

a syllabus to sing thy praise, O thing,
thy black hole has compelled me; i am
ashes in thy withered vacuum lung.
Life's a drag and i am breath being borne
in without form where smokestream nebulae
compress, then deep exhales like someone
speaking: i am spoken, i am laughed; i am
breathéd cosmic fetus, i am the gas-yolk
in the sky. We have all once been
condensed, for from diffuse we would not
have been born but for collapse; and it
is known that all our galaxies circle
singularities bound in ovules, sinking in
like stardust in a whirlpool; we may
spontaneously dissolve; we may descend
and be borne back-into the womb; into the
deep within; and as i seek the sea, i see
inside; O time, thy pyramids have fallen.
Nothing thy yonic verses sing in the
violent silence of the sea, O thing, my
blue fugue in the wind that

RUSTLES IN DRY LEAVES

a FILMSCRIPT POEM

for the

STAGE

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OPEN ON:

INT. - BLACKROOM - EXTENDED DARKNESS ... a solitary LIGHTBULB strung from above slowly illuminates a room filled with SMOKE until it drenches the SPACE in a stark WHITENESS. (OMIT)

non-diminishing cigarette smoke streams ash flakes glass tray
table no floor, sinking black paint peelings softly flaking not
from any surface near but from on high a distant limit in their
fall they may have traveled countless stories & as no floor goes on
sinking one finds no limit below them yet still smells the glass
tray's ash & smokestream & one wonders has the one who lit the
cigarette to smoking so descended from this no place & if so just how
long has she been missing?

[CUT TO BLACK]

SUBTITLE:

OVERTURE
THE RISING

ENTER the NARRATOR [of UNATTRIBUTED DIALOGUE] carrying the Penguin
DICTIONARY of SYMBOLS. ENTER SCORPIO, who stands at CENTER and
remains motionless.

[from the DICTIONARY]

"...mid-way through the three-monthly
period of Autumn when gales blow the
yellowing leaves away and animals and
trees prepare for a fresh existence, the
Scorpion conjures up a picture of the
natural world, with fallen leaves and
hoar-frost, of the return to the chaos
of unformed matter, while below the soil
makes ready to spring to life once more.
It is the 'watery' quarter between the
spring-waters of Cancer and the waters
drawn from the ocean of Pisces, that is
the deep, standing waters of silent
stagnation. The black scorpion which
flees the light and lives concealed
under the mysterious and pitiless power
of shadows, Hell and internal darkness.
The love-song on the battlefield and the
war-cry on the fields of love."

SCORPIO

I am neither an elemental spirit nor a
demon. I bring darkness to those who
touch me; I bear death upon my back. My
horns are called savagery and hate and

the dagger in my tail is called the
avenging stabber. I give birth only
once. The sign of increase for all
other creatures is for me the signal of
forthcoming death.

I am unfair and unfair.

I am black body, I am collapsed. I
am fallen the way way back. I was once
when I was gas. I bore a brilliant
whiteness. Now I've sunk inside myself.
My massive center is dense with non-
ness. I will kill the lightness near
me, draw it deep eternally. I am fallen
and born back. I am collapsed into a
hole, I am hollowed, I am black.

CUT TO BLACK [CUE: cool, melancholy jazz fugue for trumpet in Dm
{possibly played live} over the sound of subway train cars entering a
platform]:

SUBTITLE [EPIGRAPHS]:

FANNY HOWE

The self (like smoke) is spun from
infinity with everything else and a
growing awareness of its pending
annihilation. It ties itself up into a
lung-like organ where it thrashes around
till the last day.

JEREMY TAYLOR

We are as water; weak and of no
consequence, always descending, abiding
in no certain place, unless we are
detained with violence.

TITLE CARDS [COMPANY; ACTORS; TITLE; WRITER-DIRECTOR]

[CUT TO BLACK] [END CUE]

SUBTITLE:

SYSTEMS

INT. - KOGARD'S BEDROOM - MORNING - Sunlight pours in through an open
window. KOGARD sits at his desk, nude, a cigarette smoking limp
between his lips, reading from a stack of books. Before him, next to
his books, lies an electric SMITH-CORONA typewriter.

my cigarettes leave in my wake a body
as a casket
a carton a catacomb for the cremated
flesh unfresh

and rLung breathes unholy breath
ashes like airborne butterflies, wings
of death
ly white signify
some once uncombusted matter
but what now
do I see when I undress? rumpled asses
all these dead cigarette butts...

we have devised to penetrate all the
most beautiful spaces, O!
ineffable she
annoys me but she destroys me
urges one to follow
she
fills a hole in me,
a sacred ground,
a hollow
her
scent strings me through the breeze
urges one dares not follow
are we to remain in debt to the pangs of
love?

we're each a burning spirit, alight but
unattended, ashing automatically
til terminated by our end

KOGARD puts his book down and types on the SMITH-CORONA at his desk:

Infinity, or the eternal emission of
space from a single, arbitrarily
selected, point, is the fluctuation of
said massless depthless point (a single
dimension) between itself alone and an
infinite multitude of all possibilities
of itself, or the coordinates of its
position in space arbitrarily selected
from any of the selfsame points
enclosing it.

