

THE NATURE OF ALL REALITY
(& other things)

a web series in 11 episodes

by

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FADE IN

TITLE: "Episode One: Stuff"

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY walks along a graveled path, hands behind his back, in a contemplative mode.

TITLE: "Bishop George Berkeley"

BISHOP BERKELEY¹
---not a verb, as to, stuff, a mattress
or one's self..

He stops suddenly. His foot has struck a large rock but he deliberately avoids looking down, in fact, summons forbearance to the point of denial.

PHIL, a man neatly, if somewhat snugly and nearly overdressed, approaches the Bishop, pausing only long enough for them to high-five.

Phil continues on the path, passing a bench on which HYLAS is sleeping.

Phil stops, returning to the bench.

Hylas is about the same age, unshaven, in loose third-hand, though clean clothes.

PHIL
Well-well-well. What are you doing up so early?

HYLAS
Yes, it's unusual for me but I was thinking

PHIL
thinking

1 he's Irish, you know

HYLAS

thinking about what we were talking
about last night.

PHIL

I'm surprised you can remember.

HYLAS

Oh but I do I do remember.

PHIL

(beat)

What a fine spring day! Can there be a
pleasanter time of the day, or, a more
delightful season of the year?

Pause

HYLAS

No.

PHIL

That purple sky. Those wild but sweet
notes of birds. The gentle influence of
the sun. These, and a thousand nameless
beauties of nature inspire the soul...
What?

Hylas has roused himself and is gently tugging on Phil's
coat-tails.

HYLAS

Can I, talk to you.

PHIL

(expansively)

With all my heart it is what I should
have requested myself if you had not
done it first. After all, after last
night---

HYLAS

(summoning, then explosively)

I hate them all! I mean, people who seem
to have everything going for them.

HYLAS (cont'd)

People who are above the average scum of the streets. You can't turn on a television or scroll through the inter-web without seeing their leering, vacant stares and hearing them say things that go against all the Rules of Plain and Common Sense!

PHIL

I know what you mean. You speak the truth even though you are a... well, you know what you are.

Phil takes him gently, arm around his shoulder, slowly "downstage", the lighting subtly now from below.

PHIL

I used to have a whole bunch of those weird meta-physical ideas until I started using a good old hefty dose of the Plain Examples of Nature and Common Sense. And now... Now? Now I find my understanding strangely enlightened.

HYLAS

How strangely.

Pause.

PHIL

Real strange.

As Hylas ponders this, he separates from Phil, the Garden has by now transitioned to a painted canvas backdrop of the same.

HYLAS

I have heard some weird things about you.

PHIL

Like what.

HYLAS
I dare not say.

PHIL
Please.

HYLAS
But I daren't.

PHIL
But do do dare.

HYLAS
I can't.

PHIL
TELL ME!

HYLAS
Okay. That you said there was no such
thing as, Stuff.

PHIL
(confidently)
What I said was that there was no such
thing as what philosophers call, Stuff.

HYLAS
L-M-N-O my God. What could be more
skeptical than to deny the existence of,
Matter.

PHIL
Whoa there mister. Suppose I could
convince you that you were an Even
Greater Skeptic than I.

HYLAS
You couldn't do it.

PHIL
Oh yes I could.

Oh no you couldn't. HYLAS

Could. PHIL

Couldn't. HYLAS

Could PHIL

Couldn't HYLAS

Could PHIL

Couldn't HYLAS

could PHIL

couldn't. . . . HYLAS

And so on and so forth until

FADE TO MAUVE

FADE IN

EXT. MEADOW. DAY.

TITLE: "EPISODE TWO: Premises"

Bishop George Berkeley walks through the meadow. In the background are Hylas and Phil. Phil in a rabbit costume, Hy accompanying him carrying a basket of eggs, which he hands at times to Phil, who hides, dispenses, and sows them as they walk and speak.

BISHOP BERKELEY

...no-no, not: "...sorry, sir, but we
need to search the premises--"

He stops suddenly, as before, this time nobly ignoring that he has stepped into a large and mushy cow-pie.

BISHOP BERKELEY (CONT'D)

The story so far: Hylas, the fellow
carrying the basket, has accepted Phil's
challenge that he could prove the little
fellow to be skeptical to the point of...
well, you'll see ---

HYLAS

couldn't

PHIL

could

HYLAS

couldn't

PHIL

could

HYLAS

couldn't

PHIL

Could!

