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Presents....

# FAKE FACE

&

# MR. SUNDAY'S NOON

*[A TRAGICCOMEDIA IN 1 ACT]*



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# Act One.

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A temple stood tall, somewhere in the world near the boundaries of three Cities:

The City of Life,  
the City of Lights,  
and the City of Knights.

These cities were governed by their respective monarchs; of Kings and Queens and by monarchical power alone, (and merchants, of course...) but, once upon a time, (ten years ago,) their duchess and their dukes, the princes, (and Paupers,) princesses, aristocrats, the three city kings, and queens alike were rallied together, killed, or exiled from the land; never to be heard of...

A new reign had been cast upon them; the reign of knowledge, the reign of, 'Fake Face.'

But The temple in which our story begins seems dilapidated with the moss it has accumulated and vines it's grown, countless wildlife dwelling within her spacious rooms, and even flowers along her pathways. It is a spectacle created by Mother Nature alone, being how ancient and desolated the temple had been - well, almost completely abandoned.

The Temple of Mr. Sunday's Noon, ( because its original title was forgotten amongst city folk and the outside world alike.) This was the home of a man who had positive prestige at one time, with City Folk and royalty alike, but that was many moons ago...

before the reign of,  
'Fake Face.'

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Fake Face:

"One decides how serious  
to take oneself, because  
THIS...

Is life, not a game."

With an atrocious inflection, his words echoed through the  
temple of Mr. Sunday's Noon.

*Words that emanated* from Fake Face's lips from behind his  
mask and had no mutter, only emotional strain.

They were the first words he spoke that Sunday, to the  
unorthodox Jew who roamed the wilderness still, as John the  
Baptist would have-  
a man who preferred to be known by his given moniker,  
'Mr. Sunday's Noon.'

Fake Face:  
“YOU decide.  
Those were *my precise* words to the fool, Sire.”

Scoffs from the other end,  
and an eerie sense of resonance between two men who might  
as well  
come from two different worlds, even if  
Fake Face had sat and practiced what Mr. Sunday's Noon offered  
him as practice;  
in the temple of the wilderness, at least for the past ten years  
– The confession of one's sins.

Fake Face had just killed a man, as a public demonstration  
amongst the city folk, from outside the city's gates, just about  
a dozen miles away; Far enough away to keep the old man at  
bay. The new weapons and methods of death were a tad too  
much for his Minister.

Mr. Sunday's Noon laughed, then stood silent.  
He looked through the peephole again,

Mr. Sunday's Noon:  
“you're that rich, Fake Face?  
Rich enough to render someone of their poor existence?

We know his punishment was well deserved, son, but..”

Fake Face Interrupted,

Fake Face:

“... But he was a mass murderer and benign scum to the world,  
Sire. The gravity of his previous actions... there IS no  
reconciliation...”

His voice, shaken and his head tilted aside, reminding himself  
of the  
admiration he’s had for the old man, Fake Face continues,

Fake Face:

“so,  
after killing him in front of thousands with the new ballistic,  
we...”

Mr. Sunday’s Noon made a sign of silence,  
with his index finger against his lips,  
as if to say, exactly,

‘We know.’

Fake Face quieted himself and apologized.

Mr. Sunday's Noon lived within the ruined temples, for decades  
where he practiced 'confessionism.'

He disapproved of speaking upon harming others, at  
all costs, especially in a heinous matter, (as all of Fake  
Face's spectacles have, no?) Especially within his  
temple. This he did not like.

Fake Face then switched the narrative of the conversation and  
expressed how his guilt was not in the public display and killing  
of a vagabond but in the repercussions and the mannerisms of  
his kin back at camp.

Fake Face explained how his comrades estranged him after a  
show of such brute force, yet he remained in power, for, of  
course, he is the infamous Fake Face...

The man rich enough to have no past and all the future to  
determine, (at least amongst the City Folk back at the City  
Gates.)

Mr. Sunday's Noon was neither poor nor rich because of his  
self-ministered practice and followers.

During a famine, many moons ago, Mr. Sunday's Noon was a  
young rabbi.

He practiced law on healing and dealing with emotions but  
during the famine, back at the gates of the City, in the City of  
Life and of Light, food shortages, and devastations had raptured  
millions in one night...

