

## **The Apotheosis Saga**

Episode Four:

### **Where Am I?**

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The Apotheosis Saga was created by Jason Cole and Kevin Swan

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**Part Four: Focus...Focus...Focus.***Scene One:*

1. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: TOWNSHIP AMBIANCE FADES IN*)
2. **WWII:** (ECHOING, MULTIPLE TRACKS CONVERGING) Where...am I?  
I?
3. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: OPENING DOOR, STREET FADES, WALKING UP  
INTERIOR STEPS*)
4. **WWII:** Where...am I?
5. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: REACHES TOP OF STAIRS, MOVES DOWN HALL*)
6. **WWII:** Nice painting. Where...am I?
7. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: STEPS STOP, KNOCKS ON DOOR*)
8. **WWII:** Where...am I? (BEAT) I'd better check!
9. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: DOORKNOB RATTLING, DOOR OPENING*)
10. **WWII:** It's open!
11. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: STEPS RESUME*)
12. **WWII:** Where...am I? (BEAT) Where am I?
13. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: DOOR PULLING OPEN QUICKLY*)
14. **SAM:** Who...are you?!
15. **WWII:** Where...am I?
16. **SAM:** Obviously in the presence of genius, you mewling fishmonger!
17. **WWII:** What?

18. **SAM:** Are you simple? Drunk? Mad? I...am Samuel Taylor Coleridge!
19. **WWII:** Bill Wright, Junior.
20. **SAM:** *The Samuel Taylor Coleridge!*
21. **WWII:** Well, I don't come in six-packs, pal.
22. **SAM:** Insufferable! The groping mud-thing retorts! You stand there stump-like, your face bulging out, the perfect avatar of mundane sludge, daring to speak back to a being who stands as far above you as a god!
23. **WWII:** Buddy --
24. **SAM:** Infidel! You interrupt the culmination of life in its sweetest, most noble form -- poetry! Po. e. try. Do you know what it is, slug?
25. **WWII:** "In honored poverty thy voice did weave  
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty, --  
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve  
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be."
26. **SAM:** Wrenching tripe! The fetid breath of mediocrity!
27. **WWII:** How about,  
"Up on the hill, they think I'm okay,  
or so they say.  
Chinese music and the Banyan trees  
here at the dude ranch across the sea..."

- 28. SAM:** Not bad...for a sucking flatworm. However, compared to my epic genius, all other work is choking marsh gas! You see, mindless monkey-boy, when I arose this morn from my opium induced coma, my abnormally vast intellect had generated six-hundred-eighty stanzas, in eighteen distinct classic modes. Portraying the land, Xanadu and its legendary ruler. It is my -- No. No no no -- *THE* Masterpiece! Entitled: Kubla Khan! And I remember every perfect line, every syllable, every nuance!
- 29. WWII:** Wait a minute. Coleridge...Samuel...Taylo -- I know you!
- 30. SAM:** Lo! Even the fungi recognize my radiance!
- 31. WWII:** I was forced to read *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in college. You long-winded wheeze!
- 32.** (SND: FIST MEETS COLERIDGE)
- 33. SAM:** Ow! Brute! Philistine! In Kubla Khan, I describe your beastly type exactly. Stanzas three-eighteen to four-thirty-one! Listen, toad!  
"His puckered face the very form,  
of Khan's black god of savage..." Uh...savage...uh...
- 34. WWII:** I like it.
- 35. SAM:** Black god of savage...No...Impossible! It's fading! My poem, it's fading! I must copy it down immediately. Pen...pen...  
"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan,

A stately pleasure-dome decree.

(FADING OFF) Where Alph, the sacred river ran  
through caverns measureless to man,  
down to a sunless sea...

36. (SND: FOOTSTEPS)

37. **SAM:** (OFF, ) Murderer! Poecidal maniac! (CRIES)

38. **WWII:** (LAUGHS) “Bring back, bring back, bring back my Xana-Du me,  
Du me!”

