

BNA 11 – Are there any girl angels?

Description

SCENE: INTRO

ENOCH: Be not afraid! I'm here to deliver a message, and that message is... uh. We'll see. And also I want to update you a little bit about my own personal progress. I have no friends here, you see, and everybody needs someone to talk to. Even me. And you have to listen to me so it'll have to do. Well, back to the event.

The vortex is fired up, and it will be manifesting the continuation of Asmodeus' adventures with Solomon. He and his companions had finally made some progress on their way to freedom. While Naar was out getting a smoke, she stumbled upon Solomon's very own librarian, who she recruited to help the group. With her information, they hoped to find a way to break free. But alas, Ornias, the traitor, ratted them out for his own gain. The punishment was severe, but only for one of them: ZikZak, who found themselves compressed into a brass bottle. To add insult to injury, the same kind of bottle they have been mass producing. A prison of their own creation. Will they be able to free ZikZak, and find their own way to freedom?

INTRO JINGLE

SCENE: INTO THE OCEAN

FX: forge noises

ASMODEUS: –and that's when I said enough is enough, you gotta pick your battles, but you also gotta know when to go big or go home, you know?

NAAR: Uh huh. (winces)

FX: warbly bass reverse magical pull

ASMODEUS: Hey, where are you going?

NAAR: I'm being summoned!

FX: Door opens

ASMODEUS: What's wrong?

NAAR: Don't know! I think I'm going to the palace. Be good while I'm gone (fading out)

FX: Forge fade-out. Door slams shut.

BG: Solomon's court: echo, ambient music

SOLOMON: Ah, you're here. Good. I have your friends here. (*knocking on brass sound*) The horrid looking creature with two heads.

NAAR: ZikZak!

SOLOMON: I feel like you deserve to be reunited again. Catch.

FX: Solomon throws the bottle to Naar.

NAAR: Huh? Thank you? I am most grateful—

SOLOMON: If you'd be so kind, fly out over the ocean, and don't stop until the moon is up. Then, drop it. Come back when you're finished. And then you tell your friends that you will do the same to them if they misbehave.

NAAR: No! My king, I can't!

SOLOMON: (*Echoey*) Do it now.

NAAR: (*Whisper*) I am so, so sorry, friends.

FX: flapping wings as Naar flies away.

SCENE: ASMODEUS THE IN-HOUSE TUTOR

BG: Forge

ENOCH: For most of the day, Asmodeus has been restlessly pacing up and down the hallways of the forge. It's eerily quiet now. With both Naar and Zikzag gone there's no roaring fire or hammering of metal. Worst of all, there is no one to talk to. Well, technically, there's a guard, but he's not much of a conversationalist. He's new. Yusuf had been replaced shortly after being caught sleeping on the job. Bored and lonely, the angel decides to seize the moment and preen his wings, despite the fact that he'll be covered in soot as soon as the forge starts up again. He smooths out each feather, one by one. Every movement produces tiny flashes of lightning among the dark feathers, and the quiet crackling of static electricity is oddly satisfying. He wonders when Naar will be back. After a second round of combing through his giant wings, he begins to wonder if Naar will be back at all.

FX: whoosh of a magical pull

ASMODEUS: What the— hey! Guard! Something's happening to me!

ENOCH: Asmodeus is moving toward the door, against his will. The guard simply nods at him and puts his feet up on the table.

BG: Forge fade out

ENOCH: An inexplicable urge to move pulls the angel outside, forcing him to focus only on getting to

Solomon's palace. He realizes he must be being summoned, just like Naar was. Is it his turn to spend a few centuries locked up in a bottle, forgotten on a shelf, perhaps buried by rubble and time? Will the heavenly search unit find him there? Will his parents? Will anyone?

A sudden unfortunate stumble brings him back to his senses as the marble floor rises up to greet him.

BG: Solomon's court, faint echo, ambient music

ENOCH: Looking up, he sees the king. The worry and fear is immediately replaced by anger.

ASMODEUS: Oh? Gonna put me in a bottle too?

