

The Apotheosis Saga

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Episode Nine:
Porno From Another Planet

Part Nine: Porno from Another Planet.

Introduction

1. _____ *SND: DRUM INTRO*

2. ANNC: It was a warm day in early September when I first met the Apotheosized Man.

3. KEVIN: The (STUTTERS OVER WORD) Apoth-- Apoized-- Theopized. The what?

4. _____ *SND: DRUM INTRO*

5. ANNC: Bill Wright Jr., A man barely alive. We can rebuild him, we can —

6. JASON: Man, you watched too much TV as a kid. Howabout...

7. _____ *SND: DRUM INTRO. COFFEE MARTINI IN GLASS, FEMME FOOTSTEPS*

APPROACHING. ROMANTIC MUSIC IN BACKGROUND.

8. FEMME: (FADING IN) Here's your coffee martini--shaken, not stirred--mister..

9. WWII: (SLURPING COFFEE) Junior. Bill Wright, Junior.

10. KEVIN: Uh huh. Next!

11. _____ *SND: DRUM INTRO. FANFARE.*

12. ANNC: (WITH HEAVY ECHO) Juniorman! Strange visitor from another planet!

13. _____ *SND: FANFARE.*

14. ANNC: (WITH HEAVY ECHO) Juniorman! With powers and abilities--

15. JASON: Get real.

16. KEVIN: I kinda liked that one.

17. JASON: Shut up. Next!

18. _____ *SND: DRUM INTRO. ROCKY THEME OPENING TRUMPET*

19. K&J: (SCREAMING IN AGONY) No! Please! Make it didn't happen!

20. _____ *SND: DRUM INTRO.*

21. WWII: Tuesday, 11:18 a.m. Got a call to investigate an alleged universe-devouring monster, on the rampage in downtown Glorious Glorious Apex. This is my city. My name's Wright. I carry a card.
22. JASON: You can't be serious. Did you write that?
23. KEVIN: What?
24. JASON: Nyarlathotep doesn't trash Apex until part ten. Besides, can't we get sued for that?
25. KEVIN: That's why I whipped up this little beauty:
26. ANNC: By breaking the shrink-wrap on this recording, you agree to indemnify Cephalopod from all damages direct, consequential, incidental, accidental or intentional. You'll never take us in, see? We're smarter than you, see?
27. KEVIN: Whaddya think?
28. JASON: Doesn't that break the fourth wall?
29. KEVIN: The what? I don't even know what the hell that means.
30. JASON: Never mind. Lookout! Here comes the --
31. _____ *SND: DRUM THEME ENDS.*

Scene One

32. AHRIMAN: Well, I have to admit that was unexpected. Touché and my hat is tipped and all that nonsense. What follows? I won't let you leave, you won't let me leave. This is beginning to sound like some homoerotic story about two desperate gods locking each other away for a splendid night of mayhem, William. What have I done to deserve such affections from you? (CONTINUES IMPROVING UNDER NARR) You know, I do swing both ways...

33. NARR: I had little idea of what Ahriman was capable of, but I knew I didn't want to wait till he was done blabbing to find out. I didn't know how gods typically duked it out, but as he spoke, I felt the anger grow in the pit of my stomach and I decided to use it. I focused it into as tight of a ball as I could.

34. SND: VIOLIN PLAYING HIGH NOTE, GROWING LOUDER AS TENSION MOUNTS. STRANGE EFFECTS AS BILL FOCUSES HIS ANGER.

35. NARR: (CONT) I kept feeding it while he spoke, the sensation becoming more physical and painful with each word. When containing it was no longer possible, I released it at Ahriman.

36. SND: VIOLIN NOTE ENDS. SMALL GRUNT OF RELEASE FROM BILL. NOISE OF ENERGY BALL TRAVELLING FROM BILL TO AHRIMAN

37. NARR: He sidestepped it without effort, like he knew it was coming.

38. AHRIMAN: Now, unlike your first move of restricting me to your house, this move was completely expected. You probably had delusions about striking me when I least expected it. Well. My turn.

