



# **GODLESS HEATHENS**

by

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DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

A series of Occupy Protest Callback Chants repeat in the distance: "Banks got bailed out. We got sold out!", "From Oakland to Greece, Fuck the Police!" and "Whose streets? Our streets!".

From the smoke and various flags and signs of the crowd a man emerges as if from the centre of a rosebud of protestors. Weeping, he hobbles towards a bridge carrying in his arms a baby wrapped in rags. This man is dressed in black, with dark rimmed glasses. This is BENJAMIN ATLAS (40's).

Benjamin peers over the edge. The crowd grows louder, more excited as if cheering him on despite not paying him any mind.

With the sun behind him, once a baby, now his daughter BECKY (17) is in his arms. She shakes her head with fearful disapproval. The dissonant protest crowd chants louder!

Benjamin picks her up over his head with monstrous strength. He brings her to the edge of the bridge and is about to throw her over the edge, with no sign of strain shown on his face.

Sounds: Tear gas guns fire and hoses spray as a protesting crowd screams.

Benjamin's eyes look up at her. He throws her over the edge.

Becky is once again a baby in wraps. Cries turn into a pig squeal.

The wrappings come undone as the baby drops in SLOW MOTION.

A bestial hand grabs Benjamin's shoulder.

GUN SHOT.

Black.

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

Benjamin screams himself awake. He struggles inside of a straightjacket, crazed yet subdued.

Benjamin views his cell in a haze and spots a lady in a doctor's outfit through his glass cell door.

A FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST (40's) taps a piece of paper while observing Benjamin. She shakes her head while writing.

A monstrous bug-eyed figure peeks into what she is writing. This is EDIFICE STRUT (50's). He peeks into Benjamin's cell window now, grinning like a maniac.

BENJAMIN

(singing poorly)

Why do babies die? Why do people  
cry? Why do I even try?

(said straightly)

Because it's all a lie! Let me see  
my daughter! Let me see her! Let me  
see her! Let me see her!

PSYCHIATRIST

I am so glad you recommended we see  
him. He's been having awfully bad  
nightmares since we picked him up.

BENJAMIN

(to self, docile)

Well if I am going to be a zombie  
the rest of my life, I am going to  
be the best damned zombie the world  
has ever seen. I'll be a nice,  
friendly zombie. Or maybe I'll  
volunteer as a lab rabbit! Free  
food, and exercise.

(silently to himself)

Or maybe I'll adapt and split the  
difference and turn myself into a  
half rabbit, half man. Rabbit,  
rabbit-rabbit, rabbit.

Benjamin lunges at the Professor, snarling like an animal.  
He bangs against the window. The Professor jumps back.

EDIFICE STRUT

Look at him. Crazy as a loon. They  
ought to lock him up and throw away  
the key.

A CROSS-EYED GUARD (30's) enters Benjamin's cell and grabs  
Benjamin in an armbar and pulls out a syringe. Benjamin  
attempts to struggle out, but is strong-armed back into  
submission.

BENJAMIN

No more drugs! No! Drugs!

The Guard sticks him and juices him up.

Benjamin huddles whispering 'rabbit' to himself, then  
suddenly turns around and screams 'RABBIT!'

EDIFICE STRUT

Where I come from we put animals  
like this one to sleep.

PSYCHIATRIST  
(disgusted by Edifice  
Strut)

He's just come out of a serious  
traumatic episode.

(sighs)

Just tell me: Is it him or isn't  
it?

EDIFICE STRUT

That's him. That's the guy that  
attacked me. Look at him. He's up  
to something in that deviant mind  
of his.

Benjamin lies in a momentary stupor, smiling and drooling,  
and rocking back and forth.

PSYCHIATRIST

They'll be letting him go this  
afternoon.

EDIFICE STRUT

You've got to be joking me! Damn  
Lib's keeping ones like that out on  
the street.

BENJAMIN

(docile and friendly)

Miss, oh miss, miss? I want to say  
something.

PSYCHIATRIST

What do you want to say Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

(paranoid)

I want to tell you about 'him'.

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh, and who is this 'him'?

BENJAMIN

You know who.

PSYCHIATRIST

No! I am afraid I don't. Who are  
you talking about this time?

BENJAMIN ATLAS

I could have just let him walk bye.  
I could have, I could have...

FLASH BACK

Benjamin lies sideways, watching his cell turn into a large  
green park. In a sideways view, a dark figure approaches in  
the horizon.



Benjamin, who is now lying sideways on a park bench. He mouths the words 'Hello mysterious stranger', in SLOW MOTION, from a sideways view.

BACK IN THE PADDED CELL

Benjamin lies sideways petrified in his cell.

PSYCHIATRIST

Tell me who it is? Who is it you saw out there?

BENJAMIN

(pause)

Let me see my daughter!

PSYCHIATRIST

You're not allowed to see her. Tell me about the man in the park.

BENJAMIN

He was like you, asking questions. Too many questions. Deceptive, very deceptive.

PSYCHIATRIST

Why don't you tell me everything you remember about him from the beginning?

BENJAMIN

Okay, I'll tell you. Come close.

Benjamin looks left and right, and with a precarious look on his face, knocks them both out of the way and scurries down the hallway. Yelling echoes thru the hallways.

GUARD (O.S.)

Come back here!

BENJAMIN

No way! I need to find out how it ends.

EXT. ALLEYWAY- DAY

He runs outside and finds an empty dumpster that he jumps into head first. He stares up at the blue sky above, and starts to see cloud animals playing in the sky.

The Guard searches for but cannot find Benjamin. Ben peeks his head out of the dumpster. Just his eyes and scalp are visible.

EXT. DON VALLEY PARKWAY OVERPASS- DAY

Benjamin, with messy dark hair, dark rimmed glasses and straight jacket walks along the highway overpass bridge. A stranger walks by.

BENJAMIN ATLAS  
 (calls out to the woods  
 below)  
 Where are you?

A smoking stranger walks by, talking on his cell phone, completely oblivious to Benjamin's straightjacket.

BENJAMIN  
 Hey buddy, got a smoke.

The stranger shrugs, puts a smoke in his mouth and lights it.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
 (mumbled voice with cig  
 in mouth)  
 Thanks!

Benjamin continues, sentimentally crossing a long overpass bridge, smoking with both hands tied in the straightjacket.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)  
 Everything in my life was pretty bad up until that point. Until I met him. That charismatic animal. From then on, things got a lot worse. Hello, my name is Benjamin Atlas. You could say that history has deemed me an unsuccessful rebel. But I try not to pay attention to such grand narratives. They lead to nothing but unfounded optimism.

He opens his eyes, and below is bustling traffic. He looks down over the edge of the bridge with a troubled stare.

BENJAMIN (V.O.) (CONT'D.)  
 The truth is none of it feels real to me anymore. I just need to escape. I need to get out of this mad house called The City. A vacation is what I need. A vacation from reality. I need to get away from everything, and everyone.

Benjamin lunges forward, but stops short of leaping over.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)  
 But no, I am too creative for suicide. It just isn't my style. Besides, there's a gigantic suicide guard between me and true spirituality.  
 (pause)  
 There's got to be an easier way to know if this thing people call the  
 (MORE)

BENJAMIN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
spirit world does exist. There's  
only one way to find out, isn't  
there?

Glaring downwards he is conflicted over whether or not to jump. A hand suddenly clenches him and a net and tazer noise bring him down.

CAPTION: "MOON DAY"

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Benjamin, dressed in a baker's gown, walks down the street with his army green tent over his shoulder.

Benjamin passes a beautiful GIRL(20's).

BENJAMIN  
Hey, wanna come back to my place  
later?

He pats his sleeping bag, and smiles with shameless sincerity and confidence. She rolls her eyes, semi-amused.

EXT. CITY BENCH - DAY

Benjamin speaks confidentially to someone beside him.

BENJAMIN  
You know what, I feel great tonight! Do you want to know the trick to feeling this good is? You have to just stop trying to force things to happen the way you want them to happen. What you need to do is just sit back and let things happen. Because the more you try and struggle, like a boa constrictor, this world will choke the life out of you and devour you in your entirety. Body, mind, spirit and soul. The more you want things to take place, the more they will absolutely never happen for you! You need to just sit back and let the Universe wash over you and direct you and give to you. Just because you can't see why, doesn't mean anything! You don't get it! It's not about you. It's about the Universe. You try and you wonder, why isn't anything happening. It is. You just don't see why yet! The Universe has a plan for you, my dear child. You have to roll with the punches. Things will happen and you can't do anything about it.

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (cont'd)

You're not supposed to feel the weight of the Universe. It's not yours to feel. My whole life I've tried to make things happen, but that's never when good things come to you. It's only when you let go and let things come in, that you get things that you want. The best things. Things you didn't even know existed. Things you may not even deserve. Every time you see an idea in the back of your mind or hear that voice inside you telling you to do something, don't listen. It is wrong. It's always wrong! You think you know something, you don't know anything, so stop trying, because you just don't get it! Just shut it off, shut it up, and don't analyze it! Just ignore it and I am telling you the Universe will open up to you in ways you never even imagined.

A lone kid eating his iced cream is revealed to have been his audience.

KID

Mister, you're crazy. I gotta go now. Bye.

Benjamin stares off into the distance, speechless and salutes the kid as he walks away.

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Assorted baked goods are prepared to perfection. Beautiful, decadent, rich pastries are garnished.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

I work in this French Bakery, where they expect everyone to speak French. They made an exception in my case. I just had to pretend to speak En Francais.

Ben's FRENCH BOSS (50's) points out many different baked goods by name. Benjamin grabs them one by one, pretending he understands, while not understanding a thing the French Boss is saying.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

Just say the magic words.

BENJAMIN

Oui Monsieur, Bon Appetite.

Benjamin bows.

A ginger bread house is made in splendiferous colors and arrangements.

Benjamin stands behind it, like a giant, dressed in white Baker's gown.

He feels the dough in his hands.

Ben rolls out the dough.

He cookie-cuts the dough into ginger bread men. He looks maliciously at the ginger bread men.

With an ice cold glare he shoves the ginger men into the oven. He closes the oven.

Opening the oven, he pulls out the ginger men, and garnishes one of them.

Beside a Christmas cookie he lays a gingerbread man that is garnished to look just like him; an effigy of himself.

A pan drops, making a gonging sound. Benjamin stops to listen to its reverberation.

Benjamin neatly puts his ginger bread self into a special tiny box and neatly gift wraps it.

Nearly done his work, he disrobes his white attire. He puts on his dark rimmed glasses and puts on his black pants, shoes and jacket.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Benjamin walks down a lonely street at night. He sees a large compound. It is in an abandoned Brickworks factory.

EXT. BRICKWORKS - NIGHT

Benjamin enters the large, scary compound alone. Slow brooding fear. Slight noises, small, echoed, a lone whistler is in the background.

He drops his tent ready to unpack it.

Several flashlights spot Benjamin.

He is struck with a bottle over his head.

His glasses fall off and are crushed under his own foot.

Benjamin rolls his eyes.

WHITE FADE

Benjamin's glasses are broken, yet are back on his face.

Benjamin shakes his head, awake. He touches his forehead and discovers blood.

BENJAMIN'S P.O.V. - BLURRED VISION.

A smiling woman punches him in the face. He is kicked and punched from different angles by two different men. He is afraid, surrounded by laughing hoodlums who are blurred out of focus.

The man reaches for a small gift that was knocked from his hand. Benjamin shakes his head; powerless.

BENJAMIN

(begs)

Oh no! Please don't!

The leader takes the gift in her hand and smashes it against a wall, very deliberately.

Ben is in dismay. He looks up to the leader and has his cuff rung, and is brought to his feet and slapped hard. Another runs in and knees him in the groin.

Benjamin crumples himself into a fetal position and cries.

The lead member points down to her foot, for him to kiss. He leans down, vision still blurry and is about to kiss it, puckered and ready. He is viciously kicked in the face.

The hoodlums, dressed in navy blue and white, repeatedly kick and strike the poor man, faces unseen.

They laugh hardily. One says "stay out of the Brickworks", in French. They sing a song as they leave Benjamin in a pool of blood. They scream "Gatineau!", a Quebec ghetto.

EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT

Benjamin tries to stand, but hobbles away like a wounded animal. He wanders like a ghost thru the streets.

EXT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

A light flickers.

The urinals are followed to Benjamin standing in front of a mirror.

He takes a piece of glass out of his cheek.

He washes the blood from his face.

His face turns from sad to blank; nihilistic.

The light flickers out.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Crickets are heard.

A human voice roars freakishly in the wilderness.

Benjamin is scared back into consciousness as he stares off into the woods; panic stricken.

The crickets grow louder. Benjamin is frozen solid. He walks faster away from the woods, looking back only to see a dark figure dressed in black watching him from the woods.

Benjamin's eyes widen from behind his glasses.

The figure in black marches through the thicket right towards him.

Benjamin runs out, turning back only to find the cat burglar peer from behind a lamp post.

CAPTION: "MARS DAY"

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO, SURROUNDED BY FOREST - DAY

Sunrise. Toronto stands tall, surrounded by forested area. Benjamin wearily sets up his tent, and falls asleep.

EXT. PARK, NEAR DON VALLEY PARKWAY, TORONTO - DAY

A lone tent sits underneath an old-fashioned park lamp.

INT. TENT - DAY

Benjamin sleeps in his cozy sleeping bag.

He is happy, content and snug.

All of a sudden a flock of seagulls begin to cry right next to the tent.

Benjamin in the sleeping bag jumps up out of his sac, and out of the tent.

He jumps around the tent to scare away the birds and then quickly checks his watch.

He re-enters the tent, puts on his thick-rimmed glasses, packs up his tent, and goes out for a stroll.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM AT HER FOSTER HOME - DAY

Benjamin enters a bedroom window. The room is cluttered with boxes. A young girl lies in her bed, looking pale and sickly. This is Benjamin's daughter, BECKY (17).

He sits on her bed beside her. He strokes her head. For the moment, she lies silent, deathly ill in appearance.

Her little eyes open. She smiles, very happy to see Benjamin, but notices his face and becomes concerned.

BENJAMIN  
What's with all the boxes?

BECKY

(ghostly)

What happened to your glasses and  
your face?

