



UNSCRIPTED™

LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT
OF ENTREPRENEURSHIP

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International Best-Selling Author
of The Millionaire Fastlane

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THE STORIES

Many of the stories and excerpts in this book are sourced from The Fastlane Forum, an entrepreneurial community I founded in 2007. Although edited for clarity, they are real stories from real people.

In the last ten years, I've had the privilege to interact with over 30,000 entrepreneurs in over 500,000 posts totaling millions of visits—from millionaires to aspiring entrepreneurs to lifelong employees taking the startup leap. The Fastlane community has been instrumental in making this book happen. But more importantly, it has given thousands of people around the world the tools and social permission to live the *UNSCRIPTED™* dream.

THE RESOURCES

The Discussion Forum:

<http://www.theFastlaneForum.com>

Book Website:

<http://www.getUnscripted.com>

<http://www.theMillionaireFastlane.com>

Social Media:

[Facebook.com/goUnscripted](https://www.facebook.com/goUnscripted)

[Facebook.com/TheMillionaireFastlane](https://www.facebook.com/TheMillionaireFastlane)

[Twitter.com/MJDeMarco](https://twitter.com/MJDeMarco)

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HAS LIFE REGRESSED INTO PAYING BILLS AND LIVING FOR A WEEKEND?



**** PREFACE ****

You weren't born to slave nine-to-five, Monday-through-Friday, pay bills and then die. When life's final moment arrives, what will your spirit sing? Regret and remorse? Or peace and happiness?

Take a moment and forecast your life's trajectory to your deathbed. And be honest. Will you mourn lost time and the things you didn't do? Places you didn't see? Will your life review be all work and zero legacy? If your future forecast looks bleakly uninspiring and not worthy of your family's history books, you have a chance to change it—right here and right now.

Elderly people nearing the end of their lives often wish they could take a time machine back to their youth and chat with their younger selves. Once there, they would tell their younger selves their life wisdom and regretful warnings that only decades of experience could reveal. By changing the past, they hope to change the future, which has become today. Sadly, what usually remains is a life haunted by the ghosts of dead dreams which have long died.

After selling my Internet company in 2007 and retiring young in my thirties as opposed to old in my sixties, I set off to tackle the “younger self” question as it pertained to life and business. If I could go back and speak to twenty-year-old me, someone who consistently struggled, what foresight would I share? What “wisdom” did I need slapped in my face? What did my failures unearth? And more importantly, how could *other people* benefit from this wisdom?

After three years of self-reflection, the rough draft made *Moby Dick* look like a novella. Yes, my many mistakes and their learnings filled page after page. But even more revealing, I ended up with a book unlike anything else available—a book completely contrary to mainstream thought. In other words, happiness wasn't found doing what conventional wisdom embraced—*but doing exactly the opposite.*

While there are countless books on finance, navigating life, and starting businesses, none of them told the *real story*. Instead, these books pushed feel-good fairy tales and Wall Street fantasies—prepackaged templates that baked-in mediocrity and forsaken dreams. Chances are you’ve read these books and wondered the same as I: *Are there really multimillionaires living the rock-star life because they wage-slaved Monday through Friday while penny-pinching their way to a balanced portfolio of mutual funds?* Or is that CNBC financial guru with the orange face and annoying voice really rich because of what she overtly *preaches* or what she covertly *practices*? And my favorite: Can I really live the dream selling Amway while alienating my friends and family in the process?

During production, publishing “experts” warned that my book would never sell. Those same experts also said I was committing the ultimate author sacrilege: I wasn’t pushing readers into a “back-end sales funnel”, ya know, so I could sell you a coaching seminar costing as much as a Cadillac.

Well, I didn’t give a shit.

I was writing from my heart. Not for fame, fortune, or some egocentric motive that could catapult me into the privileged world of gurus and seminar hustlers.

In 2011 after a year-long editing marathon, I finally self-published *The Millionaire Fastlane* with limited distribution and no fanfare. And by “no fanfare,” I mean I didn’t hire a PR firm to hack the best-seller list with a phony launch scheme. I didn’t benefit from any quid-pro-quo endorsements from “influencers” or “thought leaders.” I spent virtually nothing on advertising. The mainstream media ignored me. Bloggers ignored me. The “start-up” clique rolling the hallowed streets of Silicon Valley ignored me. But you know who didn’t ignore me? Readers tired of average advice from average books promoting an average life.

As months passed, the book sold in steady chunks. Dozens of sales turned into hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands. Soon, sales exceeded \$1 million and then \$2 million. Language licensing and translations followed: Korean, Japanese, Italian, and more. My Twitter feed blew up with readers who couldn’t put the book down...

Might be the best book I’ve ever read.

Brilliant business wisdom.

Listening to your book is blowing my mind.

And many more.

Despite what many deemed a cheesy “get rich quick” title and an ugly cover, the book hit number one on Amazon in multiple categories and on multiple occasions. While the book never hit *The New York Times* best-seller list, it has sold more than most of them. Mind you, the average self-published book pulls in about \$900 in retail sales.

In the end, I shocked readers by “coming clean”—serving up a comprehensive road map for financial success, one based on indisputable mathematics, regardless of time, circumstance, or economics. Readers got the tough-love truth about entrepreneurship, self-made wealth, the hypocrites who preach it, and even happiness.

