

THE REAL THING

A LETTER FOR THE

a motion picture that does not exist yet

DIRECTOR

Dear Director,

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

This is a director's film before it belongs to anyone else. Its whole life is **tone and timing** — the two things only you hold.

It's a comedy shot dead straight as a villain's lair, and the hardest trick in it is making the audience root for the wrong side and not notice until they're back in the lobby, holding the very drink the film was about. That misdirection isn't in the script. It's in your hands.

You get the **silent purge** over the opening credits — panic with the sound turned off. You get the **Naming Session**, a scene built to run *too long* on purpose, that lives or dies entirely on your nerve to hold it. You get to choose the exact frame where the laugh curdles into a question.

Nobody can storyboard that for you. That's why it has to be you.

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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