39. **NARR:** (REMINISCENT) Ahh yes, my first benevolent act as a deity.  
By Coleridge, I gathered I was in England -- early eighteen-  
hundreds. Now *that's* lost. Since becoming a god, I'd been  
insulted, arrested, jailed, grilled, beaten, dragged around,  
splitched, displaced in time and tongue-lashed by a dope-fiend.  
On the other hand, I have avoided boredom, relaxation,  
understanding and peace of mind. I just wanted to pick up  
some information, get back to my house and study...*alone*. So,  
info first. I envisioned Reality Library, downtown branch. I  
reached, pulled -- you know all that talk about the time-space  
continuum? It's hooley. It doesn't work like that. I created a  
door

40. (SND: DOOR CREATION)

**41. NARR:** from 19th century England to Reality Library, and stepped through.

*Scene Two:*

42. **RUDOLFO:** We're ready to receive. (CHUCKLES) They've no idea we're in. From this side of the program, there was no ice, no sentry programs alerted, no tracing active, nothing. Congratulations, Katia, on a brilliantly laid scheme.
43. **KATIA:** Thank you kindly, Rudolfo, but don't be so quick with throwing bouquets. We're in, but we don't have the packet in our system -- without that, we've no success here.
44. **JEROME:** (YOUNG) Dang me! I never thought I'd see the day...
45. **NEFU2:** We've slipped into Realty Library without breaking a sweat and no one's any the wiser.
46. **KATIA:** (LAUGHS) You call my six months of coding and planning sweatless?
47. **RUDOLFO:** OK, Here goes nothing, or I should say, here *comes everything*...downloading.
48. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: ELECTRIC PROBLEM, SYSTEMS WARNING AND SHUTTING DOWN.*)
49. **JEROME:** (OVER NOISE) *Dang me! What the...*
50. **RUDOLFO:** (OVER NOISE) They must have detected us! *Huge* surge coming down the line, I can't disconnect! Get *BACK!*
51. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: ELECTRIC EXPLOSION, BILL, 'OW!'*)
52. **JEROME:** (AFTER PAUSE) Dang me...Who's...

53. **KATIA:** You're not my restricted packet burst.
54. **WWII:** And you're not the Reality Library.
55. **JEROME:** Dang me. How'd you find our super-secret, highly-hidden, underground hacker headquarters, without...?
56. **NEFU2/RU-FO:** (ROLLING EYES) Jerooooomme!
57. **JEROME:** What? I just...
58. **WWII:** Apparently, a slight navigational error.
59. **KATIA:** Spontaneous combustion is more likely. If that's your best explanation, we may have a problem.
60. **JEROME:** Yeah, Mr. *MAAN*. (etc.)
61. **NEFU2:** You tell'm! (etc.)
62. **WWII:** That's it. I've had it. Shuuut. *UP!*
63. **NEFU2:** (SQUEAK)
64. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: SCAMPERS OFF)
65. **JEROME:** Yeah, tell it like it... uh... (SQUEAK)
66. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: SCAMPERS OFF)
67. **JEROME:** Yeah, tell it like it... uh... (SQUEAK)
68. **RUDOLFO:** My nephews. You were saying?
69. **WWII:** I was saying, there's no problem here. I was headed to the library, but I wound up here. Boy is my face red. I'll just toddle off, now and let you and your n-n-nephews get back to your illicit data theft.



