

Really BAD Shakespeare – Season 2

By Weeb

Season 2, Episode 11: Villain, Villain, Smiling, Damned Villain

I cannot escape the wrath of the bare breasted woman.

I twist in every direction, trying desperately to escape her savage blows. Nothing works. No matter which way I turn she continues to pummel my face, my body. Pain rushes through me with every strike. I can feel my eyes starting to swell shut. Blood flies in every direction.

“You killed her, you killed her,” the unrestrained woman howls uncontrollably.

I have no idea what she is talking about. I killed who? Why am I being subjugated to such a brutal attack? “Please,” I beg, “I don’t know why this is happening.”

She continues to strike, to beat, to wish me as dead as the friend she claims I have murdered...

Murder: *the unlawful act of killing another human being without justification or excuse. Common Law describes murder as the “unlawful killing of a human being with malice aforethought.” The term malice aforethought does not mean that the killer planned or premeditated the killing, or that there was any malice toward the victim. Generally, malice aforethought refers to the level of intent or recklessness that separates murder from other killings. In the United States, there are four categories of murder: (1) intentional murder; (2) a killing resulting from the intent to do bodily injury; (3) a killing resulting from a depraved heart or extreme recklessness; and (4) murder committed during the commission of a crime.*

FLASHBACK, age 7: *A killing resulting from a depraved heart or extreme recklessness*

The neighbors found me minutes after the explosion, sitting in the front yard, cradling my mother’s burnt head in my arms the way one might hold a newborn baby. I gently rock back and forth, whispering:

SHAKESPEARE: I didn't mean it, mommy. Everything's going to be fine. It's just you and me... everything's going to be fine. Mommy, when is dinner going to be ready? I'm so hungry...

NEIGHBOR 1: Oh my God, I think I'm gonna be sick.

NEIGHBOR2: Shakespeare, everything's going to be fine. Can you hear me, dear? We are here now to help you.

SHAKESPEARE: Mommy, HE didn't mean it. HE didn't know what was going to happen. It's all my fault, mommy. I'm the one who asked... it's all my fault again, mommy. I only did what he asked me to do. Mommy, why won't you talk to me.

NEIGHBOR 2: He's lost it.

NEIGHBOR 1: Where are the police? They should have been here by now.

The sound of sirens can be heard in the distance. Police, fire trucks, ambulances, all crying out in each of their own distinct voices.

NEIGHBOR 1: They're coming now. You hear that, Shakespeare? Help is coming...

SHAKESPEARE: Just wanted a cookie. That's all, mommy. Just wanted one little cookie.

NEIGHBOR 2: The poor child has lost his mind.

NEIGHBOR 1: Don't get too close to him. Help is coming. Just leave him alone –

“What's going on here,” Shepherd asks with a tinge of fright in his otherwise strong voice. He moves forward, to help me, but the man with the mask stands in his way. “Stop, this isn't right.”

“Back off buddy,” the man orders, his voice muffled from behind the mask. He holds up his hands,

tries to push Shepherd away. Shepherd prepares to fight. He swears, raises his fists, but the man is not frightened. The stranger laughs. "We have no problem with you. Stay back and you won't get hurt."

Shepherd's wings spring from his back. The skies above the Garden of Eden darken. Black clouds sweep in from nowhere... *a first for God's sacred garden*. Shepherd's wings beat, lifting him from the ground. He is about to attack, but the man grabs the front of his shirt and flings him back to the ground like a ragdoll.

"This isn't your fight angel."

"But she's going to kill him!"

"Death," he replies,

"Will only be the beginning of his Hell."

With the arrival of the ambulance, several men cautiously approach me. With each step closer, they chatter in calm, soothing voices – "*Everything's going to be alright... we're here now... we'll help you... let us help you... here, let us take that from you...*" One grabs me gently from behind while the other snatches mother's head from my arms. I cry out, begging for them not to hurt her, to give her back to me. They ignore my pleas. I kick and scream, calling them names no seven year old should ever know. I fight them with everything I have... but it is useless. They get me to my feet and, together, they wrap me in a jacket, a white jacket that secures my arms. They tell me it is for my own good. Once I am secure and no longer a threat to anyone's safety – especially my own – they lift me off the ground and carry me to the ambulance. Still fighting them, I am strapped to a stretcher. One man sits next to me and says, very softly: "Everything is going to be fine."

