

ANGST

Written by
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KYNTH

I sleep but my mind does not.
I remember it was dark. It was always dark.
Though I am not blinded by it, I feel it
has been dark for too long, far too long.
The moon and the stars are all that fill
our skies. I look between them to the
endless expanses of the universe. So
distant. So empty. So dark. It's hard to
remember the light. It's hard to remember
a lot of things from the early life. Dying
can do that to you...but I digress. My story
tonight begins much later; six hundred and
ninety three years later to be exact, right
here in this city. I hadn't 'lived' here
all that long but so much had changed in
that short time. So much had changed. I
didn't see it coming; I refused to see it
coming. It seemed every time I emerged,
there was a new fad, a new invention, a
new revelation, until one day I arose and
realized how old I felt in this brave new
world. That is when I realised how empty
the darkness was. Dark. Empty. Lonely. I
met the kid one night in this park. He seemed
very much out of place in his torn jeans
and Pierre Carden t-shirt, fiddling with
a strange metallic devise, in the dead of
night. That devise would eventually change
my perceptions forever.

Luckily I didn't kill him or else this
wouldn't have amounted to much of a story.
Somehow, a moment before I was to sink my
teeth into his fragile little neck he spoke
to me, calmly - "Hi, how you feelin'?".

I didn't ponder the actual statement until
much later. I was too intrigued by the fact
that he ignored a direct threat on his life
and soul. I was impressed enough to spare
him but too hungry to stay and chat. Spring
had arrived and hunting hours were growing
shorter.

I did not see him again until over two months
later. None of you, or at least not many
of you listening to this could possibly
imagine it. Seven centuries is a long time

to do anything, no matter how delightfully gruesome it may be. The last thing you need is to actually feel anything, or even question why it is you don't feel anything, but as I said, it was spring and nights were still long enough to spend time sitting around digesting and thinking. Ponder questions - his questions - How do I feel? How does it feel to kill. I probably would have frightened him if I had told him how it feels to have killed three or four times a week for the past six hundred and ninety three years. How it feels to have removed one hundred and twenty thousand human lives from existence? It frightened me.

I found him again. I thought it strange at the time how quickly I located him once I began looking; as if he was trying to be found. He was sitting in one of those damn donut shops trying to read under whatever fluorescent light could reach his book through the haze of cigarette smoke. I stood outside the window staring at him. He glanced up, saw me, finished his paragraph and came out to face me. I failed to understand why he was so casual towards me. My kind symbolize terror and death to his people. It wasn't until much later that I would understand that that was what attracted him to me in the first place.

We spoke for hours. It was past six before my digital watch warned me of the approaching dawn. Actually, I can't really say we talked, I asked questions and he asked questions back. Neither of us seemed to be giving any answers.. but beneath it all, we were. I learned a lot about both of us that night.

I'm lucky that game becomes readily available as the season progresses, otherwise the shorter nights could be disastrous. As it was it was two AM before I caught up to Sydney at Dashound Donuts on 12th Avenue. It was the night of answers. We left Dashies right away, as my body becomes rather translucent under florescent lights, and set out walking the streets,

He told me that he was a student, a student

of the cinema. All of you watching this film must be somewhat aware of the concept but believe me, I was quite surprised. I has never entered a theatre before and the idea of capturing an image in motion appealed to me greatly. His studies had taught him so much, that I found myself amazed that he still measured his age in years and not centuries. Eventually he asked to photograph me. I did not mind. He withdrew a small still camera from a deep pocket with his coat and I posed. I waited. Syd looked up from the camera. It seemed that the mirrors inside the camera diffused my image and rendered me invisible to him. I adjusted my wavelength accordingly and he shot to his hearts content.

NARRATOR

According to science, all things in the universe possess a wavelength subject to itself. Not only light and sound, but matter as well. A body, if it were able to alter it's own wavelength to any degree, which would certainly surprise any physicist I've ever met, would, in a sense, be able to render itself silent, invisible or even ethereal. It is questionable whether a being such as this could exist, its body being not so much material as a type of textural projection of it's own mind. The question arises as to what such a creature could use as energy, as food, light and fuel as we understand it would undoubtedly be quite useless to it.

KYNTH

Why is he still asking me questions?...Why doesn't he fear me?...Why does he want to be my friend?...Does he want to die so badly?...Doesn't he know how evil I am?...Doesn't he care?... Why?...Why?

Why haven't I killed him yet?

I remember watching two boys grow up; blood brothers I heard them call themselves. Blood brothers. I saw them go through a ritualistic bonding ceremony, opening each

others veins. They were always together, unswayingly loyal; inseparable. Years later, when they were about thirty, I killed one of them, opened up his throat in the middle of the street. The other one didn't even attend the funeral.

