

# Introduction

*The hardest thing to explain is the glaringly evident which everybody had decided not to see.*

—Ayn Rand

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The offer to create this book came shortly after the release of *PLANDEMIC: INDOCTORNATION*, while I was spinning within the eye of the media storm. I couldn't do it. I had to pass. I knew that if I created any type of product, the media would obsess on it to sway the masses into believing that my motive was personal gain. Even without a product to sell, they pushed that angle anyway.

The untold truth is, we refused to profit in any way from either *PLANDEMIC* movie. We had nothing to sell except for the truth. We didn't even activate a single paid advertisement. We turned down every opportunity for investment and, instead, raised just enough in donations

to cover our expenses. Without the concern of financial return, we were able to give the film away. *PLANDEMIC* was our gift to the people. In the end, it was the people who carried it around the world.

After the first *PLANDEMIC* broke records, I received a multimillion-dollar offer to license the brand. Here's a snippet from a 2021 interview for *Ojai Magazine*,<sup>1</sup> with Reno Rolle, the person who was brokering that deal:

“On the heels of his *PLANDEMIC* project, I was approached by people who specialize in monetizing data because they thought I might be able to get to Mikki,” he said. “They suggested emphatically that if they had access to Mikki’s database, they would market to that database, and they guaranteed seven figures over the course of one week. I know it sounds incredible, but I’ve been in direct-response community marketing and these people are very credible and legitimate. Mikki flatly refused, because he was concerned people would think he made *PLANDEMIC* for the money.”

Why would I, an independent filmmaker, who at the time was living from paycheck to paycheck, walk away from a multimillion-dollar guarantee? It wasn't easy. To be perfectly transparent, there have been moments when I questioned that decision. Prior to the release of *PLANDEMIC*, my family and I had lost our home, work studio, car, and everything we owned in the California Thomas Fire. We escaped with our cell phones, a few hard drives, and the clothes we were wearing.

Our insurance policy lacked in the realm of fire coverage. As a result, we received a settlement that barely touched one-sixteenth of what was lost. So, it's not that we didn't need the money. I just couldn't bring myself to profit from a movie of this nature. Thankfully, my wife fully supported my decision. On that note, 100 percent of my profit shares generated from the sale of this book is going directly to a nonprofit organization that exists to create new schools and higher learning systems for children and young adults.

Unless you've had the experience of being completely censored, silenced, and scrubbed from all forms of digital media, you may not understand what it's like to be gagged in that way. Those who control the global narrative took every measure to ensure that I would not have the ability to defend my good name.

We've always been told there are two sides to every story, but unfortunately, the gatekeepers of free speech have ensured that we only hear one side of the story—*their* side. I began seeking an alternative medium through which I'd have the freedom and reach to set the record straight.

My producer, Erik, suggested that I write a book. I'd had a few offers in the past, but being an author was not on my to-do list. Thanks to Erik's persistence, I finally agreed to allow an investigative journalist to begin interviewing key interviewees and crew members to develop the framework for the book.

A few weeks later, Erik called to tell me he had "good news and bad news." "Hit me with the bad," I said.

He replied, "I just learned that our writer is not on our side. She believes the mainstream narrative and thinks we're crazy."

"Wonderful," I said as I braced for yet another hit piece. "What's the good news?"

Erik answered, "Actually, she *thought* we were crazy. She doesn't think that anymore. Her mind is blown by what she's discovering through her research."

To my amazement, this journalist, who for good reason has chosen to remain anonymous, had the courage and integrity to keep an open mind enough to dig beneath the smears and slander. After reading a rough manuscript, I was inspired to jump in as an author.

That said, I will never take full credit for this book. Highest credit goes to the fine people at Skyhorse Publishing, to Dr. Judy Mikovits, Dr. David Martin, and to my mysterious coauthor, whom I may never meet. I'm equally grateful for my incredible research team, my

courageous film crew, and the long list of brave and brilliant doctors and scientists who guided me every step of the way to ensure that the information presented within the *PLANDEMIC* series was bulletproof. Yes, bulletproof.

