

The Apotheosis Saga

Episode Five:
Warshippers

Written by Kevin Swan & Jason Cole

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Scene One:

1. _____ (*SND: WIND HOWLING, STRANGE MOANING, WHISPERING OFF*)
2. **Nyo'tep:** (ALL SPEECH DISTORTED AND DONE IN THREES)...Here.
3. **WWII:** (ALL SPEECH ECHOES 3 TIMES) Where! It's pitch black.
4. **Nyo'tep:** Here.
5. **WWII:** Can you turn on a light?
6. **Nyo'tep:** There will be / was no light.
7. **WWII:** Whatever. I'm looking for a guy named Nyarlathotep.
8. **Nyo'tep:** Nyarlathotep will not be/was not a guy.
9. **WWII:** Whatever. Are you Nyarlathotep by chance?
10. **Nyo'tep:** No. I will be / was Nyarlathotep on purpose.
11. **WWII:** Eeeyeah. Listen, I became a god by accident recently, and got into trouble doing it. I need to learn to handle this power before I hurt somebody and an acquaintance recommended you.

(beats) Will you help me?
12. **Nyo'tep:** No.
13. **WWII:** Aw, c'mon, mentor me! Be a Yoda!
14. **Nyo'tep:** I will not be / was not a Yoda.
15. **WWII:** All right, all right. Will you at least say, "there is another... Sky... wal... kerrhhh."
16. **Nyo'tep:** No.
17. **WWII:** How about just "Luke!" It's easy, c'mon: "LUUKE!"

18. **Nyo'tep:** No.
19. **WWII:** "mmmMMMmmm!"
20. **Nyo'tep:** No.
21. **WWII:** Whatever. So if you won't be my mentor, what are you, exactly?
22. **Nyo'tep:** I am the desolation unchanging. Matter, space and energy curdle from my nightmares and life spawns itself, proceeding rapidly, except for that one time, to sentience, which involves itself in dynamic and complex social structures which I then eat, returning the universe and myself to desolation unchanging.
23. **WWII:** I was with you 'till the last part, Nyarlathotep.
24. **Nyo'tep:** Take me back to the universe of sentience now.
25. **WWII:** So you can eat all of sentient life and return the universe and yourself to desolation unchanging?
26. **Nyo'tep:** Yes.
27. **WWII:** Or, check into a psycho-ward, whichever comes first, huh?
28. **Nyo'tep:** I will not/did not understand.
29. **WWII:** B-D-B-D-B-D...OK Buck! Gotta run!
30. _____ (*SND: BILL TRAVEL SOUND*)
31. **WWII:** I created a door, double time, outta there.
32. _____ (*SND: TRAVEL SOUND INCREASES IN SPEED*)

Scene Two:

33. _____ (SND: CITY AMB)

34. WWII: Didn't think I'd be glad to see Apex, City of the Gods again, but seeing anything is a nice change. There's gotta be a god round here that can help me out. Ahh... A phone...altar. Yellow pages...so the city of the gods has a couple of familiar items! Lesse, (grunt) correction: Gold Pages...Solid Gold Pages. Umm.. Abyssinian, Babylonian, Chinese, Chinese, Chinese, Danish, Egyptian, Hey! Land of the Pharaohs! Cool! Altar cleaners, body servants, camels, career guidance counselors! Upawat and sons -- no path too small, no way too lost.

35. _____ (SND: BILL TRAVEL SOUND / GONG / AMBIANCE / VOICES
SINGING HORRIBLY / THUMB CYMBALS / WHIPPINGS)

36. Upawat: Are you lost, my bother?

37. WWII: Possibly. Are you Upawat?

38. Upawat: Always. What path or way can I help you find?

39. WWII: Listen, Upawat, I'm Bill Wright, Jr. and--

40. Upawat: Yes, I know.

41. WWII: Everyone seems to. I stumbled into being a god recently and I need to know how it happened and what I need to be doing about it.

