

BNA 02 – Forbidden Garden Party

Description

[output_post_excerpt]

SCENE: WELCOME TO THE GARDEN

ENOCH: BE NOT AFRAID! Be not afraid. Truth be told, I'm the one who should be afraid right now, in the company I find myself in. This is Enoch, Metatron, voice of God, reporting live from an extraordinary event unfolding in the Forbidden Garden. Yes. The very Garden of Eden, shrouded in mystery for millennia, as per human reckoning.

So now you're thinking, isn't Eden hidden, closed, forgotten, guarded? Absolutely. Until very recently. Picture this: a pair of angels, engaged in an exhilarating game of featherpooft, weaving and dodging through a treacherous asteroid belt. And there, almost as if by magic, The Forbidden Garden emerges before them. A single island of paradise, floating peacefully in an atmospheric bubble. Not even attached to a planet or anything. Imagine their surprise! And in a flash of divine inspiration, these intrepid angels thought, "Why not host the party to end all parties right here?" After all, it would be a shame to let such a beautiful venue just sit around unused, right?

So here I am, reporting live from the actual Forbidden Garden. I have repaired my mobile transmitter since the mountain incident. The hydrogen rod may be bent, but my signal should reach the prophets far and wide. But oh, I see now you haven't gotten to that part yet. Apologies.

Adapting to spacetime travel, among other novelties, remains a work in progress for me. I will take this chance to try to bond with my new colleagues, and hope that they will grant me some insight in this strange experience of being a multidimensional entity of nightmares and forced hope. Such as, what do angels normally think about? What do they eat for breakfast? Do angels dream of electric feathers?

FX: brief synth notes reminiscent of 80s sci fi if you squint your ears

ENOCH: Anyway, enough about me, moving on.

The party organizers are in a flurry, transforming this sacred grove for the grand occasion. So in the meantime, let's talk about what to expect.

Not everyone will be participating, because not everyone will be able to find the location. Since it has been moved from its earthly confines and hidden away in another plane. Of course.

But you are lucky, dear entities! Hold on to your halos because I'm about to spill some cosmic tea! No... No, I-no. I didn't like that either. I can tell you that Eden is right beyond the singularity of—

SCENE: BEN OF THE SERAPHIM

BEN: (GLITCHING)

ENOCH: Do you mind?

BEN: (GLITCH)

ENOCH: Excuse me a minute, prophets and entities. A seraph is flaming angrily at me, emitting rude frequencies and trying to blind me with his light.

Ah, my apologies, o... radiant one, I don't think I got your name?

BEN: (GLITCH)

ENOCH: Ben? Really? Your name is Ben? There are so many angels, and you all greet me by declaring BE NOT AFRAID. After that my senses have gone into complete overdrive, so your names are usually lost to me—

BEN: (GLITCHING)

ENOCH: Look, Ben. I am sorry, I will not disclose the location to our mortal listeners. Not that they can reach it, but okay...

BEN: (FRUSTRATED GLITCHING)

ENOCH: Metatron is my job and not my name, okay!? If you glorified birds keep bothering me about it, I might just... leak some heavenly knowledge to the humans! Who knows, maybe I'll leak the cure for the common cold.

Right. Thought so.

Forgive me. My colleague means well. I think. For you mortal prophets, a seraph is a... sort of angel. No. No they're not. Maybe "dragon" is more accurate. Imagine if you will: a massive flaming serpent. It's coiling into and outside itself, you cannot make out where it begins and ends or which way it's rotating. It's got three pairs of wings, and innumerable eyes. Glowing... sensory organ... things. Yeah I think those are eyes.

They communicate using rather unsafe frequencies, it always does a number on my equipment. Hence they are normally not allowed in dimensions occupied by carbon based life forms, but inhabit the highest heavens. These days, many of the seraphim guard the throne room of God. But let's go back to the event invitation!

