

EVER AFTER

an original screenplay by

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finished by 20th December, 2011 AD

Overconfident in the benefit of money can yield,
one man's comfort of wealth is shattered,
and view turned around,
by an unearthly ordeal.

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EXT. CITY - DAY

Small town, seen from far above, mirror-windowed SKYSCRAPERS outstand everything all around the city. Next to it are single row of houses, some greenery, clubs, pubs, fun parks, and shops stand. Behind them just fog border divides the town from the rest of the empty unnoticed world. In one corner a wealthy MANSION pinches the eye.

EXT. MANSION YARD - DAY

MR. BB, clad in costly silk suit, boards his SHINY BIG VEHICLE. Pulls down the window. Slowly drives out of his house yard onto the road.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Once upon a time there lived a gentleman. He was known as gentleman not because of good manners, but because of a good money he kept. Seemingly he was not a miser as he spent lavishly, not charitably, on what he considered plausible.

EXT. MANSION YARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Joyful sober party, with around 200 people present, in progress. Live band is PERFORMING. People laugh, dance, sing, and drink a lot. MR. BB is evidently the worshipped persona of the event. Many of the present people congratulate MR. BB, which he obviously enjoys.

MR. BB, together with his wife, hangs with a group of friends. BB smokes big cigar. His wife sips red wine. A BOY, dresses in cowboys suit, runs to BB's WIFE.

BOY

Mammy, daddy! I am the boss of the Hole in the Wall gang. Those are the red-neck thieves. I am going to catch them.

BOY point to a group of children playing nearby. BB smiles. Mother treats the BOY

BB'S WIFE

Yes, good boy. Play nicely!

BOY run away, as the frowned teen DAUGHTER approaches.

DAUGHTER

Dad, I want new horse.

MR. BB

But your last you have just for less than a month.

DAUGHTER

That one is ugly. I want different.

MR. BB

Alright. I will tell Ramul to take care of it.

DAUGHTER

Like when?

BB'S WIFE

Bety, don't be an insect.

MR. BB

That's ok. ... like tomorrow.

Daughter walks away overjoyed.

BB'S WIFE

You know, we should not spoil her that much.

MR. BB

That's not spoiling. It is little allowance only.

Chops are grilled. Huge barbecues toasts poultry, pork ribs, decapitated fishes, chicken wings.

INT. SHINY BIG VEHICLE - DAY - PRESENT

MR. BB (V.O.)

That was hell of a happening.

MR. BB smiles pleased on the thoughts. His SECRETARY sits cross-opposite. Holds briefcase on his lap.

MR. BB (CONT'D)

(to his SECRETARY)

Let us not be sentimental. We have tasks to accomplish.

SECRETARY pulls out papers and pen from the briefcase.

MR. BB'S SECRETARY

Today the first objective would be to meet our customers from

France.

MR. BB responds to SECRETARY'S points, one by one, while driving to the office.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

SHINY BIG VEHICLE continues on its way to the SKYSCRAPER, only a few minutes walk of MR. BB'S MANSION.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

He was the one of the most wealthy, successful, and happy people, in what was considered the whole world. His riches were unimaginable by most of the people.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Several reporters against MR. BB who sits at his desk. His company logo distinctly poses above his head. The logo portrays his initials, and "M&M" below those. Few members of his staff cluster nearby.

REPORTER 1

MR. BB can you tell us how precisely is big your wealth?

MR. BB

Numbers cant tell you that. I will describe that in another way. If I live to squander it, It will take me one hundred lifetimes. If I live modestly, it will last even more.

Reporters LAUGH.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER - PRESENT

Mr. BB's vehicle nears the SKYSCRAPER.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Nobody knew the secret of his success. Yet the secret was open.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

REPORTER 2

MR. BB, we know the meaning of your initials, but can you disclose to us the meaning of M&M

in your company logo?

MR. BB

It stands for Me and Mine.

The reporters LAUGH. They think it appropriate. MR. BB, and his staff, show no sign of humor, as that is actually their life style.

INT. SHINY BIG VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER - PRESENT

Car comes to a hold. MR. BB step out of the car, after the driver opens the door for him.

MR. BB stops for a short while. He watches his magnificent SKYSCRAPER, heart of his company. He especially focuses on the logo atop the building, symbolizing all his success - BB / M&M.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Money were his true and only love. He saw his company as heart, pumping the money through the veins of society, giving it life and nourishment. He never ceased to worship the money. It was his baby, his addiction. It was his, and it was him. He was ready to sacrifice life for money, and he will do. He had no match in amount of money. Still he worked to get them a lot more. I have to say, he was greedy.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

MR. BB sits at the forefront of the long table. Department heads sit on left and right wings of it. MR. BB points to charts on big screen.

MR. BB

This product we purchase in China, and then we sell it in Europe for this price. Do the math! Rest is clear.

DEPARTMENT HEAD 1

The workers in china ask for rise under the threat of protest.

MR. BB

Fire them! Take in new batch.

DEPARTMENT HEAD 1

Shouldn't we consider the
families of ...

MR. BB stands up, walks out the BOARDROOM without moving
a brow.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ENTRANCE - DAY

Big number of employees rush in and out of the building.

INT. SKYSCRAPER OFFICES - DAY

Employees are busy typing to keyboards, making phone-
calls, signing contracts. Office cleaners skillfully
clean the corridors. All seems like the diligent ant-
hill organization.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

So he was doing well, despite
such black markings of his
actions that actually did not
stain his name. How is that?
The all-around society was not
less greedy than him, compromised
by same kinds of human
shortcomings. It was the society
of money-making ethics, marching
aided by the morals of duplicity,
and dressed in merry-hood. It
made sense to all of them. For
them it was heaven on Earth.