(touching her face)

Where were you last night?

Benjamin looks back at her, and sees her lying comatose on  
the bed.

BENJAMIN

I camped out in the wrong place.

(pause)

I have a gift for you.

Benjamin stands up and with arm extended passes her the  
gift.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

It got a bit damaged.

The gift box is opened. It's the ginger bread man that looks  
like Benjamin, except it is cracked in half, right down the  
middle.

She pieces the cookie together, in a ghostly light.

BECKY

(gay laughter)

Thank you Dad.

Teary eyed she takes a bite.

BECKY (CONT'D)

It tastes great.

She sits up, cross legged.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Why don't you live in the tent on  
the front yard anymore? I liked  
having you live closer to me.

Benjamin does a double-take of Becky and oddly she now lies  
comatose on the bed.

BENJAMIN

(grabs his chest;  
heartburn)

The only reason I even stay near  
town is to be near you.

CLOSE UP:

BECKY

(deep concern)

You know you scare me when you run  
off into the woods like that.

(MORE)



BECKY (cont'd)  
 Anything could happen to you out  
 there. It's not safe. It's not  
 right.

Benjamin looks back at her, and sees her lying comatose on  
 the bed. She looks like she is dead.

BENJAMIN  
 Your foster family has made it  
 quite clear that they don't want me  
 around.

Benjamin pinches her cheek and smiles. Becky grabs  
 Benjamin's arm affectionately.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
 All I need to do is keep up  
 creating at the bakery. We are on  
 the waiting list. I am being  
 reviewed next month.

BECKY  
 (from Ben's perspective)  
 I know you're doing the best you  
 can.  
 (Coughs)  
 Dad, I accept this baby, because I  
 believe it was a miracle. But now,  
 the baby is lost, and I didn't even  
 (cries)

Benjamin hugs Becky affectionately.

BENJAMIN  
 (smiling, bitter sweet  
 tears)  
 I know.  
 (long pause)  
 Shh, shh, shh, shh.

BECKY  
 (crying and strangely  
 animated)  
 Why would such a miracle be given  
 only to be taken away?

Benjamin looks back at her and she is not standing up and  
 speaking, but again, oddly lying still, like death.

BENJAMIN  
 I don't know Becky. I wish I had  
 the answer, but I don't.

Becky coughs terribly. Benjamin looks worried.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
 I am looking over you kid, even if  
 God isn't, I am still here.

Benjamin walks towards the window, his back to Becky.

BECKY

Dad, I overheard my new family last night, thru the vents. They said that we were moving to some place out in the country, before I die, they didn't want to tell me, because they thought I'd tell you.

BENJAMIN

They never said a thing. Where are they taking you?

BECKY

They didn't say, all I heard was they were going to move me out of here in three days.

He kisses her head, and hugs her.

BENJAMIN

We'll see about that!

BECKY

(strangely animated)  
Go to work, I'll be fine. Besides you need to get your mind off me, I am strong, I won't die without saying goodbye, I promise.

Becky lies again in her bed, motionless, as though she were two different people, first a ghostly, animated presence and then comatose, like death.

Benjamin walks back to her bed and lies beside her, and holds her in his arms. He sings "Barges" to her gently.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

You look just like your mother. She was a beautiful woman, strong and smart. I hate to see you like this.

BENJAMIN

I'll see you later kid.

BECKY

(gently telling him to  
go)  
Bye Dad

Benjamin waves goodbye and hops out the window he came in from.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Benjamin, at work, takes some new ginger men out of the oven, and places three of them deliberately on a tray.

He dresses them in blue garnish, like the gang that beat him up.

He tries to articulate their faces. But instead, unable to remember due to his blurry vision, he just makes the faces black.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Benjamin is asleep with a book over his head. The book is written by Ayn Rand, and entitled: ATLAS SHRUGGED.

A bird caws and bird poop falls on his book. Benjamin grumbles but does not awaken.

He is not aware of what is on his book. He turns his head slightly, still half conscious. He wakes up slightly, almost fully conscious, but then falls back asleep again.

Finally, his watch sets off and the young man lunges forward, and the book lands in a pile of dog poop.

Benjamin now awake but resting looks over, falls asleep again, darts back up awake and tiredly laughs, eyes closed, and puts his arms behind his head looking at the sky above.

He picks up the book and sees that the bird poop is in the shape of angel wings. He looks amazed.

BENJAMIN

Holy shit! Is this to be another day of miraculous absurdity?

Benjamin starts to ponder looking down at the book.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Benjamin Atlas looks around the corner of the school building and tries to look incognito as he enters the building like a spy. He is VERY paranoid.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The clock on a University class strikes finished. The bell rings and a University class gets let out.

Benjamin sneaks into the classroom late from the side. At the Prof's desk, he lays down his paper on a pile of others, pretending he had attended all along.

The University Philosophy Professor looks auspiciously at Ben's philosophy paper.

EDIFICE STRUT

Benjamin Atlas! Come here!

Benjamin comes forward, tired, with messy hair. Benjamin stands waiting.

Edifice Strut looks up sternly at Benjamin, and proceeds with speed reading his philosophy paper, his eyes never leaving the paper. He finishes with a laugh!

EDIFICE STRUT (CONT'D)

Where were you last night?

Benjamin raises his finger as though about to explain his whereabouts, but is interrupted by his Professor.

EDIFICE STRUT (CONT'D)

No, let me guess, you were drinking all night, in some pathetic attempt to recapture your youth? I hope there were plenty of girls there. Tell me something Mr. Atlas, was it worth it?

BENJAMIN

(Hazy, submissive, yet irritable)

Well, not exactly, you see

EDIFICE STRUT

You've had all week to prepare for this thing, and you give me a philosophical analysis of bird pooh and dog shit. Are you attempting to mock my classroom with this scatology report?!

BENJAMIN

II've been working overtime so I could

EDIFICE STRUT

(interrupts)

Get laid. Listen, at this level of education we don't show up late, we don't make excuses, we just do it. We are all adults here, and the students pay a lot of money so as to not be interrupted during an examination. This will not be tolerated again. We can't have everyone just playing by their own rules, or there would be chaos.

BENJAMIN

I don't think that that's entirely true. And in fact

EDIFICE STRUT

I bet you wish you were living in the 70's right. Intellectual parties, disease free love and drugs without social judgment from friends. Sorry to burst your little

(MORE)

EDIFICE STRUT (cont'd)  
 bubble, but Existentialism is dead  
 kid. Didn't you know? The whole  
 world took a poll and decided that  
 life does have meaning. Didn't  
 anyone tell you?

Benjamin raises his finger, trying to interrupt but is over  
 shouted by the philosophy professor.

EDIFICE STRUT (CONT'D)  
 What you need to do is forget your  
 Albert Camels', your Bert-rand  
 Rue-sell's, your Sartes and your  
 Simone de Boudoir's. You need to  
 forget all that and get right with  
 God son.

Benjamin has a dumbfounded look on his face. The Edifice  
 Strut puts his arm around Benjamin in a belligerent manner.

EDIFICE STRUT (CONT'D)  
 You wanna talk about your paper?  
 Yes, let's talk about your paper. I  
 gave it a C+ because there was some  
 good exploration of the Devine  
 influences and an attempt to reach  
 beyond but it lacked focus.

The Philosophy Professor shakes Benjamin stiff, like a  
 scarred little cat, in the hands of a troubled child.

EDIFICE STRUT (CONT'D)  
 You can't just blame society and  
 God and call it a conclusion. You  
 simply didn't prove your thesis.

BENJAMIN  
 (Dreary, submissive yet  
 sarcastic)  
 Alright. You win. My renegade ways  
 are disturbing the class and I am  
 an asshole. I get your point. But I  
 have a very good reason. One that  
 transcends the laws of this  
 classroom.

EDIFICE STRUT  
 One that transcends the laws of  
 this classroom? No laws transcend  
 the law of THIS classroom!

BENJAMIN  
 Smuggling in Jesus and Capitalism  
 into a Western Philosophy class is  
 missing the point entirely of a  
 search for wisdom.

Edifice Strut crosses his arms.

EDIFICE STRUT

So you're a moarl coward and a moral hazard? And judging by your clothes you definitely aren't much of a Capitalist.

The classroom laughs at Benjamin. Benjamin is grace under fire. He is delicately trying to tell his teacher about his familial situation, but is too tired to fully correct the misconceptions of his teacher. He lacks the energy.

BENJAMIN

(serious)

It's rather private. It concerns familial love, and what little family I have left. Do you understand?

The Professor puts his arm around Benjamin and tries to level with him.

EDIFICE STRUT

Love? Tough love  
(makes a motion to punch him in the face)  
I love my family too. But that doesn't stop me from doing my duty. I think your  
(mocking tone)  
luv is wasting my time, wasting my students time.

BENJAMIN

Love isn't a good enough reason for you and your time. I understand perfectly.

EDIFICE STRUT

Benjamin, it's no excuse for not obeying our responsibilities. We all have these problems. And we all have to follow one system or another. We can't pretend they don't exist and we can't just use them as scapegoats.

Benjamin looks towards the exit sign that says "NO EXIT"

BENJAMIN

Oh, no-n-o. I'll be here on time from now on. You can count on it!

BENJAMIN(V.O.)

My God, there's nothing like an education system to make one feel so inauthentic. I am so glad all I am is a number, or else I might be offended by his lack of diplomacy?

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 But I'll agree to anything to get  
 the hell out of there.

Benjamin gets fed up and storms out of the room, unable to cope with the stress.

EDIFICE STRUT  
 Kids now-a-days got no grit.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

A lamp in the park is aglow, illuminating Benjamin's late night study. He is writing notes into a notebook. Behind the lamp is a tent.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)  
 I love the isolation of the park at night. Besides being a relatively safe park, it has a light that hasn't gone dark once in over a year. It is a small thing, but something about its will to persevere comforts me. But Heaven knows I won't complain about that. I need every hour I can get. Every hour I spend freely is one I should be helping my daughter.

He looks up to the moonlit sky, reflective.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)  
 Why is it than that you feel compelled to wander the streets and parks like Zarathustra? If all I want is to help my daughter getaway from the Foster families? Why can't I?

Benjamin stares peripherally, seething in his angst.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)  
 (deeper voice)  
 You know why

FLASH BACK

INT. BENJAMIN'S FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

YOUNG BENJAMIN (10) looks onwards as his FATHER (50's), a stern, elderly man, walks into a room in STROBE EFFECT, with a gun in his hand.

The Father, seen only from behind, ominously closes the door. A gun shot is heard, that shakes Young Benjamin into Old Benjamin.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Benjamin looks down in shock and horror, and shudders.

BENJAMIN

I just don't know what to believe  
in?

EXT. SMALL BRIDGE - DAY

Sunset. Benjamin jumps up on a edge of the bridge and triumphantly walks across it.

BENJAMIN

(enraged)

How could you let this happen to  
her? You coward! Why don't you pick  
on someone your own size! Say  
something!

(shaking his fist at God)

Show yourself, you coward!

Benjamin loses his balance and falls off the side of the bridge. He falls hard in the wilderness down below. He lies sideways, eyes open, unconscious.

CAPTION: "WODIN'S DAY"

ENTER COLOR:

EXT. PAN'S ENTRANCE ALONG DARK TRAIL, UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

The wind begins to blow heavily, rattling the bushes and trees. The sky grows darker. The moon is full, and the leaves and branches rustle in the ominous breeze.

Benjamin in his battered state cannot move and is petrified. Spooky noises of nature assault the imagination of poor Benjamin.

The Sun begins to rise. A dark figure mysteriously appears from the blackness of the intense surrounding forest over a hill enshrouded in a hard silhouette.

Benjamin's eyes grow wide with anticipation, while still sleeping sideways on the ground. The figure in brown marches forward, similar to the way Ben's Father walked.

This is PAN (30's).

BENJAMIN ATLAS

(yells out to the woods)  
Hello mysterious stranger.

Pan approaches Benjamin as a Mysterious Stranger, from the dark, still seen in sideways vision.

There is no immediate response from the man shrouded in darkness.



As he grows nearer, he uncovers his hood, and kneels over, turning his head sideways, to be seen straight forward.

From his uncovered black hood he unveils his bleach blonde tinged curly hair and a pagan/devilish grin. He wears sun glasses at night, and is shirtless. It is implied subtly that he is partially blind by the way he walks.

PAN  
(charismatic)  
Good morning, Nobel Savage.

Benjamin, still a little shell shocked, remains sideways starring at the oncoming stranger.

BENJAMIN  
(curious, yet cautious)  
Hi, my name is Benjamin, I think,  
what's yours?

The stranger turns his head towards Benjamin.

PAN  
(turned on, crazed)  
Which name? My stage name

The stranger's head jerks to the side with a dramatic flair.

PAN (CONT'D)  
or my real name?

BENJAMIN  
(sad and hopelessly lost)  
Your real name, I guess?

PAN  
(disappointed, insincere)  
That's the problem with you night  
crawlers. You always want to know  
my real name. My real name is  
Junior.

Pan looks up to the sky, with a giant memorial cross behind them.

PAN (CONT'D)  
(scornful)  
Yes, believe it or not my Father  
who art in Heaven had the audacity  
to name me Junior.

BENJAMIN  
(smiling yet disturbed)  
I never knew my father well. Please  
go by another name, if your real  
name offends you so much.

PAN  
 (demonically gleeful)  
 Ah, I like you already, Benjamin.  
 (breathes in with a  
 hissing sound)  
 Friendly and Open. I am afraid my  
 stage name isn't much better  
 however, my stage name is Satan.

BENJAMIN  
 Oh?

PAN  
 You see I am starring in a play  
 that takes an intellectual look at  
 the coming of an Anti-Christ to end  
 humanity while liberating Mother  
 Nature once again to evolve without  
 human interference.  
 (dark to friendly)  
 And what do you do?

BENJAMIN ATLAS  
 I am a baker, I think.

PAN  
 (using hands)  
 That's twice you've said 'I think',  
 you mean you do not know?  
 (looks Benjamin up and  
 down and sniffs him)  
 You are an odd one. What are you  
 doing out here?

BENJAMIN ATLAS  
 I don't know exactly. I like to  
 wander.

