

MÖBIUS PARADOX

THE THRESHOLD

ISSUE 1

MÖBIUS
ARC

STAGE 17

PHASE GATE

SLATE

DIRECTOR

MÖBIUS ARC
SCENE 17 TAKE 1 ROLL A1
DIRECTOR: C. SLATE
CAMERA: D. HOLLOWAY
DATE: 04-17 DAY/NITE RRR

\$4.99 US

00111



7 61735 00211 0

They call me Charlie Slate.

MÖBIUS PARADOX

ROLL
A 17

SCENE
24B

TAKE
3

CLAP

Not because it sounds cool. Because it was literal.

MÖBIUS PARADOX
ROLL
A 17
SCENE
24B
TAKE
3

I started behind the camera. Assistant camera. The one holding the slate.

Sound and image line up on the mark. Reality begins when the slate hits.

That part is boring. What matters is what happens after action.

SCENE
TAKE
3

MÖBIUS PARADOX

THE MOVIE
WAS CALLED
MÖBIUS ARC.



LIKE YOU
RECOGNIZE HIM.
LIKE YOU HATE HIM.
LIKE YOU NEED HIM.



LOW BUDGET.
HIGH CONCEPT.
TIMELINES, FRACTURES,
ALTERNATE SELVES,
ALL THE USUAL
SCIENCE FICTION
PROMISES.



MY CHARACTER
WAS SUPPOSED TO SEE
ANOTHER VERSION OF
HIMSELF.



RECOGNITION
BECOMING VIOLENCE.
I KNEW HOW TO
PLAY THAT.





CUT!



ROUTINE AGAIN.
CREW CHATTER.
RESETTING LIGHTS.
EVERYBODY BACK
IN MOTION.



I WAS REPLAYING
THE SCENE IN
MY HEAD WHEN
IT HAPPENED.



I PAUSED.
SOMETHING
FEELS OFF.



I LOOKED UP.

MÖBIUS
ARC

THE SKY
CHANGED.



NOT GRADUALLY.
NOT LIKE WEATHER.



EVERYONE
ELSE WAS GONE.



THE PLACE LOOKED
STRIPPED DOWN
TO ITS BONES.



THAT IS WHEN
I SAW THE
HANGAR.



THE SKY
CHANGED.



NOT GRADUALLY.
NOT LIKE
WEATHER.



