

# ***THE SCRIPT***

## ***TALES OF AGES PAST***

**By**

***UMOH ETIDO DAVID***



Dedicated to my Best Friend and Brother Caleb Terzungwe Agyoh on his Birthday and Graduation.

***A CRAZED HYBRIDS PRODUCTIONS***

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***The script: Tales of ages past***

***A 2015 edition,***

***A Crazyed Hybrids productions.***

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## PETER MATTHEWS

It was already 12:00 noon on Friday 17<sup>th</sup>, my birthday had been ruined with the plans of us moving away to a new neighborhood; of course it wasn't really a big deal to them, I have never had a birthday celebration that cost my parents enough money to buy a ragged beggar a new pair of clothes, and I had just graduated high school, and set to hit college as a fresh man.

“I hope you’ve gotten all your stuffs boy, because we are not coming back” said my father, a gentle looking university graduate whom spent 23 years of his life after graduation trying to get the job that could help him live his dream, before finally hitting the Jackpot last Tuesday on his 45<sup>th</sup> birthday party thrown by his friends, where he was announced to be the manager of one of their 7 company branches.

“Yes I have” I said *-in a rather low and disrespectful tone, turning my face away-*.

Hence fathers new job coming with a house and a new car, we had to move away. I had lived my entire life in this neighborhood, and although my shy nature, I had a couple of friends I had shared more than life with, friends left behind that social media and telephone calls just couldn't fill the distance to be created. Fitting our last property in the truck, Annie dashed towards me with a hug and swollen face from tears she had cried over the night on hearing about my moving;

“I'm gonna miss you Jude Matthews” she said, and before her words could sink into my heavy mind, she was out of sight.

“Jude! You know we ain't gonna wait for you” yelled my mother, a rather strict and complete opposite of my father, she grew up in the ghettos and only got to taste the better life in her later years; most times I ponder upon the stories of their meeting, a wonder story indeed as they tell it. And my journey to a new life begun.

It was 9:00am on Tuesday morning, and I walked into the history lectures after my registration in BRAINS HIGH COLLEGE,

“Hi I’m Pete” said the guy that sat next to me,

“Oh hi peter, I’m Jude” I said in response.

“I said Pete, not peter, who the hell do you think you are, to just change people’s names on the first day you meet them” he said in a rather harsh but low tone.

“Oh... I’m sorry... I...” I was saying, before he interrupted,

“Ha! I’m just messing with ya! Look at your face ...I, I, I...” he said in a funny but mocking tone.

“Mr. Peter Russell! ...You are disturbing my class” said the Lecturer, in a mild but dangerous tone.

After a few seconds, he looked at the lecturer, and quickly turned to me,

“But seriously it’s Pete, not peter” he said in a low and serious tone.

“All right, got it” I whispered quickly in response and acceptance.

In another one hour and seventeen minutes, the lectures was over and I was still trying to fit my books into my bag, when peter interrupted with a bang of his one handed bag on my desk;

“So, Jude...” he said starring into my eyes without a blink, like he was expecting an answer to a very difficult question he had asked,

“Matthews, Jude Matthews” I replied.

“Got it” he replied with a bang on the chair, he reached for a paper in his bag, and wrote it down,

“I always write down the names of people I meet for the first time, it helps me remember... memory issues” he said with a stern look on his face,

“Ha! Just kidding, got you again didn’t I?” he said.

“Yea... you did” I said *-viewing him as a weirdo-*,

“I’m not acting weird now, are my?” he asked.

“Well kind of” I replied.

And with a smile on his face, he said “I’m just trying to crack you up... so, which hostel do you stay?” he asked

“Old boys...” “I’m not done putting my stuffs together, I just moved in today, so...” I explained.

“So what are we waiting for? Let’s go put your room in order” he said.

“Yea, sure” I replied with a nod.

“So... why brains high” asked Pete as we walked down the street of the school.

“I thought they’d let me smoke my weed here” I replied.