PAN  
 Like a nomad?

BENJAMIN  
 Sort of.

PAN  
 Nomads wander for a reason. They  
 wander for food, safety. Why do you  
 wander? Hmm?

BENJAMIN  
 I don't know. I don't know anything  
 anymore. I don't know where I am,  
 or what I've been doing out here? I  
 just feel like something terrible  
 has happened.

PAN

Why don't you tell me why you don't live in the city like the rest of them, huh?

(snorts like an animal)

BENJAMIN

(paranoid)

Oh no I can't do that, I don't want people to know where I go and what I do? I always feel like somebody's watching me.

PAN

Well then why do you sleep under their surveillance then?

Pan points to the lamp overhead.

BENJAMIN

(manically enlightened)

You're right. I've never thought of the lamp in that way. I always just considered it a good reading light.

PAN

You are a funny one. Maybe I can help you if you let me. I like to help people who are lost find what they are looking for

BENJAMIN

It's not a what, but a whom?

PAN

Who is He? What does He look like?

BENJAMIN

I don't know what he looks like exactly. He is an elusive fellow. I knew him once, a long time ago. He has the mind of a criminal genius. He is a murderer. He wants to murder my daughter. You must help me hunt this maniac, and bring him to justice.

PAN

Well this does sound like an adventure. I can hardly contain myself. It's been so long since I've had such an interesting someone come my way.

BENJAMIN

Be warned, this could be a dangerous quest.

PAN

I wouldn't have it any other way.  
Tell me more about this maniac you  
seek.

BENJAMIN

Make no mistake, he can be mighty  
and courageous at times, very  
bright but also very dark and  
wherever he is, he is very good at  
keeping himself a mystery.

PAN

Mighty and courageous. Bright and  
dark. Keeps well hidden. I think I  
can help you find this one you're  
trying to find. I know his type  
well. I'll have you know, aside  
from being a magnificent actor I am  
also a superb tracker of the  
criminal mind. Together I think we  
can find this figure and bring him  
to justice, and get you back to  
your daughter. When is the last  
time you saw the criminal?

BENJAMIN

I haven't seen him since yesterday.  
Before that I haven't seen him in  
years.

Pan sniffs around.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

What is it? Have you caught the  
scent?

PAN

I think I know who you're looking  
for. He's not around here, he's out  
there. Follow me.

EXT. PARK SECTION 2 - DAY

Benjamin follows Pan's nose.

PAN

Tell me more about this man you are  
looking for. How did you first meet  
him?

BENJAMIN

Nobody would come out and say it,  
but he was the only one with my  
father when he died. I watched them  
moments before his death. After the  
funeral, this man wasn't allowed  
back in our house again. I think he  
is the man that killed my father.

PAN

I know in nature if you want freedom to live sometimes, rather often in fact, you have to fight for it. If preservation is what you seek for your daughter. Are you prepared to take this man's life for your own?

BENJAMIN

We don't have to kill any more for survival. From birth I've been taught to kill is wrong. It is unnatural. Life is sacred.

PAN

(laughs)

You mean human life is sacred.

(smiles)

Humans don't exactly have such a merciful brain for animal and plant as they breeze through life, gliding and murdering their way through the day. Although, hahaha

(dry, soundless)

all life is murdered anyway in the end. But I must confess, this is hardly an excuse for nature though, life is always being fought or fled or devoured over, but it is done without intent.

BENJAMIN

What about a father's instinct to protect his child

PAN

(acts out against a tree)

A male ape will not think twice about smashing his offspring's head on a rock if he feels there will not be enough food for himself or his mate. That is nature.

Pan bows.

BENJAMIN

Alright, I guess life is valuable only because of spirit then. I hate how it always comes back to the spirit world

(sobs like a Moose)

Oh! That intangible, improvable essence! But I didn't say all killing is wrong but good moral people don't kill without reason.

PAN

So what does your spirit and your good reasons tell you about life?

Pan gives a maniacal grin.

BENJAMIN

You don't want to know.

PAN

Oh yes I do.

BENJAMIN

Alright. I think I may be a God in Training.

PAN

(laughs)

God? In Training?

BENJAMIN

Yeah.

PAN

What is a God?

BENJAMIN

You don't know what a God is?

PAN

Yes! I know what being a God means to me, but what pray tell, does it mean to you?

BENJAMIN

God to me is something I do not know, yet I believe may exist.

PAN

So you believe you may exist?

BENJAMIN

Yes. It cannot be proven for certain though.

PAN

Really. Well,

(sniffs at the air)

I smell blood and I hear the reverberations of your voice speaking to me, does that all mean nothing?

BENJAMIN

Not nothing at all, just nothing certain.

PAN

Why you are a fascinating human.

BENJAMIN

Not really.

PAN

Interesting. Why don't you ask me about my play?

BENJAMIN

Yes, I was meaning to ask you about that. It sounds like a fascinating thing to make a play about. I guess it gives you the chance to explore eco-terrorism, meat as murder, maybe even disaster economics? Give me a synopsis.

PAN

(Storytelling)

It is the story of...

A sexy GREEK WOMAN(39) wanders into their view. The sexy Greek Woman tries to look sexy at Pan and Benjamin like she wants to eat them up.

Benjamin looks scared, Junior reciprocates her lustful glare. She walks by pretending not to want them sexually. Pan walks up to her.

PAN (CONT'D)

Hello good woman.

SEXY WOMAN

(flirty with a capital F)

What do you want?

PAN

The same thing you want.

SEXY WOMAN

(flirtatious)

I don't know what you're talking about.

PAN

Let's cut the forest lady, I think you're attractive, and since you obviously followed us out here, you probably think I look pretty good too.

Pan whispers in her ear.

PAN (CONT'D)

So let's go into the woods and do as nature intends.

The sexy lady smirks. She looks around guiltily, shooting Pan lustful glances. Pan makes some cat calls at her. She embraces Pan and starts to make out with him.

PAN (CONT'D)

I'll be back. Wait here a while  
will ya!

Pan wanders off into the woods with the sexy woman over his shoulder. He slaps her behind, and she laughs.

Benjamin watches; disturbed, embarrassed.

Benjamin sits under a lamp, as Pan casually strolls back. The lady wanders off back into civilization, like she was in a trance or something, trying to regain her composure.

PAN (CONT'D)

(spits)

I love the hairy ones.

He protrudes his tongue and reveals a wedding ring.

BENJAMIN

(embarrassed)

Aren't you gonna give that back?

Pan swallows the wedding ring.

PAN

Later. Now where were we?

Puts his hands together and drops his head in contemplation.

BENJAMIN

(still in shock)

Your play?

PAN

Ah yes, my play! It's the story of a lost boy, led astray by the moral ambiguity of his postmodern, popular culture. He hates humanity, and wishes to be anything but human. In the time this man lives, there is a great plague. And one night Stanley is endowed with a fantastic gift. He creates a cure for this plague, a cure with a funny side effect. If you have the plague and are given the cure, your DNA is changed inexplicably and as a side effect you live forever. Thus he creates eternal life, rendering Heaven meaningless, and forcing everyone to choose when and if their death should take place, all death being rendered an act of suicide. Now this creates a riff for the world and for Stanley. The world must decide if it wants to live in a world where Death is a

(MORE)



PAN (cont'd)

choice. Where the only way to die 'naturally' is by your own hand or the hand of another. Some choose to live naturally, and morally, hiding from this disease, as they have been taught. Some others choose to seek out the plague AND the cure and choose to live forever. Meanwhile Stanley must make a decision. Will he sell/remain loyal to his masters and let them know of this discovery, leaving the poor to die, cashing in on the world's desperation? Or give it to another group of people, who will mass produce it for everyone and save the world. Selfishness and Ultra-Greed or merciful, benevolent sacrifice? He rationalizes that if no one dies greed would amplify to the point where, in man's attempt to live forever, instead, nature would die forever.

BENJAMIN ATLAS

So part Seventh Seal, part Theatre of the Absurd?

PAN

(hiding what he doesn't understand)

Mmm. Maybe. Let's just say he does the right thing to restore balance to the planet!

Pan climbs into a tree house.

PAN (CONT'D)

I instruct him that in order to acquire the greatest power, he must first gain the trust of everyone by doing the greatest goods. I trade his soul and the destruction he will cause for the power to control nature itself.

BENJAMIN

(tired of walking)

I am sorry, but how does one control Nature?

PAN

(Vexed)

This is not the place to discuss such things, Benjamin. We're not going to find your daughter's stalker, talking about my play are

(MORE)

PAN (cont'd)  
 we Benjamin? Fear not, he's far  
 from here just relax and follow and  
 trust in me

BENJAMIN  
 (passes out)  
 Okay

EXT. SCENIC CAVES - DAY

Benjamin's sight becomes blurred and Benjamin appears hypnotized. Benjamin wakes up and he's near a giant cave opening. Pan shakes him and Ben darts awake.

PAN  
 Wake up. We're here.

BENJAMIN  
 Where are we?

PAN  
 We weren't going to find him around  
 there.

Benjamin stands up and realizes he is far from where he once was.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Come on. Let us explore. I sense he  
 is close.

BENJAMIN  
 Wow! This place is nothing like the  
 city.

TOP OF A HILL, LOOKING DOWNWARDS.

BENJAMIN  
 How would

PAN  
 Shhh!  
 (staring downwards)  
 Imagine a world where you could  
 choose your skin color, your age,  
 your gender, your size, your speed,  
 your proportions.  
 (laughs)  
 And bring your demons to life. How  
 do you believe that would affect  
 things here?

BENJAMIN  
 Sounds like interesting times.

PAN

A curse? It's coming, Benjamin. In fact it may already be here.

(points down into a precipice)

Look.

Down below is a dead body. Benjamin gasps as he looks away.

PAN (CONT'D)

See. He has been thru this place. I thought I smelt his presence.

Below the body is putrefied.

BENJAMIN

What should we do?

PAN

You do have hands, don't you?

BENJAMIN

Yes.

They dig a shallow grave for the man, as it begins to rain slightly.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

What can one man do?

PAN

Do you realize all it would take is one man, like our buried friend here. One re-libertarian to recreate the whole world anew.

BENJAMIN

How?

PAN

Genetic Engineering, and a hatred for all manmade machines

(squints eyes)

is all it would take to avenge the natural world and rejuvenate nature anew to live forever.

Pan walks thru the thicket, unseen by Benjamin, and only heard.

PAN (V.O.)

The possibilities are endless, animal features, plant features, gills, wings, it will be like the good old days.

Jumps out from behind the trees.

PAN (CONT'D.)

(earnest)

Needless to say that the story takes some interesting turns, while ultimately making the material driven, individualist man think about where he stands in the moral sense.

INT. DARK CAVE, CANDLE LIT - DAY

Crawling thru the cave.

PAN

Much like the play, we will see who this man you hunt really prefers, behind closed doors? A self-sacrificing, do-gooder or the selfish, taker, hider, owner. I can tell you, the answer shocks most audiences, when they ultimately find out that during the course of the play, they too have been lead down the quote end quote "wrong path". It's an incredible performance really. When they are left only able to side with the Anti-Christ or the Beast. The actor who plays the Anti-Christ is astounding! He's so convincing that by the end of each performance he has them out of their seats now, the entire bloody audience standing up and having them forgive Satan, for he, to quote Mark Twain: "is the one Christian brother who throughout time has needed a friend more than any other". If you're ever looking for a Devil's advocate, there is none better than Sam-I-L Clemens. Ah yes, the audience is taken on quite a ride alright. Climaxing with

(pause)

Well, I don't want to give it all away.

EXT. SCENIC CAVES BRIDGE, OVERLOOK - DAY

Pan stares out over the horizon, beside Benjamin.

PAN

But all in all and bye and bye, the play does paint a viable scenario as to how the world really could revert back to the time of the "Beasts".

BENJAMIN ATLAS

(oblivious)

You know, I never like it when people call an animal a Beast, as though there was something inherently evil about the poor creatures. You know? What is so bad about "Beasts"? What's the big deal with man being an animal and following his instincts? It's not our animal half that commits evil, it's our human half. Sorry, I love animals, and I feel they've been misrepresented over the years. Every Nursery rhyme's story makes them the evil ones: the wolves, the goats, the bears They wish.

Pan gets a maniacal look in his eyes and grabs him by the arm, and points downward off of a rock.

PAN

(endeared)

Come, I want to show you something.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A man-made garden is approached. Pan's smiling face, BLURRED, looks at the flowers with his one good eye behind his sunglasses. Focus racks to Pan's face.

PAN

(Mocking)

Isn't it beautiful, a man made garden. Looks like nature.

(inhales like an animal)

Smells like nature!

(stuffs some flowers in his mouth)

Tastes like nature!

(muffled)

Must be nature!

BENJAMIN

Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it a beautiful garden?

PAN

This is the best man can do? Neat little rows, of pampered weak little flowers. This is neutered and pathetic. Real nature doesn't care whether you live or die. It is not dependent on you.

BENJAMIN

I see your point. Where's the journey and diversity in being

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (cont'd)

man-made I guess? It is pre-selected, while growing of its own genetic structure, responds, evolves to man's knowledge and skill. There is still a journey in this setup. Just a less reckless one.

PAN

I think we need to eliminate some drift wood of the mind, or we're never going to find this being you're hunting. Now listen, in the wilds every seed has traveled and journeyed far and wide. The wind blows you, animals scatter you, rain feeds you, allowing you to germinate inside the Earth. The seasons create and destroy and regenerate you. Here they are alive and die based on man's hand. Is that natural?

BENJAMIN

I don't know? Is it unnatural?

EXT. HIGH PARK, ANIMAL FARM - NIGHT

A close up of a goat is seen through the iron mesh cage. Pan leads Benjamin into a zoo near the goats.

PAN

Goats! Since the beginning, an innocent animal, a prisoner of man, unjustly projected upon like no other for all the sins of another species no less. All because man criminally refuses responsibility for any of his own actions.

GOATS EYE VIEW OF BENJAMIN AND PAN.

PAN (CONT'D)

They filled him up like a receptical; a spiritual garbage can and cast him out, like Satan himself. Man just will not take his karma. That moral freak of nature filled with lies and scapegoats!