39. _____ *SND: STRANGE WARBLE OF CREATION AND THEN SPIDERS RUSTLING FROM CORNERS, GETTING BIGGER AND MORE PLENTIFUL AS THEY APPROACH BILL.*
40. NARR: I was distracted from his face by movement behind him. From corners of my house that were suddenly much darker and deeper than I remembered, came things that most closely resembled spiders except that they were about three feet wide. They didn't look friendly and they were very interested in me. I was impressed, but decided to lie.
41. WWII: I'm unimpressed.
42. _____ *SND: SPIDERS GETTING LOUDER AND CLOSER. MINIATURE MACHINE GUNS COCKING FOR FIRING.*
43. NARR: It was the noise that inspired me to look closer. Each spider was rigged with miniature automatic weapons mounted on the back. I can safely say that if you had been through what I'd been through, what I did next was entirely rational. Although, looking back on it now, I'm not exactly sure how. I created a bunch of gremlins.
44. _____ *SND: (UNDER NARR) GREMLIN CREATION. THEIR LITTLE FEET LANDING ON GROUND AND SHUFFLING TOWARDS SPIDERS.*
45. NARR: (CONT) At least one for each spider. They rushed the spiders, jumped on their backs, mounting the mini-cannons like saddles.
46. _____ *SND: GREMLINS RUSHING SPIDERS, JUMPING ON BACKS AND RIPPING OFF SKULL CAPS. (UNDER NARR) SOME ELECTRIC FITZING AS THEY HOTWIRE AND SOME SKIDDING SOUNDS AS SPIDERS STOP TO BE ADJUSTED.*
47. NARR: (CONT) Then, with their tiny, little, sharp, gremlin claws, they ripped the top part of the spider's heads open and hot-wired their brains. Soon, all of

the spiders were turning around and retargetting on Ahriman. The mini-machine guns all went off and made a complete mess of two walls, but didn't seem to cause Ahriman to blink.

48. _____ *SND: MINI-GUNS ALL FIRING, RIPPING UP WALLS, RICOCHETING*

49. AHRIMAN: Oh please, like we didn't all do the gremlin-ripping-the-skull-caps-off-the-spider-trick in school. No one ever one-upped me on the playground and you won't be doing it now.

50. NARR: Then it got weird. Ahriman smiled at me and ripped the top of his own skull back,

51. _____ *SND: (UNDER NARR) RIPPING SOUND WITH HINGE SQUEAK AND SOME FLOPPING/BOUNCING OF LID. BRAIN GOO NOISE.*

52. NARR: (CONT) so it flopped open like a hinged walnut exposing a ball of black and green, moist mush that I supposed to be his brain. Still grinning, he produced handlebars with little, plastic, red-white-and-blue streamers coming off the ends and rammed them into his ears which forced his eyes to bulge out of their sockets more than I was comfortable looking at.

53. _____ *SND: (UNDER NARR) HANDLEBARS POPPING INTO EXISTANCE WITH PLASTIC STREAMER NOISE. RAMMING SOUND WITH EYE BULGE.*

