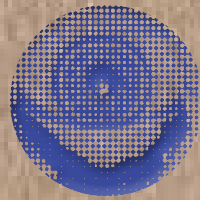
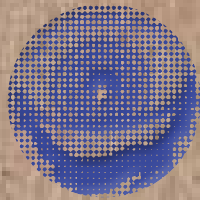


THE

AALTO



A TRANSCENDENTAL MANUAL
BY NATHANIEL MELLORS AND ERKKA NISSINEN

NATIVES

**Nathaniel
Mellors
& Erkkka
Nissinen**



THE AALTO

NATIVES

5

EXT. EARTH — DAY

30,000,000 YEARS B.C.E. PRE-PREHISTORY

THE EARTH is completely covered by one enormous ocean. In the middle of the ocean is a Neanderthal floating on an inflatable, sausage-print pool-lounger, sporting sunglasses, beachwear, floppy hat. Eating snacks and slurping on a cocktail — just enjoying the sun.

The Neanderthal burps and chuckles to himself. Suddenly something knocks out his sun.

NEANDERTHAL

What the?!

We see THE AALTO — a spaceship that looks just like the Aalto Pavilion — floating about 100 metres above the ocean. The Neanderthal lowers his shades and looks up, frowning.

NEANDERTHAL

Oh fuckin' 'ell! Not this again.

THE NEANDERTHAL chucks his SNACKS, pulls out a PADDLE and paddles away.

END OF TEASER

THE AALTO NATIVES

ACT ONE

7

INT. THE AALTO SPACESHIP BRIDGE

TWO SUPER-ADVANCED TERRAFORMING ALIENS are standing on the bridge of their spaceship, THE AALTO. These are GEB (egg-shaped) and his son ATUM (box-shaped, an ongoing disappointment to his father). They are standing next to banks of CONTROL-PANELS and a large VIDEO MONITOR upon which they can see the waves of the ocean below in HD.
Atum turns to Geb.

ATUM

Oh, please let me do it this time, Father!
Please let me begin the TIME WAVE!

GEB

Why?

ATUM

Because I have studied everything — absolutely everything — about Finland! And I am certain it would make the ideal social and cultural evolutionary target for this planet.

GEB

You mean, make the whole planet based entirely on Finland? Finnish social democracy, Finnish social mobility, Finnish progressive taxation, Finnish free education and a Finnish health care system?

ATUM

Yes — just a really big Finland — and some ocean with lots of herring in it.

GEB

Hmmm, that's more ambitious than most of your ideas but still feels a little too programmatic. Where's the romance?

ATUM

Well, I'm sure there's room for romance, mystery, poetry within an entirely Finnish planet!

GEB

Ha! I doubt that any culture will occur at all.

ATUM

It will father, it will! I've studied the whole history and I know how to seed it! The things you said will happen, and of course there will be nature, and also free-range chicken with organic vegetables. And this happy place will spontaneously ignite great feats of the imagination in painting, drawing, sculpture and new and interesting non-classical media.

ACT ONE — PREHISTORY

PREHISTORY

GEB

Well, all right then, as a reward for your persistence I will let you try this time. But Atum, don't let me down!

ATUM

Oh I won't father, I won't! Thank you!
Thank you so much!

GEB nods.

GEB

Let's begin then.

ATUM

Release the Cosmic Duck!

ATUM PRESSES A BUTTON ON A CONTROL PANEL WITH A DUCK ICON ON IT.

EXT. EARTH — DAY

A COSMIC DUCK drops out of a hatch in the back of the spaceship, into the OCEAN.

COSMIC DUCK

I think I feel an egg coming.

The DUCK lays a COSMIC EGG. The egg breaks and the duck begins to MAKE LAND from the BROKEN SHELL & EGG.

EXT. EARTH — DAY

AT A DISTANCE we see THE NEANDERTHAL on his POOL LOUNGER regarding the COSMIC DUCK through a PAIR OF BINOCULARS.

NEANDERTHAL

That duck's making land. I fuckin' hate land. Land is the beginning of the end.

INT. THE AALTO SPACESHIP BRIDGE

Atum pulls out charts showing "the shape of Finland" and starts pointing at the perimeter shape.

ATUM

Duck! Can you make it more Finland-shaped?

The COSMIC DUCK gives ATUM & GEB the thumbs up.

EXT. EARTH — DAY

MONTAGE: THE COSMIC DUCK working with spades and then a JCB, whistling to itself, smoking and reading tabloid newspapers as it terraforms away, making an enormous Finlandshaped land-mass.

CUT TO: VIEW FROM SPACE: a Finland-shaped super-continent.

INT. THE AALTO SPACESHIP BRIDGE

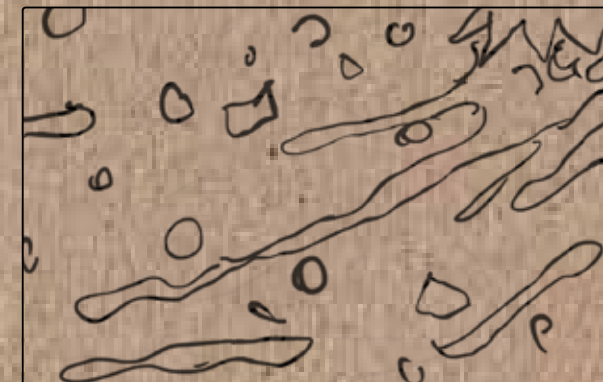
We see the same VIEW FROM SPACE on GEB & ATUM'S SCREEN.

GEB

That's a lot better.

ATUM

A very pleasing shape.





A MUD-MAN emerges from a pool of mud.

MUD-MAN

Feed me!

The cosmic duck cooks the mud-man breakfast: bacon and eggs.
The mud-man becomes a MEAT-MAN.

EXT. EARTH — NIGHT, LATER

The MEAT-MAN (now with massive genitals) is staggering around,
bumping into things and saying the word “meat” over and over again.

MEAT-MAN

Meat! Meat! Meat!

INT. THE AALTO SPACESHIP BRIDGE

ATUM

Let's go into stasis while it DEVELOPS
CONSCIOUSNESS.

STASIS LIGHTING FX AND SOUND FX IN ROOM.

GEB & ATUM

ANIMATRONICS PAUSE. VIDEOS CONTINUE.

EXT. EARTH — NIGHT, LATER

MEAT-MAN

Grrrrrr! Oh God, I am so embarrassed. And
grrrr — angry! Feeling very cross and ashamed now!

COSMIC-DUCK

Quack!

THE COSMIC DUCK WRAPS THE MEAT-MAN IN SKIN AND
ADDS SOME HAIR & TEETH.

It looks terrible; a Frankenstein's hominid.

The MEAT-MAN (MEAT / HAIR / BIG GENITALS) JUST
SCREAMING IN EXISTENTIAL PAIN AT THE CAMERA.

<SUNRISE>

The HAIRY-MEAT-MAN with massive sexual organs is NOW
WEARING A BERET and SMOKING A CIGARETTE trying to make
a SCULPTURAL SELF-PORTRAIT. It glues together some MUD and
some MEAT and tries to add some EYES and HAIR and GENITALS.
The form is even more terrible than its maker, but the HAIRY-MEAT-
MAN WEARING A BERET LOOKS PROUD.

THE NEANDERTHAL pops up in the role of ART TUTOR.

NEANDERTHAL

Excellent work. Terrific likeness. Well done.

The HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN points at itself and then the
sculpture and makes grunting noises.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN

Grunt, grunt.

NEANDERTHAL

Mind if I borrow a cigarette? I'm gaspin'.

The HAIRY-MEAT-MAN gives THE NEANDERTHAL
a CIGARETTE.

NEANDERTHAL

So that's HUSBANDRY and ART nailed. There's just
two more things I want to share with you, RITUAL
BURIAL and BUILDING THINGS.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN

Grunt, grunt.

NEANDERTHAL

The first one's a hygiene issue. You keep leaving your
dead mates lying about and quite frankly it's
insanitary.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN

Grunt! Grunt!

NEANDERTHAL

I'm sorry for your loss. You and your mates meet me
back here tomorrow. Bring flowers and a spade and
I'll show you how it's done.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN

Grunt! Grunt!

TRANSITION: DAY BECOMES NIGHT BECOMES...

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

PAN DOWN / ACROSS into THE NEANDERTHAL'S BUILDING AND BURIAL LESSON. We JOIN MID LESSON. The Neanderthal is finishing a jokey anecdote:

NEANDERTHAL
...so I said to him, I'm trying to give you a lesson
in design, not start a new religion!

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MEN
(laughter)
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!

NEANDERTHAL
So buildings are basically just caves above the ground.
Get yourself some cave-like materials and make a pile
of them around where you want to hang about, then
you can do whatever you want in 'em..Worship the
sun, 'ave a few drinks. Dress up massive root vegetables
like girls.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN
Grunt grunt grunt!

NEANDERTHAL
Now — last but not least — ritual burial!

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN
Grunt. Grunt.

NEANDERTHAL
Burial: dig a right big hole, cover your dead
mate with flowers, dump 'em in the hole.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN
Grunt grunt...grunt?

NEANDERTHAL
How do you know they're dead?
Well, like I said before, you only do it when
they're very, very still.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN
Grunt?

NEANDERTHAL
Then fill your hole with earth and more flowers.
Have you all got that?

We see there are half a dozen HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MEN hanging on the Neanderthal's lesson.





NEANDERTHAL
So that's **HUSBANDRY** and **ART** nailed. There's just two more things I want to share with you, **RITUAL BURIAL** and **BUILDING THINGS**.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN
Grunt, grunt.

NEANDERTHAL
The first one's a hygiene issue. You keep leaving your dead mates lying about and quite frankly it's insanitary.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN
Grunt! Grunt!

NEANDERTHAL
I'm sorry for your loss. You and your mates meet me back here tomorrow. Bring flowers and a spade and I'll show you how it's done.

HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MAN
Grunt! Grunt!



HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MEN
(chorus)
Grunt! Grunt! Grunt!

The HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MEN begin ENTHUSIASTICALLY
CLOSING IN on the NEANDERTHAL.

NEANDERTHAL
Eh? Wait! Hang on a minute. What are you doing?!

EXT. THE EARTH — NIGHT
The Neanderthal has been buried by his own pupils, up to his neck,
with flowers thrown all over his head.

NEANDERTHAL
Come on! Dig me up! You're only supposed to do this
when I'm fucking dead!

A group of HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MEN arrive with
STONES and BRICKS and start arranging them
around the NEANDERTHAL's HEAD.

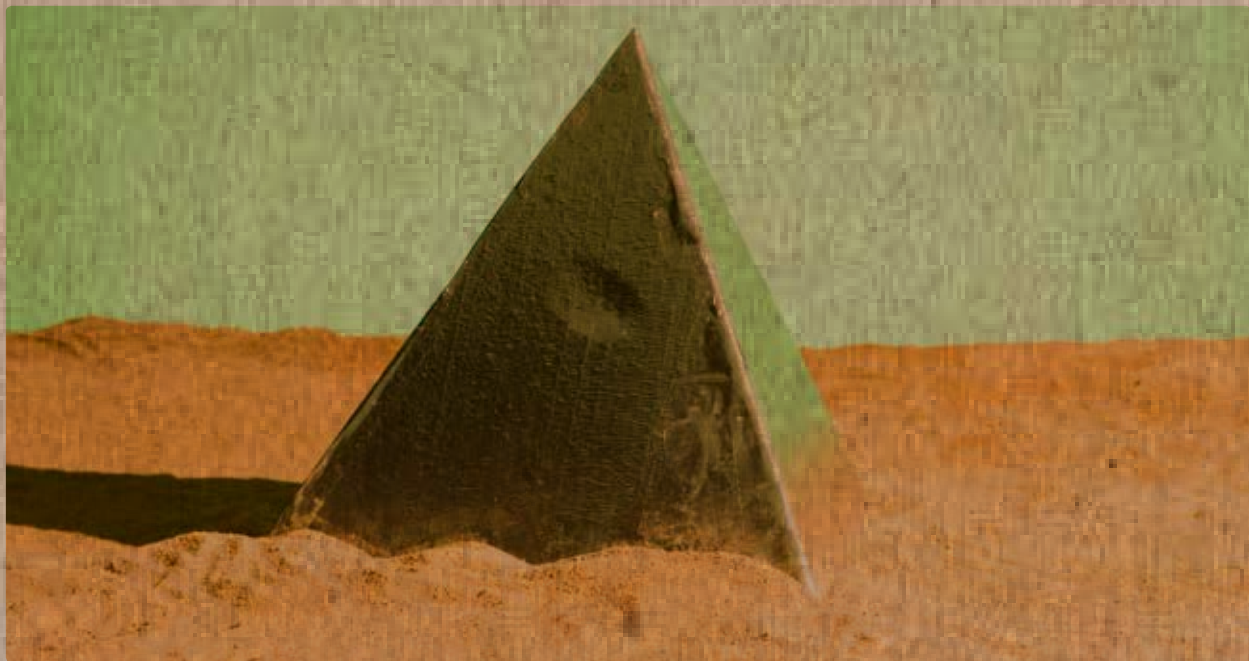
NEANDERTHAL
Ah no! Don't start that! Don't practice building on
me head! Dig me up!

DAY TURNS TO NIGHT. The Neanderthal is alone,
BURIED and ENCASED IN A PYRAMID.

NEANDERTHAL
Don't leave me here!

The HAIRY-MUD-MEAT-MEN are too busy musing over the pyramid
and other DESIGN OBJECTS.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

NEW FINLAND

35 MILLION YEARS LATER

INT. THE AALTO PAVILION

Darkness

A DIGITAL EGG-TIMER IS TICKING AWAY.

AALTO SHIP COMPUTER (V.O.)
Three minutes and counting to New Finland's
New Advent. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

THE LIGHT GOES UP ON THE ANIMATRONIC GEB.

GEB
Are you ready, son?

THE LIGHT GOES UP ON THE ANIMATRONIC ATUM.

ATUM
Yes, father. And very, very excited to see New Finland's
achievements after 35 million years of evolution!

GEB
So then, project your essence down there.
They are expecting you.

ATUM
Yes, father.

GEB
And remember, from their perspective you are a God.

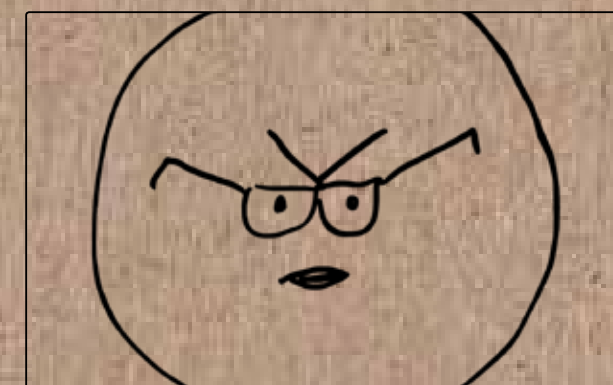
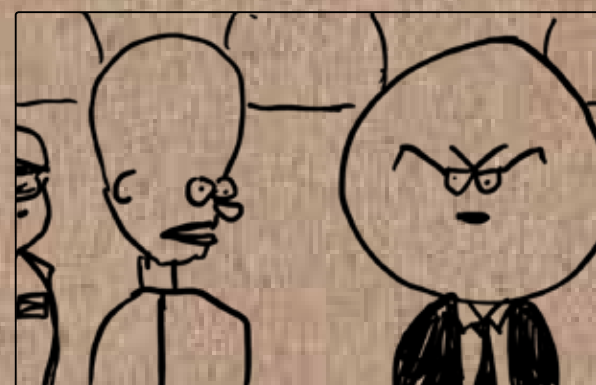
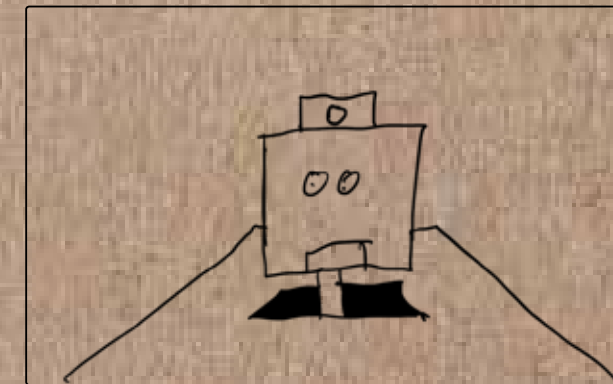
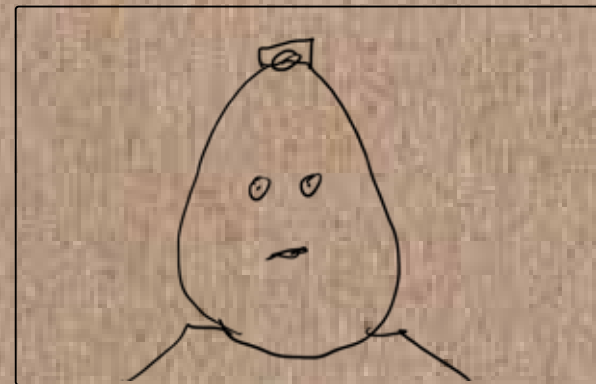
ATUM
Really?