As *Fastlane* spread worldwide, readers begged: “We want another book!” *Fastlane* was resurrecting dreams and changing lives. While writing two books in the same genre was not my intent, I *knew* another book lived in me, because the greatest con of the century exposed in *Fastlane* was only growing stronger. And in its wake, it was destroying critical thought and personal responsibility and, ultimately, murdering dreams. While *Fastlane* unmasked the myths of wealth, it really hinted at something more: an esoteric reality hidden in the fabric of society; a cultural underbelly threading something insidiously deceptive—a *sociological scheme sentencing your life to an existence of blind obedience, resigned mediocrity, and abandoned dreams.*

You see, if you fail your dreams, it won’t be because you lacked effort or enthusiasm; it will be because your life was sold into a Machiavellian system where your lifetime role was already *SCRIPTED* for an uninspiring performance. You’ve been unwittingly cast to play a rigged carnival game masquerading as life, which few win and many lose...

UNSCRIPTED: Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Entrepreneurship is your pen to rewrite a future that’s already been written. Don’t wait for life’s twilight to dream about time machines; it exists in this moment.

Your younger self is here.

Right now.

And it’s excited for the opportunity—the opportunity to resurrect your dreams and change the history that awaits.

INTRODUCTION

Un • script • ed (adjective)

“...Not following a prepared script”

(Merriam Webster Dictionary)

Life. Liberty. And the pursuit of entrepreneurship. It’s awaking in the morning and pinching yourself black-and-blue—that OMG, this is my life, and it’s freaking awesome. You live in your dream house, but there’s no mortgage. No alarm clock, no boss, no bills. No claims on the day’s time other than what you choose. It’s making more money before breakfast than you made for an entire week at your last job. It’s a crazy expensive car parked in your garage, a victorious symbol that your dreams no longer sleep in fantasies, but are awake with reality.

Make no mistake, this life exists.

I know, because it’s been mine for nearly 20 years.

And in a few short years, it can be yours as well. That’s right, you won’t need 5 decades of thankless jobs, mind-numbing frugality, and patient investing with our trusted friends on Wall Street.

Unfortunately, you’ve been *SCRIPTED* to believe that such a life is out of your reach, or only possible for a certain type of person. Someone with a certain college degree, a certain amount of VC funding, or a certain contact list of connected friends from Stanford. I’m here to tell you, that none of it’s true.

While I’ve been entrepreneur most of my life, I’m no one special. You won’t read about me over at Tech Crunch or in some Silicon Valley newsletter. While I’ve been an Internet entrepreneur since the old “you’ve got mail” AOL days, I’ve never been funded by venture capitalists, I’ve never had a payroll with more than 5 people on it, and I’ve never studied computer science at school. Despite this, I’ve been able to create profitable businesses that create the type of *UNSCRIPTED* life I’ve described above. We’re talking about five- and six-figure monthly profits with valuations in the millions. Although I’ve had two successful “exits”, don’t let that scare you; it’s just a welcome (and sometimes unexpected) side effect of the process.

Now, you probably noticed this book is LONG. I mean like, super long. There’s a reason for this.

I’m not one of these “book a month” authors who writes about a trendy marketing tactic that becomes ineffectively overused within a year.

I'm not an author who writes 200 pages of filler about one concept when only four paragraphs are enough. In other words, I didn't spend 3 years writing this book to enlarge my income streams—I *wrote it to change your life*. And in order to change your life, a lot needs to be said. Yes, this goes beyond starting a business and making some side cash— it's about reclaiming life-and-liberty through the pursuit of entrepreneurship.

If you don't know, let me break it to you: *Slavery still exists*. Except today's contemporary slavery is called the *SCRIPT*—an implied social contract whereas a gilded cage is exchanged for voluntary indebtedness and lifelong toil, a price sacrificed by a non-redeemable fifty-years of Monday through Friday, an invisible servitude in which freedom is only promised by the arrival of life's fading twilight. *UNSCRIPTED* is your blueprint into an awakening of abundance, freedom, and happiness; a keystone to unleashing a life few dream of.

- In Part 1, I will identify the problem that has haunted you since you've been old enough to have a job. You have sensed it, felt it, and now, you fear you're living it.
- In Part 2, I will expose the greatest con of the century and detail exactly how it has stolen your dreams, and if you allow it, it will steal your life. To defeat a thief, you have to understand the thief.
- In Part 3, I will unveil the high-definition vision of what is possible once your mind is free from the cultural doctrines ruling the game.
- In Part 4, the bulk of this book, I will reveal the definitive blueprint to *UNSCRIPTED* Entrepreneurship, a detailed framework that will show you how to start a business that just doesn't keep the bill-paying treadmill circulating, it breaks it— and then it changes your life forever.
- In Part 5, I will detail the greatest passive income system in existence where work becomes optional. Yup, you will learn how to never work another day in your life, where to find it, and how to get started immediately.

If you haven't read my first book, *The Millionaire Fastlane*, don't worry. *UNSCRIPTED* stands alone. I wouldn't have published it if I didn't think it could change lives. Question is, *will you allow it to change yours?*

First, if you have a great job, a chummy relationship with your boss, and are just thrilled with your 401(k), congratulations. I give you mad props. You're winning a rigged game. You're that dude who wins the giant stuffed elephant at the traveling carnival. How you tossed those plastic rings around the beer bottles, I'll never know. However, in light of your superpowers, this book probably isn't for you.