EXT. HOUSE GARDEN - DAY

Three-generation family, their invited neighbors, and near
and dear friends and family enjoy barbecue party.
Children joyfully play in the garden, chase dog around.
Several adults sports within the swimming pool. Few men
gather in front yard admiring friend's new car.

MAN 1

What a cool car you have got.

MAN 2

Believe that. It has all the
luxury we ever dreamt off. It's
all thanks to the company I work
for. You know, money is the
honey.

MAN 3

I agree on that. For money I
would do anything, of coarse
except cleaning job, army,

delivery, and other physically
demanding stuff.

That makes all of them LAUGH.

MAN 4

Better stick to what you do now!

MAN 3

Right. With my ninety thousands
a year I don't complain.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Yes. Money was all there it was.
Though everyone knew they were
only pieces of paper with
pictures and numbers printed on
them, they were aware of their
occult power imbued within. Some
kind of power the magic ring
have.

EXT. NEW HOUSE - DAY

A couple takes delight of a new house.

WOMAN

Thank you honey. This is
beautiful house you bought for
us.

Woman embraces, kisses her husband.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

In this story, However, we are in
no way going to judge MR. BB's
or, for that matter, anyone
else's intentions. Because they
say: "Money comes to those, who
deserve it." Whether it is
blessing or curse, that's another
topic.

The couple noters inside the house.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Let us stick with the picture
them working hard and enjoying
the results of their work, of
which money is a symbol.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

A sizable YACHT sails an open sea.

MR. BB stands in the forefront, holding the rudder, takes pleasure of the view. Ship captain stands next to him.

MR. BB
JOHNNY! Take care.

JOHNNY
Yes master.

Ship captain grabs the rudder.

INT. YACHT, NAVIGATION CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

MR. BB enters the navigation cabin.

MR. BB
Boys, how is it going?

CREW MEMBER 1
Everything is peachy sir, not a speck of cloud.

MR. BB
Don't let us into some sea monster's gaping mouth.

Crew members LAUGH.

CREW MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
No way sir. We shall take care
or as the ye old seawolf sing WE
SHALL OVERCOME, WE SHALL
OVERCOME, WE SHALL OVERCOME SOME
DAY. DEEP INMY HEART, I DO
BELIEVE, WE SHALL ...

EXT. YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

MR. BB leaves the crew, approaches middle deck. Plenty of people sit around swimming pool. Some snack, some drink, some frolic in the pool.

BEN rises the glass with champagne, turns toward MR. BB.

BEN
Hey B, where have you been? Come here!

MR. BB gets near.

MR. BB
What are you guys laundering here?

BEN

Take this one.

BEN hands MR. BB glassful to drink. MR. BB relishes the sip from the glass.

MR. BB

This one's good. Who has brought it?

PETE

It's from your stock.

BEN

How otherwise. You have always the best of the best. You are always the best of the best.

PETE

We only take advantage of that.

All burst in LAUGH.

MR. BB

You all are rascals.

They LAUGH more.

STEWARD

Ladies and gentlemen, the dinner is served. Please come to mess-room.

INT. MESS-ROOM - DAY

All the yachties are served diverse dishes, a meal worth of a king - varieties of sea fish, shrimps, oysters, anchovy, sardine, tuna, with plenty of vegetables as side-dish.

CHEF

Today Caribbean cuisine is experienced. Have a pleasant meal. Bon Appetite!

All of them dive into the meal like starving seagulls. MR. BB gourmandly smacks after each bite he nips.

PETE

The sea is uniquely calm. It's like a mirror.

MR. BB and his friends look through side windows of MESS-ROOM into the open sea.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

And they lived happily ever after. Isn't it how all the stories end or rather all would like to end? However, they don't show the real end, therefore they can keep the audience in "ever after" illusion. If it would be "ever" then it's not the end. The question remains what is "after", and what is "happily". So the end is often unspoken, but always obvious. Here it comes. Though, don't be dejected, because there is after. Those who step over the end, have a chance to taste happiness ever after or at least bit of it.

EXT. YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

A good piece of fog oozes from sea's surface, rapidly approaching the YACHT.

INT. YACHT, NAVIGATION CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

SHIP CAPTAIN

What is that?

CREW MEMBER 2

Passage is clear. Radar shows nothing.

SHIP CAPTAIN

Slow down!

CREW MEMBER 1

Too late!

A huge OCEANIC VESSEL with great speed cuts through the fog. Its horn BLOWS ALARMINGLY. It trashes the YACHT in an instant.

INT. MESS-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

People happily keep on eating their meals. Enormous impact shakes them of their chairs. A monstrous steel ship's hull cuts through the MESS-ROOM. In a second all the people find themselves in the ocean. Some still hold knife and fork in their hand, and some still have a morsels in their mouths. All are helplessly tossed around by the whirling water. In many places water takes on red color due to injures. Men and women are dragged by under-currents to be drown, very soon. Few lucky have

got hold of floating pieces of wooden furnitures or actual life belts.

EXT. OCEANIC VESSEL - LATER

The ship has stopped. In all around waters is the debris of the YACHT then.

Dead bodies are aligned on a spacious deck. Some more are yet having been pulled out of the waters. Several rescued, and lucky persons, are standing around the corpses. One of the dead is MR. BB. They are being taken care of by ship's medics. SHOCK! DESPAIR! CRIES!