54. NARR: Then he... well, he grabbed onto his handlebars and revved himself up.

55. AHRIMAN: VROOOM! VROOOOOM!

56. NARR: I'll skip the gory details, but he proceeded to run down every hot-wired attack-spider with gremlin rider there was. I was pretty well covered in – well, I said I'd skip the gory details. My rug was ruined.
57. SND: (UNDER NARR) AHRIMAN RUNNING AROUND, STEPPING ON BIG SPIDERS, GUTS FLYING, GREMLINS SCREAMING. AHRIMAN ADLIBS SCREECHES AND REVING AND A "NYEAH-NYEAH-NYEAH-NAH-NYEAAAAH-NYEAAAH!" TO BILL. BILL GRUNTS AS HE DECKS AHRIMAN, WHO FALLS TO THE FLOOR - CONFUSED
58. WWII: That's disturbing!
59. NARR: My punch disrupted his display. Taking the initiative, I braced a foot on one of his handlebars and ripped his skull-flap off...
60. SND: (UNDER NARR) CRUNCHING, TEARING SOUND, FRISBEE WHIZ.
61. NARR: ...and began pounding on his brain.
62. SND: BILL PUNCHES, IMPACT+SQUEAK TOY+SQUISH
63. AHRIMAN: Texas!
64. SND: BILL PUNCHES, IMPACT+SQUEAK TOY+SQUISH
65. AHRIMAN: Pure white light!
66. SND: BILL PUNCHES, IMPACT+SQUEAK TOY+SQUISH
67. AHRIMAN: Ah gah! Gah gah gah...
68. WWII: Not so tough, fisto a braino, huh?
69. SND: BILL PUNCHES, IMPACT+SQUEAK TOY+SQUISH
70. AHRIMAN: Caribou!
71. SND: BILL PUNCHES, IMPACT+SQUEAK TOY+SQUISH
72. AHRIMAN: Blue cheese!

73. _____ *SND: (UNDER NARR) CONTINUES...*

74. AHRIMAN: Et cetera!

75. NARR: This seemed promising. His brain was deforming and softening, I had him on the ropes...I noticed an unpleasant tightening around my waist and looked down.

76. AHRIMAN: *(ICKY ANIMALISTIC MOUTH FULL NOISE.)*

77. WWII: Aw, no!

78. NARR: The bottom half of Ahriman's body was the beginning of a huge, sick-gray Lamprey eelish thing that'd half-swallowed me before I noticed it. Its face was a distorted Ahriman. It winked at me, and my self-control left the building.

79. WWII: Aagh! Yah! *(CONTINUES SCREAMING IN BACKGROUND)*

80. _____ *SND: CHAINSAW FIRES UP, CUTS...*

81. NARR: In my panic, I had unknowingly created a chainsaw. I decided my intuition was useful and sawed Ahriman cleanly – well – effectively in half. The eel-bottom kept chewing. His top fell to the ground and started pressing and molding his brain back into shape.

82. _____ *SND: SPONGE, ACCORDION*

83. AHRIMAN: Squeamish boy. You have swollen my brain. I shall probably need to get a larger skull.

84. NARR: I couldn't get the disgusting thing off me. I stood and started flailing at its face. It convulsed and I had to start hopping madly to keep my feet. (Clive Barker sack race?) Somehow, I felt it was laughing at me.

85. AHRIMAN: Oh, this is futile.

86. NARR: Ahriman took a deep breath, held it and pushed. His brain inflated to beachball size. I forgot about the eel, I was so appalled. He took another breath, forced it, and his brain exploded.

87. _____ *SND: BRAIN BANG, THWIP-IP-WIP, SPLAT*

88. NARR: I ducked reflexively. Ropy strands of gray-black matter flew in all directions, sticking to the walls and ceiling. When I straightened, Ahriman's head was the core of a macabre web of twitching, slimy brains covering the whole living room.

