

APOTHEOSIS FLUX

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PIEREMORT AND SENEX: SCENE 1: THE MAN AT THE DOOR

The child sits, eyes vacant and expression devoid of feeling, possessing only a cold sense of control as he rest his palm of the edge of the arm rest.

Feeling the cold grain of the wood against his skin, he wraps his free hand atop the other and continues his nights vigil, patiently waiting for his expected guest.

...

A deep echo raps against the damp night air, a signal for the child to rise to his feet and quietly stroll towards the door, sliding the deadbolt and required mechanisms into position. He turns the handle and braces himself against the weight of the dark mahogany door, pulling it aside, his features raise upwards in a slight grin .

SENEX

Hello Grandfather.

An old man, his face alight with a familiar joy, bends to his knee in order to embrace this young man.

PIEREMORT

Senex my boy! It's been too long!

The embrace between the two ends and Pieremort enters through the doorway, closing with a light tap against the frame. As they continue the discussion, Pieremort is removing both his hat and Jacket.

SENEX

Yes, it is seldom we manage three weeks apart, especially now, of all times.

PIEREMORT

Three weeks! Such a short span of time can feel like an eternity with the right mindset.

SENEX

Or, as father was oft to quote,
"with the wrong company".

Brief moment of silence

The pair begin a slow stroll down the hallway

PIEREMORT

Aye lad, you got me there... But enough of such banter, how have you been?

SENEX

I've had little cause for complaint. Having spent the last week in the relative isolation of the house, I have been free enough to pursue my schooling, yet still waited on for fresh food and soft clothing. As life goes, my week has been quite free of concerns beyond those of what I considered to be trivial.

PIEREMORT

And there's rarely a pause when it comes to the trivial, is there?

SENEX

Not that I've ever been made aware of, but then again, should you happen to stumble upon it in your travels, I would certainly be obliged to accept it.

(Mutual Laughter)

The pair pause at the entrance to the dining room and continue...

SENEX

Truly though, Grandfather it is good to see you again, you do know how I worry every time you go gallivanting about like that...

PIEREMORT

Gallivanting? Now where in the world did you ever get to adding such a word to descriptions of your grandfather?

SENEX

Well, I.--- *Ahem* I simply thought it to be the appropriate term, you know, *gallivanting*! Adventure and intrigue, things of that like...

PIEREMORT

Oh, son of my son, bright as you may be, you still have much to

(MORE)

PIEREMORT (cont'd)

learn, but you have even more to experience!

SENEX

What do you mean by that? More to experience? Certainly I have decades of my life left to live, but how else can I remain the person I wish to be if I allow the interference of abhorrent circumstance?

PIEREMORT

What I mean is, you have so much *life* to experience, so many joys and surprises, such a variety of mindscape and location to exist within, and it's all only just beginning!

SENEX

And...?

PIEREMORT

And nothing. Life itself is a joy, set in full vivid experience and memory. Every moment worth celebration!
And, on that note, I'm beginning to feel a bit peckish. Where is our dear *Rosy* this evening?

SENEX

Ah yes, I had her; Temporarily dismissed, when it came upon me that her services were no longer necessary.

PIEREMORT

Old man!...

SENEX

You have to understand, she kept putting away all my papers. I would spend hours carefully arranging notes and articles in the study, leave them alone for but a moment, and then return to my work only to find that they had been "neatly" piled together and placed on the shelves! It was insufferable!

PIEREMORT

Insufferable? Insufferable is when you can't bear the horror of your punishment any further and reach a point where you can't even feel anymore. Having the maid re-arrange one things is merely irksome, a slight irregularity on the path of one's life.

SENEX

Yes; Yes... I'll send for her return then... *I suppose things have gotten a bit dusty anyways...* If you would care to wait a moment I'll simply place a few calls and we can expect her here within the hour

Senex begins towards the next room in order to place three separate phone-calls

PIEREMORT

Good! Good, I'll simply have a quick snack to tide me over... Catch you in a bit old man.