But, out of the thousand or so that remained, refuge was sought within their local wilderness, where they were welcomed by Mr. Sunday's Noon and his temple... where he had lived and studied as a well-fed and well-bred rabbi. "The abundance of bread I had that night, and the following night... I sold everything once the disaster ceased and offered my service to them, right here, in the wilderness, like the Beast."

Fake Face, decorated with his mask of gold and bronze which he molded himself, as proclaimed by his followers, servants, and the City Folk at the City Gates, seemed transparent at the mention of the Beast.

Fake Face:  
"Oh?"

Mr. Sunday's Noon:  
"Oh, that's correct. The Beast."

Fake Face stood silent...  
With his mask that shone like moonlight before night break.  
His mask, with only a slit for his eyes and minute holes to breathe and speak through, punctured and manufactured by

Fake Face himself, thanks to his advanced inventions; things he introduced into and outside of the City, proclaiming to be onto them like Solomon or Alexander the Great; ten years ago exactly...

Fake Face:

“Lo, this is what I have found:  
God made man upright, but they  
Have sought out many inventions -  
Ecclesiastes... Much truth, Sire.”

Swiftly, he and his initial militia massacred plenty and made off with splendor, taking the three cities as theirs - taking hold and reign over their kingship, supplies, food storage, and finally, in redistribution; winning their loyalty and devotion by multiplying what he took, from the crooked Knights and those alike, creating noble Thieves in their own ‘city’...

Fake Face:

“You know what they call me, right?  
Back at the City Gates...?  
The Man from Out Yonder.”



Fake Face bursts into a roar of laughter, looking away as to  
avoid offending his Minister.

Fake Face:

“...But Your Beast, Sire, tell me, what did they call him many  
years ago?

See, Mr. Noon, where I come from, we speak not of him, since  
we know him not...

and much less do we speak of the Wilderness, because THAT  
much, well...

Anyway, Sire, your WORDS... your ministry; excites me...

You should know above anyone else!!

We’ve been playing this ‘game’ for a decade now...  
I promised ten years of reign and governing over these lawless  
cities and if you see anything wrong with my governing then  
you have every right to proclaim so, Sire, even rid me from the  
position they have so cowardly handed over.”

Mr. Sunday’s Noon spoke not, at least not expediently.  
A sudden sadness came over him though. Not because of what  
he heard, but because of what he saw. What he had seen from  
Fake Face’s efforts: genuine progress. He knew he was right..

The use of force, terror, strategic distribution, and monopolizing of other people's treasury and goods, how he had brought peace at last. They once more turned to the old man, every Sunday morning, to hear his words and his sermons but a quarter til Sunday's noon would arrive... they would scatter, even run each other over to avoid Fake Face and his men; every Sunday for the past ten years since his arrival. The old man's works, which were undone for a time, had finally been corrected... but at what cost?

Mr. Sunday's Noon:

"This they say of you?

Now, what say you about it?"

Fake Face:

"Oh yes! And more, sire. The fear it casts; the removal of their gross cabinets and barons, knights and steeds, Dukes, princes and kings and queens... I, Fake Face, provided LIFE after DEATH.

The Fear, Sire...

The fear turned to love from well-governed peoples - almost autonomously, overnight, you remember?

You, Sire, commended me ten years ago... remember?

I only ask if you've found wrong in my judgment."

Mr. Sunday's Noon:

"Son... Please, do not bring hellfire..."

Fake Face:

"So then, baptize me out in your wilderness! As your John the Baptist would have with the Beast... Baptize and sanctify the peace I have restored, at least for the last ten years since my arrival.

Are you aware that today is the day of our arrangement? And before we leave, Sire... How long has this land and temple been under your ownership?"

He hesitated out of fear of what the man named, 'Fake Face' would be capable of. Afraid of what would commence once his request to be baptized was fulfilled. what he had in store after its accomplishment.