The goat looks at the camera again, while Benjamin Atlas chews on some food; suddenly a wooly yak chews on his cud. Pan bends down to one knee, while looking down to admire the goat.

PAN (CONT'D)

Aren't they beautiful creatures?

EXT. FARM LAND - DAY

A PAN SHOT of the vistas of long ago farmlands.

OVERLAP WITH

EXT. LAND DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Development projects, unpaved empty dirt holes, treaded up mud tracks.

Pan rolls down a giant, bulldozed dirt pile for fun. He runs up to the screen and pulls it back into the former frame.

OVERLAP BACK TO THE FARM LAND - DAY

PAN

(sentimental, romantic)

This was a wild place. A place not yet tamed by man. A place where Nature was king. It was a place that could inspire fear in the bravest soul. Especially in those who drifted too far from their communities.

Pan looks over towards Benjamin as if suggesting him.

Pan scratches his back on a tree like a bear.

PAN (CONT'D)

Pagans were animal lovers too. They a likened themselves to animals, mainly to justify their sexual desires and bloodlust

Pan stops scratching his back for a moment.

PAN (CONT'D)

PAN was

(raises his eye brows)

is the God of Nature. With his reed he would play music and fornicate with many women, but mostly nymphets. His music would inspire forest panic. He was half goat, half man, the prime Pagan God. And even today there are still vestiges of this behavior around here recently. I ah,

(perverted)

myself

(licks his lips)

have partaken in such events.

(looking down at the goat)

How are things around here? No good huh? Too confining? That's alright.

(MORE)

PAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 You are a lot safer in there than  
 out here with these Gods walking  
 the Earth.

The goat gazes ominously towards Benjamin. The wind begins to blow in an eerie fashion.

Pan looks off into the night with Benjamin behind him looking out into the darkness and looking to see what PAN sees, but looks as if he doesn't see anything yet.

The sun sets.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 Here, gather your courage

Pan hands him a beer without looking at him.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 I think we'll find our criminal in  
 the deep end.

BENJAMIN  
 Deep end?

EXT. DARK POND - DAY

Pan jumps out into the water, and swims into deep water. It's becoming dark outside.

PAN  
 You see that darkness, you see the  
 unknown. Let's go there.

BENJAMIN  
 How will we get back?

PAN  
 That's the point. We may not.

BENJAMIN  
 What about the things I've read.  
 Like there is a reason we evolved  
 out of the oceans, and not the  
 other way around, ya know?!

Pan swims back to the edge of the shore and climbs out of the water.

Benjamin stares out into the ocean, the waves ominously crashing. Horrid bestial sounds overlay the waves.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
 So many mouths, constantly grouping  
 around in the dark, devouring  
 everything they can fit their  
 mouths around. Like the giant,  
 (MORE)



BENJAMIN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 ancient seas reptiles that once  
 roamed these waters? What if I swim  
 out there with you, and two glowing  
 red eyes, and a giant, prehistoric  
 mouth reaches around my waste?

PAN  
 Wow. You sure know a lot for  
 someone who knows nothing for  
 certain. But just to let you know,  
 he is on the other side of this  
 lake.

BENJAMIN  
 I mean I read. It's all just  
 chaotic material to play with.  
 Nothing serious or real. All up for  
 deconstruction. I figure why choose  
 a path, just one path if it  
 excludes all others. All other  
 potentials! I just can't bring  
 myself toto

PAN  
 make a decision. Your inability to  
 make decisions is a heavy weight to  
 bare. It is heavy, because you want  
 to know everything, but are frozen  
 with fear. All I can say is you  
 were named well: Benjamin Atlas.

Pan and Benjamin come to a fork in the pathway.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 But I must say we'll never find our  
 man, or your justice if we cannot  
 choose a pathway.

EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD (SPLIT SCREEN: MENACING) - DAY

Benjamin and Pan stand at a fork in the road. Benjamin  
 stands, unable to move. Benjamin is forced forward one  
 direction by Pan's use of his walking stick.

BENJAMIN  
 Is man really an animal? Look at  
 all he's done. All he's created.  
 Man can't just be another animal.

PAN  
 (grotesque)  
 Oh look at me, I am not an animal,  
 Durdurdur!  
 (laughs)  
 Oh, but certainly Existentialists  
 like you aren't above cleverly  
 hiding your love for animal  
 (MORE)

PAN (cont'd)

aggression behind your artistic and sexual liberties and perversions. You may call it activism, I call it a psychological guilt or self-satisfaction.

(digressing)

You are an animal in denial! That is the extent of where your knowledge has brought you. What do you think 'ideas' are except a denial or scapegoat? Everything we're talking about is about possession, ownership, you exclude yourself as part of everything. You sit and you hide and you own. That is human.

EXT. THE BLUFFS, HILLSIDE - DAY

Sunset. Benjamin, just about to be struck by Pan, turns around, and all malice disappears. Pan rests his stick on his shoulder.

PAN

Oh, you must forgive my pervasiveness. I am a bit of a misanthropic recusant now and again. But anyways, how right you are. I agree that animals get a bad rap. The Bible has many such errors in logic regarding the sanctity of animal rights. Many flaws indeed. Animal sacrifices, lamb's blood. Even Christ himself

Pan places his arms over his stick like a crucifix.

PAN (CONT'D)

did not specifically care for animals. In fact when men were possessed by demons, he himself banished them not from the Earth and back into Hell, but unto the pigs. The pigs ran into the sea and drowned. He made them commit suicide I am sorry, the trail's gone cold. I have to go now.

BENJAMIN

What? Where are you going?

PAN (O.S.)

We're not going to find him around here.

BENJAMIN

Hey wait. At least tell me where I am? Where the hell am I?

Benjamin looks out over the Ocean, and hears the sounds of the crashing waves, and pig's grunts.

Benjamin turns around only to realize Pan has vanished.

EXT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Edifice Strut is at the head of the class and seen at a distance.

EDIFICE STRUT

Today class, we are going to talk about post modernity. Does anyone here know what post modernity means?

Class looks blank.

EDIFICE STRUT (CONT'D)

Well, let me unravel this little enigma for your bright burgeoning minds. Post Modernism has trouble defining itself. It uses vague terms, and overly general and coded language, yet is intolerant of generality. It hates grand narratives of social order and religion. It is volatile, as the Earth was before creation. It embraces secularism, globalization and plurality. My God does it pussy foot around so. It is in essence, a know-nothing philosophy. But I am going to call it out! Who are these pacifiers, these rogues that would have you remain pod people, and zombies? It is, to put it bluntly, for anarchists and liberals. It helps them sleep easier at night to believe everyone's opinion is as valued as the intellectual minority in power and the mass majority of spiritual influence. It's no wonder they like to believe fiction is as truthful as fact. They'd like to take away everything you know to be true: God, Jesus, American family values, I mean Christian values, and replace it with well nothing.

Benjamin looks concerned.

EDIFICE STRUT (CONT'D)

It questions your heritage, your bloodline, hell if your kin ain't in the room, it'll question them too. But damn boy, if we still all ain't got bills to pay, women to lay, and Chicken to Barbeque.

Laughs from the class.

RANDOM STUDENT

Doesn't post modernism teach tolerance in a global world? And shouldn't we accept every point of view?

EDIFICE STRUT

Just cause everyone has an opinion does not make everyone correct.

CLOSE UP:

EDIFICE STRUT

Somebody's trying to throw out the baby with the bathwater and we all know what baby I am talking about.

Benjamin looks scornfully at Edifice Strut.

RANDOM CLASS MEMBER

So what's the alternative? Go back to believing in religious values?

Edifice Strut winks at Benjamin.

EDIFICE STRUT

Now you're getting it.

He winks at Benjamin.

EXT. BECKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Benjamin enters thru the window again.

He looks in the window and does not see Becky in her bed.

He wanders thru the house looking for her. She is nowhere to be seen.

He goes into the creepy basement and sees her surrounded by two dark figures, naked, chanting ominously.

She is bleeding in the tub.

A baby cries in the distance.

She looks at Benjamin in an accusatory fashion. Ben looks down and there is a bloody knife in his hand.

THUNDER STRIKES! Benjamin wakes up in his tent.

Benjamin jumps out of his tent. He jumps into the mud. He starts to make terrible animal sounds.

INT. THE BAKERY - NIGHT

Benjamin burns his hand on a stove. He runs to the water, about to turn on the faucet and decides not to.

BENJAMIN  
Whatever doesn't kill me, makes me  
stronger.

Benjamin waits a few seconds. The scorching sound continues.

Stoically he smiles thru his grimace, holding the pain in his hand.

The sound of his sizzling hand continues.

The clock strikes twelve.

CAPTION: "12:01 THOR'S DAY"

EXT. BOTTOM OF BRICKWORKS - NIGHT

Benjamin sees a fire up on top of a hill. He climbs a 45 degree vertical ascent as if summoned to the fire; like a moth. Benjamin reaches the fire, stops, sits beside it.

PAN  
I thought you'd be around.

Pan sits in the darkness, making a castle out of sand.

BENJAMIN  
JUNIOR!

PAN  
(concentrating on the  
sand castle)  
How was class Benjamin?

BENJAMIN  
I can't believe they allow that man  
to teach philosophy.

Pan is in a large box on the screen, while Benjamin is in the smaller.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
Maybe you're right, maybe it's all  
just a denial of Natural Law. Maybe  
we're all just kidding ourselves.  
And David was crushed by Goliath,  
and the little fish never has a  
chance against the big fish, and  
the strong will inherit the Earth.

Pan grunts with a smirk, still playing, still concentrating on his sand castle.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Christianity is supposed to be the full throttle reversal of Natural Law.

Pan is now in a smaller box, and Benjamin is in the larger.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Not its peacemaker.

PAN

Your Professor is a Christian isn't he?

Benjamin nods.

PAN (CONT'D)

Your Professor keeps leading you towards Christianity. I mean even most of the Existentialists before they died converted to Christianity. Maybe you are in denial?

BENJAMIN

In denial?

PAN

(laughs)  
Just a thought.

BENJAMIN

Will you help me find my Daughter's stalker? We've spent a whole day searching and we're no closer now than we were then.

PAN

Patience. Tonight we tell stories, exercise the demons and bond like brothers before the morrow. We will need all our strength, for tomorrow's journey may be our last. But I promise, before the sun rises tomorrow we will find the maniac and bring him to justice Hey, do you like riddles: What is the difference between the gingerbread man's fate and your own?

BENJAMIN

It's funny you say that, I've been thinking about that same exact question. Tell me.

PAN

(looking away from Benjamin)

There is none. You are both created only to be consumed, devoured in the end.

(laughs hysterically)

You eat a cookie man, and Nature eats you alive ultimately. Tastes different I guess, less bones in the cookie, that's about it.

BENJAMIN

Like I said, I believe I created myself, maybe with help from God, maybe not, but I definitely had a say in my life before it happened, as I do right now to a lesser degree.

PAN

(laughs)

Oh really? I got news for you. Humans aren't in control of anything. Especially themselves.

BENJAMIN

You're sure about that are you?

PAN

So you chose to be devoured in the end by worms and maggots like our friend back at the caves? Was he a God in Training? What a great, Godly choice to make.

(laughs)

BENJAMIN

I chose to experience life from beginning to end, plus all the pain and suffering. This place I was in before, and will be again, is a place where anything is possible.

Mind creates matter. The only thing one cannot experience is limitations. That is why I chose to come here. That other world is in fact the anti-thesis of this one.

PAN

This world is limited, and the other one is unlimited? Why did you choose to come here then, answer me that?

BENJAMIN

I cannot remember.

PAN  
(sophisticated)  
Arghh! Ain't that a strand of  
coincidence.

BENJAMIN  
I mean I was born, I can only  
assume. Where I was before that is  
still what I am debating.

PAN  
Before where?

BENJAMIN  
Before life.

PAN  
From where?

BENJAMIN  
From the Before Life.

PAN  
(indignant)  
Before Life? There's no such thing!

BENJAMIN  
Well that's the thing, how do you  
know what you don't know?

PAN  
(arrogant)  
Believe me, I know everything.

BENJAMIN  
Everything eh!  
(laughs)  
A philosopher king! Alright, what  
is the meaning of life?

PAN  
When I think of humanity's greatest  
minds, I think of monkeys flinging  
their feces at one another. That  
said I am not a philosopher. But,  
you're in luck, as fate would have  
it I just happen to know everything  
for certain all the way down to the  
minutest fraction of this universe  
that is my playground.

Ben stares curiously.

BENJAMIN  
(precocious)  
All that talk and no answer?



PAN

The answer to your question is obvious. The meaning of life is the purpose of life, to create more life, of course. You'll have to try harder than that.

BENJAMIN

Oh, this is a silly game. Nobody can prove nor disprove anything conclusively.

PAN

What makes you think you are God-like if you cannot know anything at all for certain? A fine God you'd make!

BENJAMIN

When I don't fancy myself a God in Training, I can be a bit of an Existential, Individualist.

PAN

What does that mean?

BENJAMIN

To me, or in general?

PAN

To you.

BENJAMIN

To me, it means I do not believe in God. And that we are all randomly created, autonomous and write our own lives by the choices we make.

PAN

So sometimes you believe you are in control with God, and sometimes you believe you are in control without God.

BENJAMIN

That's right.

Pan takes a sip of his beer by fire light. Pan stares at Benjamin as if to suggest, 'are you serious/crazy?'

Benjamin goes over to the ground and picks up some dirt. There is a worm in it.

PAN (O.S.)

Become what you are.

Pan laughs.

BENJAMIN

The superman maxim is powerful medicine, as were all of Nietzsche's ideas. But especially those that destroyed the illusions of modern human belief.

PAN

Nietzsche? Who is this Nietzsche, I've never heard of him. Whoever he is, he's a good for nothing plagiarizer.

BENJAMIN

Nietzsche is only one of the greatest, most misunderstood Existentialists of Modern-history. He believed in taking power away from the herd and giving it back to the individual. That I needed. From the Death of God to the Will to Power.

(Digresses)

Or maybe it just easily justifies my suffering.

PAN

Are your sufferings not justified? Remember, there are no moral phenomena, only moral interpretation of phenomena.