SOLOMON: I know what you've been up to.

ASMODEUS: Uh, well, not a damn thing because you've banished my friends to who knows where!

SOLOMON: Your deal with my librarian has given you ample insight into my research. Did you really think I wouldn't find out?

ASMODEUS: Oh come on. Not Bläddrerska.

SOLOMON: She is well. Regarding the sensitive material she lent you...

ASMODEUS: Hah. You got me. (starts walking around, sounding like he's looking high and low for something) Listen, your majesty, we just wanted to pass the time. We don't give a shit what you read, your secret's safe with me.

SOLOMON: Yes, well. Since you wrote a good deal of it, I thought I'd offer you a position as my personal tutor.

ASMODEUS: No clue what you're talking about. Nice curtains.

BG: (Asmodeus rummaging around Solomon's study, occasionally giving Solomon noncommittal "uh huh" noises)

SOLOMON: I know that you know I have studied your text. It is rumored that it was written by a god who had supernatural insight into the secrets of the human body as well as esoteric knowledge of interpersonal chemistry. It contains exactly the kind of language you had my scribe write down on the day of your summoning. Are you listening to me?

ASMODEUS: Mhm. What's this?

SOLOMON: Put that down. I know these words are yours.

"Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, that feed among the lilies. Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, I will hasten to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense."

ASMODEUS: (overlapping) –hasten to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense." Yeah yeah. Not my proudest work. Did you like it?

SOLOMON: It's incomprehensible.

ASMODEUS: Oh yeah!? Well it– doesn't translate that well anymore! It was spicy back in the day.

SOLOMON: I simply mean that I want clarification on some of these passages. I am offering you a position at my court.

ASMODEUS: (theatrical gasp) You want private lessons? Thought you'd never ask!

SOLOMON: Don't get any ideas, spirit. This is for my wives and concubines. They think I don't notice, but... I know that they are dissatisfied. And there are rumors spreading in my court. My guards are joking behind my back. This NEEDS to stop.

ASMODEUS: Ah, gotcha. When you're summoning demons to do everything else, why not sex lessons? Genius!

SOLOMON: It's my understanding that this is a special interest of yours. You may return to the forge if that's what you prefer?

ASMODEUS: Up, up. Didn't say that.

SOLOMON: We have an agreement then. So, tell me how to please a woman.

ASMODEUS: "A" woman? Who? Everyone's different.

SOLOMON: Don't be vague.

ASMODEUS: I don't know what to tell you. People like everything from a gentle caress to getting slapped across the room.

FX: writing on parchment

SOLOMON: Caress... then slap...

ASMODEUS: No, no, don't do that. Holy shit. It's a dance, not a recipe.

SOLOMON: What? You're giving me a headache again.

ASMODEUS: (under breath) We have a long way to go. Okay, write this down:

ENOCH: And after covering the basics, Asmodeus and Solomon come to an agreement: They will meet every week, Asmodeus tutoring, and Solomon being assigned homework and reflective questions in between lessons.

SCENE: NAAR COMES BACK FROM DUMPING BOTTLES

ENOCH: Twelve hours after Naar left, she returns, silent and dark. When she sees the faces of the other spirits she feels her stomach drop. Any of them could be next. Any time now, they will know what she did. Where she used to glow and spark with fierce fire, her entire being is now a hollow shell.

ASMODEUS: Naar, what did he do to you?

NAAR: Nothing. I'm alright. No, that is... um. He... The brass bottle he put Zik and Zak in. The king ordered me to- to...

ASMODEUS: No.

NAAR: ...throw the bottle into the ocean. I don't know if anyone will ever find them again. I tried to memorize the spot, but it was a long way out, and the currents are so strong out there, and-

ASMODEUS: Oh that's nasty.

NAAR: (fierce, out of character) **I will do the same to anyone who misbehaves again.** Oh, no! He made me say that! I had to, I had to...

ASMODEUS: It's not your fault.

