

The Apotheosis Saga

Episode One:

Genesis

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Cephalopod Productions

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Part One: Genesis*Scene One:*

1. _____ (*SND: APO INTRO THEME, THEN: FADE IN OF CLOCK TICKING
AND ATMOSPHERE IN BACKGROUND*)

2. **NARR:** I *am* Bill Wright Jr. Life's funny sometimes. Funny like a fist in the gut. Hey, I used to be an average Joe Citizen...well, Joe Citizen anyway. Now? I'm a god. Before you rush off and assume that this is a good thing, take it from a deity who knows, it's not. In my case, there were strings—all of which I've managed to bust free of. All that is, save one. And that, my friend, is where you come in. So, listen up!

3. _____ (*SND: SNAP, DING!*)

4. **NARR:** while I give you some perspective. See, in my Joe Citizen days I was, well I remember being a programmer for a software company named Syner-gist-of-it. I was writing a planet simulation. I could tell you who commissioned the project, but then I'd have to kill you. This particular "client" desired a program that would allow him to control all aspects of a simulated planet, such as its composition, size, atmosphere, gravity and life. The software would show you how the planet would function over the course of time. Well, due to my slightly obsessive nature, I became slightly obsessed with the

project—and more than slightly frustrated. The computer was falling behind. I knew what I needed, but I kept running into problems with resolution, speed, memory...One evening after three sleepless nights and only Coke to drink, understanding burst into my mind like a can-can dancer on speed.

5. _____ *(SND: CAN-CAN CHIPMUNKS)*

6. **NARR:** I laughed

7. _____ *(SND: BILL'S DISTURBED LAUGH IN BACKGROUND)*

8. **NARR:** as I watched my monitor falling 23 stories to the pavement beneath my office window.

9. _____ *(SND: SHATTERING MONITOR IN BACKGROUND)*

10. **NARR:** No *computer* could do it *right*. So, it all began, innocently enough, when I spread my hands three feet apart and created my first cubic yard of void.

11. _____ *(SND: VOID SOUND, THEN NO SOUND)*

12. **NARR:** I mean, truly, a chunk of nothing—empty of everything, including the laws of physics; silent, impossible, and floating in the center of my office. I had spread my arms, flexed my will, and it had become.

13. _____ *(SND: SLOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER)*

14. **NARR:** Energy and matter were next. I thought them into my creation and watched eagerly as absolutely nothing happened. Then I got it. Nothing ALWAYS happens—in a snapshot. With another

stroke, I added time, and things began to roll. Life was next, or would have been,

15. _____ *(SND: THUNDER OUT)*

16. **NARR:** but I saw that my watch and my clock had frozen—both reading 11:34 which was when I'd started creating. I had a brief flash of panic that I'd somehow crashed reality, when in they came. Yeah, them...the Reality Police.

Scene Two:

17. _____ (SND: REALITY POLICE ENTRANCE)

18. **BENNY:** Are you Mr. (snickers) Wright? Bill Wright Jr.? Also known as, William Wright the second? Also known as, WW—

19. **WWII:** Yeah. That's me.

20. **MAURICE** Yeah! Right! You got 'im! BING-o!

21. **BENNY:** Police, sir.

22. **MAURICE** Yeah! The fuzz, the man, the blues, the suits, the pigs, the bacon, smokeys, the—

23. _____ (SND: SLAP, SLAP)

24. **MAURICE** Ow.

25. _____ (SND SLAP)

26. **MAURICE** (Giggles)

27. **BENNY:** Beg pardon, sir. Please check your watch, sir.

28. **WWII:** I did. It's been 11:34 for a half hour now. But you boys didn't drop in to chit-chat about the time.

29. **BENNY:** Oh, not entirely sir. We *are* required by law to inform you that time has been arrested...heh. But primarily, we're here to ask you a few routine questions. It will only take a moment, sir.

30. **WWII:** Wait a minute—show me your ID.

31. **BENNY:** Certainly, sir.

32. **WWII:** Reality Police?

33. **BENNY:** Now, sir, may we see *your* license?

