

Really BAD Shakespeare – Season 1

By Weeb

Episode 1: Boldness Be My Friend

I don't care if you believe me or not – there's never been an innocent who didn't want to die. You, the so-called intelligent and God-inspired opposable thumbed mammals who rule this planet, will ALWAYS fight for survival. Don't let anyone tell you different. No matter the reason or cause, how real or petty, you will die happily for your twisted, misguided beliefs. Eventually, everyone reaches their limit... right down to the weakest, most passive loving member of the tribe. And, once that imaginary line of "no return" has been crossed, and the final insult thrown and with daggers drawn, you will ultimately take the proverbial bull by the horns and wrestle it to the ground... or die trying.

And why is this?

Opposable thumbs.

I have a request.

It's an unusual request, but I have to make it anyway... Do you have any liquor in the house? Marijuana? Maybe you have some prescription pills that can be abused illegally? Anything, anything at all can be used... as long as it can alter your present conscious state?

I can wait while you gather these necessary materials...

... ..

... .. *waiting patiently*

... ..

Back already?

I see that you've poured yourself a cocktail... What's that? Well, look at that, aren't you a devious

little person. You going to hold that joint all night or do you need a match to light it? Come on, time is wasting. We really do need to get this reality started.

That's it... take a deep, long hit...

While you induce and indulge, let me explain why I've requested this. See, from this point forward, I'll need your mind altered... altered beyond what members of the opposable thumbs tribe perceive as reality. In order for you to understand the complicated simplicity of one man's life as he reaches the end of his rope, your reality needs to be viewed through a dense fog of alteration to qualify the distorted facts, images, and memories needed to obtain an honest experience.

Go ahead... I'll wait for you... ..

(waiting)

... .. there, feeling good now?

Fine, let's begin...

The beginning of the end starts with a man's enraged voice, my voice, being recorded on an answering machine:

BEEP

"It's me – just letting you know I'm fucking sick of all the fucking head games you fucking asshole. Really fucking sick of it! We fucking could've had a real fucking thing going here but no, you fucking decided to stick with your Father. Well, the fucking line has been fucking drawn now! I feel like you fucking played me. Listen, I'm fucking sick of all the hurt and lies and bullshit you keep blowing up my ass... As far as I'm concerned, from this fucking point forward, you're fucking dead in my eyes! Don't fucking ever call

me or try to fucking get a hold of me... just fucking die already."

With one final display of overtly dramatic and extremely stereotypical non-heterosexual behavior, I raise the black and pitted pay-phone receiver above my head, stretching the twisted metal cable to its entire length of two feet, and bring it down forcefully onto the metal hook.

BAAAAAMMMM!

The sound echoes around the convenience store like a gunshot.

The late night crowd of about ten Latinos gathered at the opposite corner of the Seven-Eleven where I stand, who were enjoying the mid-summer's night in only the way late night groups can, jump at the sound. Several younger members of the teenage gang duck in their attempt to miss the stray bullet they assume is heading their way. The more experienced gang members laugh at their comrades' actions, taunting them for their lack of experience. The humiliated boys turn toward me... sizing me up, whispering, plotting their possible attack.

Ignoring them, I turn from the bank of phones and start walking toward the street. My heart beats madly and my hands, covered in a pair of black leather gloves, shake with anger.

There's no turning back.

The call has been made...

My nemesis, the one sent to watch over me, will get the message loud and clear on Monday morning when his sweet old secretary presents him with my recently recorded message:

"Good morning Mr. Shepherd," she will say with a forced smile on her aged face. With a nervous wrinkled hand she will pull back a loose strand of blue-gray hair and tuck it back into the tight bun that sits on top of her head like a rat's nest, then adjust her glasses, pick at the lace collar around her chicken neck, do anything to prolong the moment of actually having to relay my message to her employer. Finally, after running the gambit of nervous twitches, she decides to just jump in with both feet: "I hope you enjoyed your weekend. Not many messages this morning... There is one though that I think you should listen to yourself. The caller didn't leave a name or a number but, to condense the message into reasonable terms, he basically said not to ever – and I really must stress the word **EVER** – contact him again. The truly

amazing thing is that he managed to say... the F-word... sixteen times in less than 10 seconds... I honestly believe that could be a world's record. Don't you think?"

Endings are a curious thing.

