

SyncShotTM

#01



THE TRADITION IS THE SHIELD.
WRITTEN BY ELI

THE SETTING: A CAVERNOUS,
HYPER-MODERN AMPHITHEATER
AT A PRESTIGIOUS UNIVERSITY
IN LONDON.

THE LIGHTING IS CRISP. THE
SCREENS DISPLAY A SLEEK,
MINIMALIST LOGO: SYNCSHOT.



THE ROOM IS PACKED
WITH THOUSANDS OF
AMBITIOUS BUSINESS
STUDENTS.



BACKSTAGE, THE ATMOSPHERE IS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT. IT VIBRATES WITH THE ANCIENT AGBADZA RHYTHM.

AN ELDER, DRAPED IN INTRICATELY WOVEN EWE KETE CLOTH AND DARK LEATHER, LEANS CLOSE TO THE EAR OF ELI.

ELI IS AN IMPOSING FIGURE, EXUDING THE SERENE CONFIDENCE OF A MAN WHOSE TECH COMPANY JUST BECAME THE MOST VALUABLE COMPANY ON THE BRITISH STOCK MARKET.

THE ELDER WHISPERS RAPIDLY IN EWE, A RHYTHMIC CASCADE OF ANCESTRAL PRAYERS, GROUNDING THE BILLIONAIRE.

A man with intricate white geometric patterns painted on his face and torso stands barefoot on a wooden stage. He wears a vibrant red shawl with yellow and black geometric patterns draped over his left shoulder. He is surrounded by a large, dimly lit auditorium filled with an audience. Two dogs are walking alongside him: a German Shepherd on the left and a cybernetic wolf on the right. The scene is dramatically lit, with spotlights highlighting the man and the dogs against the dark background of the audience.

THE STAGE MANAGER CUES THEM.
THE AUDIENCE EXPECTS THE CEO.
INSTEAD, THE EWE PRIEST
WALKS OUT FIRST.

A RIPPLE OF CONFUSION
SWEEPS THROUGH THE
AUDITORIUM. THE PRIEST IS
BAREFOOT, HIS FACE PAINTED
IN SUBTLE, ASH-WHITE
GEOMETRIC PATTERNS.

DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM,
MOVING WITH TERRIFYING
SYNCHRONICITY, ARE TWO
GUARDS: ONE BELGIAN
MALINOIS OF FLESH AND
BLOOD, ONE OF STEEL AND
CIRCUITRY. THEIR EYES
SCAN THE FRONT ROW
WITH MILITARY PRECISION.



BEFORE ELI EVEN APPROACHES THE MICROPHONE, THE PRIEST PIVOTS. FROM HIS BELT, HE DRAWS A BUNDLE OF LONG, IRIDESCENT CROW FEATHERS BOUND IN HARDENED LEATHER.

THWACK.
THWACK.
THWACK.

HE SHAKES THE DEVICE AGGRESSIVELY, VIOLENTLY WHIPPING IT IN A 360-DEGREE ARC AROUND THE PODIUM.

TO THE UNINITIATED, IT LOOKS LIKE THEATER. A QUAIN, ARCHAIC DISPLAY OF AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.