“Ha! That’s a good one, how come I never thought of that, that’s a really good one.

“Oh! I’m sorry” -said Pete after getting in the way of a student passing by-. He pulled my bag out of the way and

“Wow! Wait”, he said pointing at three students in front of him, “Guys meet Jude, Jude meet Jack, Jill and karma.”



“Karma” I said in a rather low tone, taking a little gaze at him again.

“It’s Kumar, said Kumar with a displeased look.

“Ok guys, we got to run, he just arrived and we got to put his shit together so... later” said Pete as he turned and pulled me along.

“So! Room 33, here we are. Open.” Said Pete,

“You’ve got the key right?” he said staring at me like he could read the answer on my forehead.

“Yes” I said after staring back at him for a while, trying to recall where I put it.

I walked closer to him and pulled out the key from the open zipper at the back of my travel bag. I then opened the door.

“Lucky you, you’ve got the room to yourself... until a thief and a gigolo gains admission and is posted to your room. Enjoy bro” said Pete, gesticulating while taking off his shirt, getting prepared to help in putting my stuff in order.

“Is that an effing tattoo? –*Chuckles-*, what are you freaking Wentworth Miller?” I said, reacting to my new discovery on his body.

“People actually compare it to Lil Wayne’s or Khalifer’s” said Pete.

“Are you kidding me? –*Chuckles-*, It’s like an effing map, that’s some Scofield shit you got there bro.” I said.

“So what now, you got a problem with maps –*shakes head-*, tattoos” he said.

“No... no! I’ve got one myself, here –*I lifted the side of my shirt and revealed mine-*, tattoos are cool, I love them, and I just think yours is excessive.”

“Yeah right” he said with an indifferent look on his face.

“So what’s your love story?” I asked.

“What?” he asked with a not so overly surprised look as if he didn’t hear me the first time.

“What’s your love story? I replied, “You said I asked what your love story was, it’s written on your chest right under Sarah”.

-*Chuckles*-, “you could see that from over there?” he asked in a rather indifferent and low tone like he had just met the love of his life.

“Yeah, I’ve got a sharp eyes.” I replied.

He walked to the bed and sat.

“You know no one has ever asked me that before, it’s actually the first tattoo I drew, -*chuckles*-... I didn’t think anyone else saw it” he said in a low tone.

“So what’s it” I asked again.

“It’s actually really long, I don’t wanna bore you” he replied.

“Ok” I said and turned to begin the arrangement.

“What the hell! Bro, he yelled,

“You’re not even gonna ask a second time, I thought I did the low voice thingy. You’re a killer... Bro!”

He stressed as I wasn't acting brotherly nor paid attention to his talks.

And our arrangement continued without either of us revisiting the topic, and then...

“What's this?” Asked Pete,

“Wow! A giant gold snake, now that's a first.” He added.

“Give me that” I said, rescuing my book from him.

“I didn't know you were a writer” said Pete.

“We just met like 6 hours ago, & I'm not a writer, yet, I'm an aspiring one.” I replied.

“O...k” he said as he turned away,

“Giant gold snakes, *-scoffs-*, I wonder what that's about, the animal kingdom” *-smiles-*”. He added.

“Hilarious” I replied.

A few minutes later we are done and Pete was headed for his hostel.

“So err I’m in this writers club, we call it the Book Band, we... basically write stuff... *-shakes head-*, you know” said Pete.

“Ok” I responded.

“Yea... we have this presentation tomorrow, it’s called the Script. It’s basically to promote the club, we are pretty much five... or so I think. You should come by with your book, they’d love it” said Pete.

“How do you know that? You haven’t read it yet.” I responded.

“Huge snakes and all, *-chuckles-*, they’d love shit like that. No offense” he quickly added, “I meant it to sound cool.”

“Besides, the story is incomplete. I responded, “I started about a mo...”