GEB
Yes, so try and use your intuition.

ATUM
I will, father!

AALTO SHIP COMPUTER
Two minutes 30 seconds to New Finland's
New Advent...

GEB
Go now, don't be late, they are obsessed
with punctuality.



INT. NEW FINLAND NATIONAL CHAPEL — DAY

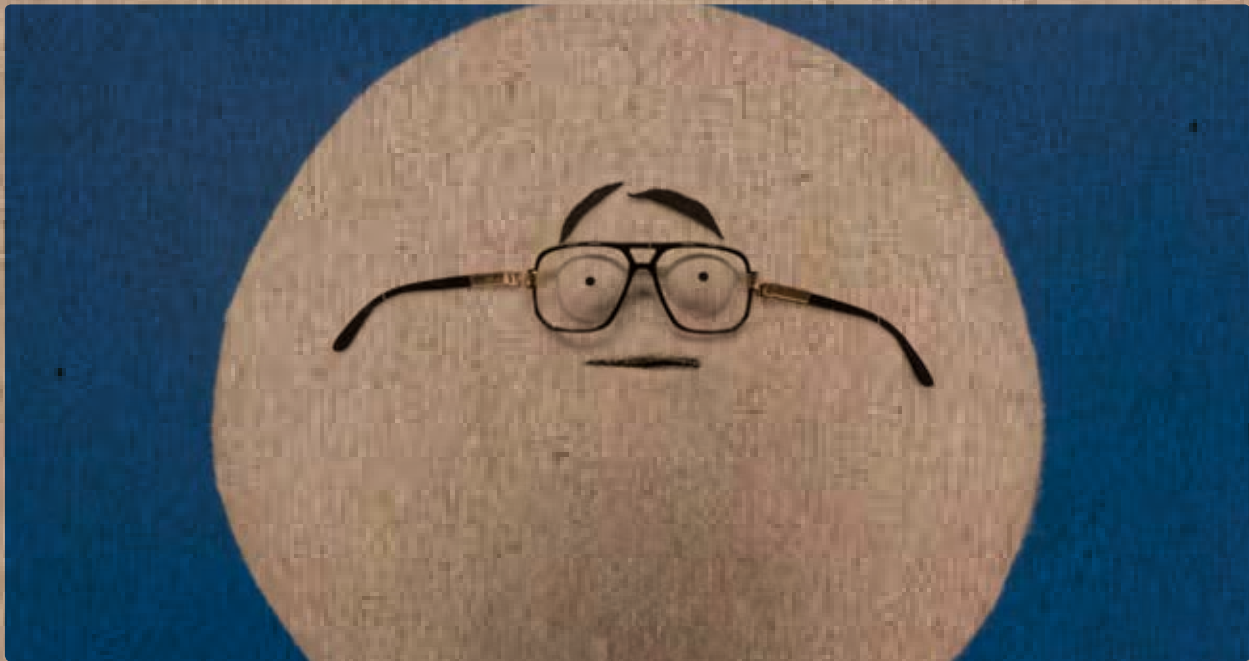
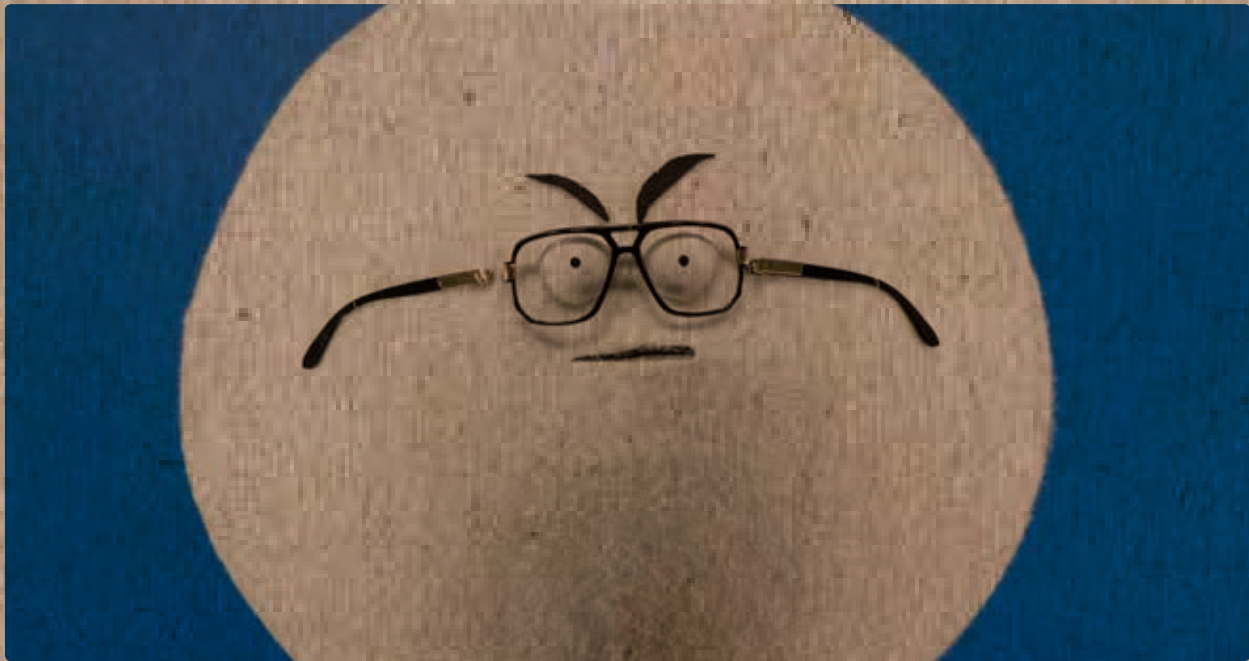
The PRESIDENT OF FINLAND is standing with the FIRST MINISTER OF THE FINLAND WORLD CHURCH. They await the PREDICTED COMING OF THE SON OF GOD, which has been prophesied with Finnish objectivity, down to the hour. The PRESIDENT is VERY NERVOUS.

PRESIDENT
Maybe he won't come.

FIRST MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH
Ha.

PRESIDENT
Maybe the prediction is not in accordance
with the facts.

ADVISER
Facts.



FIRST MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH

All of the prophecies have been proven. Even the prediction of the vessel of his coming was quite specific.

ADVISER

Specific.

The FIRST MINISTER points at a NOKIA FAX MACHINE which is standing on a table in front of them. It is in STANDBY mode.

FIRST MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH

He will come.

PRESIDENT

He's late!

FIRST MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH

(whispering)

Why are you so nervous? The coming of the son of god is why we are here! It's the whole point of New Finland. And you get to preside over it, Mr President.

PRESIDENT (INTERNAL VOICE)
But what if I make a mistake? What if they don't need a secular President anymore? This could be the end of social democracy.

The phone on the FAX MACHINE BEGINS TO RING.
The fax machine begins to whirl.

SECURITY GUARD

Incoming!

INT. THE AALTO PAVILION

GEB

At this point I should intercede just to say that nothing that happens from now on is in any way my responsibility. My son really wanted to do this, and it's important that I don't intervene except where really necessary. Planet Finland is on him.

INT. NEW FINLAND NATIONAL CHAPEL — DAY

FIRST MINISTER
Bring forth The Supplicant.

A CORPORATE OFFICE WORKER is brought forward and stood in front of the fax machine. He / she is wearing a caramel 'Donnie Brasco' style tracksuit and sneakers, with lots of FINNISH CORPORATE LOGOS. An AROMATHERAPIST attempts to RELAX THE SUPPLICANT.

The FAX MACHINE PRINTS OUT THE ATUM HEAD TEMPLATE.

BUILDERS attempt to put together the ATUM HEAD TEMPLATE. They get it wrong and DESTROY THE FAX MACHINE, whilst SMOKING LOTS. We get BRIEF GLIMPSES INTO THE INTERIOR WORLD OF EACH BUILDER. On second attempt they make the head correctly.

INT. NEW FINLAND NATIONAL CHAPEL — DAY

The eyes in Atum's box-head move left and right suddenly. The box-head leaps up off the table and over the head of The Supplicant. Terrible sounds are heard as The Supplicant is asphyxiated by Atum.

THE SUPPLICANT
Agghweghgwrrgh!

AROMATHERAPIST
Don't fight it.

THE SUPPLICANT
<CHOKE>

On a VIDEO MONITOR we see a LIVE X-RAY SCAN of the Supplicant. Tentacles unfold from inside the box and plunge down inside The Supplicant's convulsing body. The Supplicant is now ATUM's host body.

<beat>

Atum steadies himself and turns to the GOVERNMENT AND CHURCH OFFICIALS AND TV CAMERAS in the room.

ATUM
Greetings Finlanders!
It's DAMN GOOD TO SEE YOU!

<CROWDS CHEERING>

THE PRESIDENT
Welcome to New Finland!



FIRST MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH

Welcome.

ADVISER

Welcome.

ATUM

How ya doing?

<CROWDS CHEERING>

ATUM (CONT.)

My Father and I are your creators. We terraformed
Planet Finland 35 MILLION years ago!

THE PRESIDENT

He doesn't look anything like his social media profile!

FIRST MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH

Shhhh!

ATUM

We have been waiting in quantum space for sufficient
time to pass for you to have managed your own
destinies — like little gods yourselves!

<CROWDS CHEERING>

THE PRESIDENT

(whispering to ADVISER)
I thought his head would be more like mine.
Why doesn't he look like us?

THE GENERAL

Bomb him. And bomb Sweden.
Bomb-bomb-bomb-bomb!

ADVISER

Sweden never existed. It's a myth, you military moron. ■

THE GENERAL

It's my strategy! Pre-emptive strikes are the most
effective. We should take this opportunity, while
people are preoccupied with God, to bomb Sweden
out of pre-existence.

THE PRESIDENT

He doesn't look like us at all.

ATUM

My father and I are very excited to see the results
of your work!

<AWKWARD SILENCE>

ATUM (CONT.)
What have you got for me?

The FIRST MINISTER OF THE CHURCH pushes
THE PRESIDENT FORWARDS.

THE PRESIDENT
(mumbling, embarrassed)
We have a multimedia presentation for you.

ATUM
Wait, what? What's that?

THE PRESIDENT
A video, sir. With some live singing.

ATUM
What, sort of a 'son et lumière' type thing?

THE PRESIDENT
Yes, but less French.

ATUM
Proceed.

The PRESIDENT presents ATUM with a VIRTUAL REALITY
HEADSET. It is made out of cardboard and has RED and
GREEN lenses.

ATUM
What's this?

THE PRESIDENT
It's our way for you to see New Finland.
Without going outside.

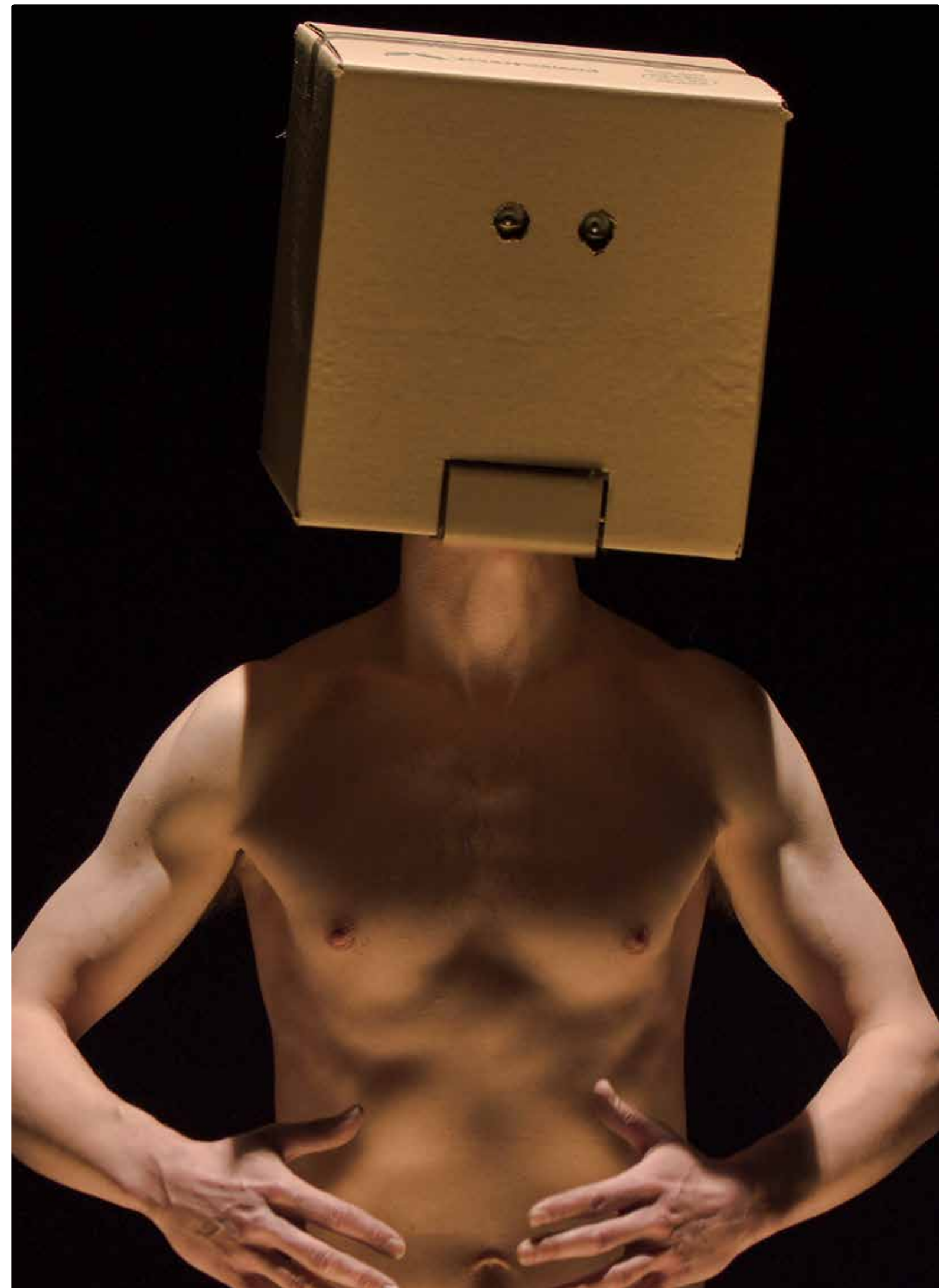
ATUM stares blankly at the NOKIA VR DEVICE
then at the President.

ATUM
But I want to go outside.

<AWKWARD PAUSE>

ATUM (CONT.)
Look, I am the son of God and the co-creator of your
civilization. I want to experience your reality.

THE PRESIDENT
But it's all in here, everything you want to see! Besides,
we never go outside. Not anymore. We had a lot of
problems outside in the 1970s. And there's almost
nothing out there now.



GEB
Are you ready, son?

THE LIGHT GOES UP ON
THE ANIMATRONIC ATUM.

ATUM
Yes, father. And very, very
excited to see New Finland's
achievements after 35 million
years of evolution!

GEB
So then, project your
essence down there.
They are expecting you.

ATUM
Yes, father.

GEB
And remember, from their
perspective you are a God.

ATUM
Really?

GEB
Yes, so try and use
your intuition.

ATUM
I will, father!

AALTO SHIP COMPUTER
Two minutes 30 seconds to
New Finland's New Advent.ooo

GEB
Go now, don't be late, they
are obsessed with punctuality.

33

Atum looks disappointed.

ATUM
I am disappointed, but I will give it a try.

He puts the headset on.

THE PRESIDENT'S HIGHLY DISAPPOINTING
PRESENTATION VIDEO PLAYS.

THE PRESIDENT'S HIGHLY DISAPPOINTING
PRESENTATION VIDEO ENDS.

Everyone in the room is nervously waiting for Atum's response.

He takes the VR HEADSET off.

THE PRESIDENT
What did you think?