Second, I don't believe you can change your life by reading another "financial freedom" book that worships IRAs, stock-market investing, and soul-suffocating frugality. Do you really want to read another biblical-sized lecture idolizing the

compound-interest fantasy? Hit Amazon and you'll find ten gazillion books on such crap. This book's title is *UNSCRIPTED*, not "be like fucking everyone else on the planet."

Third, *UNSCRIPTED* is for you if your life has become hopeless and dissatisfying. It's for you if you're held hostage by a weekday and the bribery of its paycheck. If you're sick of the suck, and tired of the tiresome: the break-room gossip, the organizational politics, the managerial ass-kissing, and whatever else boils when multiple human beings are tossed in a box and tasked with corporate minutia, I have your escape.

UNSCRIPTED is for you if you crave autonomy and the creative license to pursue work that matters. It's for you if you're a youngster who'd rather live richly young—travel, nice cars, free time—versus waiting to live richly old: wheelchairs, arthritis, and bridge. It's for you if you have X-ray vision and can see what your parents cannot—that life's formulaic template has become dated and flawed.

But most importantly, *UNSCRIPTED* is for you if you've been an aspiring entrepreneur far too long, someone who can't turn a corner, turn a break, or turn a profit. Someone who might already own a business, but like a job, it steals time and just barely keeps the bills paid until next month. If you're someone who would rather hear the discomfiting truths from a multimillionaire over another broke blogger peddling in fantasies and narcissistic feel-good platitudes, I have your escape.

Finally, *UNSCRIPTED* is for you if you're willing to risk changing yourself. Everyone wants change, but few want to change their choices. This book will be tough because life is tough. Uncomfortable truths, belief challenges, and ego-shattering revelations lie ahead. Some will assign *UNSCRIPTED*'s blunt and insulting tone to themselves and miss the point entirely. If you think I'm a rude, politically incorrect asshole, please, return to your safe space and ask for a refund. Your opinion changes nothing about my reality, but I'm hoping mine changes yours. I didn't write *UNSCRIPTED* to coddle and protect the status quo that's been suffocating your dreams. Disruptive change doesn't come from some mental masturbation that sparks one day and flames-out the next—it comes from the depths of your heart and soul. If you're open to the red pill, I have your escape.

So, if I haven't been clear, let me be now: *UNSCRIPTED* is *not something you try*, it's *something you live*. If you're ready for the challenge, get ready for a shit-your-pants revelation that everything you've been taught and told is bullshit. Legendary bullshit. We're talking stuff that would make Ponzi feel out-scammed and out-lied. Don't be mistaken, *UNSCRIPTED* is NOT about paradigm shifts. I hate that phrase. A paradigm shift doesn't keep a sinking Titanic afloat. The problem is the paradigm itself. The problem is that you've allowed the paradigm to set the rules, call the shots, and dictate the decisions. The problem is, you've allowed ordinary thinking preached by ordinary people to produce exactly that—an ordinary life. *The paradigm shift is realizing that the paradigm is shit.*

PART

1

THE DISSONANCE...
IS SOMETHING WRONG?



BUYER'S REMORSE.

PART 1: Author's Objective:

CONFESSION



To give clarity to the subtle whispers that have canvassed your life in pursuit of a confession: “something” in your life does not feel right.

Perhaps it's the \$800 suit. Perhaps it's the credit card that paid for the suit. Perhaps it's the stinking realization that my weekend highlight was watching two mediocre football teams play in the Las Vegas Bowl. Perhaps it's the morning darkness and the stark reality that my short Cancun vacation is still months away.

Unfortunately, this is no time for a Jesus moment.

With moments to eat, I grab an artificially colored bowl of sugar-coated grain. With one eye on the clock and another on the meal plan pinned to the refrigerator—the one I'm supposed to follow religiously for the next eight weeks—I blame Toucan Sam for my first transgression.

Minutes later, I lumber to the driveway and wriggle into my car, sealing myself in the frigid cabin. My breath shivers a cloud. "Ugh," I groan. Even my new Mercedes C-Class and its fifty-seven payments remaining has lost its luster. I back out of my driveway and head to the freeway.

For the next hour, I sit trapped, fender-to-bumper in my little box, with thousands of other people like me. What I don't know is that my fellow commuters, some appearing more successful than I, are not happy either. Like me, they've failed their diets, failed their purpose, and failed their dreams. As a result, they've bribed their misery with more expensive boxes adorned with softer leather, shinier chrome, and fancier gadgets—boxes branded by prestigious insignia such as Lexus, Audi, and BMW.

Their mission, like mine, is appeasement: to bribe themselves into believing that they are different from the other 20,000 souls enslaved by the same paradigm imprisoning me.

Two miles and twenty minutes less from my life, I wonder, *Is a sheep who drives a Mercedes to the slaughterhouse still a sheep?*

Another hour drains before I arrive at my workplace where I pay seven bucks for the privilege to park near my building, a towering glass skyscraper that ironically, pierces the sky like a crystal dagger. As the orderly mob herds into the atrium, solemn yet caffeinated, I begin my day with a lie.

"Good morning," I greet the receptionist as I rush into a crowded elevator.

As I ascend to the sixtieth floor with my fellow inmates, I have seconds to meditate: "For the love of God, why can't it be Friday?" No time for fantasies, the doors slide open where purgatory awaits—a colossal floor featuring dozens of paneled cubes segregated into cells. Like a prison, each cell is customized to its occupant and decorated with family photos, knick-knacks engraved with biblical proverbs and unheeded platitudes, or an occasional art project from a child, yet to be cursed.