- 42. Upawat:** I see. Brother Wright, find yourself some worshippers. You have great power, but without believers to give you form, you are in danger of becoming a blob. And blobs are lonely.
- 43. WWII:** A...lonely...blob?
- 44. Upawat:** You are an expiditious learner. Brother Wright, power corrupts. Infinite power corrupts infinitely. If you don't acquire and develop a mythos to firm you up, soon you will lose your will to act and what sense of direction you have left. Then...meltdown!
- 45. WWII:** So, how many worshippers do I need?
- 46. Upawat:** Typically, the more the better, to increase your power. But you already have more raw power than any other god I've seen. So, technically, one would suffice, but it couldn't hurt to gather a handful. Ground rules are, no atheists, no devout agnostics, and no poaching in other deities' zones.
- 47. WWII:** Okay, okay, thanks, Upawat. I'll find a believer. I also need to know how I got my power.
- 48. Upawat:** Ah, a good question. You are an anomaly. To get that answer we will rip out and study the fattened entrails of my pig, Ali!
- 49.** _____ *(SND: OINK!)*
- 50. WWII:** We will NOT rip out and study the fattened entrails of your pig, Ali.
- 51.** _____ *(SND: OINK!)*

52. **Upawat:** We will read the Tarot!
53. **WWII:** Does it involve ripping?
54. **Upawat:** Just cutting.
55. **WWII:** Okay.
56. (SND: RIFFLE, THUMP, CUT, FLIP, FLIP, ETC)
57. **Upawat:** Mm. Here we have the whirling secreting legless bald flatback camel with feelers.
58. **WWII:** That's no camel. That's a giant, breakdancing banana slug.
59. **Upawat:** The locals don't know slugs. Camels, they know. So, I interpret.
60. **WWII:** Interpret?
61. **Upawat:** You try explaining a slug to an Egyptian.
62. **WWII:** That's easy! They're the size of a pickle. They're goopy, -- slimy, they eat -- what's that card?
63. **Upawat:** Sorry, my honeymoon. Shouldn't have been in the deck.
64. **WWII:** So what's it all mean, anyway?
65. **Upawat:** It is all very serious, Mr. Wright.
66. **WWII:** Call me Bill.
67. **Upawat:** If you will call me...Walter. As I was saying, Bill, it is all very serious. Your power is no accident, but its origin and purpose are concealed, even to myself. This is unprecedented. I am the opener of the way, yet yours remains closed. (WAILING

IMMITATES ROCK SONG) SHUT UP! (WAILING CEASES)

Sorry, my son's tent-band. Yet some things I know. Do not put your trust in Mithra, avoid virii, and finally, although you can escape your fate, you cannot control it, because for you, potential clamors to become real.

68. **WWII:** Right. Right. I don't understand.
69. **Upawat:** Just keep it in mind, and get yourself a worshipper.
70. **WWII:** Right. Prioritize. Thanks, Walter. Bill me.
71. **Upawat:** And me Walter. Good fortune to you.
72. **WWII:** See ya, Upawat.
73. **NARR:** I created a door, from Upawat and Sons, to my office at Syner-Gist-Of-It Software, Earth.

74. _____ (SND: INDIAN AMB ENDS AS WE GET BILL TRAVEL SND)

Scene Three:

75. (SND: BILL'S OFFICE AMBIANCE / CLOCK)

76. NARR: I arrived back in my snug little office. The clock on the wall told me I'd been gone approximately zero minutes, the clock in my head told me I'd been gone over three days. It was still night, my window was still broken, and my monitor was still shattered on the sidewalk twelve stories below. No one was in the office, which was a stroke of luck, I hadn't thought about what I'd say if I'd just appeared out of nowhere, and since I was there to get a worshipper or two, I didn't want my first words as their new god to be, "Uh... Hi... Hi there.... Hi..." I leaned out the window, slurped the fragments of my monitor off the sidewalk, brought them up the building, onto my desk and reassembled them into the form they once was. Then I got my head on straight, and disa-rea-ssembled them into an upgraded, 38-inch, flatscreen, high resolution, edge-to-edge display. Hey, wouldn't you? I created a new window, moved the shards of glass from the old one into the ninth dimension, and settled down for a nap, waiting for the first employee to bop into work so I could make a quick worshipper of him. As soon as that was out of the way, I could get back to figuring out where the heck my power came from.