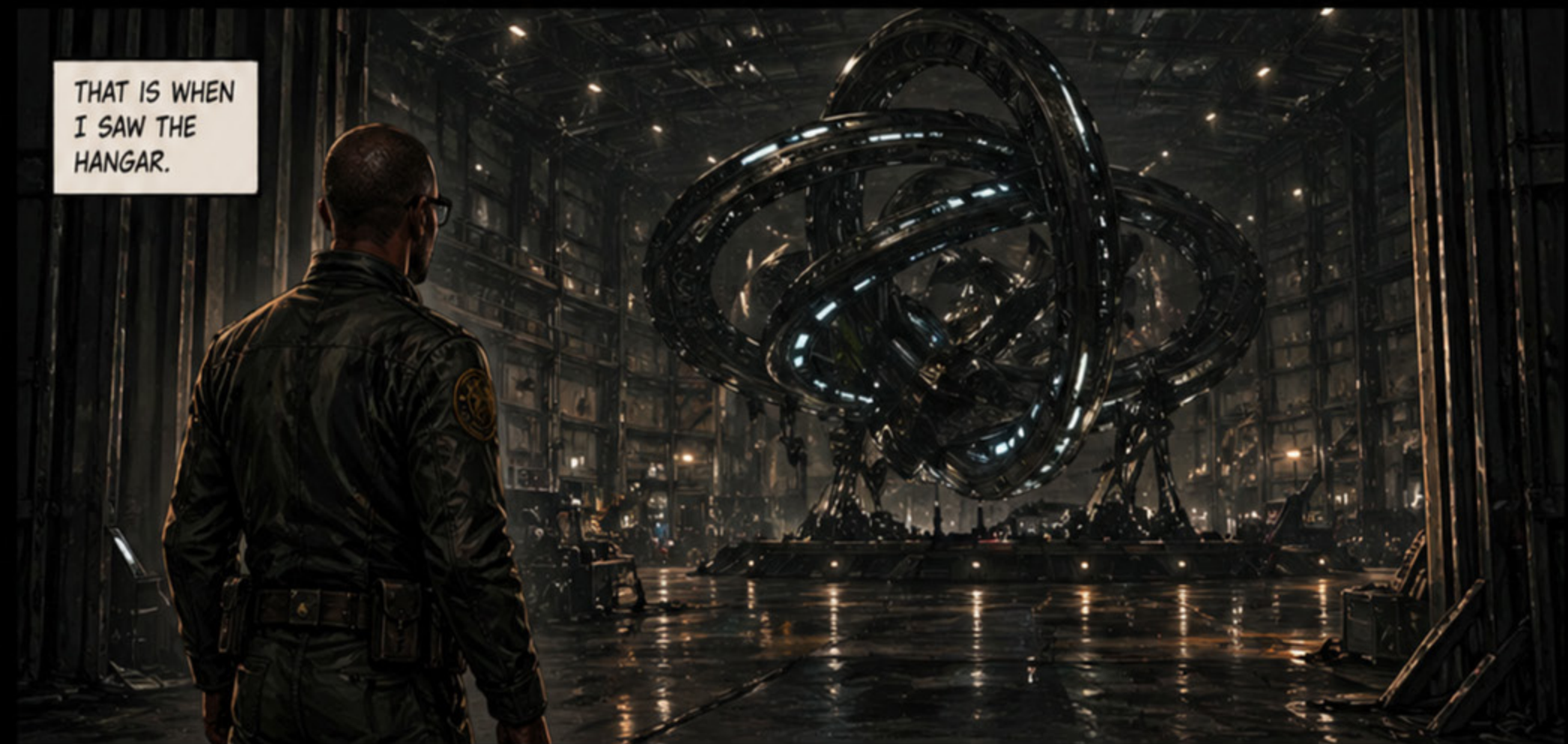
EVERYONE
ELSE WAS
GONE.