Quickly, I lipstick the pig: "OK, at least I have a job." It's a nice try, but I can't hoodwink my heart; gratitude shouldn't feel like death row at San Quentin.

I arrive at my cube, floor my satchel, and thunk to my seat.

Odd.

Manny, my cubicle neighbor who starts his day an hour earlier than I, has not arrived. In fact, his desk has been wiped clean.

Then I see it.

Sitting atop my inbox and ominously stamped CONFIDENTIAL is a large manila envelope from corporate.

Shit, this can't be good.

The last "confidential" love letter I received doubled my health insurance costs because Congress passed some fucked-up law that no one bothered to read. I dreadfully tear open the envelope.

Apparently Manny was fired this morning for not doing his job. Well, actually his job was being done, just not by him. Supposedly, Manny deviously outsourced his duties to IT workers in China, allowing him to surf Reddit and watch funny cat videos all day. The clandestine operation scammed for months.

According to the corporate dispatch, Manny was "let go" and his work temporarily off-loaded to me. Company courtesy reads like an offer from Don Corleone: My work will expand one hour per day and one Saturday a month for the next three months—for the same exact pay. OMFG. And no, they're not kidding.

Suddenly, I *feel* a scene from *Star Wars* involving a trash compactor. The air thins and my eyes gloss over as a suffocating cloud forms above Cubicle 129A. I clench my teeth so tight that my capped molar breaks in half; at least my dentist will be happy. Rage follows. Then bitterness and betrayal. I'm not sure who I'd like to strangle: my boss, my coworker, or myself.

WTF has my life become?

Is this why I went to college for five years?

This wasn't my plan!

As I pout like a child without my lollipop, temporary insanity gives way to functional logic: Grin and bear it. I'm trapped. I can't quit. I have bills—credit cards, a mortgage, a fancy car, student loans to the tune of 50G—and no savings. And then there's Amanda—my uptown, uptight girlfriend who demanded an engagement ring six months ago. Throw in a biological clock ticking at warp speed and our relationship is like riding the bumper cars at the county fair. "This job is everything," I reason. "Without it, I'm shitting bricks without a diaper."

For the next four hours, I sit in my cube, poking into my computer, suffering through the minutiae of purchase orders, past-due invoices, and IERs—internal escalation reports—the corporate world's version of schoolyard demerits. As my day drags on and I realize four more days of this insufferable hell awaits, and half my Saturday, I stomach a depressing truth: My dreams are dead. *The consolation prize for them has become a car and a weekend.*

For the rest of my day, I slag through work, eyeballing the clock like a dog salivating for a bone. Tick by tick, minute by minute, the clock widens the incongruence gnawing at my brain. With each passing, a part of my soul dies. And yet each moves me closer to the day's freedom.

Ten hours earlier, time ordered me awake, and now, time orders me to leave.

I hop back into my car, joining the others who endured a similar soul-suffocating day. I'm relieved it's over and a lifeboat awaits: It's Monday, and Monday means NFL Football. I crack the day's first smile, one that disappears seven minutes later. There's an accident on the I-90 freeway and I won't be home for another two hours. And I'll miss most of the game.

At home, defeated and demoralized, I drop-kick myself to the couch and crack open a cold Budweiser. It tastes like chilled piss. One sip and it's clear: don't use a butter knife when a chainsaw is needed. Four shots of Jack Daniels later and it's mission accomplished.

The room is spinning.

I'm lost to the television and catch the final ten minutes of the Steelers/Broncos game—a blowout not worth watching.

Channel flipping through alternate realities, I pay homage to the television: I can anonymously watch the lives of those suffering the same doldrums as me or interestingly, those who have been lucky and escaped it.

As I toast the death of my dreams, a *Law and Order* rerun gives way to an infomercial narrated by an overexcited dude with a bad British accent. He's selling a fat-squashing spandex compression girdle. Apparently, ten-years of custard donuts has a ten-second fix, assuming you don't get naked with the fool you fooled. As the hucksters and their "fat-choking bustier" bellow on, I slowly fade and pass out—not into a deep sleep but a shallow oblivion void of rejuvenation.

Hours seem like minutes, abruptly shattered by a morning noise...

♪ ♪ How the hell'd we wind up like this? ♪ ♪
 ♪ ♪ why weren't we able ♪ ♪
 ♪ ♪ to see the signs that we missed ♪ ♪
 ♪ ♪ and try an' turn the tables ♪ ♪

Fuck.

It's time to do this again...

My mother has been working fifteen years at a job she hates. My father has a masters degree in electrical engineering where he's worked at NASA making military hardware. He has been laid off several times and gone unemployed for months at a stretch. He works now, but I noticed something...

They are not happy. The life is sucked out of them.

No passion. No dreams. No goals.

Just the same thing.

Every.

Single.

Day.¹

Like this student observed, many of these *somethings* are tangible. They can sit in front of you as two parents dead to the world. My *something* was framed on a wall: two business degrees that cost me five years and \$40,000—yeah, the ones that got me that great ten-dollar-an-hour job slinging pipe in the Chicago slums. Your tangible *something* could be your garage, the one with the twenty-three horsepower riding mower, surely jeering the neighbors envious, and yet, you're still unfulfilled and unhappy. Or worse, it's an air mattress in your parents' basement, the one you bought for camping that's become a temporary bed, at least until you can "figure things out" before your thirty-third birthday.

The other *somethings* are intangible and resonate as white noise—a nagging chorus of dissonant emotions continually whispering life's swill.