I guess you outgrow having best friends.

And so Sydney came home with me.

I showed him the basement. Darker than the blackest night. A room drenched in blood. A room drenched in pain. A room of fear... a room of guilt. A thousand screams; a thousand voices cursing me... cursing me. I showed him the basement.

Weeks past. We were a bit scared I admit, to see what the next step would be. When you tear down, you've got to expect to face whatever dwells on the other side. Walls aren't built by accident. Syd told me a story; he was fifteen...

SYDNEY

I thought I was in love. Her name was Debbie. She had haunting eyes which seemed to bite through me revealing all. I felt that I could be completely honest with her all the time. Perhaps that was the big mistake. I was too young, too naive. I floated on a tranquil sea of love, so I thought. One evening she suddenly turned to me and those eyes which once mystified me now stung deep. "Sydney" she said to me, "We've got to talk." A single wave came from no where and sunk my ship. I was drowning. She had torn into my defences taking no precautions against what was underneath. She was too young. She was too naive. I wanted to drag her down with me, under that stormy sea. I loved and hated her far more than I knew how to.

KYNTH

Now he has ventured into my defences. I pray to whatever god watches over vampires and filmmakers that we know what we're doing.

SYDNEY

I say Debbie again, five years later. I couldn't help but smile. I was glad to see her. Glad but nervous. I still loved her. She smiled too. We talked but we didn't say anything.

KYNTH

Syd seems to feel that I am growing bored of him. He tries so hard to please. I feel afraid of his closeness but I realize how lonely I am. I told him this. I thought that I had accepted this a long time ago.

You can be good all of your life, but you can be evil forever.

Oh but if I could turn my loneliness,
Like a wheel, so round,
and change it to hope or glee;
Time would carry it around
The circle, full spent
And I would find myself returning to this
state I'm in now;
But with that time of sweet tasting
happiness
Lingering behind my brow; I would be sadder
still,
With happiness lost and lost again.
It is better to embrace loneliness
Than to be haunted by many loves lost.

So he tried to entertain me. I might have appreciated it more if it hadn't been so pathetic. Though Sydney seemed to be immune to it, the effect I have on virtually anyone in my presence is depression, loathing or fear; depending on their intelligence. I guess it's because Syd is so naturally depressed that I make no noticeable change in him. He peaks at forlorn. But anyway, the performers he brought in, as positive and happy as they may normally may be, were struck with such a feeling of dread in my presence that their performances were angstfull at best. That didn't help my mood any.

NARRATOR

ANGST - a form of deep depression brought about by extreme stress motivated by hopelessness. The natural state of

depressionists.

KYNTH

Syd came to me and told me of a dream. The daylight shone down on him and, though it could not burn him, he was afraid. He was afraid because he was somebody; somebody important. He was loved and hated. The attention given him took away his invisibility, removed him from the darkness and blinded him. He was exposed to a world of chaos which played with him like a puppet, a toy. It played with him and threatened to discard him, his body, his ideas, his soul.

He has a new theory about people who are naturally depressed. Those people may be able to organize into a new sub-culture of the most wonderfully dismal sort, perhaps revolutionizing art as it is known everywhere.

NARRATOR

The Depressionists. A group of prolific, post-New Age, Canadian artists who made themselves famous in the 1990's when they declared: "Depression is the mainstay of our personal identity or rather our non-identity. By categorizing our state of mind, we separate ourselves from all the other individuals who find themselves depressed out of failure, rather than by choice. It is this link that separates us, makes us different."

KYNTH

Alone again. He has left again and I have failed to locate him for over three weeks. My mood darkens. This is very interesting, very distressing. My mood had been constant for so long and now it changes day by day. When he is not with me, I feel like a part of me is missing; a part I have not had in a long, long time.

The night mocks me. I know he is out there; somewhere. I found the Gremlin in a

suburban street. Perhaps this is where he lives. Perhaps he is sick inside, perhaps he is dying. Perhaps this is where he lives. Perhaps he is sick inside, perhaps he is dying. Perhaps he sold the Gremlin to the residents within. Perhaps he is tired of me. Perhaps he hates me. Perhaps he is laughing at me. Laughing. Damn him. Damn him. How dare he mock me. How dare he.

Perhaps he is just sleeping. Perhaps he has been up in the daylight and needs rest now. Perhaps the clan of nocturnal wanderers in one fewer these nights. The night.

The night mocks me.

To sleep, perchance to dream. Not a dream for me, but a journey into my afterlife. A brief visit, an endless visit, to see where my soul has gone, what it left me for. The flames lick at it and it screams for me. I see it and feel disgust and fear. I must live else I join it. I must join it else it will scream forever. Screaming...screaming...screaming.