NAAR: Poor Zik and Zak. They'll be alone. For centuries. Before Death takes them.

ASMODEUS: Bastard figured out how to use time against us. Ok, that's it, we can't just wait it out anymore.

NAAR: This can't be happening...

ASMODEUS: No. Naar, come on, breathe. Listen to me. I have good news. It might be our way out of here.

NAAR: You're just saying that to cheer me up. Thanks anyway. (breathing in through nose, out through mouth)

ASMODEUS: No, for real! I have sessions once a week with the king, teaching him all about *bleep* and *bleep*. He's got issues, man.

NAAR: What? Wait. (gasp) But that means... Where? Where are you meeting him?

ASMODEUS: Yep. In his private chambers.

NAAR: That's... that's something. That's really something. It's probably where he keeps his magical items.

ASMODEUS: Exactly my thought! And believe me when I say I've been looking. But I've come up short so far. It's not like I can flip everything upside down while he's watching.

NAAR: How many sessions have you had?

ASMODEUS: Just the one.

NAAR: Okay. You have to lead him on until you find something.

ASMODEUS: Right, right, good thinking.

NAAR: Good. I don't like it, but it sure is something. Please be careful.

SCENE: THE SEARCH UNIT ARRIVES TO SAVE THE DAY

FX: Forge noises, Door slams open

SOLOMON: My spies tell me that a group of mysterious people have been asking around about you in the area.

ASMODEUS: That's a bit vague.

SOLOMON: Tell me what angels would want with you.

ASMODEUS: Well that depends on who they are. Not many of them travel in groups. How many?

SOLOMON: Three.

ASMODEUS: Oh! Ooooh! Haha!

NAAR: YES! You're screwed now.

ASMODEUS: That's the S-unit, they shall search and they shall find, so it is written on the tablecloth of the universe. Or something. Dang it, I need to stop skipping classes. Anyway, you've messed up royally this time. You better release me.

SOLOMON: How good of you to worry about my health. But as you shall see, your worries are unfounded. Come with me.

FX: (magical whöösh)

ENOCH: Asmodeus winks at Naar before following Solomon against his will. They move through the maze-like corridors until they reach the courtroom.

SOLOMON: I command you, Asmodeus, to stay silent and unseen.

ASMODEUS: Hang on a minu-..(Chokes on last word)

FX: magical noise

SOLOMON: There. I have disguised your frequencies with a powerful shield that makes it impossible for you to interact with the material as well as the immaterial. You won't be able to move a single muscle now.

ENOCH: "I don't have muscles you arrogant piece of shit. But I'll happily deconstruct every single fiber of yours and weave a carpet out of them", is what Asmodeus would like to say, if he could.

Three women with bright long hair enter the room accompanied by a squad of guards. Solomon recognizes the telltale signs of disguised angels. He's met at least one angel before, after all. There is always something off in the way they move. It's too smooth and too fast. And these ones do not seem to blink, ever.

GUARD 1: These are the ones inquiring about the... uum.. specific demon, your excellence.

SOLOMON: Greetings, messengers of God. You may speak.

SENOY: You must be King Solomon.

SANSENOY: It is said that in this time you have got a hold over many spirits.

SOLOMON: Oh! I'm flattered that you've heard of me.

SEMANGELOF: May we ask if Asmodeus is among your... work force?

SOLOMON: I don't remember any demon of that name. But of course there are so many to keep track of.

SANSENOY: Oh, you would know if he was here.

SOLOMON: Is that so?

SEMANGELOF: An unmasked angel would be quite conspicuous to you, yes.

SANSENOY: Thank you anyway.

SENOY: Wait. Do you lie, son of man?

SOLOMON: (long silence, stammers a couple of "well"s and "uh"s. Then, confidently, smiling:) That is not a simple question to answer, dear messenger. Every man has many secrets. I keep no angels here. You may search my kingdom if you wish.

SENOY: We have. (low) That was our last lead. We felt him, and now he is gone.

SANSENOY: (low) We will have to visit Below.