34. **MAURICE** Yeah! i.e. ID, papers, permit, authorization! Certificate of exemption! Passport! Your—
35. **BENNY:** (overlapping maurice) Aahh.. Excuse me...
36. _____ (*SND: SLAP*)
37. **MAURICE** OOW! Hey, Benny...Hey, woah! Benny, waddya doin'? Put me down! Put me down! Heh! Oooh! I get it! It's like yesterday... only this time... YOU'RE Butch! Aaaaaaaahh!
38. _____ (*SND: BLUDGEONING, AD-LIB ABUSE*)
39. **WWII:** (Underneath abuse, Background) Gee whiz. That must hurt. Where'd he get that?
40. **BENNY:** Forgive me, sir. I enjoyed that.
41. **WWII:** License for what?
42. **BENNY:** For your creation.
43. **WWII:** I...don't have one...
44. **BENNY:** It's right there.
45. **WWII:** No, I mean a *license* for my creation.
46. **BENNY:** Where is it?
47. **WWII:** Right there.
48. **BENNY:** No, I mean your *license*.
49. **WWII:** I don't have one.
50. **BENNY:** Look, everyone has papers, sir—even those who don't. If you'll just cooperate and show us your license or permit, we'll be on our way. It's clear you've done nothing fundamentally wrong

here, sir—nothing we have to ah, confiscate. You are however, in direct violation of zoning regulation...

51. _____ (*SND: PAPERS RUSTLING*)

52. **BENNY:** 13c. You'd be best to move your work to one of the create-free stages at the universities.

53. **WWII:** Look, read...my...lips. I *have no license*. I just started working, here. I had no idea this required regulations, let alone cops to enforce them.

54. **MAURICE** No kiddin'? No lyin'? No joke? No way! You're pullin' my leg! Jerkin' my chain! Puttin' me on...LIKE A CHEAP SUIT!! (Fades back, continuing)

55. **BENNY:** My apologies, sir, but you're operating without authority and license. In this light, your offenses are more serious. I'm afraid I'm going to have to take you in, but

55. **MAURICE** (Cont) Pullin' the sheep over my ears! Playin' me like a second-hand poodle! Sellin' me a bridge...HAND! Feedin' me a crock oven MITT! Friendly Fire! Givin' me the

first, I'm gonna

runarou--?

kill my partner.

56. MAURICE YEAH!! Do me! Grease me! Smoke me! Whack me! Fill me
full'a—

57. _____ (*SND: SHOTGUN COCK, BANG, THUD, COCK, BANG, COCK,*
BANG, RELOADING)

58. WWII: And if I resist?

59. _____ (*SND: SHOTGUN COCKING*)

60. WWII: Eloquent enough...

Scene Three:

61. _____ *(SND: PRISON BARS CLOSING, STRANGE LOCK)*

62. WWII: Nobody knows...the trouble I've seen...

63. _____ *(SND: COURT AMBIANCE)*

64. JUDGE: You have been found guilty of vandalism, creation without a license, obstruction of traffic due to non-statement of intent and trespassing. You will be stripped of your powers and sentenced to a period of two-hundred and fifty years.

65. WWII: Trespassing? In my own office? This is a circus court with a side show of cops!

66. WWII: Oh, Lord, forgive me my trespasses! (LAUGHS)

67. _____ *(SND: GAVEL BANGING)*

68. JUDGE: ORDER! Take him away...

69. _____ *(SND: BILL BEING CARRIED OFF, LAUGHING, AMBIANCE FADES OUT, JAIL CELL CLOSING)*

Scene Four:

70. NARR: I was sitting in my cell, feeling depressed, the funny side of my situation having worn off, when I decided they couldn't do anything to me that I didn't want them to. Intellectually, there it was, but it took four days' concentration to get it through my head. When I did, however, I

71. _____ *(SND: DOOR CREATION OVER REST OF LINE)*

72. NARR: created a door from my cell to my office and stepped through. My watch was lying on my desk where I'd left it. It still read 11:34 and started working as I picked it up.