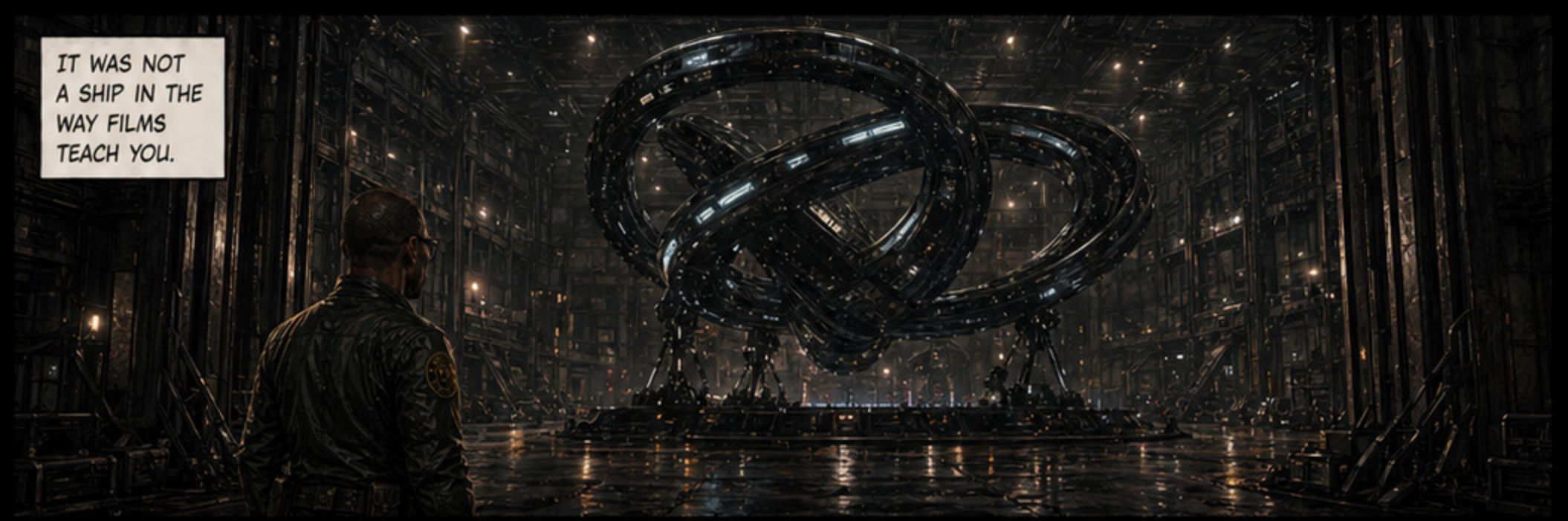


THE PLACE
LOOKED
STRIPPED
DOWN TO ITS
BONES.




THAT IS WHEN
I SAW THE
HANGAR.







IT WAS NOT
A SHIP IN THE
WAY FILMS
TEACH YOU.




INTERLOCKING
RINGS. BLACK
METAL. GLASS.
STONE. SOMETHING
THAT COULD NOT
DECIDE WHAT IT WAS.



THERE WERE
PEOPLE AROUND IT.
NOT CREW. NOT
ACTORS.



IT MOVED LIKE
IT ANSWERED
INTENTION.



I WANT TO BE
IN THIS MOVIE.

THEN EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK.

DARKNESS IS NOT
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
TEXTURE.

THE DREAM STARTED
BY PRETENDING TO
MAKE SENSE.



The world folded in on itself.

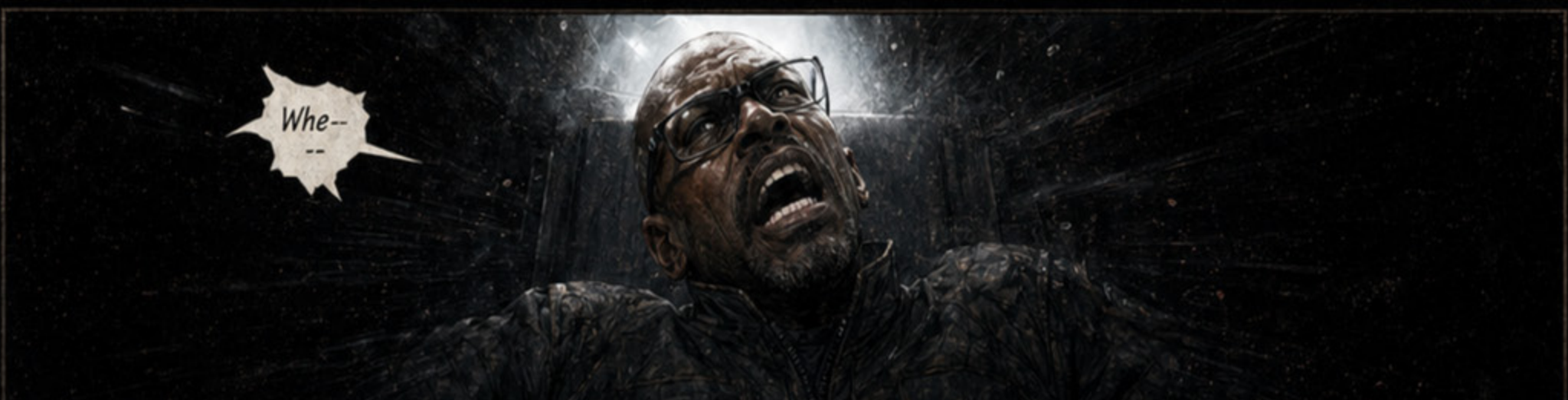


The slate was wrong.



Like the hinge was not a hinge. Like it was a seam in reality.





When I came back,
I was not strapped
down anymore.



No windows.
No clock. No door
I could see.



We are not
locking the door.
We are locking me.



...arrival...

...confirmed...

...timeline...

...mismatch...



Too early.