I go still. Yes, everything is going to be fine. None of these concerned people know the truth. I turn and face this man, an older man, possibly someone's grandfather, and stare deeply into his aged eyes.

I smile.

"Yes," I tell me in a voice full of innocence, "Everything will be fine..."

it has to be...

I'm the antichrist."

The paramedic slowly moves away from me. He crosses himself – Father, Son, Holy Spirit – and mumbles a short prayer in Latin: “Deus meus, credo in te, spero in te, amo te super omnia ex tota anima mea, ex toto corde meo, ex totis viribus meis: amo te quia es infinite bonus et dignus qui ameris; et quia amo te, me paeitet ex toto corde te offendisse: miserere mihi peccatori. Amen.”

Alone... So much happens after that point that I don’t understand most of it. Faces, men, women, young, old, caring, aloof, all flash before me during the next few hours, days. They ask questions, make hypotheses, all trying in desperation to understand. I try to be helpful, try to answer their questions, but it reaches a point where no one believes anything that I tell them. They say that I am in shock, that the sight of seeing the death of my mother, of having caused the explosion that killed her, has pushed my mind beyond comprehension. I am delusional, one doctor says. Many agree. They all come to a simple consensus: The best and safest place for me, since I don’t have any family, is locked away in the nearest mental institute... the Alice Stratton Institute for the Mentally Insane, located just outside the city limits of Potter’s Field... **Alone...** After several days of being in a hospital with people who seemed to generally care about my well-being, I am tussled up once more and shipped off to the mental facility. Several of the nurses kiss me goodbye, a few of the doctors wave and wish me well... but I know they are glad to be rid of me... **Alone...** I understand why they want to get rid of me, why they want to pass me off to another institute. It all makes perfect sense – not one of them knows how to deal with the antichrist... **Alone...**

alone...

Alone... ALone...

ALOne... ALONe...

ALONE

Thunder crashes all around us.

“Shepherd,” I plead for help.

No one comes to my rescue. I am alone... I am going to die.

From the corner of my eye I can see Shepherd wrestling with the masked man. He is screaming, begging at the top of his lungs for them to stop and listen. Neither of us knows or understands what they are talking about or why they want me dead.

“She was our friend,” the woman howls while continuing to beat me. “I loved her like a sister. Because of you the winds have been silenced!”

“He didn’t have anything to do with your friend’s death,” Shepherd challenges. No matter how hard he tries, he cannot free himself from the masked man’s grasp. Tears pour down his face. “We are innocent.”

“God killer,” the woman cries.

Her hands suddenly wrap around my throat and start to squeeze. My airway is blocked. I struggle for my life. She lowers her face to within inches from mine and spits. Her hot saliva runs down my face, mixing with my tears.

Years pass... each one less memorably than the last.

The horror of the mental institute blurs into one long nightmare. If it wasn’t the doctors subjugating me to every mental device created by a Nazi, it’s the other patients themselves torturing me in ways too cruel to recount. I become everyone’s play thing – to be used as they see fit. Beatings, electrical shock, rape, and drugs of every variety... the list goes on and on...

The only person who calmed me was my father, the Lord of Hell. He would come late at night, when everyone else was sleeping, and tell me about all the wondrous things that waited for me once I was released. He said that this was all part of HIS instruction for me to learn, to feel the pain that I must someday rise above so that I can inflict it without remorse on others. No matter what was done to me, he said, it was an educational experience. That I must take all of this horror and use it to become stronger, better than all the past antichrist’s who tried and failed.

I did as he instructed.

I buried all of these things deep inside, locked them inside a door in my heart... a door that no psychiatrist could ever unlock. I took their punishment with my head held high. They would never break me. I was much stronger than they were. No matter what they did to me, I would always ask for just a little bit more.