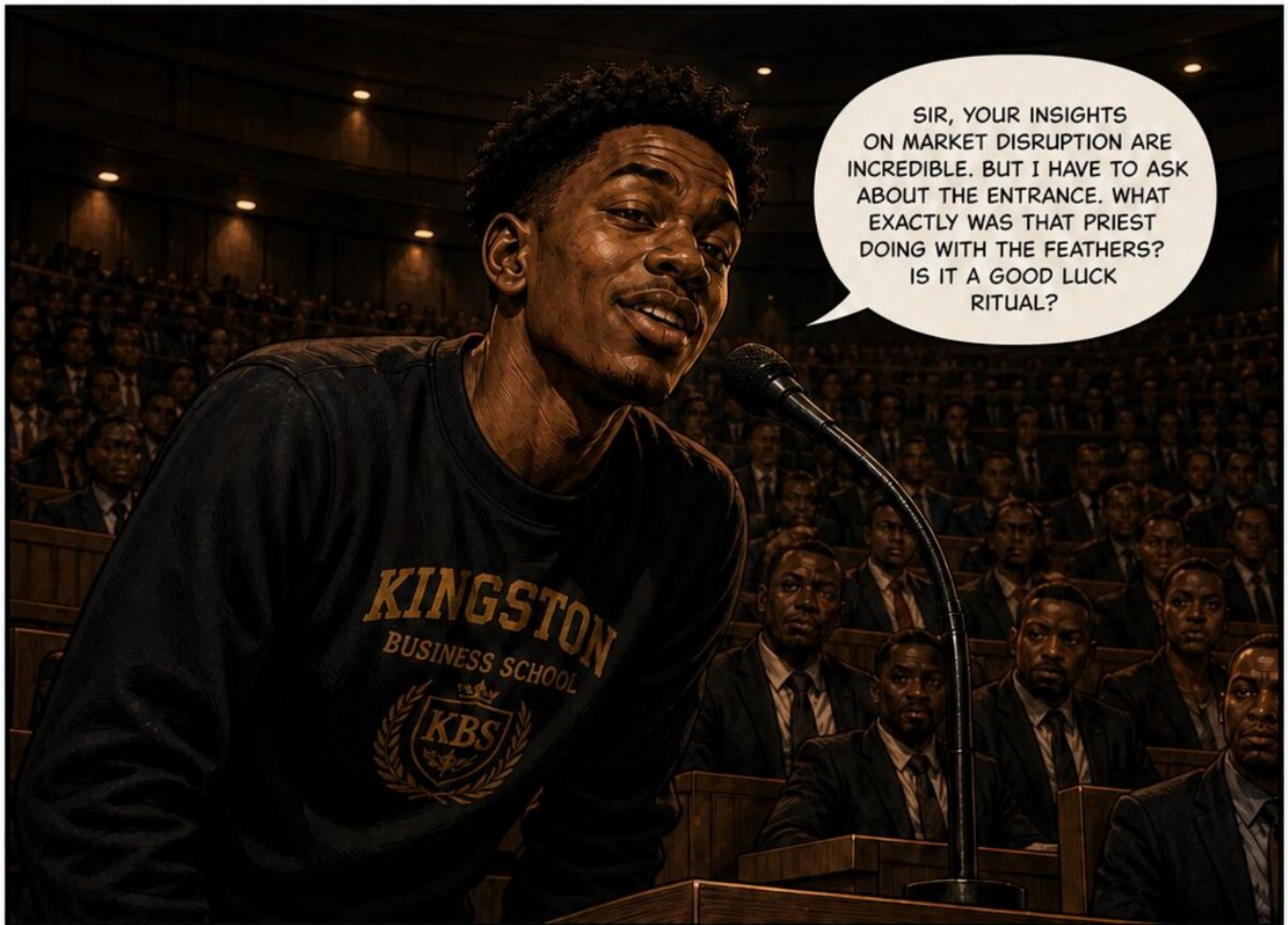
THE SHAMAN STEPS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS BEHIND ELI, ONE HAND ON HIS WAIST, READY TO GRAB HIS FEATHERS AT ANY SECOND.

 **SyncShot**
INFRASTRUCTURE. INTELLIGENCE. IMPACT.

ELI SMILES, ADJUSTS HIS CUFFS, AND BEGINS TO SPEAK.

THE LECTURE IS BRILLIANT, CUTTING-EDGE AND RUTHLESSLY PRAGMATIC. HE BREAKS DOWN THE GLOBAL INFRASTRUCTURE OF SYNCSHOT, LEAVING THE STUDENTS IN AWE.

THEN COMES THE Q&A.