They are like horror movies – just when you think the film's over, and the last big busted brassiere clad high-heeled babe has been killed, it all starts over again with yet another big busted brassiere clad high-heeled babe running for her life through a darkened, supposedly haunted house while a cannibalistic leather clad fucker with a chainsaw in one hand and a really big hook in the other chases her for dinner. In such situations, no one is actually safe until the credits roll and the screen goes black. Only then can you sigh in relief, fully knowing that the ending has arrived and it's time to stand and brush away those crumbs of memories better left in the theater and walk out that revolving door to face the strange and disturbing "Beginning" that's waiting for you outside... in reality.

The first ending is usually the hardest.

That's when all the pain and suppressed suffering are released... when every second, minute, hour, day, week, month, year, decade of emotional decay surges forward and spews venomously with no thought of recourse. It's an emotional need to hurt the other party. To watch the sickening realization that something serious isn't right – something that an "I'm sorry, won't ever happen again" will not repair.

The eyes tell it all.

Just watch as the first verbal slap is delivered: *"Every fucking thing wrong with my life is directly associated with you. You have caused me nothing but pain and hurt since the first day I met you. I can't do this anymore. I cannot allow this to happen anymore. You are nothing more than a cancer in my life... and, today, I am cutting that sickness away."*

Watch closely...

here it comes:

Hurt... pity... anger... love.

Throughout our lives, we embrace these mental fabrications known as memories as fact with never a hint of question. From the tragic innocence of birth to the disgrace of liberating death, we allow these remembrances to form our greater character... shaping us from formless masses of clay into something distinct, something REAL.

It is because of this that we begin to repress, and then deny, the reality of our memories.

Over time, these experiences become selective. We learn how to savor the agreeable and contradict the offensive. Through subconscious deception, we create false memories to replace the ones repressed; we begin to contradict, to reject, to sabotage; then, we begin to forget... allowing the replaced to become true.

We are nothing more than prisoners of our memories.

It's the middle of the afternoon.

I'm five.

The curtains in my parent's bedroom are closed. A thin band of sunlight breaks the darkness, dividing it... We crouch in a distant corner, the darkest in the room. I stare in wide-eyed amazement at the dim illumination coming from the glow-in-the-dark wristwatch. That's one reason for the closed curtains - to see the novelty of the watch.

The owner of the watch is a twenty-something male neighbor. He shares the darkness with me. We huddle together and stare at the glowing timepiece. His arm tightens around my shoulder.

"Pretty cool, huh?" He says, his face rubbing slightly against mine. "Just got it yesterday and knew you'd love to see it."

"Neat," I grin in admiration. The attention thrills me. I move closer, pressing against him, wanting to savor the moment of having an adult treat me like an equal. He is my friend, my very special friend...

After several silent minutes, I look up and ask: "Can I touch it?"

And, that's the other reason...

Listen!

Can you hear it happening?

Repress and deny...

No stopping "it" now.

With a sense of accomplishment, I hold my head high and nonchalantly approach the thugs. As I get closer, I hear their disjointed conversation: *"That dude just told someone to fucking die... Damn, that's cold... let's rob him, looks like he's got money... not him... look at those eyes... wonder if he broke that phone... am sure we can take him... ya' if the phones broke we're the ones who'll be blamed for it... fucking white people... no, leave him alone... look at those eyes... bless us, Jesus..."*

Directly in front of them, I stop... turn toward them, and smile.

Not knowing why, every single one of them steps back.

Several of the devout even cross themselves.

*Assist us, O Lord our God;
and defend us evermore by the might of Thy holy Cross,
in whose honour Thou makest us to rejoice.
Through Christ our Lord.*

Amen.

Please allow me to introduce myself:

My name is Shakespeare...

Shakespeare Williams...

and I'm the antichrist.

Episode 2: Those Clamorous Harbingers of Blood and Death

Walking back to my apartment, on that fine mid-summer's night, there's a slight spring in my step. I feel accomplished – on top of the world, so to say. Nothing, except for perhaps the body of my archenemy laying at my feet and me holding the sword that brought his death, could make me happier. With each step, a new emotion courses through my system, an emotion I have never experienced before... and that emotion is Pride.

Pride goes before destruction
(Proverbs 16:18-19)

By making that telephone call, I set in motion the start of Armageddon. The bluff was played and I was walking home a winner... you know, sometimes an antichrist has to do what an antichrist has to do.

No matter what you want to believe, there's no "official" rule book when one starts Armageddon. Oh sure, you can look at that book of fables known as the Bible, but what you will find there is a very one-sided take on the story. It's all God will do this and God will do that; horns will be blown, flying horses will streak across the sky; there will be unnatural environmental disasters followed by plague, death, and worse. Blah blah blah...

