moving rapidly. And when I hit it – it curled up and rolled away as if it could have been a boulder rolling down the road. And then I went careening off into space.

That's all I can remember.

Try and rest.

What was that huge thing that crossed the road just before it crossed her mind? And then again, what crossed the road before we crossed her mind?

### [Exterior Construction Site - early stages of grading](#)

Its twilight and a days work is done. Dusty orange earth moving construction equipment, splattered with hydraulic fluid, sleep in the overgrown weeds. Down in a ditch, in a culvert by the side of the main road through town, are steel supports for the initial grading phase, prior to construction, of a proposed movie studio complex. The ground has been disturbed and broken and in that broken ground a wall of dirt gives way; collapsing the side of the cut. Inside there is a cavity and in that dark cavity there is movement. More dirt breaks away, and is pushed out. Very large and powerful limbs move more dirt into the channel. Stopping the hole a hibernating queen is about to awaken. The sky darkens and night falls.

### [Exterior Local Mountains Santa Susannah Pass](#)

In the late dry afternoon of a waning day, Henry "Hiphop" Rapson is studying petroglyphs in the Simi Pass. He is puzzled. Only moments earlier he found ancient images of a roly poly of tremendous size. It is seen and modified in a series describing a transformation, unbelievable and fantastic. They appear to elongate. Their legs lengthen, splitting out by sections, carapaces cracking open, revealing wings allowing them ascension into the sky.

It is unbelievable because the surviving local variety, the pill bug, is a smallish creature. An isopoda, a miniature terrestrial crustacean that defensively rolls into a ball when disturbed. It has never been known to fly and the largest variations, up to a meter in length, only live in the ocean.

Why is there a rock painting, perhaps no more than a few thousand years old, showing them at all? And why, so immense, fearsome, and worthy of worship?

Were these creatures once as ubiquitous as the plains bison. If so where are their fossilized remains? Wouldn't they have been dredged up out of the La Brea tar pits just like the extinct sloths, mammoths, dire wolves and saber tooth tigers. Were vast herds ever roaming these valleys in man's memory. Or are they representations of an inner life. Capturing the mind, imaginings during darkness can be as compelling as daylight realities and often more vivid and alive to the percipient.

### Exterior Night Mountain Ridge...

Upon a distant ridge, nocturnal behemoths on the move against the dark sky obscure the spectral starlight...

What does it want? What does it need? To multiply and be fruitful like any organism it wants to increase and successfully continue into the future.

Conversation with curator of the La Brea Tar pits Museum and Collections.

These **chiggy-wigs** are dream creatures. Conjured up out of the unconscious. Summoned up and released as a meme into this dimension. Into our world now the stuff of dreams and nightmare. An hysteria that continues to manifest out of the mindstream and time itself. Replicating relentlessly.

There has never been anything like this. It is not of, or from our world. Let me emphatically state we have no fossil record... and as far as I know, very little cultural recordings of anything like this. Perhaps it once was and now is an hallucino-genetic interdimensional transference.

A what!

An hallucino-genetic interdimensional transference.

What do you mean by that?

It is a construct of the mind. Yet at the same time one that has been made manifest in the flesh, genetically complete. Pulled out of the air intact. Created by an act of imagination. A chimera made substantial. A dream corporeal. A mirage of an oasis pool in the desert that is actually wet.

But how can that be so?

I wish I knew. However down through time people have been frightened to death by things that we now know, never could or did exist. Yet still they were real to those affected.

You mean that this creature is now real?

As real as you and I.

That's astounding.

Yes. It is now in our world and we will have to deal with it.

May heaven help us.

This has to be from some mindscape that is alien to this planet unless of course it is something currently under development at some research facility... But that does not explain your petroglyph. (but it does... could be both)

### Exterior Side of Highway

It's early morning, one of the large semi-trucks east bound through town carrying produce to distant markets slams on its brakes, swerving in an attempt to avoid hitting a large moving articulated mass crossing the road. The cab manages to miss the creature but the rear wheels crush its life out. A small carcass, about the size of a large dog, is all that is left behind. It looks like a mutant armadillo but is a modified and gigantic Armadillidiidae an armidillidium vulgare. It is an impossibility...

Police are called. The seemingly substantial crunchy carcass only lasts for a few hours disintegrating completely soon after photos are taken. The cautious press release states that the exhausted driver swerved when he thought he saw something crossing the road... no one was hurt, move along, nothing to see here folks... The hysterical driver is moved to a hospital for observation.

### Interior Apartment

"You'll get out of town if you know what is good for you"

Garbled incoming phone call, "We want you out right now..."

Who's this?

I'd rather not say.

One month's salary be enough? We want you out now.

Well who are you anyway?

I can't tell you. Would that be enough? Have we gotten around to a yes on this?

Why?

Because you're in our way.

The way of what?

The way of the world. Get out now while you can.