73. _____ *(SND: CLOCK, FAN)*

74. NARR: I kicked back and waited for the cops to show, but they didn't. So, I created another void

75. _____ *(SND: VOID, THEN NO SOUND)*

76. NARR: and set back to work. That did the trick. Suddenly,

77. _____ *(SND: MANY REALITY COPS ENTRANCE)*

78. NARR: I was out of time and had the rapt attention of thirty-some-odd reality cops. I felt like a six-foot doughnut.

79. BENNY: All right, Wright!

80. _____ *(SND: SHOTGUN COCKING)*

81. BENNY: Freeze! Or we'll put a hole right through the middle of ya.

82. WWII: All right, copper. I'm frosted.

83. COP I: He's a cream puff.

- 84. NARR:** I bit back a tart remark.
- 85. BENNY:** You'd better hope the judge isn't any cruller this time 'round.
- 86. WWII:** Hey. I wasn't born yesterday...Stop treating me like I'm a day-old.

Scene Five:

87. _____ (SND: JAZZY RAGTIME IN BACKGROUND)

88. **NARR:** This time in the courtroom, things—and people—were more serious, hence more boring, and any amount of *that* was too much. Inspiration struck: I'd been underdressed for the circus last time. I decided I could, and would, dress to fit. Polka-dot pants, orange fright wig, slap-shoes, grease paint and a big, red nose. I also decided there wasn't a thing they could do about it. I was placed on the stand and answered all questions by honking a bicycle horn.

89. _____ (SND: HORN RANDOMLY HONKING)

90. **NARR:** Three officers at the back of the room tired of this, linked hands, glared, and my horn disappeared with—

91. _____ (SND: HORN DIES)

92. **NARR:** Bereft of my horn, I created a cigar, but after only two puffs it too vanished with a slight stench of brimstone. So... I created the biggest, blackest, foulest cigar in the Universe. The cigar band said, "El Ropo Perfecto," and I made it real...Real...*REAL!* Yeesss. I got *four* puffs before they realized that this cigar was *tough*. A bailiff snatched

93. _____ (SND: SNATCHING)

94. **NARR:** the cigar from my teeth and ground it out under his heel,

95. _____ (SND: GRINDING OUT)

96. **NARR:** saying tonelessly:
97. **BAILIFF:** (Tonelessly) No smoking in the courtroom.
98. **NARR:** I looked at him indignantly and smoke began to pour from every pore of my body. (echo) Dooooon't yooooou beelieve iiit! (echo off) My amplified voice filled the courtroom, even greater volumes of smoke issuing from my mouth. Finally the judge asked a question I wanted to answer.

99. *(SND: RAGTIME MUSIC END, COURT ATMOSPHERE)*

100. **JUDGE:** Do you make a mockery of the authority of this court?!!
101. **WWII:** Why, no. Not at all. How could you even ask such a thing? I am giving this court every scrap of respect and seriousness it deserves.
102. **JUDGE:** This is a court of REALITY LAW!
103. **WWII:** This is an aggregation of fools.

104. *(SND: GAVEL BANGING)*

105. **JUDGE:** (OFF) No..no..no...no..NO...
106. **WWII:** I... Am leaving.
107. **JUDGE:** STOOOPPI! (FADE OFF)

Scene Six:

108. **WWII:** And I left that place. But before I made it to the front door...

109. *(SND: REALITY COP ENTRANCE)*

110. **BENNY:** Excuse me, Mr. Wright...sir?

111. **WWII:** You know you can't stop me?

112. **BENNY:** Yeah, I know, sir. I'm supposed to give you your license.

113. **WWII:** Heh. The orange wig looks about right. What's this, "Hazard Class" under my name?

114. **BENNY:** Good day, Mr. Wright.

115. *(SND: REALITY COP EXIT)*

116. **WWII:** NOW WHAT?

117. **AHRIMAN:** A deal.

118. **LOKI:** Saw your show. Loved it.

119. **WWII:** What the --?!--Where did you—

120. **AHRIMAN:** Allow us to present—

121. **LOKI:** Our cards. Owwwuh!

122. **NARR:** Before me were two mismatched men. One stood powerfully in black robes that made Armani look like Osh-Kosh, B'Gosh. The other had a contagious grin, stuck onto a large mass of muscle, wrapped imposingly in armor stained with battle and blood. The pictures on the cards matched the faces, but the names drew the attention: Ahriman: Hazard Class. Loki: Hazard Class.

123. *(SND: APO TAG MUSIC)*