SEMANGELOF: (low) Clearance is going to be a bureaucratic nightmare.

SOLOMON: (ahem) You are welcome to stay as long as you like, I'm sure you'll find it most impressive—

SENOY, SANSENOY & SEMANGELOF: No.

SOLOMON: Will you at least stay for dinner? I will throw a feast in your honor.

SENOY, SANSENOY & SEMANGELOF: No.

SOLOMON: How long will you stay then? I'd love to get to know you—

SENOY, SANSENOY & SEMANGELOF: We leave now. Good bye.

FX: Zoop

SOLOMON: Farewell....

SOLOMON: (breathe out, relieved laughter) Marvelous. Incredible. GUARDS! EVERYBODY, OUT!

FX: rustling and hurried footsteps, door close

SOLOMON: So. Asmodeus the angel. You didn't tell me that. I release you from your silence.

FX: magic release

ASMODEUS: Wait, wait. YOU called ME a "creature of the seven spaces". I thought you knew what I was.

SOLOMON: So it's true then.

ASMODEUS: You have no idea what you're doing, do you, dear king?

SOLOMON: Not yet. I need to think about it. Return to your duties!

FX: magical chime

ASMODEUS: Were you just repeating words? Who set you up for this? Hey!

SCENE: A SECRET MESSAGE

FX: *forge noises*

NAAR: But that's insane. They were here, they found you!

ASMODEUS: I know, it doesn't make any sense. I was right there with them, locked inside some kind of... bubble? I was yelling and waving with all my might. But they didn't even flinch. The fucking bloodhounds didn't even flinch. But my biggest problem with all this? The idiot king has no idea what he's doing!

NAAR: As in... you're getting revenge?

ASMODEUS: No, I mean like... (sigh) He doesn't know what half of the Words mean. And, and the fact that I'm an angel has somehow escaped him? When you're binding a spirit you have to KNOW what it is to- to uh, be able to calibrate your ritual. And the fact that he's still controlling hundreds of us, what,

two years later? How the fuck can he be so powerful without knowing what he's doing? Oh boy. I need to lie down.

(Some silence passes, the sound of fire fades as Naar loses hope)

NAAR: (tearfully) I don't want to die here.

ASMODEUS: Hey, hey. Look at me. How old are you?

NAAR: Forty five.

ASMODEUS: Practically a baby djinn.

NAAR: It's not that, it's... (sniff, sigh) Either I'm dying here, in captivity, or someone else comes along to set us up, like Ornia's with ZikZak. And then I'll die alone in some bottle, forgotten by everyone.

ASMODEUS: We'll think of something. We're so close— huh. Look at that. We've got company.

FX: the sound of a wheel of feet rolling forward

NAAR: Don't look at them, keep working. Can't trust anyone.

FX: Naar ambient fire crackling intensifies

NAAR: Oh I'll kill them if they try anything. I'll melt their eyeballs and eat their tongue for dessert—

ASMODEUS: Calm down Naar, you're getting yourself worked up. Think of the things you will do once you're free. The trip to Eyjafjallajökull that you always wanted to go on. You won't get there if you act out now.

FX: fire fades

NAAR: Yeah. Okay. I'm cool. As cool as I can be.

ASMODEUS: Here they come. Maybe it's ZikZak's replacement. Let me do the talking.

BUER: (*low*) Look in the trash. Message for you.

ASMODEUS: Uh- what?

NAAR: They just kept walking?

ASMODEUS: "Look in the trash"? Hmm...

FX: bunch of metal shuffling around

ASMODEUS: Maybe it said look *at* the trash, wouldn't be the first time... Oh, look at this.

NAAR: That's a piece of shard. It is pretty, I guess.

ASMODEUS: No, you don't get it. See these lines? It's writing. Nobody around these parts would

recognize it, though.

NAAR: Very ornamental. What kind of writing?

ASMODEUS: Sanskrit. From a land east of here. See, I know that because I had a little lady over there, long time ago. Leela was her name...

NAAR: Ahem.