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Not a pleasant death. Well,
which one is?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Pedestrian is being run over by car on zebra crossing. People gather around. Ambulance arrives very quickly. Then funeral car arrives some time later. Blackcoats load the corpse into the car.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Surgical operation is in progress. Half of a dozen physicians participate. Heart scanner BEEPS very slowly, and dim.

HEAD SURGEON.

This is his last chance. We have
to cut off here. Get ready!
Ann! Scalpel!

ANN

Here.

HEAD SURGEON is cutting a tumor off the patient's brain. Blood oozes profusely.

HEAD SURGEON.

Inject double dose! Hurry!

An assistant injects stuff into the tube connected to patients body through an apparatus.

HEAD SURGEON. (CONT'D)

Everybody calm!

Heart scanner speeds up, BEEPS more distinctly. Rhythm build up ... , to constant beep.

SECOND SURGEON
Terminus Exitus.

HEAD SURGEON leaves unhappy.

INT. OLD-AGE HOUSE - DAY

Old man walks with the aid of a NURSE toward his room.

NURSE
MR. BROWN, are you all right?

MR. BROWN
How could I be?

NURSE
Don't make it difficult for me.
I have to do my job, then I go
out for shopping. MR. BROWN, do
you want one of the Magic Pills?

MR. BROWN
Uhm.

Nurse sits the old man on his bad. He lies down.

NURSE
MR. BROWN, do you need anything
else?

MR. BROWN
Give me the picture.

NURSE
You have to specify which one. I
am not mind reader. I won't give
you unless you tell me.

MR. BROWN
(under breath)
Shrew!

NURSE
Did you say something?

MR. BROWN
No.

Old man looks away.

NURSE leaves.

With much struggle old man pulls himself out of the bed.
Walk toward table. Picks the only picture there, the

picture of his dear wife. Lies back to his bed. Stares intensely on his wife. MURMURS to her few sentences. Breaths shallowly, without much strength left in him. Stops breathing. Picture slips out of his furrowy hand, breaks to pieces against the floor.

NURSE returns with a plate of pills and glass of water. Catches the old man's absent look, and broken pieces of picture on the floor. She puts the tray on the table. Touches old man's wrist, to measure his pulse.

NURSE

Dead. Less trouble for me.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Choose any kind of death, and you find it not a happy end. But let that not distract us. We have our ever-after thing to follow.

FADE TO BLACK

MR. BB (V.O.)

What happened? Where is my body?
Strange! It does not concern me anymore. But where am I?
Something is pulling me?

MR. BB hears movement, and steps.

WHISPERER (V.O.)

Peace, peace.

MR. BB

Who is there?!

CUSTODIAN 1

Shut up! Be peaceful!

A dot of light appears. It grows fast. It blinds MR. BB.

CUSTODIAN 2

We are almost there.

INT. WAITING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Dazzle-blindness slowly dissipates. MR. BB enters in a waiting hall full of people sitting on the benches. Two rough devilish custodians, with copperish hairs standing on end, leads him to a place to sit his queue. He looks around, notices faces of his dear friends, sitting not far, with which he was just on the YACHT. Tries to approach them, but can not move at all. He sees no ropes

or shackles around his hands and legs. Tries to move again, but to no avail.

Now he tries to cry to his friends to get their attention, but no sound comes out of his throat. BEN spots MR. BB. He tries to shout too, but MR. BB can't hear him. MR. BB tries to shout again. Not a sound.

CUSTODIAN 1 turns to Mr. BB.

CUSTODIAN 1

You will have enough
opportunities to shout and cry.
Now wait your turn.

BEN is taken by his custodians to the exit door.

Soon thereafter MR. BB is taken to the exit door too.

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

COURT ROOM seats are occupied with devil-like creatures, similar to MR. BB's custodians. MR BB's eyes reflect growing horror.

Hoverer, at the front of COURT ROOM the JUDGE looks humanlike. In fact, quite noble human, the JUDGE is. He sits on an elevated decorated throne, holds to his iron staff . By his sides sit two large insatiable dogs with four eyes, wide nostrils.

CUSTODIAN 2

Stand here!

MR. BB

(seriously to
CUSTODIAN 2)

Is this the Last Judgment Day,
they always talk about?

CUSTODIAN 2

Not last, not first.

The JUDGE few times knocks with his iron rod to the floor.

JUDGE

Quiet please!

The JUDGE turns to his secretary SCRIBE.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Read the record.

SCRIBE opens a massive, thick register.

SCRIBE

This is soul trial of MR. BB, as known in his last human existence, of his record numbered 156,954,823.

MR. BB tries to burst into laugh, though again no sound is coming out of his lungs. Hi tries to say a word, but no sound goes out. In instance he changes to serious mood.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

You are not allowed to speak now. You will have the chance after finishing the hearing.

SCRIBE

The record of good and bad deeds starts of the age five, since when MR. BB was very obedient to his father, loved her mother, and served them both very faithfully for their whole earthly life.

The JUDGE seems pleased by that.

SCRIBE (CONT'D)

Soon after he developed a bad habit of torturing, and murdering innocent creatures like ants, mice, cats, flies, hamsters, and many more, all totally killed two hundred forty three, and injured sixty five thousand and six hundred ninety one poor souls. One third of that was unintentionally, but unrectified, except in 125 cases. This was all up to his fifteenth year. More animal atrocities come into account later.

The JUDGE's mood dwindles a bit. MR. BB's memory window miraculously opens to see all that he shut down in the past, suppressed to the bottom of his conscience, covered by heaps of newer and newer impressions. He can vividly perceive all that is being spoken to.