On a stabilized clean plate, an isopod comes out of a tunnel, follows MetroLink across the train track in a lingering pan shot. Dolly out as the isopod approaches, crosses over the tracks, and rolls into a ball towards the foreground.

Rapson walks in front of the camera. The archaeologist explains to those that awakened the beasts,

“Don't provoke them. You don't understand what you are dealing with”.

“Why not?”

“Because they will mutate and we will all be sorry”.

When the local officials start to attack the approaching isopod, it hunkers down, starts burrowing through the asphalt, and disappears into the ground, leaving earthworm like castings in their wake, and perplexed law enforcement.

“What do we do now?”

Vision of isopod stallion rearing up on top of a hill. Perhaps they are captured by being encapsulated in a synthetic polymer

## DAY 02

Interior Office – corporate inquiry

What is this report about?

It was a full bodied materialization of a mythical beast.

Are you sure?

Absolutely. You had to have seen it.

How long did it last?

Not long, perhaps a few minutes, but it was enormous. I've never seen one so big.

Was it one of our tests?

Unlikely. ...doesn't look like what we've been working on.

Then who was responsible?

Don't know

What did it look like?

It was a chiggy-wig

A what?

You know, a roly poly, a pill bug 'bout the size of a small dog.

Its behavior, was it controllable?

Again, I don't know what it was trying to accomplish... it appeared early this morning crossing the 118 and was hit by a semi... the carcass only lasted long enough for us to get some photos before disintegration.

Anything else.

Yeah a powerful smell of ammonia and blue blood everywhere.

Really?

That's right – damndest thing I ever saw.

Who else saw this?

Only the truck driver.

What about the press?

The cover story is, that an overtired and possibly intoxicated trucker, startled by a coyote crossing the highway in the early morning, has a minor accident.

How is he doing?

Well, he is pretty shaken up, but we have him in our custody and he is being debriefed.

I want to see him.

That can be arranged.

If anything else like it shows up again notify me immediately. Understand.

Yes sir. Absolutely.

[Need scene – Fess Parkier in hospital](#)

## Digression – Corporate Presentation

How was the process designed to work?

Let me digress...

As a people, we are asked again and again to patriotically participate in an endeavor to save some oppressed people somewhere. This invariably works because we are easily led to be distressed by some essence of truth, some apparent or alleged wrong, a campaign of carefully orchestrated outrage and finally seduced by pronouncements from unimpeachable sources to accept blatant distortions and lies for their personal gain and other hidden agendas.

Don't get me wrong I love it when we as a nation, strap on the drag of humanitarian concern and strut about on the world stage... but the reality is a cynical game played out for the idiots in the audience with the attention span of adolescent gnats. The only time that the powers that be, talk like this is when they want our acquiescence, our willing complicity in another capital crime. They have nothing but manipulative contempt for the populace. Please note that we are no longer citizens but consumers.

We are the most propagandized population on the planet, and proud of our capacity to endorse absolute driveling nonsense because we are told to believe a fabrication by authority figures. If my pastor, policeman, pope, president, or leader of the pack tells me otherwise, my brains are bought and paid for.

Is the earth flat? You bet. Is Oceania our enemy this week? I believe it if I am told to. Was the Gulf Oil Spill only 5,000 barrels a day when a few moments spent with a calculator tells me that it has to be at least an order of magnitude greater? If an authority figure with a massive conflict of interest tells me differently, well I know what side of the wheel of fortune my bread is greased on and will run it up the flag pole and cry over the spilt milk. Like Winston Smith, we will sell out Julia every time.

This is the basic building block of an hallucinatory reality. An incredulity, a gullibility that can be carved and sculpted as a block of carrera marble or as easily as a lump of plasticine. We now have the techniques to do just that. To interject, holographically if you will, yet with physicality, more than projected content, contact itself and interactivity with the phenomenal ground of existence. To use a term borrowed from the parapsychologists, our 'apports' temporarily live and breath in the world that we occupy. They are controlled, useful and deployed at will.

How does the process work?

Simply put, it is the projection of thought forms into reality itself. Seemingly the creation of matter from mind. We have discovered and refined processes and techniques that make this improbability possible.

Are there issues regarding the process?

Of course. There have been constraints on numbers, distance and size, some of these aspects have been ameliorated, and others occasionally removed.

However, at the end of the day, we proudly use this technology for the enormous economic and strategic value that it represents to our society, and more importantly to you, our shareholders.

[At this point this techniques will be demonstrated.](#)

I would like to call your attention to the center of the stage. Please notice for your comparison. You see, floating above the stage, a modern animated holographic image. Optically, its distinguishing characteristics are in its fully realized three dimensional qualities, and if the projection is created interactively the ability to manipulate it in a constrained space delineated by the capability of the projecting device. There is also an auditory component that can be virtually moved about to correspond with the visual appearances.