It is very loud in hell.

I felt them die. I liked it. I liked it. What are their lives as compared to mine? What could they do that any other one of them couldn't do just as well? Could any of them conceive of an original thought? Could they create a thing of beauty or initiate a change in the world? Would they find true love? Happiness? Are they not cattle awaiting slaughter They deserve to die. I deserve their blood, their lives, their souls. I deserve to kill them, to hear their screams and curses. To hear them weep and beg. I deserve their pain and their sorrow. I deserve their death. I felt them die.

I've told many people that I love them. It is a far easier way of controlling them than all of that hypnotic nonsense; but I've never actually cared about anyone before. Why now, now when it has become such a challenge to figure out the changing world. Why is my mind now clouded with such inane emotions as compassion? Am I too

quick though, to curse the compassionate
... Did they not bring us the greatest wars,
the most bloodshed, the renaissance of my
race? Have they not brought chaos to a world
which strives against it? Anarchy to people
who would rather 'just get along'? Are
these emotions the key I sought all these
years? The key to change? A relief from
the boredom so that the fountain of life
would never taste bitter?

Bitter? Am I Bitter? ... I don't know ...
Should I be? I never see the sun any more.
I haven't seen the sun since 1296. I SAW
the world of 1296. I remember. I remember
a farm girl in northern France who was
beaten by her parents and thrown down a
well. I remember the townspeople bringing
gifts of bread and flowers to console the
mourning parents. I remember oaths spoken.
I remember crimes committed. I remember
such talk of love and such feelings of hate.
I was so full of hate. I killed. Killing
calmed the anger so I killed again ... and
again. Soon the anger and the hatred were
all but forgotten but the killing went on.
I guess I got into a bit of a rut.

Sometimes when people get into a rut, they
can never get out of it ... even when they
die.

They call me. They are in me. Their lives
continue within me. Each has a story more
sad than the last. sad pathetic stories
about sad pathetic lives. Lives. They had
lives. Now they are memories; my memories.
I hear but I cannot listen. I felt them
die. They grow louder. I felt them die.
My mind is full and yet they grow louder.
So loud that duelling anti-Christis can not
drown them out. Louder. They call. I hear.
They call to me. I hear but I cannot listen.

SYDNEY

I have joined her in her realm of darkness
by chose; but does she have a chose? I am
reminded of an incident. I was at a concert
and I got into a conversation with a blind
man. Eventually I told him that I was
studying to make movies. He sat for a long
time without speaking until he finally

remarked: "That must be very interesting."

KYNTH

The day is dark. I am dead. I am on fire, a chilling icy fire. I close my eyes. I close my ears. I close my mind but I am torn open. Open. Open to be burned by the cold. Open to be deafened by the screams, by the silence. Open for my sins to be revealed to all. If I could pray I would pray for the sun to set. The sunset when I can rise again. Rise and smell the sweet sweet smell of existence.

SYDNEY

Filmmaking is more than a job, it is a lifestyle and a talent; an obsession and a curse. I must stop looking at each event in my life, each friend or acquaintance, as separate components of my life, but as pieces of a grand jigsaw puzzle I will take my whole life to complete. I must accept that I will never see the whole picture as the last piece will always be hidden from me, the last piece, my death.

KYNTH

It is quiet once more. Dark and quiet, but the storm will come. The storm always comes. I dream of being decent ... I've never dreamed any such thing before. I close my eyes and dream of my death. The knowledge of my afterlife keeps me alive. It's not so bad being evil, if that's what it takes to remain here instead of going there ... instead of going there. To remain in this cold. To remain in this quiet. To remain in this dark. To remain in this little hell of my own instead of theirs ... instead of his. Every time I hear a phone ring I imagine it is the devil calling me home.

I am always dying, but I never die.

I heard the hum. I could feel it warming. Suddenly, in a flash, it began emitting a terrible light, tearing into my body like the eye of a god.

What a wretched existence.

NARRATOR

Wretched. Deplorably unfortunate. Causing misery and sorrow. Despicable or mean. Inferior or worthless. Forlorn, miserable, pitiable.

KYNTH

Time. The hands of time spin meaninglessly. A clock; mechanics and arms bringing great fear and dread to even the young. Aging, I have forgotten the feeling but not the fear. The knowledge that each day brings you measurably closer to an unavoidable death. The emotional strings run long on my end, I've begun to discover; since they splintered and snapped away from my corporeal form.

I like the kid, but for all his claims of desiring death, I'm sure he'd rather avoid it altogether. Like me, he is cursed with an overwhelming instinct for self-preservation.

After he turned the television off and scraped me up off the floor, there didn't seem to be much left to say. The hunger hit me but I had no energy to hunt. I slept, I slept a cold dreamless sleep.