77. (SND: POWER NAP / BILL'S DOOR OPENING)

78. **HARRY:** Morning, Bill. Another late night?
79. **WWII:** Urghh... Harry! I need you to worship me, so I won't become a lonely blob!
80. **HARRY:** You're perfectly incoherent, Bill. What's wrong, hmmm?
Haven't scored your first pot of coffee yet this bright, fine morning, Bean Slave?
81. **NARR:** Blaugh. Do not ever utter the word 'coffee' in my presence again.
82. **HARRY:** What's this, what's this? Bill Wright Junior, the sole survivor of the nutritional deprivation experiment, giving up one of his two food groups -- caffiene? I don't buy it. Well, in any event, you certainly need *something*. I'd offer you a sip of this, but I believe you'd go into non-toxic shock.

83. (SND: GELATINOUS SLURP, SATISFIED LIPSMACKING)

84. **HARRY:** There's nothing quite like freshly squeezed potato jice. It's a beastly amount of work, but you'd be surprised what people will do for minimum wage. (Ad lib virtues of potato juice while BILL narrates)
85. **NARR:** I decided to strike fast and amaze him hard. Harry was a health nut, so I spread my hands three feet apart and created an eight-foot potato.

86. _____ *(SND: THUD)*

87. HARRY: I can't fit that into my juicer.

88. WWII: Fine.

89. NARR: Flexing my imagination, I created the perfect image of the JuiceMan toting a burlap sack over one shoulder. Stencilled on the sack was "50 pounds mixed fruit and veggies -- so organic it hurts me!" He grabbed the bag with one hand at each end and twisted. Juice flowed out onto my carpet.

90. WWII: How about THAT?

91. HARRY: Oh, Bill, you are so weird. I've got to get to work on my bloody, violent wrestling game... I'll talk to you later?

92. WWII: But--

93. _____ *(SND: DOOR CLOSSES)*

94. WWII: But--Hmm. This is tougher than it seems. I need more of a plan. I've got it! These guys are programmers, all I need to do is dazzle them with an impossible piece of coding. Yes!

95. _____ *(SND: A BLUR OF TYPING, FADING)*

Scene Four:

96. **NARR:** I emerged around noon, confident I now had the goods to convince my coworkers. I stepped into the conference room.
97. _____ (SND: DOOR FLIES OPEN, FOOTSTEPS, OFFICE AMB, GENERAL GROAN, "OH, MO.. NOT AGAIN.." ETC..)
98. **WWII:** Harry, what's Mo's problem this time?
99. **HARRY:** He's still working on his game, "Licence to Never Say Moonfinger Again II", so natrually everything is a conspiracy to him. (SIGHS)
100. **WWII:** Well, it can't be as bad as the time he was working on that Tarzan game. I mean, swinging, screaming, from office to office on printer cables tied to the sprinkler system?
101. **HARRY:** (IN AGREEMENT) Hmm.
102. **MO:** ...(FADING UP) Something is terribly wrong! We are talking about medication, designed to alter your physical and mental state on a molecular level! There should be no guesswork! So, when the ingredients on my pain medication read: "includes beeswax **AND/OR** carnauba wax" what are we to conclude? How do they explain this? Was it like, 'we were breaking in a new night shift, and we told them "Whatever you do, do not use the carnauba wax!" but when we got back in the morning, HALF of the carnauba wax was missing!' RIDICULOUS! This is

clearly a plot on the part of Ross Perot and United We Stand, who -- as every school child knows, control the American Medical Association! But when you know, as I do, that Perot is being controlled by aliens from the... urgh.. the... dang! What's the name of that star that all the new-agers have been getting their energy from?

103. WWII: John Denver?

104. _____ (SND: *HARRY: BURST OF LAUGHTER*)

105. MO: NOO! Astrological star! It's.. something like the Horse Head Nebula -- Anyway, we all know that these aliens who control Mr. Perot are allied with elements of the Sudanese Liberation Army, who are being subtly and fully manipulated by the Bavarian Illuminati who are the prime force behind the second law of thermodynamics *and* the KGB -- who are financing themselves by transforming lead to gold in Russian breeder reactors owned by, my deep, reliable sources tell me, RUSH LIMBAUGH!

