

BNA 10 – Hell of a Book Club

Description

SCENE: INTRODUCTION

FX: (rummaging)

ENOCH: (low humming)

BEN: (glitch)

ENOCH: (far away) Yeah, one second. Be not afraid! Be not afraid. I am here... inside your mind... to deliver a message!

FX: (clatter)

ENOCH: In one moment. I'll be right with you, prophets.

FX: (cups clanging)

ENOCH: There we go.

The coffee for my party is done. That's what I was doing back there. I have brewed about 47 swimming pools worth of coffee. That might sound like a lot to you, prophets, but the fact is that our sizes vary more than yours do. Angels can choose to be whatever size we are most comfortable with. I prefer to fluctuate around the size of a human even in my spirit form, while Asmodeus is about the size of a three story building. Not in the flattened state he was in during this captivity with Solomon, though, I'd say that made him a mere two meters tall.

That reminds me, you must be curious to know the rest of that story. Let's see. Asmodeus is enslaved together with his friends, and they're all trying to piece together what sort of magic is keeping them all captive, and more importantly, how to break the spell. We also have King Solomon, who has apparently been aided by an angel in his endeavors. Which angel remains to be seen.

So before my guests arrive, let me take you back where I left you. The vortex and I are simply going to rearrange a couple of cells and synapses in your hippocampus. This message will soon feel like naught but a vivid memory from a long time ago.

(INTRO)

SCENE: BLÄDDRERSKA MAKES A DEAL

YUSUF: I thought I heard someone. What are you doing out here? Get back to the forge!

NAAR: Yes, I will, excuse me. It's just, I'm looking for– wooaah noo!

YUSUF: What are you doing!?

FX: Two bodies falling to the ground and shuffling about.

YUSUF: You clumsy devil!

NAAR: So sorry, I tripped on that rope right there, so sorry. And now your sandal is all broken, let me dispose of that for you.

YUSUF: Look, I like you, but you can't leave your post. If someone sees you I will have to punish you. Very hard, unfortunately.

NAAR: So so sorry...

YUSUF: If you want to get time away from the forge you have to work harder.

BLÄDDRERSKA: What's going on here?

YUSUF: Gah! This idiot fell over me and broke my sandal. And I'm already late for my report.

NAAR: But what happened to "no bad vibes"? ?

YUSUF: Get back to the forge. I'll deal with you later.

FX: fading footsteps

BLÄDDRERSKA: Hey, are you okay?

NAAR: Oh I am so okay. Check out this bad boy.

BLÄDDRERSKA: It's just a sandal. Why are you sniffing it?

NAAR: Mmmm, so many notes. This is going to be exquisite.

FX: Crushing wood, lighting a rolled up sandal

BLÄDDRERSKA: Well, it's been nice seeing you roll up a sandal and everything but I need to get a move on.

FX: deep inhale as if from a cigarette

NAAR: What are those?

BLÄDDRERSKA: Tablets for the king.

NAAR: He lets you read? That's very interesting.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Yes, it's wonderful. I've never had access to this many tablets where I come from.

The world of humans is so strange and beautiful and full of mystery.

NAAR: How big would you say his library is?

BLÄDDRERSKA: Oh, quite grand. It's that building over there. I take care of it all, of course, no greasy human fingers are touching a single document while I'm here.

NAAR: I've heard of bigger ones.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Yeah, of course there's Pandemonium down Below, but that's run by angels. This is as good as it gets for me.

NAAR: Think bigger.

BLÄDDRERSKA: The library of Heaven? Oh, that would be something, alright. One can dream.

NAAR: I happen to know a guy who has access to it.

BLÄDDRERSKA: What, really?

NAAR: Yep, that's right. We got an angel in our team. Unfallen, I might add.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Really?

NAAR: Well, he doesn't have access to the library right now, obviously, but I bet you he can tell you a lot of things that can't be found in those tablets. Come on, follow me.

BLÄDDRERSKA: But... I can't stay too long.

NAAR: It'll only be a minute. My name is Naar, by the way.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Nice to meet you. I'm Blädderska.

FX: walking, floating, fade in noise from the forge

NAAR: That's Asmodeus! He's been to the angel academy.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Hi

NAAR: This is Blädderska. The king lets her read! I thought–

ASMIDEUS: That's nice. She can't be here, Yusuf is going to get back any minute.