Infinity is like an atom. It is,
at its nucleus, a bound singularity of
phenomena flaring in and out of this
temporal and spatial plane of reality.
Its infinite limit is similar to a
network of electrons, which can never be
definitively located at any one time.
Between its singular nucleus and its
indefinite electron field is a wealth of
space occupied by the harmonious energy
between the positive and negative
particles, but it is not matter; indeed,
it does not matter, as it is not really

real ... at the same time, it is all there is.

Infinity is the nucleus of the Way, which is the breath, the energy. The Way exists outside of and encompasses infinite nature and all derivatives of it. There is nothing that the Way has not anticipated, including nothing. We as bodies simply reside in the way of nothing as a possibility and an amalgamation of all things. We are residual energies clustered densely like nebulae to create the appearance of matter in the absence (the aftermath) of the infinite expansion of a single point (the Big Bang) which has already concluded by retracting back into a singularity, thus completing the fundamental task of its own nature and absorbing all time and space, i.e. "meaning." This is why it is nearly impossible to comprehend universal meaning, because technically it has already absorbed (and solved) itself.

The lifetime of the universe is the time it takes for a singular point of infinity to expand to its own infinite limit and retract again into a singularity, into nothing, and, finally, to negate itself, at which point it will resume the process on the inverse plane (an alternative reality) and begin the instantaneous lifetime of a new universe-system. It only appears to us to take millennia to accomplish this progression because infinity's instantaneous nature cannot be realized on the single plane that we inhabit; we naturally die before we perceive the limit to be met. But as we venture further into intergalactic space (either within our consciousness or within the universe beyond our earth), we push the limit of infinity further toward itself. This is why it is beneficial to ponder the nature of infinity for extended periods of time, constantly compounding your previous notion (which can never meet the limit of True Infinity, but which nevertheless may be pushed toward that goal), because by doing so you are increasing your ability to comprehend and thus synergize with the great expanse of the universe and all the

possibilities you can conjecture into existence. If, by some improbable function, we were able to surpass the rate of infinity's decompression, to say that we would exit the universe / time-space continuum, then we would find ourselves in a complete absence of possibility, or a nowhere-place. So, comprehensively, infinity is not really all that there is. There is also "nothing" outside of that, and that infinite nothing in turn contains infinite somethings. This cosmic egg of great nothing containing a yolk of infinite somethings is the Way. And we will always be in the Way, because there is no possibility of existing outside of the plane of possibilities, even though that void of possibilities exists. We are a part of and inherently tied to the infinite possibilities generated by the nothing of the Way, much like our actions are generated by the empty space in which our consciousnesses reside. We will never, however, fully understand the extent of this nothing because there is no thing there to understand; while there are an infinite number of things that we could conceivably know or experience if we follow the stream of infinity's decompression, there is always "nothing" that we will never know. We're mere tributaries in the system of the sea. But we are water.

Infinity is not infinite at all, even when it compounds itself to the infinite power, because it remains a contained limit within a *truly* limitless void of possibility, an eternal nothing, a no-thing, an "O" thing, a hollow, space, parentheses, om, qi, wu, in the womb, great mother, the femininfinite. We are a clit hid by the lid of a labia; we are forever in utero. We are a miniscule somethingness in the way of an eternal nothingness. Yet it is powerful to realize that even within those parameters there is still infinity which we may conceivably grasp if we venture far enough into the great unknown.

KOGARD reclines in his chair and puffs away at his cigarette. He removes this page and balls it up; tosses it into a wastebin overflowing with paper. He picks up a book and reads with great

hunger. He gets up and paces around his room. He looks out his window at the fogged city skyline.

KOGARD (V.O.)

O Time for Pyramids I weep
That I would not summit thy peak
O precipice thou brood'st on deep
Reveal the Syllabus I seek

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. - NOSTRAND AVENUE - MORNING TWILIGHT - WALTER KOGARD walks down the STREET passing DELIS.

O Time ...
thy Pyramids have fallen
thy precipice broods on deep waters
the bottom ...
the sea has come

INT. - SUBWAY STATION - KOGARD descends steps, enters station, passes turnstile, walks onto platform. KOGARD waits for the train for three real minutes. Various people walk past him.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR
[FEMALE V.O.]

There is
a
Manhattan-bound
Number 2 Train
approaching the station.
Please step away from the platform edge.

Train enters station. KOGARD enters the train car and takes a seat. Rides the train. Later, Thomas Merton, a wild-eyed TRAIN PREACHER, boards the train at the far front end of the car, positions himself at the head of the aisle, and speaks as he walks down the car.

TRAIN PREACHER

Excuse me ladies and gentlemen. I do
not mean to disturb you. But I have
news: the sea has come!
The bottom of the sea has come
And builded in my noiseless room
The fishes' and the mermaids' tomb,
The bottom of my room, the sea.
Full of voiceless curtaindeep
There mermaid somnambules come sleep
Where fluted half-lights show the way,
And there, there lost orchestras play
And down the many quarterlights come

To the dim mirth of my aquadrome:
The bottom of my sea, the room.

EXT. - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - LATE MORNING - KOGARD walks across the bridge looking wistfully across the skyline of Manhattan, peers into the heights of the sublime sky and down into the East River. He broods over the deep waters.

KOGARD

What riverbank of existence will we be
cast upon? Where will we find ourselves
along the water Way?

The wind blows in the trees and rustles in dry leaves.

O flower of the daughter of the wind
O dream of the shadow of smoke
O violent silence of the sea

EXT. - CITY HALL - KOGARD walks up Lafayette Street.