89. AHRIMAN: Summer colds are the worst.

90. WWII: I hate you.

91. NARR: I leapt hugely upward, wailing on an air guitar, and landed in a full-on split.

92. _____ *SND: WET TEARING*

93. NARR: I wasn't exactly free of the eel, but I could move easily again.

94. NARR: Ahriman caressed the air suggestively.

95. AHRIMAN: Slit skirts suit you, William. You should explore this look.

96. NARR: His half-body rose off the ground, pulled upward by contracting brainstrings.

97. _____ *SND: SPRING, RUBBER BANDS...*

98. NARR: By contracting those strands, he swung away from me, then back into my face with a punch.

99. AHRIMAN: *(SINGING, MOVING OFF-MIKE, THEN BACK)* Heee...floats through the room with the greatest of ease...

100. _____ *SND: SPRING, RUBBER BANDS, PUNCH IN THE FACE...*

101. WWII: Ugh.

102. AHRIMAN: This dashing old god on the sticky trapeze...
103. _____ SND: *SPRING, RUBBER BANDS, ANOTHER PUNCH...*
104. WWII: Another punch-grunt.
105. AHRIMAN: (*UNDER NARR*) His moves are so graceful...
106. NARR: I shook myself and drew a longsword and shield on, advancing carefully.
107. AHRIMAN: (*STILL OFF-MIKE, SHOUTING*) Chameleon tongue-thrust power!
108. NARR: An enormous green thing came out of Ahriman's mouth, stretched across the room and wrapped around my shield. It was yanked off my arm with one tug. A moment later, Ahriman was chewing my shield to splinters with a smug grin.
109. NARR: I swung my sword and leapt with a barbaric
110. WWII: (*BARBARIC*) Yolp!
111. NARR: ...and severed all the nearest ropes of brain. Ahriman was slammed against my far wall by the remainder of his elastic brain-bands. I pointed my sword at his eyes and advanced on him. Then he...Oh, never mind.
112. _____ SND: *INTERLUDE OF MANY INEXPLICABLE SFX, WWII AND AHRIMAN MAKING ODD COMMENTS, GRUNTS OF EFFORT AND PAIN. FINALLY, ALL IS QUIET EXCEPT WWII AND AHRIMAN BREATHING EXHAUSTEDLY.*

Scene Two

113. NARR: I stooped and retrieved my sword. Ahriman got to his feet and drew a sword of his own. It looked like an oversized horror prop. My stomach dropped. It was a stained, battered monstrosity, the blade curving back over six feet from the well-worn two-handed grip. It was notched and scratched, crusted in dried blood and what may have been mold. Ahriman hoisted it effortlessly and strode towards me. I assumed a guard position and watched him advance. He held the blade casually over one shoulder, angled back. He would have to swing downward.

114. AHRIMAN: In this scene, I kill you, child.

115. WWII: You'll have to kill me first.

116. AHRIMAN: I – you –

117. _____ SND: AHRIMAN SCREAMS AND HEAVES SWORD DOWN AGAINST BILL.

118. NARR: As I suspected, he began bringing his blade against me from over his shoulder in a high-arc with both hands. Legs wide, my knees slightly bent, I held my sword above my head at an angle to catch Ahriman's and deflect it – opening him up for a thrust to his midsection. It was a marvelous plan, a perfect plan. My blade shattered at first contact with Ahriman's which continued, barely slowed, cutting downward through my collar bone and wedging itself in my ribcage and upper spine.

119. _____ SND: SWORD BREAKAGE, BUTCHER THUNK.

120. WWII: (SCREAMS IN PAIN)

121. NARR: THAT hurt. Ahriman stepped back laughing, drawing the blade through me, the ragged edge sawing my bones.

122. _____ SND: MEAT/BONE SAW. BILL

123. NARR: Without thought, I lunged forward and seized Ahriman's hands with my left hand and threw my right around his neck and shoulders. I felt the sword grind its way through me as I pulled Ahriman close. At this range, the sword became effectively ineffective, even though it was still painfully lodged in my upper body. The pain from his infected sword felt hot in my chest. The sensation inspired me. I changed my molecular structure to molten iron and vomited liquid metal on Ahriman's face. His flesh didn't have a chance to melt off – it was blown off in fiery chunks, exposing his skull and eyeballs swelling in their sockets from the heat.

124. _____ SND: (UNDER NARRATION) WWII LUNGING, SCREAMING AND GRABBING. SWORD GOOPING ITS WAY THROUGH WWII'S BODY. WWII CHANGING TO MOLTEN METAL AND BREATHING FIRE ON AHRIMAN. FLESH SIZZLING CLOTHES BURNING. AHRIMAN SCREAMS.

125. NARR: Ahriman clawed at me in horror as my molten body melted into his like Saran Wrap. Our clothes disintegrated and we fell to the floor. Ahriman's blade dissolved and the handle clanged to the ground. He suddenly turned colder than an ice storm on Pluto and was able to break free. We lay on my floor, barely able to muster enough strength to glare at each other.

