

really BAD Shakespeare – Season 3

By Weeb

Season 3, Episode 2: Nothing In His Life Became Him Like The Leaving It

I sit in front of the coolers, alone, twiddling my thumbs, trying to understand everything I have learned in the past hour.

Once we got Beatrice comfortable in the Office Manager's office, laid out on a couch, with a small pillow decorated with various sized stars under her head, Edris joined me out front to educate me on what has been happening. He proceeded to tell me about how the Egyptians were attempting to prevent Armageddon (*"And WHY are the Egyptians involved?" "Because Christianity believes in a doomsday philosophy and, knowing their track record in making their beliefs come true, they would do anything to make sure it occurs; whereas, Egyptians believe in the afterlife and the continuation of mankind forever and will do anything to make sure their belief system is honored. Thus, Isis and her crew were attempting to prevent, any way possible, you from succeeding at your mission of destroying the world."*); to who, besides Shepherd, was lying outside dead in the street (*"That would be Isis, the greatest Mother of Egypt, and her minion Menthu, the god of strength and war. I do not have all of my facts yet, due to the sudden silence from my constitutes while trapped here in this alternate reality, but I am assuming that they are dead because of their entrance and violence perpetuated against you in the Garden of Eden. That is only an assumption though. The true reason could be far more sinister – based on where we were and where we are now."*); to the lack of wind (*"That, Shakespeare, is not a happy tale... Amaunet – the Egyptian Goddess of Wind – was murdered by Hathor, an ancient goddess who once personified the principles of love, beauty, music, motherhood and joy... that is, until she went on a blood thirsty rampage and almost wiped out the human race. Luckily, a lake of blood stopped her... Which we have gone over many times before... Anyway, when she sobered up, she decided to seek revenge against ALL gods and the human race. So, with her death, it makes me wonder what other tragedies may befall us with the death of the other gods..."*); to briefly explaining his role as a double agent in the struggle between the Gods (*"You have no idea how many of us are out there, associating in some form or manner with every conceivable religious entity known to man. I was lucky when I was paired with the Christian/Egyptian factions, both being my major course of study. When contacted to take on this secretive mission –" "Who contacted you? Which side are*

you on?" "Now there is a question that I cannot answer without having to kill you after I have answered it." "But you are obviously working for God?" "Which God, Shakespeare? Have you not been listening to me... there are thousands of different Gods, each one pertaining to their own religion or, sometimes, even one person's belief system. There are entities playing this game that need to stay hidden, out of sight, so that all the major hitters within the game can make their silly moves unaware that they are actually being controlled); to Beatrice being pregnant ("Don't want to speak about it." "Come on, you know something about this so don't hold back now." "I said that was enough.")

We went round and round on this last point. No matter how hard I pushed, Edris refused to tell me more. I could tell he was hiding something. I continued to push, wanting answers, needing to know everything that has happened so I could plan my next move... but he refused to elaborate any more on the subject. It reached a point to where he exploded, became red faced and violent and screamed: "One more word concerning this subject and I will murder you myself. Leave us! And NEVER bring this up again if you value your life!"

... and this brings us to why I am sitting, alone, in front of the coolers in a deserted 7-Eleven, twiddling my thumbs...

Thumb Twiddling: Frequently used as an example of a useless, time-wasting activity, to have nothing useful to do while you are waiting for something to happen.

I can hear Edris trying to calm Beatrice with each contraction. Other than that, I am just another throwaway character. I have nothing to do, nothing to add to the story, no meaningful reason to be with any of the established characters.

I AM USELESS.

During a moment of silence, I hear voices from outside the store. The voices are of men, and they

are speaking Spanish. Their chatter becomes urgent and I catch several distinct words: “...*cadavers... oro y plata... robo...*”

Curiosity and boredom get the better of me. I stand and walk slowly to the front door of the store. Outside I can see a group of about ten Latino men of various ages swarming around the bodies lying in the street. They are picking clean anything of value on the bodies. One approaches Shepherd’s body and my heart leaps into my throat. The young man kneels next to my lover’s body and proceeds to go through his pockets.

Anger rushes through me.

How dare they touch HIS body!

Without thinking of consequences, I push open the door and step outside.

“Leave him alone!”

I scream at the top of my voice, my entire body shaking from the effort. Anger like I have never felt before surges through me.

Instantly, the gang looks at me... all except for the one next to Shepherd, who is more concerned with stealing from the dead angel. One, who is holding Menthu’s golden helmet, points at me. Fear covers his face. He begins chattering nonstop to the other members of the group. They hesitate, their eyes filled with confusion, then fear... all except for the one next to Shepherd, who is more concerned with stealing from the dead angel. The group collectively drops their possessions, almost in unison, hold up their hands as if to show that they have relinquished all that was stolen, and slowly – ever so slowly – begin to back away from the bodies. After cautiously walking several steps, they turn and scatter like roaches in sunlight... all except for the one next to Shepherd, who is more concerned with stealing from the dead angel.

I am about to cry out again but, before the words can leave my mouth, I see a man walk from behind Beatrice’s car. He steps quietly to stand behind the thieving man.

Our eyes lock.

The man waits, staring at me as if trying to see into my soul.
He nods, and then speaks:

“Para usted, mi Dios.”

Before the man on the ground can react, the other grabs him by the hair and pulls his head back violently. There is a brief cry of surprise from the thief, which is quickly silenced when the man behind him pulls out a very large knife and slices it through his throat. Blood sprays everywhere. The killer positions the thief’s face so that he can see me. As his lifeblood gushes out of the wound, the thief mouths one word before his eyes roll into the back of his head and dies... and that word is:

Diablo

The killer pushes the man off to the side, as if throwing away a doll. We stand staring at each other, eyes locked, blood dripping from the killer’s knife. A smile slowly creeps across his pocked face. He holds out his arms and speaks in a soft voice: “Venga conmigo, mi Dios. Tengo cosas maravillosas para mostrarle...”

He knows me, my inner voice cries out! Every one of them seemed threatened by me when they saw me. THEY KNOW WHO I AM! But how? I am nothing in this reality. If Edris can be believed... IF EDRIS CAN BE BELIEVED! How foolish am I. I have just met this man and taken everything he has said as gospel. He has already told me that he is working for the other side... that his goal is to make sure I don’t succeed. Am I being used?

The killer nods knowingly, as if hearing my inner thoughts.

He brings the knife to his mouth and... runs the flat side of it over his tongue, licking the blade clean of the thief’s blood. With the knife clean, he lowers it and places it back into the pocket in which it came. He steps back, moving into the shadows of the night, speaking softly with each step: “Mi regalo a usted, engendra... Venga, alegrémosnos en su gloria lejos del emisario de Dios...”

Once in the darkest part of the shadows, I can no longer see him.

I step forward, hesitate, not knowing what to do or who to believe.

What should I do???? Should I continue on the road that Edris created, or should I step into the unknown and discover who I am in this new world. Even though I am no longer the main character in my story there has to be a purpose as to WHY I am here... even secondary characters can have a major storyline in the overall scheme of the plot... perhaps I can return back to being the central character... perhaps I can still fulfill my destiny... perhaps –

Suddenly, I hear Beatrice scream in pain.

Edris yells for my help, saying that the baby is coming, that he needs my help... I turn and look back into the store, remembering how alone I truly am... Edris calls again, ordering me, the **Angel of Darkness**, to aid him in the birth... and, it is then that I realize the truth of the situation...

I AM NOT A SECONDARY CHARACTER!

Without further hesitation,

I follow the stranger.

© 2011 WritingRaw.com, Weeb