ASMODEUS: Sorry.

NAAR: It must have come from that snake person, then. They come from the east.

ASMODEUS: Wait, there's a Naga here?

NAAR: Naga, that's it! He was behind me at the assignment registration! He runs the pharmacy. Did you not see him?

ASMODEUS: Huh. Guess not.

NAAR: Well, read it!

ASMODEUS: Okay. It says:

"Greetings. This shard is tiny so I will be brief. We have similar interests in escaping. Together we will be stronger. I have a plan. Will you join? Place your answer among the broken pottery." (Thoughtfully) It's signed by Darshan...

FX: three finger snaps

NAAR: Wake up! Write the answer in his language: We are interested. No more pottery letters. It takes too long. Meet me at midnight, Thursday, behind the broken well. Asmodeus.

FX: scratching on ceramic

ASMODEUS: "Asmodeus." Why do I have to go?

FX: Magical chime

ASMODEUS: I've got to go. Immediately.

NAAR: No, you don't have to go at this very moment.

ASMODEUS: (while floating away, speaking louder and louder so that naar can hear) I'm being summoned.

NAAR: Oh okay. Wait. Give me the shard!

ASMODEUS: Catch!

FX: catching ceramic

ASMODEUS: (Yelling across the forge) Cross your fingers, today may be our lucky day.

SCENE: NEW CURRICULUM

SOLOMON: I followed your instructions. It was devastating.

ASMODEUS: What did you do? (trying not to laugh) Don't tell me—

SOLOMON: Exactly what you said. A gentle caress, followed by a hard slap.

ASMODEUS: (sigh)

SOLOMON: (amused) It was a joke.

ASMODEUS: Wow, you got me!

SOLOMON & ASMODEUS: (both laughing)

SOLOMON: (without missing a beat, serious again:) Are there any girl angels?

ASMODEUS: W. What?

SOLOMON: Answer the question, yes or no. Please.

ASMODEUS: Oh man. Don't get me started. Yes AND no.

SOLOMON: So you're all men.

ASMODEUS: Nnnnno. Uh. (GLITCH) Both and neither. Everything. Nothing. (GLITCH) Damn it.

SOLOMON: You sound like a man.

ASMODEUS: Huh, you know, that... didn't occur to me. Fair enough. I— well, WE, can sound like anything to you. Makes sense to speak human to a human, doesn't it?

SOLOMON: Interesting. So you can just as well speak as a bird or a—

FX: blackbird, grasshopper, rushing waters

ASMODEUS: Or the rushing of waters, that one's popular. But I think I know what this is about. (*MIXED voices of Asmodeus and S-unit*) **Would you prefer if I spoke to you with this voice? Do you want me to call you 'son of man' or 'dear king'?**

(Note to Anna & Victor: please record the entire blue/bold passage, we'll edit it together spookily ;))

SOLOMON: (gasp) Stop that, devil!

ASMODEUS: You like the S-unit. Interesting. ?

SOLOMON: There are stories. Many of my texts mention this: that long ago, angels mated with humans.

ASMODEUS: Tell me something. Do your texts mention what happened to them?

SOLOMON: Well, yes, but that part does not add up... Especially since I found out your true nature. I mean, from what I've gathered of your texts, you yourself have obviously had plenty of experience. And go unpunished.

ASMODEUS: So you ARE in the market for an angel wife!

SOLOMON: Don't change the subject!

ASMODEUS: (amused, trying very hard not to laugh) Sorry. Well yeah, if you meet a nice angel, go ahead and take a shot. The worst that can happen is they say no.

SOLOMON: I would very much like to increase my chances. That's where you come in. There's got to be some form of... customs, or- or courtship.

ASMODEUS: Uh huh. Sure. We'll put together a new curriculum then. Starting with: why?

SOLOMON: I have so much to offer, intellectually, and, and if she loves me, maybe she'll grant me eternal life, and... we'll be forever enveloped in each other's love.

ASMODEUS: Eternal life. Love. Right! How are your wives doing? Your human ones? Hm?