70. **KATIA:** If you can figure that much out, you can guess that we've got the grade of information you're looking for, Mr. Wright.
71. **WWII:** So I'm known here.
72. **KATIA:** You've caused quite a stir, quickly.
73. **RUDOLFO:** (HESITANT) Bill? Wright?
74. **WWII:** Present.
75. **KATIA:** Would you mind, Rudolfo?
76. **RUDOLFO:** Oh, yeah -- I've got some connections to check on. I hope we can talk later, Mr. Wright.
77. **WWII:** Sure thing. (TURNS) Will you yield your advantage?
78. **KATIA:** One. I'm Katia. Which area would you care to study first?
79. **WWII:** Advanced methods and theories of creation, and the classical form.
80. **KATIA:** These books develop a vivid classical model, and if you're interested in my choice for advances, this is excellent.
81. **WWII:** I appreciate your offer. Thank you. When I need more, how may I reach you?
82. **KATIA:** If you keep your full attention on these matters, you will have no difficulty.
83. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: HEELS EXITING*)
84. **KATIA:** Good day, Mr. Wright.
85. **WWII:** Indeed it is, Ms. Katia.

86. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: DOOR CLOSSES, HEELS STOP*)

**87. NARR:** (EXHALES NERVOUS TENSION, MOCKING HIMSELF:)  
'Indeed it is Ms. Katia.' (UNDERLINING WITH FOREHEAD SLAPS) Stupid! Trite! Dumb! 'So, Mr. Wright, how does it feel to be utterly outclassed in two sentences by a brilliant, fascinating woman?' 'Well, uh, that is to, uh..some books?' 'I can tell I interest you by the drool on your shirt, Mr. Wright.' 'So, uh, so, uh, what's your sign?' 'So, when you return, will you be this...common?' 'I, um..*books?*' 'What's the next bold move on your agenda, Mr. Wright?' (FLAT, QUIET) Giving up. In this mood I headed home.

88. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: BILL TRAVEL*)

*Scene Three:*

89. **NARR:** I arrived at my plot overlooking the city

90. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: CROWD)*

91. **NARR:** and stared, not at my house, but into a wall of milling flesh.

92. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: CROWD QUIETS)*

93. **NARR:** Kerjillions of heads with matching empty stares swiveled my direction and locked on. I felt like a six-foot television.

94. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: CROWD SWELLS, 'BILL! ENTERTAIN US!' 'SHOW US YOUR POWER!' 'ENDORSE MY PRODUCT!')*

95. **WWII:** Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for watching WWII...Me. This concludes the live appearance portion of our broadcast. We will now attempt station identification, while returning you to your regularly scheduled program, "Tiny Marvels of the Animal Kingdom: Parasites"...already very much in progress.

96. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: WWII'S TRAVEL, CROWD SWELLING AGAIN "WAIT!" "COME BACK!" "WHAT'S HAPPENING?!" HE'S INSIDE! HE'S INSIDE HIS HOUSE, LOOK!" CROWD QUIETS AS WE SHIFT TO INTERIOR OF WWII'S HOUSE)*

97. **NARR:** I created venetian blinds.

98. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: BLINDS DESCENDING OVER WINDOWS, CROWD IN PUZZLEMENT, "WHAT? I CAN'T SEE HIM!")*

“SOMETHING’S HAPPENED!” “OH NO! HE’S TURNED THE  
WINDOWS OFF!” “BILL!”, OFF: CROWD CONTINUES TO  
MURMUR)

99. **NARR:** I created a phone

100. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: SMALL RING, PICKUP, DIALING)

101. **OPER:** Operator.

102. **WWII:** Information. It’s an emergency.

103. **INFOR:** Information. What city, please.

104. **WWII:** Apex.

105. **INFOR:** My listings show no ‘Apex’.

106. **WWII:** (EXASPERATED) Glorious Glorious Apex.

107. **INFOR:** What quarter, please.

108. **WWII:** Roman.

109. **INFOR:** Go ahead.

110. **WWII:** Priapus’s Home Security and Nightclub.

111. **INFOR:** Here’s that listing:

112. **AUTON:** The number is: Quarter code MLV, MXDI XXXVII. The number  
is: Qu--

113. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: HANG-UP, PICKUP, DIAL, MUFFLED RING, CLICK)

114. **PRIAPUS:** (MUFFLED, CHARLIE BROWN ‘ADULT STYLE’) Wahwahwah?