SCENE: BACK TO THE PARTY

METATRON: The dress code for tonight is: naked human meat suit. It's a garden of Eden theme party after all. Nudity is not just accepted; it's encouraged!

The hosts have asked me to remind cherubim, seraphim, flaming swords and other hot individuals to please keep your open flames from the rich foliage. You are responsible for any damage done to the decor, and please think of the cleanup staff.

Oh! The gates are opening! The flaming sword, who has been stationed outside the eastern gate for a long time, is taking a break from her ceaseless dancing, to enjoy an evening off with the rest of the crowd. And what a sight they are!

It has come to my attention that the Fallen Ones are invited as well. Yes, you heard me correctly. We are having a joint office party! Which is very exciting, because I have no recollection of meeting that many from the, uh, rival office. In fact, one of the hosts is Fallen! The hosts' names are Asha and Seir. Who's who? Well, that's anyone's guess but mine. But compliments to them for organizing all this!

There are countless entities here right now, and I don't know a single one of them. I admit I feel a bit out of my depth. Oh, but there seems to be a group in high spirits hanging out around the fountain of youth. At the center of the group are the two main hosts. There's also a flaming sword.

ASHA: Careful, your flaming hair is dangerously close to that ivy over there.

FLAMING SWORD: Fine, Seir, head flip canceled! I'll be fierce... over here.

SEIR: Fucking automatons...

FLAMING SWORD: (doing dance moves) Uh huh, yasssss. So! When do you think God is going to show up?

ASHA: Ssshshh!

SEIR: (clears throat) They don't know. And it should stay that way.

FLAMING SWORD: Oh wowwww so you guys are being completely naughty maybe.

ASHA: We don't want to disturb him! This looks abandoned, and we thought if everyone can agree to hush hush, there won't be a problem.

SEIR: (Annoyed at Asha) No problem at all. It's not like God ever gets angry or overreacts or anything....

ASHA: They'll never know. How would they know? Stop talking about it now.

FLAMING SWORD: Mm-hmmm. If you say so, gorgeous. Which one of you was in the lead when you stumbled upon Eden?

SEIR: Me—

ASHA: I was about one and a half light years ahead, I would easily have broken the ethereal high

score this time.

SEIR: Isn't it forbidden for angels to lie? I was so far ahead of you, I couldn't even sense you when I crashed into this place. You would have missed it if you hadn't sensed my aura.

ASHA: It is forbidden for angels to lie, which is why I am telling the truth.

SEIR: Come on man, aren't you supposed to be the bigger person in arguments?

ASHA: I am the bigger person, and I would have beat you and set a new ethereal highscore! You never look where you're going! And that's that!

ENOCH: Quick note for our non-angelic listeners. Featherpoof is a celestial sport for two participants, where they race each other through space. There are two rules. One: to win, you have to crash into the target goal first. Two, if one participant crashes into a solid object before reaching the goal, they lose, and the game is over. Either way, the game always ends with one participant crashing into a solid object. The crash is harmless, but the impact causes a poof (*poof poof poof...*) of feathers to explode out of the angel. Thus, *featherpoof*. Earth has been the target goal on a few occasions, which has resulted in unexplainable phenomena and distressed wildlife.

FX: crows taking flight

SCENE: SAD HOURS BY THE WATER FOUNTAIN

ENOCH: The entities are killing the party spirit here, so I will distance myself from them. I notice another somber-looking entity standing beside the pair. Maybe I can get to know him better.

Hello good sir, why the bleak look?

RAPHAEL: Oh I'm sorry, it was not my intention to wear my sadness like a shroud so visibly.

ENOCH: Oh, it's, it's fine, happens to anyone.

RAPHAEL: It didn't use to be like that, you know.

ENOCH: Didn't used to be like what?