Why?

Because I was – **I AM** – the antichrist.

Spots appear before my eyes. Oxygenated blood ceases to flow to my brain. Bright flashes of light begin to pulse behind my eyes. Movement becomes slower. My vision blurs, and I start to see two, three, four, women sitting on my chest, choking me, as the edges of the scene darken. My chest burns from the lack of oxygen.

I gasp insanely, trying to pull air into my lungs...

but it is useless.

My hands grip hers and I try to pull them away...

but it is useless.

I pray to whatever God will listen...

but it is useless.

Finally, my thrashing slows...

I drift into unconsciousness –

ALONE

Season 2, Episode 12: That Way Madness Lies

Darkness...

A complete void...

The strange sensation of falling...

I am frightened.

My heart beats madly.

I am going to die...

But, right before I smash to my death in this blackness, my muscles twitch violent and my eyes snap open...

It is night.

I am laying spread-eagle on a hard, rocky surface.

I turn my head, painfully, to the left. In the distance I see the burned-out shell of what used to be a Seven-Eleven. Half of the building has been destroyed. Dark billowing smoke forms a solid column as it flows straight up into the night sky.

It is a fine mid-summer's eve... with absolutely no wind, no atmospheric disturbances whatsoever.

And I remember...

The wind has died.

I turn to the right and see, about a block away, the apartment building in which I live. It appears, much like the Seven-Eleven, to be in ruin. Even the surrounding buildings are damaged in some manner. Smoke comes from everywhere... moving unnaturally straight-up into the star-filled sky.

The wind has died.

I realize that I am lying in the center of the highway, the main drag that runs through the center of Potter's Field. Above me, stars of every size, color, and age attempt to shine through the smoke filled sky. The massive, luminous balls of plasma that form the constellations twinkle seductively – each competing for my attention.

"They DO look like little diamonds in the sky," I mutter.

REMEMBRANCE: *Though the tune of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" originated in Paris, France in 1761 (with many mistakenly claiming that Mozart created the original melody with his variations on "Ah vous dirais-je, Maman"), the lyrics did not exist until Jane Taylor wrote them in 1806. The original children's poem was titled "The Star," and consisted of four lines and five stanzas. Much different from the rhyming six-lined "song" we recite today.*

A chill runs down my spine.

I have been here before – in this exact position, in another time... though everything is slightly different, slightly off key.

Suddenly, a woman's high-pitched voice breaks the tranquility of the night:

"OH MY FUCKING GOD. I HIT A MAN!"

The sound on a car door opening and slamming shut follows. I look toward the commotion. Two bright stars shine directly in my eyes.

Instantly I know what they are - the headlights from a car.

The darkened silhouette of a woman blocks one of the stars as she runs toward me... More memories rush me... I know who this woman is. It is Beatrice, just seconds after she hit me with her car... She falls to her knees beside me. She shakes with fright, her eyes the size of silver dollars. "I am so sorry," she apologizes with a shaking voice. She has tears in her eyes. "I didn't see you. Are you all right? You came

out of nowhere. I didn't have time to stop. Are you hurt? Are you in pain? Can you hear me? Why are you looking at me so strangely? Can you talk? Should I call an ambulance?"

I wait... knowing that at any minute Aaron is going to yell something from the car. He is going to ask her if she killed me.

I start counting to myself, waiting for the interruption.

One,

two,

three...

Beatrice leans closer, inches from my face, and speaks in a loud enunciated voice: "ARE YOU HURT?"

The boy doesn't call out!

Things are different... playing out as before but not in the manner in which I remember them. The burned-out buildings, the death of the wind, the lack of Aaron's appearance... it is almost like I am reliving a hacked up episode from season one, episode 4: Eaten to Death with a Rust.

That is, if my life was actually one of those penny dreadfuls from the 1800's.