115. **WWII:** Hello, Priapus? This is B--

116. **PRIAPUS:** Wah wah wah.
117. **WWII:** Yeah. Right. Jr. How'd you know?
118. **PRIAPUS:** Wah wah wah.
119. **WWII:** (LAUGHS) Hey. Clever!
120. **PRIAPUS:** Wah wah wah?
121. **WWII:** Well, I need some home security. I seem to have a problem with adoring fans...
122. **PRIAPUS:** Wah wah wah.
123. **WWII:** Yes! Crowd control! How fast could yo--
124. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: CROWD NOISE CEASES INSTANTLY)
125. **WWII:** Not bad! What else you got?
126. **PRIAPUS:** (OVERLAPPING WWII) Wah wah wah.
127. **WWII:** (IN RESPONSE TO OPTIONS) No...I'll take two...NO!...No...Ahh. Yes, a perimeter fence!
128. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: CHAIN-LINK FENCE QUICKLY UNROLLING)
129. **WWII:** Yes! Oh, yes. Barbed wire!
130. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: BARBED WIRE BEING ADDED TO FENCE)
131. **PRIAPUS:** Wah wah wah?
132. **WWII:** What?
133. **PRIAPUS:** Wah wah wah?

**134. WWII:** (STUNNED) Electrified...*dogs?* Yeah! Electrified dogs! Good call! I'll take, lesse...mmm 2 doors, windows, uh...nine! Yes! Nine!

135. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: ELECTRIC DOG STORM*)

**136. WWII:** (SHOUTING) I'll take one! Yes! One!

137. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: ARF ARF ZZT. ARF ARF ZZT. ETC. FADES OUT*)

**138. WWII:** Great! Hey, thanks a lot! Send me a bill.

**139. PRIAPUS:** Wah?

**140. WWII:** Right. Bill Wright.

**141. PRIAPUS:** Wah?

**142. WWII:** Right. Junior.

**143. PRIAPUS:** Wah wah?

**144. WWII:** Right.

145. \_\_\_\_\_ (*SND: HANG-UP*)

**146. WWII:** Now I appreciate his slogan: "No one knows protection like Priapus."

**147. NARR:** In creating my house, I'd left the interior bare and although I longed to decorate, more importantly I needed answers to some big questions. So, I created the meager essentials required for study: A chair, reading lamp, notepad, pen and one of those hand made Persian rugs with silk tassels and

intricate geometric patterns running around the edges, woven with thread dyed the colors of a sweet sunset, depicting, in the center, a vast and rolling landscape upon which mounted warriors ride in full armor, clashing eternally over some forgotten point of honor. After some hours of reading, I'd gleaned a lot of technical information, several basic facts and one paradox. I'll spare you the technical details, and start with the paradox. The books, they say, gods created the people, IE: all the creation stories are true. The books, they *also* say, people created the gods, EG Gods are generated by the power of human worship and belief. And apparently, everybody's...OK with this nonsense? Hakkuna Matada. Now, the basic facts: A god's level of power is determined by the amount of worship he gets. Amount as in number of people, length of time and intensity of worship. This rule obviously didn't cover me. Think of it like this: People are the powerplant, worship is the wattage and God's are the lightbulbs. Basic, but accurate. Now imagine Thor, the Norse god of Thunder and Agriculture (what?) Thunder and Agriculture. (what?) Thunder and Agriculture, Thunder and Agriculture. Imagine him as a nice, bright lightbulb. I know... it's a stretch. He's not nice and bright

because he's a swell god. He's nice and bright because over the course of time, many people have worshiped and believed in him. Where it gets tricky is when the gods want to do things on earth. Here's the clever bit. There's a wall between Thor the lightbulb, and the Earth. Every faithful person at any given time represents a hole in the wall where Thor's power can reach earth. So, if Thor went down to fourth century Norway, he could raise a raging storm and turn the whole island green in the winter. If, on the other hand he popped down to nineteen-forty-three Kentucky, he'd be lucky to russle up a house draft or ripen a tomato -- because he was only known -- no longer worshipped. And, he simply couldn't go back to two-thousand and one b.c. France, because he simply didn't exist then. I know, I know, neither did france, but you get the picture. Work with me.