SOLOMON: I don't appreciate your tone.

ASMODEUS: Maybe treat them right before going after angel tail, yeah?

SOLOMON: Kneel.

FX: Magical chime

ASMODEUS: Did not see that coming.

SOLOMON: Be silent.

ASMODEUS: Is this going where I think it's going? Because you clearly missed my three part lecture on consent.

SOLOMON: You need to understand your place.

FX: Asmodeus shouts out in pain and agony

SOLOMON: I could make you feel pain like this for as long as I please. Cross me again and you will regret it. (Some moments pass where Asmodeus is in agony) You're done. Get out of my sight.

FX: Magical chime.

ASMODEUS: (sigh of relief after a long moment of pain) Yes. See you tomorrow, my dear king. You know where to find me.

FX: transition into forge background

NAAR: Hey, what's up? What did you do? Don't tell me you tried to make a move because that's—

ASMODEUS: No! Actually I... hmmm.

NAAR: Oh my god you're considering it. Stop!

ASMODEUS: Hehehe. Well. What happened is I couldn't resist making fun of his angel kink. I don't think there's gonna be any more lessons.

NAAR: Damn it. Well, I don't blame you. But hey, we still got the snake person. Naga? That has to count for something.

ASMODEUS: Oh yeah, I forgot about him.

SCENE: THE NAGA

ENOCH: Night comes, and Asmodeus arrives at the agreed upon meeting spot. He has no business being this far away from his usual post this time of night. In an abandoned meadow, stands an old well. The tall weeds are almost up to the angel's topaz fibers— ah, which, I realize, doesn't tell you anything. The grass is tall enough to almost cover the edge of the well. He briefly considers whether this could be a trap, but a familiar noise interrupts that thought. Something heavy is moving through the grass like running water. Sinuous coils caress the cold stones of the well, circling round and round as the moonlight dances off of green scales. From the darkness, a tall shape rises above the well. As expected, it is indeed a Naga, a rare creature with the upper body resembling a human, and the lower body of a cobra.

FX: the noise of a rattlesnake has slowly been building up

ASMODEUS: Darshan! I thought it had to be you. You have your grandmother's eyes, you know that? I remember when you learned how to slither, you were like this tiny, itty bitty—

DARSHAN: And then you bolted before the funeral. I haven't forgiven you for that. I wouldn't be speaking to you if I had a choice.

ASMODEUS: (ouch. that hurt. can't joke his way out of this one) I'm sorry, I just couldn't—

DARSHAN: Ssssssave it, your words are poison.

ASMODEUS: (resigned) I- yeah.

DARSHAN: Are you alone?

ASMODEUS: Just me here. I got your message. What's your plan?

DARSHAN: We have noticed that the king's control is slipping. A few weeks ago we put the pieces together. A spirit successfully teleported a short distance outside the gates, and returned without notice. She has not been able to teleport without permission before. And evading the king's notice? Out of the question. The day before that, I managed to stop what I was doing and bask in the sun. It was brief, but still. Eventually we found that when we go a certain distance, we get closer to our true power, and come back to hear that the king is bedridden.

ASMODEUS: He has been complaining about a fierce headache lately.

DARSHAN: My theory is that—

ASMODEUS: His range is limited and you can overload his mind and break free when he's weak. What do you need our help for?

DARSHAN: Contingency. Breaking free won't be enough, he can catch us again. We are going to need reinforcements. You are the only angel here. You can get help from above.

ASMODEUS: Woah, hold on now.

DARSHAN: Or below.

ASMODEUS: More likely.

DARSHAN: You can call upon powerful forces. They will answer sooner if it comes from an angel. That's why we need you. When we are out of reach, you call them, and then we get everyone else out. What do you think? (as in, "sounds good?")

ASMODEUS: I mean, I'm interested, but I want to hear your plan to *get* out of reach before jumping headfirst into a bottle.

DARSHAN: Excellent. So. Solomon has been adding spirits to his workforce like crazy. We've never been this many before. I'd be surprised if his magic could even reach 100 yards outside of the city walls.