INT. THE AALTO PAVILION

GEB
That was shit.

INT. NEW FINLAND NATIONAL CHAPEL

ATUM
No, father!

<SHARP, NERVOUS INTAKE OF BREATH FROM THE
FOLK IN THE ROOM>

INT. THE AALTO PAVILION

GEB (ATUM INTERNAL INTERCOM)
Son, that was shit.

INT. NEW FINLAND NATIONAL CHAPEL

ATUM
Well, I think it has promise. Now please can we go
outside and have a broader look at the social, political
and cultural context you have evolved over the last 35
million years?

The Presidential group goes into panic and start whispering to each
other conspiratorially. Security guards pop up and are whispered to.
They nod.

ACT TWO — NEW FINLAND



SENIOR ADVISER
(whispering to technician)

EXTERNAL VIRTUALITY ON!

INT. THE AALTO PAVILION

GEB

I'm sorry son, these New Finlanders of yours are in a sorry state. I think we should RESET THE WHOLE THING. Start again. Re-release Mr Mutanen.

INT. AALTO PRISON DECK

MR MUTANEN standing in his CELL, head, neck and feet chained to the wall. Mr Mutanen is HALF-HUMAN, HALF-MUPPET, filthy with a long beard and long fingernails. His body-stocking is sagging at the groin, filled with excrement. There is excrement on the floor, along with LOTS OF EMPTY BOTTLES OF FINNISH VODKA AND BEER.

MR MUTANEN'S WIFE IS HAVING SEX WITH THE COSMIC DUCK.

MR MUTANEN stares at the camera and PISSES HIMSELF.



INT. NEW FINLAND NATIONAL CHAPEL — DAY

ATUM

(whispering to Geb via Intercom)

Wait, no! Don't unlock Mr Mutanen yet! He's too chaotic! Allow me to go outside and search for OBJECTIVE PROOF of cultural development! Maybe the President's version of New Finland and the real New Finland are somehow not congruent!?

THE PRESIDENT

What's he saying? Who's he talking to?

ATUM

I am the son of God and I am going outside!

ATUM BLASTS A HOLE in the CHAPEL WALL and walks OUTSIDE.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

No, wait! It's dangerous out there! And there's nothing out there, except for a bunch of freaks who refuse to identify as Original Finlanders and have therefore been subjected to massive doses of radiation. NEVER GO OUTSIDE...SIDE...SIDE...

THE BUREAUCRATIC SUPER-STRUCTURE

INT. OFFICE 1

CONTROLLER V.O.

Oh no! The Son of God is entering our bureaucratic super-structure. Virtuality levels to maximum.

The CONTROLLER SLIDES A BIG 'VIRTUALITY KNOB' to MAXIMUM.

Atum is greeted by an enthusiastic office worker.

OFFICE WORKER 1

Hi there!

ATUM

Greetings.

OFFICE WORKER 1

Who are you?

ATUM

My name is Atum. I am the Son of God and your co-creator.

OFFICE WORKER 1

But you don't look anything like me!



ATUM

Well, I don't have to look like you to make you, do I?
What's your name and what do you do here?

OFFICE WORKER 1

My name's Onni and I'm a Grade one information
processing manager.

<PAUSE>

That means that in 57 years I'll be processing a
hell of a lot more stuff.

ATUM

Very good. And may I ask, where is your culture, Onni?

ONNI

Are you happy, Atum? Because I am.
Really, really happy. And I got an award for that and
I'd really like to share it with you. Urgghhhh!

Office worker 1 stabs himself in the eyes with a pen.
Atum leaves the room.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

A red light starts flashing.

SECURITY OFFICER

Huh? We got a glitch!

CONTROLLER V.O.

Son of God entering second tier.

INT. OFFICE 2

Atum is greeted by an enthusiastic older office worker 57 years older.

OFFICE WORKER 2

Hi there!

ATUM

Greetings.

OFFICE WORKER 2

My name's Onni and I am a senior manager here, grade
1. Who are you?

ATUM

I am the Son of God and your co-creator.

OFFICE WORKER 2

Co-creator — but you don't look anything like me!

ATUM

Well, as I was just explaining to the other Onni next
door, I'm a terraforming God. So I don't have to just
make things that look like me, do I?

OFFICE WORKER 2

Other Onni? What other Onni? I'm the only Onni.

ONNI GLITCHES.

OFFICE WORKER 2

In half a century I'll be promoted to Correction
Collection. And I really want to say how happy I am,
being able to work here and be part of the bureaucracy
of the Original New Finland.

Atum has left the room. Office Worker 2 breaks his own neck.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

The President and various ADVISERS and TECHNICIANS
are looking at the DEAD WORKER on a screen. RED LIGHTS
ARE FLASHING.

THE PRESIDENT

What the HELL was that? Is the virtuality working?

SENIOR ADVISER

It seems like the virtuality is only partially virtual, sir.
We got a series of glitches!

THE PRESIDENT

Shit! Shit!

SENIOR ADVISER 2

Check exterior virtuality levels!

TECHNICIAN 1

Exterior virtuality levels at 80%.

THE PRESIDENT

<FINNISH SWEAR WORD>

TECHNICIAN 2

Exterior virtuality levels at 79%.

THE PRESIDENT

RESTORE TOTAL VIRTUALITY IMMEDIATELY!

TECHNICIAN 1

78%...

THE PRESIDENT

What the hell is going on!?



TECHNICIAN 2

It must be the Son of God: he's somehow resistant to our virtuality.

TECHNICIAN 1

It's like he's not human!

CONTROLLER V.O.

Son of God entering Correction Collection.

SENIOR ADVISER

Virtuality 75%...

THE PRESIDENT

We have to stop this before he finds THE ORIGINAL ORIGINAL FINLAND! Security, build a wall!

INT. CORRIDOR

The BUILDERS trying to build a wall flanked by SECURITY. We get some flash insights into the BUILDERS INTERIOR WORLDS and see them get tangled up in their construction.

BUILDER 1

(holding excessively complicated plans)
What does this bit mean?

BUILDER 2

It says "Original Finland 4th WALL ILLUSION".

BUILDER 1

Right. You lot hold the supports. The rest of it is just poured concrete. I hope we don't all get stuck in it again...

FAST TIME-PASSING, dissolve to THE BUILDERS stuck inside their wall.

SECURITY OFFICER

Oh for the sake of fuck!

A really, really crumbly old man, 134 years old.

OFFICE WORKER 3

Good day stranger. Welcome to the Correction Collection. I am the Senior Curator here and I bid you welcome.

ATUM

You seem very old. You must have a lot of rich life experience of life-living lived.

OFFICE WORKER 3

Old? What?

ATUM

How long has it taken you to get to this level?

OFFICE WORKER 3

114 years. Would you like to see the Correction Collection?

ATUM

What is your name?

OFFICE WORKER 3

Correction Collection is the highest honour on our corridor. And I am its curator. Proud.

ATUM

But I am looking for your culture.

OFFICE WORKER 3

Pentel. Tipp-Ex. White-Out. Liquid Paper. It's all here.

Atum has left the room. The Office Worker eats a blank piece of paper and CHOKES TO DEATH. ATUM LEAVES THE ROOM.

EXT. OFFICE 4

ATUM

What's this? I'm still wearing the VR glasses!
So wait, is this real or is this not unreal, then?

Atum takes the glasses off and breaks them.

ATUM

This bureaucracy is just a cheap trick designed to confuse The Son of God. Probably the President of Finland's work. He's going to have to try harder than that if he wants to confuse this patriotic cultural co-creator.

THE PRESIDENT
(whispering to **ADVISER**)
I thought his head would be more like mine. Why doesn't he look like us?

THE GENERAL
Bomb him. And bomb Sweden.
Bomb-bomb bomb-bomb!

ADVISER
Sweden never existed. It's a myth, you military moron.

THE GENERAL
It's my strategy! Pre-emptive strikes are the most effective. We should take this opportunity, while people are preoccupied with God, to bomb Sweden out of pre-existence.



INT. CORRIDOR

Atum faces down the 3 SECURITY GUARDS IN FRONT OF THE WALL with the BUILDERS STUCK IN IT. A SPED-UP REPLAY OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE, Atum's LASER BEAM DECAPITATES THEM ALL MID-SPEAK...

SECURITY OFFICER 1
Please don't... I'm young-uh!

SECURITY OFFICER 2
Please no kill my wife-uh!

SECURITY OFFICER 3
Please don't kill me, I only just parked my car-uh!!

Atum faces the 4th WALL WITH EMBEDDED BUILDERS.

BUILDERS
Ignore us, we're just the 4th wall.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

THE PRESIDENT
Builders, you're fired! Security, you're fired too.

We see the GUARD'S DECAPITATED HEADS rolling in the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

Atum SMASHES THROUGH the 4th WALL sending BUILDERS FLYING.
He walks into mist.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

TECHNICIAN
He's broken out. Virtuality levels at zero.
He's entering the EXTERIOR.

TECHNICIAN 2
Son of God entering Original Original Finland.

THE PRESIDENT
This was never meant to happen.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

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EXT. THE OPERATING SYSTEM

The MISTY WASTELAND continues, but then, in a clearing, we see a CIRCLE OF PETRIFIED FROZEN HEADS with FROZEN 3D GOGGLES and headphones on them. All of them are connected to a '90s PC with lots of wires. All look long-dead.

ATUM notices that he is still wearing the VR GLASSES which he thought he had removed already. He takes them off and drops them to the floor.

ATUM walks into the circle of FROZEN HEADS. The 1990s PC is still on. Atum walks up to the keyboard and begins typing.

< Where am I?

< FINLAND.

< What are you?

< I am the mainframe.

< Who are they?

< They are the survivors.

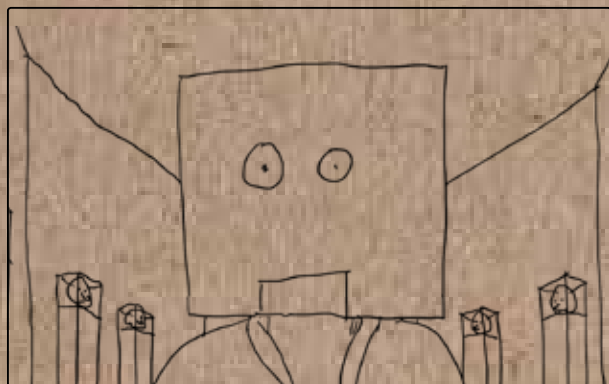
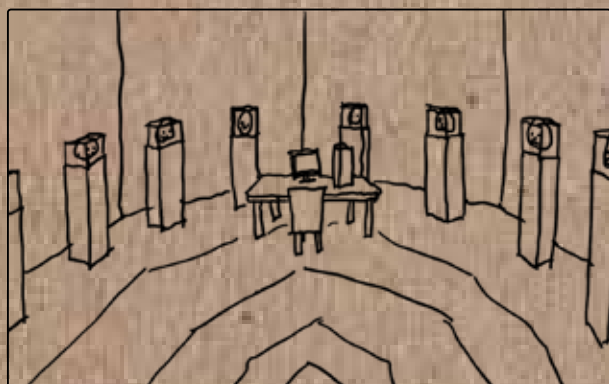
< Survivors of what?

< The last Operating System update.

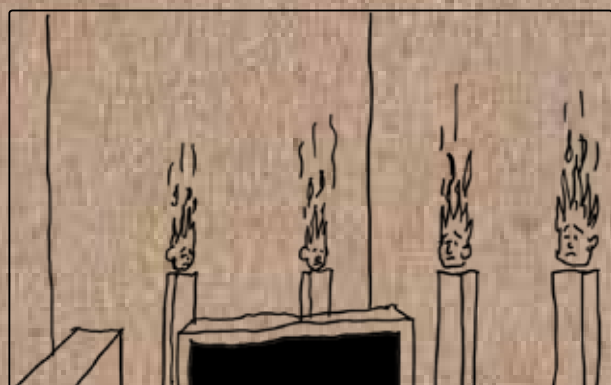
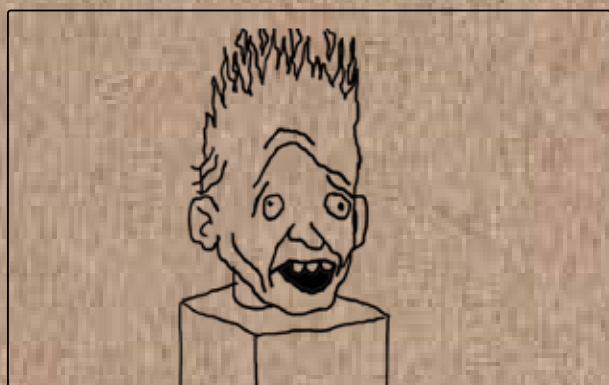
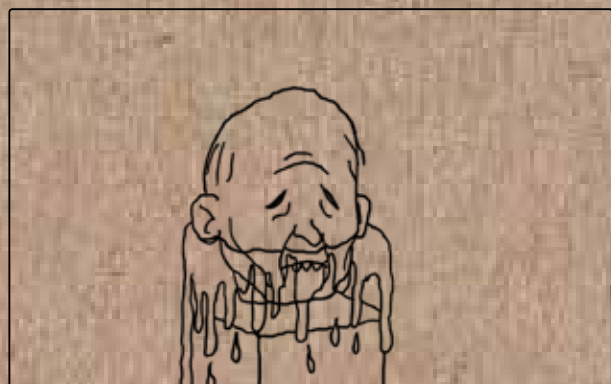
< Is this the True Finland?

THE EXTERIOR / INTERIOR

ACT THREE — EXTERIOR / INTERIOR



> Who are they?
 > I am the main-frame.
 > What are you?
 > FINLAND
 > Where am I?



THE '90s PC CRASHES and the PETRIFIED HEADS START SMOKING AND CATCH FIRE.

The normally objective and detached Atum temporarily loses his cool as he runs around trying to put out the BURNING PETRIFIED HEADS.

ATUM's INTERCOM starts BEEPING. It is GEB calling. Atum OBSCURES HIS BODYCAM.

LIVE — IN THE ROOM

The Geb animatronic speaking to Atum on the video.

GEB
 How's it going?

ATUM
 Great!

GEB (V.O. — INTERCOM)
 Are you sure? It looks like it's going quite shittily?
 Shittily? Quite badly.

ATUM
 (measured)
 No, father. It's going really well.

GEB
 Well the Vidicom must be malfunctioning.

ATUM
 I'll fix it and call you back.

ANIMATRONICS IN THE ROOM PAUSE,
 BACK TO VIDEO ACTION

EXT. THE OPERATING SYSTEM

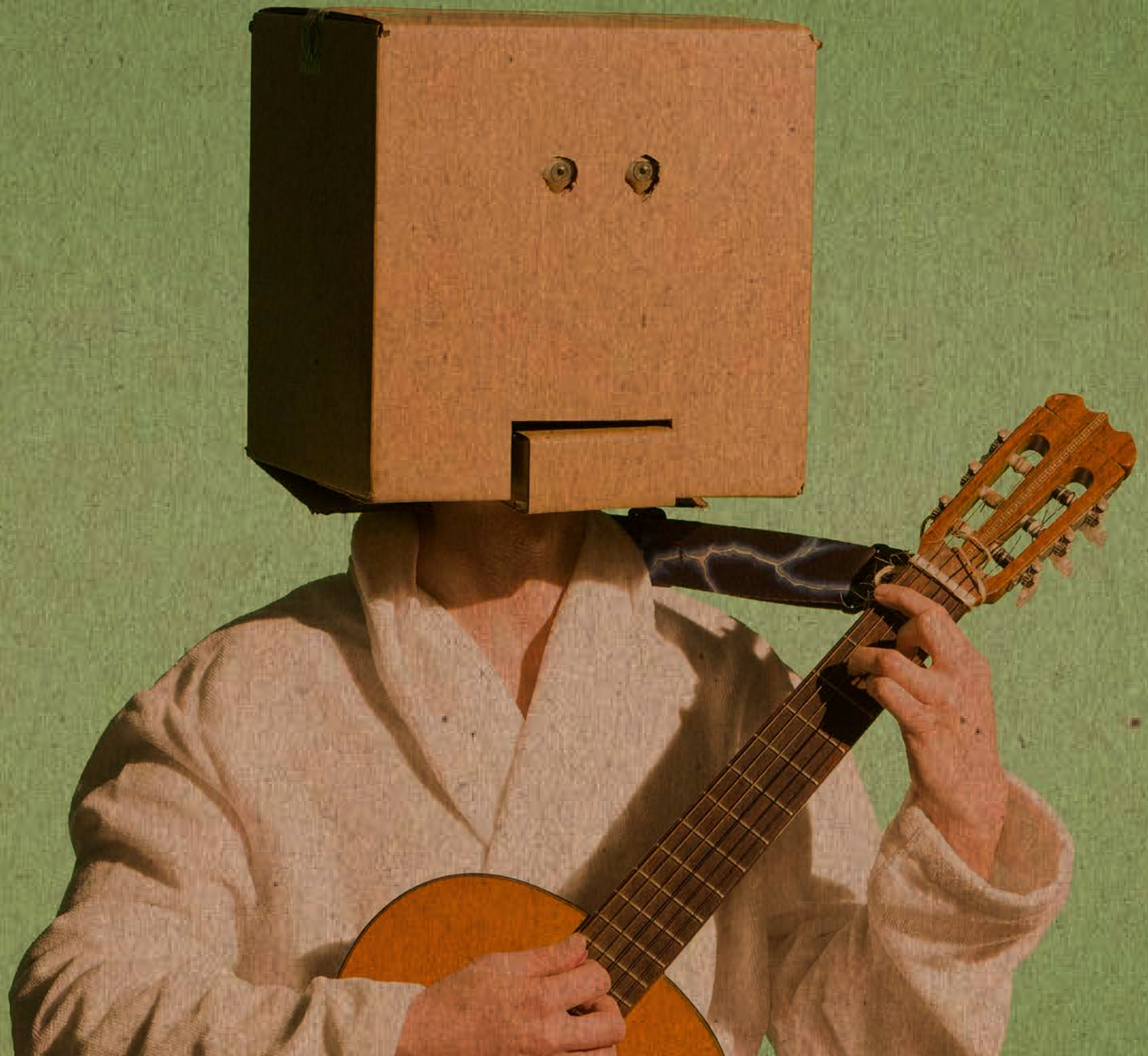
ATUM turns the COM-LINK off. He finds a FIRE-EXTINGUISHER and extinguishes the BURNING HEADS. He stands, looking at the circle.