Pieremort smiles and head towards the kitchen

SENEX

And don't call me that. I'm not the old man, you are.

PIEREMORT AND SENEX: SCENE 2: THE DAYS WE USED TO TALK KNOW

Preceded by a brief interlude of the cosmological history of the universe, we return to find Senex and Pieremort engaged in a light lunch.

PIEREMORT

Now this (breaks a piece of bread into two) is a fine loaf of bread... Wouldn't you say?

SENEX

Indeed, I must remember to send both my compliments and apologies to the dearest Rosy.

A brief pause as Senex takes a bite of bread.

SENEX

Yet again, it seems my patience stretched only as far the words in which I prescribed to contain wisdom and not quite far enough for my own good.

PIEREMORT

(somewhat strained) Right... So then, how have you been these past few weeks?

SENEX

You already asked me that.

PIEREMORT

Oh, well then...

An awkward pause fills the room social expectation falls upon deaf ears, Senex continues eating, oblivious to certain social inclinations.

Pieremort raises his eyebrows and focuses on the child as he waits for a response.

SENEX

What?... Ah, yes, (Realizing what is expected) So, Grandfather, what have you been up to?

PIEREMORT

(Smiling) I thought you'd never ask.

Lifting a spoon to his mouth, Senex quietly sips at his meal as he watches his grandfather.

PIEREMORT

(Inhaling as he begins his story) Well my boy, as you know I was in the midst of a short trek around turkey about two weeks back. Well, as I was hiking alongside the bank, I came across a man sitting by the water and staring out into the water. Quite a strange man if I do say so myself.

Pausing for a moment, he takes a quick sip of water in between sentences

PIEREMORT

Now this man, he was so intent on the water that I could have sworn he didn't even notice as I sat down beside him.

Senex raises an eyebrow, in an indication of interest of a kind

PIEREMORT

Resting my form about two meters away from him, I shifted my weight in search of a more comfortable position, displacing traces of dirt into the bank. I wasn't quite sure what to say, not wanting to surprise him; I simply waited and observed the slow pace of his breathing.

One finds themselves frozen briefly in a moment of time as the setting changes from telling to situation and the world around you exists beside the riverbank.

APOTHEOSIS FLUX

So, You've arrived.

PIEREMORT

(surprised) Pardon?

A. FLUX

Oh, nothing, my friend, nothing at all.

[Pause]

PIEREMORT

Well, sorry to bother you then
(smiling)

A. FLUX

Not at all, it was no bother, I never mind a good conversation, the fruit borne through the discourse of thought and consideration.

PIEREMORT

That's good to hear, it's always nice to meet a fellow traveler on the road.

A. FLUX

Oh, I'm not exactly a traveler,
more of an idea really.

PIEREMORT

(Intrigued) An idea? Now how
exactly does one go about becoming
an idea?

A. FLUX

In many ways it is as simple as...
Letting go.

PIEREMORT

Letting go of what?

A. FLUX

Everything really, not quite
letting the particulars slip out
of grasp, you need to hold firm on
a set of ideals and somehow
transcend the need for self, for
a... Singular identity.

PIEREMORT

Huh... Sounds like a tricky bit to
manage

A. FLUX

I suppose it was at that (chuckles)
but no matter to the determined
individual, the intent mind.

PIEREMORT

Well, it's nice to know that anyone
can do it, not to say that I'm
particularly interested in
undergoing such a process myself.
...Though, I do feel compelled to
ask, what prompted such a
transition?

A. FLUX

A long story...

PIEREMORT

What is?

A. FLUX

I think you misunderstand me, I
meant to say that it was a story
that in many ways, prompted me
towards my state of ideological
metamorphosis.

PIEREMORT

I have always harboured a love of stories (beginning a tangent)
The adventure, the excitement, the inescapable blend of futility a power drawn into the birth of their worlds...
 Would you care to tell me this story you speak of?