“No story is ever complete”. Pete interrupted,

“The book, movie or tale might end, yes, but there is always an after story, the story after the story. It’s just not written down. Besides it’s a nerd club”. He continued,

“So I’ll see you tomorrow then”. –*Smiling-*, he concluded.

I have always wanted an opportunity like this to showcase my talent. I believe I am gifted in the art of writing, my dad thinks otherwise though, he says my agape for literature is due to my addiction to epic movies. For a long time he’s been right, as I haven’t really put a book together other than scattered papers with short meaningless stories. I turned, headed for my room,

“Hey! Matthews”, called Pete. “Welcome to college”.

## THE SCRIPT

It was already 3 minutes past 10:00am when we walked into the class packed full with invited students. We both entered the corner room where we met with two other members of the club.

“You are late Pete” said David Bloom a 5.8ft stern-faced 19 year old boy with a goatee and a filling sideboards,

“Where’s your book?” he asked peter.

“My what?” Pete replied.

“Your book, for the presentation... today” he replied.

“Oh! My book... right, it got stolen last night, someone broke into my room while I was out, took a lot of stuff including the book, but I got a replacement here,” said Pete.

“This is Matthews,” he pulled me forward to the better view of Bloom,

“His book is terrific, they’re gonna love it... where is Kyle?” Pete concluded shifting the attention from himself.

“He couldn’t make it” said Benjamin, a 6ft American boy with a strikingly handsome physique and great hair.

Bloom looked at Pete in so much disbelief and anger,

“So where is your book?” he asked me. “You at least do know it’s a script right? Added Bloom.

“Yea, Here it is” I replied stretching my hard-cover note towards him.

“What the f... what the hell, it is incomplete? *-He asked looking very frustrated-*, he walked half the rooms breadth, had a few look around the room and walked back.

“I quit” he said, looking directly into my eyes,

“There are people gathering inside that room, people you invited,” he continued looking at the Benjamin and Pete this time around.

“You guys find a way to sought them out, because I quit.” Bloom turned and walked away.

As he left, from the unclosed corner door, I could see a few other people leaving as well, the number of our guests had dropped a great deal.



“Hey err...” I said looking directly at Benjamin, trying to recall his name that he never told me.

“Benjamin” he said.

“Benjamin, do you have any story? Any one at all, no matter how little” I asked.

“Yea” he replied.

“But it’s also incomplete, Bloom wouldn’t let me read it then.” He continued.

“Well you are the boss of the club now” I said to Benjamin.

“What?” asked Pete,

“He’s the one with the book’ I replied in his defense.

“What do you say boss? I say we give two incomplete stories, stop at a punch line and leave them wondering what happens next,” I continued

“Which they might never know... you know judging from the fact that I’m out of ideas and all –*Chuckles-*, what say you?” I concluded.

“It will be the first of its kind” said Benjamin.

I had succeeded in subduing his fragile gentle mans mind.

“Yeah not really, it’s not the first” Pete cuts in,

“But It’s a good idea” he continued as he looked at the door and back at us,

“Let’s give them a show.” I said with smiles as joy filled my heart being part of an inspiration.

And Pete left for the room to begin our presentation.

“Hello guys” said Pete,

“We are sorry for the delay and thank you for being patient.” He continued.

“I am Peter Russell, and welcome to the script.

Today we are gonna have two scripts being presented, and please if you want to be a member of our club, just write your name and drop it in any of the three boxes at the far end of the class. Thank you. Now starting off, ladies and gentlemen...

Benjamin White.”

“Hi! I’m Benjamin, *-clears throat, okay*”... *breaths in and out-*.

## BENJAMIN WHITES TALE

“Well the title of my script is

MY RACE: TALES OF AGES PAST”

### CHARACTERS & PLACES:

ZE’DEX: Human like creatures with down curved ears

ZE’DEX B’DES: all seven (7) regions of ze’dex

LIMDOLÉS: Silv Realm soldiers, fiercely dressed in gold amours and sword like gods with whips.