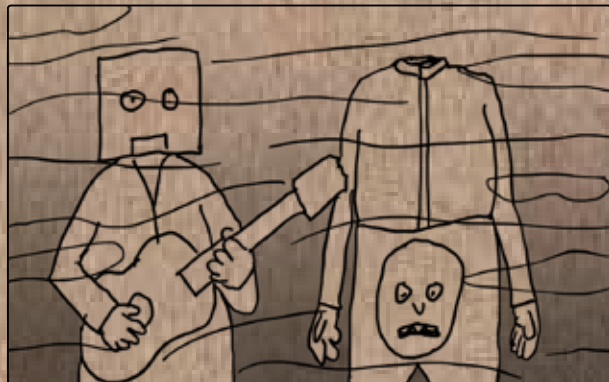
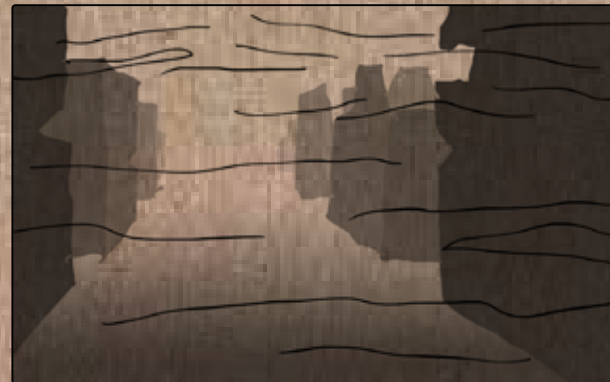
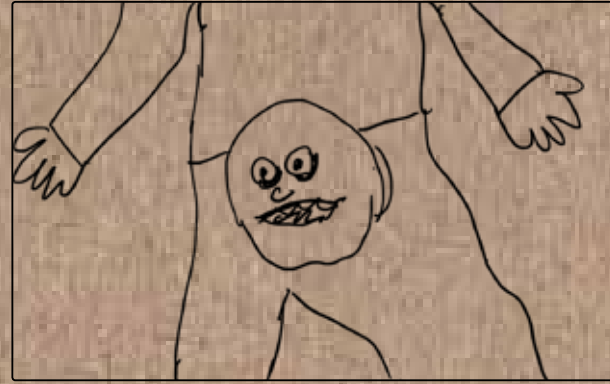
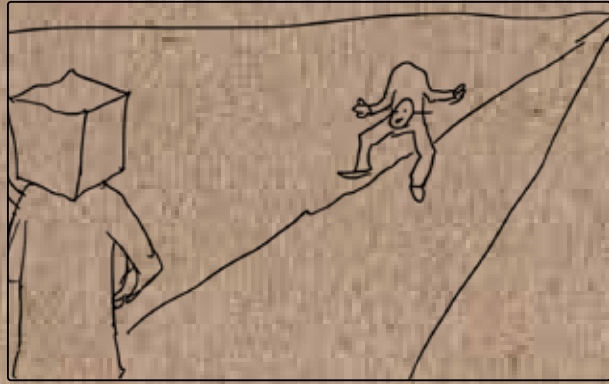
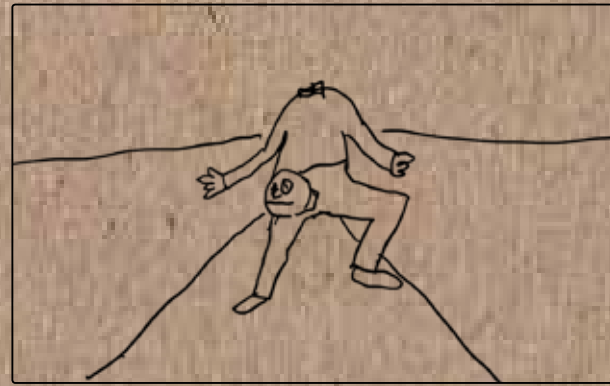
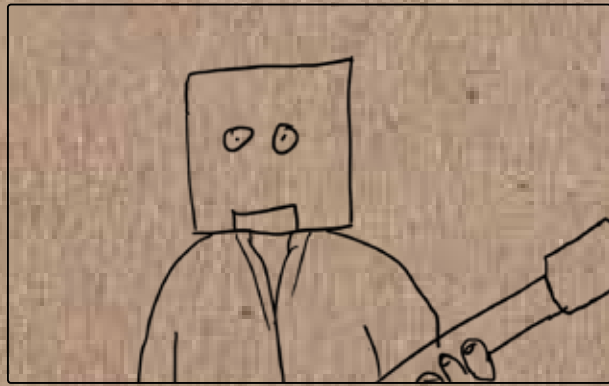
ATUM (INTERNAL VOICE)
 Is this all there is then? Are these burnt heads and circuitry all that remains of Finland?

ATUM begins to walk through the landscape. A musical theme begins, marking the beginning of a MUSICAL SEQUENCE. Atum begins to hum, then whistle, then sings the Finland song.

He is joined in song by a TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT with its head sticking out of its groin and another head sticking out of its anus, and no head where the head should be. The TA starts dancing...

Very sad, just voice at first then minimal musical backing.





ATUM

Have I failed? Have I let myself down? Daddy,
have I failed you? Myself, have I failed, me?

My father and I had a dream of Finland's social
perfection. We based it on things we had seen and
copied and felt should come true. Well, chickens range
freely in Finland. And folks moved from four legs to
two. If chickens walk freely in Finland, why can't you?

Zero tax evasion, nationalised health, care-free
education... Opportunities for all. A fully optimised
society.

Finland's green pastures, Finland's herring.

A cultural dream for Finland's
mmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmmm
The best of humanity's dreams and desires perfected
in Finland with very little fanfare.

He stops and looks at the TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT
who is DANCING.

ATUM

This poor creature — it's dancing for me!

TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT 1
Oh please don't stop. Your music is a balm upon my
troubled soul. My brain is all itchy and when I hear
music and dance the pain subsides. No-one I know can
sing anymore so you must come to our village and sing
to all my young friends there. I should be at university,
instead I am forced to wander the countryside
performing modern dance to ease my pain.

ATUM

(very pleased) Very well!

ATUM

(continuing song)
Lives lived and lived's live's'd in Finland babies born
and dogs walked in Finland cheeses eaten herrings
pickled the occasional mass-murder statistically
acceptable relative to...

Finland's mmmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmmm
Finland Oh Finland Oh Finland
mmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmmm

TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT 1
Oh, thank you magical troubadour! You must come
with me to my village and sing your healing songs to all
my young friends, who, just like me, have been afflicted
by a BAD MANTRA!

Atum follows the accidents through the mist.

EXT. ORIGINAL ORIGINAL FINNISH VILLAGE

Atum stands at the entrance to the VILLAGE.

There is a sign reading 'ORIGINAL ORIGINAL FINNISH VILLAGE'

The houses in the background look broken. The people seem depressed but they are not Transcendental Accidents (TAs). Many have subtle abnormalities.

TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT 1
This is the marvellous jongleur I told you about!

VILLAGER 1
Welcome to our village, stranger!

VILLAGER 2
Yes, welcome.

Atum surveys the depressed buildings and depressed looking people.

ATUM
What happened here?
Why is everything so depressed?

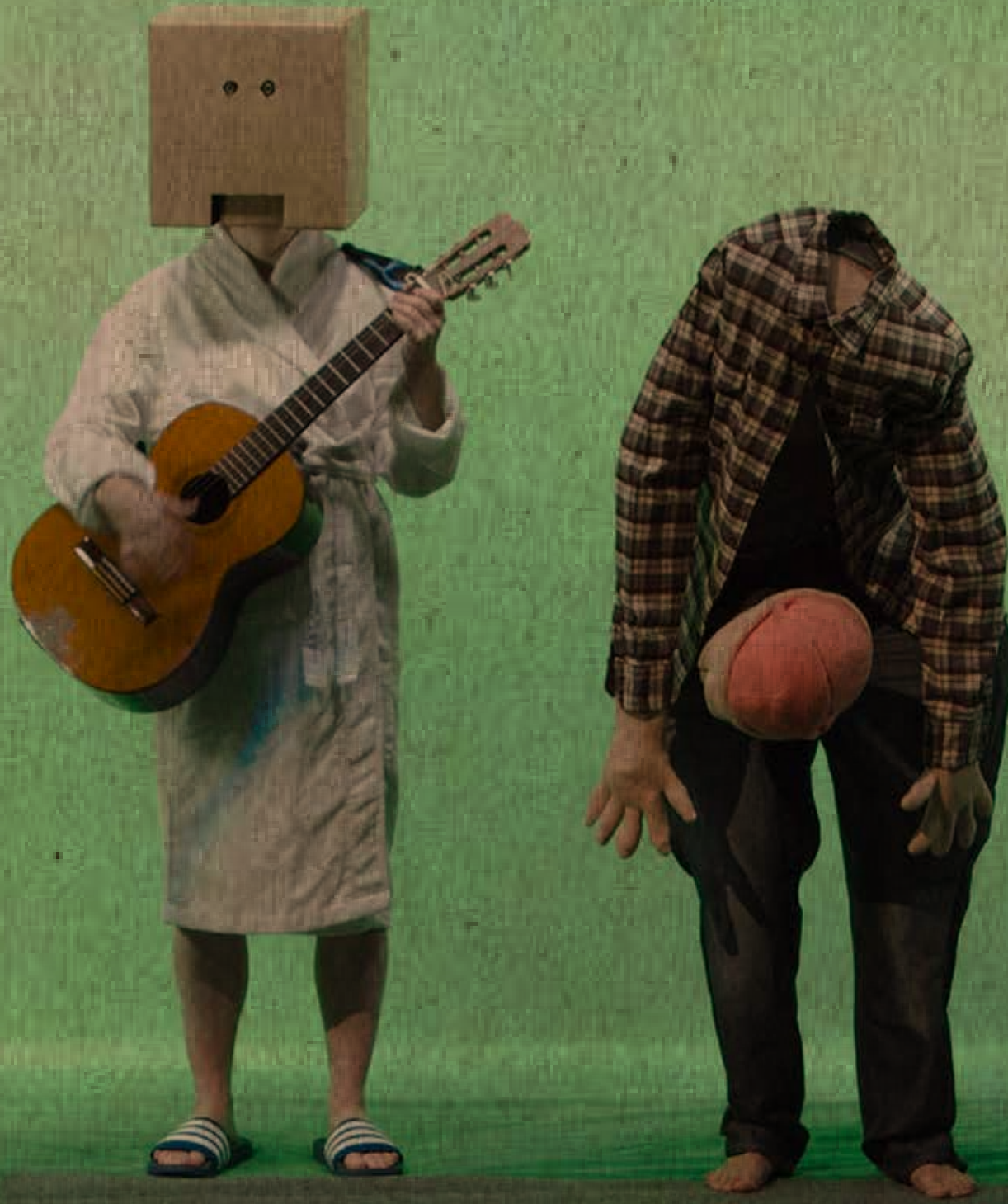
VILLAGER 2
WE don't know!

VILLAGER 1
It's true we have no idea why so many EXTREMELY
BAD THINGS are happening here! Can you help us?

THE MAYOR
I used to be a plumber. Now I have a symbolic position
as the town's Mayor. It is therefore my duty to
apologise to you for the unbearable weight of our
collective and ongoing failure!

VILLAGER 3
I used to be a cheese producer. Now I just look at
pictures of cheese on the internet. Will you play for us?

VILLAGERS
Yes! Play for us! Play for us!



Atum plays a song for the villagers.

MUSIC — “MY creativity can HEAL YOU”

The villagers are all very happy.

VILLAGERS (V.O.)
Great! His music is making me feel
so much better already!

There is a 3-4 second outburst of synthesizer and white noise
creating interference with Atum’s music.

Atum stops playing and looks to the source, MR BOX, extreme sound
artist & former pop-star turned social pariah, wearing a full-length
leather coat, industrial stylings, and with amplifiers and keyboards
on a trolley.

The villagers start booing Mr Box.

ATUM
Who is he?

THE MAYOR
That’s Dave Box, our ex-musician. He used to make
pop music but now he’s a social pariah!

VILLAGER
Fuck off ya wanker!

Mr Box replies with another outburst of extreme industrial sonics.

ATUM
Wow! He’s communicating with me through extreme
music and shouting! He must not want the people
here to understand him — but why?

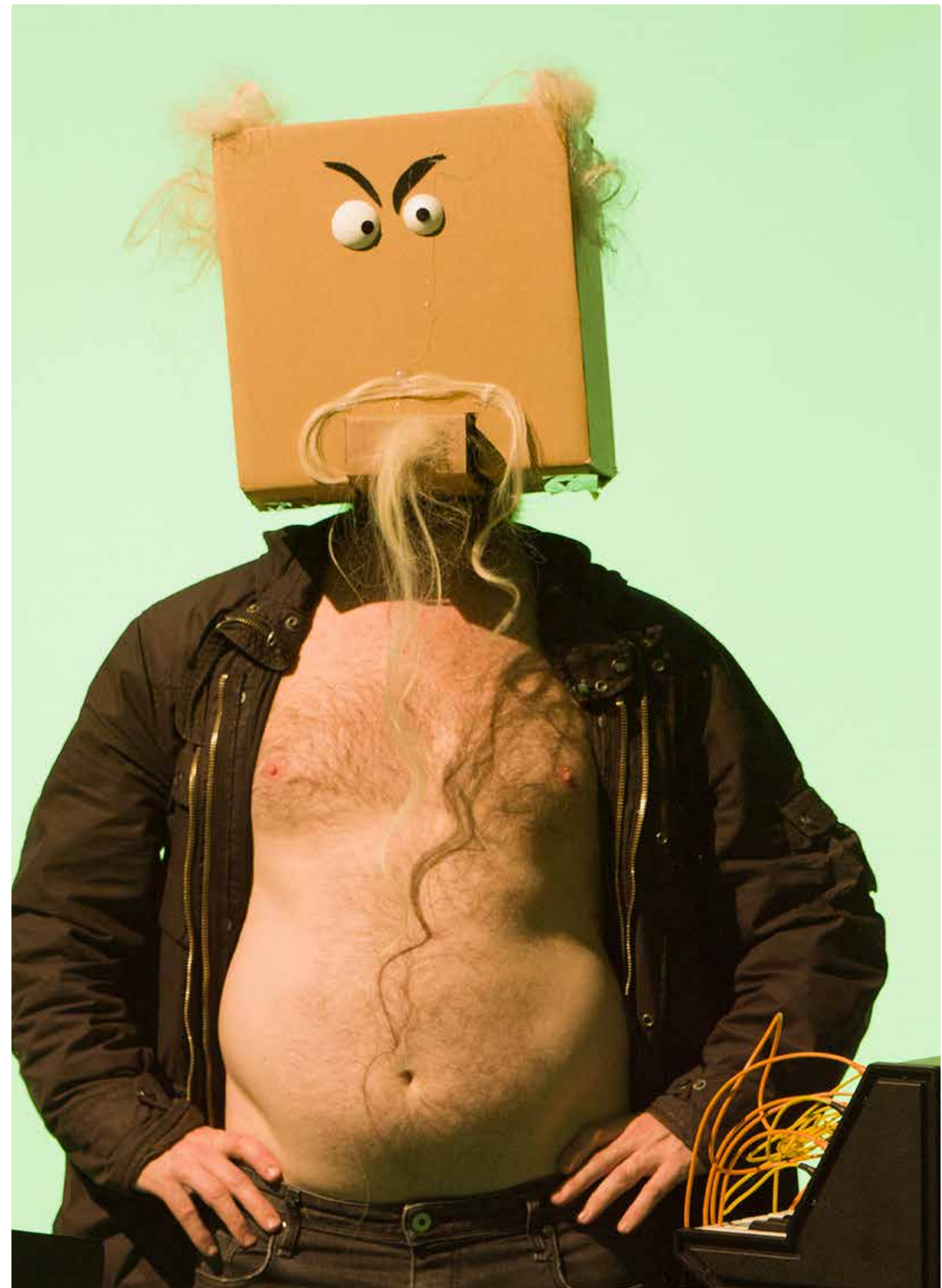
ATUM (CONT.)
He’s saying that the village didn’t used to be this
way — it used to be a perfect social democracy!
And he used to be a pop musician with the power
to heal, just like me!