A. FLUX

Ah, well that's just it

[brief pause as Pieremort fails to understand what he means]

A. FLUX

Words.
 I'm not quite sure words will do the story justice.

PIEREMORT

Then how can the story be told?

A. FLUX

With a degree of difficult, I think I might be able to relate it in the manner in which it was told to me.

PIEREMORT

And what manner was that?

A. FLUX

To be blunt, one of an intricate, delicate, and above all, transcendent ideals, give or take a few characters, and perhaps even characteristics.

PIEREMORT

Well, you have certainly piqued my interest... Could you begin the story?

A. FLUX

Most certainly. If you would care to follow me...

We return to the dining room, and Pieremort pauses for a moment and takes another sip of water, smiling at his grandson

SENEX

...So, what was the story?

PIEREMORT

Oh, I wish I could regale you with the words that transpired between us, but you see: that would be telling...

SENEX

Is that so number two?

PIEREMORT AND SENEX: SCENE 3: THE INTRODUCTION OF ADVENTURE

In this scene the two characters begin a tale of intrigue regarding the disappearance of one of Senex's tutors.

Begin the chapter with a continuation of the previous scene, alluding to the tutor's absence. Moving to the next day, the tutor misses Senex's lesson. The pair decide to investigate, with Senex investigating the tutor's house and records, and Pieremort going to a bar he was known by them to frequent.

Pieremort finds that the professor *cough* has recently taken out a large debt and appears to be in arrears in regards to the payment. Large angry men are looking for him.

Senex will find similar information at his house, but also run into a debt collector who will point a gun at him before even looking him over. Senex will talk his way out of this, steal the gun and the adventure continues.

PIEREMORT AND SENEX: SCENE 4: PROMPTLY INTERRUPTED

The boy wanders, tentative to his precise goals, yet assured of his role in the matter. He turns to the right, into an open-alleyway aside the brickworks of an aging building. Checking over his shoulder, he spends a moment in consideration before clambering atop a rotting sofa and reaching upwards to a fire escape ladder

He strains under his own weight, struggling to pull his body without the support of his legs he gasps for air and holds back panting. However, after managing the initial feat, he slowly begins his ascent to the third story window, where he pauses next to the sill and stares into a darkened room.

We move into this room, a small and dimly lit study of sorts, centered around a prominent and somewhat majestic desk, the walls and floor lay cluttered with books, thinly coated in a fine dust. The boy spies a small journal atop

the desk, written in a familiar hand and signed by the man he seeks, finding the visible evidence sufficient, he prises a small rod of metal underneath the windowsill and unhooks the latch; allowing himself to slide into the room unhindered

He surveys a quick view of the area, confident in his immediate safety, he begins to search the room for signs of the professor, pausing near the desk to father his notebooks and papers and carefully placing them into his bag. Spotting a used pad of paper on the small sofa across the room, he leaves his bag on the desk and walks over to the sofa, carefully lifting the notes and beginning a cursory run through of them.

(12:35 Main Station. Platform
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The first note appears to be of immediate use, and the boy lightly smiles at the accomplishment of finding the notebook. turning the page over, he nods as his suspicions begin to be confirmed

(Reminder! Pay rent before
taking off, the last thing you
want is to send someone for
your things only to find them
littering the streets)

Inquiring further, the boy finds little more than grocery lists and phone numbers, so, pocketing the found object he begins to peruse the bookshelves for a particular volume...

Careful not to glaze over anything, he continues a search for what seems like minutes before placing a hand over a small leather bound text and pulling it from the shelf.

As he undoes the cloth binding attached to its side and begins to open the volume, a noise booms into the room from the door to his left and he allows a small object to fall to the ground before closing the sides and looking for a place to hide.

GREGGORY

Hoy! ***KNOCK*** ***KNOCK***! Jenkins! Open
up! We're here to collect! Now open
up the fucking door!

The pounding on the door continuing, the boy begins to shake into a panic as he fails to see anywhere to hide, frantic, he looks out the window, only to see the outline of two man sitting aside a car at the outset of the alley.