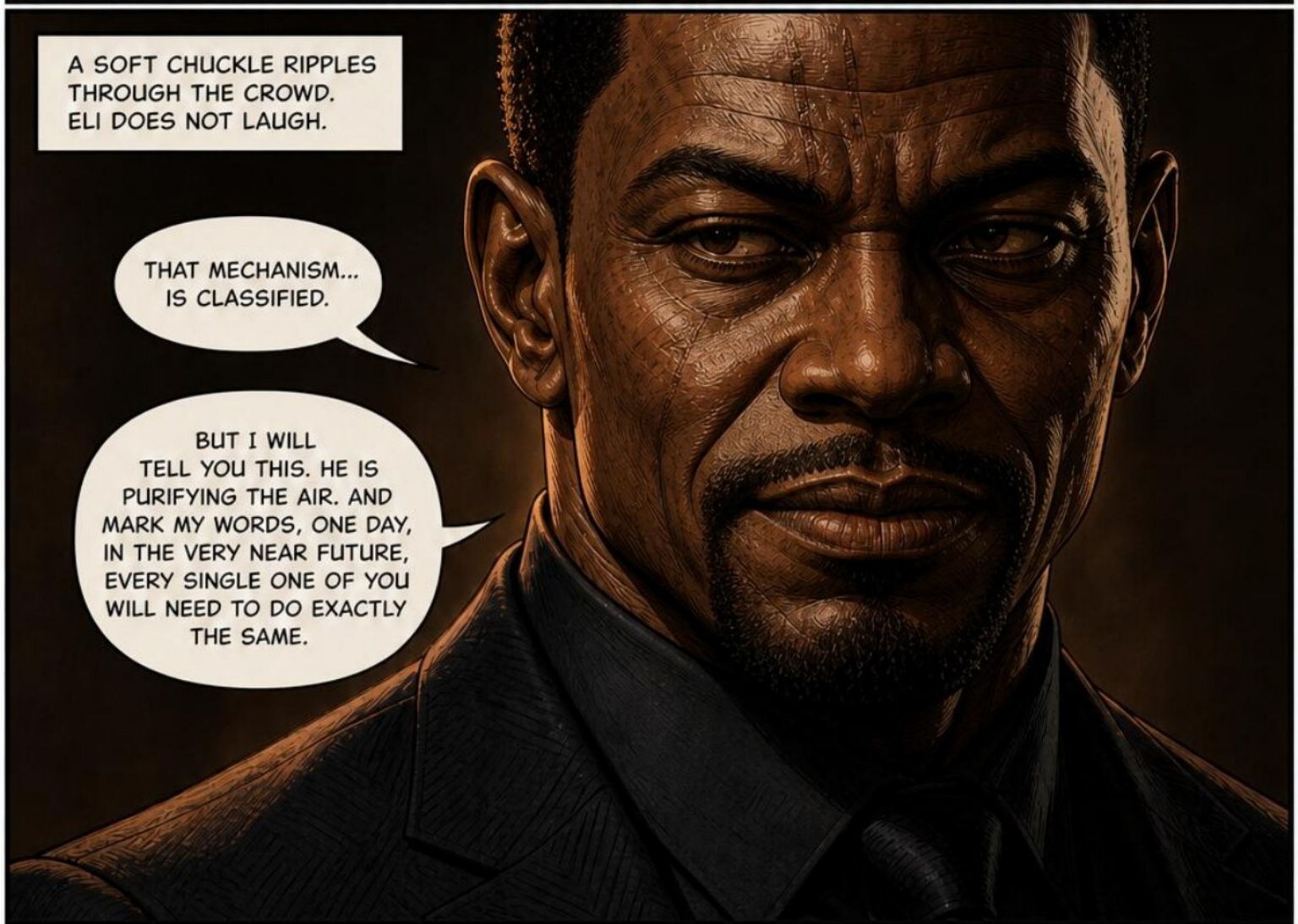


SIR, YOUR INSIGHTS ON MARKET DISRUPTION ARE INCREDIBLE. BUT I HAVE TO ASK ABOUT THE ENTRANCE. WHAT EXACTLY WAS THAT PRIEST DOING WITH THE FEATHERS? IS IT A GOOD LUCK RITUAL?

A SOFT CHUCKLE RIPPLES THROUGH THE CROWD. ELI DOES NOT LAUGH.

THAT MECHANISM... IS CLASSIFIED.

BUT I WILL TELL YOU THIS. HE IS PURIFYING THE AIR. AND MARK MY WORDS, ONE DAY, IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE, EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU WILL NEED TO DO EXACTLY THE SAME.





THE TRADITION IS THE SHIELD.

TO BE CONTINUED IN #02 — TWENTY YEARS LATER