If you're younger, one of these whispers could be shame pacified by faux fame: you've earned rock-star status on Xbox Live, but in the real world, you haven't earned jack.

Another whisper could be the sting of insignificance: if you were suddenly kidnapped and beamed to planet Romulus, no one outside your family would give a shit other than your roommate, who really isn't missing you—he just misses your half of the rent payment.

Other whispers are weekly appointments with anguish: the arrival of Sunday night and its awaiting Monday feels like hide-and-seek with the grim reaper. Or perhaps the whisper is contempt salted with guilt: you hate your job, your boss, and your company, but damn, that paycheck is instant amnesia.

If you're older, the whispers likely stew as frustration: You did everything right in life as recommended and directed by authority, and yet, no matter how much you work, save, and scrimp, getting ahead is impossible. Some urgent expense always looms—the dog needs shots, the car needs tires, or the kids need cash for a school project.

Other whispers echo as disbelief and skepticism: the bank paid seven cents in interest last year and, at the rate your 401(k) is growing, you'll retire by the twenty-fourth century.

And then there's perhaps the most haunting whisper: regret. You were going to do something with your life. Be rich. Famous. A CEO. Independently successful. A parent who spends time with their kids beyond throwing a pizza on the dinner table and calling it a night. Yup, you were going to be accomplished, proud, and happy. But now it's all a dead dream sitting atop a stack of bills, atop a desk, atop a mediocre life.

Every something tormenting your daily humdrum hints of a great deception. Clues to a ruse. An imminent awareness that only needs its confession: *You're living, but you aren't alive.*

Your heart beats, but there is no pulse.

Your mind is poisoned, but the toxicology is clean.

Your soul has been stolen, but there are no thieves.

Suspicion has swelled while the incongruity gnaws.

Yes, this wasn't the life you signed up for.

This wasn't your plan.

Something is wrong.



Your soul will resonate its desires and discontent when faced with quiet or minimal distraction; for example sleeping, showering, or during a massage.



How are you responding to your soul's voice? Is it denied? Ignored? Muzzled with the intense demand of meaningless work? Distracted by a television? Honored?

sons, daughters, wives, husbands, all suddenly blurred into a single collective as if one organism compelled by instinct. Did any part of the sum question why they were on a frozen street at 6:30 a.m.? And why would they repeat the same insanity for the next four days? Was anyone pursuing their dream, or were they pursuing what culture programmed them to pursue?

The sudden realization struck me—and frightened me: it was not free will at work, but conditioned instinct, like a bee buzzing to the hive or an ant marching to an anthill. Moreover, dress or implied social hierarchy played no relevance: three-piece suits, jeans, work overalls—the horde behaved as if controlled by a single puppet master.

As I reflected on the scene, I knew I could never—and would never—be normal as prescribed by cultural routine. That day sealed my fate as an entrepreneur—either one who'd eventually succeed or one who would fail and die trying. Lucky for me (and you), entrepreneurship was the snips that clipped the puppet master's strings.

In the 1999 hit movie, *The Matrix*, Neo is given a choice: swallow the blue pill and continue living a mediocre ignorance, or swallow the red pill and jolt awake to a free but imperfect truth. Within the film's dark dystopia, *The Matrix* represents the default operating system for the human species, a virtual reality enslaving us to a parasitic machine race. While comatose and imprisoned, the machines feed our minds with a simulation designed to keep us oblivious, distracted, and obedient to the system draining our humanity.

Well...

What if I told you that our world suffers from the same deception—a deception orchestrated not by artificial intelligence but by *conventional intelligence*? A deception of unchallenged and outdated wisdom, a dream-killing dogma tyrannized by stale traditions, narrow beliefs, and cultural conformity? A deception that represents the greatest con of the civilized world—a ruse that feigns freedom and comfort, when in truth, its sole purpose is economic slavery and human homogenization, a servitude system where you become an instrument, not of inspiration or aspiration but of perspiration and desperation.

What if I told you that this deception has infiltrated your mind and embedded itself as your default operating system, an autonomous program shadowing your entire life, from cradle to grave, from career to companionship, a presumptuous, yet unwritten rulebook by which all decisions are weighed, regardless of consequence to heart or soul?

What if I told you that this operating system has granted you an inauthentic life of someone else's design? A life you did not choose. A life meticulously preplanned and preordained to follow a predictable blueprint of mediocrity. A life where dreams are forsaken for a television and a paycheck. A life consecrated by an obsolete template, decreed by authority, sanctified by education, certified by media, and obfuscated by government. A life serving to die versus living to serve.

What if I told you you've become an unwitting participant in an obligatory game, one victim in a genocide of dreams, a pawn institutionally directed by the rank doctrine that every human must go to college, get a job, get married, have kids, use credit cards, finance a car, mortgage a house, stare at the latest smartphone (further entrenching your obedience), save and cheapskate your paycheck while entrusting it to Wall Street, all while you continue feeding the bloodthirsty parasites drunk on your life force?

What if I told you that all your whispers, the despondence, the uneasiness, is your soul knocking on the door of consciousness, pleading to be heard?

Get red-pilled my fellow human being...

You aren't living by free will; you're living by a SCRIPT.



Sunday evening is the litmus test for a SCRIPTED existence—how do you feel about the impending Monday? Excited? Or dour and cheerless?

PART

2

THE SCRIPT... ENGINEERING YOUR INVOLUNTARY SLAVERY



SEEMS LEGIT.