VILLAGER
Get back in your ‘studio’, you drunken cunt!

More extreme frequencies.

VILLAGER
That’s not music, you fat bastard!

ATUM
He’s saying that his withdrawal into the studio to make



ATUM (CONT.)
What have you got for me?

The FIRST MINISTER OF
THE CHURCH pushes THE
PRESIDENT FORWARDS.

THE PRESIDENT
(mumbling, embarrassed)
We have a multimedia
presentation for you.

ATUM
Wait, what? What's that?

THE PRESIDENT
A video, sir.
With some live singing.

ATUM
What, sort of a 'son et
lumière' type thing?

THE PRESIDENT
Yes, but less French.

ATUM
Proceed.

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extreme noise music and his role as social pariah are an act of altruism designed to protect the people here from the misguided belief that they can be redeemed by culture, and that I should do the same thing. I'll send him a message that I appreciate his intentions but I disagree with him regarding art's social capacities...

ATUM plays some pleasant minor chords.

MR Box replies with more sonic frequencies. Someone throws a STONE at him.

ATUM
He's telling that my naive belief in liberal culture being essentially good has made me an unwitting servant of late capitalism. And I am a corporate whore. Well, I'll tell him I beg to differ!

ATUM plays another chord sequence. Mr Box replies with more extreme music and a shower of stones rains down upon him.

ATUM
I'll warn him that I fear he may have fallen into a form of social and cultural elitism — and bad health from too much alcohol. He should go for a jog and try and think more positively.

Atum plays a chord sequence as Mr Box is stoned to death.

ATUM
Now he's been stoned to death by the angry peasantry.

Mr Box's SPIRIT emerges from his BODY and speaks to ATUM.

MR BOX
Thank you, stranger.

ATUM
Sorry?

MR BOX
Thank you for giving me the opportunity to be murdered by the people I love. It's been a long time coming. Now you can take care of them. But remember, don't go giving them hope in the transformational power of pop music and modern art. That's what ruined 'em the first time round. It was the village children's decadent self-realisation-oriented lifestyles that led to the transcendental accidents.

Mr Box disappears.

VILLAGER
Come to the hospital!

ACT THREE — EXTERIOR / INTERIOR

VILLAGER 2

Yes, come to the special hospital and sing to our child.

THE MAYOR

Yes, new musician, come. I will accompany you.

EXT. TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT SPECIAL
TREATMENT CENTRE

We see Atum and The Mayor entering the hospital.
Atum is carrying his guitar.

THE MAYOR

A few years ago we had a damned near perfect society here. And then a number of our most aspirational children went away on a meditation camp run by a holy man — a guru! I guess he was spiritually incompetent because they came back transcendently crippled — infected — by a BAD MANTRA.

ATUM

A bad mantra?

THE MAYOR

It's a kind of cancer of wellbeing. It corrupted the young people, turned their body and soul inside-out. We built this special centre and now there's only one child left.

INT. TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT SPECIAL
TREATMENT CENTRE

Atum is looking at the transcendental accident — a fusion of many puppet bodies.

ATUM

Whose child is this?

THE MAYOR

Everybody's.

TRANSCENDENTAL ACCIDENT (V.O.)
Join us.

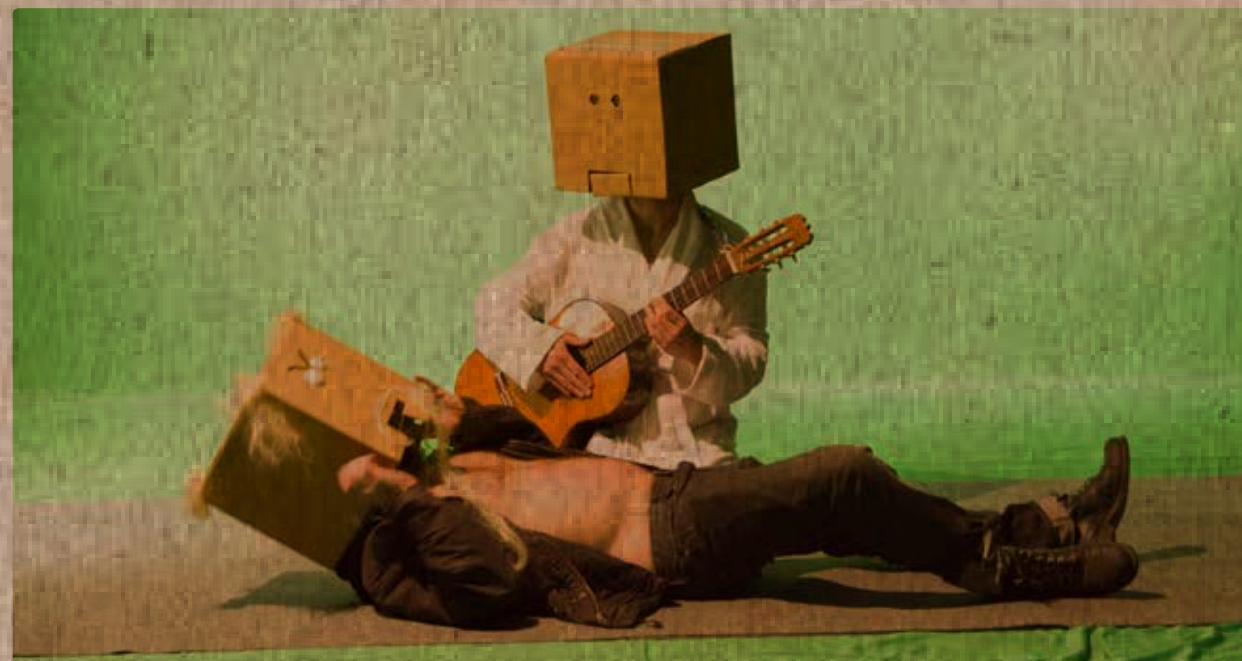
THE MAYOR

Sing to it.

Atum tries to play his guitar and makes a strange atonal chord and plucking sequence.

THE MAYOR

Don't mock us, stranger. Don't make those strange sounds. Play normally. Heal the child. Again, Atum



tries to play but it sounds like DEREK BAILEY. The mayor pulls the hospital alarm chord. Red lights flash and an alarm sounds.

MULTIPLE TA
Join us, creator. Quickly. Or they will kill you.

ATUM
How?

MULTIPLE TA
Come into our hole.

ATUM
Which one?

MULTIPLE TA
This one!

The MULTIPLE TA displays an expanding, RECTAL-looking HOLE.

ATUM
Very well. I will come inside your hole...
in order to pursue my cultural research further.

ATUM crawls inside. It's very MISTY,
a similar LANDSCAPE as before.

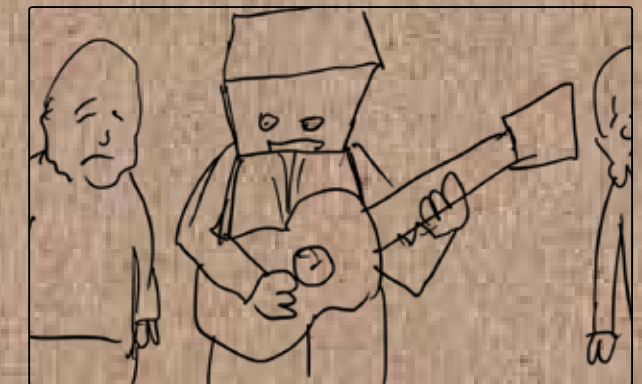
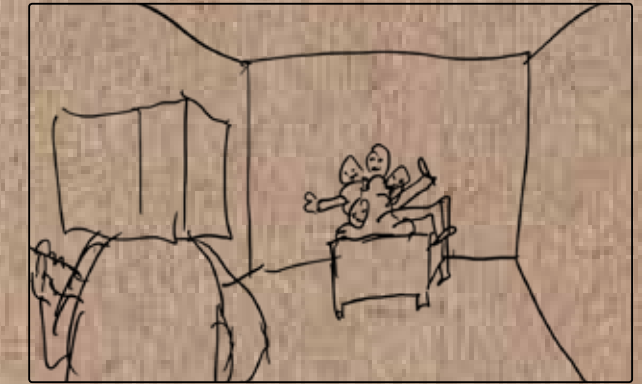
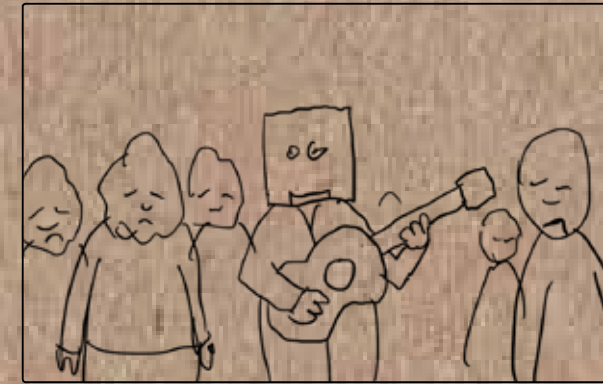
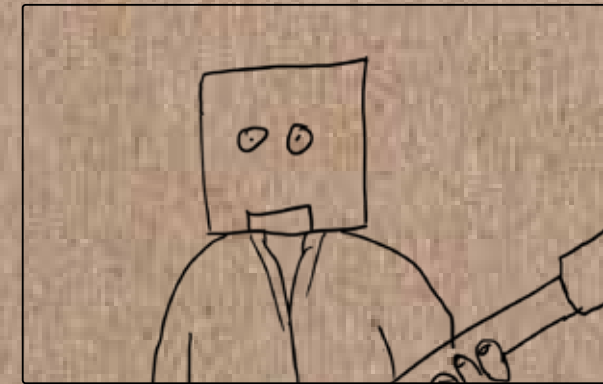
ATUM sniffs the air.

ATUM
Sniff, sniff.

MULTIPLE TA
What do we smell like?
What do we smell like?

ATUM
THE PAST.

END OF ACT THREE





ACT FOUR

NEANDER- THAL INTERIOR

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EXT. NEANDERTHAL CLEARING

Dense mist.

NEANDERTHAL (V.O.)
Oi! Son of God bloke! Over here!

ATUM
Whose voice is that speaking in such a charming vernacular fashion? This interior of the exterior of Original Original Finland is looking increasingly promising!

NEANDERTHAL
Oi, box-head! Come over here! We need to talk. I know everything!

Through the mist we see the BURIED NEANDERTHAL, just his HEAD protruding. A sign next to him reads "HOMO NEANDERTHALIS" and another sign reads "ARCHETYPE".

ATUM
Greetings! You must be some form of under-class...

NEANDERTHAL
Well, I'm under the ground. So, yeah, I suppose you could say that.

ATUM
And yet you know everything, you claim?

NEANDERTHAL
Well yeah. Pretty much. Could you get rid of that sign? I hate the categorisation. It's very reductive.

ATUM
Who put it there?

NEANDERTHAL
Some daft academic.

Atum uproots the signs and throws them away.

NEANDERTHAL
Thanks.

ATUM
You my friend are just what I'm looking for. You have a very, very authentic looking...head.

NEANDERTHAL
Have you got any food? I'm really hungry.

ATUM
What's your name?

ACT FOUR — NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR



NEANDERTHAL
Have you got any food? I really am starving.

ATUM
Well, I neither need nor carry "food".
I'm like a god here you see.

NEANDERTHAL
Hmmm.

<SLUUURRRP>

The Neanderthal sucks Atum up with his huge tongue.

ATUM
No! Please wait! Don't! It's all wet and disgusting...
urgghhhh!

NEANDERTHAL
Divine.

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

Atum's signal disappears from a map of New Finland.

SHIP'S COMPUTER
We've lost Atum's signal, Geb.

GEB
Really?

BEAT. Geb suddenly fast and focused:

GEB
Thank you Atum for your heroic sacrifice.
I will never forget you. Computer! Activate
a new Atum from the box of templates.

SHIP'S COMPUTER
I cannot do that, Geb.

GEB
But it's the best way to get over our loss.

SHIP'S COMPUTER
Nevertheless, I cannot do that, Geb.

GEB
Why?

SHIP'S COMPUTER
Because the current Atum is still alive. We have
lost his signal, but his host's body readings are still
within the probate of life.

GEB

Damn!

SHIP'S COMPUTER

I'm sorry, Geb.

GEB

Well, then, we must find my un-dead son and deace him forthwith, to liberate future versions! Why should they be denied life just because my own son isn't?

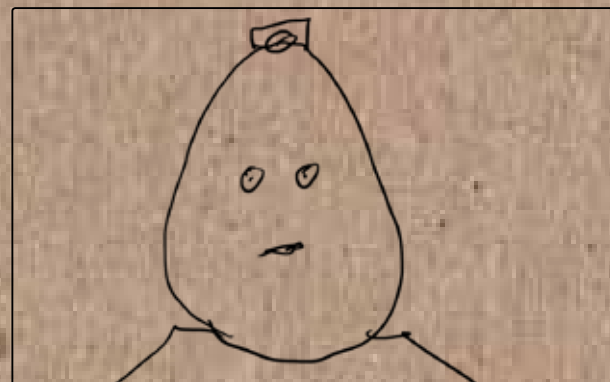
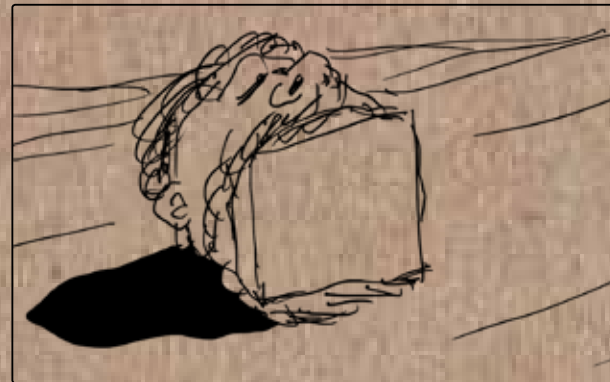
SHIP'S COMPUTER

Tracking.

INT. NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR CHAMBERS

ATUM

Crikey. I've been eaten by that prehistoric fellow. I didn't even know it had a body! How fascinating! Finally my chance to impress father. He loves romance — and what could be more romantic than pre-history? It's the back wall of the imagination! I can't wait to report back!



ATUM

Have I failed? Have I let myself down? Daddy, have I failed you? Myself, have I failed, me?

My father and I had a dream of Finland's social perfection. We based it on things we had seen and copied and felt should come true. Well, chickens range freely in Finland. And folks moved from four legs to two. If chickens walk freely in Finland, why can't you?

Zero tax evasion, nationalised health, care-free education... Opportunities for all. A fully optimised society.

Finland's green pastures,
Finland's herring.

A cultural dream for Finland's
mmmm—mmmm—mmmm—mmmm
The best of humanity's dreams
and desires perfected in Finland
with very little fanfare.



Atum walking through various internal chambers, touching the walls.