106. _____ (SND: *DOOR SWINGING OPEN, BOSSMAN ENTERS, ALL: 'SIR!'*)

107. BOSSMAN: MO! What's all this I hear about a conspiracy?

108. MO: The truth, SIR!

109. BOSSMAN: Right! OK! Listen up, people! Mike, infiltrate the Pain Medication Company's workforce -- try to get on the night shift. See what they know about the missing Carnauba wax! Alan!

Get the retina scan files on all of our employees, then put us all through the standard test to make sure we are all still human!

Harry! I'm tense! What's my problem!

110. HARRY: Vitiman A deficiency, sir!

111. BOSSMAN: Get me a carrot! Wright!

112. WWII: Sir!

113. BOSSMAN: (CARROT CRUNCHING SOUNDS) You disgust me!

114. WWII: Thank you, sir!

115. BOSSMAN: (CARROT CRUNCHING SOUNDS) Get that horrific spud out of your office immediately! And CLEAN UP THAT PUDDLE OF JUICE!

116. _____ (SND: "POIT!")

117. WWII: Done, sir!

118. BOSSMAN: Why do I employ you! The rest of you, I don't want to hear anything but keyboards tapping! Somebody bring me finished programs! I want games! Simulations! UTILITIES! MO! First thing tomorrow morning, get a urinalysis!

119. MO: Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!

120. _____ (SND: DOOR SLAMMING, PEOPLE LEAVING, TYPING, ONE CRYING...)

121. WWII: Mo, Harry, stick around, wanna show you something.

122. NARR: I slapped my disk in the drive

123. _____ (SND: DISK SLAPPED IN DRIVE, KEYS TYPING)

124. NARR: and executed the program. Instantly, the computer disappeared,

125. _____ (SND: COMPUTER DISAPPEARS, WIND)

126. NARR: leaving a hole through the earth in a perfect cartoon outline of the monitor and the box, through which stars could be seen.

127. HARRY: That was my new monitor, Bill, and I need it back. I have a date on Friday.

128. MO: Bill, you've breached office security! Restore it before we're all unwilling alien zombies!

129. NARR: I ended the program

130. _____ (SND: COMPUTER AND EARTH RETURNING)

131. NARR: and the computer returned.

132. HARRY: Thank you, Bill.

133. WWII: Guys. I just wrote a program that forced this computer through the earth at warp ridiculous, and you're worried about security?

134. MO: Bill, if we have no security, we have *nothing!* Can you--

135. WWII: --Mo! We've got top men on it already. It's all taken care of.

136. MO: Oh... Oh yeah.

137. WWII: Here, check this out.

138. NARR: I punched up the next program.

139. _____ (SND: KEYS TYPING)

- 140. NARR:** Instantly,
141. (SND: WAVES, GULLS, DECKHANDS, SHOUTING, DRUMBEAT, OARS IN WATTER, GRUNTS, WHIPPINGS, UNDERTONE BUILDING)
- 142. NARR:** we were standing on the deck of a Greek warship, riding a turbulent sea. The drummer's beat was driving the oarsmen to row at a speed that lifted the battering ram out of the waves. Salt spray lashed our faces
143. (SND: BREAKER OVER THE BOW, UNDERTONE INCREASES)
- 144. NARR:** as we reached ramming speed. One hundred yards to our target. Our captain spat
145. (SND: SPIT)
- 146. NARR:** gave us a gap-toothed grin and raised his sword with a howl of pure battle-lust.
147. (SND: HOWL OF PURE BATTLE-LUST)
- 148. NARR:** Fifty yards. I squinted, and could almost see the rivets on the side of the German U-boat.
149. (SND: "ACHTUNG!")
- 150. HARRY:** Good frame rate for a PC, Bill. What's the plot twist that allows the submarine and the Roman Empire Bireme in the same water?