126. _____ SND AHRIMAN FALLS FORWARD ONTO BILL, DROPPING HIS SWORD AND CLAWING AT BILL. WWII AND AHRIMAN FALL. CLOTHES BURNING. AHRIMAN BREAKS BILL'S GRIP

Scene Three

127. _____ SND: DOOR EXPLODES INWARD. STRANGE BARRIER WARBLE AS KALI ENTERS.

128. KALI: (SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) Hey, Will. I was doing some cooking and found myself needing a fresh head of punk-ass when it struck me that Ahriman sometimes hangs out at your place. Guess I got lucky.

129. _____ SND: AHRIMAN GROANS AND ROLLS AWAY FROM BILL, SHUFFLING OFF A FEW STEPS.

130. WWII: (WOUNDED, BREATHING HARD) What the hell? How'd he get out?

131. KALI: He's still here, lover. You just can't see him. There's no god alive that could get through that barrier around your house.

132. WWII: Then how'd you get in?

133. KALI: It was designed to keep gods from leaving. Now hush. Ahriman was pretty roughed up, he's just hiding to lick his wounds. Step into the kitchen if you value your body parts as much as I do.

134. _____ SND: (UNDER NARR) KALI PULLS OUT HER STRANGLING CORD AND BEGINS TO LASSO IT AROUND THE ROOM. THE CORD CREATES AN INCREASINGLY FASTER SOUND AS SHE SPINS IT.

135. NARR: Kali pulled out a long, black, glossy wire. A sinister version of her worshipper's trademark strangling cords. She stepped into the center of the room and began spinning the strangler over her head. If the situation wasn't so hairy, I would have busted up at the image: A beautiful, blue, six-armed goddess, clad in a wonderfully revealing one-piece leather, twirling a cord over her head like some lusty starlet playing cowgirl in a porno from another planet. Kali randomly looped the cord low and high, her face in a snarled grin, letting out more and more of the strangling cord until it

seemed to fill the room, moving something close to the speed of sound.
Ahriman didn't stand a chance.

136. SND: (UNDER LATTER PART OF NARRATION ABOVE.) AHRIMAN STEPPING FURTHER BACK INTO THE CORNER. BREATHING. THEN A STRANGLLED YOLP AS THE CORD FINDS ITS WAY AROUND HIS NECK. HE STRUGGLES WITH BREATHING.

137. KALI: (LAUGHS) Ever hog-tied a deity, Will?
138. WWII: I don't want to talk about it.
139. KALI: Good to see you again, Ahriy. Although without your lovely robes, you don't look so impressive.
140. AHRIMAN: (DOES A STRANGLLED, SARCASTIC LAUGH) Tips on fashion from something that slithers about like a bitch in heat, reeking scent all around the neighborhood - really.
141. NARR: Ahriman was slumped against the corner of the room with Kali's strangling cord secure around his neck, his hands clawing at it uselessly. Kali leapt gracefully to Ahriman's corner and quickly adjusted the strangling cord so that it started in her right middle hand, looped around Ahriman's neck and finished in her left middle hand. I'll never forget what followed. She extended her middle arms out wide, pulling the cord parallel to the ground, and lifting Ahriman painfully to his feet. Her four remaining hands each summoned terrible looking daggers from her leather. Her back was arched, her taut stomach and breasts moving with controlled, determined breaths, her legs in a wide, solid stance, the muscles rippling, her dagger-wielding arms fully extended and back, the four shining points aimed at Ahriman. She looked like a spider spread out

on some invisible web. Sweat shone on her body. And then, with horrifying speed and force, she drove all four daggers into Ahriman's midsection and lifted him entirely off the ground, using the daggers as handles, twisting, as his body weight hung on them. She tossed him to the floor, like a nightmare version of a farmer tossing a hay-bale with a pitchfork, and wiped all four daggers off on his shocked face.