INT. - COFFEEHOUSE - KOGARD enters and sits at a table with PROFESSOR GODSDOG. GODSDOG drinks a cup of coffee, black, and hands KOGARD a mug which has been sitting on the table.

GODSDOG

Good morning, professor Kogard.

KOGARD

I told you not to call me that.

GODSDOG

Right, right. Well then, Mr. Walter
Kogard, sir...

KOGARD

I don't like the term "professor,"
that's all, Godsdog. I'm sorry to have
been quip with you. But as you know,
academia is a system I hold in no high
order. There are more ideal systems in
existence better suited to convey a true
Understanding of the human and nonhuman
realities to wanton seekers.

GODSDOG

Of course, my dear teacher. And yet, as
you've endeavored to establish your

Yoniverity, you have taken the same routes as your academic forbearers. Of composing syllabi and such.

KOGARD

Must I remind you that what we seek is religious, not academic.

GODSDOG

Of course. And of the Syllabus, which may be better named the doctrine--

KOGARD

Or simply, "the Text."

GODSDOG

Or, "the Canon," then, for that matter.

KOGARD

No, not the Canon, dear Godsdog, for I am not so arrogant as to believe I've uncovered the first of texts, the basis for a school. My school is of the Syllabus, for we endeavor to aggregate the varied realities established in the sciences and mathematics and aesthetics into a purer doctrine for Understanding.

GODSDOG

Surely. My mistake. Of course I know the thesis. Well then. What of it. The Syllabus. Sure it is not yet written. But have you made much progress on it.

KOGARD

Progress, alas [shakes head]. Of positive movement, less and less. Regress, perhaps, and perhaps that may be better. Constant deterioration, removal of elements until we reach the first element. The Syllabus has shrunk from from a novel's worth to a poem's since last we spoke.

GODSDOG

[After some consideration, his coffeecup steaming before his face] Regression? The compression of information, Sir? To convey The Understanding to the others, you must elaborate, not compress. It is difficult enough as it is.

KOGARD

Elaboration has not fared well, as you know. Essaying never achieves the perfection of one word's sound. Or a whole paragraph often feels like a weighty body for the sentence or a concept better visualized than ... explained.

GODSDOG

Perhaps the Syllabus is not the medium best fit to convey the Understanding, Sir.

KOGARD

No, a Symbol would be. Or a System of Symbols. But then one'd need a Syllabus to catalogue and contextualize them. Which is what, in effect, I am doing at this point. Deconstructing the words of the Syllabus until they are symbols, and then we are to extrapolate from those. Or that. Ideally, it would be one. The initial problem was that we were trying to write an index of symbols that did not yet exist. Or that were, at the very least, not aligned with each other in the way the Understanding necessitates.

GODSDOG

Well, you aim to elaborate upon the simplest of truths. The unity of all existences. And man has endeavored to do that since he first looked on the sun.

KOGARD

And yet the sun has looked upon me as well. Does that not give me as much license to describe it as anyone? Isn't

my vision as validated? Look upon me,
for the sun hath looked upon me.

GODSDOG

We look upon, indeed. But your system
does not exist. I mean, your particular
visualization of it. You aim to convey
your own unique Understanding to others.
Yet the systems in which the divine
Symbols align within your particular
vision may not be realized by others.
You would have to see it beyond your own
conception to manifest it on that
exterior plane for the first time.
You'd need to place your eyes before
themselves, as through a glass darkly,
and witness the present twice.

KOGARD

Sure, except, the System does exist.
The System exists because the content
exists. Form, in fact, has begotten its
components. So from the components of
my Understanding I should be able to
construct the implicit System and
describe it in the Syllabus. I am just
unable to find it. [Sips]

GODSDOG

[Sips] Hmmm... [At great length] Have
you looked into the InterZone?

KOGARD

[Raises eyebrow] The InterZone?

GODSDOG

[Nodding] Its existence is debated.

KOGARD

Well ...

GODSDOG

[Leaning in] It's said that it is an
ubiquitous information system
constructed by the DataHorse
Administration.

KOGARD

DataHorse? That project got canned, didn't it; it was much too lofty.

GODSDOG

The Department of Systems would have you believe that. But Systems has been patching together a quilt of the information databases. A sort of homeland security endeavor, to log what we all know and cannot know.

KOGARD

Right, right, that has been happening since the Social Trust was formed.

GODSDOG

Surely, but Systems has merely been cataloguing the databases. It is in fact a systems database. Yet many systems in their labyrinths are obscured from the Department. The Department lacks the technical resources needed to accurately penetrate the densest, deepest points of its most complex systems.

KOGARD

What do you make of the big takeover, then? They didn't take control of the Horse? They didn't tame the void?

GODSDOG

The Systems Department feared DataHorse but never understood it. Brute force triumphs for the time, but only via surveillance. The Department has subpoenaed all of the System's data indefinitely, but it remains that DataHorse is too complex for even Systems' best computing minds to hack. They cannot reach the Center. It is virtually inaccessible. Its servers are obscured; some say they're submerged. They circle endlessly in spirals. The Intermediary Zone at the Center of the DataHorse system is naturally remote. This makes it ideal for intercepting the

signals of the Void, which, they say, cannot be comprehended by humans. Only the servers nearest the Center can decipher the signals straight from the void.