GREGGORY

What the fuck Jenkins? You think this is funny? **KNOCK** You think we'll just go away? **KNOCK* *KNOCK**

Desperate, the child decides to act on impulse and moves to huddle under the desk.

GREGGORY

Alright then! (stepping back from the door) I've had about enough of this waiting, how about you Sam?

Sound of a gun cocking

GREGGORY

Right then!

The sound of splintering wood fills the room, the door falling of its hinges under the weight of what one presumes to be a rather large man. Eyes darting around underneath the desk, the child spots an unexpected sight on the underside of the desk and stifles a scream when he begins to consider his situation.

The man shifts his weight left and right, looking out towards the windows and checking his peripherals, signaling behind him, his partner soon joins him and the hunt begins.

SAM

So, what do you figure? Tear the place apart, strip it of valuables?

GREGGORY

(holstering his gun) S'pose so, not much else to do if the blokes not here.

SAM

(gesturing with his gun) What if he's in there? [pointing towards a second door]

GREGGORY

Well, I suppose he could be trying something stupid like that- (cranes neck) - [silent gestures]

Huddled below the thick wood of the desk, the child feels a cold bead of sweat drip down the side of his neck as he reaches upwards and begins to loosen the tape holding the revolver underneath the desk drawer

The second door slowly creaking open, the second man cautiously points a gun into the room, then ducking to his side, performs a quick turn and moves into the room.

SAM

Looks clear.

GREGGORY

Good. Let's just clean the place out then, you take in here, I'll check the entrance, take five, then we leave, Yeah?

SAM

Right.

Hands shaking, one last tug of the tape and the pistol drops into his hands; surprised by its weight, he nearly lets it fall to the floor as he fumbles with its grip and places it between his palms.

He hears a man walking behind him, turning over books scattered across the room searching for things worth taking. His thoughts are interrupted when the man behind him calls out

GREGGORY

Hey! Did this guy have a kid or something?

SAM

No, why? (approaching the door)

GREGGORY

Because this is an awful strange thing for a man to have (*lifting the boy's backpack into the air*)

SAM

That's for sure, fluorescent green and yellow satchels aren't exactly de rigeur once you get past thirty...

GREGGORY

You're tellin me...

Terrified, the boy sits with his back pressed against the edge of the desk, listening to the mans footsteps circle around the desk.

GREGGORY

Maybe, ah, the professor had a thing for kids or summ'in, one a those fucks.

SAM

Makes sense I suppose, why else would he come to Alabaster for money? The decor?

GREGGORY

Yeah, probably had a record; they can make it a bitch to get a decent loan, thats for fuck sure.

SAM

Hey, have you checked the desk drawers yet? People always seem to think you'll never look at the back of a desk drawer.

GREGGORY

Nah, not yet, I'll do that.

Heart pounding, the boy watches the man step in front of him and begin to look over the desk surface perpendicular to his position. Thumbing his fingers over the trigger, he begins to raise his shaking arm in a bid of control.

Sweat drips accross his line of vision as a consuming panic begins to take hold. His mind at once races and stands still. As the man in front of him begins to bend down and pull out a drawer, a booming roar fills his skull and the man topples to the ground with a scream.

His hand aches and fingers burn as he realizes he pulled the trigger, and as a cold feeling hits his gut he begins to clamber out from underneath the desk

Distracted by the screaming of the man to his side, he kicks him into the desk in hopes of a brief moment of silence. Grabbing his bag, he begins to dash towards the broken door.

SAM

Freeze! Drop the gun! NOW!

Slowly turning around, the child is confronted with the barrel of a gun looking towards him from across the room. He pauses a loosens his grip on the bag, tensing his fingers over the gun and considering the situation...