BENJAMIN

That can work either way. For or against power. This is the dilemma with relative thinking. I don't like seeing abuse of power, but I cannot see any value in wasting potential either.

PAN

I knew a place that had potential like you're talking about. Nobles ruled the kingdom of man. What did they call it? Romanume?

BENJAMIN

Do you mean Rome?

PAN

(darkly boastful as though he fought them in war)

Romanume. It's a funny thing though what happened to that Rome, to all those peoples who were so sure of themselves and their might.

Benjamin makes a sandcastle.

BENJAMIN

Do you know who destroyed Rome?

Pan just sits smirks, laughs to himself, knowingly.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Do you have a religion?

PAN

You mean a ritual. I'd say so.

BENJAMIN

Are you a Pagan?

PAN

(playing in his castle,  
laughing)

If by Pagan do you mean, the  
originators of All Hallows Eve,  
Easter eggs, and bunnies, and  
Christmas Trees. I am.

(looks back at Benjamin)

And what are you?

BENJAMIN

I am an agnostic.

PAN

Oh why did you have to say 'egg'.

Pan runs up a tree, grabs an egg, looks down at Benjamin,  
and cracks it open, and eats it. He looks down at Benjamin;  
guilty.

PAN (CONT'D)

Oh I am sorry. Did you want one  
too?

Benjamin shakes his head, 'no'. Pan bats his head and  
shoulders 'oh well'. He takes an egg, cracks it, and  
swallows it whole.

Benjamin is disgusted.

BENJAMIN

So you are a Pagan. Are you a  
Vandal, a Goth, a Visigoth?

PAN

They called us devils, you were  
converted or you were killed. I  
tell you as a keen observer of  
human nature: no one can out kill a  
motivated Christian.

BENJAMIN

Who will destroy this New Rome?

Benjamin looks out over the cityscape. Pan looks at the sandcastle and kicks it over.

PAN

Ones like us, Benji, ones like us.

Pan falls over laughing.

PAN (CONT'D)

Come, let me teach you the pagan dance. For all those fallen Pagans throughout time. Druids and Hindus and Goths, and Visgoths, the Vandals and Native Indians

BENJAMIN

Real men can't dance

PAN

(gleeful)

You're right, only Supermen are strong enough for that. Come-on, you're a God in Training, so start acting like it now, Nature boy.

BENJAMIN

But what about our search?

PAN

We won't find the maniac tonight. He's miles from here by now. But fear not, I have a plan that will make him come to us.

Benjamin looks at him sternly, seeking reassurance.

PAN (CONT'D)

(devilish)

Trust me.

Benjamin scowls.

Pan pulls Benjamin up, and they do a pagan dance.

Benjamin is sad in his powerlessness. He weeps as he dances.

Pan laughs, and gives him an evil stare, as though he is leading him down a dark path.

Benjamin is awkward at first, but gets into it shortly.

Pan pulls something out from a small sac he has.

BENJAMIN

What are those?

PAN

Mushrooms. Do you want some?

BENJAMIN

Sure. I'll try one.

They eat the mushrooms together. Pan stuffs his face with them.

PAN

Damn, I love mushrooms. Especially these kind.

(muffled with mushrooms)

But now I am curious. Who is your weapon of choice among all the great philosophers? We all have our favorites.

They walk down a curved hill pathway.

EXT. HIGH PARK, 4 BENCHES, NEAR GARDENS - NIGHT

Benjamin sits on a bench under a new light. He is admiring the lamp, while high.

BENJAMIN ATLAS

(high)

Nietzsche. Friedrich Nietzsche. Without a doubt! You've read his work? He articulates my sentiments exactly.

PAN

(high)

What would Nietzsche say about your search?

BENJAMIN

(high)

Nietzsche would say, God is Dead Mother Fucker.

PAN

Sorry, my inner God is a God of infinite curiosity and mischief. Do you have a mate?

BENJAMIN

I had one once. I lost her. My Wife was poisoned and again our criminal friend was there, watching her and he again fled the scene of the crime. That was the last time I remember seeing him.

Stares into the dark in a state of melancholy but than snaps out of it again. He dries his tears, still high.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Well since we're on touchy subjects, and not to be too intrusive but can you see?

PAN

I can see partially with one eye.

BENJAMIN

(teary eyed)

Here is a picture of her and my daughter.

Pan looks at the picture of her and raises his eyebrows and looks reflective and afraid, temporarily, but then begins to smile.

PAN

What happened to your, you know, face the other night. You were in raw shape.

BENJAMIN

Hoodlums.

PAN

You are a God in Training, why would you allow such a thing to happen to yourself?

BENJAMIN

(trying to act tough)

I am going to get revenge.

PAN

Oh really.

BENJAMIN

Maybe I plan to hunt them down. Maybe I plan to smash their faces. Or worse

PAN

(laughs)

You want my advice. Leave it alone.

BENJAMIN

What do you mean leave it alone? I thought you believed in Natural Law?

PAN

I do. That's why I am telling you, you're no hunter of their type. They'd eat you alive in an instant. Besides, we'll only lose sight of our criminal friend. He has killed before and will kill again if we're

(MORE)

PAN (cont'd)  
 not careful. He is close. The  
 maniac is biding his time that is  
 why we must do the same.

BENJAMIN  
 (Bows)  
 Bye what right do they have to go  
 unpunished?

Pan spots a singing bird on the ground.

PAN  
 It's funny how quickly those that  
 claim there is no meaning to things  
 change their tune when they want  
 the world to play fairly.

BENJAMIN  
 Where's my justice?

PAN  
 For someone who thinks he's so  
 clever, what were you doing there  
 to begin with?

BENJAMIN  
 I'll tell you what I was doing  
 there. I was angry, I knew it was  
 dangerous, but I was looking for  
 something, someone. A confrontation  
 of some kind. I can't remember:  
 fear led me, to truth, hell?...

PAN  
 Justice?  
 (laughs)  
 Only you know. I do hope you find  
 all your 'hims' and 'thems' sooner  
 or later. I feel sorry for all of  
 them already.  
 (looking gruff, pent up)  
 All this talking, you're too  
 intoxicated to do anything else.  
 Where are some sexy women when you  
 need them?

BENJAMIN  
 Nothing but meaningless sex and  
 drugs to fill your void?

PAN  
 Meaningless sex!? Where's my  
 culture gun? Wooooo!

Pan looks down.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh there you are.

BENJAMIN

(inebriated)

Nothing is all I care about. It's either become all or become nothing.

PAN

Has anyone ever told you of the real world?

Benjamin looks perturbed.

BENJAMIN

Not lately!

PAN

The real world is not merely about ideas. You dissect the world like it was a corpse, post mortem, post human, post-nature. The real world is about exactly where you are, dead centre present sensations. Everything else is imagination or memory. Pain, pleasure, excitement, intoxication is what you need to focus on, not ideas. Man only does what he is allowed to do. Nothing more.

(leans in close)

Is your imagination secretly trying to destroy the natural world?

BENJAMIN

Have you ever heard the old riddle, if a tree falls in the woods, and no one is there to hear it, does it make a sound?

PAN

I know it does.

BENJAMIN

How can you be sure if you are not there?

Pan smiles malevolently looking like he wants to eat Benjamin alive.

PAN

Well I have one for you: If a person screams for their life, in the middle of a dark forest, and dies, and nobody hears him, or cares to look for his missing body, did he exist?

Benjamin is afraid.



PAN (CONT'D)

But no worries little rabbit, no such harm will come to you on my watch.

A HOMELESS MAN (40's) enters behind them, and sits down, drunk, yet strangely aware of their conversation.

BENJAMIN

As a young man, after my father was murdered, I always came back to the same key problems. How can we escape the reality of death, the material world and the unknown? And if God does exist, how can he allow such an imperfect system such as Heaven and Hell? And where was this God's responsibility for inventing, allowing and therefore condoning evil into the world. For saying Yes, yes to the creation of evil intent. Yes to pain, death, suffering and evil. Yes.

PAN

(whispers)

Remember those questions well Benjamin. I will remind you of them later.

Pan and Benjamin continue walking up the hill together.

EXT. FOUR BENCHES - NIGHT

BENJAMIN ATLAS

When my Wife was poisoned and all these awful concepts came into reality again. I knew it was him again. The maniac we look for killed her, he gave her the horrible, devouring disease. They didn't even have a name for it.

(Angry)

Doctors!

(Psh)

All they are good at is naming the disease, but I didn't blame them. The only one I could blame was him. He made sure it happened, somehow. No one else. It took her four long years. God she was a strong woman. I remember she said something to me on her death bed, and I have forgotten. I have never forgiven myself for forgetting her last words. I

Benjamin begins to cry, looking at his picture of his wife and daughter; anguish.

BENJAMIN ATLAS (CONT'D)

It took her four years to die,  
through the pain and anguish. But  
that wasn't what affected me the  
most. On my 10th birthday

(higher pitched voice)

my father was murdered. He was a  
land developer, and made lots of  
money. But when his debt collectors  
were finished, there that cunning  
bastard waited for him in his room.  
My father shut the door and He shot  
him in the face.

Pan mocks insincerity when Benjamin isn't looking, until Ben  
looks around to meet a smiling, sympathetic Pan face.

BENJAMIN ATLAS (CONT'D)

I never told BECKY of my Father's  
murder, it would only confuse her.  
But as soon as they heard my story,  
the city stepped in. Psychiatrists  
took her away from me, because I  
was unstable they said. I was  
diagnosed with mild schizophrenia  
and manic depression. It was so  
mild that they took my daughter  
away from me, less than a week  
after my wife died. All they wanted  
to do was give me the God damn  
pills and make a zombie out of me.  
I refused. Huh, they felt I might  
become suicidal. But I tell you,  
when I began to read Nietzsche's  
work and Sartre's work and Camus'  
work I finally understood it. I  
could relate to them. They let me  
know that it was okay to disconnect  
from the rest of society. To simply  
observe and exist. It was me they  
were talking too. It all just made  
sense.

PAN

What of the maniac you hunt?

BENJAMIN ATLAS

Thinking of him made me feel sick.  
I couldn't bring myself to trust  
Him. It depressed me further that  
everyone would let him go  
scot-free, the police, the  
hospitals. But somewhere in  
Existential thought I found out what  
he truly is

(MORE)

BENJAMIN ATLAS (cont'd)  
 (nods his head in  
 approval)

I found the will to keep living.  
 "He who has a why can suffer almost  
 any how". That "why" is the only  
 thing I have left in my world, that  
 why is my daughter, Becky and my  
 hunt for this immoral, nowhere man.

They pass the Homeless Man.

Pan stops in his tracks.

The bum looks dead, head down, mumbling, and hung over,  
 pretending not to notice them. Pan kneels down next to him.

Pan stares at his sign, which reads "please help". Pan  
 stares at his sign, bewildered he looks at the poor homeless  
 man.

Curious, he picks up his change cup. He shakes it 'clangedy,  
 clangedy'.

The bum is ignores Pan; dead looking inside.

Pan starts to sniff the homeless man.

Pan leans over and whispers something in his ear.

The Homeless Man's eyes grow wide. His dead look turns happy  
 in a crazed way. He starts to laugh hysterically, and dance  
 around and kisses Benjamin on the cheek and dances down the  
 street.

BENJAMIN  
 What did you say to him?

PAN  
 (smirks, in a conniving  
 fashion)  
 I told him exactly where to find  
 us.

BENJAMIN  
 Why did you do that?

Benjamin looks dead reflective, wasted.

A strange sound is heard in the distance. Animals, warning  
 Pan of something.

Pan sniffs the air.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
 What is it, what do you smell?

PAN

Justice. Get ready to "Become what you are".

EXT. DARK WOODED PATHWAY - NIGHT

From the darkness, a jovial, inebriated troop sings a French-Canadian song in the distance.

Four French Canadians sneak thru the woods like Droogs, dressed in Hudson Bay colors like bandanas as members of a Gang.

They march back triumphantly from a night of fighting.

Each of them is carrying a flashlight thru the dark thicket.

PAN

Who's this strange brew?

BENJAMIN

Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit! It's them.

Pan is lying down side ways, not amused with Benjamin's cowardice.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Isn't this a bad idea?

Pan looks up, and stretches. He starts acting like Toshihiro Mifune in Yojimbo.

MIFUNE-PAN

This is a bad idea

Benjamin stares into the dark, and turns around, frightened. As the gang gets closer, they turn off their flashlights. Menacingly, they arrive thru the darkness.

MIFUNE-PAN (CONT'D)

(snorts like a  
belligerent animal)  
but it might keep me from falling  
asleep.

Pan stretches, cracks his knuckles, and starts to jump around like an ape. Two members of the gang flash their flashlights and whistle.

MIFUNE-PAN (CONT'D)

You wait here. I forgot something.

BENJAMIN

What?

A dark hand and arm enter the frame and clenches, as two other men dressed in dark blue enter the frame.

(STORY NOTE: All French-Canadian Gang Members' must be translated into French with English Subtitles.)

FRENCH DROOG #1

Well, look who it is.

FRENCH DROOG #3

If it isn't that bum we left for  
dead the other night?

FRENCH DROOG #2

Let's go say hello and goodbye.

Flashlights beam on MIFUNE-PAN and Benjamin. The gang start to cheer and laugh and make a lot of noise.

They flash the light on MIFUNE-PAN's eyes and they reflect like a wolf's eyes.

They raise their wine bottles in their hands, finish together and prop in their hands like a weapon.

FRENCH DROOG #1

He looks like a scared rabbit.

FRENCH DROOG #2

He looks more like a dead rabbit to  
me.

Droog number one smashes his bottle and props it ready to fight.

FRENCH DROOG #1

We are from Gatineau.

They make an uppercut motion and yell out "GATINEAU". Benjamin follows suit.

BENJAMIN

Gatineau!

FRENCH DROOG #1

Don't make us kill you this time.

Mifune-Pan sashays in between Benjamin and the goons, arms in his sleeves. He sizes up Babette's goons. He walks past two of the goons.

He walks up to the first one, and looks down at him, and scoffs him and turns his head in disgust.

He approaches the second one and looks up at him with eyes wide open, the French Droog has a scowl on his face. Pan has a scowl on his face to mock his ugliness, and his girth.