DEMILÉS: God and ruler of the realm and limdolés.

LIM: Commander of the limdolés, answers only to Demilés.

DOLÉS DEAD: The people killed by Limdolés.

**SILV REALM:** The place of dolés dead.

**LINE KILLER:** Limdolés assigned to end a particular Bloodline.

“A top view is seen, seven regions of the colony is on sight looking very tiny from above, like a map, one of the regions is seen in proper view”

“Kids running and playing, women knitting and sewing locally, animals grazing, while some men are sharpening sticks. All people are both Black and White and a happy moment is on view.”

Voice: Before I was born, my people lived in peace of mind? No, But with each other. For we lived in fear of the Limdolés, god Soldiers from the Silv Realm, reducing our race one by one in large number. Without being able to fight back, for our bows, arrows, stones and spears were like hitting Rocks with water in an attempt to smash it. All we could do was run for our dear lives.

“Intruding the happy moment are the Limdolés; Killings... With arrows aiming, sword slashing and

ze'dex screaming in pain, scene ends with man being pierced by arrow from behind.”

Voice cont.: But you know, there is one unique thing about us the ze'dex which differentiates us from the Humans of the outside world... The way we are born.

“A pregnant woman goes on labour while trying to hide from the chaos, a few women runs towards her, takes her into a more bushy part with giant leafs, and makes a cover for delivery.”

“Woman gives Birth to a big egg, she raps the egg with her body under the leaf cover for some seconds, there's a bright blue light shine, visibly from her body to the egg, the egg hatches.”

Voice cont.: We are given birth to in eggs and hatch after a great connection from our mothers to their unborn child.

“While voice cont., ze'dex carries baby from the cracked open egg shell, fastens grip of the baby, kisses his forehead, mother stands up, searches for a particular leaf, chews it and uses chewed leaf to clean the baby's body, woman comes in hurriedly

with straw weaved basket, offers to the mother and runs away.”

“Mother puts Baby into the basket after Breast feeding... while dropping baby, there are exclamations everywhere”

... LIMDOLÉS!!!

“Mother carries basket and runs out of hiding place, after running out of area, she stumbles after hitting her toe on a rock, basket slips off and falls on a water, floats in a particular direction under some large leafs, mother immediately stands in attempt to find her baby. Terribly injured, a loud cry is heard as an arrow pierces her from behind. Voice faints in dark”

Voice: You know only the Ze'dex existed in our part of the world before we were joined by Humans. Over a thousand times has different types of people try to take away Our Lands, Women, Children and Our Pride in the name of colonization, but we never held back our defense...

“While voice cont., Ze'dex and Humans fighting in an intense war, bombing everywhere, arrows, and spears and sharp stones all flying in the air aiming at

humans in a very thick part of the forest. THIS HAPPENS SHOWING SEVERAL FIGHTS WITH DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AND OCCASSIONS.”

Voice cont.: and at every battle, we always ended up victorious.

“Ze’dex celebrating victory, shouting and jumping from trees, beating carved sticks and dancing wildly”

Voice cont.: But something pretty silly did happen, for the first time in 20thousands years of our existence and fighting so called colonizers in our later years, a few captured humans from our last war did succeeded in teaching us their language, English language. But it was all they could do, as our traditions and way of life was too hard to crack and for the first time, history was made as they were allowed by our king to live amongst us as brothers, under a condition of never making any attempt to return to their country.

“Captured humans are seen gesticulating as they taught the ze’dex English Language, a few words are heard, then soft slow music while scene continues.”

Voice cont.: ...But that was a long time ago, my Grandmamma told me the story.

“A boy is seen thinking aloud”

Voice cont.: My name is Zíbá and here I am as always, before the very stream I was found in,

“Looking into a clean but weird looking stream, several swimming creatures, tiny in size and a straw in his hand”

Voice cont.: ...living in fear of what will happen next.