The old man was stunned at how adamant Fake Face looked standing in front of him. He, alone would stand amongst the rebellious crowd of the Cities nearby and demand reign and dominion.... Nearly ten years ago, he, Fake Face and a small calvary of men had a stronghold over the City Gates and their rulers. Their advanced weaponry and tools, things Mr. Sunday's

Noon had asked to keep away and at bay before entering his temple; and that such thing Fake Face and they had done for the past decade... but with him were his henchmen, and their, 'ballistics,' a fancy contraption Fake Face had invented and introduced within his ranks; Firearm weapons and chemical bombs, and his titanium shield; metals acquired and smelted by Fake Face, (according to his followers and the City Folk,) unknown achievements to the blacksmiths, all questioning as to what magic could he have conjured to procure these metals- 'impenetrable and indestructible from feeble attacks?' Fake Face was a man who knew no fear; only survival and maybe a little too much.

His weapon of choice, a firearm he designed himself, called the 'ballistic,'; a force to be reckoned with. The dunces and fools, the jesters and clowns from within the City Gates had both fear and reverence for Fake Face and his technology. Fear because of the advancement and its potentiality once fired, and reverence because of his ingenious use of the gold bronze Mask he wore before his speeches and executions - speeches which shocked, but also reverberated with city folk, the new middle class, recently fallen middle and upperclassmen, (Fake Face and his men, along with Mr. Sunday's Noon.)

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Fake Face was their king now that the old was disposed of, but to Fake Face, he was their 'nothing.' Nothing in the sense that he accepted no proper title, he only accepted his brute political power and the sway over them... The awe from the jest he'd been known to make in each city, but the fear from the Faceless man; black shroud, or a second mask beneath the kingly one of bronze gold... The one they shouted and begged for ten years exactly; 'Fake Face.' He alone had stormed the temple and introduced himself to Mr. Sunday's Noon, dropping ten sacks of golden *aureus* coins, an amount of money even the Rabbi could not turn down, stating,

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Fake Face:

"Rabbi?!"

I, Fake Face, who came in the name of peace, implore your baptism and guidance, as the newly named King of the three Cities and City Folk who surround your temple gates... In ten years' time Sire, I will multiply the gold there which you see; tenfold... But, swear to me to baptize me, in whatever form of title I am allotted in ten years' time... You see, I have not one fortnight amongst the Cities surrounding you and your temple, and already make me King! If it be that swift then let us wait then for your judgment."

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And so they went, the years had passed and the vast amounts  
of knowledge Fake Face had brought with him had only  
multiplied. The Cities had become semi-sovereign states in that  
they had their sets of schools, and philosophies, even sciences  
and law, but Fake Face remained King.

He brought advanced metallurgy, chemistry, military formation,  
and agricultural advances with him and taught his men to teach  
others, as to, 'trickle the advancements  
'but just enough,'...;

'but just enough,'

he'd say.

Ten years' time had passed, and the old man would fulfill his  
request - the same Fake Face who will have saved his newly  
appointed, 'Father,' and himself from, 'Lord knows what force' as  
the men with him guiltily muttered and bickered amongst  
themselves, in front of Mr. Sunday's Noon, as to clarify the  
extent of regard they have had for Fake Face and the Men Out  
Yonder... They walked about ten yards until an explosion had  
occurred. Flames and fury raptured The temple.

The idiot in Man perhaps,

Fake Face said to himself.

Surely, this was not Fake Face's doing - the temple was his haven, and ironically, the very city folk who feared him considered it theirs too... The mask came off and under it was another mask... but this one was new to the Rabbi and the few henchmen guarding them out in the open... it was an old, wooden mask with an eerie dry, dead red insignia of a snake upon a crucifix. The lines were thin, and methodically swirled around the elongated T, making the snake appear wider as one gazed up. It was cut around and placed within the new layer of wood, although, the 'fresh' layer must have been some hundred or two years old.

Fake Face:

"Sire, come quickly, as I will demonstrate to you WHAT form of power I have upon these people.. Come with me to the City of Life and see how darkness is dimmed, with new LIFE or...DEATH."

One of the henchmen whispered to the other, perhaps questioning how far Fake Face had taken things with his new ornament, how he makes a spectacle of their dim-wittedness and short-sightedness or something else. According to them and

city folk alike, the technology of Fake Face was superior by a  
thousand, no... maybe two thousand years.

One year, the Byzantine Empire, bent on world conquest,  
unknowingly, had stumbled upon

Some city folk from the three cities and, 'Fake Face.'  
The Byzantine armies took heed towards the advancement of  
this man and his army; the knowsis he had brought into their  
society, a man who made time stand still or speed up, beyond  
comprehension.