SCRIBE (CONT'D)

At the age of seven, and two months, and fourteen days he received a puppy as a present

from his grand mother. He took care of him very nicely, but soon after with no apparent reason he ...

The hearing continues. The JUDGE becomes more and more disappointed. The fear grows visibly on MR. BB's face.

SCRIBE (CONT'D)

At the age of sixteen years, five months, and twenty one days he realized his planned scheme for money fraud of school club savings. He furthermore developed undue attachment to his belongings just to show off, which more and more fueled his envy even toward his friends.

Now the JUDGE was very disappointed, and started to show his anger. Actually his form was gradually changing from that gentlemanly look toward a furious one, and simultaneously his stature enlarged. Snakes and scorpions comes out of his hairs. The present devilish audience's excitement, however, grew with each sin spoken, as if that was the part of the show.

SCRIBE (CONT'D)

... very soon after marriage, due to uncontrolled urge, he made a point to visit his secret love, who was actually married to another man. They were secretly meeting only for the purpose unnecessary bodily excitement, which made his lawful wife very sad, and therefore suffering. Due to his ignorance he disregarded that.

DEVILISH AUDIENCE

Yes. Give us some more.

JUDGE's dogs BARK horribly.

The JUDGE at this point became very angry, knocking rhythmically with his iron stuff on the ground, expressing thus his growing wrath. His form grew even more. MR. BB was fearful and amazedly surprised at the same time. His custodians, standing at his sides, were serious, though grinning.

SCRIBE

... the appropriating of others

money became his legitimate form of business. He cheated others, lied, swindled in the name of trade and commerce, and charity, almsgiving, and church-work.

Reading of the record continues for many many hours. The JUDGE is outraged to a peak.

JUDGE

I will smite ...

SCRIBE

Wait sir, we are hardly half the way. Kindly temper your anger.

A devilish servant serves drink refreshment for JUDGE and other members of court members. The JUDGE calms, sits back.

JUDGE

I am better now. Continue!

SCRIBE

Because he was preoccupied in above mentioned manners, he made it a point regularly not to follow the basic principles of cleanliness, good behavior, and regulated life. As hinted at the first part, he increasingly continued to take part in slaying myriads of virtually any kind of animals simply for the satisfaction of the tongue, and the belly, which he pretended to feel like delicacies.

Many many many more hours of continuous record presentation ensued, which just overly increased the anger on the part of the JUDGE, and sport-like excitement on the side of devilish audience.

SCRIBE (CONT'D)

Taken altogether, all his unholy deeds have it roots in being puffed about his own education, achievements, success, and good deal of identification with the body, and everything connected to it. Therefore the unfavorable power of greed, anger, excessiveness, self-intoxication, complete illusion of reality, and

envy towards others had its go. Hand in hand with that followed other unpleasant "family members" such as ungratefulness, rudeness, miserliness, blind attachment, possessiveness, unsatiated desire for control and ruling, pride, harshness, hypocrisy, quarreling. Ignorance of the God itself tops it all. This is the end of the record-reading of MR. BB's last life activities. Let the lord be kind to him.

Silence prevails.

SCRIBE (CONT'D)

(to MR. BB)

What you have done, you must experience by yourself. Now see what you have gained. Where is your wife, house, and family for whose sake you committed these sins? Now, you are here, left alone.

The JUDGE stares at the culprit, poking him with his fiery red-hot gazing eyes. His gentlemanly appearance is long gone. Now his features verily frightens the down-the-line rest of the devils present.

JUDGE

Do you you have anything to say for your defense? Speak now! The verdict will follow.

MR. BB

All this setup here make good impression, and for most of it all, does the record. I mean, somehow or other, you have collected all that what I did, and what I forgot long ago.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

Speak to the point, otherwise you will be silenced.

MR. BB

Yes. Dear sirs I am born rational person. This does not make any sense for me. Is there some kind of intellectual

explanation. I was never into afterlife, reincarnation, and karma things. I mean, I want my lawyer, and I want to make few phone calls to rectify it all.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

You lawyer has not passed to the shadow world. Even if he is right here, he would be of no assistance to you.

DEVILISH AUDIENCE

Meaning, he would be judged right with you. LAUGH!

JUDGE

You want to make a sense of it? You will, believe me, as you serve your sentence. You want to back it up with your very limited intellectual and rational power. This could be just one more burden to your already heavily overburdened charges. You consider this some kind of folk religious belief show, only because it does not fit your mini-mind framework? Well, this what our correctional facility, said in your terminology, is meant for, to give you plenty of opportunities, for a long time, to reconsider your views.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

Let everybody present hear the verdict of this poor soul.

JUDGE

Your sentence will commence right after leaving court room. Thus, you are liable to the following punishments. Your journey begins in a place cold, dark and damp where you will be served no food and drink, constantly fainting because of fatigue. You will be on the verge of death, but will not be able to die. Nobody will have any mercy on you.

Face of MR. BB is fading to paleness.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

From there you will continue to even darker and damper place. While going there you will be tormented by warders till you lose you mind, and becomes blind.

MR. BB hits the floor like tree chopped at its roots.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

This is only beginning. Treat him.

Devil servant throws a jug of water over his face. Custodians stand him up.

JUDGE

MR. BB, where is you toughness now? You were posing all you life so sovereignly.

The JUDGE continues with the verdict.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Where was I? Yes. Spending considerable time in the chilly cold, dark and dump dungeons ...