Hylas stops walking and drops his head. Phil places a reassuring hand on Hylas's shoulder.

PHIL

My friend, what are sensible things.

HYLAS

(perking up)

Well, like putting something aside something for a rainy day. Like--

PHIL

No-no, man. What do you mean by sensible things.

HYLAS

(carefully)

Oh. Things which are, sensible?

Phil takes off his giant rabbit head, scratches his nose, and puts the head back on.

HYLAS

I meant money in the bank not an umbrella or... What's the matter with that?

PHIL

Are those things only perceived by the senses which are perceived right away. Or can those things which are sensible be so without the mediation of other things?

HYLAS

What?

Phil stops at a stump. Takes off the rabbit head and they sit.

PHIL

Are those things only perceived by the senses which are perceived right away. Or can those things which are sensible

PHIL (cont'd)
be so without the mediation of other
things?

SUBTITLED: "When you sense something, is it right away? Or
is it dependent on other things?"

HYLAS

What?

SUBTITLED: "What?"

PHIL

Suppose you are reading a book. What you
immediately perceive are the letters,
right? But those letters also suggest to
your mind such notions as God and Truth
and Virtue. The letters are sensible
things. But what about those things
suggested by the letters. Are they
sensible things?

HYLAS

Certainly not. Who would ever think of
God or Virtue or Truth as being a
sensible thing?

PHIL

Now we're getting somewhere. So.
Sensible things are those which can be
perceived immediately by the sense - not
extra flashlight batteries or spare
underwear.

HYLAS

Right.

PHIL

(somewhat grandly)

Then if I look up in the sky and see
part of it red and part of it blue and I
say to myself: "There must be some cause
of those colors" - can I also say that
the cause is perceived by the senses?

HYLAS

Um. . . .

PHIL

Okay. Suppose I heard a symphony orchestra and also a fat man farting. Could I say that I hear the causes of those sounds?

HYLAS

You can say it but it wouldn't be true.

PHIL

All right. Well then. And furthermore. Suppose you touch something that is, hot and heavy. Could you perceive the cause of its heat and weight?

HYLAS

No-no. Look. Sensible things are perceived by the senses. Directly. And they don't make inferences about causes. That's left up to, reason.

PHIL

Ah-ha! Then we are in agreement: sensible things are those only which are immediately perceived by the senses. Right?

HYLAS

(not certain)

Right. . . .

(less uncertain)

Yes, right.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MEADOW. NIGHT.

Against a starry sky, "The Story So Far..." scrolls.

TITLE: "The Story So Far: Hylas, the little man frying eggs, has agreed that to be perceived is to be so immediately and simply."

TITLE: "Episode Three: Affirmation"

Phil and Hylas sit before a fire. Hylas concentrates on frying a skillet of eggs somewhat at the expense of listening to Phil, who airs his giant rabbit costume.

Their faces are reflected with the orange light from the campfire.

PHIL

Can we perceive by sight anything
besides light, colors, and figures?

HYLAS

. . . . no

PHIL

or by hearing anything but sounds?

HYLAS

... no

PHIL

Or by taste anything but tastes

HYLAS

no

PHIL

or by smell anything but odors

HYLAS

no

PHIL
or by the touch anything more than
tangible qualities

HYLAS
certainly not.

Hylas plates the eggs.

PHIL
Then doesn't it seem that if you take
away all sensible qualities there
remains nothing sensible?

HYLAS
What? Oh, yeah, that's right.

PHIL
(off-handedly)
Then sensible things are nothing else
but a bunch of qualities or combination
of sensible qualities.

HYLAS
It would seem so, yes, nothing else
these eggs are delicious.

Phil warms his hands at the fire.

PHIL
So --- heat, is a sensible thing?

HYLAS
Yeah ---

Sated, Hylas clanks down his plate and also warms his hands.
Phil takes up his giant rabbit head. He stands. He dons the
head.

PHIL
Is something real because it is
perceived or is it distinct from
perception and bears no connection with
the mind.

SUBTITLE: "Is to exist one thing and to be perceived another?"

Struck by the solemnity of the rabbit towering over him, Hylas also stands.

HYLAS

---- Yes.

PHIL

Yes what?

HYLAS

(off-handedly)

To exist is one thing. To be perceived is another.

PHIL

Good. Then you wouldn't object to a simple affirmation?

HYLAS

A... an affirmation?

PHIL

A profession.

HYLAS

Like a toast?

PHIL

Sort of but more like an oath, a pledge.

