

THE REAL THING

A LETTER FOR THE

a motion picture that does not exist yet

WRITER

Dear Writer,

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 world is built; the words are yours. I've handed you a structure — the **Triple Latch**, a little theme-machine that hides the same trick three times — but a structure is only scaffolding. The wit that hangs on it is the thing I can't do and you can.

There are scenes in here begging for a real writer: the **Naming Session**, where a company earnestly picks the wrong halves of its own name and cannot hear the joke; the Chemist's quiet creed — *we don't sell the drug, we sell the key; your body finishes the recipe*; the Regulator who argues himself, sip by sip, onto the villains' side.

I wrote them as shapes. You make them **sing** — and you keep the straight face while you do it. Take all of it apart and build it back better. That's the gift, and the permission.

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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