

REGRESSION

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FADE IN:

EXT. MEDIEVAL FIELD - DAY

Annoyed BUZZ fills the air. Dressed in a plain tunic and unarmed, EPHRAIM (30s) winces but stands unafraid:

EPHRAIM

I mean no-one offense or harm. Just
listen, for I speak true!

SPLAT. A tomato paints his face. Ephraim wipes it away; seeks escape from...

A wall of advancing ANGRY VILLAGERS. Holding vegetables. Pitchforks. The works.

One VILLAGER snarls, betrays rancid dental hygiene:

VILLAGER

Ephraim Akins, you are evil
incarnate! Your lies foul all
that's good!

EPHRAIM

I'm...I'm not lying. I'm not even
making assertions, here. Just
questions. What's wrong with that?

More villagers loom behind Ephraim. He's surrounded now. A CLOAKED WOMAN shoves him forward.

CLOAKED WOMAN

Your "questions" are Satan's
lubricant!

More gooey projectiles pelt poor Ephraim. He shields himself as best he can.

VILLAGER

See how the serpent cowers? He who
dares ask, "Who Made God?!?"

CLOAKED WOMAN

Everyone knows God has always been!
He who claims otherwise is a fool!

Spitting out rotten cabbage, Ephraim sputters.

EPHRAIM

Come on, Guys. Let's talk this out
peacefully. I'm not asking for
philosophical commitments.

Just a harmless thought experiment,
here. If "he always was" is
sufficient to explain a being's
existence -

(chooses words carefully)
- As powerful and complex as God...
Occam's Razor would suggest, can't
we say the same about man, equally?

CLOAKED WOMAN
What is this Demon, "Occam"?

VILLAGER
Ephraim is a blasphemer! He poisons
our spiritual well with his words!

The villagers close in on Ephraim. Soon, he's not even
visible through their blows.

With that, the world zooms backward. Above the earth, into
clouds...

INT. HEAVEN - WE GUESS?

Cotton candy clouds form furniture and walls.

On a "cloud bean bag" chair rests a bearded man, exuding
power from every pore. Old, with a snowy beard. Who could
this be, but...God?

Through a portal, God watches the crowd pummel Ephraim.

EPHRAIM (O.S.)
Oooof. Stop. That hurts!

At God's right hand, a frail figure flitters. A golden name-
tag hangs from his lapel: "S. Peter."

Another anguished howl from off-screen Ephraim. Peter winces.

PETER
Forgive them, for they know not
what they do.

God waves his hand. The portal fades to white, blends in
seamlessly with clouds.

GOD
Whelp, on the bright side: we'll be
seeing Ephraim very soon. Damn-Me
that Free Will factor. If only he'd
kept his mouth shut!

Picking "first cause" as the hill
he wants to die on? What a waste!

God waves dramatically, mimics Ephraim in a falsetto voice.

GOD
If God made Man, who made God?
Empty semantics. Pish tosh!

PETER
Sir, you are truly... powerful. How
could someone as magnificent as you
be created from - well, nothing at
all? I hope you don't mind me
speaking out of turn, but perhaps
that Ephraim kind of... has a
point?

God groans and rolls holy eyes. Without even bothering to
look, he points a finger at Peter. ZAP!

Leaving only cinders, smoke, and a melted name-tag.

GOD
Ah, another one bites the dust.
Good help's so hard to find these
days.

Suddenly, the world zooms back again. To:

INT. ETHEREAL PALACE

Clad in armor, ZEUS stands proud before a mirror, goddess
HERA at his side.

The vision of God (and Peter's cremains) flicker in the
mirror's glass.

Zeus punches it. CRACK. The vision fractures and vanishes. A
fuming Zeus paces back and forth.

ZEUS
Damned middle management! Bestow a
being with powers, "poof"! They
inevitably grow an oversized ego,
put on airs!

HERA
Darling, you can't expect all of
your creations to be flawless!

ZEUS

By the Ides of Olympus, they should be. I made them! You know what burns my loincloth most?

HERA

I've no idea. Help me out here, honey bunch?

ZEUS

That, that... thing dares to call itself God! If anyone's earned that title - thorough blood, sweat, tears and lightening - it's mine!

HERA

Baby-cakes, no-one's saying you're not... well, literally a Greek God. But maybe, perhaps, you're not the first?

ZEUS

What in Hades do you mean by that?!

Hera counts on her fingers.

HERA

Well, there's Kronos. And Uranus.

ZEUS

(giggles)

"Uranus". No matter how many centuries go by, I still adore that joke! But enough of primordial deities. Before me, there was only Chaos. I AM God!

The world zooms back again - lightning fast. To:

EXT. VOLCANO WORLD

On the horizon, a volcano spurts gold liquid. Judging from the foamy head: beer?

Nearby, a MONSTER floats. Two eye stalks jut from a body of squirming tentacles - like Chtulu, but with cutesy charm.

A sentient lump resembling a MEATBALL bounces at its side.

The monster curls tentacles around a glowing orb of Zeus. Its eyes corkscrew in for a closer look.

It chitters. Subtitles flow.

MONSTER

These biological blobs think THEY
were first? Why create such
irrational noobs?

SENTIENT MEATBALL

Don't blame yourself FSM! Skilled
though your eternal noodley
appendages are, look what you were
working with!

Zooming back again. Vertigo this bad could make one puke...

EXT. BLACK VOID

Empty space, studded with stars. Somewhere, something CHIMES.

A variable flashes into existence. X Squared.

Slowly, two equations form, and rotate around each other like
planets in orbit. Each movement accompanied by notes. Is this
a conversation or a dance: who knows?

Out of the void, Green and yellow dialogue appears, too:

YELLOW DIALOG

The organic experiment has
imploded. Fatal errors in Levels 3,
9 and 42.

GREEN DIALOG

Current protocol to execute?

YELLOW DIALOG

Institute virus. Delete and reboot.

Static wipes the letters from existence.

For a moment, Matrix style data flows down the screen.

Then... everything EXPLODES.

Indicating: the big bang has begun once more.

FINAL FADE OUT: