

The Apotheosis Saga

Episode Two: **Questions**

Written by Kevin Swan & Jason Cole

The Apotheosis Saga was created by Jason Cole and Kevin Swan
Cephalopod Productions
© 1995-2002 All rights reserved.
www.cephalopod.com for more information

Scene One:

1. **NARR:** I stood in the antechamber of the courtroom, my exit blocked by two odd men who claimed the names of evil gods of ancient mythologies. The smooth one's card read 'Ahriman,' the name of the top devil of the Zoroastrian mythos. The big-time wrestler wearing armor was near-believable in the role of Loki, the Norse god of mischief, felonies and misdemeanors. Well, if these two were gods, then—
2. **WWII:** I'm Cindy Crawford, supermodel.
3. **LOKI:** But I thought you were—
4. **AHRIMAN:** Loki...
5. **LOKI:** Sorry.
6. **AHRIMAN:** So, Cindy, you manifest dual exclusive aspects, different in names, appearance, genders, likely even personalities. Thus encompassing the twin natures of your people and encouraging the devotion of both, similar to my esteemed colleagues, Atman. Do you possess a gestalt name, or do you prefer the nomenclature of your current avatar?
7. _____ (*SND: CRICKETS CHIRPING*)
8. **WWII:** It was a joke. Do you get out much?
9. **LOKI:** Out? Yes, out! These places make me *itch!*

10. **AHRIMAN:** Shall we shift this to my place? Big chairs, big fireplace, big drinks—
11. **LOKI:** Incentive!
12. **NARR:** I was leery of the idea, but their licenses read, 'Hazard Class,' like mine, and I needed answers. So many people were pushing me around, I felt like a six-foot hockey puck.
13. **WWII:** Sounds like a worthy goal.
14. **LOKI:** YES!
15. _____ (*SND: TRAVEL*)

Scene Two:

16. **AHRIMAN:** Please...Make yourself comfortable.
17. **WWII:** Woah. Big chairs.
18. **LOKI:** I'll get dinner started.
19. _____ *(SND: GOOFY MUSIC)*
20. **LOKI:** First—a before meal drink, anything you prefer. Next, appetizer!
Spiked fruit punch?
21. **WWII:** No, thank you. I'm fine.
22. **LOKI:** Mango / Kiwi wine cooler?
23. **WWII:** No. Nothing, thanks.
24. **LOKI:** Ahh. For you...ZIMA!
25. **WWII:** Really. I'm fine. *Thank you.*
26. **LOKI:** Some doctored Ovaltine, perhaps?
27. **WWII:** Thank you. **NO.**
28. _____ *(SND: GOOFY MUSIC STOPS)*
29. **AHRIMAN:** You look like a whiskey man.
30. _____ *(SND: ICE IN GLASS)*
31. **WWII:** Woah. Big glass.
32. _____ *(SND: GOOFY MUSIC RESUMES)*
33. **LOKI:** For the salad course—Bloody Marys! Your choice of dressings,
I suggest a light vinaigrette.
34. **WWII:** Uh...

35. **LOKI:** For soup, Borscht and WODKA!
36. **WWII:** You know...I—
37. **AHRIMAN:** You're not expected to keep up with him.
38. **LOKI:** And the main course: A hogshead of mead apiece, with Chateau Dehrsion, three different years—
39. **WWII:** Umm...
40. **LOKI:** With an amusing everclear chaser to cleanse the palate for dessert: Kahlua and coffee ice-cream...and Kahlua! (LAUGHS OFF)
41. **AHRIMAN:** In truth, no one is expected to keep up with him.
42. **LOKI:** Finished off by an after dinner brandy and cigar. But first! PARTY GAMES! To usher in the night. Spin the cripple? Pin the dagger on the brownie? Twister? (OFF) No! Toto!
43. _____ (*SND: GOOFY MUSIC END*)
44. **LOKI:** Or—act completely nonchalant while giving disinformation and partial answers to questions simultaneously probing for the knowledge you really want? In other words, the usual?
45. **AHRIMAN:** Hmmm.
46. **WWII:** I'm game. Who's gonna ask the first question?
47. **LOKI:** You did! And now it's my turn.
48. **WWII:** Wait, we hadn't started yet.
49. **LOKI:** All right. All right. Careful... How about I flip you for it?