FX: lighting cigar, embers, drag

NAAR: (*drag from cigar*) Maybe you didn't hear me. Solomon lets her read. *His* tablets. She's his LIBRARIAN. And SHE is interested in hearing about the contents of your ummm lofty library? What an opportunity. RIGHT?

ASMIDEUS: Oh. OOOhhh. (switch to seductive) I do think we can help each other. You're in luck, I

have access to the library of (REDACTED). That's more knowledge than you'd know what to do with. Anything to tickle your beautiful brain.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Gosh! Do you remember seeing the Testament of Dagon, by any chance?

ASMODEUS: Oh, darling, I remember everything. All you need to do is pay attention to which texts Solomon seems most interested in. And then you lend us those texts. In return, I'll tell you something exclusive to the scholars of heaven.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Oh, um. I see. You want to trade, is that it?

ASMODEUS: I hope this is the start of something more than a trade, don't you?

A nice little book circle.

BLÄDDRERSKA: (giggling nervously, if she could twirl her hair she would. maybe she's twirling a stray tentacle) Haha. I'll... think about it. I should go, the guard, you know. Bye!

FX: Bläddrerska floating off.

NAAR: Nice. She'll be back. (puffs smoke)

ASMODEUS: I know. Is that a cigar?

SCENE: TWO DAYS LATER

ENOCH: The work continues as normal for the next few days, but the demons are growing increasingly restless. Enough to seek companionship from their own tormentors.

ASMODEUS: Hello again Mr. Guard. You're looking glum. No luck at the bar?

YUSUF: Ssshhh! Don't be so loud. That's private.

ASMODEUS: Fine, be that way.

FX: Sounds of forge

YUSUF: (*Bit lower, so the other demons can't hear*) Actually, can I ask you something? I've worked here on and off for a couple of years and I can't help but overhear your conversations sometimes. You seem to know... what you're about.

ASMODEUS: Up, up. I shouldn't have mentioned half of those things at this point in time. You're gonna have to be more specific.

YUSUF: Come on, you know... It's your whole thing.

ASMODEUS: What. I've got plenty of things. Partying, winemaking, gardening, dancing, you name it, I'm a powerhouse. You need feedback on your songwriting?

YUSUF: No! More like. Women. How to talk to them. Make them... like me?

ASMODEUS: Okay. First of all you need to 1. be able to say it and 2. relax your jaw. So try again, what can auntie Asmodeus help you with?

YUSUF: Um. I'm uh. I don't know what to say. I want to be confident! I thought you could give me some general tips and tricks on how to talk to ladies.

ASMODEUS: Right there, that's your problem. You mean how to flirt with someone you like. You talk like a normal person to everyone else, hopefully. You're lucky your shift is ending soon because I was just about to go on a rant about humans and your *binary gender roles*. Come back when you've got a special someone in your sights, and I'll give you some personalized pointers.

YUSUF: You will? Okay... Thank you.

FX: Another guard approaching

GUARD 2: Were you talking to it, Yusuf? Looked like you were getting real friendly.

YUSUF: (*Scoffs*) Just telling them to shut up and do their job. They're so lazy.

FX: Forge fade out

SCENE: CONCERNS OF POWER:

BLÄDDRERSKA: Your majesty? A word, if I may?

SOLOMON: What is it?

BLÄDDRERSKA: There's a small... concern I have, regarding your safety.

SOLOMON: You should not worry about such things.

BLÄDDRERSKA: What if, hypothetically, your control slips, and all of these evil spirits break free? I don't want to imagine what they'll do to you.

SOLOMON: That will never happen. I have the kingdom of God on my side.

BLÄDDRERSKA: You keep saying that, but the fact is that ten demons broke free within the last few days! And it's been getting worse every-

SOLOMON: I solved the problem and brought them back. Cost me the worst headache of my life... That's the last I'll say about the matter. The townspeople however... They joke about my stamina. Everywhere I go, I hear people snickering behind my back. Where do the rumors even come from? I suspect it's from the Philistine king. He tries to undermine my rule by spreading disinformation.

BLÄDDRERSKA: What they say about you is horrible, my king. I hope you don't mind me asking, but is there some truth behind it? You do spend an awfully short amount of time in the bed chambers.

SOLOMON: Don't insinuate things that you have no understanding of! There's nothing wrong with my performance. I just need to hire some bards to combat my enemies' disinformation campaign. Add bard auditions to my schedule.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Oh, that's very clever. And maybe build a monument? Humans love monuments.