Despite what critics have said, not one major claim in either *PLANDEMIC* movie has been successfully proven inaccurate. In fact, shortly after the release of *INDOCTORNATION*, I offered a \$10,000 online challenge to anyone who could prove a single major claim inaccurate. After reposting the challenge globally every other day for six months, I gave up.

No one, not a single critic, fact-checker, or doctor was willing to put their money where their mouth is. Hence our catch phrase: 100 percent censored. Zero percent debunked.

Okay, let's get personal.

Like Forrest Gump, for reasons not yet fully known, I'm often placed at the center of historical moments. These are just a few of the highlights: I was working with inner city youth in South Central Los Angeles when the riots of '92 broke out. If you explore archive news reels, you'll see me standing directly behind Rodney King the moment he uttered those unforgettable words, "Can we all just get along?" That question has haunted me ever since.

Three years later, I had an impromptu dinner with O. J. Simpson just after he was acquitted of murder. I was near the World Trade Center the day the towers went down. After digging for survivors for three days, I was a changed man.

Suddenly, I wanted nothing to do with Hollywood. I made a hard pivot to focus my lens on things that matter. I was filming a PSA for the Bernie Sanders campaign with actress Shailene Woodley the day the Dakota Access Pipeline protest began.

We went straight to the front line, where we remained in service to the people of Standing Rock for over two years. I was filming near the US Capital when it was stormed on January 6th, 2021. More on

that later. (SPOILER ALERT: the truth is diametrically opposed to the media's version of why I was there.)

These are just a few of the events I credit for broadening my understanding of fate and faith. I was raised without religion. No church. No Bible. No grace before dinner. Our God was love. Long before I came along, my mother's husband died and left her alone with three small children.

Wounded by the loss of the love of her life, and in fear of losing her welfare assistance, my mother remained alone. When her three kids were in their preteens and teens, a girlfriend encouraged her to get out of the house. They went to a local night club, where she met a handsome sailor with piercing blue eyes. One thing led to another, and my mother ended up pregnant. Barely able to feed and care for her kids, a new baby was the last thing she needed.

Unable to bring herself to get an abortion, she did everything possible to induce a miscarriage. But all the horseback riding she could do wasn't enough to stop me from entering this world. My grandmother was not happy when her daughter gave birth to a bastard child.

In an effort to compensate for my grandmother's indifference, my mother showered me with love. Admittedly, I was a mama's boy. She was my best friend. Mom was diagnosed with cancer when I was in grade school. She was a survivor in more ways than one.

My big brother was diagnosed with AIDS when I was in my teens. He struggled with it for eight years before a new medicine called AZT brought new hope. Though it appeared to all of us that this new miracle drug was doing more harm than good, the man leading the AIDS epidemic, Doctor Anthony Fauci, promised the world that it was our only hope.

My brother's health began to rapidly decline. The gay community had begun warning my brother and my mother that it wasn't the virus, but the medicine that was killing him. But every time they turned the channel, there was America's top doctor surrounded by the world's most

beloved celebrities, reassuring the world that his protocol was the only solution.

AZT killed my brother on May 23, 1994. Unable to live with the guilt of not listening to the warnings, my mother invited the return of her cancer. She died just thirty-four days after my brother, on June 26, 1994.

I'd never been through anything like that. I didn't have the tools to process what I was feeling. Like Gump, I ran! I had to get far away from anything that made me remember. I went to the place where orphans hide. I rented the cheapest room available at the Magic Castle Hotel in Hollywood. I wasn't looking for stardom. I came for family. That's where they are, right? At least that's how it appeared to a kid who was raised on sitcoms. With only \$1,100 to my name, I had to take the first job I could find.

I worked as a print model for just over one year. It was the first time I got to travel. That part I loved. But I rapidly grew disillusioned by the pretentiousness of the industry and began looking for something more real and meaningful. I became a Hollywood actor. What can I say, I was young and naive.

I began auditioning but just didn't have the skills. My first big break was being invited to study with legendary father of method acting Sanford Meisner. I couldn't believe it. I was so green. Why did he pick me? It was the biggest accomplishment of my life at that point. It gave me a confidence that I'd never had.