PART 2: Author's Objective:

AWARENESS



To expose the cultural expectations and societal mores that have framed your current existence, and done so without your knowledge or consent. To defeat the enemy, you have to know the enemy.

Go to college and earn a degree, regardless of cost, demand, or economics. Finance your commodified education with an indiscriminate appetite for student loans, notwithstanding the five “preapproved” credit cards you’ve already accepted. Graduate with empty credentials and a useless degree making you no different from millions with the same degree. Leave the cloistered world of university saddled in debt—either yourself, your parents, or both. Get a job so you can officially join the privileged ranks of a time prostitute—trading huge blocks of your life’s time bank, five days of seven, in exchange for little pieces of paper called money. Slave all day, usually repeating monotonous tasks, so you can pay for the education you just finished, the clothes you just dressed, the car you just drove, and the apartment you just left. Use credit cards to live conveniently: Starbucks for breakfast, Chipotle for lunch, and Chick-fil-A for dinner. Party hard at the club. Buy rounds of drinks, trying to impress strangers and women out of your league. Buy overpriced bottles of vodka, hit the VIP room, and try impressing them more. Rack up debt unrestrained; after all, it’s celebration time—you graduated!

Grow older.

Climb the corporate ladder. Wake up, hit snooze, and wake up again. Get into a routine: work, traffic, *Seinfeld* reruns, sleep. Repeat four times this week. Work overtime and show your corporate overlords that you’re willing to do whatever it takes. Schmooze your boss, the one with the bad suit and the bad breath. Hate your job, tolerate your coworkers, but love your paycheck. Get a pay raise and a promotion. Buy a cool car, a cool condo, and some cool clothes. Live a fabulous weekend enriched by spirited drinking and escapism entertainment. Work hard, play harder. Spend unrestrained—after all, YOLO!

Grow older.

Follow fashion: Prada, Louis Vuitton, Chanel. Follow pop culture: LeBron, Miley, TMZ. Follow popular television drama: *Game of Thrones*, *Breaking Bad*, *The Walking Dead*. Follow the lives of fake people on fake television shows portrayed as reality. Worship celebrities and athletes. Adopt celebrity opinions and their politics because they’re famous. Pay your taxes. Pay your bills: your mortgage, your car payment, your cable bill, your homeowners’ association fees. Continue stacking debt—after all, you work hard and deserve it.

Grow older.

Vacation two weeks every year, but only when the overlords permit. Charge the latest and greatest stuff: Dr. Dre owns noise-canceling headphones; P. Diddy owns this; Lady Gaga owns that. Spend to feel accomplished. Spend to feel good, at least until Monday arrives or the bill that Monday must pay. Spend to fill a void you can’t explain. Feel cornered: by a job, a mortgage, a car, a credit card, and by an existence. Feel freedom drip away while medicating the truth with more distraction: more consumer debt and more fictional escapes.

Grow older.

Hear your biological clock ticking. Worry you're still single. Date a friend. Date a coworker. Start online dating: Tinder, Match, eHarmony. Meet your mate. Marry your mate. Spend a fortune on a six-hour wedding, one that takes six years to pay off.

Continue working. Continue spending. Continue distraction. Continue dreading your Sunday night. Dread Monday more. Dream about quitting. Dream about traveling the world. Dream about waking up when you want to wake up. Dream about greatness, something more meaningful than the meaningless of paying bills and repeating. Dream about dreams long dead.

Grow older.

Have kids. Raise your kids. Get responsible. Change your debt perception. Start retirement planning. Follow the advice of obnoxious radio personalities, like the one with the orange tan and the popped collar. Take financial advice brokered by broke brokers. Learn how to get rich from people who aren't rich. Save 10 percent of your paycheck, max your 401(k), contribute to an IRA and an indexed mutual fund. Invest everything saved into the stock market, hope for 10 percent, and pray to avoid a crash.

Save for your child's college education. Work harder and longer. Get out of debt. Make a budget. Follow a budget. Clip coupons. Cancel the movie channels. Cancel the cable subscription. Stop drinking Starbucks. Stop eating Chipotle. Bag a lunch. Stop going to the movies, stop shopping name brand, and stop shopping period. Stop dreaming about sports cars because every dime must be coveted and handed to Wall Street. Settle for less, stop enjoying, stop living, and start dying.

Grow older.

Trust you'll be able to retire by sixty-five. Trust you'll be alive by sixty-five. Trust Wall Street. Trust compound interest, hoping it gives you 10 percent a year despite zero interest rates for the last decade. Trust the economy always has a job for you. Trust your house continually appreciates. Trust the mainstream media while believing their objectivity. Trust the drug companies. Trust the food you're eating is healthy. Trust the USDA food pyramid, the FDA, and its board of pharmaceutical executives. Trust your obese doctor. Trust your government representatives.

Wither older.

Insist that your kids get good grades so they can get into a good college and, like you, get a good job so they can repeat the same death march you can't escape. Teach your kids the difference between "pipe dreams" and "reality."

Continue working. Continue aging in indifference. Repeat, set to autopilot, and patiently wait while chained to the worst partners ever partnered: hope and time. Hope the stock market grew your portfolio. Hope inflation hasn't ravaged your portfolio. Hope compound interest yields the projected returns promised by the fiscal sycophants. Hope your money hasn't been hyperinflated away by blank-check politicians. Hope Social Security still exists. Hope there's enough money left to win the free time you've never had and always dreamed of.