SOLOMON: Yes! I will have the demons build a statue. A monument that will leave no doubt about my prowess. They have been making fun at my behest long enough.

SCENE: THE ARRANGEMENT

ENOCH: During the next few months, Bläddrerska and Asmodeus' new arrangement is moving onward. Every day, they find a window of time when the guards aren't looking, and exchange information. This window amounts to at most 7 or 8 minutes per day. Sadly, the information they've acquired has not proven particularly helpful. Solomon only seems to read about small trinkets, love stories and philosophy, all the while adding more demons to his work force. The seasons pass, and our three friends are growing agitated.

FX: Forge

ASMODEUS: Damn it, that's no good either. Why is he reading **these** all the time?

BLÄDDRERSKA: It's getting quite old, isn't it? He says he's missing something in them. The key to an angel wife or something.

ASMODEUS: (Burst out laughing) What!? Oh my dear boy, Salami, arrogant and audacious as ever. The guy is starting to grow on me. Thanks for keeping this up, Bläddrerska, we appreciate it. What arcane knowledge do you want to hear about today?

BLÄDDRERSKA: Tell me about a lost ancient civilization.

ASMODEUS: Aaah. I'll tell you about the Emerald city then. Deep down in the darkest depths of the Atlantic ocean, there used to be a city...

BEN: (GLITCH)

ENOCH: Yes Ben, I know I can't share this. Let's take a break.

FX: Elevator music

NAAR: You have to leave, Bläddrerska. There's a guard coming and he'll stay the rest of the night.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Alright. Better luck next time, all.

FX: Bläddrerska floating off.

ASMODEUS: Hey, Yusuf! Tired, are we?

YUSUF: (*Yawn*) Yeah. You know the girlfriend I've told you about.

ASMODEUS: Yeah, how is she?

YUSUF: We were up all night talking. Turns out she's pregnant.

ASMODEUS: Congratulolences?

YUSUF: Yeah... So now there's like a thousand things to arrange. Getting married next week, need a bigger house, need to work double shifts. It's too much, you know. I don't get any sleep.

ASMODEUS: Hey there. No bad vibes, right? Excessive work hours means more fun times, right? Hehe.

YUSUF: Not funny, dude.

ASMODEUS: (*Thoughtfully*) Ah, sleep. One of God's cruelest jokes. The need to lie unconscious for a third of your lives. But don't worry, buddy, I've got your back. Why don't you take a nap? I won't tell anyone and I'll wake you up if I hear one of your colleagues coming.

YUSUF: Really? I would, but I can't risk you running away. I'd get fired for gross misconduct, and I have a kid I have to think about now.

ASMODEUS: Why would we run away? The King will just summon us again and give us some nasty punishment. (to himself) The sadistic prick... I know YOU don't mean any harm. You just need to put bread on the table. Maybe we could have been friends if we had met under different circumstances.

YUSUF: (*Sleepily*) Y'know, that's a good point.

FX: Soft snore

(*All are whispering*)

NAAR: I think he's asleep.

ZIK: Now's our chance! Let's make a run for it!

ZAK: Yeah! Last one out is a drunken cow!

ASMODEUS: Naar, come on, get moving!

NAAR: No! You might have been bullshitting, but you were right, Asmodeus. Running is useless. We need to figure out how all this works, where he gets his power from.

ASMODEUS: Ugh. Yeah, fine, I guess.

ZIK: We've literally been trying for years!

ZAK: Those stupid texts, they've given us fuck all.

ZIK: How much longer can we keep this up?

NAAR: As long as it takes. We can't afford to gamble.

ZIK: I'm growing tired.

ZAK: In your old age?

ZIK: Shut up.

NAAR: I'm going to have a little fun while he's out, though...

FX: Guard armor rattling nearby

ASMODEUS: Naar, stop messing with the sandal. Hey, Yusuf, wake up! Your pals are coming.

YUSUF: (*Wakes up with a sharp snore*)

GUARD 2: Inspection! Make way for the king!

ZAK: Fuck me!

NAAR: Shit!

ZIK: What's he doin here?

ASMODEUS: Be cool. We got this.

SOLOMON: Everything alright here?

YUSUF: Everything is in order. Demons are working well.

SOLOMON: Let me see that bottle.