'Look, now is our chance - the opportunity presents itself!  
These City Folk, how they've grown dumb and slow... They think  
this, 'Fake Face,' a deity; an immortal amongst them. We **know**  
he is man, for such things are nonsense, pure Folktale, for these  
things do not exist. Immortality belongs to Judas Christ alone!

He talks, walks, and even executes royalty with obscure  
technology like a man. Although his weaponry and his army are  
advanced, 'Fake Face' must realize death at some point in time...

For now,  
Let us bestow our calendar system, so as to rouse fear, and  
confusion, and terrorize the weak-minded City Folk, right  
before their very idiot eyes as they leave their City Gates!  
We will usher in a new age!



And so they did,  
BUT only once the City Folk had left their City Gates and gone  
out and about into the rest of the world - The Byzintinans also  
feared Fake Face... They still used swords and torches to light  
their way; he had firearms, the creation of advanced chemical  
warfare to nullify and burn men, and his impenetrable armor.  
they, the Byzantines, still used the Julian calendar system,  
ironically, but Fake Face became amused and eventually grew  
fond of their unofficial calendar system - A system their newly  
appointed emperor had not yet acknowledged himself,  
completely, at least not openly... And so, Fake Face allowed  
them to count the days, weeks, months, and eventually, a year  
or two into his campaign until it was commonly allowed, and  
adopted in the homes of city folk.

(Fake Face never really cared, or felt intimidated by the  
Byzyntinians, only flattered, of course, and would await his  
appointed baptismal date, in whichever format others would  
interpret as.)

*Octobris*  
*29th*

6038

BZC.

Mr. Sunday's Noon had baptized him at nightfall, crowning him  
the official king of the three cities and personal Knight of Mr.  
Sunday's Noon himself: establishing Confessionism and its first  
high priest.

Fake Face's men turned tail in disapproval, stating,  
“We came as Men from out Yonder, Lord! We will not leave  
embarrassed, and caught off guard, like sleeping jackals at  
Dawn..!”

With the farthest of them, signaling to the others to take his  
lead, and retreat into their original wilderness..  
Fake Face waved, as if to say, ‘you are dismissed,’  
turning to the old man, who stood there in awe at the  
God-fearing, Man-tearing thing called ‘Fake Face,’ who could  
watch his own men abandon him at the acceptance of a newly  
found church- back into their own, but unknown to the  
confused rabbi; ‘the Men From Out Yonder?’ he thinks.

The Rabbi then thought it a cruel joke,

Mr. Sunday's Noon:

I first mistook your term for slander, Fake Face.. or, worse, a  
distraction before my own public execution, but.. this man of  
yours, from out yonder, tell me, who is he? Your men take him  
serious enough to forget you...

Is he one of Judas Christ's sects from Costinople, formulated by foreign tongues who mingle upon the same wines and lots of chatter?

Fake Face laughed,

Fake Face:

"What could I say?

He is the reason why we came here in the first place! Why we have taught, ministered, governed, and reinstated you, the last known of spiritual leaders around these parts, Mr. Sunday's Noon."

The old man collapsed at the thought of Fake Face taking his mask off, he thought maybe this was a phantom of the Beast himself, a haunting apparition without boundaries, or the Devil himself. He began to choke, and reached for the mask, taking it off, revealing the black shroud again.

Fake Face:

"Old man, know this; if tho were to die, here, it goes not in vain.  
Your church has been established.

He did not. Fake Face carried him upon his back; to the City of  
Life where he had acquired his domain and place of rest... A  
small Castle he and his men built, surrounded by nine acres or  
so of land. There, he left the old man to rest, attended by some  
more faithful, 'Men out Yonder'. They spoke with eyes, not  
words..

'What happened?'

They came to satisfy and congratulate the Father with good  
cheer and a justified baptism, not to obliterate his home and  
grieve him into a coma.

Fake Face had foresight and he also had other Men of Yonder  
with instincts,

Fake Face:

Let me guard the outside for just tonight, in the 'morrow, we  
leave into another of wildernesses... just... let the old man rest,  
secure the chests and watch your stables, yes?

Let him rest  
...but just enough.

# END.