SYDNEY

The zenith of my career is upon me.
I am dying. Blackness and despair.
Fastbinder had the right idea.
I don't take cream. Where are my sunglasses?
My life is a tunnel with no branches and no light at the end;
If I emerge at midnight, I may not know that I have died at all.
My tunnel is a sewer.
The stench of my life makes me hurry through it.
I hurry along at the quickest rate possible.

If you're going to hell, why waste time getting there?

KYNTH

Now I come to the most memorable events, the guts of the story as it were. The projector stood there, so unimpressive at first, I'm embarrassed to say because when Sydney turned it on and that gentle warm light trickled out, I laughed. I laughed because I knew that all the devil had denied me was being given back. The world (as science explains it) composed of form, mass, atoms etc, is meaningless to all but the most mundane mind. The images and the feelings, primarily our perception of things, is all that counts. Seeing and hearing a bird is more important than the existence of that bird. Sight, sound, emotion, if you desire them enough, will keep you young forever. Immortality on celluloid, my mind spins and rejuvenates, I am twenty five again. My mind, cleared of the dust of stagnation, perceives the world in a new light, the flickering light of a 16mm movie projector. This flickering light laughs and cries with me, and mocks the devil himself.

SYDNEY

The city is a pit and I dive into it; plunging into its ebony heart, the empty heart of the demon we call earth. And yet, in this black hole of sin from which nothing seems to escape, a spark exists. A spark, dim but glowing. Difficult, near impossible to find, but to look upon it will blind you, bright as it is against that back-drop.

She might have a chance ... if she had a soul.

Death cleanses emotions which sleep cannot. I find I cannot sleep much any more. I doubt that I can die any better. The real world beacons me. Maybe I should wake up for it. Maybe I should wake up.

KYNTH

Syd approached me. I had not seen him in a number of days. He had not shown up when he was supposed to. Though I had no reason to worry, I did. When I first caught sight of him, my heart jumped. A feeling of dread had overwhelmed me for days and I thought relief would soon be with me. Just as I was about to call to him, something held me back. He walked towards me but would not look me in the eyes. There was something wrong. Could those twinges I'd felt recently been more than my imagination?

He spoke. His words were slow and nervous. He had never been that distant before. I can't remember hearing the words but the idea was clear. He had met someone else; someone happy who could make him feel the same. It was over between us. "He could not understand me" he said. "He and I were not suited and not meant to be ... He could not love me". I raised my hand to strike. I would have killed him. I would have made him sorry for betraying me. I would have wreaked my revenge. I would have ... had I not realized at that moment ... just how much ... I loved him.

He said he hopes I understand. He said he was sorry. He said that these things happen.

I searched the city for him. His car had a new owner. His old haunts were vacant of his presence. The city was in turmoil, so fast, so confused. He has left my world. I try to wish him luck carving a place for himself in his, but it is difficult. I don't understand why he left me. I don't understand how he could have been attracted to me in the first place. I want to be with him, to feel the warmth of his body near mine. I think of nothing but him. He is out there. he is out there but we will never come together again. The only thing that hurts more than being apart from him is being with him and knowing that he does not love me. I cannot make him love me. I cannot make anyone love me. I must retreat, retreat from this city of night.

The darkness beckons me. I return to its arms, to its coldness, to its silence. I

feel it surround me and I feel completely alone. I have always been alone. I have always known I was alone; but never do I recall having FELT so tragically alone. The darkness which was once my friend and obedient servant, now taunts me with its lies and deceit. I gaze upwards. The stars and the moon no longer shine for me. The ebony sky stares down on me and I am ashamed to be alive. I am NOT alive. My existence is an atrocity for which I now pay the price. Death would be too easy, too kind. I am sentenced for my crimes. Hundreds of years of blood and pain. I am cursed. Thousands of souls screaming; blaming me. I am alone ... I am alone ... It is dark.

SYDNEY

I had begun to believe that honesty in a relationship could overcome any problems. I feared I may have lost the fine art of deceit. I proved myself wrong.

There was no other woman. I doubt there ever could be. Kynth, though a nightmare to most, will ever dance gracefully in my fondest dreams ... but there she must stay! The time I spent with her was the happiest of my life. I had never felt so much joy, so much freedom, so ... so **alive**. That was the problem.

That was the problem indeed. You see, when you start living you stop ... thinking; You stop ... creating; You stop ... dying. Hatred and frustration are the tools of my trade and dying is my edge. They are what perpetuate me, make me whole. Though this world does not want me and I don't know if it needs me ... this damn world has me. I carry my own curse which guides me, drives me. I am an artist; one of the truly damned.