FX: metal handling

SOLOMON: Hm. These engravings do not follow the specifications. Is this your work, spirit?

ZIK: Me?

SOLOMON: ***Tell me what this says!***

ZIK: I don't know!

ZAK: It's just gibberish.

SOLOMON: **Why did you change it?**

ZIK: I was bored, and they all look the same.

ZAK: I just wanted to do it a little nicer, that's all! They're meant to be pretty aren't they?

SOLOMON: Never stray from the specifications. This last batch is useless. Guard!

YUSUF: Yes sir!

SOLOMON: Keep a better eye on the production quality. You are on thin ice. I will have to demote you since you do not take your responsibilities seriously. As you were. And tie your sandal. I expect order. Clean up your act.

FX: footsteps of Solomon and guards as they leave

YUSUF: Someone's compensating, am I right? Can you believe that prick? Sandal untied, my a— huh. So that's why I keep losing them. Hey, thanks for waking me up.

ASMODEUS: Told you I would. You're in for a stressful time as it is. Don't worry, I'll help you through this.

ENOCH: And so it happens that Asmodeus and the guard Yusuf forge an unlikely... Maybe friendship is a strong word for it. But coexistence.

SCENE: SOLOMON'S STUDY

ENOCH: Winter comes and goes. In the quiet of his study, Solomon grows more and more interested in the topic of angels. Particularly, the topic of angels and humans interacting.

SOLOMON: Let me see the Book of the Watchers next to the Scroll of Inanna.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Watchers and Inanna coming right up. You want the Scroll of Shemihaza too?

SOLOMON: Hmm. Now that you mention it. Yes! Over the centuries, humanity keeps coming back to this one story. Higher beings visiting us, staying, falling in love, pioneering society—

BLÄDDRERSKA: And having hybrid kids who trample everything into the dust?

SOLOMON: That's a cautionary tale inserted later on. I mean look at all these different texts, from different ages, different cultures! It cannot be a coincidence. This is a recurring theme. We need to find more clues. The key is here somewhere, I can feel it.

BLÄDDRERSKA: You're really into this lately.

SOLOMON: Page turner, if you want something to do, you could go get me those Kushite tablets again. Feel free to take some extra reading time for yourself. You've done well.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Yes master, thank you.

FX: Blädderska leaves.

SOLOMON: I can hear you there, baker. Come here!

ORNIAS: Here are your buns, your majesty. Fresh from the oven. The sesame seeds form the constellation of Taurus.

SOLOMON: I know you were listening, despite your tendency to blend into the background. You have good eyes and ears. Follow the page turner. Find out why she takes so long nowadays.

ORNIAS: Sure thing! Oh, and about the position in the observatory, have you consid-

SOLOMON: Do this job well and I'll see what I can do. (*echoey*) **Follow her, now.**

ORNIAS: Will do, master.

ENOCH: The baker, Ornias, is a peculiar demon. He has the ability to move swiftly but silently, and a tendency to suddenly appear in dark corners. Now why is a demon with his skill set working as a baker, you might ask. It comes down to a misunderstanding during his assignment, when he thought the guard asked him what he likes. "Blood pudding, I guess.", Ornias replied. "Good, another baker then. Go to the kitchen and talk to the head chef." said the guard. "No, I want to work in the tower, I want to study the stars!" Ornias begged. Despite having been assigned to a post he did not want, he actually grew to like it in the kitchen. He often got to deliver baked goods to the king himself, which meant he had the king's ear from time to time. Solomon did realize that Ornias had been misassigned, but rather than an astronomer, Solomon thought that he would be better as an intelligence agent. And now was a great opportunity to test that theory. And with Ornias eager to prove himself, trying to get that astronomer position, Blädderska has no chance of detecting a spy of his caliber.

SCENE: BUSTED

FX: Yusuf snoring in the distance

NAAR: Not the Passion of the Serpent again!

ASMODEUS: I mean, I know it's a good read, but there's nothing in here about The Words. Why is he reading this over and over? Does he have issues in the marriage?

BLÄDDRERSKA: Ah... I can't possibly comment on that. But it is interesting, right?

ASMODEUS: Absolutely. That's why I wrote it.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Ah. Of course you did.

NAAR: No way.

ZIK: Can I get a copy, when we get out?

ASMODEUS: Sure. I'll sign it for you.

ZAK: Well that's a waste of time, Zik. Let's just keep you under the bag while I do the talking.