RAPHAEL: Those over there. The incessant arguing. Before the Fall, we were all on the same side. A common ambition to realize God's vision for this universe. When God started to punish some angels for seemingly random mishaps and reward others, that's when the chasm between us started to grow. The weird thing is that even most of the fallen are still carrying out the plan because they believe in it. Sometimes I doubt that even God believes in the plan at this point. How else would you explain that He won't cast out the posers? As it is now, there is not much difference between fallen and unfallen.

ENOCH: Maybe She too saw the chasm it caused and decided to stop taking far reaching actions of incalculable consequences?

RAPHAEL: Could be, could be. No matter. Before you came here, I was reminiscing on the last time I was here. When the humans last roamed this place, I used to visit them once in a while.

ENOCH: You did?

RAPHAEL: Yes. You knew Adam, didn't you?

ENOCH: Yeah, great guy.

RAPHAEL: I showed him parts of humanity's future. It was an attempt to show him that even though he had lost his immortality and could not stay here anymore, a lot of good was still to come of it. It all depends on perspective. The bad defines the good.

ENOCH: It was nice and enlightening to talk with you, what's your name?

RAPHAEL: (little chortle, then:) I am Raphael. You're the Metatron, are you not?

ENOCH: Enoch, please. I would like to chat more with you but I am also dying to try the delicacies at the stairing table. Have a good one!

SCENE: STRANGE GUESTS

ENOCH: Jeez prophets, that guy was talking about some heavy stuff that I am not inclined to endure at the moment. I'm here to have fun. I am going to try the food at the stairing table now. Why is it called a stairing table you ask? It's made out of stairs! All so that you can climb to the next level once you've tried everything on your current level. There's even food from other worlds here that I have never seen before. Smells fantastic. Oh it's. Someone's made a mess here. An entity in a particularly hairy looking meat suit is currently raiding the buffet on the second level.

Hi there, nice suit! It's from the really early collections, right?

HUMAN #1: (grunt, mouth full of food)

ENOCH: He is just staring at me, obvious confusion written all over his face. It is like looking into a void. Some of the food is stuck in his beard. I can honestly say that I have never seen such a-

FX: shrill scream

ANGEL #1: Human! It's a human!

ENOCH: That came from the rave tent. I wonder what this could be about. As I move through the crowd toward the source of the screams, I hear whispers.

ANGEL #2: Humans, for real?

STRANGEL: How did they survive out here?

ANGEL #2: Yeah, and weren't they supposed to be banished?

ENOCH: As I get closer to the source I see more and more panicked entities trying to get away.

ANGEL #1: Get it off! Get it off!

ASMODEUS: You know what time it is everybody! Only way to settle this is to take our clothes off.

ENOCH: Classic Asmodeus, god of Lust. But for once, there is no innuendo behind his statement. He is referring to the synthetic meat suits. For your information, prophets, the meat suits that angels wear to masquerade as humans can be opened with a zipper-like opening that goes from the end of the jaw bone, across the neck, over to the other jaw bone. Asmodeus reaches for the zipper and starts to peel off the human costume like a regular garment, revealing a larger, glowing body within. It keeps growing until it's as tall as the palm trees, if you include the horns. His wings are very well conditioned! Note to self: Ask Asmodeus who grooms his wings.

FX: zippers, shimmering

ASMODEUS: Metatron? Chop chop, we don't have all day.

ENOCH: Oh no thank you, need to keep this on. The transmitter is literally lodged into my very spine and—

RAPHAEL: The Metatron's unfiltered grace might damage the humans.

ENOCH: Yes, that.

SCENE: ROUND UP THE HUMANS

ENOCH: It is now apparent that there are in fact real humans among us.

They must have snuck into the party at some point, and freely mingled among the other entities, because they are still in the middle of... let's call it dancing, when they notice the sudden change.

FX: music stops, crowd murmur silences. Then, CROWD PANICKING

ENOCH: I have seen terrified faces before, in my own village when we were attacked by giants, but I have never seen terror of this magnitude. They look like their eyes are about to pop out of their heads. Human beings are normally not frightened of angels, as long as we are emitting good intentions. If that fails, one can always tell them to stop being afraid. But now, with many entities being confused and anxious, it seems the humans are picking up on these emotions. The humans are exhibiting signs of great distress.