50. **WWII:** Sure—aaaaaaahh!
51. _____ *(SND: BILL FLIPPING OVER AND SCREAMING, LOKI LAUGHS)*
52. **LOKI:** Call it, QUICK!
53. **WWII:** Heads!
54. _____ *(SND: BILL'S LANDING AND LAUGHTER FROM LOKI)*
55. **LOKI:** Lessee. As I count it, you bounced on your head twice and your, ah, tail three times, which means that I—
56. **AHRIMAN:** Loki...
57. **LOKI:** Alright, alright, alright. Head three times, tail twice. You win. Big deal.
58. **AHRIMAN:** Three simple rules. One: each side may declare one topic off-limits to questions. Two: each side gets 5 questions. Three: there is no third rule. Bill, what area would you care to place off limits?
59. **WWII:** My love life.
60. **AHRIMAN:** Ah...Prudent. For our side...Loki, you choose.
61. **LOKI:** Math. All I can do is subtract and divide. Let the games...COMMENCE! (PAUSE) Uh, Bill?
62. **WWII:** Oh. Right. Sorry. Um...Tell me the five most important things I need to know about this place.
63. **LOKI:** Thas-a NOTTA question!

- 64. WWII:** Okay. What would you say if I asked you to tell me the five most important things I needed to know about this place?
- 65. LOKI:** Ew. Er, well. I'd say first, um, no, that's fourth, um—
- 66. AHRIMAN:** I'd say, "That's a big question."
- 67. LOKI:** OUCHIE! Diddums lose a question? If he weren't on my team, I'd be drinking hemlock!
- 68. WWII:** Urrh. I walked into that one. Okay, hit me.
- 69. AHRIMAN:** Lokiii...
- 70. LOKI:** But he—
- 71. AHRIMAN:** Lookiii...
- 72. LOKI:** There's a fly on his head?
- 73. AHRIMAN:** No. Here it is, Bill. Who worships you?
- 74. WWII:** Gee. I got good reviews on SimJob, my simulation of the twisted love-triangle between the postpostmodern world, the hand-to-mouth work ethic, and the pleasure principle. Then, the weirdest thing, this kid starts sending me Email about how I'm like a god to him, how great I am, and asking me to help him with some bugs in this program he's writing, where the player is a horror-movie maniac, greasing high-school students. So, I helped him out, and it turns out, as we get to know more about each other, I find that he has family back in Pensacola, where

my best friend grew up. Anyhow, we compare notes, and it...turns...out.?

75. _____ (*SND: CRICKETS*)

- 76. LOKI:** (AFTER A COUPLE BEATS) So. Anyway...
- 77. WWII:** My next question: What's the nature of the area including this house, the court of reality law, my cell and connecting territory?
- 78. LOKI:** You don't know?
- 79. WWII:** It's not your turn.
- 80. LOKI:** Hey, it's your question. If you want to burn it, fine. This is the superior existence, the realm occupied by the eternal; worshipped and feared by believers. This is the Level Above.
- 81. WWII:** What's that mean, symbolism or—
- 82. LOKI:** It's not your turn. Ooowwh.
- 83. AHRIMAN:** I oppose The Sun of Elegance absolutely. Loki opposes Thor first, Odin second and any other Aesir as time allows. Who do you oppose?
- 84. WWII:** That isn't—I'm not—I don't oppose anybody—I mean, sure, I have trouble with some folks, but not on a permanent basis. That's not my job. Listen, I'm trying to give you straight answers to your strange questions, and you reply to my straight questions with your mythological role-playing. If you want to

pretend you're gods, fine. But you owe me at least one straight answer. Who are you, really?

85. LOKI: I'll show you.

86. AHRIMAN: Loki, wait. One: We owe you nothing—there is no Third Rule. Two: You invert the truth, you play the games, you pretend to no worshipers, no opposition yet you wield Hazard Class power. Three: When pressed, and your imagination fails, you stoop to insults. Yet, I will answer. I *am* Ahriman, Sleeper of Three Millennia, General of Darkness in the Three Wars, Scion of Nyarlathotep. The grim warrior to my left is father of Garm, the wolf that will eat the world. Father of Hela, Mistress of the Underworld. And father of the Midgard Serpent, fated to slay Thor at Ragnarok. He *is* Destroyer and Condemner of Balder, the Brightest Light in Asgard. Murderer, Trickster and Betrayer. He *is* Loki Jarlson, of the Jotun and Aesir, and you just named him Liar.