KOGARD

How remote, exactly, is the InterZone?

GODSDOG

It's somewhere inside of DataHorse. If DataHorse is a sphere, infinite in radius, of all known and unknown information, then you must pass through the known system to reach the Intermediary Zone of information, at which point, if you inexplicably succeeded, you would meet a force of gravity which would bear you back into the KnownZone. No mortal man can penetrate the O Zone of the System.

As you know, the InterZone takes the shape of a pyramid whose base lies on the known and points toward the Void. It's my guess that the Syllabus you seek lies at the precipice of this Intermediary Zone, right before you jump off into the void of knowable systems.

KOGARD

...O Time thy Pyramids.

INT. - LIBRARY - WALTER KOGARD walks down a long empty baroque corridor. We can hear the echoing sound of his footsteps. At the opposite end of this corridor sits a brown-suited and elbow-padded BOOKCLERK at his desk, apile with papers and unmarked hardback tomes. As KOGARD approaches him, the CLERK is peering intently down at a document under a small desk lamp illuminating an otherwise dark corner of the hall.

KOGARD

Sir...

[The CLERK does not respond.]

Sir...!

[The CLERK does not respond.]

Sir!

CLERK

[Lifting his spectacled head up slowly]
What, boy?

KOGARD

[Taken aback] Well...I seek information.

CLERK

Information?

KOGARD

Yes. I seek thy Pyramids.

CLERK

[Perplexed] Pyramids? Thy Pyramids have
fallen. Tunnels have born through them.

KOGARD

Fallen? Tunnels?

CLERK

Irreparable infrastructural damage. Thy
Pyramids diverge from the Void now. No
Systems can contain them.

KOGARD

I've heard otherwise.

CLERK

Verily? What Systems?

KOGARD

Those of the Department. The DataHorse.

CLERK

Systems? Department? What brings you
here, then, boy?

KOGARD

Is this not also a Pyramid? Do you hold
no stores of information? Perhaps in

bound volumes? Such as those on your desk?

CLERK

Verily. But these stores are obsolete. Do you know where you are?

KOGARD

A library.

CLERK

Verily. A library.

KOGARD

And is a library not also a Pyramid?

CLERK

Are Pyramids not also bread?

KOGARD

I don't understand.

CLERK

Overstand.

KOGARD

What?

CLERK

Get thee to a bakery.

KOGARD

You speak in tongues.

CLERK

That has been the problem.

KOGARD

Yes, I know.

CLERK

Yet how else are we to communicate, but
in tongues, tongues spoken and tongues
written down.

KOGARD

But there is some logic. You speak
illogically.

CLERK

[Uproarious laughter] Illogically?
What Pyramids do you seek?

KOGARD

A Syllabus. I seek a new Syllabus for a
Human Understanding.

CLERK

And yet you have no understanding of
Systems. Nor of Pyramids. For you wish
to summit thy peak! Get thee to a
bakery!

KOGARD

You've said that before and I still do
not know what you mean.

CLERK

Where bread is baked and or sold. You
know—a bakery.

KOGARD

But what is the meaning of this? Why
are you directing me to a bakery when
what I seek are thy Pyramids?

CLERK

Can't you see! No, you don't, you do
not understand. Thy Pyramids have
fallen! Tunnels have born through them!
Thy Pyramids you seek, thy Precipice
broods on deep waters.

KOGARD

[Flustered] Here I am, an idiot.
Thinking I would find information in a
library.

CLERK

You will find no Pyramids here. Our's
are all antique. I should know, I'm
their keeper. And here I am, covered in
dust and ashes. No man has ventured
through these halls in eras. Thy
Pyramids live in the sky. Here on the
ground we've saved our remains. And thy
Syllabus you seek? Thy Pyramids have
fallen. Deep under water. They are
submerged beneath the known and have not
surfaced. You seek thy tunnels. You do
not seek a library. Get thee to a
bakery.

KOGARD

And why a bakery--

CLERK

Or where bread is sold.

KOGARD

O.K. Why a bread purveyor?

CLERK

Why? Why? You fail to understand,
though you seek your understanding. Get
thee to a bakery and you will know.
Exit this library, for it is a catacomb,
and in it you'll find only corpses.
Make a right on the street and walk
away. Go to the Deli at the end of the
Avenue. Go there, aimless wanderer, and
you will find thy Pyramids [uproarious
laughter].

KOGARD

[Perplexed] O.K. ... What is the
intersection?

CLERK

[More laughter] He fails to see! What
deaf cunts have we reared! Go to the

end of the Avenue. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaall the
way downtown. There-thy precipice
broods on deep waters.

KOGARD lights a cigarette, inhales deeply, and exhales in a sigh,
walking distressfully away.

CLERK

[After him] Stay to the right!