142. _____ *SND: (UNDER ABOVE NARRATION IN APPROPRIATE PLACES) KALI GRUNTS AS SHE LEAPS, HER FEET HIT FLOOR. CORD IS ADJUSTED, AHRIMAN GRUNTS IN PROTEST, AHRIMAN IS STRUGGLING TO BREATHE. SHUFFLING AND THEN KALI'S GRUNTS OF EFFORT AS SHE STRETCHES THE CORD OUT, AHRIMAN'S FEET STRUGGLE AND SLIDE. SOUND GOES INTO SLOW MOTION...DAGGERS RINGING AS THEY'RE PULLED OUT. KALI'S BREATHING HEAVY, AHRIMAN IS STILL WEAKLY STRUGGLING. KALI CHUCKLES. THEN A SLOW, VERY LOW RUMBLE BEGINS TO GROW. MUSIC CHANGES (HIGH STRINGS?) TO ADD TENSION. GROWL AS KALI THRUSTS DAGGERS. IMPACT SOUND. SQUISHY. AHRIMAN MOANS. KALI STRAINS AS SHE HOLDS AHRIMAN OFF THE GROUND. KALI GRUNTS. AHRIMAN HITS FLOOR. SOME STEPS, THEN DAGGERS ACROSS FACE.*

143. AHRIMAN (VERY HURT) Ooh. A wound like that would have killed, say, an electrified dog...

144. WWII: Yeah. It went something like this with Frido, right?

145. _____ *SND: BILL'S FOOTSTEPS, A HEAVY GRUNT AND IMPACT OF HEAVY STEEL BOOT HITTING AHRIMAN'S FACE. BONES BREAK AND SNAP. KALI GASPS. AHRIMAN SPINS ACROSS ROOM INTO WALL WITH FIREPLACE. MANTLE IS KNOCKED LOOSE, LANDS ON AHRIMAN, MORE BREAKING BONES. GLASS*

BREAKS AS NYRALATHOTEP'S BOTTLE FALLS AND BREAKS ON FLOOR.

GURGLING SOUND AS BLOOD FILLS AHRIMAN'S THROAT . HE'S BARELY BREATHING.

146. NARR: I'd only meant to kick him. In my anger, I'd altered the impact of my kick to be equal to roughly a ton of weight traveling at about 40 miles per hour. The results were repulsive. Ahriman's face literally collapsed. Blood and brains were everywhere The kick spun him like a stunt-performing sky-diver across my floor and into my fireplace. The huge mantle had been jarred loose from the stone and fell, landing across Ahriman's ribs, visibly breaking them. I could only stare in horror at what I'd done. It was Kali that brought me back.
147. KALI: (FADING IN UNDER NARR. ECHO ON FIRST FEW, LESS AS EACH ONE GETS CLOSER) Will? Will! Will! Will!
148. WWII: Huh? What.
149. KALI: Welcome back, soccer stud. Lover, what's in that bottle that was on your mantel?
150. WWII: What bottle?
151. KALI: It landed over there, by Ahriman. That black goo -- it's moving around in the bottle.
152. AHRIMAN: (NEAR DEATH, SOUNDS HORRIBLE) How Ironic (LAUGHS)
153. _____ SND: AHRIMAN GRUNTS AS HE OPENS BOTTLE
154. WWII: (RUNNING) Oh, no.
155. KALI: Ahriman's drinking —
156. _____ SND: UGLY SCHLORP NOISE, SWELLING RUMBLE CONTINUING UNDER
157. WWII: (RUNNING) Not like this, not like this!

158. AHRIMAN: (SOUNDING EVEN WORSE) (LAUGHS) Welcome! WellCOME! (INTO A SCREAM)
159. NARR: I ran with everything I had left towards Ahriman. I was much too slow.
160. SND: GROWS AND EXPLODES. BILL, SCREAMING, BLOWN ACROSS ROOM.
STARTLED YOLP FROM KALI.
161. NARR: The blast threw me into a wall. Part of it fell on me. I saw lights.
162. NYOTEP: Rage and despair. Pteh.
163. SND: BONE HITS FLOOR.
164. NYOTEP: Ahriman was bitter, but savory and powerful. You next, mammal.
165. KALI: Ew. You're not EVEN symmetrical.
166. SND: SIX DAGGERS DRAWN.
167. NARR: Kali drew steel and started tracing a hypnotic pattern with the dagger tips. Nyarlathotep didn't seem to be effected by it. I tried to yell at her to run, I couldn't even move. She leapt at it, impossibly graceful. Nyarlathotep snatched her out of the air. Daggers struck. It ripped her in half.
168. SND: KALI GRUNTS WITH LEAP. WHIPS WRAPPING AROUND FLESH. DAGGERS STRIKING JELLO BRAND PUDDING SNACKS. CRUNCH-POP OF BACKBONE SEPARATING, KALI'S SCREAM ABRUPTLY STOPPING, FLESH RIPPING, ETC. A PAUSE, THEN NYARLATHOTEP STARTS MOVING. MORE FX AS APPROPRIATE BELOW.
169. NARR: Nyarlathotep dropped half of Kali and stuffed the other half into itself. It was leaving. It hit my front door and bounced. Fresh pain shot through my head. It slowly turned in a circle and looked around the room, it couldn't see me under the rubble or it didn't care. It backed off from the door, then charged it. Pain—

170. _____ *SND: SOMETHING VERY LOUD AND BRIEF, THEN SILENCE.*

Scene Four

171. _____ SND: NOTE: ALL FOOTSTEPS, MOVMENTS NEED TO DETAIL THE RUBBLE AND DESTROYED HOUSE..

172. KATYA: (FADING UP)...to me, or move, Bill, if you can hear me. Talk to me, pl--

173. WWII: I...

174. KATYA: Bill!

175. WWII: I'm awake. I'm awake.

176. _____ SND: RUBBLE BEING MOVED, BILL SITTING UP.

177. KATYA: Here, let me help.

178. _____ SND: MORE RUBBLE BEING MOVED, KATYA HELPING..

179. WWII: How long was I out this time?

180. KATYA: A few seconds. Kali is dead, Bill.

181. WWII: So is Ahriman.

182. KATYA: But there's no--

183. WWII: Trust me.

184. KATYA: Oh. Good. And that thing of ill aspect traveling towards Apex is Nyarlathotep.

185. WWII: Yes. Much more dangerous than before.

186. KATYA: Nyarlathotep got Ahriman.

187. WWII: Or the reverse, hard to tell. But they make a lovely couple. Just a minute.

188. NARR: I closed my eyes and reached out to Reality Law's headquarters in downtown Apex and touched detective Benny.

189. _____ SND: CONNECTION SOUND, MINOR DISTORTION ON VOICES.

190. WWII: Benny!

191. BENNY: Ow! Turn down the volume, you idiot!

192. WWII: Sorry, first time for me. Listen. Nyarlathotep is heading form my house straight for Apex. It's hideously dangerous and much worse than we originally thought. It got Ahriman, so it's that much stronger. Alert everyone, evacuate as many as possible, and hide. Don't fight it head-on. You'll lose.
193. BENNY: Okay, we're screwed. It got any weaknesses?
194. WWII: None I know of.
195. BENNY: You got any good advice?
196. WWII: Don't listen to it if it talks. Don't let it eat you.
197. BENNY: Sounds like my ex. Keep in touch.
198. _____ SND: COMMUNICATION LINE BROKEN, WWII'S VOICE RETURNS TO NORMAL.
199. WWII: Okay, Katya, the cops are on it, the word is out. Benny's evacuating as many gods from the downtown area as possible.
200. KATYA: Good. Now, what is our next step?
201. WWII: (PAUSE) Do you believe in fate?
202. KATYA: There are just under two hundred deities in my directory under that heading. Without exception, they are frauds.
203. WWII: I learned my destiny about an hour ago: To unleash that thing, Nyarlathotep, and then miraculously defeat it. My fate was written by two idiots. Sure, at first blush it sounds great, but the stupes who set this up didn't have a plan about how I could take care of the "defeating" part. Add a couple more frauds to your list.
204. KATYA: So then, you just give up?
205. WWII: You say it like that like it's something I choose. I'm beaten! Ahriman kicked my ass and Nyarlathotep is so much older, fouler, and more potent in