HYLAS

Okay.

PHIL

Then stand and gesture solemnly.

Hylas stands, hands rabbiting.

HYLAS

Um, to exist is one thing. To be perceived is another.

FADE FROM STARRY SKY

EXT. MEADOW. NIGHT.

Hylas stands before the Interview Cam. In the background, Phil tosses wood on the fire, in full rabbit, prances/dances around the fire.

HYLAS

"To exist is one thing. To be perceived is another." I don't see how admitting to that is going to lead me to expose myself as some kind of a skeptic. The eggs were delicious. It's a clear, cool and starry night and there's a roaring fire. What more could you ask for?

TITLE: "Episode Four: 'Mindful'"

Now Phil stands before the Interview Cam, rabbit head under his arm.

PHIL

The poor bastard.

EXT. MEADOW. NIGHT --- LATER

Phil and Hylas sit at the fire, now a heap of glowing coals.

PHIL

When you say something exists, do you mean independent of the mind? Completely separate from its being perceived?

HYLAS

Yes. And yes. Stuff exists whether or not I see it.

PHIL

(quasi-incredulously)

What about, heat? It exists without the mind?

HYLAS

It has to.

PHIL

Tell me --- is this so-called real existence equal for all degrees of heat which we feel. Or just some?

HYLAS

Whatever amount of heat which we feel exists in the object in which we feel it.

PHIL

The greatest as well as the least?

HYLAS

Yeah. Sure.

PHIL

Wouldn't the most intense heat be also a very great, pain?

HYLAS

--- Obviously.

This talk of heat and pain puts Hylas on his guard, moving just a bit away from the red-hot glowing coals.

PHIL

Is any unperceiving thing, say, a rock, capable of, pain, or pleasure?

HYLAS

Um ... certainly not.

PHIL

Is material substance a senseless being or something endowed with sense and perception?

HYLAS

It is senseless.

PHIL

Therefore it cannot be the subject of, pain.

Hylas shifts uncomfortably, beads of sweat gathering on his brow.

HYLAS

Um, no.

PHIL

Is an external object a material substance?

HYLAS

Yes, it is.

PHIL

How then can a great heat exist in it, since you just said it cannot exist in a material substance.

HYLAS

Now wait a minute! I was wrong just now in letting you lead me into saying that the intense heat was a pain. What I wanted to say was that, pain, is something distinct from heat and the result or effect of it.

PHIL

Is it? Is, pain, something completely distinct from heat?

HYLAS

Well, I...

PHIL

--hold you hands to the fire. Do you perceive one simple sensation or two distinct ones?

HYLAS

(reluctantly)

---One.

Sweat rolls over Hylas's face. His hands quiver.

PHIL

Now thrust your hands into the fire.

(pause)

You seem reluctant. You accepted my challenge to prove you are an utter skeptic. It seems I was right! Look how you step away as though...

HYLAS

---alright!

Hylas plunges his hands into the red-hot stones and coals but we only see the effects as reflected in the cascading sweat on his face and the twitching and quivering of the facial pain-indicator muscles.

PHIL

Now hold the red-hot stones in your hands. Is the, pain, immediately perceived?

HYLAS

Y-ye-yes.

PHIL

(unhurriedly)

Seeing therefore that both the heat and the pain are immediately perceived at the same time and the fire affects you with only one simple idea, it follows that this same simple idea is both the intense heat directly perceived and the pain. So the intense heat is nothing separate from a sort of, pain.

Hylas can only nod his head in agonized agreement.

PHIL

You may remove you hands from the fire.

Hylas falls to the ground in silent writhing agony.

PHIL

Now doesn't it follow that the felt,
pain, is nothing distinct from those
sensations or ideas, but in an intense
degree?

HYLAS

Yes. I'm afraid I must admit that a very
great heat cannot exist but in a mind
perceiving it.

PHIL

You will now please stand and repeat,
pledge, if you will, what you have just,
by the logic of your own mind, and the
courage of your body, admitted.

Hylas struggles to his feet, waving off Phil's offer of
help, his hands smoldering lumps.

HYLAS

(reluctantly)

Heat is only a sensation in our minds.

PHIL

Again.

HYLAS

(less so)

Heat is only a sensation in our minds.

He raises his quivering and smoking hands in solemn gesture.

HYLAS

(pledging)

Heat is only a sensation existing in our
minds.

PHIL

There now. That wasn't so hard, was it?

