

Fade In:

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

CARY, a large man in his thirties, sits at his computer typing and clicking every so often, scrolling through with a deadpan look on his face. Cary's face changes to mildly bemused, we cut to his computer screen: 4chan's /trash/ board, with the title "tulpa general". Cary SNORTS, the closest thing he has to laughter.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Cary is walking through campus casually. He is surprised to hear his phone ring. He cautiously pulls it out of his pocket and answers it.

CARY

Hello?

JOHNNY

Hey Cary this is Johnny! We take psychology together? Any ways I was wondering if you wanted to go down to the pub to get a pint or two.

Cary is visibly frightened.

CARY

N- no I have uh, things to do.

JOHNNY

Ah, that's unfortunate. Well, let me know if your schedule opens up!

Cary walks a little faster.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

We see Cary through the reflection in his monitor. He is contemplative.

CARY

What's the worst that could happen?

Cary opens up Google, and quickly types in "tulpa".

INT. DORM ROOM BED - NIGHT

Cary is sitting up right, cross-legged on his bed. He has the face of a child that just discovered an exciting new toy. He closes his eyes, calms himself, and speaks aloud:

CARY

Welcome to this world. I'm not
sure what to name you, and I think
it'd be better for you to decide
for yourself. But I need to call
you something until you can talk,
so for now I will call you
Hadraniel. But, to be honest
that's a bit of a mouth full, so
I'll probably call you Hadey for
short.

and then he made Hadraniel and all was well and good and
then he makes twenty more and then they're all fighting for
time and attention and then he kills them all the end.