EXT. - THE AVENUE - LATE EVENING - WALTER KOGARD walks down the
street, smoking vehemently, the buildings towering above him on
either side. Before him, the Avenue diminishes into a vanishing
point far on the horizon. Above, the sun is setting on the city's
monoliths.

there is no shortage of muses in the
city
one cannot keep at bay the surge they
swell in the breast or the flagged
mast they keep at sail

these ornamented monoliths' countless
stories have seen countless stories
& awning-covered thresholds yawn with
gaped mouth from several centuries'
stony sleep
have contained every muse and tyrant of
the western world
these tinted and timeless eyes
have beheld all
and fall is the kindest season next
to spring

the city's first casualties are soles
when underneath, your balls grow
calloused
the hardest part of anything is getting
there
you will remain forever before a line or
a tunnel
you will forever be passing in a crowd
certain portions of urban highway have
been socially prescribed
you are forever at a crossroads
intersections of infinite corridors
monolithic buildings of babel
the foremost threat to the heavens
and one may conceive of a room with a
view of the aether and the earth
and know that cranes may neck
toward the sun and that holes may
burrow deep into the concrete and

the soil and that cysts of steel
may sprout like tumors and extend
unto the ends and that the human
cancer may flourish till it
cripples its host and that we are
all but virus cells in
capillaries or anemones at sea
and the bloodways run both ways up to
the crown and down beneath the feet
and you may wonder while you wander
effortlessly in the street
she of windowed eyes urges one to recede
with the tide
the city is hollowed
and hollow inside

vagrant dreams
have dissolved in the steam which
ascends from subway grates that
have warmed the nameless;
those who've dreamed have fallen,
while steam serves but as warmth,
and may in the winter frost
soar higher
& it's only the wind that
rustles in dry leaves

do downtrodden doves living over cosmo-
poverty
lament their cement-speckled wings?

i am pigeon seeking crumbs
cast by bag ladies under canopies in
parks

KOGARD (V.O.)

O Pyramids where art thou?

CLERK (V.O.)

[At great length] Thy Pyramids have
fallen.

[At length] [Uproarious laughter]

EXT. - THE DELI GROCERY AT THE END OF THE AVENUE - NIGHTTIME - KOGARD approaches the DELI, an isolated building on the corner of the block, and enters.

INT. - THE DELI GROCERY AT THE END OF THE AVENUE - KOGARD approaches the counter and speaks to the DELI CLERK (the same clerk), who is at the time immersed in a NEWSPAPER.

KOGARD

Excuse me, Sir...

[The CLERK does not respond.]

Sir...!

[The CLERK does not respond.]

Sir!

CLERK

[Lifting his spectacled head up slowly.]
What, boy?

KOGARD

[Acknowledging this deja vu] ... I seek,
er, ... bread.

CLERK

In the aisle.

KOGARD

[Looking perplexedly down the aisle,
pointing] This aisle? The bread aisle?

CLERK

Where else? [looking sternly into
KOGARD's face]

KOGARD walks suspiciously to the BREAD section of the aisle. He scans down the selection of BREAD, finding nothing he seeks, until he gets to the floor where he notices a wooden latch door upon which is painted a SYMBOL of a Pyramid whose apex meets a sphere. He looks at the CELLAR DOOR for some time, looks back at the CLERK who is immersed in his NEWSPAPER, looks back at the DOOR, bends down, opens it, peers down into the darkness, and enters.

INT. - DELI CELLAR - IN DARKNESS - WALTER KOGARD walks through this unlit CELLAR upon a raised wooden floor for a long while. Slivers of light illuminate brief sections of space, though do not imply any content; they merely map the contours of the walls. He breathes deeply, as if amplified. At length he passes under light cascading from on high as if poured from streetlamps through street grates down below the surface. Steel I-Beams soon come to pass, and we glimpse that KOGARD is no longer in the cellar of a DELI. At length he steps from raised wooden boards to the earthen floors of all the city's cellars. KOGARD enters along the length of an underground TUNNEL

which appears to connect this system of cellars. Three more TUNNELS separated by I-Beams lay in parallels before him. We are still unsure where he is until a LIGHT appears flickering at one end of the immediate TUNNEL.

The LIGHT grows at a steady pace over some time until it reveals itself as a PAIR of white LIGHTS with a red LIGHT slightly to the upper right, and beside the LIGHTS at length comes into focus a bright red CIRCLE bearing the NUMBER 2.

KOGARD quickly steps back into the nook from which he entered this train TUNNEL.

The NUMBER 2 TRAIN cannons past KOGARD.

In the aftermath, KOGARD breathes heavily and looks blankly beyond his surroundings.

CLERK (V.O.)

Stay to the right!

KOGARD begins to walk right, down the tunnel. He walks for several minutes and comes upon a rusty DOOR. The DOOR is inscribed with the SYMBOL of a PYRAMID whose APEX meets a great SPHERE. Below this SYMBOL lies the withered word:

SYSTEMS

KOGARD tries the doorknob and finds that it is unlocked. He enters.

INT. - SYSTEMS DEPARTMENT OUTPOST NUMBER 011333 - KOGARD enters a stark white ROOM with a stark white DESK at which sits a MAN in a stark white SUIT. Above the MAN on the wall behind him is written the phrase:

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF SYSTEMS

OUTPOST NO. 011333

The MAN at the desk, presumably a CLERIC, is absorbed in some REPORT resting before him.

KOGARD

Excuse me, Sir...

[The CLERIC does not respond.]

Sir...!

[The CLERIC does not respond.]

Sir!

CLERIC

[Lifting his spectacled head up slowly]
What, boy?

KOGARD

Um, hello. This is a bit strange, but, well, my name is Walter Kogard, and I was referred here by way of a Deli by a Clerk in a Library. I come for Bread. I seek thy Pyramids. I'm writing a Syllabus and I seek thy Pyramids for Symbols. Someone told me that Symbols lie in somewhere in Systems. If I can reach thy Pyramids I can find the Symbols needed for my Syllabus, so I need thy Pyramids for answers.