“Voice stops. Finally, play in proper.”

“Zíbá stands up after hearing a sound, a little boy runs past him, he looks at the boy indifferently and turns, a group of Ze'dex and humans runs his way screaming... “LIMDOLÉS!!!” He immediately tries to run, but is shot in the chest, he falls into the flowing stream and dies.”

**IN DOLÉS**

“A plane Silver sanded desert and under a warm breeze and mild sun, Zíbá wakes up feeling dizzy



alongside over (4000) four thousand Ze'dex and Humans all stark naked.”

Zíbá: What is this place?

Limdolé: “In a very harsh tone” Doles! And no more questions you weakling “gives Zíbá a hard wipe of his gold whip on the chest”

“Zíbá Faints”

Lim: get ready to take your lines, work starts soon in due time. “In command he says as all the Limdolés listens in order.”

“The next light captures Zíbá on a silver rock-like bonk inside a big silver brick hall”

Line Killer: it’s time for work Zíbá, wake up!

Zíbá: who told you my name “asks Zíbá on waking up.”

Line Killer: no more questions, outside!!! “In command”

“Sounds of crying at every inch of the hall is being heard.”

“The next scene shows a garden outside, one rather too green and blossomy for a seemingly inhabitable environment. And every other person with a working implement all made of silver.”

Zíbá: you are human “talking to a girl while working”

Girl: yes, father from my mother’s side was human, so I took after him, but my parents are both ze’dex. “She replies, as she takes a quick peak at his face and continues with her work with all seriousness.

Zíbá: well I’m ze’dex

Girl: “chuckles and smiles” I can see that.

Zíbá: “smiles...” and I was told my mum was one.

Girl: was told? “Looking at Zíbá as she pauses her work for a little while and continues.”

Zíbá: yes, my mum died after giving birth to me.

“Zíbá’s line killer wears a face of guilt while listening to their conversation from afar, he frowns and starts walking towards them”

Girl: I'm sorry about your mother, but your line killer seems a nice one.

Girls line killer: enough of your talk "he shouts, and throws whip lashing her at the back"

Zíbá: will you stop that... "With an attack at the girl's line killer, a heavy slap landing on his chest sends him flying back and stumbling on the sands of the overly large garden. Two quick whips went round his stomach and neck from his line killer."

Girls line killer: stubborn! Huh!! You think you are!!!

Lim: enough! Get back to work. "While passing by alongside two guards, stopping before Zíbá and girl."

"The next scene show the hall with everyone inside and a rather less number of activities going on"

Zíbá: I am so tired, I will sleep all night.

Girl: Night? There are no nights in dolés, its day all time through, you'll work even harder in your

dreams, in dolés there is no rest. My name is Mira by the way.

Zíbá: I am Zíbá, “he says looking surprised and speechless, he looks sideways and looks back at her,” Ok... have a good... day then.

Zíbá: “He climbs his bunk and jumps down immediately” Where are the leaves?

Mira: spirits don’t sleep on leafs, they do on air. “She turns her face, blinks eyes and closes”

Zíbá: “looks through base of his bonk at the top, sees her body and looks up, he turns, looks at his, climbs” WOW!

**Screen goes blank.**

“Next light shows months later, Zíbá and Mira walking down a path with implements they had used in working earlier that day on their hands, alongside many other workers and a few Limdolés. As they walk by, countless others are seen doing different works in diverse ways.”

Zíbá: Well this route is new, who's the gold lady over there "he looks up side-ways, ahead a ze'dex made of gold is seen at the top of a stone".

Mira: She's Tímá, anyone who thinks of escaping turns into gold, she's the second person.

Zíbá: who was the first?

Girl: a human, a lady, but she transformed after the brutal reign of Dímzá, father of Demilés.

Zíbá: so Tímá thought of escaping, "he says in a rather whispering tone." Mum.

Mira: what's wrong?