ASMODEUS: And through what gate will we escape? This place is crawling with guards. The humans in this city have literally no other jobs than guarding us because we do all the work.

FX: branch, some noise

DARSHAN: Wait, sshh!

(...)

ASMODEUS: False alarm. You were saying?

DARSHAN: *(breathe out)* So. We make our own gate.

ASMODEUS: What's that supposed to mean?

DARSHAN: I'm glad you asked. We've drawn a map over the place.

FX: *parchment being rolled out*

DARSHAN: This is the construction site, here's the guard's headquarters, the palace. We are here. And we've marked out the most patrolled areas, so the shaded parts are off limits.

FX: *finger loudly bounces on parchment*

DARSHAN: This right here is our way out. It's a newly built banquet hall. It's not in use yet which means it's not patrolled either.

ASMODEUS: This looks like a dead end.

DARSHAN: That's where we make our own gate. We dig a tunnel to the entrance hall. One of my people has made sure the door to the outside is open. Once we're out, we'll head east toward the mountains. It'll be harder for them to follow us up there. Once we're far away enough to access our powers you will call for aid.

ASMODEUS: Any dangerous areas we should know about?

DARSHAN: Yes, here. This is the only place we have to be careful.

FX: *finger tap on map*

ASMODEUS: Is that –

DARSHAN: The guard's headquarters.

ASMODEUS: Hold on. Why not just take that other way instead?

DARSHAN: We have to take this way because their water supply is right here, outside their headquarters. We will drug them. I have prepared a sedative that will disable the king and his guards for a good while. It'll double our chance of success, according to our mathematician.

ASMODEUS: Ah, good thinking. I didn't know you were a medicine man, how do you know how to make sedatives?

DARSHAN: *(laughs self consciously)* Well, I'm a bit of an expert and... No. Stop. I'm not having this conversation with **you**.

ASMODEUS: Okay. One more thing. You said the chances of success are doubled if we go by the cistern. What are our chances if we don't?

DARSHAN: *mumbles 'five percent'*

ASMODEUS: What? Speak up.

DARSHAN: Five percent.

ASMODEUS: What!? You risk eternity under the sea for a five percent chance?

DARSHAN: Ten percent. And it's all we got. It's now or never. The preparations are done.

ASMODEUS: Aww, this sucks. And not in a good way.

FX: Rolling up parchment

FX: Footsteps in grass

DARSHAN: Someone is coming, I'm out. We meet an hour before dawn behind my pharmacy, in two days.

FX: Rattlesnake slithers away through the grass

ASMODEUS: (*hissing*) Two f(*bleep*)ing days!? I need more time to mentally prepare.

GUARD 2: Hey! What are you doing out here?

ASMODEUS: (*ahem*) Hello darling. Just admiring the stars. I need inspiration for my craft, you see. I'm thinking I might engrave star constellations into the King's throne.

GUARD 2: Get back to your post.

SCENE: OUTRO

ENOCH: Hold on. This is all fascinating stuff. But I still can't wrap my head around how Solomon got so powerful. Sure, he's got many magical items and a well stocked library. But I don't know of any artifact or spell that would bind and even control so many spirits. Perhaps the clue lies in the angel he is in cahoots with. I know as much as you, prophets, but I think we all have our suspicions as to who that may be. That old snake. Time will tell. The vortex will tell.

Hey Ben? Pause the transmission, will you? Is it off?

BEN: (REASSURING STATIC)

ENOCH: Right. You know... how things are weird around here in heaven. After my outburst?

BEN: (SHORT HUM)

ENOCH: It's been all uncomfortable silences every time I run into someone. I can't believe those guys. Here I am trying to teach them human rituals, and they mock my heritage. And now I have even less of a chance to find friends here, after my outburst. How will I ever find my place? There must be at least one person I can get along with. (Sigh)

BEN: (PROTESTING GLITCH)

ENOCH: Thank you, Ben. I'm glad I have you. My problems must be so small and ridiculous to you. I meant someone on my own level. I guess I have all the time in the world to find out. Time can be a curse or a blessing. In my case, it gives me plenty of opportunities to find someone I can hang out with. Some people are not that lucky.