Not a very pretty picture for OUR side.

There are times when we must draw inspiration from our forefathers, the antichrists before us... and there has been many before me. Don't believe me? Go ahead and look through your history books, I'll wait... ..

(waiting)

Back already? That was fast. So, what did I tell you? Hate to say that I told you so but: "I told you so." I'm not here to lie to you. This document is based on fact, not fiction. Nothing like that "good book"

you have been led to believe as truth. From this point forward, promise me that you will take these words as the true gospel of Armageddon without me having to always prove myself.

Deal?

Let's continue...

Every generation has faced its own antichrist in some form or manner.

We – the bringers of Armageddon, the devils of our generation – move the approaching religious jihad forward, learning from the mistakes of our forefathers... Take for instance: France, in the late 1700's. There was Napoleon. He was the perfect antichrist archetype: He wanted to conquer the world and create endless wars, while deceiving his believers with his God-like, totalitarian rule; he was an influential speaker that people followed without question as they lost the ability to discern between truth and lies; his supporters followed him into battles that he declared, boldly and without humility, were for the betterment of the world – anyone not believing in HIS beliefs, HIS world vision, were killed without remorse; and, just to put it in layman terms for you, he was not a nice guy.

**The only thing missing from making him the TRUE antichrist
was that he didn't have seven heads and ten horns.**

(Though, honestly, that could all be figuratively speaking and not an actuality – since I don't resemble the above description either.)

Then there was good-ole Adolf Hitler, another prime archetype (Rule the World - CHECK; Do Anything to Accomplish this Goal – DOUBLE CHECK); followed by Stalin (CHECK, CHECK, CHECK); and more recently, the purest devil of all generations, that lovable children's program host, Mr. Rogers (CHECK to the nth degree. With the popularity of television and children's programming, Mr. Rogers became the true Master of Antichristdom! His ability to infect the minds of the youth is legendary by using such characters as Lady Elaine Fairchilde and Cornflake S. Ppecially to turn his morality plays into twisted acid induced antiestablishment rants... and hey, he looked pretty damn good in a sweater too.).

Honestly, it's not like you never suspected.

But, you see, all of these men were only a precursor to my creation. They were the ones who

tested the waters of human evolution, plotting and perfecting the best way in which to lead all of you, opposable thumbed creatures, to the slaughter. They handed this information down from generation to generation... from Napoleon, to Hitler, to Stalin, to Mr. Rogers...

Which brings us full circle and back to me...

Shakespeare Williams.

I am 25 years old and live in the third largest city in Illinois, Potter's Field (under the shade of Megiddo Mountain and the banks of the mighty Kikawa River). Potter's Field is the largest corn producing city in southern mid-central Illinois, with a growing population of about 167,831. Although the city teams with as much history as Chicago, geologists and historians continuously often overlook Potter's Field shadowy existence.

The city's roots date back to 1789, when Roberto La Salle founded a discount trading post along the banks of the Kikawa River. With the strategic placement of the store at a pass where a natural trail lead through the Megiddo Mountain and ended at the Kikawa River, business at the Kikawa Discount Outpost thrived. He befriended the neighboring Kikawa Indians through massive bottles of whiskey to keep them under control; he supplied the travelers headed west with dry goods and flints and other necessary equipment needed for their travels through the heartland; and, if the price was right, he would even let them fuck his wife.

At the time, he was a real modern day entrepreneur.

Within years, a town formed around the Discount Outpost and it was called Kikawa. The town grew about 100 strong and, for almost sixty years, they coexisted peacefully with the Kikawa Indians.

But all good things must eventually come to an end.

In the summer of 1848, there was a drought on whiskey. No one knows why, but the Kikawa Discount Outpost ran out of the precious liquid. Blame it on the suppliers or whomever, but this was definitely not a good thing to happen.

For some strange, unknown reason, the peace loving Kikawa Indians rose up and, in a bloody and violent confrontation, killed all 153 of the townspeople... leaving the town a potter's field.

My trek home brings me to the intersection of Sunrise Highway, the main roadway through Potter's Field, and Brooklyn Avenue. On a light pole on the opposite side of the dark deserted highway, a red "don't walk" sign flashes. I stop and wait for it to change... transfixed by the rhythmic pulse of the image... lost in the flash... flash... flash... the symbolic meaning, line through a man, brings a smile to my face. The future wars, the deaths of all the innocent... Armageddon is coming and so many are going to die!