FADE OUT

INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

In a cramped locker room, a football player² changes into a CHIEF JUSTICE and a Roman Senator into a POLICEMAN.

Phil and Hylas enter, in golfing attire, Hylas lugging both bags, awkwardly as his hands are completely bandaged except for a finger on each hand.

Bishop Berkeley, microphone in hand, inserts himself into the foreground, reporting, breathlessly.

BISHOP BERKELEY

The story so far: Complete and utter skepticism is on the line as Hylas has conceded "existence and perception to be separate" and that,

(air-quoting)

"heat"

is merely a sensation existing in the,

(air-quoting)

"mind".

TITLE: "Replay"

As Hylas's affirmation is replayed.

BISHOP BERKELEY

Now, back up to the booth---

TITLE: "Episode Four: Ambivalent Respite"

In the locker room, now mainly empty, Phil and Hylas sit on the bench.

HYLAS

I have yielded but one point.

PHIL

They're called strokes and you lost by 36 of them.

Someone places a "too bad you lost" hand on Hylas's shoulder.

2 American or English

PHIL
Look, it takes a real man to..

HYLAS
---hey, there's plenty enough other
qualities than, heat, to save the
reality of external things.

PHIL
Give up. While you still can.

HYLAS
(examining his hands)
I...I should. But somehow I... I can't.
And yet, I despair of what's to come.

PHIL
(offering)
Have a banana?

FADE TO BLACK

INT. STEAM ROOM. DAY.

Hylas and Phil are steaming. Hylas's hands still bandaged yet trying to ladle water on hot rocks, not without some trepidation.

TITLE: "Episode Six: It's Not"

PHIL
Shall we examine, tastes?

HYLAS
--- Go ahead.

PHIL
Stick a finger up your nose.

After a short internal debate, Hylas does so, about up to the second knuckle of one of his two free fingers. He is almost Stoic. Blood starts to trickle from his nose and soon covers the bandaged hand.

PHIL
Now. What do you think of, tastes? Can they, in fact, do they, exist independent of the mind?

With a finger still up his nose, Hylas speaks with difficulty but bravely.

HYLAS
Of course. Can anyone doubt that sugar is sweet and that lemon is bitter?

PHIL
Well, then, tell me this: Is a sweet taste a certain kind of pleasure or pleasant sensation. Or is it, unpleasant?

HYLAS
Pleasant of course.

PHIL

And isn't bitterness a kind of unpleasantness or, pain?

At "pain" Hylas's body slightly reacts before his mind steadies.

HYLAS

Yes, I'll grant that.

PHIL

Now pull your finger out of your nose, and examine the substance adhering to your finger. Now taste it.

Hylas does so.

PHIL

Does it produce a pleasant or an unpleasant sensation.

HYLAS

Unpleasant.

We now see that seated next to Hylas is a HUN, in traditional Hunny attire.

PHIL

Now let the gentleman taste the substance.

Hylas offers his finger to the Hun, who carefully sniffs it, then tastes gingerly. The Hun grunts satisfaction and greedily devours the finger, dragging Hylas out of the frame where quite a thrashing of licking, grunting, and a great feasting takes place.

PHIL

Would you say that he thinks the taste pleasant or unpleasant.

HYLAS (O.C.)

--- pleasant ---

PHIL

But how can that be if the taste actually be in the stuff itself when it produced a pleasant sensation or that of sweetness to him and an unpleasant or bitter sensation to you. How can something be both bitter and sweet at the same time.

HYLAS (O.C.)

I - know - not - how...

The steam engulfs the scene.

The sound of gulls advanced.

EXT. GREENSCREEN SEASHORE. DAY.

Reclining on beach chairs, in modest vacation attire, Phil and Hylas enjoy fancy beverages, Phil with less difficulty than Hylas, whose nose is bandaged, hands still wrapped, and body bears the cuts and bruises of his Hunnish encounter.

TITLE: "Episode Seven: Poo"

PHIL
Shall we examine, smells.

Try as he might, Hylas can't help but anticipate what lies ahead.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Stick a finger up your butt----

INSERT: Stock footage of a gull in flight. The surge of breakers. A TINY PRISONER being put into a cell with a BIG BUCK awaiting him.

PHIL
Now remove it.

Hylas holds an exposed finger up in front of his face.

PHIL
Examine the slimy deposit of filth, or
fart-substance, adhering to your finger.
Now smell it..

But Hylas's bandaged nose prevents this.

PHIL
Oh, let me help.

He rips off the bandage.