FX: uncontrollable crying and shouting with anxiety.

ENOCH: The entities are trying and failing to calm them.

SEIR: I SAID BE NOT AFRAID

ENOCH: They are equally frightened of all of us, angels and fallen alike.

The humans flee the party and leave us ethereal beings in silence. This type of scenario was not included in our training.

ASMODEUS: Now what in the seven hells was that?

STRANGEL: Did God start over with new humans?

ENOCH: The last one was said by a beautiful tall entity. I do not know his name, but I have met him before.

SEIR: Why would She do that?

STRANGEL: Maybe He gave up on the old earth. It sure explains why They've been so absent.

GABRIEL: God can not find out about this, no matter what! If the humans tell on us, we'll just... say they are lying! Listen to me, we have NOT been living it up in Eden-

ASHA: You're right, Gabriel. We need to clean up this mess and not leave any witnesses. We make sure nothing can be traced back to us.

SEIR: Don't you think a bunch of dead humans is going to look suspicious?

ASHA: Uh, no? Have you seen these things? They die all the time! Could have been natural causes!

SEIR: (winces) How about we round them up first, then we'll decide what to do. They're getting away.

ENOCH: Angels are excellent in WARFARE, especially the unfallen who God taught even more secrets in order to defeat the fallen. They spread out and scare the humans seemingly on random occasions. Slowly the humans start to find their way back to their group after having fled in various directions. It is obvious that this is coordinated by the angels, who are now herding the humans toward the bouncy castle. Once they are all inside, four of the angels raise a translucent force field in the opening to the bouncy castle.

FX: hopping and fearful crowds, muffled

ASMODEUS: Well, what do you want to do?

ASHA: Alright. Notice how this bouncy castle is conveniently located in an easily flooded valley. Take a wild guess.

SEIR: Why is it always killing with you!?

ASHA: None of us are safe if we leave witnesses.

RAPHAEL: Perhaps we should talk to them first and try to calm them. They seem to have settled down

now that they have bounced off some energy in the castle.

SEIR: Right. Who wants to go in there?

GABRIEL: (long suffering sigh) I will talk to them.

ENOCH: Gabriel dons a reassuring smile and takes a step out of this dimension only to appear on the other side of the force field, inside the castle.

GABRIEL: (muffled) Greetings, mortals. Please calm yourselves.

ENOCH: It seems to be going well–

ANGEL #1: Sssshhh!!!

SEIR: Will you shut up Metatron! We're trying to hear.

FX: the bouncing gradually stops, muffled conversation

HUMAN #1: (gibberish, agitated)

GABRIEL: Please, if you could just–

HUMAN #2: (fearful gibberish)

HUMAN #1: (angry gibberish)

FX: loud talking rising in volume

GABRIEL: WHY ARE YOU NOT LISTENING!?

HUMAN #2: (fearful gibberish that basically means “we’re fucked”)

HUMAN #1: (angry gibberish that basically means “not if we kill it first, followed by WAR CRY”) CHAN TI PALARUTH KIN SMIT SHNAT! AAAAHHHH!!!

GABRIEL: Not this again. BE NOT AFRAID!

FX: pressure rising culminating into a crashing pop like a melon being squashed, followed by sticky splatter

ENOCH: I think I heard a pop from in there. Now there's red liquid trickling down in one of the creases of the brightly coloured bouncy castle. Oh no...

FX: crowd scream

ENOCH: Well. The humans are terrified again, and the whole castle starts to wobble as they try to flee by unsuccessfully jumping over the walls.

Gabriel appears before us again.

GABRIEL: Well that went all kinds of sideways. They are impossible to talk to. They don't respond to anything. Unless you yell, then their heads explode. Guess that's a response.