Hallelujah! Praise... ME!

I laugh, as I wait for the light to change.

There are many forms of abuse.

There's verbal, physical, mental, economic, sexual... just to name a few.

When you are the antichrist you LEARN about abuse at an EARLY age. It always starts subtly, with an offhanded degrading comment here... a gentle, but firm slap there. You accept it as how things are meant to be. New emotions form, creating and molding, always changing. You find ways to deal, to understand, to grow with this forbidden knowledge buried deep within you. This is the pain you suffer when you are the antichrist.

"I'll be your God..." you tell your abusers, "Just don't leave bruises."

A group of twenty tourists (out with their charcoals and paper to sketch the natural beauty of the Midwest) found the town of Kikawa three weeks later.

The artists could smell the stink of the dead for miles.

Without thought of their safety, the tourists captured the Kikawa Chief and questioned him about all the death and destruction. In a voice filled with shame, he said that the Great Dark Spirit of the Earth had come forth and overwhelmed almost every member of the tribe. Over a period of increasingly hot days, and lack of whiskey, the tribe members started having hallucinations and bad dreams. They became fatigued and easily excited. Anxiety filled every waking hour. Soon, fever and convulsions gripped the serene people. The Shaman blamed the neighboring French-Canadians – saying they were the ones who

brought the Dark Spirit that plagued them. If they were to survive, they needed to defeat the white intruders and take back their land. Only then would the Dark Spirit be appeased.

So, without further delay, they did.

In one murderous outburst, they killed every man, woman and child.

Though the Indians were very, very apologetic, the tourists decided that the best way to deal with the situation was to wipe the tribe completely off the face of the Earth. All 59 members of the Kikawa Indians were shot and buried in a mass grave on the banks of the Kikawa River... in the shade of Megiddo Mountain.

Through a reporting error at the time, this backwater town soon became known as the town of Potter's Field instead of Kikawa City. Reports told how the once friendly Indians of the area rose up unprovoked and slaughtered every God-fearing French-Canadian in sight.

Nothing was ever mentioned about the whiskey drought of that long hot summer.

Thanks to the tourists' artistic talents, this nightmarish piece of history was immortalized in standard pen and ink drawings and watercolor. Many can still be seen today displayed proudly in the history section of the Potter's Field Museum of Natural History.

Now don't get all religious right-wing on me here and start your bitching and complaining... all of you knew Armageddon was going to happen one day. I guess you didn't think it would be happening NOW, in your generation. Well, it is, so stop all the kvetching. Take the end of the world as you know it like the true opposable thumb member you are.

Don't blame me, the bringer.

Let me get this out of the way so I don't have to do it later: "To everyone who is going to die, be maimed, or made to suffer... I'm sorry. You were warned. Besides, what did YOU do about it? You had options."

I was five when I discovered that I was to be the TRUE antichrist.

I was hiding under a bush... tears in my eyes and blood running down my nose. The educational system on the farm was getting more intense.

Suddenly, the limbs of the bush parted and an older man dressed in 1700's French attire stared down at me. The smell of sulfur filled the air. He smiled, his painted red lips stretched from ear to ear. He spoke in a heavily accented voice: "I am pleased to meet you Shakespeare. We have so much to discuss."

We stared at each other, studying, looking for weaknesses. Finding none, I stood and approached him.

He took my bloodied face in his hand and shook his head disapprovingly. "This will not do," he said. In a flourish of disapproval, he brought out a hand-stitched kerchief from his jacket pocket and cleaned the blood from my face.

"This will all make sense soon enough," he whispered.

He took my hand and led me deeper into the woods.

Don't walk, don't walk, flashing red, hypnotic, don't walk, don't walk...

Standing there on the corner, my mind racing a hundred miles an hour, I start to envision the world as it crumbles at my feet. Everyone will be chanting my name – Shakespeare, Shakespeare – as I walk through the ruined cities with my head held high. I will hold out my hands, allowing a few of the lucky ones to find instant death from my touch. They will know a true god, a god who is not afraid to take on all the nonbelievers and heretics, a god who is not afraid to get his hands a dirty, a god who welcomes sin in all of its unscrupulous glory.

They will praise me, Shakespeare Williams, as their one true God.

I let out a giggle. Every pleasurable emotion one could possible experience courses through my body. I am – pardon the expression:

In complete heaven.

No longer paying attention to the flashing of the light,

lost in my own mind,
without a care in the world...

I step into the street.

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