

THE REAL THING

A LETTER FOR THE

a motion picture that does not exist yet

COMPOSER

## Dear Composer,

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

The cold open **is** music. The entire purge plays silent beneath your score — no dialogue, only what you decide we feel while the truth burns.

You get the jolliest jingle in the world and the slow job of making it sinister. You get the triumphant relaunch montage — a whole nation sighing with relief as it's quietly hooked again — scored as joy and *meaning* dread. The sweetest possible melody laid over the darkest possible act.

Innocence covering a crime, in sound. If that idea makes your hands itch, this one is yours.

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.

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