Benjamin looks like a scarred villager, gaping and enfeebled.

MIFUNE-PAN

Who is your leader?

BABETTE

(ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

Right here sunshine.

The Band of French Canadians kazoo a grand entrance, lit with flashlights.

Through her band members, she is illuminated in her toque and Hudson Bay jacket. This is BABETTE(30's).

Her men kneel before her.

Benjamin looks around and kneels.

Mifune-Pan does not. Babette stares at Mifune-Pan who writhes as if looking for a fight.

BABETTE (CONT'D)

(French)

Kneel.

MIFUNE-PAN

I'd sooner drink out of a Unicorn's skull than kneel to any of you.

BABETTE

I am Babette, and you must be confused. I can tell by your lack of manners, and class. If you will not kneel before a lady? You will be laid out before one instead.

Babbette takes a swig from her wine bottle, finishing it, breaks the bottle and points the end towards Benjamin, as Droog #2 approaches Pan with a bat.

In one swift move, Pan grabs Babette's hand with the bottle aimed at Benjamin, while also pulling out his staff, planting it in the ground and having it bury itself in Droog #2's midsection.

Droog #2 drops the bat.

Pan then takes the broken bottle from Babette's hand and with the stick pushes Droog #2 against a wall with stick and broken bottle pointed right at him.

PAN

Now that you've had time to think about it, do you wish to surrender?

Babbette restrains herself and reconsiders her strategy with Pan.

She looks at him, a bit turned on, shifting from the violent approach to sex appeal.

She approaches Pan from behind, stroking Pan's ears, while Pan has Droog #2 pinned against a wall.

BABETTE

(confused as to why she's  
turned on)

English bastards like you are what  
I am talking about.

(To her men; laughs)

Like my Goddamned stepfather. The  
limey bastard.

PAN

Unless you and your men promise to  
leave this shell of a man alone, I  
will be forced to eat your faces,  
tenderize you with my staff and  
boil your bodies in my pot on the  
top of the hill.

BABETTE

(turned on)

Ai! looks to me like you can't see  
anything. Hmm! I wonder how deeply  
you feel.

She grabs his crotch, Pan smiles confidently. FREEZE FRAME.

CAPTION: "FREYA'S DAY, VENUS INSPIRED"

BABETTE

(makes a noise like a  
baby being woken)

I can't take this anymore, SHUT UP  
will you. Now SHUT UP and kiss me.

Pan smiles and kisses her in a dip.

She resists, slaps him on the back, but eventually digs her  
fingers into his back.

She looks up dazed for a moment, then like a child that's  
done something naughty.

BABETTE (CONT'D)

(getting hot)

See! What are all these words  
compared to sweet, sweet action.  
Compared to the wet, warm inner  
feeling of being alive. You feel  
from the inside, warm, awkward,  
muscles, motion, weak, strong  
supernatural energy, long, hairy  
feeling of life. Warmth, passion,  
you must have felt it, as I did?

PAN  
 (lunges forward, wanting  
 to eat her face)  
 I don't know, give me another  
 taste.

BABETTE  
 Ha! A woman has the slightest bit  
 of power and the man plays the  
 woman's game on her! Hahaha! What a  
 feat!

The Droogs stand listening and begin to laugh.

Babbette ignores his lust to eat her alive. Pan follows her  
 around trying to bite her, while her men carry him away from  
 her.

BABETTE (CONT'D)  
 Passion! Ha! Whatever happened to  
 passion? Does it even exist in  
 these barren lands of the English.  
 Everyone has a culture but them!  
 (to Benjamin)  
 Doesn't that make you furious?  
 Doesn't it even make you mad?

PAN  
 All this talk of culture gives me  
 indigestion. To hell with  
 'culture'? All I want right now, is  
 a nice big pot.

Benjamin runs away from the group and throws up in the  
 bushes.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 I think what he means to say is he  
 only feels marginally for the  
 situation.

BABETTE  
 Stop pretending. I mean stand up  
 god damn it! You are men and woman  
 and have dominated the world for  
 over 200 years, so start acting  
 like it and stop playing the  
 cultural sap. What you need to do  
 is stand up, and shout 'I am  
 English Canadian Goddamit and I am  
 going to go out and make as many  
 goddamn babies as I can!' Stand up  
 for yourselves before it's too  
 late. Before you're nothing more  
 than mere Americans.  
 (To her Droogs)  
 Men let us cast off into the night,  
 to wreak as much havoc on the

(MORE)



BABETTE (cont'd)  
 English Canadians as possible.  
 Maybe it will help you and your  
 culture for us to stay on our  
 course, stay our enemy, without you  
 rubbing us the wrong way, who will  
 we be then?

They begin to walk away from Benjamin and Pan.

BABETTE (CONT'D)  
 Is every English speaking man and  
 woman in this city dead?  
 Passionless, convictionless,  
 undrawn, and dying. You might as  
 well all fall asleep on the subway  
 and never wake up! Cause you're  
 already dead.

FRENCH DROOG #2  
 You don't mean us do you Babbette?

BABETTE  
 Of course not you, my fine trapping  
 lovers. That is why we roll the way  
 we do. We are getting back to our  
 roots, men. We are on a voyage, an  
 adventure to spread our seed with  
 ruthless abandoned. Let us go forth  
 and multiply!

The French Droogs travel into the woods.

Pan makes a shushing sound with his finger to his lips.

He sneaks into the woods behind them.

In a wide frame, the French Droogs' lights go out silently,  
 one by one, along with their singing.

Pan makes his way back to Benjamin, his arms open and hung  
 down like an apes.

BENJAMIN  
 What happened?

PAN  
 They left.

Pan shushes his bloody lips, as Benjamin (BLURS) fades into  
 unconsciousness.

FADE TO BLACK

Benjamin wakes up alone. He checks his watch and runs off to  
 work.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Benjamin puts icing on a cake. Gets a call from NURSE MOON(40), about Becky. The phone rings.

BENJAMIN

Hello.

NURSE MOON

Hi, Benjamin Atlas?

BENJAMIN

Hi Nurse Moon. How are you?

NURSE MOON

I have some bad news Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

What?

NURSE MOON

Becky was in serious condition earlier, but we stabilized her.

Benjamin drops the phone and cries.

NURSE MOON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

BENJAMIN

(concern)

Just fineplease Nurse Moon can you tell me where they've taken her? She's going to die. Please tell me! Please!

NURSE MOON

I am sorry, I don't know where they've taken her. You know I'd tell you. Do you want to meet in the forest again? I make you feel all better.

BENJAMIN

I am sorry. I don't think I can see you anymore.

NURSE MOON

But the other night you were so animal

He hangs up the phone like a ghost, and becomes disturbed. He screams as he rips the phone out of the wall and slams it. Benjamin storms into class.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A paper is shown, with the title, 'The Ethics of Natural Law according to Ayn Rand'.

An A+ is shown in the top right hand corner.

He crinkles his paper and heads to the front of the room.

He grunts like a Gorilla, and snorts like Pan.

He goes to the head of the class.

The Professor smiles devilishly at him.

Benjamin grabs the Professor and slams him against the wall.  
Then on the desk.

Edifice Strut stares at Benjamin, pleased. Benjamin looks downward, laughing with bitter, agreeable anger.

Raises his hand, open palmed.

BENJAMIN

I got an A+?

EDIFICE STRUT

Yes. Are you complaining?

Benjamin grabs Edifice Strut by the shirt and slams him to the blackboard off his high chair and holds him there.

BENJAMIN

What have I had to do to get this A plus? Tell me!

Edifice Strut is in shock.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Let me tell you!

(stares out across the room)

All I had to do was become like you, think like you believe what you believe. What I have learned is this: learning and thinking are two very different things. What I learned here was not how to think, but how to be propagandized. Any vestige of my actual beliefs, I forfeited in the name of your religious order. I don't know why I put up with this for as long as I have. Delving into the nether reaches of my mind in order to fulfill your single minded, ignorant ideas of metaphysics. You are not a Christian sir, you are a moral monster. I am a reflection of you. A god damned reflection. How do you like me!?

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 (slams him against the  
 wall)  
 Does this mean I am right,  
 (slams him harder)  
 does it?!,  
 (slams him again)  
 does it?!  
 (he shoves him to the  
 wall, cuff in hand)

Benjamin starts to stomp around the room like a gorilla, and is about to walk out.

People just stare at his performance.

EDIFICE STRUT  
 And after all the progress I  
 thought you were making. Don't tell  
 me you buy into this Post Modern  
 crap. I guess some in this room are  
 not as smart as they look.

BENJAMIN  
 (throwing it back)  
 I guess not.

EDIFICE STRUT  
 Don't talk back to me, boy! If you  
 think hell is a playground, and  
 Jesus is a work of fiction, you are  
 a sad character my friend. Cause  
 God is real. Jesus is the Man, who  
 will judge from on high. Not  
 anarchists, nor atheists, not as  
 long as I am on duty.

He winks at Benjamin. Benjamin is about to storm out of the room. Beaten and angry. But he stops and turns around.

BENJAMIN  
 (pretending to be gay)  
 I just wanted to say I think you're  
 right. I am totally convinced. I  
 think we should all get down on our  
 hands and knees and give praise to  
 you for such an informed outlook.  
 (speaking to the class)  
 Goodnight everyone, I'll see you  
 all in hell. Drop me a line  
 sometime. To-dul-oo!

The door slams behind Benjamin. Edifice Strut looks at Benjamin concerned and just a little fearful. He goes to the nearest phone and picks it up and starts dialing.

SUPER: "SATURN'S DAY"

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Benjamin walks thru the park, with his tent and sleeping bag.

Behind him in BLURRED FOCUS is Pan up in a tree staring down at Benjamin.

Ben continues walking in another part of the forest, as from a high point of view Benjamin is being watched by Pan.

Pan is up a tree, straddled to it.

An owl screeches! Benjamin looks up.

BENJAMIN

What are you doing up there?

PAN

The real question is, what are you doing down there?

(listening to tree)

Uh, huh. Oh, you naughty tree. I'll be seeing you later.

Pan jumps down and bows before Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

(excited)

I got to tell you something I think you'll appreciate. I think I finally got thru to Edifice Strut. I can't wait to see his reaction tomorrow in class.

Benjamin laughs.

Precariously Pan scratches the top of his head, again like Toshiro Mifune.

MIFUNE-PAN

(laughs)

Well, that might be kind of difficult.

BENJAMIN

Why is that?

PAN

You see, the one we seek has found us out. He's struck again, unfortunately.

BENJAMIN

What do you mean?

PAN

He has killed your Edifice Strut, who now lies dead.

FLASH BACK

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Edifice Strut walks down the street, looks towards a dark wooded area and is attacked, FADE TO DARK GREEN.

BENJAMIN

How did you hear about this?

PAN

(deliberate)

I have long ears. I hope you're feeling better than yesterday. Much BAAA-TER. He's sending you a message, Benji, thru this last victim of his.

Benjamin is in stunned silence.

BENJAMIN

This is a sign! What are we gonna do?

PAN

I'll tell you what we're gonna do. He's on to us. So we better prepare for battle before we're next.

Benjamin looks afraid.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Benjamin looks like he wants to walk away. Pan lunges after him. Benjamin runs a little but is stopped by Pan. Pan puts his arm around Benjamin and walks back with him.

PAN

Don't get squeamish now. We are on a collision course with a mighty and courageous maniac. It's best not to look back.

Benjamin puts a bandana on his forehead. Pan applies mud to Benjamin's face.

BENJAMIN

(scared stiff, a schoolboy follower of a bully)

Nietzsche was right in saying "philosophy is the dressing up in rational argument of moral beliefs, intuitions and desires." Truth itself is so presumptuous. I hate truth. It's so arrogant.

PAN

Let him be the truth, cause we are the freedom.

BENJAMIN

Think of that bastard Hitler's truth. "We are right" he said "and everyone else is wrong". Truth is so often more bad than good, it's a wonder people believe in anything at all.

Benjamin takes a big swig of his beer.

Pan takes his glasses off, and begins to roll around in the mud making the sounds of a pig. Pan shrieks hideously like an animal, with no glasses on, only his white vacant eyes and malevolent smile.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Especially when you see through all the fiction happening on the news as of late.

Pan looks like he is possessed, as he shakes himself dry on all fours.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Media is Politics for Zombies. But it too proves the hunger of animal beliefs. It appeals to that inner justification for the bad in life.

(disgusted expression)

But then I back up from this stage of life, to see the big picture again, in a world of illusions, such as humanity lives, solidity will always disappear. It is inevitable. Until then all there is, is Nature: The Apparent World. Change is the only certainty here: change and variety. Truth

(smiles)

Ideal truth is preconception and justification. Fascinations and re-affirmations. Preconception is just another word for prejudice. That is, if you buy into all this Post Modern, pluralistic, relativistic stuff.

Benjamin takes a big swig of his beer. Pan is in shorts and glasses, just chilling with Benjamin.

PAN

Hey, you know me. I'm just using the Socratic method. A good Greek trick, like Democracy. No, the only

(MORE)

PAN (cont'd)  
 thing I believe in is Nature I go by  
 what's intrinsic.

Pan sharpens a spear. Benjamin watches in horror.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 Hundreds of thousands of years of  
 justification for societies wants  
 and desires masked as goodness and  
 truth come from selfishness.  
 Societies just want to justify what  
 they've done and how they live by  
 appealing to a higher source. That  
 way man can fool and exploit the  
 masses much more readily, but even  
 more impressively themselves. But I  
 must take personal offence as an  
 actor that truth and goodness are  
 inherently linked.

BENJAMIN ATLAS  
 So you are saying man isn't  
 inherently good? What are you gonna  
 do with those spears?

A pile of spears lies in a pile.

PAN  
 It does not matter to such a foe as  
 ours whether we use the spears or  
 not. The fact that we had the  
 intent to make them is what scares  
 him the most.

Benjamin is dumbfounded.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 You're not getting cold feet are  
 ya? Think of the Vikings. Everyone  
 who lives in North America or  
 Europe probably has some Viking  
 blood in them. They marauded the  
 country sides. They all believed  
 that plunder and war was the way to  
 prove ones humanity. Sure this is  
 an extreme example of how to live,  
 but was it any less meaningful to  
 them than to us who strive to live  
 a good, quiet,

Pan raises his stick, miming Benjamin's decapitation.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 Ovine existence, or striving for  
 Utopia like a carrot on a stick?