Wither older.

Feel regret. Remorse. Your bucket list is full and your time bank is near empty. Your portfolio shares a similar state of emptiness. Hit sixty-five. Come to the unpleasant truth that hope and time haven't yielded the promised 10 percent per year. Delay retirement. Delay the wife's retirement. Delay for more work, more saving, and more frugality.

Unfortunately, time doesn't give a shit. Time doesn't care that you were promised a carefree retirement because you trusted six decades to an index fund. Time doesn't care that you're years away from a dream cruise. Time doesn't care that you worked for sixty years, spent a fortune bolstering the economy, and paid a king's ransom in taxes. Time doesn't care what was promised and not delivered.

Because time says it's time to die...

Before retirement, before the bucket list, before resolving the regret...

Welcome to the *SCRIPT*...

Manufactured by conventional wisdom...

Distributed by institutionalized indoctrination...

And swallowed with blind faith...

Wake up...the product being manufactured is you.



Herds are organized for economic purposes: slaughter, shearing, milking. Herd with the crowd and you will get predictable results designed for the crowd.

HOW I ESCAPED MANUFACTURED MEOIOCRITY

I've been fortunate.

Unlike most youngsters, my *SCRIPTED* programming was stalled by a viral seed of doubt. But it didn't start that way. As expected, environment and circumstance kick-started the process. I was raised in a dysfunctional lower-middle-class family, a fertile garden for *SCRIPTED* roots. By my early teens, the bedrock had been laid: get good grades, get into a good college, graduate, and get a good job.

My dreams of an extraordinary life suffered an early death with the death of my parents' marriage. Dad bailed for the drinking and swinging single life and left my high-school-educated mom with three expensive tyrants. That's when I learned about "real life": no new clothes, no first-run movies, and no Sizzler. Settling for less was life. And that's when I gave up thinking that life would be anything but ordinary. Back then, a popular television program, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, reinforced a *SCRIPTED* theme: Fantastic dreams were for the rich and famous—celebrities, pro athletes, and rock stars. I couldn't sing, my gut swallowed my waist, and I certainly wasn't Sinatra's second coming. Circumstances cultivated the seed, and *SCRIPT* indoctrination was underway.

And then something happened. And it changed everything.

I don't remember my age, but I was old enough to ogle sports cars and sixteen-year-old girls. While rolling over to the ice cream parlor, hoping to further inflate the tire around my stomach, I spotted a Lamborghini Countach parked outside—my dream car. I froze in a drooling, wide-eyed trance. My appetite, forgotten. My shyness, spurned. Overcome with adrenaline, I kissed my comfort zone good-bye and asked the young owner what he did for work.

His response?

He said he was an entrepreneur—specifically, an inventor.

And at that moment, while accosted by this gorgeous piece of machinery, something clicked: *I became aware that dreams were not just for athletes, rock stars, and Hollywood actors but also for entrepreneurs. And those dreams could happen young.*

Wham.

The *SCRIPT*'s viral threat was born. The incident planted a rogue code and seeded my entrepreneurial DNA, a path that grew into more than a random career choice—it became an awareness and a defense to the biggest scams of the century.

In the years that followed, I nurtured this seed while the *SCRIPT* failed its assimilation.

As a teenager, I practiced neighborhood entrepreneurship, albeit failingly (more on that later). In high school and college, I studied entrepreneurship extensively on my own—my school offered no such curriculum. Story after story, my research confirmed the truth: Successful entrepreneurs were among the few who lived extraordinarily, both in material and spiritual abundance. Mind you, back then business start-ups weren't glorified by weekly reports of billion-dollar liquidation events from upstart garage projects and ramen noodle diets.

By the time I graduated college, having suffered through a *mélange* of “how to be a good employee,” I was further “all-in” on entrepreneurship, knowing I could never lynch a tie five times a week. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of entrepreneurship would not be my job. *It would be my life.* However, looking back, I wasn't prepared for what awaited: a world that sung the same song from every radio where lowering the volume is as difficult as bending steel with your bare hands. Continue onward and let the truth be your mute.



What presumptive rules, social mores, and cultural norms have you followed without question? And have those constructs given you the life you dreamed?

- Starting a business is risky.
- To get rich, you should pinch pennies and eliminate all unnecessary expenditures.
- To grow wealth, you should faithfully invest your saved pennies into the stock market, preferably in a low-cost indexed mutual fund.
- To retire rich, be patient through the decades and let “compound interest” work its magic.
- Wealth is measured by your bank account and the material possessions it buys: the house where you live, the car you drive, the clothes you wear.
- Your home is a great investment.
- Monday through Friday is for work; Saturday and Sunday are for play.
- Retirement happens at sixty-five or, if you’re a hard worker and a good investor, fifty-five.
- The trusted instruments of wealth accumulation are IRAs, 401ks, and a well-diversified portfolio, namely indexed mutual funds.
- If you want to make more money, go back to school and get an advanced degree.
- Money doesn’t buy happiness.
- Good things come to those who wait.
- Follow your passion, do what you love, and you’ll never work another day in your life.
- Time is money.

Each of these statements (or any derivative phrasing) is what I call *SCRIPTS*peak. On any given day, at any given website, you’re perpetually bludgeoned over the head with this bunk like no one has heard it before.