SAM

Don't even try it kid. You think you stand a chance? Even if you manage to hit me, think it will bring me down? It's not like in the movies, you see, a man can keep going with a stick of lead in him, and I know that for a fact [patting his side with a free hand]

Fearful of the possibility of an imminent death, the child's eyes dart around the room, in search of an escape, even the slightest possibility. His resolve all but gone, his wrist falls weak and he drops the bag and pistol to the ground.

SAM

(approaching Senex with the pistol still raised) That's a good boy, now stand still, and stay proud, you just went and did something really stupid, but who knows, you might just come out of this scratch free if you play your cards right...

GREGGORY

(pulling himself up on the desk)
 FUCKING KILL HIM! Fuck! *cough*
 Fuck'in SHOOT HIM!

Passing out on the desk, the last thing the man sees is his partner approach the child, raise his pistol, and knock the boy to the ground with a vicious blow to the face.

Looking over the body, the man feels confident the boy is unconscious, he leaves the room for a moment and returns with a suitcase, places the gun and bag into it, and moves towards his partner to inspect the damage inflicted.

SAM

(shaking his head) Well done
 Gregory, well done...

Hoisting the child over his shoulder, the man begins to exit the room, pausing for a moment to reassure his wounded partner.

SAM

I'll have someone sent to bring you to a doctor or something, but as of this moment, I have business to take care of.

As the descent downstairs begins, the scene fades away as the child disappears into the darkness.

PIEREMORT AND SENEX: SCENE 5: THE GALLANT RESCUE

Pieremort goes to bar, jubilant info gathering, somehow Alabaster St. Lucard (the davidian) has his cronies involved and Senex is held for ransom, Pieremort will meet them, fail to pay, beat them senseless / outsmart them, and without knowing it piss the hell out of the davidian.

PIEREMORT AND SENEX: SCENE 6: LAST GOODBYES

The final goodbye before Pieremort is abruptly killed

PIEREMORT AND SENEX: SCENE 7: THE BODY

Senex stumbles upon the body of his dead grandfather as he searches desperately for answers. The descent begins.

BOLSHEVIK: SCENE 1: THE TOASTER

BOLSHEVIK: SCENE 2: INTRODUCTION TO THE METAPHYSICAL COSMOLOGY OF THE UNIVERSE

BOLSHEVIK: SCENE 3: INTRODUCTION TO BOLSHEVIK

BOLSHEVIK: SCENE 4: A DAY IN THE LIFE

Trades with Gentleman flux for some books, sells a gun Senex, flashback to selling information to the Davidian.

BOLSHEVIK: SCENE 5 CLOSING REMARKS TO THE STORY

SENEX: SCENE 1: DISBELIEF

Stumbling round the city in a stupor, Senex copes with the death of his grandfather, or rather fails to cope

SENEX: SCENE 2: DESPERATION

A year or so after scene 1, senex is huddled in the rain under an overpass somewhere with a friend, gets into an argument, then saunters off to shoplift dinner

SENEX: SCENE 3: REPERCUSSIONS

Senex gets caught shoplifting and is taken in to the police station

SENEX: SCENE 4: DISCUSSION

A dimly illuminated alley, set against the backdrop of a worn garage door. Cracks line the uneven pavement and the tenuous fingers of dirt, growth and refuse sift outwards from beneath.

Two figures hold council in the conjecture alongside the ground, pressing towards aching steel at their backs in search of comfort.

One sits, leg outstretched, knee pressed inwards, holding his head in abeyance against a tired hand, thinking thoughts towards a particular type of emptiness not often found by those who fail to seek it.

The other, resting against the soft metal ridges of the garage door, slowly breaks the silence as his idle thoughts begin to percolate.

SENEX

Do you remember a time when things used to be simple?
When questions of food regarded what we'd be eating and not if we could even managed to dinner this night, you know, that kind of thing?

ALUCARD

[silence]...
No, not really. But then again, I hardly remember what we're up to yesterday.

SENEX

(taking a quick breath)--- You got arrested for vagrancy and were held for 13 hours before being released with no explanation.