Zíbá: "looking directly into her eyes, he shakes his head slowly and says..." Nothing, "he turns his face away, looks up at the statue and then forward in his brief pause..." Nothing really. "He says."

And Benjamin closed his book and looked at the class.

He was through, and his part was a success, for as Benjamin brought his incomplete book to a suspense

end, the whole class gave him a standing ovation. And I could see David Bloom in the far end of the room, I didn't think he'd stay back for a bunch of disappointments like us. I was clouded in thoughts, when from an indistinct voice sound came my name, "Jude Matthews! Ladies and Gentlemen, our newest member" said Pete

"Thank you Pete" I said as I walked up, shook his hands and begun.

"Good afternoon guys" I said.

"So I'm the newest member... *-being very uncomfortable, swallows saliva-*, I just came in this morning *-grins-*, so..." *-breaths in and out, now rather settled-*.

## JUDE MATTHEWS TALE

Jude Matthews: Sam and his friends danced to the music playing in his friend's car as he slowly drove to a stop where Sam gets down...

And I continued with my script for another 45mins without any one in room cracking a smile, and as I came to an abrupt end,

“Thank you” I said, putting my book together and about to climb down the shallow stage, the room was silent as though I had told a very good bed time story and had no one awake to hear the end.

“Is that it?” someone yelled from the filled up room,

“So you’re just gonna stop it there?”

“Go fix your shit bro, you’re whack.” Another guy continued.

Oh! God, I hated him that day, I still hate him now, as I nodded in self disappointment and walked towards him,

“You’re an asshole bro” I whispered in his ears with mic still by my lips and walked back to the front of the class,

“Thank you all for attending, and please new members are always welcome.” I concluded. We had 21 people register as members that day.

“Hey, your book was great” said a girl in blue we met on our way outside the class as I and Pete were about leaving together.

“Thanks, that is very kind of you to say” I replied.

“So where’s Benjamin white?” she asked,

“What” I answered like I didn’t understand her question.

“I mean I know he has no idea on how to go about the end of his book, if not he would have completed it already. But at least he should know how it ends. You know... I want him to tell me” she said gesticulating.

“My book was great huh!” I replied her statement as I and Pete both walked away ignoring her question.

Benjamin however did told us how his story was supposed to end, He said there was a popular knowledge amongst the Ze’dex and humans in doles, that those whose bodies were not buried where the weakest, but yet the only ones with a shot at escape



as the unspoiled bodies were still nurtured by the wind. But in doles, no one dared give it a thought, until the arrival of Zíbá gave birth to Darer of mixed blood, and he led an army of buried bodied slaves to an uprising which led to the escape of the weaker ones including Mira, as this buried bodied Ze'dex and humans were the only ones strong enough to wield a Limdolés blade Zíbá which apparently was the only thing that could kill them, and the buried bodied slaves whom were left behind suffered immeasurable pain, leaving thousands of useless gold standing in dolés. And all who escaped could never be captured a second time. Mira however found Zíbás body and kept it fresh and unspoiled for as long she lived, but he never did come back.

But poor little Benjamin, he never got chance to finish his book, he was involved in a ghastly car accident off campus that night, which left him with 7 broken ribs, a broken leg, 2 broken arms, and a

fractured spine which later claimed his life. May he forever Rest in Peace.

### 3 months later

As I and Pete walked down the school across the faculty of art to the bookshop to get the latest edition of “Writers for the Future”, a book that taught everything there was to know about being a great writer by the greatest writer of our time Pearl Simons.

“What’s that?” asked Pete, reacting to the look on my face as I held a green covered novel with its title written in gothic, as I stood next to the best seller stand,

“AN AFTER STORY,” I replied.

“It’s the best-selling book for the year” I continued.

“By who” asked Pete, with a closer look on turning the back of the book?

I replied “David Bloom, a dedication to Benjamin White”.

THE END

Dedicated to my Best Friend and Brother Caleb Terzungwe Agyoh on his Birthday and Graduation.