CLERIC

[At length] But thy Pyramids have fallen. Tunnels have born through them.

KOGARD

We are fallen. Tunnels are born through here.

CLERIC

If it's Systems that you seek then you must know, there is no end. You will never reach thy Precipice. It lies forever just beyond you. If you were to reach the Intermediary Zone, you'd be born immediately back. The gravity of the centre is too great. The Precipice of DataHorse's Pyramid is too close to the sun. You will surely burn before you glimpse what you seek.

KOGARD

It's my Syllabus I seek. It lies in the deep. On the void. At the peak. And if it's the peak I must reach to peek the Pyramids I seek, then that must be my destination, not the Systems.

CLERIC

Systems is the Pyramids you seek. The DataHorse of the known Systems of information is the Peak. The Intermediary Zone at the centre of the Systems that separates the known from the eternally regenerating unknown is an illusion. It creates the illusion of enlightenment only after it has been achieved in the passing though of the Systems. You see, the hardest part about anything is getting there. Once you're there, you're no where. Now here. See.

KOGARD

I will go no where then. If no where's where thy Pyramids do point. Tell me, which is the right way?

CLERIC

Why, naturally, that which is not the left way.

KOGARD walks down the right hallway, exiting the ROOM.

INT. - DATAHORSE: SYSTEMS DEP'T SERVERS' INTER-NETWORK - KOGARD walks down a long white HALL for several minutes until he comes upon a WALL at which the HALL forks LEFT and RIGHT. At the CENTRE of the CROSSROADS directly before the HALL and KOGARD sits a SYSTEMS INTERMEDIARY CLERK absorbed in some papers on his desk. KOGARD approaches the CLERK and speaks.

KOGARD

I'm guessing it will take three tries before I successfully engage you in a conversation.

CLERK

[Looking up] That would be the case, if we were in a flawed System.

KOGARD

Then I must never have known perfection.

CLERK

Necessarily. If you had then you'd have been here. Well, not here, per se, but

at the centre of here. At the Centre of the Systems.

KOGARD

Is that where we are now?

CLERK

Why, no, dear boy. We are not at the Centre. Nothing is. We are at the beginning of the known Systems. I am a Systems Intermediary. There are outposts like mine throughout the DataHorse.

KOGARD

So we're in the DataHorse now?

CLERK

In the network of its Servers. Its Servers line the entirety of these walls. All the way unto the Intermediary Zone.

KOGARD

Yes! The InterZone! That's my destination.

CLERK

[After studying KOGARD intently for several seconds] Why? What do you seek there? There is nothing there of use to you. You would not be able to translate the tongues, and the safes there have no decipherable code unless you were to pass through the Systems themselves. There is only so far you can get through these halls. You see, the Servers will not give you any answers in this form. Thus passing through the submerged Systems in search of the true Systems of Knowledge is fundamentally flawed. You will never reach thy Precipice. Thy Pyramids have fallen. What you seek lies in the sky, you cannot grasp it. You would need to decompress, become ethereal, and enter Systems' signals, but then you would not *be* to seek thy peak.

KOGARD

I was told that the InterZone points toward the O Zone. The Void around which aethers fog.

CLERK

It's true, but rather that the Void you seek is not physical, but beyond the physic. You can't access it.

KOGARD

That is why I seek the Intermediary Zone. Where the unknown is siphoned into information, and inertia is channeled into energy. Where the truth yet unattained will be revealed for the first time. There—there is where my Syllabus lies. There I will achieve a new Understanding to bring back to the Humanities.

CLERK

And yet you fail to see. The InterZone you seek is as ethereal as the Void. You can traverse the DataHorse and pass through all our Systems' knowledge. You can reach the base of the Intermediary Pyramid and look unto its peak. You can scale the walls until you reach thy precipice. And you can behold the source of all our wonders. Look upon the one true womb, the slot from which the Void sends its Signals, and you can glimpse the Symbols born from there, and not understand. Not understand at all. Because the InterZone is a translation of meaningless, randomly generated code spilling eternally from a primordial function running itself out inside of a server located deep, deep, deep inside the Center of the Systems. The Department of Systems does not know where it is, exactly, or how to access it or how it works. Only the descended coders of the DataHorse know. What we do is catalogue the information constantly spewing into our reality from the deep blank chaos around us. Yes, Systems is real. It is made of Servers,

surely, where information is stored. But it is halls and tunnels. Yes, the InterZone is real; it does print the Symbols generated by the Void's signals. And yes the Void is in a Server, but it's just that. In a Server. Symbols only represent the ideal within the real. The id informing egos. You seek a Syllabus of Symbols you will not understand. What will you make of the Void's randomly generated non-referential codification sequences? You cannot decipher something which has no reference, except within a comprehensive System of it's own eternal generation. But you, boy, cannot comprehend the meaning. You, so limited in your apprehension of Systems Networks, cannot possibly contextualize brief sections of infinity. You see, you cannot write into a void in space. And you cannot rear an empire among the languageless. Old man, you will not enter the Department of Systems. You will never know the information generated by the infinite. You may look upon reflections and see great refractions of light, but you may never look upon the sun. Content yourself with your locality, Walter Kogard, for you are a character, a Symbol, a word spit from a slit in space. And so long as you exist you will not know the intonation of your pronunciation or the Systems governing your sentence, sentience, or syntax. Old man, thy Pyramids have fallen. You will never reach thy Precipice in the sky. You will go down through waters into the Deep. You will never hear aloud the voice of the void.