Physically it is incorporeal. There is no sense of touch. As you can plainly see when I pass my hand through it, it is merely an image, an evanescent dream that we view for entertainment, instruction or persuasion.

Where as our, patent pending, Hallucinogenetic Inter-dimensional Transference technology, currently a trade secret, produces a much different result. Observe this example. It is visual and auditory. Those closest to our presentation are probably becoming aware that there is even a perceptible scent associated with this presentation. No need to be nervous though. There is no reason to be alarmed. Our trained handlers can easily control this beast. It is only manifest until we stop sending the data that makes its presence possible. Whereupon it will cease to exist. The creature before you is tempory, yet physical and very much present in the here and now. I could touch this being if I wanted to and it were safe to do so. It physically effects our environment. It can be directed to perform useful tasks and it can be turned off at will...

(Note: after repeated manifestations it becomes "sticky" and can self materialize // become imprinted on reality)

(turning to the audience)

Any questions or concerns.

Have there ever been any accidents?

Nothing that has been uncontrollable.

Can you materialize more than one at a time?

Yes. If need be. It is a capability that we are working on.

Can this take place anywhere? & How far can you project?

Yes, however, we are currently constrained to an area that we are capable of focusing our equipment upon. There are also national and international conventions that we must take into consideration.

Are you sure this is safe?

Absolutely, it's as safe as your food supply and drinking water. We have performed many required regulatory tests to prepare this process for commercial exploitation, and we are constantly working to improve both process, and product, within the paradigm of a responsible cost versus benefits business model.

Aren't the handlers having a difficult time containing this creature upon the stage?

Not at all. We have a force field surrounding this manifestation and it has never been broken in the past. We have complete confidence in our product and process. Thank you... Are there any other questions.

No?

Thank you for attending this event. We will keep all of you informed of our progress. That is all.

Why is it still here?

That is enough. Turn it off. Stop the enabling sequence.

We can't shut it down.

There must be something that you can do.

Have you pulled the power?

Of course we cut the power - earlier during the presentation (flash of blue) - but this manifestation no longer requires those inputs. It is running on its own.

The force field is intact?

Yes, for now.

Thank god for that... what's happening?

[The creature is now banging against the force field. It is getting progressively more aggressive and frenetic.]

What is it doing?

[It looks like it is trying to break through the containment field and escape.] "attempting to escape from the containment field."

How can this be happening?

Don't know.

Will the field hold?

Wish I knew...

[It now looks like it is burrowing.

Cracking is heard. Tasers are deployed to little effect. The beast trying to escape the tasers is now burrowing into the theater floor.

The force field fails. One of the handlers produces an automatic weapon and shoots the beast. It splatters blue blood around... collapses... and begins to slowly disintegrate.]

The guests are now heading hysterically for the auditorium doors and hopefully to safety.

What went wrong? We must tell corporate what has just happened. I want a full report. Sooner than later.

- sabotaged by another group.

- wreaking havoc upon the gathered crowd.

### Explanation/admission of guilt

I am glad that you could come for this presentation.

Our Hallucinogenetic Inter-dimensional Transference Project is a registered trademark of this corporation.

With the best intentions, our materializations were initially designed to clean up toxic spills. They are able to metabolize and excrete heavy metal nodules enabling us to mitigate the more toxic sites and thus able to recover valuable metallic and real estate assets more

rapidly. It also occurred to us that they might be used to enter and consume sites that present our adversaries with a tactical advantage. This would allow us, with plausible deniability, the capability of sabotaging facilities that would be difficult to compromise without these creatures.

We always felt that we would be able to control their location by accurately inserting them into the exact geological strata and gps position that presented us with the greatest advantage. We also had some control over quantity as the hallucinogenetically inserted beings were sterile. Lacking the capability of reproduction they would not relentlessly reproduce and overwhelm global capacity to support their functioning. Additionally we limited the size of the incarnations. This was customized to the needs of specific applications. We felt that larger versions would be more powerful and efficient, while we also intended to keep the overall size within bounds that could be easily controlled. Finally we created them in a temporary incarnation that would disintegrate according to a fixed schedule. They were strictly time limited as a fail safe against their becoming a successful adaptation that would be ruinous to our planets ecology as it affects ourselves and our clients.

We felt that with these aspects in place, limited location, quantity, sterility, size and lifespan of their incarnations, we would be able to exercise adequate controls.

Apparently we were incorrect in our assumptions.

Something has gone wrong, terribly wrong, and we can no longer control these factors with certainty.

This does not mean that our research and our attempt to bring this process to market will stop but it does mean that additional constraints and greater caution will be taken as we continue to advance in this exciting market.

### DAY 03

What the hell happened out there? You told me that this was ready. That nothing would go wrong. All of the problems had been worked out. What do you suppose that was?

Nothing should have gone wrong.

So you've said.

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Office on "The Other Side" 'TOS'