BENJAMIN ATLAS  
 Like Sisyphus.



PAN

Right. The Vikings knew what they wanted, they did what they were programmed to do from birth, and they died honorably in their own minds. There was no moral imperative, implanted before birth to guide them.

Pan steps in a pond, he stumbles around, continuing his speech, and finds a fish.

PAN (CONT'D)

Death was nothing to fear or mourn, but something to celebrate. Ha-ha!

Waves his caught fish in the air.

PAN (CONT'D)

They did not live as victims as we do today. Only as warriors.

Pan bites off the fish's head.

Pan swings his stick around like a Samurai Sword.

PAN (CONT'D)

Were they wrong? What if your hell is another's paradise? There afterlife consisted of perpetual war. That was their Heaven.

BENJAMIN

God is the most prejudiced idea we have left. Remember Nietzsche though, the herd instinct in man is great. Humanity is easily commanded, and might I say even more easily indoctrinated, especially from birth.

PAN

There being a God around is an easy goat-scape, an easy answer to all of life's questions.

BENJAMIN

Like an ignorant way of explaining the unknown. Like a Hollywood ending to the unknown. And under certain circumstances you're right. Certainly human ignorance is the one thing we possess in infinite supply. But maybe it's that way for a good reason. Maybe it is God's way of allowing faith to be a choice?

PAN

Oh?

Benjamin kneels down, as if praying. He sounds like a child telling a story; a lost boy.

BENJAMIN

One night a long time ago I was thinking to myself: we, as human beings, do not know where we have come from and we do not, beyond all reasonable doubt know where we will end up when we die. But the very next thought that entered my head was that there must be very good reasons why there are some things we will never know and never should know. This is what I have come to call the "Blind Design".

FLASH BACK

EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Benjamin sits, smoking a cigarette on his front porch. He sits on his silent sleepy street.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

That night, as I was contemplating the Creator and his place in relation to ours as human beings, I decided to take a leap of faith with the criminal. I asked him one simple and direct question: Are you merciful?

Benjamin checks his watch, takes a puff and sits, arms over knees.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

To elaborate my exact circumstances, I was outside smoking at 12:36 a.m. in the morning. I used to spend nights contemplating the infinite, and this was no exception. I lived on a quiet little street.

The long street has no traffic on it, while looking spooky.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

There was no traffic at this time of night on my circle. My street was in fact eerily quiet, it being a weekday. Everybody on my street works the next morning you see. It was then that I looked up and heard a lone engine, murmuring in the

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
distance. What could it be I  
wondered? Could this be a sign?  
Briefly I estimated where the  
engine noise was coming from and  
calculated that it was moving  
quickly towards my right. I then  
put out the cigarette and leaned  
down.

Benjamin leans down and puts out his cigarette with  
anticipation. And from the distance comes the truck; left to  
right.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)  
When I looked up to see what this  
vehicle could mean, all we saw on  
this truck were two words:

The words "BLIND DESIGN" are focused in on the truck's side.

FLASH FORWARD - (EXT. FOREST - DAY)

Benjamin sits on his log, beer in hand.

BENJAMIN  
"BLIND DESIGN". This seemed a  
profound indicator of something  
real. I had blatantly asked him, if  
he was merciful, and suddenly I was  
only able to see two words on a  
quickly moving truck in the middle  
of the night, on a silent, sleeping  
street.

Pan sits up in a tree listening, looking down at Benjamin,  
who is still praying like a child.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)  
From this came the idea that there  
are some things we are not meant to  
know. We are kept blind of certain  
things so as to appreciate specific  
experiences. Perfection from an  
imperfect ability to "know".

PAN  
Then you are saying this was his  
doing? He was then by nature  
deceiving you, by withholding  
information. I mean if the nature  
of his reality is imperfect  
knowledge then perception is, in  
essence deception what a tricky  
fellow this friend of yours was.

BENJAMIN

(manic, digressing)

And that is all assuming there's an essence beyond existence. That bastard has no friend in me. Why are we wasting our time here anyway? When is this master plan going to unfold anyway! When are you going to help me find my daughter!

PAN

Our journey is almost at an end. Soon we will confront him. We will smoke the coward out. He will be waiting for us, at the top of the mountain.

Pan laughs as he points up to a massively tall hill.

BENJAMIN

Not up the hill again.

PAN

You're the diehard Existentialist, daft as that is, you should appreciate the Sisyphean nature of it all and feel lucky you're not pushing a boulder.

Benjamin stares at Pan and gasps.

Pan smirks.

They start to climb the hill the hard way. Through the bushes and the trees. A near 45 degree, vertical ascent.

PAN (CONT'D)

You realize that the unifying essence of man could just as easily be fear, ignorance, greed and hatred.

BENJAMIN ATLAS

From an existential stand point there is man and nothingness. You're right, it would make an accurate substitute given the absence of values.

There is fire light at the top of the hill, which illuminates the top of hill through spooky bushes and over Pan, while Benjamin talks in Pan's shadow.

Pan puts a hand to his ear to listen.

BENJAMIN

But that aside our fear is what has created what we perceive as evil. This same togetherness you are talking about may have been what made the cavemen brave, only now instead of bravery and strength being the only necessary virtues, intellectual and emotional balance are now even more revered.

Pan starts to stomp around like a crab in a circle.

PAN

At least in the adult world, sorry continue

BENJAMIN ATLAS

The whole thing is a delicate social game of etiquette where many virtues battle many unknowns. For as long as there are things we cannot know, we continue to have wonderment, discovery, learning as a process, dreams, goals, and love. Essentially freewill.

Pan leans on the ground, in a relaxed position.

Benjamin sits on the hill, looking out over the valley.

Pan leans on his staff.

BENJAMIN ATLAS (CONT'D)

Where is he? Where are you!?  
(echoes)  
We came all this way for nothing!?

Pan comes to comfort Benjamin, resting his hand on his shoulder.

PAN

You know what Sam-I-L Clemens said about Freewill?

BENJAMIN

What?

PAN

Well that there is no freewill, only freedom of choice.

BENJAMIN

What's the difference?

PAN

As Mark Twain said: "the mind can freely select, choose, point out  
(MORE)

PAN (cont'd)

the right and just one - its function stops there (before Freewill). It can go no further in the matter. It has no authority to say the right one shall be acted upon and the wrong one discarded. That authority is in other hands. In other words, they acted according to their make.

BENJAMIN ATLAS

So humans are machines, nature is a machine then?

PAN

Differently calibrated in a wide variety but not doing, thinking, or believing in anything original. We are all derivative of our training, associations, and prejudices. We originate nothing.

(again quoting Samuel Clemens)

"Yes. Man the machine-man the impersonal engine. Whatsoever a man is, is due to his make, and to the influences brought to bear upon it by his heredities, his habitat, his associations. He is moved, directed, COMMANDED, by exterior influences-solely. He originates nothing, not even a thought. you did not create the materials out of which it was formed. They are odds and ends of thoughts, impressions, feelings, gathered by a thousand books, a thousand conversations, and from streams of thought and feeling which have flowed down into your heart and brain out of the hearts and brains of centuries of ancestors. Personally you did not create even the smallest microscopic fragment of the materials out of which your opinion is made; and personally you cannot claim even the slender merit of putting the borrowed materials together. That was done automatically-by your mental machinery's construction. And you not only did not make that machinery yourself, but you have not even any command over it. Men perceive, and there brain machines automatically combine the things perceived."

Benjamin looks puzzled.

PAN (CONT'D)

And even the choices man makes are compelled, Twain believed, by only one sole impulse. The impulse to content the inner spirit- the necessity of contenting his own inner spirit and winning its approval. From the cradle to his grave a man never does a single thing which has any FIRST AND FOREMOST object but one- to secure peace of mind, spiritual comfort, for himself. It is like when you are mean to someone for their slowness or incompetence. Your better self will know it is wrong, but your master impulse will override your better nature and may lay into the person. That is the master impulse.

EXT. BONFIRE, TOP OF HILL - NIGHT

The large bonfire blazes. Benjamin and Pan sit by the fire.

BENJAMIN ATLAS

So you don't believe in Freewill then? What about Fate?

PAN

People speak of both in the same breath, not realizing there can only be one or the other. The truth is I do believe in Freewill, at least in the right to have it. I am all for it and always have been. But that does not necessarily mean that we have it.

BENJAMIN

I am more of a freewill man myself. Fate implies the existence of God. I am still not sure if I believe in God or not. But I am leaning towards no.

PAN

(final speech)

I believe Fate is a tyrannical act of God. Truth is like fate, too confining. As is moral truth. But despite the respective Existentialists view, I must diverge. I agree that we have much freedom, but not nearly enough. Suppose we are all nothing more

(MORE)

PAN (cont'd)

than existence without essence,  
spirit or soul, and created at  
random. We are still limited. We  
are limited by our psychical  
bodies. Our bodies are  
straightjackets. Time is a prison  
of our own devise, born out of that  
other prison of ours mortality.  
Time is influenced by the deciding  
factor that we are all  
consumeddevoured in the end.  
Mortality, morality, space, time,  
mass, these are all prisons too.  
Prisons that, like man,  
self-destruct. Isn't it funny how  
Dark Matter is what expands our  
Universe outwards and not some holy  
light. And isn't it curious how  
everyone believed that God lived in  
the sky, but really, 99% of all  
planets are poisonous, volcanic,  
violent, explosive, destructive,  
volatile hells that have storms  
that last for decades and cover  
areas larger than all of our  
continents combined. Is any of this  
of a loving, or benevolent  
creation, in relation to human  
beings? What is there purpose?

BENJAMIN

I don't know. What is the purpose  
of continuing life?

A light shines behind Benjamin's face as he asks his final  
question.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

You're in a play about an  
Antichrist you said? One who  
develops a cure to mortality? He  
must refuse to allow the world to  
live forever.

PAN

Yes, it's a big production, one  
that evolves every day and every  
night. It's been delayed several  
times now, and is always being  
re-written, but the end result just  
keeps getting better and better.  
It's a progressive thing, this  
play, or should I say 'organic'?

BENJAMIN

What do you really think about  
being moral? Personally I mean?

(MORE)



BENJAMIN (cont'd)

What have you learned from this  
play of yours?

Pan sits silently a moment by the bon fire. Benjamin  
portrays confusion and fear.

PAN

(high pitched laugh)  
I bathe in your confusion.  
Pan looks more and more like a  
Pagan as the night goes on, takes  
Benjamin's Albert Camus' book and  
tosses it into the fire.

PAN (CONT'D)

Personally I think a relative  
morality in its truest sense if you  
look at it is Good and Evil  
together as one. But without Evil  
you have only neutered life.  
Instincts man did not originate.  
Where that instinct comes from is  
the creator, for lack of a better  
term. A creator who is as evil as  
he is good. But you, you are the  
ones in question in my play. You  
believe you are the image of  
creation. From a distance you are  
clear, correct, colorful, bold, and  
exciting, but the closer I get to  
you humans, the uglier you appear,  
you become fuzzy, unclear,  
scattered about like millions of  
little dots. And it comes into  
question upon the closest of  
inspection as to whether you exist  
at all.

BENJAMIN

(barely speaking)

There must be hope? There must be  
justice? Maybe the man I seek isn't  
all bad. Maybe there is a reason  
why he's done these things to me  
and my family. Maybe? Maybe? Maybe?

Benjamin's face is lit by the fires red glow. While Pan  
speaks grimly, outlined in black shadowy silhouette, in  
front of the fire's light.

PAN

Nothing but scapegoats. Everything  
you've discussed here tonight. The  
deeper you get into denial, the  
colder the trail leads you. You are  
not the victim. You are the  
perpetrator. Your daughter, your

(MORE)

PAN (cont'd)  
 God, your father, your teacher,  
 your wife, your society, your  
 philosophy.  
 (laughs)  
 You are hiding from something  
 aren't you. You are hiding from  
 yourself God-in-Training.

BENJAMIN  
 (whispers)  
 Please God, forgive me!

PAN  
 (laughs)  
 God? Is that who you blame?

Pan stands in front of the fire's light; demonic.

And for the first time he pulls off his sun glasses to  
 reveal white blank eyes.

From the redness of the fire's glow Pan recites a famous  
 passage from The Mysterious Stranger.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 (possessed, solemn)  
 "...A God who could make good  
 children as easily as bad, yet  
 preferred to make bad ones; who  
 could have made every one of them  
 happy, yet never made a single  
 happy one; who made them prize  
 their bitter life, yet stingingly  
 cut it short; who gives his angels  
 eternal happiness unearned, yet  
 required his other children to earn  
 it; who gave his angels painless  
 lives, yet cursed his other  
 children with biting miseries and  
 maladies of mind and body, who  
 mouths justice, and invented hell -  
 mouths mercy, and invented hell -  
 mouths Golden Rules and forgiveness  
 seventy times seven, and invented  
 hell:

Benjamin's face is again outlined in fire light. He becomes  
 profoundly disturbed by what he is hearing, as the night is  
 at its darkest.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 who mouths morals to other people,  
 and has none himself, who frowns  
 upon crimes, yet commits them all;  
 who created man without invitation,  
 then tries to shuffle the  
 responsibility for man's acts upon  
 (MORE)

PAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 man, instead of honorably placing  
 it where it belongs, upon himself;  
 and finally, with altogether Devine  
 obtuseness, invites his poor abused  
 slave to worship him."

Pan digresses and puts his sun glasses back on with a  
 bitter, volatile attitude. Benjamin is crying.

PAN (CONT'D)  
 I bet you had no idea the father of  
 modern literature was so dark. If  
 Satan is the Prince of Darkness,  
 then God, certainly, is the King!  
 There is no forgiveness for you,  
 God!

BENJAMIN  
 (whimpers)  
 Becky, Becky, Becky, I am so  
 lonely. I am so sorry.

PAN  
 Don't let this philosophy stuff get  
 to you though. It's all just fun  
 and games. Isn't it?