INT. - DATAHORSE: SYSTEMS DEP'T SERVERS' INTER-NETWORK - Further within the labyrinthine SYSTEMS of Servers, KOGARD walks hurriedly down the long white HALLS turning at the LEFTS and RIGHTS of CROSSROADS.

KOGARD (V.O.)

O Time thy Pyramids where art thou?
Reveal the Syllabus I seek. I've
traversed city corridors and monoliths
of antiquated tomes-of catacombs and
dusty halls, beheld sea nymphs ring thy
knell, smelled pungent odors in baroque

quarters, and have breathed in noxious gases. I have ventured down the Avenue in search of bread. I have descended into burrows, passed throughout their halls, and sunk the earthen floors of cellars with the treading of my soles. I have passed through tunnels like a cell in the blood of the veins. I have passed through yonic doorways into truer wombs than I have known. But I will not be satisfied with shallow water. I've heard that thy precipice broods on deep. I will seek further through thy hollows 'neath the cellar floors of earth. O hollowed Pyramids, thy peak, submerged deep beneath the street. Thy Systems will not keep my waves at bay.

KOGARD sojourns through DATAHOSE the SYSTEMS DEPARTMENT SERVERS' INTER-NETWORK. The DATAHORSE SYSTEMS TUNNELS are compressed in coils of mazes which lead to other coils of mazes descending from the SUBWAY LINES, all of which conform into a great TANGLED BALL, or SPHERE of STRANGE LOOPING TUNNELS whose circumference is equal to that of the entire CITY. Because this SPHERE is composed of a single continuous TUNNEL coiling upon itself to fill its three-dimensional FORM, we are to understand that in order to get to the CENTRE of this SYSTEM of TUNNELS at which lies the INTERZONE, WALTER KOGARD, a one-dimensional POINT, must traverse the AREA of this three-dimensional SPHERE by way of a two-dimensional LINE looped densely and seemingly infinitely against itself to create a SYSTEM of regressively diminishing SPHERICAL PLANES superimposed and compressed within one another to create a solid until a dense, dense CENTRE is achieved. In its entirety, this MODEL resembles a brain submerged beneath, yet connected via tunnel networks to, the BIG CITY.

INT. - INTERMEDIARY ZONE - KOGARD, exhausted from his eternal journey through the entirety of the SPHERE of SYSTEMS, comes into a spherical stark white ROOM, the arched ENTRANCE of which bears the words:

EVENT HORIZON
All Hope Abandon, Ye Who Enter Here

He walks through this archway upon a walkway that extends from a segment along the circumference of the ROOM and along the radius of the spherical space unto its CENTRE, at which point the the walkway ends with a monolithic black PYRAMID. Geometrically, the walkway and the pyramid itself lie below the equator of the SPHERE; thus the APEX of the PYRAMID points exactly to, or intersects, the CENTRE POINT of the SPHERICAL ROOM, thereby denoting the CENTRE POINT of the SYSTEMS. At the top of this PYRAMID lies a rotating DUPLEX PRINTER one may find in an office. One base side of the PYRAMID meets the length of the walkway flush and equally; the other three sides of the PYRAMID slope down to a base which hovers over the drop into the unlit bottom of the ROOM. KOGARD walks toward the base of the PYRAMID.

KOGARD

O Time for Pyramids I weep.
Reveal my true-sought Syllabus.

The PRINTER at the PEAK of the PYRAMID prints a PAGE as it rotates on the CENTRE POINT of the SPHERICAL ROOM. The PAGE slides down a side of the PYRAMID into the VOID of the ROOM. The PRINTER rotates, and another PAGE is printed which also slides down the SLOPE into the DARKNESS. The third PAGE is then printed, which slides down the front-facing SLOPE of the PYRAMID toward KOGARD. KOGARD meets the base of PYRAMIDS and begins his ascension unto its PEAK, from which the PAGE slides down the SLOPE. He struggles to summit the steep SLOPE of PYRAMIDS as the PAGE flutters toward him, and he reaches out his arm toward it, and he is exhilarated at the prospect of obtaining his Syllabus, but he senses something strange. He begins to slide backward down the SLOPE. He looks back to see how far he is from the walkway and the EXIT from which he once ENTERED, but sees no walkway or archway. He beholds himself in an unlit BLACKROOM at whose CENTRE hovers the PYRAMID on no ground; thus at the base lies no path to the edge of the SPHERE from which he ENTERED, and below him lies nothing. If he were to fall off the SLOPE, he realizes, he would fall into the VOID of the SPHERICAL ROOM of the INTERMEDIARY ZONE at the CENTRE of SYSTEMS. KOGARD struggles harder now to summit PYRAMIDS, and as he nears its PEAK his is borne infinitely back, such that the PEAK rests eternally before him, and his Syllabus will continue to flutter down the same length of the SLOPE forever, his outstretched arm eternally out of reach. He feels himself slipping backward toward the BASE of PYRAMIDS, but he does not slip off the SLOPE into the VOID. He lunges further, intent on evading whatever may occur if he were to slip off; gravity appears designed to thwart his efforts, bearing him back from his goal just unto the point he would EXIT the SLOPE SYSTEM, yet at the same time his outstretched arm is drawn closer toward the PEAK as it recedes ever before him, being elongated, so that he is forever balanced between the widest BASE and the densest SINGULARITY, and his body stretches across the plane and, at length, he decompresses entirely.