INT. DUNGEON OF DARKNESS - LATER

MR. BB lays on the cold, stone floor of gloomy dungeon. There is dozen more of prisoner in the same cell. Every too often newcomer is thrown in, while beaten, and somebody is dragged out, while profusely beaten. BB totters and clacks his teeth out of severe cold. Snow blows in through the grilled window, making a drift inside. BB GROANS, because he was not given food and water for several days.

MR. BB

(whispers)

Water, please.

OLD LAG

Shut up! You are getting none.

WARDEN OF DARKNESS drinks with his folks at the table, moves torch toward the dark spot from where the sound is coming.

WARDEN OF DARKNESS

Stop groaning! We want to have some peaceful time on our shift here.

MR. BB

(whispers)

Please give me some food and water.

WARDEN OF DARKNESS

Grrr! Take him out. We shall teach him some good manners.

Beefy wardens rush in the cell, take hold of MR. BB by his shoulder, take him out to one exclusive chamber.

PUNCHING, KICKING, AND CRYING ensues.

WARDEN OF DARKNESS (CONT'D)

How do you like it now? You should have been quiet.

More beating continues.

INT. DUNGEON OF DARKNESS - LATER

Warden pull in the bloody unconscious body of MR. BB.

INT. DUNGEON DEEP - LATER

Wardens drag the chained skinny MR. BB. down-deep the stony dark stair-way. He shivers due to cold wind blowing. His clothes are pieces of threats only. He has grown beard, and disheveled hairs, unkempt toe and finger nails.

They descend deeper, and deeper, until they come to a dark earth pit-hole.

WARDEN OF THE DEEP

This will be your new home for a good deal of time.

WARDEN OF THE DEEP throws emaciated body of MR. BB into the pit. WARDEN LAUGHS madly.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Remember? I have been telling you all the time. You never listened to me. Remember?

MR. BB visualizes quality times he used to have with his wife and kids. Tries to cry, though it is tearless cry. But this pleasant remembrance is interrupted by too many uneasy memory pictures of other women, he occasionally bumped into, and slept with. This makes him cry more.

His lips are all cracked, bloody. He smells something.

Soon he traces small dirty puddle of stinky water in one corner. Right away he drinks up all the small content of it. Lays on his back, enjoying that little happiness in the great pool of suffering.

EXT. PASSAGE OF UTMOST ENVY - LATER

Outside of the DUNGEON DEEP stands WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY. Holds a spiky club with its heavy end leaning on the ground. The exit door of the DUNGEON DEEP opens. WARDEN OF THE DEEP pushes out hair and beard overgrown BB, unchains him. WARDEN bestows a hard whip on BB's back, which he does not mind.

WARDEN OF THE DEEP

He is all yours.

WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY

Oh, thank you.

WARDEN OF THE DEEP

(to BB)

You passed the entrance to the Underverse. Your journey starts here. As you can see, you can make it even without water and food.

WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY

HA HA HA! Your jokes always crack me.

Both wardens wildly LAUGH.

WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY (CONT'D)

(to BB)

Hit the road!

WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY hit BB with the mace over his thighs.

WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY (CONT'D)

GO! I wait for you there on the other end of the path. You would do better if you hurry.

Both wardens LAUGH, and LAUGH, can not stop.

MR. BB looks at the stone road, but see no end of it. The darkness covers sidewalks. The sky is all black, no sign of Sun or Moon. He walks. The LAUGHING of wardens grows weak, which gives a space to the sounds of darkness, the sounds of WHISPERS and HISSING.

WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY (V.O.)

(CONT'D)

RUN! HA HA HA!

MR. BB speeds up. He hears STEPS from behind, starts to run. The same STEPS starts to run too. BB runs fastest he can. An animal, so to say, jumps out of the dark in front of BB. BB stops aghast. The STEPS from behind are no more. The beast has no fur or feathers, only bare dark skin. His foot end with pointed claws. It has no hands. Short neck is terminated with small head, and sharp curved beak.

MR. BB snaps out of the shock. Turns back running, but he sees no more any DUNGEON building from where he came on the road. Rather several similar beasts approaches from there. He remembers, he has to "get to the other side very quickly." He runs forward very fast. All the beasts from behind chase him. BB picks up a rock, hits the beast in the front. It SQUEAKS, staggers. BB outruns it.

Eventually the first animal gets him. It lodges its beak into BB's back. He CRIES in pain, but continue running. Other beasts run behind, and besides him as well. They look on him, try to peck him. Actually, most do hit him. BB often falls, which gives chances for the animals to attack with their cloves too. BB bleeds from his wounds, and his mouth. Yet he is always able to stand up, and never to die. He has deep wounds. One of the beasts hit his heart with the beak, but BB dies not. The animals chop of pieces of his flesh, and feast on it. He has to feel the pain, and that is all he can think of - the cruel pain of envy.

He continues running. He sees somebody riding a ferocious bull on the far end of the road, somebody with fiery red eyes, the same eyes he saw in the court, before he got here. The two dogs with four eyes accompany the JUDGE, they howl pitifully. Several JUDGE's associates stand around or ride demon-like horses, camels, dogs, and other animals of the nether. The attacks of the beasts desist.

WARDEN OF PASSAGE OF ENVY (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming. Your
passage was not that troublesome,
if you consider others'.

MR. BB all bloody, hardly walking, approaches JUDGE.
Kneels, crawls on the ground.

MR. BB

Please, have a mercy on me. It is horrible, so much pain.

JUDGE

Well, you should have thought about it before, while amongst humans. At that time, passionate about various enjoyments, you did not hesitate to inflict suffering to others, humans and animals alike.