## Scene Four:

148. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: POLITE KNOCKING)
- 149. WWII:** (SING-SONG) I'm not here!
150. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: POLITE KNOCKING)
- 151. WWII:** (SING-SONG) I don't want any!
152. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: POLITE KNOCKING)
- 153. WWII:** (SING-SONG) I'm a poecidal maniac!
154. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: POLITE KNOCKING)
- 155. WWII:** This had better be good.
156. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: BILL'S FOOTSTEPS STOMPING TO DOOR, UNLATCH,  
DOOR OPEN, 'ARF ARF ZZT')
- 157. WWII:** Oh. Ahriman. It's you.
- 158. AHRIMAN:** William! Good to see you again. Here, for your new home.
159. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND:) AHRIMAN'S FOOTSTEPS ENTERING HOUSE, DOOR  
CLOSE)
- 160. WWII:** Thank you. What a lovely...basket of fruit. I'll see you later?
- 161. AHRIMAN:** Priapus did a superb job outside.
- 162. WWII:** Yes...How *did* you get past Frido?
- 163. AHRIMAN:** (CONDESCENDING) Bill... (CHUCKLES) Intriguing architecture. Lovely rug. May I sit?
- 164. WWII:** Look, Ahriman, I'm right in the middle of --

**165. AHRIMAN:** Studying up, I see. Just wanted to welcome you back, won't take a moment. Ah, the One True Whey, by Gruyere,

166. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: PAGES BEING FLIPPED THROUGH)

**167. AHRIMAN:** Bland, but solid.

168. \_\_\_\_\_ (SND: BOOK TOSSED ONTO DESK)

**169. AHRIMAN:** Now, the Basis of Intent draws nearer to several important truths. Unfortunately, Fo'kas Dalenz didn't truly understand what she stole from Nyarlathotep, so something is lost in translation.

**170. WWII:** In the preface, she mentions she's drawing from fragmentary sources.

**171. AHRIMAN:** And filling in the gaps with uninspired clay. It's a pity that, for whatever reasons, Reality Law destroyed Nyarlathotep's original writings.

**172. WWII:** Really--

**173. AHRIMAN:** Ruthlessly. And since Nyarlathotep entered isolation prior to human existence, it is, of course, impossible to reestablish contact with the Ancient One. Thus, the works of this genius sink into oblivion. Well, Bill, I'm afraid I have to refuse your charming invitation to stay and chat, I'm a very busy god, you know. Enjoy the...fruit.

174. (SND: FEET, DOOR OPEN, 'ARF ARF ZYT' DOOR CLOSE)

**175. NARR:** Anything Reality Law went out of its way to suppress had a high chance of being worthwhile. I take myself as a case in point. Maybe Ahriman and the other gods were time-bound by their worshippers, but I, having none, was not. I created a corridor backwards through history, hunting for contact. Something connected. I stepped through.

176. (SND: TRAVELING BACKWARDS THROUGH AND PAST ALL HUMAN EXISTENCE.)

Scene Five:

177. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: DESOLATION. FOOTSTEPS THROUGH DEBRIS.)*

178. **NARR:** This was not what I'd expected.

179. **WWII:** (SHOUTING) Hello?

180. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: ELLO? ELLO?)*

181. **WWII:** (SHOUTING) Is anybody here?

182. \_\_\_\_\_ *(SND: ERE? ERE?)*

183. **NY'OTEP:** (MUTATING FROM 'ERE' ECHO) Here.

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