ATUM

This Neanderthal's got a jolly big body for somebody that claims to be starving!

ATUM

I'll head for the deepest, darkest, smelliest chamber. Find its exit hole.

He proceeds down into stranger and stranger chambers.

ATUM

Stalactites made of poo-poo! Pools of yellow urine! Petrified villi in the plicae circulares!

ATUM (CONT.)

(excited)

I have no idea how big the interior is or how long it's been here. It's vast and dark and wet and smelly. Wonderful!

He squeezes through a tunnel.

ATUM

It's tight. I'll just push on through and plop out the other side.

He plops out into a decorated chamber.

ATUM

Look! Some kind of shitty markings on the walls here. I'll use the omni-biotic interpretation device to quantum culturally translate the various entoptic insignia!

Intertitle: 1870 TWO FARMERS on THE MAKE
The ADULTS dig out the PYRAMID to EXPOSE the
BURIED NEANDERTHAL.

FARMER 1

Well I'll be damned!

FARMER 2

What is it?

FARMER 1

It's a Swede. A real, live Swede.

FARMER 2

A Swede? How can you tell?

FARMER 1

They all look like monkeys. Let's kill it and take
its head home for the kids to play with.

FARMER 2

Wait... I didn't think Swedes existed outside of
myth. Don't kill it for now. It might be valuable.

FARMER 1

Oooh yes! Maybe we can sell it to the
THE UNIVERSITY.

Intertitle: 30 years later

CHINESE CARL JUNG has re-discovered the BURIED
NEANDERTHAL HEAD. He is EXCAVATING IT, whistling
away to himself.

CHINESE CARL JUNG

What a discovery!

NEANDERTHAL

Oh right, I've been discovered again, have I?
Great, I love re-discoveries. What do you want
this time?

CHINESE CARL JUNG

It speaks!

NEANDERTHAL

Yes "it" speaks. Who are you?

CHINESE CARL JUNG

Dr Carl Jung, Finnish psychiatrist.
Pleased to meet you, old one.





NEANDERTHAL
Car Jung? Sounds Chinese.

CHINESE CARL JUNG
Ha ha ha! Very good joke. No, I am Finnish, of course.
Like everyone else.

NEANDERTHAL
Alright Car.

Chinese Carl Jung (Car Jun) erects the "ARCHETYPE" sign.

NEANDERTHAL (CONT.)
Oh take that down would ya? It's terribly reductive.

CARL JUNG
(aside to audience)
I don't know nothing 'bout that!

Carl Jung puts his hand on the Neanderthal's forehead.

CARL JUNG
Now then. I want you share your primal conscious
with me. Share! Share!

NEANDERTHAL
What? I haven't got any primal conscious!

CARL JUNG
Course you do. You are primal conscious capitalised.

NEANDERTHAL
I'm not Car, honest I'm not.

CARL JUNG
Do not defy me! And stop calling me "Car"! I HATE
CARS! You arch-type! Share your primal mind with
me! I KNOW YOU HAVE IT.

NEANDERTHAL
Look, I just really need something to eat.
I'd love a sandwich.

CARL JUNG
This no time for food! You are make me VERY
ANGRY! Unhelpful monkey-man. I will not be defy!

NEANDERTHAL
I'd love a SAUSAGE SANDWICH, Car.

CARL JUNG
Right. In case that I have NEW TECHNOLOGY
I will like SHARE with YOU!



CARL JUNG PULLS OUT A HEAVY PAIR OF ELECTRODES WITH CROCODILE CLIPS AND A CAR BATTERY.

HE ADMINISTERS E.C.T. to the NEANDERTHAL HEAD.

<ZZZAPPPP>

CARL JUNG (CONT.)
Take that, MONKEY-MAN!

SMOKE comes out of the NEANDERTHAL'S EARS. His EYES ARE CLOSED. SUDDENLY A FORK APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE AND FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, STRAIGHT INTO THE NEANDERTHAL'S FOREHEAD.

CARL JUNG
What?

A KNIFE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, STRAIGHT INTO THE NEANDERTHAL'S FOREHEAD.

NEANDERTHAL
What's going on, Doc?

CARL JUNG
You develop some kind MAGIC power like TERRY-CAN-ESIS! Tell me, are you think these things or is it just happen? Aghhhhhhhhh!

DR JUNG is IMPALED BY A PITCHFORK and DIES.

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

GEB
Did you find him yet?

SHIP'S COMPUTER
Not yet, Geb.

GEB
Well we're immortal terraforming gods — we can't wait forever. I'll have to take some kind of executive action. Activate Mr Mutanen! Release THE ERASER EGG.

SHIP'S COMPUTER
But Geb, the Eraser Egg will delete this entire version of Finland. Are you sure you want to do that before Atum has finished his work?

GEB
Yes, please.

SHIP'S COMPUTER
But your son, he'll be erased too!

GEB
I'm sad about that but once it's over, I can make a new one, as a sentimental tribute to the first.

SHIP'S COMPUTER
Sir?

GEB
But hopefully a slightly better son this time, a little more intuitive perhaps. Less programmatic. More imaginative. A bit less disappointing overall.

GEB ACTIVATES THE MR MUTANEN BUTTON.
Mr Mutanen sequence: eggs pushed up bums & re-laid, etc.

EXT. AALTO SPACE-SHIP

The ERASER EGG drops from the Space Ship towards New Finland.

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

GEB
Activate eraser egg cameras.

SHIP'S COMPUTER
Tracking cameras on, sir.

EXT. NEANDERTHAL CLEARING

The NEANDERTHAL LOOKS UP AND SEES A GLINT IN THE NIGHT SKY.

He starts SNIFFING.

NEANDERTHAL
Eh, what's that? Smells good. See if I can reach it.

The Neanderthal STRAINS, using his TELEKINETIC SKILLS to the LIMIT.

NEANDERTHAL
Urgghhhh... gotcha!

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

Lights start flashing. (In installation: warning lights)

SHIP'S COMPUTER
Eraser egg's drop trajectory is wrong, sir. Something is pulling it out of the sky.



The EGG ZOOMS TOWARDS THE NEANDERTHAL HEAD which OPENS ITS MOUTH AT THE LAST MINUTE AND SWALLOWS THE ERASER EGG IN ONE GULP.

The EGG-CAM goes BLACK.

EXT. NEANDERTHAL CLEARING

The Neanderthal is swilling the egg around inside its mouth like fine wine. It swallows.

NEANDERTHAL
Mmmmm... steel, iron ore, alien tannins and fish.
Delicious.

<BURP>

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

SHIP'S COMPUTER
Egg-cam, down.

GEB
At what location?

SHIP'S COMPUTER
<>

GEB
Computer? Zoom in on the last known coordinate.
Dammit!

Arms pop out of Geb and he manually enters commands on the computer keyboard. Images of the Neanderthal clearing zoom in the ship's camera.

GEB
What the hell is that?

The computer flashes up
<ATUM'S LAST KNOWN LOCATION>.

GEB
Computer! What aren't you telling me?

EXT. NEANDERTHAL CLEARING

The Neanderthal lets rip with a massive burp.

NEANDERTHAL
That's weird. I actually feel hungrier after eating
that massive space-egg.

INT. NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR CHAMBERS

Atum standing in the chamber having decoded the poo petroglyphs.

ATUM

I am awestruck! The Neanderthal's rectum has a recursive structure, with its own history written in poo patterns. Look here — his story continues!

Atum looks at another set of poo petroglyphs, just next to the first.
FLASHBACK 2.

EXT. NEANDERTHAL CLEARING — 1966

EXT. NEANDERTHAL FOREST CLEARING

A GOVERNMENT PLANE CRASHES near the NEANDERTHAL HEAD.

Various FINNISH CIA OFFICERS crawl out of the WRECKAGE.

CIA OFFICER

What is that?

CIA OFFICER 2

Looks like some kind of GURU!

CIA OFFICER

Yeah! I heard about those.

CIA OFFICER 2

Hey Guru! What's your mantra?

NEANDERTHAL

I'm not a guru.

CIA OFFICER

This is typical of a GURU. They never want to tell you their MANTRA. You have to trick it out of them!

NEANDERTHAL

Have you got anything to eat? I'm starving!

CIA OFFICER

How about some HERRING!?

He pulls out a TIN of HERRING. It leaps out of his hand into the NEANDERTHAL'S MOUTH.

NEANDERTHAL

YUM YUM YUM YUM YUM!



NEANDERTHAL (V.O.)
Oi! Son of God bloke! Over here!

ATUM
Whose voice is that speaking
in such a charming vernacular
fashion? This interior of the
exterior of Original Original
Finland is looking increasingly
promising!

NEANDERTHAL
Oi, box-head! Come over
here! We need to talk.
I know everything!

Through the mist we see the
BURIED NEANDERTHAL, just
his HEAD protruding. A sign
next to him reads "HOMO
NEANDERTHALIS" and another
sign reads "ARCHETYPE".

89

5 YEARS LATER

NEANDERTHAL
Herring! More herring!

CIA OFFICER 2
So, basically we're getting all the gurus hooked
on herring?

CIA OFFICER
Yeah. This is how you control them!

CIA OFFICER 2
Tell us your mantra, guru!

NEANDERTHAL
Okay, okay, I'll tell you — just give me
some herring, please.

The FINNISH CIA OFFICERS WALK CLOSER TO
THE NEANDERTHAL.

CIA OFFICER
They all fold in the end; it's pathetic.

CIA OFFICER 2
Disgusting low-life scum!

NEANDERTHAL
Come closer lads. I'll whisper it to you.

FINNISH CIA OFFICER 1 LEANS IN TO THE NEANDERTHAL.
HE WHISPERS INTO THE CIA OFFICER'S EAR. The CIA
OFFICER PAUSES FOR A BEAT, then collapses. He kind of FOLDS
UP, then FOLDS BACK OUT again.

CIA OFFICER 2
Hey, what happened? What'd he say to you?

He leans over to CIA OFFICER 1 who whispers into his ear.

CIA OFFICER 2
But that doesn't make any sense! It's just...
agghaghaghjagghhh!

CIA OFFICER 2 FOLDS UP TOO.

CIA OFFICER 1
BAD MANTRA! BAD MANTRA!
Let's get the fuck out of here!

CIA OFFICERS 1& 2 crawl to their helicopter. They fly away.

<END OF FLASHBACK>

ACT FOUR — NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR



ATUM

Or to put it another way, this fabulous creature's interior décor reflexively semioticises the history of the creature itself. So then, did some shamanic cuckoo drift inside and graffiti-ise these walls, or are its guts somehow self-decorating? These objective faecal recordings of authentic cultural activity are just the proof I need to legitimise this version of Finland. Everyone is saved!

Atum sees a line of rectums in the intestinal wall, and at the end of the line, a hole.

The rectums start pooping, as if in response to Atum's statement.
MOOD SHIFT. COLD WIND

ATUM

But where's that chilly breeze coming from?
And that terrible fishy smell?
I'd better push on.

ATUM stares at the line of rectums and crawls into the hole.

ATUM

I'll spelunk down into the deepest and smelliest chamber inside the Neanderthal's bowels until this BAD WEATHER passes.

GEB is looking at an image of the NEANDERTHAL CLEARING on the monitor, but the Neanderthal head is pixellated.

GEB

Computer, what is that?

SHIP'S COMPUTER

What's what, sir?

GEB

The blurry thing right there in the middle!

<BEAT>

GEB

Goddamnit computer — unmask the image!

SHIP'S COMPUTER

I have been programmed not to.

GEB

Wait, what? Who by? It must be someone with greater multi-dimensional terraforming powers than myself!

SHIP'S COMPUTER

No, sir. It was someone with the same executive privileges as yourself.

GEB

Who?

SHIP'S COMPUTER

You, sir. You did this.

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

SHIP'S COMPUTER

Please don't hack me, sir — it's terribly intrusive and painful.

GEB

I'm sorry, computer, but I must undo the programming that I have forgotten that I did. An arm pops out of Geb's side and begins typing on a keyboard.

SHIP'S COMPUTER

Agghghghghghghghgh!

The image is de-pixelated and GEB see the BURIED NEANDERTHAL HEAD.

GEB

Give me all the information you have on that thing. And show me recordings of the last 3 hours of this location!

SHIP'S COMPUTER

Negative.

Again GEB types / hacks.

SHIP'S COMPUTER

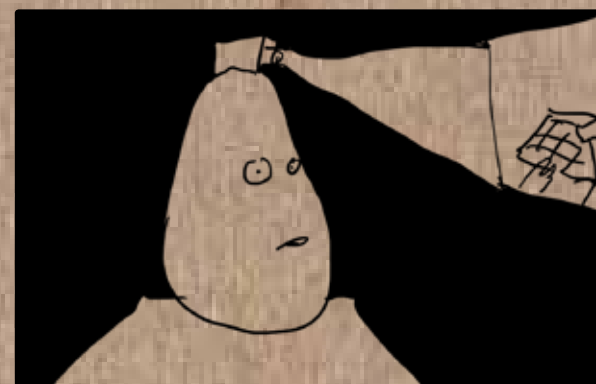
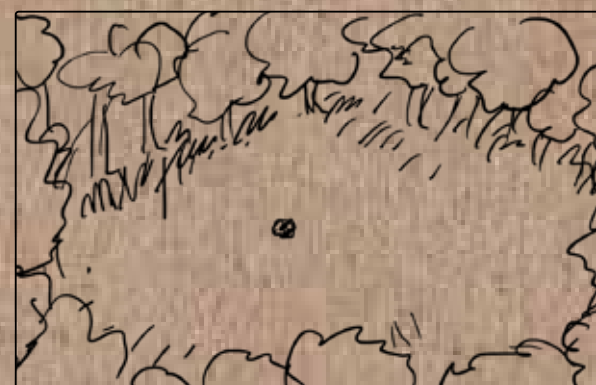
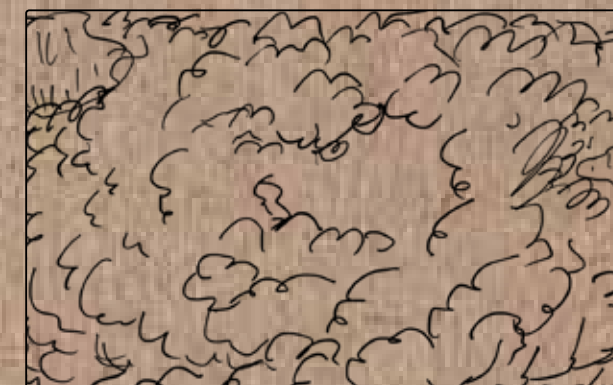
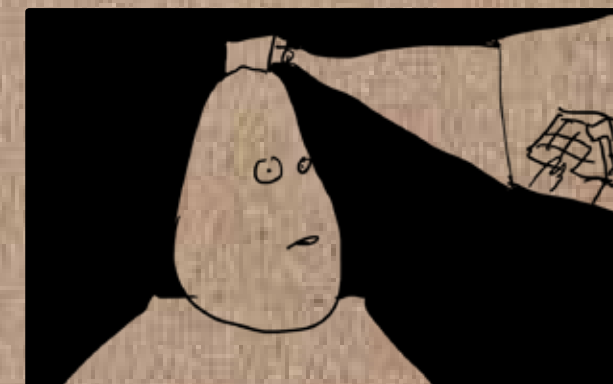
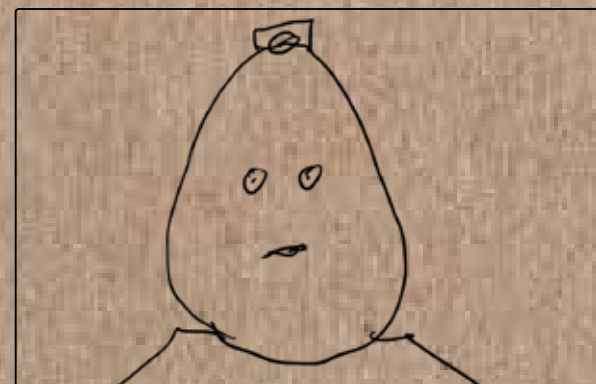
Agghghghghghghghgh!