Six months into training, Sanford, or "Sandy" as they called him, asked me to remain in the theater as everyone else headed out on break. He had me sit on the edge of the stage, our knees nearly touching as he stared into my eyes. My heart was pounding. I didn't know if he was going to give me the axe or praise my hard work.

Speaking through the tracheotomy hole in his neck, he sucked in a gurgling breath, then told me he wanted to have sex with me. I thought it was an exercise. Surely he wasn't serious. He was so old and frail. He had to be testing me. I smiled calmly, then said, "No thank you."

He didn't blink. I continued, "It's not that I have any judgment. I'm just not . . . gay." Still, not a blink. Filling the uncomfortable silence, I said, "I have no issues with . . . you know . . . gay people. My brother is gay . . . I mean . . . *was* gay . . . He had AIDS."

After a long and intense pause, Sandy finally responded, "OK." With the flip of a hand, he waved me off. I left the theater heavy-headed and confused.

When we all returned from break, Sandy directed me to take the stage. I stood there in silence for a moment. Using his cane, he pulled his dying body to a standing position. He then pointed that furious cane at me and growled, "You don't belong on stage! Get out of here! Go now!"

I developed a reading disorder after that, which made my auditions even worse. That was it for me as an actor. As they say, those who can't do, teach. I took a job as a drama coach to toddlers. Alright, it was more like daycare, but I loved it! I loved working with the kids.

Teaching led to directing one-act theatrical plays. I became the youngest member of The Playwrights Kitchen Ensemble, where I was mentored by legends of stage and screen. PKE was the brainchild of Hollywood mogul, Steve Tisch, who produced *Forrest Gump*, ironically, as well as many other iconic classics.

Fueled by the love of theater, I went on to build my own playhouse in North Hollywood, where I began honing my writing and directing skills. Eager to get behind a camera, I raised a few thousand dollars to create my first microbudget mockumentary called *Shoeshine Boys*. To my surprise, that little movie went on to become an underground hit, winning top honors at various film festivals.

In 2001, I flew to New York to meet with a potential distributor. I was living the dream. Not only was I in negotiations for distribution of my first movie, but I was making thousands of dollars a day as a fashion photographer and as a director of Spanish-language music videos. But all that changed on September 11, 2001.

I was sleeping on a friend's sofa in midtown the morning the planes hit. My buddy and I went directly to the scene, where we remained for three days while digging for survivors. This was my wake-up call.

While standing on the rubble of the World Trade Center, looking down at scattered body parts, something happened to me. Something mystical. I could feel the eyes of the world focused on that very spot. The planet was shrinking. Nothing was far away. I could literally feel the presence of every living being. I felt our collective pain. Our fear. Our desire to live and love.

The moment was shattered by an announcement. Every rescue worker was ordered to turn off their machines, stop, and listen. We were told that the dust we were breathing was laced with extremely deadly toxins. Anyone without a proper respirator was invited to leave the area. Not one man or woman walked away.

The announcer made it painfully clear: "What you are breathing will eventually kill you!"

The workers looked around to see if anyone was going to heed that advice. The sound of heavy equipment fired back up, and everyone went back to work. Not a single person left. I stood there, eyes flooding, and said to myself, "This is who we are. This is who we are."

Everyone was willing to risk their life at the fading chance of saving one stranger. I'd never witnessed such selflessness. After that, I began to see people in a new and brighter light. Suddenly, all of my material goals felt trivial. I couldn't imagine returning to Hollywood to do the work I was doing before. How could I direct another commercial to sell a product that poisons our people and our planet? How could I direct another music video that glorified the ego and used women as props? My career was over.

I returned to California, put everything I owned in storage, then moved into a friend's guest cottage in Napa Valley. Still, the gravity of Hollywood kept sucking me back into the machine.