MR. BB

Indeed. This taught me a good lesson. I caused much pain to others due to my envy. I deserved that payback.

BB notices that his bloody wounds heal instantly. The pain is dissipating. He SIGHS in relief.

JUDGE

Yet you have more to undergo.

JUDGE and his company leaves into the dark.

WARDEN OF BOILER

I believe you must be chilly to the bone. Now it's heat time.

WARDEN throws a noose around BB's neck, tightens it. Yanks it.

INT. BOILER - LATER

SCREAMS of anguish and pain fill the chamber. Stench punches BB's nose. The place resembles big-time cooking facility with large woks, except the utensils are all kinds of pokes, hooks, choppers, cutter, lances, and the meat is the poor people.

DOOR ATTENDANT

(to MR. BB)

This is our gourmet spa.

DOOR ATTENDANT guffaws.

WARDEN OF BOILER

He is little crazy. Though, you know what gourmet kitchen is, and what spa is. We combined both for the efficiency cause.

WARDEN and all the devils LAUGH to the full, sticking out their bellies.

WARDEN OF BOILER (CONT'D)

You get the idea, and perhaps the reason why you are here.

WARDEN OF BOILER (CONT'D)

This is our LE GOURMET CHEF. He will take care.

WARDEN hands the leash to the LE GOURMET CHEF. He is the hellish edition of earthly one, obese, with pinafore, and chef cap, all bloody and dirty. In pinafore pockets are several cut off fingers, and limbs.

CHEF pulls MR. BB. They pass through preparations sector. Several sinners are cut, chopped, with abdomen open, while still conscious, SCREAMING, and CRYING. The desks and floor is overflowing with blood.

CHEF looks into his "cook book".

LE GOURMET CHEF

I see, you must have not been that cruel, because you are not prescribed for this preparation procedure. We go directly for cooking.

Two devils grab MR. BB, throw him into nearby pot, with already couple of others inside.

MR. BB

Aaaaaaaaaaaaa! Uuuuuuuuaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

One of the devils grabs iron spatula. Pushes MR. BB under the boiling oil surface level. He does the same with others there.

The other devil throws in wood logs into fire under the pot.

INT. EATERY - MOMENTS LATER

Fatty WAITRESS walks the tables.

WAITRESS

Speciality of the chef is served.

PATRON

Yes, over here, double, with bloody twisters.

WAITRESS SLAMS two bowls, and two cups on the table.

FADE TO BLACK

MR. BB (V.O.)

I must have passed from that
intolerable pain.

Perceptions of bathing in the boiling oil flashes over
BB's mind.

MR. BB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Do they still cook? Where am I
now?

EXT. HEAT OF THE HEAT - MOMENT LATER

FADE IN

BB perceives a sunlight through his eyelids. Opens his eyes. Sunlight and heat hit him full blast. He quickly comes to his sense. Sits. He realizes burning of the very ground he is sitting on. Quickly springs up. He sees huge copper red hot plate as a ground platform, with plenty of blazing flames here and there. Multitude of people are running hither and thither because of the intolerable heat from the ground, sun, and flames around. Then they sit, lay, and stand again, in order to relieve themselves from that heat. MR. BB has to do the same, as his soles start to get blisters. He sits for short while, then he jumps up and run. Trying to find a cool, but there is no end to the burning copper ground. He runs fast, but then he has to lay on his back, then quickly turns to his belly, stands up again, and runs. This he is obliged to do for a long time.

Few minutes seems like many years, but he has to do it not for few minutes, few hours or days. In this way he is obliged for many years there. Here and there he meets the same people, kind of friends, and acquaintances, again and again, who are running there too, some for longer or shorter time than him. He chats with them, however, only for a very short period of time, until it becomes intolerably hot. They have to part scurrying.

He feel great joy when he finds an edge of the copper plate. Without hesitation he jumps out of the edge into unknown.

EXT. RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

MR. BB falls into a thick greyish river. Disgusting stench enters his nostrils. He sees himself, and many other fellow people, swimming in the river, not that of a

water. It is blood, pus, saliva, and stool he has to swim in. He vomits, and others do too. His mind presents to him previous sufferings in dungeon, beastly creatures, being cooked, and running on hot copper grounds as pleasurable. He tries to get off this situation by fast swim.

This disgusting river joins bigger river. BB notices how this big river has its surface shivering. Why is that?

MR. BB

What is it?

Soon he finds out. The river is full of worms, and people drifting. The worms, having blade-like mouths, chomp his flesh all over the body, and face as well. It feels like millions of razors cutting though the skin.

MR. BB out of anger, and insatiable hunger, begins massively gnaw the worms, puts handful of them into his mouth.

After a long period of worm tribulation relief comes, only a brief one. The worm river disgorge into an ocean of water. Water cures his bitten skin. BB loosens, feels a great bliss.

After a short while water becomes agitated all around. Several monster fishes, some with many eyes, some with sharp sticking teeth, some with claws as their fins, approaches fast. He begins to swim to nearby shore. Monsters attack violently. Bit pieces of flesh of his body. Their sole purpose is to harm MR. BB, and to get a piece of flesh to eat. They are more ferocious, more ravenous than any shark on Earth. BB has hard time to swim, even a bit nearer to the shore. Thus he has to undergo a prolonged period of terror from these sea freaks. Finally he is tossed on the shore by a wave. He passes out.

EXT. FOREST TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

MR. BB lies unconscious ashore. Heavy whip lands on his back.