- comparison that it makes Ahriman look like a begonia! The universe can not be saved by a guy who gets taken down by a potted plant!
206. KATYA: But there must be a way --
207. WWII: Why? Is that some new rule? The Deity of Wishful Thinking get promoted to Lord of Facts?
208. KATYA: Bill, please. Your sarcasm is not helping.
209. WWII: I'm sorry, it's just--
210. KATYA: Yes, maybe we can't win, perhaps it is hopeless but being hopeless is good for no one, especially you.
211. WWII: Well, I expect to die before my guilt becomes an issue.
212. KATYA: You still make no sense! How can you choose not to fight? What do you lose by fighting? You tell me you were destined for this and y--
213. WWII: And I also said I can't do it.
214. KATYA: But you have a habit of doing what can not be done! It is your gift, Bill.
215. WWII: You want to know what Nyarlathotep is doing right now? It's assaulting Glorious Glorious Apex, but most of its attention is distracted by this vision of a landscape of grey glass that melts and grows and I can see it too! When Nyarlathotep broke the screen I'd set up to keep Ahriman trapped in my house, it got in my head. If I go face that thing, I don't know if I can keep it out of...me. What do I have to lose? My self. I'll kill myself rather than be absorbed by that monster. No! I can't face that thing! I don't care what the reasons are! I can't just walk into its mouth... I can't!
216. KATYA: I don't want to die either! You're not the only scared one, the only difference is you can do something! Apex needs you!

217. WWII: Tough! Screw destiny! Nothing makes an enemy out of me faster than whipping me down some path, because nothing terrifies me more than losing control of—
218. KATYA: I need you! I'm scared, Bill. For me. I don't want to be... eaten, possessed, killed by that thing! I'm scared!
219. WWII: (STARTLED & DERAILED) Well, that's it then. *You're scared? You're scared.* Well... Well, that's different. That messes everything up. I... well, of course you are. I guess there are things tougher than fear? Katya, I love you.
220. KATYA: (SIMULTANEOUS) I love you (HUGS BILL) It's okay. You would have to have something broken in you to not be scared.
221. WWII: (PAUSE) This is nice. I haven't had a hug since I was about seven. I don't even remember what I was upset about. I just remember my mom holding me for a long time.
222. KATYA: Right now, we don't have a lot of time, otherwise...
223. WWII: Another rain check?
224. KATYA: (LAUGHS) Yes. And I hope rain comes soon.
225. WWII: Forecast is stormy. OK! You're scared. I'm scared. Let's go kick some alien-horror ass.
226. KATYA: Yes, sir.
227. _____ SND: GETTING UP, DUSTING OFF. THOR AND LOKI APPROACHING FROM
OUTSIDE.
228. LOKI: Whoo! Look at this place! You had a party! Why didn't you invite me? I thought we were pals!
229. THOR: Runt! You're okay! (LAUGHS)

230. WWII: Guys, I can't believe this, but I'm happy to see you. We're going to need all the friends we've got.
231. THOR: That's the reason we're here, Runt. None other.

Outroduction

232. _____ *SND:* DRUM THEME

233. NARR: Wasn't that hopeful? If you think Apotheosis will have a happy ending, perhaps you should pull your thumb out of your mouth and insert it somewhere more fitting. Episode Nine, *Porno From Another Planet*, featured the exquisite abilities of, in order as they came to my mind: Jason Cole as Bill Wright Junior, Kevin Swan as Ahriman, Nyarlathotep, and Benny, Sabrina Fionder as Kali, Curtis "Mo" Becker as Loki, Nolan Palmer as Thor, and Shannon Morris as Katya. Written by Chuck Reynolds and Luca Dolflini, Directed by Kevin Swan. This episode was made possible in part by the generosity of three of our favorite *Suckers*: Anne Troop, Chris Riley, and Phil ?? *Suckers* is the official fan-club of Cephalopod Productions. For information on how to suck like a pro, point your browser to www.cephalopod.com. Use a dictionary – it starts with "C". Apotheosis is a Tentacle of Cephalopod Productions

234. _____ *SND:* AUDIO LOGO