(MORE)

SENEX (cont'd)

I felt like shit, checked into Reynolds clinic, waited around for a few hours got told I had a cough and was presented a bill of which I am now ducking payment for.

We met back up down by Cates and spent the rest of the night panhandling downtown.

The figure on the ground briefly pauses and shakes his head ever so slightly.

ALUCARD

Shit! Man, it always gets me how you can do that.

SENEX

Do what? Remember?

ALUCARD

(rising to his feet) Naw man, remember *everything*.

SENEX

[solemn pause]

Yeah, well it's kind of what keeps me going, lets me know I'm still alive.

ALUCARD

So a pulse isn't good enough for you?

SENEX

That's not what I mean... I'm talking about the difference between life and an extended series of dreams and nightmares, passing through the lens of your vision in onslaught.

Remembering things lets me make sure that events have happened, that I'm not just dreaming, that life has continued for the last few years.

ALUCARD

Yeah, yeah...

SENEX: SCENE 5: THE LONG AWAITED JOURNEY

Senex leaves the city, on his travels stumbles upon a woman similar to the story his grandfather told him of AF, similar conversation

SENEX: SCENE 6: HOME ON THE RIVERBANK

Beginning to travel with the woman, she takes him to Apotheosis manner and he is in marvel of this new environment

SENEX: SCENE 7: RECUPERATION

Senex spends time at the mansion recuperating, he begins to open up to the woman, she begins to fall for him, this scene deals with improvement over time MAD MONTAGE perhaps?

SENEX: SCENE 8: DESCENT

Senex stumbles upon AF's journals, enamored with the concept in the beginning, his mood changes when he discovers a link between AF and his grandfathers death (and the Davidian). He begins a slow and disturbing descent into an obsession over his grandfathers death.

SENEX: SCENE 9: APOTHEOSIS

The descent continues as we follow broken and hurt thoughts into conclusions of equalization. Senex will cast aside his name and become A.F, even though one is already in place, he will hunt down his grandfathers killers, and then end the line of A.F.

FLUX: SCENE 1: BIRTH

A man sits beside a large journal, carefully inscribing his thoughts under the dim and flickering candlelight by his side, he pauses, occasionally taking a moment to consider his words, dipping the pen into the reservoir to allow the ink to continue its flow.

FLUX (WRITING)

The first steps needed to be taken
lightly, careful not to stumble
into the depths of uncertainty.
As I left, there was little I was
sure of, so little I hardly knew
what to do, but as I passed the

(MORE)

FLUX (WRITING) (cont'd)
gates, I realized that it was time
to go home, that it was time to
begin the hunt.

He places the pen onto the desk for a moment and tenses his hand, at first glance it appears to be covered in ink, but as one examines it more closely, an intricate pattern of black and grey tattoos twists between the back of his hand and across his fingers, leading upwards along his wrists; quickly becoming lost to one's vision under the guise of darkness.

FLUX (WRITING)
I started with the little things,
establishing a foothold, building
up a network of contacts,
assembling an arsenal of skills and
equipment suited to my task. I
invested all of attention into it,
but it was not an obsession. It was
a lifestyle, a way of going about
the day to day in between the now
and the bittersweet moment it would
all be over.

He pauses for a moment, savoring the flow of memories and allowing himself the brief indulgence of doubt

FLUX (WRITING)
It was my time, they were my
choices, and after all of this
time, after all of these years,
now, it finally begins.

Wiping the ink off of the pen's tip, the man begins looks down and considers his brief entry, satisfied, he rises to his feet and allows his facial features to be seen.

Looking into his face, one might feel at unease to be in his presence. At a time he may have looked young, but the slight scarring down the left side of his face, turned with the effect of his cold and uncaring eyes, leaves one with an indeterminate gauge of his age. A striking tattoo runs down the edge of his face, flowing lines moving in and out of shadow as he walks down the hallway and quietly places the page into a small wooden box and latches it shut. He pauses for a moment and listens, before beginning the descent the stairs to his cellar.