A penny dreadful (also called penny horrible, penny awful, penny number and penny blood) was a type of British fiction publication in the 19th century that usually featured lurid serial stories appearing in parts over a number of weeks, each part costing a penny. The term, however, soon came to encompass a variety of publications that featured cheap sensational fiction, such as story papers and booklet "libraries." The penny dreadfuls were printed on cheap pulp paper and were aimed primarily at working class adolescents.

“Fine,” I mumble, “but... but... Beatrice, what’s happening here?”

She instantly pulls back, confusion masking her face. “What are you talking about? How did you know my name?”

“Where’s Aaron?” I ask slowly, trying to keep myself calm.

“Aaron,” she repeats just as slowly.

“Yes, Aaron... your son.”

“Dude, I don’t have any fucking idea what you’re talking about. I don’t have a son.”

No son...

The burned-out buildings...

The lack of wind...

The wind has died.

I sit up quickly.

The rapid movement causes the Earth to shift off its axis. My vision blurs and everything starts to spin. Nausea fills my stomach. I start to shake.

“This isn’t right,” I speak softly. I close my eyes and place my head in my gloved hands. The leather feels hot against my forehead.

“What’s wrong now? Are you going to pass out?”

“No, no,” I say, trying my best to regain composure, “Just sat up to quick. I’ll be fine in just a minute...”

“Look, I’d call an ambulance for you but I can’t. Since the blackout –“

I cut her off: “Blackout?”

She gives me another puzzled look. “Don’t you remember? Yesterday, when the entire world seemed to fall apart... You do remember California dropping off the face of the planet, and all the other strange weather conditions that happened across the world. Maybe you just need to rest a little? When I

hit you with the car I must have –“

The world fell apart.

This statement only proved that I wasn't going insane. I am the cause of that travesty. If Shepherd hadn't rescued me from the pits of Hell, none of that would have happened. I would never have gone to the Garden of Eden, never been attacked by that bare-breasted woman...

The wind has died.

“Beatrice, what's happening?”

“HOW THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW MY NAME!” She screams.

Suddenly, she winces in pain. She staggers to her feet, clutching her stomach... her overly large stomach. She is pregnant. Judging from the bulge, she looks like she is about to pop at any minute. She sways, about to fall down. I scramble to my feet, taking her into my arms. I try to lower her to the road. She screams and tries to fight back. She pushes and shoves at me, kicks me in the shins, claws at my face. Finally, she grabs my gloved hand to pull it off of her. Instinctively, I draw back. The leather slides off my sweaty hand and I fall back onto the road.

She falls next to me, crying in pain.

I bring my hands up and see...

oh dear GOD...

I see that

I HAVE THUMBS!

“RUN” a man's voice explodes around us. “IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, YOU HAVE TO GET TO YOUR FEET AND START RUNNING. NOW!!!”

I look in the direction of the voice and see a very small man running toward us. He appears to be about 28" tall, with wild dark brown hair. Judging from his appearance, my first guess is that he's a primordial dwarf. His tiny little face is masked with fear. He waves his stunted arms at us, screaming nonstop. Over and over, ordering us to run.

Suddenly, three bright lights shoot across the sky.

Whatever they are, they are on fire.

The first hits the car's roof, which instantly collapses.

The second hits the ground several feet in front of the car. This time I know what the objects are... they are people falling from the sky. The man, who had just landed, smashed against the pavement, explodes in a shower of fire and gore. His head explodes the second it hits the cement. Something shoots away from the body and lands next to me. It is a metal mask, a mask of a hawk.

The third body lands right next to me. It is another man... a man that I know.

I scream in horror... **IT IS SHEPHERD**... His burning, dead body bounces off the road. His head slaps wetly on the pavement. His lifeless eyes lock with mine.

It is raining Gods and angels.

I gag, vomit filling my throat.

Before I can spew, the dwarf is beside me. He grabs Beatrice with one hand and me with the other. He tries in vain to pull us to our feet. "You have to run!" He orders. "Don't you understand? For god's sake, this is..."

really BAD Shakespeare!"

© 2011 WritingRaw.com, Weeb