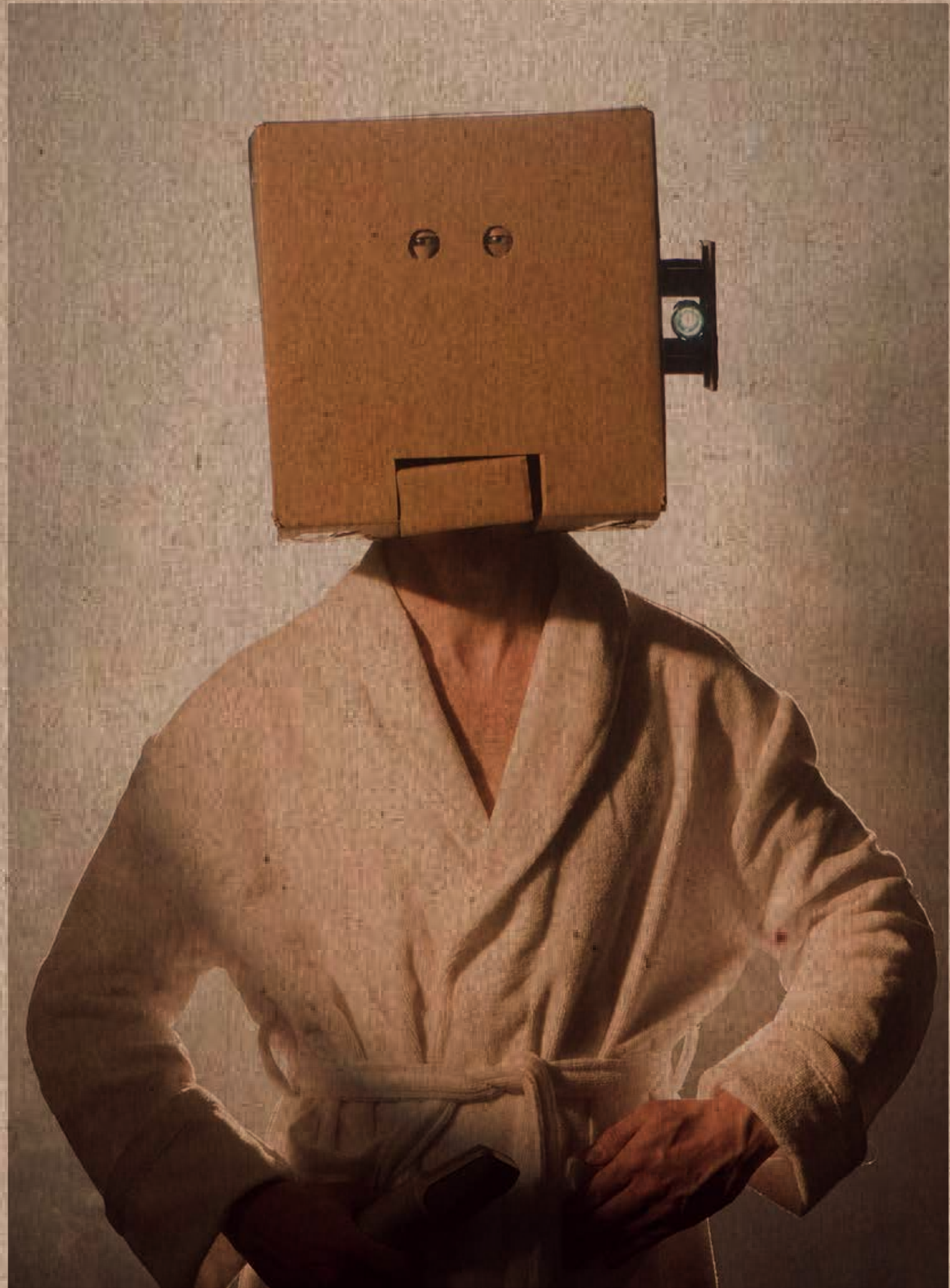
INT. NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR DEEPEST CHAMBER

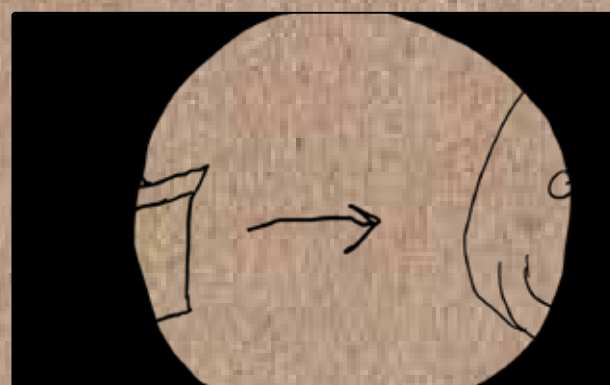
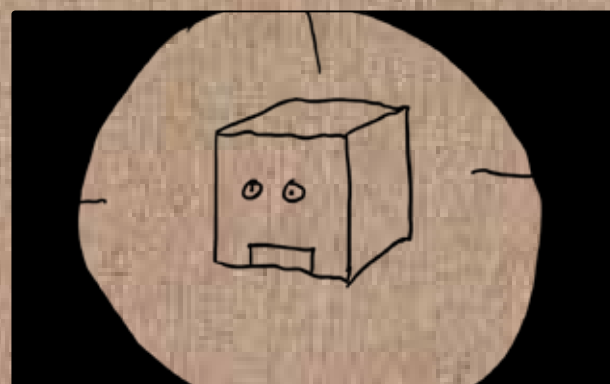
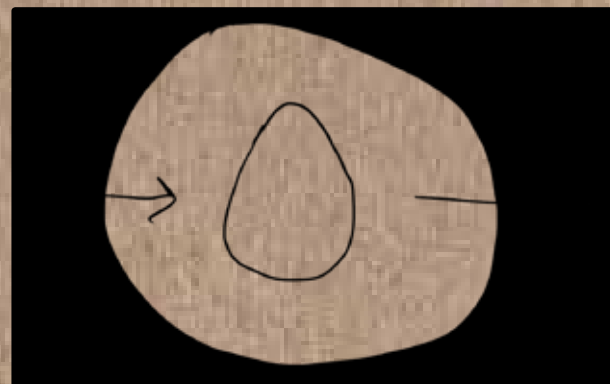
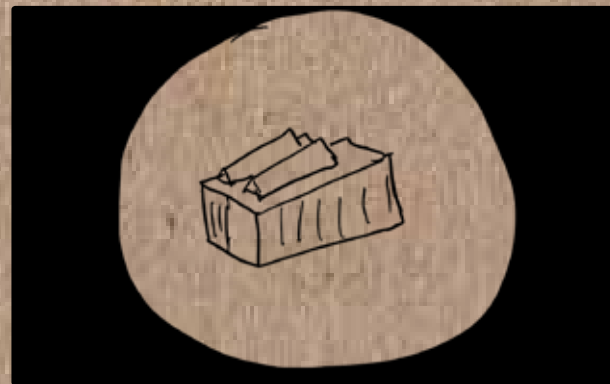
ATUM is wading through waist-high effluent.

ATUM

No petroglyphs down here. Sounds like the wind is getting stronger up there. But wait, what's that on the ceiling? It looks like another CREATION PETROGLYPH, but more elaborate and intricate than before — and in a MUCH HARDER PLACE TO HAVE MADE IT! What could have motivated this ancient Michelangelo to spelunk these sulphuric corridors and paint this specific missive in this particular place?







We see an image of THE EARTH and a PLUS SIGN and an image of the COSMIC DUCK and a PLUS SIGN and an image of a BOX WITH EYES and an ARROW POINTING TO THE EARTH. AN ARROW FROM THE BOX WITH EYES points to ANOTHER BOX WITH EYES WITH A NEANDERTHAL FIGURE POPPING OUT OF IT and with LINES all around it denoting VALUE. Above the Neanderthal is an image showing GEB and MRS GEB HUGGING with LOVE HEARTS and holding the NEANDERTHAL BABY. We see this progressively with ATUM's V.O. reacting to it.

ATUM

That's our space-ship and the cosmic duck who always makes land for us. And that's the what.... what? That's the thing that ate me coming out of a box. How's he part of the story? Wait— what?...oh no! Oh my. Oh god.

<BEAT>

We pan down bottom right to see the image is signed 'GEB'.

ATUM

The Neanderthal is my father's true son. Oh god.

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

GEB

So that's why I have so many templates for his head!

SHIP'S COMPUTER

Yes sir.

GEB

He's not my real son, he's just the son I programmed myself to believe was my real son — to protect my real son.

SHIP'S COMPUTER

Yes Sir. You had me erase your memory and build in these filters to mask any discovery of your true son. Atum was his delivery system.

GEB

Atum...just...

SHIP'S COMPUTER

Packaging for Muta. That's your real son's name.

INT. NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR DEEPEST CHAMBER

ATUM

He was inside me and now I'm inside him. I'm a box.
Very hard to go on now. Getting cold and lonely.
Losing hope. I'm just a box. A box for someone
else's DNA.

The wind sounds grow louder.

INT. THE AALTO BRIDGE

GEB

But goddamnit computer, I released the ERASER EGG
to delete this version of Finland — and now my real
son's eaten it. It'll erase everything — from his inside
out! Advise!

INT. NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR DEEPEST CHAMBER

A CUBIST PIG is blown down into the chamber.

CUBIST PIG

Oink oink oink.

ATUM

What are you?

CUBIST PIG

Cubistic Pig! What are you?

ATUM

I used to be a god but now I'm a nothing.
Less than you, Cubistic Piggy.

CUBIST PIG

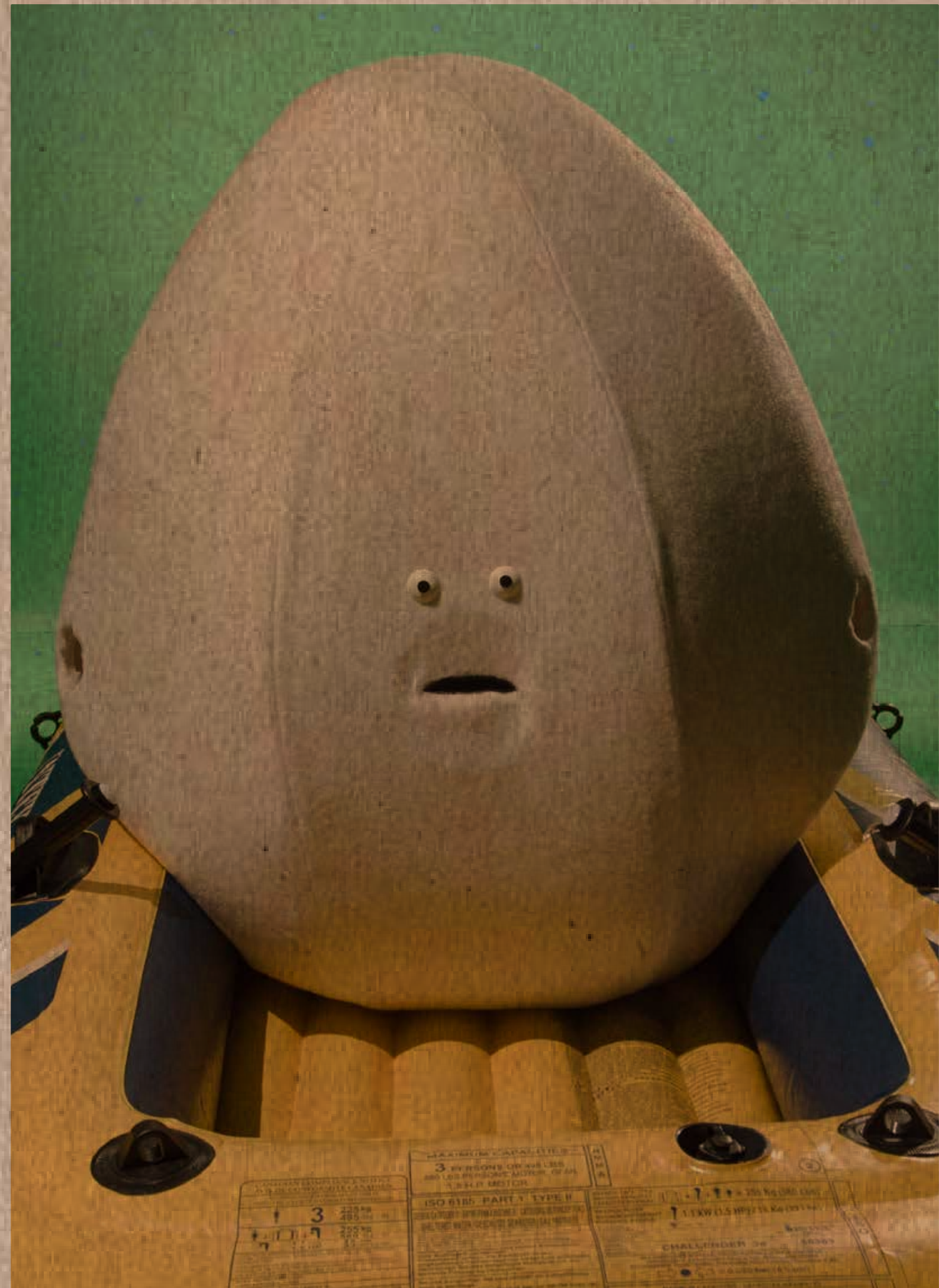
I like your head.

ATUM

Thank you. Did you get sucked in too?

CUBIST PIG

Everything is. Everything is getting sucked in up there.
Don't cry, Mr Nothing. Don't give up now.



SHIP'S COMPUTER

Muta's eating everything — he's sucking up the entire neighbourhood.

GEB

There's nothing we can do to stop my new original son eating everything.

SHIP'S COMPUTER

Nothing. We are heading towards time's terminus, at least in this reality.

GEB

I need to think on this, to devise the best plan of action. Let's pause everything and just take a minute to think. Computer, activate quantum time: I need to think about this for about 50 years!

EVERYTHING PAUSES except GEB. The lights in the installation PULSE THROUGH THE SPECTRUM accompanied by ASCENDING SYNTH SCALES.

GEB

Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm. Er. Hmmmmm. Okay. On the upside. On the downside. That's happening anyway. Probably best just to go along with it. Okay, I got this.

COMPUTER

Very good, sir.

GEB

Prepare to beam my essence DOWN INSIDE MUTA. I'm going down there to save my REAL SON.

COMPUTER

Very well done, sir. Re-activating space-time.

LIGHTS AND AV RETURN TO NORMAL.

INT. NEANDERTHAL INTERIOR DEEPEST CHAMBER

The chamber has filled with sea water. ATUM AND THE CUBIST PIG ARE FLOATING IN IT.

CUBIST PIG

I told you he was sucking everything up! Cars, people, buildings, trees...

ATUM

It's sea water. Soon this Neanderthal's bum will be full of ocean. We're running out of time.

ATUM

Greetings! You must be some form of under-class...

ATUM

Who put it there?

NEANDERTHAL

Some daft academic.

NEANDERTHAL

Well, I'm under the ground. So, yeah, I suppose you could say that.

Atum uproots the signs and throws them away.

ATUM

And yet you know everything, you claim?

NEANDERTHAL

Thanks.

NEANDERTHAL

Well yeah. Pretty much. Could you get rid of that sign? I hate the categorisation. It's very reductive.



CUBIST PIG

Just a few feet of oxygen left.

ATUM

I'll die, pushed up against a mural of my own inauthenticity. Cubistic Pig, I have had better days than this.

CUBIST PIG

Oink oink. Who's that?

GEB ROWING TOWARDS ATUM and the CUBISTIC PIG.

ATUM

Father! I mean, Geb. I thought you had abandoned me.

GEB

Not entirely Atum. I wanted to — but then I realised my commitment to romanticism has led me to behave like a BAD GOD and an irresponsible parent. You may be Muta's box, but I have nurtured and mistreated you as if you were my own son. And I have become attached to you along the way...forgive me...Atum, MY SON!

ATUM

Oh, father!

ATUM WEEPS. They hug.

GEB

I don't want you to drown inside my real son's anus.

ATUM

We must get out of here!

GEB

No need Atum, no need. I can't stop Muta sucking everything up. The inside is becoming the same as the outside. And when you think about it there's an appealing formal symmetry to that...

ATUM

But there must be a way — with your power...