151. MO: Reinforcements for the the Allied forces brought through a time warp created by the Discordian Society--

152. _____ *(SND: IMPACT, "FARFEGNUVEN!" GERMAN, ROMAN SHOUTS, CREAKING, HEROIC MUSIC)*

153. WWII: I give up.

154. NARR: I ended the program (ALL SOUNDS END, BACK TO AMBIENCE). I nearly left, defeated, depressed, dejected. Then, it struck me...

155. WWII: Mo! Harry! Your deadlines will be extended by two months! You will have some time off! When you come back, there will be hefty raises for you both!

156. _____ *(SND: FAST DOOR OPEN.)*

157. Boss: Mo! Harry! Your deadlines have just been extended by two months! Take some time off! When you come back, there will be hefty raises for you both! Bill, do something usefull! Why do I employ you!

158. MO/HARRY: Thank you, SIR!

159. Boss: Damn straight, boys!

160. _____ *(SND: FAST DOOR SLAM.)*

161. HARRY: I....don't...believe it....

162. MO: This can not be. It's a trap! The Boss and Bill are involved in a mind distortion operation! They want to --

- 163. HARRY:** I...don't...believe it...
- 164. MO:** controll -- but wait. The Bossman would never join any secret society! Nor would he ever give raises, bonuses and vacations! He's a rotarian! That leaves only one possible explanation...
Bill you're
- 165. HARRY:** A god...
- 166. WWII:** Finally... You will both be blessed.
- 167. NARR:** With that taken care of, it was time to search for the source of my power. (BURLY VOICE) I imagined a door.
- 168.** (SND: STARGATE/BILLDOOR MIX.)
- 169. NARR:** Through reality, back to my place.
- 170.** (SND: FRIDO)
- 171. WWII:** Hey, boy, you hungry? What? Do I plug you in, or feed you something, or what...Here's some Kibbles, and, uh... a wall socket!
- 172.** (SND: ARFARFARF! BAG SHAKING, KIBBLES IN BOWL, FRIDO PLUGGING IN, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, SILENCE.)
- 173. WWII:** I'm ready. I'm on it. I'm... clueless! How ...?
- 174. NARR:** I tried expanding my awareness. Then, I broadened my horizons, and raised my consciousness. (FADING OUT) Next, I tried testing my limits, keeping my chin up, flexing my muscles, shooting for the stars,

175. _____ *(SND: SOMETHING)*

176. **MURPHY:** Now?

177. **TELLY:** Remember the Prime Directive, captian.

178. **MURPHY:** I know...I know. But I almost feel sorry for him.

179. **TELLY:** The Aliens didn't leave instructions with the super suit... awww.

180. **MURPHY:** Wonder if he'll actually figure it out.

181. **TELLY:** Stay tuned...

182. _____ *(SND: SOMETHING)*

183. **NARR:** (FADING IN) skating the edge, flaring my nostrills...None of it helped. I still had no idea.

184. _____ *(SND: DOOR OPENING, ARF ARF ZZT, GRRR, BENN: 'GET AWAYFROMME, FRANKENPUP!', DOOR CLOSING)*

185. **BENNY:** Excuse me, Mr. Wright, we need to talk, but first, I'm gonna kill your dog.

186. _____ *(SND: GUN COCK)*

187. **WWII:** Come in, Benny. Kill frido, and I'll suck out your soul, and use it for a breath mint.

188. **BENNY:** Ok. I won't kill your static-screwball... yet, but keep him away from me, Mr. Wright.

189. **WWII:** Frido! Off! (sound winds down outside) So, what brings your flat feet sniffing around here, copper?

- 190. BENNY:** Oh, very original, Mr. Wright. Did you visit the premises of a certain Mr. Upawat this morning, that is to say, were you in his offices and was he present in them?
- 191. WWII:** Yeah. He was more helpful than any other god around here. He's a darn fine career counselor.
- 192. BENNY:** His career took a turn for the worse, Mr. Wright, and apparently, you weren't quite as helpful to him as he wa--
- 193. WWII:** Get to the point, Benny.
- 194. BENNY:** The point, Mr. Wright, is this: as far as we know, you were the last diety to see Mr. Upawat alive. A god has been murdered, in a very disgusting way, I might add, and you, Mr. Wright, are the prime suspect.

195. _____ *(SND: DRUM EXIT THEME)*