ZIK: I don't want to be the bag anymore. I wanna try a few of them moves from the scroll when we get home.

ORNIAS: (*thundering triumphant voice*) Well well well, what have we here?

FX: Yusuf awakes with a sharp snore

YUSUF: What is this? Who are you?

BLÄDDRERSKA: It's not what it looks like! I had nothing to do with this.

ORNIAS: Asmodeus and the page turner herself, conspiring against our master while the guard is asleep. This is just too perfect.

ASMODEUS: She was just passing by and I wanted to know what she was carrying. We're not conspiring anything. Just a little harmless gossip.

YUSUF: I don't know what you think you're doing here, but you need to get back to your own posts.

ORNIAS: Stop interfering, human. The king sent me. I have the royal seal.

YUSUF: Oh. Oooohhh. Please don't tell the king I was asleep. I have a kid on the way and it's super stressful back home—

NAAR: We're three and you're alone. What makes you think we'll let you leave?

YUSUF: He's got the king's seal. Stand down, friends.

ORNIAS: Interesting thought, Naar. What do you think will happen if I don't make it back?

NAAR: What are you even doing!?! We're on the same side!

ORNIAS: I'd rather stick with the king than help that colonialist scum. He's pulling you into a dangerous game, Naar.

ASMODEUS: You don't like me, and you have beef with people who look like me. That's fair, but you're hurting these people too, not just me. Especially Bläddrerska. She wasn't in on this. I was the one who called her.

ORNIAS: Solomon said this has been going on for a while, Bläddrerska taking longer and longer to get back. Sorry guys, but your lies fall short this time.

ASMODEUS: Look, we all just want to go home. Please don't tell him.

ORNIAS: I've been around this kingdom a lot more than you have. I have seen many attempted escapes. They never get very far. Better to just get comfortable.

NAAR: Come on, don't you want to be free, Ornias? Come with us. We're stronger together.

ORNIAS: Nah I'm good, thanks. Hell isn't that comfortable for everyone. If I turn you in, I'll get my promotion. I'm gonna be an astronomer!

ASMODEUS: Oh you bitch. You'll regret this. I'll find you.

ORNIAS: (walking away) Bye now, hope he doesn't punish you too hard.

ZIK & ZAK: That little shit.

BLÄDDRERSKA: Asmodeus, Naar, Zik & Zak. It's been a joy having this book circle with you. I'm sorry it came to this. Good bye.

SCENE: SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT

ENOCH: Just moments after Bläddrerska leaves, a comical amount of guards storm into the brass factory and lead the four spirits to the palace, where Solomon is waiting in the throne room.

SOLOMON: I expected better from you spirits. What should I do with you? The appropriate punishment is to seal you away. Admittedly, it is quite a hassle to summon new spirits. But I cannot let rebellious acts go unpunished.

FX: brass container being picked up

SOLOMON: Excellent work with these bottles, I must admit. You, with the heads.

ZIK: Me?

SOLOMON: I can barely stand to look at you. Come here.

FX: Plop from cork, magical effects

ASMODEUS: (realization) No. No. Nononono.

ZIK: What in the—

ZIK & ZAK: (screaming)

FX: loud winds

NAAR: (loud) No! What are you doing to them!? Don't kill them!

ASMODEUS: (loud) He's sealing them away, in the bottle! Genie in a bottle, you know?

FX: loud winds and screaming abruptly stops with a SSSHHHP of a blocked vacuum

NAAR: (through gritted teeth) That son of a bitch, I'll—

ASMODEUS: (low, to Naar) No! It's not worth it.

SOLOMON: Guard! Put this with the others.

YUSUF: Aw, not ZikZak.

SOLOMON: What was that?

YUSUF: Yes sir, right away sir!

SOLOMON: And you! If you get caught with even the slightest transgression again, you will suffer the same fate!

FX: several pairs of footsteps walking away

ASMODEUS: So... that's what the bottles are for.

NAAR: Yeah. Cages. How many have we made?

ASMODEUS: Lost count.

NAAR: Fuck.

INTERLUDE: REC ROOM 3

ENOCH: Well, that was a bit of a downer. How about we talk about something else, to put your mind off it.