GEB

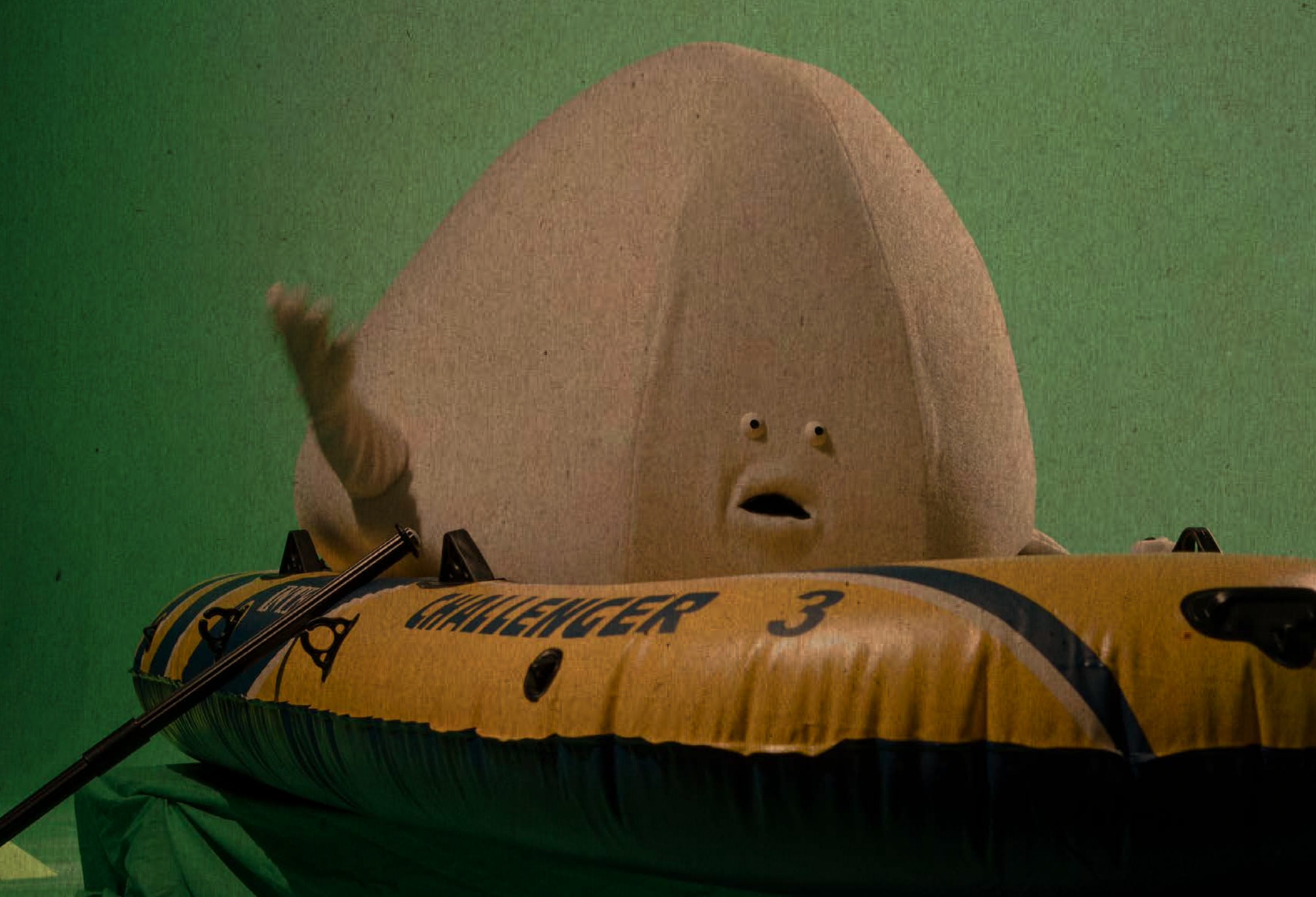
Remember the path of least resistance, Atum. Don't fight it. Everything that has happened is DESTINY. And I am very, very proud of you.

ATUM

Oh, father!

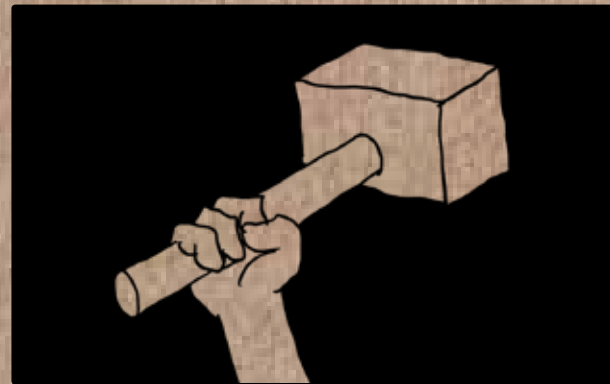
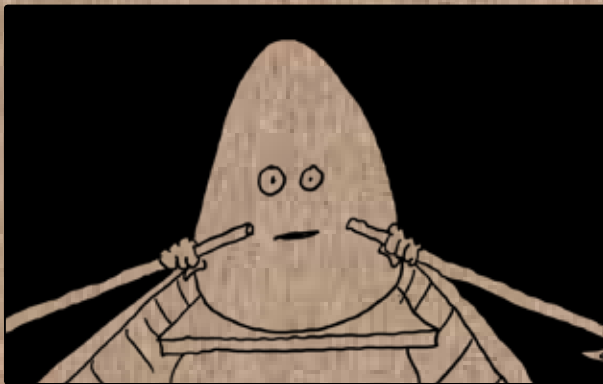
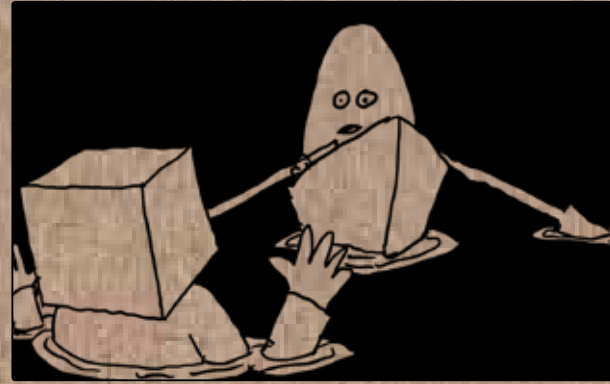
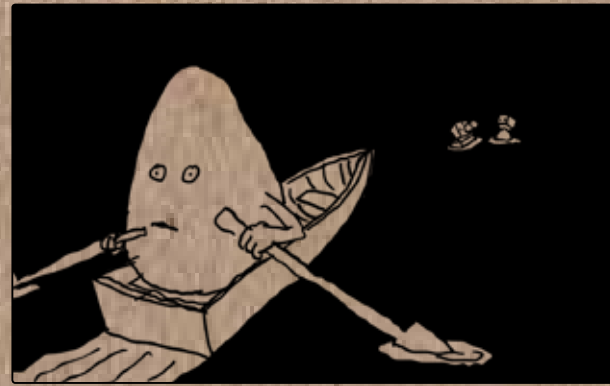
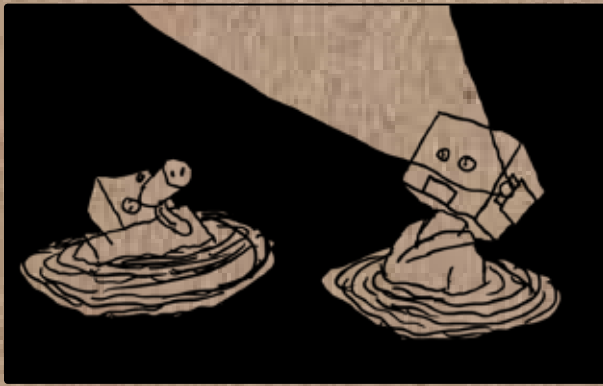
GEB

There's just one more thing.
A minor adjustment.



CHALLENGER

3



GEB throws a SACK over ATUM's head.

GEB

Sonic hammer!

ATUM

Yes, make me like you, Dad!

The CUBISTIC PIG passes GEB a HAMMER.
Geb smashes ATUM'S HEAD OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

ATUM

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

GEB

Take the pain! Take the pain you little bastard!

Atum whips the sack away to reveal ATUM'S HEAD NOW IDENTICAL
TO MUTA: Atum has a NEANDERTHAL HEAD.

GEB

There.

ATUM

How do I look?

GEB

There's no way for me to show you, but trust me when
I say you look a lot more like me now.

ATUM

Thank you, father. I never did like that we looked so different.

GEB

Me neither, son. And this ending is the best beginning
for New Finland. We're starting again, and this time,
Atum, it really is up to you.

ATUM

Thank you, father.

GEB

I'll leave you these snacks and this shell suit.
Until next time — goodbye!

THE END



This manual accompanies the installation *The Aalto Natives* that was realized for the 57th International Art Exhibition – *La Biennale di Venezia* by Nathaniel Mellors and Erkkka Nissinen for the Alvar Aalto Pavilion of Finland. Their work documents the little known yet epic genesis of New Finland, that was doctored by two terraforming mythical creatures: Geb and Atum.

Geb and Atum are floating through space, in a vessel shaped not unlike the structure of the Aalto Pavilion. They have been doing so since the beginning of time, and long before. They will probably continue doing so right up to the moment they feel that Finnish culture is entirely perfect and self-sustaining: beyond progressive taxation and accessible higher education, affordable health care and superior rally driving. We could think of Geb and Atum as messianic figures of some sort, burdened with the responsibility of bringing enlightenment and wisdom to a world full of violent conflict and debilitating stupidity.

Exercising the all-encompassing knowledge that egg-borne mystical beings are typically blessed with, Geb and Atum mediate between the banal reality of objects and creatures, and the infinitely more advanced structures that lie beyond it. Along their mission of rebuilding Finland Geb, the wise father, and his rational-empirical son Atum, struggle to deal with the persistent faults, glitches, and transcendental mistakes they encounter in the formative stages of New Finland's national development.

On first glance, their terraformed project (majestically Finland-shaped!) presents itself as a paradise of pastoral beauty and charming provincialism. Venturing deeper into the fissures of New Finnish reality, however, the supremely intelligent yet naïvely methodical Atum starts to witness how power and rationalism produce subjection and exploitation, and how governmental bureaucracy leads to despair and insanity. He learns, perhaps unsurprisingly, that the stifling of man's deeper impulsive urges results in violence and transgression. The class-based society he encounters suffers from xenophobia and performs rituals of social exclusion, while the place of art and creativity in society is contested by a critique of late capitalism. The flaws in the New Finland of *The Aalto Natives* are strikingly redolent of humanity's topical (and cyclical) inclination towards self-destruction and man-made disaster. In the experience of Geb and Atum, culture presents itself as an eternal feedback loop of trial and error, a scatological dialectic of production and consumption, of shiny façades and vulgar essences, of bad mantras and glitchy technology, of sophisticated neanderthals and cosmic ducks. In all its grotesque display of failing social contracts and polarizing populism, it is surprisingly similar to the world we are living in today. In short, this manual will guide you towards a more transcendental understanding of the human spirit. Please use it.

Erkka Nissinen (1975, Jyväskylä, Finland) studied at the Slade School of Fine Art in London and gained an MFA degree from the Academy of Fine Arts in Helsinki, Finland in 2001. In 2007-8 he was a resident at the Rijksakademie van Beeldende Kunsten in Amsterdam. Nissinen was awarded the Illy Prize at ArtRotterdam in 2011, and the AVEK Prize for media art in 2013. He has over the years created a series of video works and installations featuring a resourceful do-it-yourself deployment of both vernacular and digital tools to craft an ab-surdist comical-philosophical universe. Here, topics such as social interaction, sexuality, violence and the origins of human consciousness and creativity are addressed in cartoonish narratives populated by a cast of hyperbolic characters, often performed by the artist himself. Nissinen lives in New York.

Nathaniel Mellors (1974, Doncaster, UK) is a Los Angeles-based artist working across a wide range of media. Mellors studied at the University of Oxford's Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, and the Royal College of Art in London. In 2007-8 Mellors was a resident at the Rijksakademie van Beeldende Kunsten in Amsterdam, and in 2013-14 he was artist-in-residence at HAMMER Museum, Los Angeles and MONASH, Melbourne, Australia. Mellors is also an advisor at the Rijksakademie voor Beeldende Kunsten, Amsterdam and a Senior Lecturer at Leeds Beckett University, in the UK. In 2011 he was the recipient of the Cobra Museum Amstelveen's Cobra Art Prize. In 2014 Mellors was awarded the UK Contemporary Art Society Prize. His irreverent, absurd and hilarious videos, sculptures, performances and writings challenge notions of taste, morality, and intelligence. Mellors' work often takes the form of absurdist fantasy used to address serious themes.

Xander Karskens (1973, The Netherlands), Curator of the Finnish national pavilion at the 57th International Art Exhibition – La Biennale di Venezia, recently assumed the post of artistic director at the Cobra Museum of Modern Art in Amstelveen, where he collects and exhibits the art of the CoBrA group in relation to developments in contemporary art and discourse. Before, he was responsible for the contemporary art programme and collections at Frans Hals Museum | De Hallen Haarlem, where he worked with both Mellors (in 2010) and Nissinen (in 2015) on solo exhibitions, and acquired their work for the museum's collection.

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and Nathaniel Mellors for the Finnish
Pavilion (Pavilion Alvar Aalto):
The Aalto Natives, 2017
Installation with synchronized video,
sound, light, animatronics, and sculpture

**THE AALTO NATIVES
BY ERKKA NISSINEN &
NATHANIEL MELLORS**

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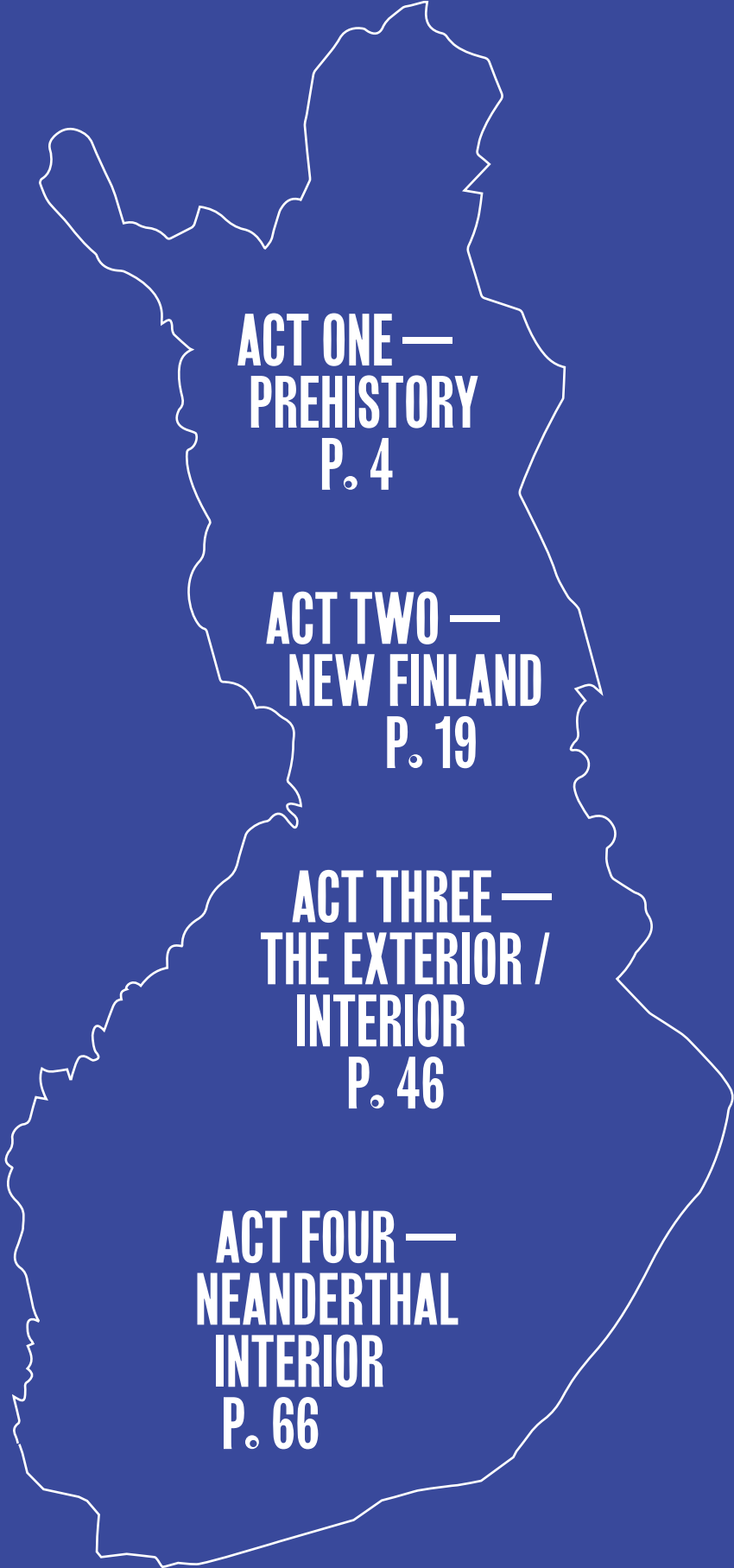
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