PHIL
Smell it.

As before, but this time a SERF is revealed as lying on the sand between their chairs. The Serf smells Hylas's finger

and grunts eagerly, pulling Hylas off his chair. They roll about the sand in an odoriferous orgy or fragranceism.

PHIL
Would you say he thought the smell
pleasant or unpleasant.

HYLAS
...pleasant---!

PHIL
But how can that be if the smell...

HYLAS
--- I ACKNOWLEDGE I KNOW NOT HOW...!

FADE TO SHERWOOD GREEN

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

The sound of chopping echoing through the woods.

Bishop Berkeley has nearly chopped through a tree. He stops, addressing us.

TITLE: "Bishop George Berkeley"

BISHOP BERKELEY

Previously on "The Nature of All Reality (& other things)": Hylas, bandaged and bruised, vainly tries to hold out, having already given up, heat, taste, and smell to the realm of mere mental existence, takes...

TITLE: "Episode Eight: A Walk in the Woods"

He turns to the tree and gently pushes on it. It starts to fall, out of the frame...

CUT TO

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS. DAY.

Phil leads Hylas, striving on crutches, into the Clearing.

It is an idyllic and quiet place, a gentle rustling the branches of the surrounding trees. Phil takes a deep breath. Hylas is terrified.

PHIL

---sounds ---

Phil leaves the side of Hylas.

And now we can see that Hylas stands closely between an improvised grandstand holding FOOTBALL³ FANS, each with an air horn poised and at the ready, and a battery of Cannons on the other⁴.

3 As before, American or English; if the former, sporting various headwear (cheeseheads) and foam fingers; if English, thuggish and rowdy with drums

4 Or, the very end of the barrel of what leaves no doubt is a humongous cannon

Phil, at a safe distance, puts on ear protection gear.

As we see puffy clouds drift by the air horns sound.

A pause.

The cannons fire.

FADE TO GUINNESS

INT. PUB. DAY.

Bishop Berkeley and Phil play chess. Other patrons are the Football Fans, the Chief Justice, the Policeman, the Hun, and the Serf, the latter two playing a vigorous non-traditional game of darts.

TITLE: "Episode Nine: Penulti, Mate"

PHIL
(making a move)

Check.

BISHOP BERKELEY
I think we can save the time and trouble of further, exhibitions. Don't you?

PHIL
I do. The secondary qualities of heat, taste, smell, sound, and so forth have been, dispensed with.

BISHOP BERKELEY
And quite effectively, I must say.

PHIL
Thank you. So - the same argument must apply to the primary qualities.

BISHOP BERKELEY
Yes, they must.

PHIL
(grandly)
--- extension, figure, gravity,
motion---

The Bishop makes his move.

PHIL
(responding)
Ah-ha! Mate!

Applause from the patrons, including a short cheer from the Fans: "Mate-mate, check-a-mate!" Phil takes a bow.

PHIL
My friends, shall we ---?

SEGUE

INT. AN EMPTY SPACE. DAY. NIGHT. WHO KNOWS?

TITLE: "Previously on 'The Nature of All Reality (& other things)'" ---

REPLAY - EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

PHIL

Whoa there mister. Suppose I could convince you that you were an even greater skeptic than I.

HYLAS

You couldn't do it.

PHIL

Oh yes I could.

HYLAS

On no you couldn't.

REPLAY - EXT. MEADOW. DAY.

HYLAS

No-no. Look. Sensible things are perceived by the senses. Directly. And they don't make inferences about causes. That's left up to, Reason.

PHIL

Ah-ha! Then we are in agreement..

REPLAY - EXT. MEADOW. NIGHT.

HYLAS

To exist is one thing. To be perceived is another.

REPLAY - EXT. MEADOW. NIGHT.

PHIL

Hold your hands to the fire. Do you perceive one simple sensation or two distinct ones?

HYLAS

---one.

PHIL

Now thrust your hands into the fire.

REPLAY - INT. STEAM ROOM. DAY.

PHIL

Stick a finger up your nose.

REPLAY - INT. GREENSCREEN SEASHORE. DAY.

PHIL

Stick a finger up your butt----

REPLAY - EXT. WOODS. DAY.

And now we can see that Hylas stands closely between an improvised grandstand holding Football Fans, each with an air horn poised and at the ready, and a battery of cannons on the other.

INT. AN EMPTY SPACE. DAY.