You all must be dying to know how my heavenly little coffee party went. Oh yes, the party has been happening simultaneously with this transmission, just in another angle of the 6th dimension. So how should I describe it? It was a disaster. Making coffee for 478 angels was the easy part. But as you know, I'm normally the only one wearing a meat suit in heaven. I wear it for these transmissions, because as you know, my real voice might blow your brains out and... This meatsuit, it's such a hassle to get in and out of, so I just keep it on as much as possible. Apparently this has led to some confusion among my colleagues. Why don't I just... do their voices for you. It went something like this:

BODIEL: I think I understand now. That's very clever, the female meat suit. For your coffee!

ENOCH: What?

BODIEL: Do you not have milk in your... mammaries?

ENOCH: No? Oh, oh, no! This milk in the can is not from me. It's from a cow!

ASHA: How do I put this? Umm. That makes even less sense.

ENOCH: I suppose it is a bit peculiar that we- that is, that humans specifically chose cow's milk as a socially acceptable drink.

BODIEL: Yeah, what's wrong with moose milk? Camel's milk? Rabbit's milk?

GABRIEL: Ha! What's next? Almond milk?

ASHA: Shut up, Gabriel.

ASMODEUS: Yeah, shut up Gabriel. What'd I miss?

ASHA: Metatron is experimenting on us.

ASMODEUS: Is he now ?

ENOCH: Asmodeus. If I may direct your attention back to the coffee?

ASMODEUS: It's Asmo DAY us.

ENOCH: That's what I said.

ASHA: You're not the only one, he keeps calling me Asha.

ENOCH: Wait, what IS your name?

ASHA: Ash-[inhuman noise].

BODIEL: (giggling) And I'm not BOW-diel. I'm bo-DIEUL (heavy french pronunciation)

ENOCH: Oh no, I'm so sorry, you should have said—

BODIEL: No, we're just messing with you. Though, you are supposed to say Asmodayus, not Asmowdeus.

ENOCH: (quietly) AsMOdeus. AsmoDEEus. ASmoDAYus. Haha. Um. Anyway, if you're uncomfortable with the cow's milk thing, you can just as well try the coffee on its own!

Okay. The angels all have their coffee cups in front of them. And Bodiel is putting their finger in it and is swirling it up in a liquid spiral.

FX: chewing on glass

ENOCH: Ah, see, that's a mug. It's not for eating. You drink the liquid inside!

GABRIEL: (In the tone of "I knew that") Oh. Right. Hah hah.

FX: Reverse porcelain crack, magic noise

ENOCH: Okay, guess we're back to basics. Here, you DRINK like THIS. Lift your cup to your mouth. Good, study my every movement.

FX: drink, swallow, cup put down

ENOCH: I don't think it's ever been this quiet here. (*nervous laugh, desperately trying to break the ice*) Why don't you try? Go on, stop glancing at each other. Okay. They are... tipping their mugs. Synchronized.

(Angels start giggling, one after another)

FX: Hot coffee spilling

ENOCH: Coffee has dribbled down their faces and onto the table. For a moment, some of them looked like they had it down, but it turned out they were just very good at pretending. Why are you laughing?

BODIEL: Look, I'm drinking the speedy drink, just like the Metatron!

ASHA: So how long do you hold it in your mouth for?

ENOCH: (*Sigh*) You swallow it.

BODIEL: What's that?

GABRIEL: It's a sort of bird! I actually had a hand in designing the African and the European swallow.

FX: Enoch slams fist into table, and it shatters.

FX: Gasps

BG: a dark version of Enoch's theme plays

ENOCH: (*bass boosted voice*) Clearly, this was a mistake. You have obviously all decided to mock me. All of you. I can only assume that's what this is. I mean look at you!

BODIEL: Oh...

ENOCH: This is a serious ritual. Bodiel you're like— and, and Asha, what are you trying to do, paint the heavens? Gabriel got coffee in his prefrontal eyes. Good job! You made your point! Metatron is nothing but a simple human and his ways are quaint!

...

(normal voice) Ahem. I have more important things to attend to. My prophets are waiting for me to finish a transmission.

FX: the sound of stilettoed footsteps hurrying away

SCENE: OUTRO

ENOCH: So that's how that went. It's hard to get to know people. Even more so when the people you try to get to know turn out to be... not what you expected. Which is bound to happen all the time, because people can never be communicated in their entirety. Instead, you have to make do with facades that vary depending on who you are socializing with. The self is a construct that gets lost in

translation. And that's quite all right. We can bridge those gaps together through trust. Be not afraid.

END OF EPISODE 10

Category

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