(Benjamin weeps)  
 The whole universe is just a  
 thought. And like a thought we  
 burst powerfully and randomly onto  
 the scene and fade into  
 nothingness, never having existed  
 at all.

(laughs)  
 Benjamin. Poor Benjamin Atlas.  
 Fallen into the smoke screen of  
 relativism, caught in the trap of  
 nihilism. You've got the whole  
 weight of the world on your back.  
 Your father, weak willed, took his  
 own life due to monetary ebb and  
 flow. Your poor Wife died due to  
 modern medical ignorance, leaving a  
 social system to take your daughter  
 away from you, and take your  
 families only savings, except a  
 lonely little sac of money. It's  
 all very sad.

CLOSE UP:

PAN  
 Ah,  
 (breath condensates in  
 the cold)  
 and what makes it even sadder is  
 (orgasmic)  
 your daughter

Benjamin's eyes are focused in on, and they are wide with shock and awe.

PAN (CONT'D)

Your daughter sought utopia didn't she, and experiences beyond her years and love she couldn't feel any other way from you, you were so far gone it was like making love to a stranger. And now

Pan turning more and more into a Satanic new look, tilts his head down and to one side, speaking affectionately, almost reflective.

PAN (CONT'D)

she lies terminally ill, awaiting her parent's fate.

Pan looks maniacally towards Benjamin. Benjamin looks to have given up. Pan and his want to destroy Benjamin's hope has succeeded. Benjamin is in utter despair.

PAN (CONT'D)

It looks like natural instincts have done your precious family no favors, Benjamin.

Lights reflect off of his glasses at night, like a wolf's eyes.

BENJAMIN

How did you know that? Nobody knows that.

PAN

That's not all I know. I have had many young nymphets before.

FLASH BACK

INT. OUTDOOR RAVE/OCCUPY MOVEMENT PROTEST - NIGHT

Pan sees a young nymphet through a crowd of fluorescent tubed dancers and Occupy Movement Protestors. It is Benjamin's daughter, Becky.

He walks up to her, whispers something magically sexy in her ear.

Becky likes what she hears and takes him by the arm to go outside.

PAN (V.O.)

The only thing that's changed is the music and the  
(sibilant)  
Intoxicants!

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Dusk. Pan chases Becky thru a meadow.

PAN (V.O.)

In this modern world their must  
still be consequences, natural  
consequences.

She screams, pretending to not want him closer.

But as he catches her, it is apparent she wants him.

He makes a motion as though he is biting her neck,  
passionately.

PAN

She came to me, while high on  
ecstasy, one night, I had been  
partying as well and she gave  
herself over to me in search of  
something. Something that was  
missing in her unnatural,  
artificial world. Life, loss and  
Death, is all there is to receive.  
It is all I have to give.

(Shakes his head)

BENJAMIN

You monster. What did you do with  
her child?

PAN

I am the child, and the father. I  
am you, your wife, your father,  
your daughter, the ground you walk  
on, the air you breathe

Benjamin takes a few shallow steps forward.

BENJAMIN

(guilt)

I killed her. Didn't I?

PAN

In your dreams. In my reality.

BENJAMIN

(screeching)

What did you do with her baby?

PAN

I am nature. I have no need to play  
God. You are the one who gave life,  
and you are the one who took it.  
What did I do with her baby?

The young body of a child runs along a hill with the rising  
son behind him. He is only seen in shadows.

PAN (CONT'D)

What did you do with your baby?!

'Peter', the unborn, crows in the distance. Benjamin tries to scream but cannot.

PAN (CONT'D)

Peter was never hers to begin with. Besides, she can always make some more, if you need them.

BENJAMIN

You are the Devil!

PAN

(offended)

I am mother nature, the Tempest, Pan, Satan, Dionysus, I have many names. But make no mistake, I giveth and I taketh away. Not you. Do you really want my burdens?

Pan laughs. He shakes his head. Benjamin lunges at Pan, but, still drunk he is easily batted aside.

BENJAMIN

Why?! Why her? How can He allow this to happen to my daughter?

PAN

Why her? Why my precious object? Why anyone?! Why ever?! But more importantly, fictional one, is she even your daughter? Or just some tramp you picked up at the Protest? Can you even separate them in your mind?

Benjamin screams and lunges at Pan, while still in his straight jacket, but is rung by Pan and kept on his knees.

PAN (CONT'D)

And I thought you chose this life? You have nobody to blame, God in Training, but yourself.

BENJAMIN

Who are you?

PAN

Don't worry about who I am. I've been around a long time. It's too late now. You'd better go to her. You haven't got much time left.

Pan looks at Benjamin like a guilty child that's murdered someone.

He runs off into the woods like a scared rabbit.

He is running to be with his daughter before she passes on.  
He is afraid of himself, and runs like hell.

CAPTION: "SUN'S DAY, DAY OF THE SUN"

EXT. LAKE SHORE ROAD - DAY

Benjamin runs along Lake Shore Blvd.

EXT. WINDMILL - DAY

From a runner's perspective, the giant windmill is seen.  
Benjamin is seen panting along the way, but highly motivated  
still.

EXT. UNDER THE CNE GATES - DAY

Benjamin is again spiritedly running to his daughter.

EXT. CN TOWER/ SKY DOME - DAY

Benjamin runs past the CN Tower and Sky Dome

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

Benjamin runs towards the camera with Union Station behind  
him, and with a looming CN Tower as the backdrop.

INT. BENJAMIN'S DAUGHTER'S FOSTER HOME - DAY

Becky is seen coughing blood and crying, and generally  
looking like she's on her death bed. As she has coughed her  
last and looks into the camera, her eyes widen and she let's  
go, and is dead

INT. TUNNEL WITH WHITE LIGHT AT THE END - DAY

A tunnel with a white light at the end of it is seen being  
moved through. Panning down Benjamin is seen running through  
it as fast as he can.

EXT. ANIMAL FARM - DAY

Benjamin runs thru the animal farm, as animals grunt and  
snort.

EXT. SMALL OVERPASS BRIDGE - DAY

Ben runs over the small overpass bridge and into

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - DAY

Benjamin runs up the steep hill and up to her front door.

He finally runs up a familiar street, up to the foster  
parent's house.

He climbs in the window, and finds his beloved daughter  
there, dead.

He cradles her a while and begins to moan and weep.

EXT. DON VALLEY PARKWAY OVERPASS - DAY

Totally anguished he walks down the street, crushed, and drained of all positive energy.

In a rapid speed replay, he meets the man with the cigarette again and receives it again, in turn.

He sits by the curb, and in a jump cut walks angrily forward, than turns his head rapidly and breathes as though he is scared.

He comes to that ledge, that big ledge.

He looks over it and becomes wide eyed with want; a wanting to commit suicide, and stands on the brink, in his straight jacket.

He lunges forward, and is stuck in freeze frame.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

This is where we left off. But being self-conscious as I am to a limited degree, I begin to wonder, is this story being told truthfully? Where am I telling this story from? A padded cell? In my head? From the Afterlife? From the Before Life? Whatever happens, does any of this prove that I have a spirit beyond this world? I guess there really is only one way to find out.

From behind, Pan appears in grim apparel and consoles him in disgusting fashion.

PAN

Join them Benjamin. They're all there I think? Almost all. It's okay if you want to be with them. Join them. Father, mother, wife and daughter are waiting.

Benjamin is just about to jump, but then stops.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

What did she say? What were her last words?

FLASH BACK

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Late afternoon. Benjamin's terminally ill wife lies dying before her Benjamin and Becky. Benjamin holds his wife's hand. Benjamin's Wife hugs and kisses Becky.



## BENJAMIN'S WIFE

Do you remember that spring when we went to the place where we first met? We were so happy. All of us together as a family. That is what I am taking with me, happy memories. Remember the good times we had, not the bad. Death is just an illusion. I am going to be there, up on that hill, where we first met. I'll be waiting for both of you, on the hills of Riverdale Park.

Benjamin, crying by his mother's side, holds her hand as she passes away before him and his sister. Benjamin's wife bites her lower lip, cries and passes away.

EXT. BACK ON THE OVERPASS - DAY

Benjamin looking intently downwards stops suddenly. He turns around, looking for Pan.

Pan has completely turned into a half goat, half man entity, finally revealing his true self. He begins to walk backwards like a goat slowly and animalistic.

BENJAMIN

I remember!

PAN

It's too late for that now!

Benjamin has his back to him, like the matador and the bull. It is an act of bravery.

BENJAMIN

You're too late because I forgive you.

PAN

What!?

BENJAMIN

That's right I forgive you and I forgive Nature too. All your trickery tonight has backfired. I know what I am. And I think I know what I must do to have it all makes sense.

FLASH BACK

EXT. BEDROOM - DAY

Benjamin and young Becky read together with Ben's Wife.

They all laugh out loud in following the story.

He looks over towards his wife and smiles, thinking about their daughter growing up.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

A Father wants his child to grow up and mature independently. I often wonder if that's true for God as well? Does he want us to mature in spirit independently? I have learnt to forgive that maniac, because it is the only way to appreciate and value anything at all.

EXT. BACK TO THE DON VALLEY PARKWAY OVERPASS - DAY

BENJAMIN

I have decided what I believe. I have chosen to learn with an empathy that can only be learned in a prison like yours Pan.

PAN

You talk nonsense. There is nothing but you and yourself. Let me be your scapegoat. I neither run nor hide from it.

BENJAMIN

No there is something. Me and the Creator of Me. It all fits. It accounts for the BLIND DESIGN. It makes me content. It is spiritual, but existential too.

(Smiles)

It alleviates God from the responsibility of saying yes to evil and it gives me personal identity, and freewill. What have I missed?

PAN

Nothingness is what you have missed. Nothing, except your ideal version of God: Me.

Pan stops, realizing what he has said, and realizes he has been out-matched. He starts pulling hair out of his head, as foam and blood run down his fangs.

PAN (CONT'D)

NO!!!!

Benjamin looks over at Pan with a disgusted smirk, as if to say 'enough'. Benjamin sees only that it is a new day. Pan has disappeared into the night.

Feeling cleansed Benjamin walks assuredly yet drearily back into the heart of RIVERDALE PARK.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - DAY

A YOUNG BOY (7) sleeping in a tree looks down at Ben and giggles. Benjamin sees the girl and smiles back. His DISTRAUGHT MOTHER (30's) appears and speaks to him.

DISTRAUGHT MOTHER

You gave me such a scare when you rushed off into the forest like that. You know I was so worried. Promise me you won't do that again.

LITTLE BOY

I promise. I won't do that again.

Benjamin seeing this touching moment walks onward and says to no one in particular.

Benjamin walks out of the park.

Benjamin looks back towards the Distraught Mother and the Young Boy playing tag with one another on the beautiful summer hills of Riverdale Park.

Red and blue police lights rotate in Benjamin's face, as he smiles.

BENJAMIN ATLAS

That makes two of us kid, that makes two of us.

At the top of the hill, a cop's blue light flashes and a siren is heard.

Benjamin looks up at the police cruiser and turns himself in, holding up his hands and walking up the hill.

From a side view, the sun beams brightly on Benjamin turning himself in.

It is implied he is forgiven by "God and/or himself".

INT. PSYCHIATRIST' OFFICE - DAY

The female psychiatrist sits there, cross legged, and looks up from her writing. Benjamin still in his straight jacket looks at the Psychiatrist as though he has come to a peaceful cathartic moment.

BENJAMIN

And that's when they put the nets on me and tazered me unconscious for a second time.

BAILIFF

Okay, Ben, you're free to go.

BENJAMIN

(to the Psychiatrist)

And that's how it all happened. You were there, the guards were there, we were one big happy family almost.

The Psychiatrist looks at him in disbelief.

She takes off her glasses, rubs her eyes, and sees nothing but a blur. And she sees Pan in the corner of the room, smiling malevolently.

PSYCHIATRIST

(she checks her glasses)

That's a great story, except for the fact that you've been here for the past 4 days.

(flips through some pages)

And our records show she was never pregnant. Your daughter died of a natural deficiency that caused her to lose too much weight, but that was 5 years ago. And your wife died of a rare disease, she wasn't poisoned, and your father committed suicide, he wasn't murdered. None of them were.

BENJAMIN

(calmly, rationally)

Oh, weren't they?

PSYCHIATRIST

As for your former professor, he is still alive and well, relatively speaking. While this Man of the Woods, the blind Pagan fellow and the unfound phantom criminal were all in your mind, caused again by your paranoid schizophrenia and forest panic. Quite a remarkable journey you went thru all by yourself. Like a form of self-therapy of some sort. Here Ben, take these, they'll help you feel better.

Passes Benjamin some drugs and smiles as he cries.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)

And call me tomorrow morning.

Benjamin looks at her coldly, smiles like Junior and snorts.

BENJAMIN

You got it, sis! That is if there is a tomorrow, and a next day, ever again.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

No animal would do this to another. Only humans. He was right! Oh no, he was right!

(holds his head like an oozing cracked egg.)

I can forgive, but I can't forget our true nature. Choose your prison? Nature or Man or yourself any way

(takes his pills)

You better understand it's all in how you look at it.

Looks towards the Cross-Eyed Guard.

BENJAMIN

If you drug me, make sure I never wake up, I want my memory erased! Cause if I am awakened, if I remember a single thought, I am gonna do the world a big favor. I am going to tell the world exactly what they want to hear. I suggest you take my advice.

Benjamin laughs manically into a cry as they drag him out of the office, ready to release him back into society.

The Psychiatrist fluffs it off, and continues looking disdainful.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Slowly, the femme psychiatrist looks for the keys to her car, pauses, and gets a chill, she looks out into the dark thicket by her parking lot and goes wide-eyed, she turns around and screams.

INT. GIANT METAL FAN IN POCKET OF WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

A giant metallic fan rotates its blades like a giant universe.

BENJAMIN (V.O.)

I am Benjamin Atlas, right hand of God, with the weight of the world on my shoulders. Life, death, nature and God are at my command, now that I've found my true ideal self, with no more scapegoats for a million empty miles. I don't think I want to be human anymore. We're

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
being eliminated by nature, one by  
one, naturally selected. The  
disease is death. It is also the  
cure. And I said let there be  
light!

A pile of shit hits the fan as the lights turn on and off.

FADE OUT.