WARDEN OF THE FOREST

Get up, you scoundrel. Time to move.

Warden's devil assistants give BB few kick to his loins. BB YELLS. WARDEN puts a chain around his neck to pull him along. BB stands up.

While walking, attendants beat him with their iron rods

over his legs, chest, and head or they pierce him with lances. On the sides of the path, all the way, the trees with long sharp thorns stand. Every few steps, devilish assistants throw BB on those thorn trees, or drag him by force through that thorny growth. WARDEN bestows multifarious lashes to MR. BB. MR. BB CRIES piteously all the way.

ASSISTANT

Keep your mouth shut! It makes us beat you more.

Assistants continue beating, whipping, piercing, trashing MR. BB.

MR. BB

What for? How long will this continue? What did I do to you?

Beating stops.

WARDEN OF THE FOREST

Look at me, since you ask. Do you recognize me?

BB looks intensely at WARDEN's rugged, smoked face, decorated with sturdy multitude of iron piercings.

MR. BB is shocked.

MR. BB

Father?

They exchange looks.

WARDEN OF THE FOREST

Why did you this to me?

MR. BB

I did not do anything wrong to you.

WARDEN OF THE FOREST

You think so. However, you have forgotten your duty to me. It is not enough to bring flowers to my graveyard. That is what got me into this position, and that's why I have to punish you. In fact all the attendants, wardens, tormenters, who are agonizing you all the way, are our past ancestors. You did not repay the debts to them. In the same way

you owe to your teachers, other living beings, mother nature, sages. Didn't I teach you better. Why you lived on account of others, not paying proper tribute? This is why you are like this now. We have to release our deep anger on you, and others, of course.

MR. BB

I am sorry. I am very sorry, father. If that helps somehow. I want to rectify it.

WARDEN (father) smiles at his son.

WARDEN OF THE FOREST

You will get a chance, again. Don't spoil it. I have to go. I am relieved now.

WARDEN and his assistants fleet away. BB continues to walk the path.

EXT. MOUNTAIN-FOOT - LATER

MR. BB sees a tall mountain, in front of him, reaching up to the sky.

Unit of sturdy attendants, having maces, lances, swords hurry toward BB.

WARDEN OF MOUNTAIN

Here you are. We have been awaiting you.

Attendants grab him very strongly. They put him in a queue of people leading, up somewhere to the top of the mountain. They lock his shackles to those of one standing before MR. BB.

EXT. MOUNTAIN-TOP - LATER

The people are violently driven to the edge of the mountain. Everyone of them CRY, and SCREAM until they are thrown into the abyss.

MR. BB is effortlessly thrown too. He falls through clouds, SCREAMING. Soon after he emerges in the bottom of the cloud. Open space spreads bellow him. Far down he sees a sea surface. That gives him kind of comfort.

As he nears the surface, he notices that waves are not

moving. That makes him perplexed. With great speed he smashes himself on rock ground, which perfectly looks like actual sea surface. His body breaks into many pieces, but he does not die. He is conscious of all the pain.

Unit of tiny goblins collect all spread out body parts. They dexterously assemble them to the proper shape of MR. BB, and stitch them together. Right after that BB is put up to walk up the steep mountain, again and again, unlimited times, to be thrown down, broken to pieces, stitched up, to walk up.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Like this, and in many more other ways, MR. BB had to taste the dark side of his being, for seventy five years, those years, where one day equals a whole human year.

EXT. CHARCOAL FIELD - LATER

MR. BB walks barefoot a field of red-hot charcoals. Sometimes he walks in that glowing pool up to his ankles, and sometimes he plunges up to the knees.

INT. HOT DEN - LATER

MR. BB is repeatedly forced to embrace and kiss a blazing form of woman. He is pushed against her by lusty devilish attendants.

INT. DRINK LUNGE - LATER

MR. BB is made, with the help of pincers, by stout torturers, to open his mouth. After that, they pour into his throat hot liquid lead. BB shakes violently. Steam pours out of his ears, and nose.

EXT. WILDERNESS - LATER

MR. BB wonders in a jungle. The jungle is filled up with extra large and wild beasts, like horses, elephants, buffaloes, mad asses, camels, who tramples over him with great ferocity.

INT. IRON BOX - LATER

MR. BB has been pushed in an iron box so small that he has to sit there with his knees pressed against his chest. First he is left there without food and drink for many days, too many to be counted. He has visions of despaired, agonized, humiliated, and disregarded persons

he himself harmed, and who are too many to be counted.

After that he is given a stale smelly bowl of raw meat, infested with worms and insects, and urinal water as a drink, popped inside the box. He eats that greedily.

Later entire box is carried on shoulders of other sinners, which they carry to put over a flaming stove, with BB inside of it. He is left there frying for quite enough long time.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

The tormenting seemed to have no end.

INT. CAVE - LATER

Devil attendants lead chained MR. BB through a cave pathway, apparently for another torture program. BB looks fortified by all the treatments he has got, He is undaunted, humble, and rectified within. His false pride dissipated.

The JUDGE steps in front of them. His two pet dogs GROWLS at them. The attendants flinch afraid.

JUDGE

Stop! This is the end. From now, I take care of this miserable soul.

The JUDGE seizes chain lead. MR. BB is taken by surprise. He expects to face the end. They walk a branch line. The JUDGE's companions follow behind them.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

What are you thinking of?

BB keeps silent or perhaps he is dumb, because of the suffering he has undergone.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Speak!

MR. BB

The end.

The JUDGE mildly LAUGHS.

