

# Fan fiction,\*

& other fun facts for *Untitled (Mirror Image)* and *Pendulum*

\* A note to the reader regarding fan fiction at large: It should be said that you must, to some extent, already know these characters' pasts and preexisting conditions. Your fan fiction author might further flex the truth, performing “crossovers” through the conflation of multiple existing sources into a new, sometimes contradictory, protagonist. This is because these, let's say additional fictions, are meant to complicate the picture, not clarify it. The same can also be said about the universe that encapsulates the story as it might be an amalgamation of multiple places with various, sometimes improbable quantum mechanics. Picture a sparrow in the background of a space scene.

Finally, fan fictions need not end, resolve or satisfy. A vast majority of such works are incomplete. They are not additional information through which to understand the source, nor are they here to infuse the characters with more depth. They are greedy tangents and empty calories for those, such as yours truly, who desperately want to read more into what might not actually be there. And so, with this in mind, a few pitches to frame our characters...

## 1.

### **(Untitled) *Mirror Image***

*“Sci-Fi cinema for the post-truth era.” — The Hollywood Bystander*

Synopsis: An averagely distracting Post Apocalyptic sci-fi flick set in Los Angeles after an unknowable cataclysmic event, which left the survivors void of memories. The blank slates walk around aimlessly probing each other for crumbs of the past, spilling the proverbial ink, in an attempt to reconstruct their gnarled identities, only to discover they are all the same psyche; multiple perspectives on the same experiences. The viewer is left wondering which of their chimerical narratives is Truth, and if that matters at all.

## 2.

### ***Pendulum***

*A Holiday Special*

A salacious one-off special from the creators of *Pulp Friction* in which a tableau of

suspended objects sets the scene for a slippery tale of cause and effect. A first interloper enters the scene and begins the careful cleaning of the space with silk cloths. In this shallow-focus world, seemingly organic, soft, and malleable parts are actually cast bronze; hardened and made hostile by the metal. These alien body-parts are restrained, choked by gold rope and metal wire. The cleaner's portrait is limited to her hands grazing over objects and balancing rods. A slow pan unspools the scene and a voice over begins: "She felt a lump in her stomach, or perhaps rather at the level of her chest, it was hard to tell which since one regularly underestimates how high the stomach sits as well as the exact placement of the heart."

### 3.

#### **Script'd**

##### *Dionaea Muscipula*

A live play set in an acrylic nail salon performed by a cast of masked shapes whose forms harken to the human, but fall squarely in the supernatural. In this version of beautiful, finger-adorned masks take the place of faces and speak in a motion we might liken to the movement of carnivorous flowers as they close in on their prey. One shape strikes up a conversation with another: The story muddles in intrigue as the first blob attempts to broker an agreement with the second, to pass as its double at the upcoming inauguration of a new mall. Candy stripes, miniature palm trees and ice rinks are animated on the screen as an illustration of the proposition.

### 4.

#### ***Pilot Pitch at The Stadium.***

##### *A cringe worthy new reality TV show for the Fx Network*

An elliptical 24 hour game show in which the contestants sit in pairs and in conversation at a candlelit table. Uncertain of rules of the game and the criteria for winning, yet emboldened by the competitive lure of celebrity, each round ends when the candles are fully exhausted or when one of the two restless participants unravels and quits the undirected banter. At the end of each volley, the contestants discover the auditorium is empty, the audience reactions are recorded and playing from a single, albeit powerful speaker sitting between the aisles of the arena. The cameras are unmanned and turned off. Consistently unnerved by having performed for the benefit of none, the contestants sink into their very own signature version of anger, resentment and occasional violence. A further pan out reveals the arena at the center

of an empty stadium [pan] at the center of an empty city [pan] encapsulated in a marble [pan] forgotten in the atrium of a public library [pan] on a keychain depicting the city [pan] in the pocket of a man committing a crime [pan] on a picture on a wall [pan] next to a woman giving birth [pan] on screen, in television, and so on. Each new round happens on a different layer of the looped cosmosoup of overlapping universes.

5.

*Pilot Light*

*A new podcast for public radio which delivers stories from current events exclusively through foley.*

“A low but persistent hum of electricity. A sudden crackle, or snap. A low breathy swoosh of gas lighting up into flames. A paced beat, a pendulum swinging. The gutting sound of the neighborhood’s in-fighting.”

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