BEN: (ENTHUSIASTIC STATIC)

ENOCH: Hm? Talk to the Almighty? I don't think... Hm. The Lord did tell me to call on them if there was ever an emergency or if I needed guidance. I wonder if this counts as an emergency. I've felt lost ever since I arrived here, but this is different. I don't know if the other angels messed up or if I am in the wrong. The cultural differences are just... insurmountable. Please answer me this time. Lord? I am calling on you. Can you hear me? I need help.

GOD: WHAT IS IT?

ENOCH: Ah! Hello! How is the um... distant void?

GOD: WHAT HAPPENED, DO I NEED TO COME OVER THERE?

ENOCH: No, I just needed to talk to you.

GOD: METATRON. THIS IS ONLY TO BE USED IN EMERGENCIES. IF YOU ARE FEELING SOCIAL, GO TO THE RECREATION ROOM.

ENOCH: That's kind of why I called on you. I've found a- a work environment hazard, I suppose.

GOD: ARE THEY RIOTING? IS THERE ANOTHER REBELLION?

ENOCH: No, nothing like that. It's more psychological in nature, I guess. Everything is going... all right, but I'm finding it hard to find my footing.

GOD: GO ON.

ENOCH: Look, I know I'm not a real angel and they'll probably never accept me. Not as one of them.

GOD: WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

ENOCH: No one. I just... it's a general feeling I get. I'm not like them.

GOD: WHICH IS PRECISELY WHY YOU ARE HERE. YOU ARE THE BRIDGE BETWEEN EARTH AND HEAVEN – NONE OF THE OTHERS CAN BE WHAT YOU ARE.

ENOCH: And I can never be what they are...

GOD: ENOCH. TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED THAT MADE YOU SAY THIS.

ENOCH: Um. It's okay, we talked about it. But... okay, fine. They invited me to hang out a few times. And I thought, this is great, they're accepting me, and so I returned the favor by hosting a hangout myself, and letting them taste coffee. You know, from the coffee bean, you made that but like humans were really into the poisonous properties and one thing led to another and—

GOD: ENOCH ARE YOU STRESSED ABOUT PLANTS AGAIN?

ENOCH: Ah. Yes but. More stressed about being an angel actually. So the others, when I served them coffee, they all started to mock me, and- and they laughed at how human I am and it feels like this was all a big joke. I know I'll never be one of them but... is it always going to be like this, forever? I don't know what to do, Lord. This will always feel unfamiliar to me, I knew that when you offered it, but I didn't know it would mean—

GOD: I WILL SPEAK TO THEM.

ENOCH: No, no! I just wanted to talk, don't tell them!

Oh, no. The connection is broken, and I can feel his presence all the way to my office. A smile, radiant and furious in all our minds. God is here. The heavens are shaking. Our senses are ringing with the voice of the almighty,

GOD: METATRON IS THE VOICE OF GOD, MY RIGHT HAND, THE APPOINTED ONE, AND YOU WILL SHOW HIM RESPECT. YOU WILL LOVE HIM AS YOU LOVE ME. HE IS MY REPRESENTATIVE IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH, AND DISRESPECTING HIM IS TO DISRESPECT ME.

ENOCH: And... they are gone. Just as gone as she's been for ages now. Was... was that real? I hope it wasn't. It's quiet here in heaven.

Find my center, I have to... work. Be not afraid. Ben. Resume transmission.

We all need help once in a while. Maybe you're a human trying to outshine your peers or maybe you're an overlooked employee trying to be understood. But sometimes, the helping hand that you ask for decides to slap everyone in its way. It'll leave a sour taste in your mouth. But not to worry. Be kind, remember to apologize for the helping hand, and all will be fine. Be not afraid.

END OF EPISODE 11

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