JUDGE

You seem to have learned, and understood many things. You seem to be rectified. You atoned for many past misdeeds, but this one

you still miss. There is nothing like the end. As far as death is concerned, it is only transition.

BB looks intrigued.

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

They come to a door. It opens. As the group enters within a wooden furnished, cosy study, JUDGE let fall the chain lead. The shackles in itself let go off BB. The JUDGE sits on a sturdy chair behind a desk.

JUDGE

Please, have a seat.

BB looks around. He sees only one place to sit on, the homely couch. He hesitates. JUDGE gives him confidence, he shows him to that couch.

MR. BB

How is that?

JUDGE

What?

MR. BB

Death is transition?

JUDGE

Oh, yes. It is like passing through the door, from one room to another. It is like changing the cloth. The living entity passes from childhood to youth, to old age, and after death takes on a new, different body. That which continues to live always is the self or the soul. He does not die, when the body dies. The self is not the body, nor the cloth or room, which he happens to occupy, for some time.

MR. BB

This reminds me of something.

EXT. STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

MR. BB recollects that in his last human life, young MONK in saffron robes, was attempting to bring him to a halt on the street, when he was on the way for an urgent business. The MONK tried to give him a book, Bhagavad-gita.

MONK

Sir, please, give me a minute.

MR. BB

Hey, young man, my every minute is worth hundred of thousands of dollars.

MONK

I see, then this is not for such poor as you are.

MR. BB

What does that suppose to mean?

MONK

You seem to be educated, and very successful. This book is meant for achieving ultimate success, which stretches far beyond.

MR. BB

Ok. Give me that. How much it costs?

MONK

We ask only for printing cost to be covered, which is eight dollars.

MR. BB hands the MONK one hundred dollar note, enters into his car.

MONK (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir. Have a nice day.
Hare Krishna!

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING - FLASHBACK

MR. BB rocks in the chair next to a flaring fireplace. He pensively read the Bhagavad-gita.

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER - PRESENT

MR. BB

It was in that book.

JUDGE

And that is why I brought you here, because of that incident. This noticeably shortened your stay in our reformatory institution. If this would not happen, you would have to stay

here for many more years.
Luckily, you received little bit
of enlightenment, which saved you
from further suffering. Now, for
the rest of the time you have to
stay here, though, your status
changes to a job contract.

BB throws himself at the feet of the JUDGE, CRIES
heartily.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - LATER

MR. BB, as a senior warden, sits on a chair of two
sinners, holds an iron mace at his side. He is aged,
worked out.

GUARDIAN

So our hero continued for some
time in the position of a warden,
in many of those places, he used
to be tormented in the past. Now
he was the one, who administers
punishment to ignorant souls for
their bad actions of cruelty,
selfishness, greed, envy, pride,
anger, illusion. He did that
dutifully, almost enjoying that,
yet in detached manner, until his
time.

BB oversees the work in TORTURE CHAMBER. Poor people are
squeezed between large stone rollers, and after that
pounded by metal hammers, over and over, amidst great
SCREAMS and CRIES.

FELLOW WARDEN

You seem tired. How long have
you been here?

MR. BB

Seems like whole eternity to me.
I don't remember anything else.
I feel the time for me to
transmigrate has arrived. I am
very worn out.

FELLOW WARDEN

Transmigrate? Ha! What the hell
that supposed to mean?

MR. BB

One day you will figure that out,
young devil.

The JUDGE, who by the way has not aged a bit, arrives to the spot, accompanied by his servants, assistants, and of course, pet devil-dogs. All the wardens, and devil workers stop their duties to show their respect by bowing. JUDGE reciprocates by mild smiles. With great hardship, MR. BB is pulling himself up from the chair.

JUDGE

You don't know how much I have
been appreciating your stay here.
But now it's time for you to go.

MR. BB

You are eternally my teacher, my
guide.

MR. BB kneels, bows down to the JUDGE, for the last time. Stands up, walks toward the door. Guards open the door from outside. BB walks out, via the walkway, into the distance, away from the darkness, over the dune, where the Sun makes its appearance.

INT. KING'S CHAMBER - DAY

In an orientally decorated room the KING walk impatiently to and fro. Frank-incense is burning, giving out soothing fragrance.

He goes out off the room, to the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Opposite his door a small group of ladies stand the watch. A MIDWIFE is entering that door.

KING

(to MIDWIFE)

Anything?

MIDWIFE

Be patient, my lord! You waited
nine month, so you can few
moments more.

MIDWIFE gets inside the room. Door closes before KING's nose. Now KING walks back and forth on the corridor.

INT. MATERNAL - MOMENTS LATER

A dozen of mistresses assist the midwife with the labour of the queen. Newborn CRIES.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

A MISTERS opens the door.

MISTRESS

(to KING)

The queen is awaiting you, my
lord.

KING rushes inside the MATERNAL.

INT. MATERNAL - MOMENTS LATER

KING sheds tears of joy upon seeing his wife, and new
born son next to her.

EXT. PALACE COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

In spacious tidy yard, decorated with garden and
fountains, in front of the stairs leading up to main gate
a row of bards blow horns, and beat the drums.

SINGERS

This is the eight day of second
month, year seven hundred ninety
nine of the moon era. The
successor of the king was born.
Let there be prosperity and
happiness to him. Let there be
glory to our king and queen.

King personally stands atop the stairs. He gives
presents of gold, jewels, and fine cloth to many coming
sages, venerable gentlemen, and courtiers. Down the
courtyard, many thousands of invited citizens take part
in a regale feast.

THE END