If this advice has you stuck in a shithole, take heart. You aren’t to blame as much as you think. The fact is, your current situation might not have been your plan, but it’s the *SCRIPT*’s plan. Your college thanks you. Your bank thanks you. Your government thanks you. Your retail stores, restaurants, and corporations thank you. Hollywood thanks you. Wall Street’s minions—their brokers, their bankers, and their CNBC personalities—thank you. And moving forward unchanged, they will thank you until you’ve worked your last hour and invested your last dime.

You see, like Steve Jobs, who wasn’t trapped by the dogma of conventional wisdom, the rich get richer because the rich aren’t bound by the *SCRIPT*—*they’re the ones profiting from it*.

The proliferation of *SCRIPTS*peak is not random. It is either autonomically regurgitated by a *compromised party* or meticulously orchestrated by a *prejudiced party*. No matter who’s the parrot, you should listen to neither.

THE COMPROMISED PARTY OF CONVENTION (THE CROWD)

A *compromised party* is someone who holds the *SCRIPT* as their life's operating system. Compromised parties can be friends, family, coworkers, and authority figures: teachers, coaches, and guidance counselors. As such, *SCRIPT* propagation is parroted; the compromised party was taught X, Y, and Z as a youngster, and now, as an adult, they will convey the same beliefs because it's the only reality they know. The nine-to-five, paycheck-to-paycheck, live-for-a-weekend is their life, and it shall become yours.

As a result, you're another cow to be milked, no better than a soldier ant given his marching orders by the queen. When it comes to *SCRIPTS*peak from the *SCRIPTED*, ask yourself this: *If I accept average advice from average people living average lives, can I expect to be anything but average?*

THE PROFITEERING PARTY OF PREJUDICE (THE MONEY)

Like a compromised party, a *prejudiced party* also disseminates *SCRIPTED* doctrine. However, whereas a compromised party parrots platitudes simply because they think it's best for you, a prejudiced party profits from *SCRIPTS*peak.

For example, a typical prejudiced party writes articles about how a *SCRIPTED* existence will yield future fortunes. As such, they profit from the sale of books, financial products, seminars, and various other fee-based products or services.

For example, in December of 2015, a MarketWatch.com article led with the headline, "How time can turn \$3,000 into \$50 million."² In this perfect example of *SCRIPTED* horseshit, the author begins his fantasy with the statement, "I can't say I've done it, but I'm going to show you how you could."

Awesome. And let me show you how to jump out of an airplane without a parachute. Oh yeah, I haven't done it, but don't worry, you'll be in front of me to soften the blow when your ignorant butt splatters on the concrete.

But wait, this shit gets better.

The author goes on to say that the illustrious fifty-million-dollar fantasyland happens with regular, 12 percent market returns. Obviously in his *SCRIPTED* Neverland, Madoff is legit and so are his returns. In any event, the author is involved in multiple ventures that profit from *SCRIPTED* doctrine, namely a "wealth management" and an "investment advisory" firm. Prejudiced party, ya think? Lock, stock, and barrel.

"NO! I AM THE BOSS OF ME!"

Daddy: *I love your Lego castles. Are you going to be a king when you grow up?*

Billy: *Nah, I wanna live in a trailer next to the steel mill. When I grow up, I'm gonna be scrubbing the castle's toilets.*

First, let me say I have nothing against dirty work. I wrote, “scrubbing toilets” because it’s a chapter from my life. Yes, I had a job cleaning shit stains, which incidentally was a job I held *after* college. If only I could have scrubbed those shitters with my two business degrees...

Anyway, how would you react if your child aspired to scrub toilets? Perplexed? Concerned? Fib and correct him: “You can be anything you set your mind to”?

The truth is, our children don’t dream about mediocrity and uninspired living. Had my son answered like this, I’d ask him why he felt that way. Would living in a trailer and scrubbing toilets make him happy? If so, it’s the end of the story. But I doubt any child in recorded history has ever answered the “when you grow up” question with a tale of trailer-park living and shit-scrubbing labor.

When you were a kid and an adult scolded you to do stuff you didn’t like, you’d assert, “No! I am the boss of me!”

You see, before the *SCRIPT* clawed into you, you were once free. Pure and unmolested. You’d wake up happy and excited about the day. As a kid, you had fantastic dreams and unstoppable visions powering an optimistic future. You wanted to be the next DiCaprio, the next Hemingway, the next Jordan, the next Elvis, the next Picasso, the next great something—if not worldly, then locally, as a gourmet chef, a brave firefighter, or a respected policeman. Whatever your dreams, you acted on them on the playground, in books, or by Halloween costume. Dreams were alive and teeming with probability.

And then *something* happened.

You grew up.

Suddenly you were no longer the boss of you. You were issued into an educational system that happened, not surprisingly, Monday through Friday—the perfect, practiced assimilation to what was foreshadowed. And suddenly the reality of your friends, family, and peers became yours.

With no explanation and no event to mark the shift, everyone encouraging your dreams suddenly changed their stories. Be realistic. Grow up. That’s impossible. Stop daydreaming about this and that. Reality became a picture painted by the brush strokes from everyone around you who lived in unremarkable mediocrity.

What happened?

The *SCRIPT*—modern civilization’s impermeable intranet where dreams are killed and life routinizes into the mundane and trivial—got into your head. And the rest becomes history: the worthless degree, the debt stockpile, the contemptible job, the weekend bribe, the elderly retirement...



WHO or WHAT has become “the boss of you?” A pile of student loan debt? A job, a car payment, or a mortgage? Unwritten expectations from family or peers?