87. WWII: Oh.

88. AHRIMAN: Before you...lose your head, answer me—how did you get arrested for creation without a license?

89. WWII: Like I said. I'm a computer programmer. I was writing a planet simulation, but I was hitting walls, I couldn't push the computer where I wanted to go—so I began to create. Really create. It

was easy, natural somehow. I don't know how to describe the feeling—

90. AHRIMAN: Once you had the complete vision, the execution was reflexive, nearly automatic, in fact, required by your nature.

91. WWII: You know! Yes! Exactly right! So, then the Reality Cops show up, I get busted for operating without a license. I didn't know I needed a license! I didn't know who the cops were, what the laws were, or what was going on—I thought it was all some elaborate, surreal farce. So they slap me in jail, which I got fed up with, fast. After a week or so, I took off, back to my office, but—

92. AHRIMAN: Wait—

93. LOKI: I get to kill him now?

94. AHRIMAN: No. What do you mean, you, 'took off'? Where were you?

95. WWII: In a cell, with a funny lock that went, "Whoofinkunkaluk!".

96. LOKI: Liar!

97. AHRIMAN: Loki, watch him—I'll be right back.

98. _____ *(SND: EXIT)*

99. WWII: What's happening?

100. LOKI: A right hook.

101. _____ *(SND: HOOK)*

102. WWII: (MUFFLED) Ouch! My nose!

103. LOKI: A jab.

104. _____ *(SND: JAB)*

105. WWII: (MUFFLED) Ouch! My ribs!

106. LOKI: A jab.

107. _____ *(SND: JAB)*

108. WWII: (MUFFLED, UGLY INTAKE OF BREATH) Is that the best
you've got?

109. _____ *(SND: AHRIMAN RETURNING)*

110. AHRIMAN: Loki, stop!

111. _____ *(SND: BILL GETTING PUNCHED)*

112. LOKI: Ahriman, why?

113. _____ *(SND: BILL GETTING PUNCHED)*

114. AHRIMAN: He's telling the truth.

115. LOKI: WHAT?

116. _____ *(SND: OFF SLAPS, BILL'S GROANS)*

117. AHRIMAN: He was duly sentenced, and fully convicted, for a period of two-
hundred fifty years. He left after six. Days. Bill—

118. _____ *(SND: BILL GROANS)*

119. AHRIMAN: Of the many penalties Reality Law can impose, only one is
effective against a Hazard Class deity, confinement—

120. _____ *(SND: BILL GROANS)*

121. AHRIMAN: And this restriction has always been certain—until you.
What...Have...You...DONE?

Scene Three:

122. _____ (SND: KNOCKING ON BIG DOOR)

123. **AHRIMAN:** Loki? Would you mind getting the—

124. _____ (SND: DOOR SHATTERING, THUNDER ROLLING)

125. **AHRIMAN:** Never mind.

126. **THOR:** (COUGHING / THUNDER WHEN SPEAKING) Loki! Field Trip!
Who's the runt?

127. **LOKI:** Bill, my half bro, Thor, God of Thunder.

128. **WWII:** I believe you.

129. **LOKI:** Say, Bill. If the A-man buys your story, I can. No hard feelings?
You must understand your story was hard to swallow, just as
ours must be for you. Thor, meet Bill Wright Junior, Hazard
Class Plus.

130. **THOR:** Bill Runt. (LAUGHS) Bill Runt. Come with Thor and Loki!

131. **LOKI:** It would appear we've been invited on a field trip. Goodie!
Since you really *don't* know anything about anything, I'll just
have to be your guide.

132. _____ (SND: THOR LAUGHING, THUNDER)

133. **LOKI:** Ende! Vite! (FADING OFF) We're walking, we're walking,
we're walking, step this way.

Scene Four:

134. AHRIMAN: Agnes!

135. _____ *(SND: AGNES ENTERING)*

136. AGNES: Yes, Dread Master?

137. AHRIMAN: Thor.

138. AGNES: A new door, Dread Master?

139. AHRIMAN: Yes.

140. AGNES: Any further damage, Dread Master?

141. AHRIMAN: Only emotional, Agnes.

142. AGNES: Of course, Dread Master.

143. _____ *(SND: AGNES EXITING)*

144. AHRIMAN: So... a fresh, naive, Hazard Class. Sorely in need of...guidance.

(LAUGHTER FADES OUT)