TITLE: "Episode Ten: Ultimate Selfie"

What seems to be an empty space is revealed to be occupied by Bishop Berkeley, Phil, Football Fans, the Chief Justice, Policeman, Hun, and Serf ranged about the Space, modernist style, in contemporary dress except for a distinguishing characteristic. For instance, Bishop Berkeley maintains his ample wig, etc.

A Shakespearean Fanfare greets the entrance of Hylas, wheeled on by an ATTENDANT. Still bandaged and bruised, now afflicted with periodic spasms and tremors.

He is greeted with polite applause, begun by Phil.

Hylas manages a feeble acknowledgment.

HYLAS
(over-loudly)
Though I am not entirely convinced..

PHIL
Not?

CHIEF JUSTICE
Not?

POLICEMAN
Not?

FOOTBALL FANS
Not-not? Not-not-not? Not-not?

BISHOP BERKELEY
Not?

The Hun and the Serf GRUNT.

HYLAS
Yes. Not.

PHIL
"Not convinced?" I would like to know
what more you would require in order to
have a perfect conviction.

POLICEMAN
Haven't you been free to explain
yourself?

The Hun and the Serf confer, disagree, agree, then step out
of character.

HUN
Haven't you been convicted out of your
own mouth?

HYLAS
No! Convicted of what?

BISHOP BERKELEY

Of being a total and utter skeptic.

SERF

So now's the time, if you can show any
flaw in your previous confessions.

HYLAS

Confessions? What confessions?

PHIL

Your trials. By fire. By...

HYLAS

What flaw? Wait! Let me think---

His Attendant whispers into Hylas's ear.

HYLAS

(only to Attendant)

I never thought of that. At least it's
worth a try.

POLICEMAN

Now's the time to produce it.

HYLAS

(to Attendant)

But what about you?

The Attendant whispers into Hylas's ear.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Why do you not produce it?

HYLAS

(to Attendant)

How brave of you.

The Attendant dissolves away into nothingness.

FOOTBALL FANS

Why do you not produce it?

P-R-O D-U-C-E I-T IT!

FOOTBALL FANS (cont'd)
P-R-O D-U-C-E I-T IT!
P-R-O D-U-C-E I-T IT! (etc)

As the Football Fans chant, Hylas wheels over to them.
Several dissolve. Eventually all.

Bishop Berkeley grabs Phil for an anxious and furious
consultation as the Chief Justice takes precedence in a
Spot.

CHIEF JUSTICE
(sentenceingly)
You are, therefore, by the force of your
own principles, impelled to deny..

PHIL
---wait!

Phil is stopped and silenced by a vigorous gesture.

CHIEF JUSTICE
I beg your pardon! ...impelled to deny
the reality of sensible things since you
made it to consist in an absolute
existence exterior..

POLICEMAN
(as he dissolves)
Help me---! Help ... me---

CHIEF JUSTICE
...in an absolute existence exterior to
the mind. That is to say. You are. A.
Complete. Skeptic. I wish I had---
(dissolving)
---my gavel---

Hylas wheels up to the Hun and the Serf.

A moment, then they toss their characteristics and run away,
falling over each other but dissolving before reaching very
far.

Hylas wheels to Phil and Bishop Berkeley.

BISHOP BERKELEY

(defiantly)

I've been dead 300 years but---

He simply is snuffed out.

Phil laughs nervously. The laugh of a bully who's been found out to be a coward.

Hylas struggles out of his chair to fully and closely confront Phil.

HYLAS

Upon thinking on it, I find it impossible for me to conceive or understand how anything but an idea...

PHIL

---can we talk about this?

HYLAS

--- impossible for me to conceive or understand how anything but an IDEA, can be like an IDEA...

PHIL

---WAIT!

HYLAS

...NO! ... and it is most evident that no idea can exist without a mind.

PHIL

(on his knees)

---please---

HYLAS

...no idea can exist without a mind. My mind.

Phil is agonizingly dissolved.

Hylas has only a moment of satisfaction before sensing a huge and gaping emptiness.

Suddenly the ANGLE goes askew as though the camera operator has also, gone, and the camera lay on the floor.

Hylas, from a distance, and on the floor, slowly crawls toward the fallen camera until he reaches full-face SELFIE distance.

A very long and uncertain interval, a little longer than All of Remaining Time, ensues, at the END of which Hylas's struggle to maintain Reality finally falters

HYLAS

I guess I should have thanked him

resulting in

A SLOW UN-FADE TO WHITE, STATIC, THEN BLACK