I was offered to write and direct the sequel to the '60s classic *Easy Rider*. As a former motocross racer and fan of anything on two wheels, it was an offer I could not refuse. I signed the deal, wrote the script, then just before the movie went into production, I quit. I just couldn't do it. Not only because it was a bad idea to begin with, but being back in the maze that I had recently escaped was simply something I wasn't willing to endure again.

I walked away from a \$400,000 paycheck and never looked back. If I was going to continue to work as a filmmaker, it was going to be on my terms. My newfound clarity and commitment to living truthfully prepared me to meet the love of my life. Nadia and I fell in love in 2003 and were married in 2009. Together, we created the Elevate Film Festival, which became the world's largest single-screen film event. After a three-year tour, we decided to morph the festival into a film production company dedicated to elevating human consciousness.

Nadia went into labor in July 2011. Our home birth plan was scrapped due to severe complications. We rushed to the hospital, where Nadia would undergo an emergency C-section. After much effort, a tiny purple body was pulled from her belly. No crying. No breathing. The doctors placed our lifeless son on a cold machine and began working frantically to pump life into him. Thankfully, Nadia was unable to see what I could see. She asked, "Is everything okay?"

That was the only time I've ever lied to my wife: "Yes, my love. Everything's fine." She smiled, her beautiful dimples popping out. I forced a smile, then returned my eyes to the drama across the room. The machine was now making a sound that I will never forget. The sound of death. The look on the nurse's face said everything. She did her best to give me a reassuring smile, then used her body to block my view as doctors shoved suction devices down my baby's throat.

I closed my eyes and began to pray. Without much experience, I wasn't sure who to address my prayer to. Father? Mother? God? Buddha? Krishna? Christ? With so much at stake, I prayed to all

of them. I prayed hard. It wasn't working. I began to beg. I made promises to anyone and anything that might be listening. Nadia asked, "Are you sure everything is okay?" I couldn't lie again. I cradled her face in my hands, then told her the truth through my eyes. Her voice broke as she asked, "What's wrong? Honey, what's wrong?" Once again, I closed my eyes. This time, I made an offer.

I said, "Please God, let that baby breathe and I vow to you right here and now that I will dedicate the rest of my life to this child and all of your children." At that exact moment, a tiny voice cried out. One of the doctors yelled, "That's what we want to hear! That's what we want to hear, little guy!" The machine stopped making that awful sound. The nurse, clearly emotional, smiled big and said, "That's your baby."

Nadia echoed, "That's our baby?" I nodded and said, "That's our baby." We cried together. That was the day I learned to pray.

As I write this, I'm fully aware of this risk I'm taking to share stories so personal. I'm aware of the distrust and cynicism that's currently plaguing our nation and our world. I anticipate that some readers will totally miss the point and my intention for sharing. In no way do I see myself as any kind of hero or martyr. I'm not looking for sympathy or praise. I'm not interested in winning anyone's acceptance. I chose to share these stories because I want you to know the truth. I want you to know the real reasons I made the leap from a lucrative and safe career to produce a movie like *PLANDEMIC*. Contrary to popular media narratives, I have no interest in being famous. Why would anyone in this age of cancel culture shoot for something so fragile and toxic? Furthermore, if money were my goal, I would've taken that multimillion-dollar offer and run.

The corporate media would also have you believe that I am a far-right radical of sorts, despite the fact that up until recently, I was as far left as one could be, without falling over the edge. Now that I've been behind the curtain of politics for the last few years, I currently identify

with neither of the two parties. Seeing firsthand the trappings of identity politics, I've learned to vote for policies over personalities.

I am also not a "QAnon follower." In fact, to date I've not seen a single "Q drop," as they call it. The reason is simple. As a professional researcher, I only pay attention to information that can be validated through verified sources. That said, I hold no judgment for anyone in that movement. The few Q followers I've had the pleasure of meeting were genuinely good people. That's what matters to me.

With all the effort to dehumanize and divide us, I refuse to participate in that losing game. Through my work as an interviewer, I've learned the importance of listening. We all have a story in us. To listen to one another's stories is to reconnect as humans. Connection is vital. May the stories within this book leave you more connected with yourself, your loved ones, and all of humanity.

—Mikki Willis