

THE REAL THING

a motion picture that does not exist yet

A LETTER FOR THE

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Dear Cinematographer,

I'm a creative too. Not your kind — you're the professional; I'm the one who makes odd little things at three in the morning and can't stop. I made this one entirely in my head, and then I wrote the whole of it down. But it isn't mine to *make*. That part is yours, if you want it.

So here it is, given away. There are no rights to buy, no author to keep happy, no notes to take from me. I am genuinely not the point — the film is. Make it for yourself and let me watch from the back of the room. That's the entire deal.

WHY IT HAS TO BE YOU

Your whole job here is **beautiful misdirection**: light wholesomeness over rot, and never once tip your hand.

A soft-drink factory shot like a doomsday reactor. Warm caramel light in the boardroom against the clinical white of the lab. The silent purge in slow motion over the credits — shredders and furnaces made gorgeous. A red-and-chrome lair that looks like the safest place on Earth.

The audience has to *believe the wholesome surface* for the film to work — and that belief is built with your camera, not the script. The prettier you make the lie, the harder the truth lands when it comes. That is a cinematographer's picture.

That's it. That's the whole letter.

Make this movie for me?

Thank you. Really.

— the author who isn't the point

P.S. You already know where this letter was waiting for you. If the film gets made, and gets loved, the trail back to whoever left it is shorter than it looks — but that's a different story, and honestly, a different film.

Left for you at therealthingmovie.krisadamstv.com · Fiction · Alternate history · Satire · the brand "LEAVESNUTS" is invented