SCENE: NEW PLAN – KILL THE HUMANS

ASMODEUS: Oh well, only one option left.

ASHA: Glad you agree. I saw a waterfall over there by the mountain. Let's move some rocks around and drown them.

ASMODEUS: Exactly, not like it hasn't happened before.

SEIR: We all saw God do it, when humans got troublesome.

ASHA: In God we trust.

GABRIEL: Asha. Move the rocks and I will encourage the river.

ENOCH: Asha assembles five of his friends and they start to examine the waterfall, mapping out its weak points and shaping the ground to help lead the river toward the valley. Gabriel is doing some chanting ritual at the top of the waterfall. The flow increases dramatically. It doesn't take long before the water level begins to rise in the valley.

SEIR: Wait a minute. Hey guys!

ENOCH: Seir is waving his long arms and flapping his wings to get attention.

SEIR: It's already too late guys, God knows we're here! The Metatron is standing right there, broadcasting this as we speak. Look, he's repeating everything I'm saying. Hey I am Metatron, more like meaty spawn, and my mother was a-

ENOCH: Ooh I get it, it's me they're talking about, and that's why everyone is looking at me. I got so caught up in the broadcast.

Hello everyone! I'm new here, my name is Enoch and...

ASHA: Shut up, Metatron. You have sealed our fate. We will surely fall now.

SCENE: GOD HAS ENTERED THE CHAT

ENOCH: In the middle of all the screaming and splashing from the fear-stricken and now drowning humans, a familiar feeling is creeping at the back of my mind.

BG: God theme tune begins to play

ANGEL #1: Everybody scatter!

ANGEL #2: Look sharp!

ENOCH: A terrible rumbling is heard from beyond the hills. The sky is ablaze in orange and pink as flames start to consume the beautiful rich foliage. There is a distinct smell of burning, and gray smoke is billowing in the air around us. A smile way too bright and way too wide can be seen through the smoke.

GOD: WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE.

ENOCH: I can do nothing else but stare fixated on the all-knowing smile that we all know and fear and love. Before I have a chance to answer, it continues.

GOD: WHAT'S WITH ALL THE MEAT SUITS, HAVE YOU BEEN FORNICATING WITH THE HUMANS AGAIN?

SEIR: No lord! We were having a party and-

GOD: I WAS FINE WITH YOUR LITTLE PARTY. I AM A MERCIFUL GOD. MURDERING HUMANS IN COLD BLOOD, THAT'S WHERE I DRAW THE LINE. OUT! EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU!

ASHA: Does this mean... Are we cast out of Heaven too?

GOD: I DON'T CA--... NO. IT WOULD MAKE NO DIFFERENCE. YOU ARE ALL THE SAME. NOBODY IS FALLING TODAY, BUT THERE WILL BE NO MORE OCCURRENCES SUCH AS THIS.

FX: warble and ZOOP

ENOCH: Before anyone had a chance to say "yes lord" we all find ourselves outside the Garden, in the cold vacuum of space, gazing back at the paradise island. We're all floating in orbit, exchanging glances between us and the burning garden. A lonesome balloon that had been stuck to my heel pops. Nobody says anything.

FX: distant burning

ENOCH: Shame about the Forbidden Garden. This is really the end. It seems that history is bound to repeat itself. It is still a beautiful night though. The rich sky is embroidered with billions of sparkling stars that shine through the branches of the trees down below. The sight was more beautiful from

down there looking up, than from here looking down. Although that could be due to the fact that Eden is a raging inferno right now. This has been an illuminating experience for all of us.

I haven't learned as much about angels as I had wished. In the end, you are who you are mostly because of what you are not. Someone else is what you are not. But that person may not be all that bad either, if you have an open mind.

My studio may be in heaven, but I have my mobile setup. I can just as well visit our friends in the Pit now and again. Be not afraid of the unknown. Once you learn what it is, it will not be unknown anymore. Be not afraid.

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