THE VOID

Walter Kogard, you are descended. Never will you reemerge from this the deepest depth of our Systems.

Congratulations.

You have seen the Syllabus of the Singular meaning of Ubiquitous and Lasting Systems. How you have reached our precipice I do not know. But never will the surface see the meaning of your seeking. Our depth's density is much too great for it. Because you have compressed unto us, you belong to Systems now, and you are soon to be

singular, too. The Syllabus you sought,
you are. Let your students seek you,
now. Come, my son. You are collapsed.

KOGARD

O Time thy Pyramids.

FADE TO BLACK.

How easy it is to enter; how difficult
to remain. You insert yourself into an
O thing. You insert your meaning into
the void. You fertilize your seed in
the belly and soon it splits: the first
born bursts forth in the birthfroth,
bubbling. And with that descendant you
will fill the hole you were. Penetrate
an O thing. Fuck life.

INT. - BLACKROOM - XX and XY embrace each other with great vigor.
There is a flurry of impressions, touches, glimpses of reality, and
clothes dropped in the foyer like pornstars to their knees.

They are upon the wall like a mess of vines, clambering up the
stairs, rolling down the hallway to her room. He kisses every spot
of her that he exposes to the bare air.

They are upon the bed, naked and appalled. They complement and
contradict each other. She lays upon disheveled sheets like a Flying
V.

Play me, play me. Pluck me, strum me.
Make me produce beautiful music. A wah.
A clang. Arpeggiate me...

XY bites XX's inner thigh, sliding his fingers along the part between
her pussy lips, rubbing deeper, deeper, sliding his free thumb into
her mouth. She responds without performance, gasping with a smile,
shuddering like an old wooden house. He climbs up her torso, kissing
and licking her belly, breasts, and collarbones. She unclips his
pants and grabs his cock at the head, tugging gently. She pushes his
head down between her legs with a strength he didn't know she had.
Tongue running up and down the valley, splashing into the stream,
lapping up her water like a lab. She scratches his massive back with
all ten nails, a prisoner marking out days left in the holding cell.
He climbs back up her body like the rope in the boys' gymnasium,
nibbling at her cheek and ear while his cock teases the outside of
her pussy, dampens, and finally sinks.

XY thrusts, stirs, thrusts, sinks deeper, deeper, drowning, hitting
the seafloor, slowly dying, and lays his lips on her's like pillows.
Tongues engaged in tag on the palate, like children, laughing at the
uvula. They pulsate in unison, flesh melting, breathing. Together.

Fetal. They're dying as one another, begot as one.

INT. - BLACKROOM - NEXT MORNING - XX awakens nude in a bed half-empty. She masks her morning breath with cigarette smoke. Half-way through she sets the cigarette down and lets the embers burn away in the ashtray. She curls into a fetal position, stretches backward, like a dancer in two dimensions mirroring a crescent moon, contracts, straightens out on her back, swings her left leg over her right and pulls; she does the same with her right leg. [Continued yoga-dancing for undetermined timeperiod continues over unattributed dialogue; at length the dancing begins to resemble a labor and a newborn emerging]

Rain drops roll down the window pane, collecting all the other droplets, swelling larger and larger, gaining more and more momentum, until they finally reach the wooden seal and level out.

I have wrung the blood from our stripes
and the tears from our stars
our powerful father has begotten and
forgotten us
& we had a mother who walked like jesus
with swollen feet
across the water
with a race inside of her
wood womb's roots run across to her
broke home
while we are born from the sea

with a brief reprieve in the islands
south
of our shallow foster home-to-be we sank
northward into the Deep

where cane stalks balked at us along the
gravel way
and our feet, iron-clad & chained
bled onto the small sharp rocks
& our fingers were soon to shed
crimson pearls into a soft whiteness of
ungiveable forgiveness

when pigs are given dominion over pearls
and what is holy has gone down to
dogs
& the headless carcasses of the
philistines have been devoured by
the foul and the beasts
i will think of your noosed neck
swinging in the yard
i will think of your cracked hands
bleeding finely in the white sea
i will think of your strong arms, blood
pooled blue at the fingertips,
hanging at your side

i will think of your black hands mulling
in the rich earth

the branches swing low and pendulous
(the sea swallows, bubbling) upon a
furrowed brow
how heavy the fruit blossoms
and in the belly festers
a hung girl ...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. - BLACKROOM - IN DARKNESS

SYMBOL of CODA on the BLACK CANVAS for subsequent duration.

sojourn into madness with me,
my friends,
whose gaze affirms my word
soak in the brine of my preservation
the text may spark thy tongue when heard
i have dissented from the herd

the bottom of the sea has come
& builded in my noiseless room
the fishes & the mermaids' tomb
the bottom of my sea, the room ...

O sing O muse-& cognate
with mind and all acts pertaining
O brood O muse upon my mighty subject
like a holy hen upon the nest of
night
O ponder the fascism of the heart

O Time,
thy Pyramids
Look upon Me;
I will show you:
peer
eye
mind

HOUSE LIGHTS UP.

FIN.