

The Herald

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Synopsis:

A police detective tries to interrogate an interdimensional messenger who is sent to announce the world's ending.

Inspector Ready Mr. Herald?

The Herald It's *the* Herald, of end and decimation, if you prefer full titles.

Inspector (puzzled) Right... *The* Herald?

The Herald Yes, I believe I explained this to your assistants... umm, your underlings?

Inspector The officers?

The Herald Oh, yes, those fellas with the colour coded suits. I told them I needed to speak with the king of humans, as far as I gather, you are not that, are you?

Inspector No... the king of what now?

The Herald Humans. I was told kings were your thing. Umm, emperor maybe? I doubt it's a queen, your kind is not very fond of non-males I read.

Inspector Our kind?

The Herald Humans of planet earth. That's what you call yourselves, right?

Inspector Sir, is this some kind of prank you're pulling?

The Herald Oh, no, but I imagine you'll wish it was at some point.

Inspector Look, Herald.

The Herald *The* Herald, of end and decimation if you'd like.

Inspector Alright, (over emphasizing) *The Herald, of end and whatsoever*, you are wasting the time of the police force, that can get you arrested, do you understand that?

The Herald Surely, it seems anything can get you arrested in this part of your dimension, unless it's some upper-class bloke you can't get your hands on.

Inspector (agitated) Are you insinuating something!?

The Herald Well, I've been insinuating many things since I arrived in your dimension, but nobody seems to care; I mean, I'd really rather just talk to your king and leave, but your manners, ugh, they might force me for more drastic measures detective Tosgaire.

Inspector (shocked) How-how do you know my name?

The Herald Dear me, you humans are weird, I tell you I am on interdimensional business and need to inform your king and you threaten me with imprisonment; I say your name out loud and *then* I get your full attention.

Steve Answer the question, how do you know my name?

The Herald Look, Steve, I know *all* your names, that document is never wrong, your father was Marcus, your mother is Beatrice and your female friend watching from that window is Felicia Leigh, and no, I am afraid she is not into you, but that's fine, if you start paying attention, you'll see that none of that will matter soon, at all.

Steve (picking up a phone) Felicia, this lunatic is up to something, contact the agency...

NO ANSWER

Steve (anxious) Felicia? Can you hear me?

The Herald Hey, umm, she can't I'm afraid, I wouldn't want to do this, but I told you, you are not listening.

Steve What have you done to her?

The Herald Nothing serious, I just stopped the time within the building, not too drastic you see.

Steve Enough with your bollocks! This is a police precinct; people should be able to reach us whenever they need to.

The Herald You are obviously not listening to me.

Steve You don't make any sense!

The Herald Steve, I just stopped the time, take a hint would you. Besides, most people on your planet aren't able to reach anything they need most of the time anyways, but no worries, all of that will be fixed, eternally.

Steve (scared) Who the hell are you?

The Herald I told you, haven't I, for three times at least. I am The Herald, of death and destruction if you like.

Steve (trying to get up) Why can't I leave this chair?

The Herald Why would you want to leave that chair Steve?

Steve (furious) Let me go!

The Herald And then what, are you gonna leave the building and run in the streets frantically, only to be hit by a truck, trust me, there will be better options for dying if you let me do my job.

Steve (giving up) Your job? Death and destruction?

The Herald No, Steve, bloody hell, how are you a detective, haven't you listened anything I said, I am here to announce the death and destruction, making it happen is a whole different department.

Steve (hysterically) Is this a dream, am I sleeping, is it that weird cake I ate doing this.

The Herald Calm down, this is all real and even if it were asleep, you'd call this a nightmare. Okay, I've been a little rough, let's get a few things straight, is there no king of all humans?

Steve (frantic) NO!

The Herald That's not calm Steve, I am trying to understand things here.

Steve We do not have a king of all humans, or an emperor, or a queen.

The Herald Must be a misplaced document then, those rascals in the intelligence department, thinking they're omniscient and all- well, I guess they sort of are, well they messed this one up. Nevertheless, is there anyone I could speak with, for my announcement?

Steve Your announcement, death and destruction?

The Herald (cheerful) Very good Steve, finally you are catching up.

Steve No, I don't, not at all, why is this happening to me.

The Herald Oh don't be absurd, I am the true victim here really, I just want to get a message through before the message becomes reality.

Steve Are you going to get us killed?

The Herald That's a very poor way of putting it... but essentially, yes, after the delivery of my message humans will be extinguished, eventually.

Steve (sad) But, why?

The Herald Why? (exaggerative) Why! Steve, have you ever looked around, have you perhaps noticed that your species is a bit obtusely malevolent towards everything, including themselves?

Steve Are we being punished now?

The Herald Well, not right now, but yes; that's the plan. I mean, we were debating it for a while to be honest, some said "there are too many bad humans", another said "but there are many good ones too" and then we had this huge discussion on what is good and what is bad and decided that it was a very large spectrum and there were examples of different kinds in your planet, there are bad good guys, good bad guys and bad bad guys, but the thing is, as complicated as it seems, one very clear point was that however wicked stuff the ill-minded folks did, good ones were never able to counter that, in most cases they just stood by and watched, so we decided there are no good guys at all and that spectrum was a bullshit idea; you are all malicious little creatures that either hate each other and then kill each other, or watch people kill each other from your comfort zone, our judgement is that these are equally bad, so yes, you will be punished, severely.

Steve And why in the hell are you the one to make that call, I am a human, what wrong have I done, I'm trying to help people here for God's sake, you can't possibly judge everyone like that.

The Herald Steve, not that I like to bring this up, but you murdered a dog and told people you didn't see it crossing the road, when in truth you were just rushing to see that lady friend of yours on the other side of the window.

Steve (perplexed) How do you know tha...

The Herald Steve, I hoped you would be able to deduct this so far, I am not blaming you of course, your species are not very, umm, well equipped for this kind of conversations. I am an interdimensional agent from a universe of class 7 beings, I would try to explain what class 7 is, but you'd probably lose your mind at class 4, so to keep things simple enough for you,

Steve Wait now, if you are this interdimensional being, why do you look like us?

The Herald My true form wouldn't be comprehensible to you Steve, and please, don't interrupt me again, I was sent here to deliver your people the message of your planned annihilation, my colleagues, as I said, messed a few documents and I thought I

needed a king of some sort that could telepathically control all of you and feed you the communique simultaneously, but now I see it doesn't work like that, so I'll do it the old way.

Steve What is that?

The Herald I will visit all of you in your dreams and announce the end days.

Steve And then what, we'll just die out?

The Herald Not instantly obviously, my colleagues from the causality department will pay a visit to your planet and apply purge procedure, the process usually takes about a year or two depending on the method they decide to employ.

Steve So, I will die?

The Herald Yes, a very minor point but, I get it, not existing in your physical form is an odd concept for your kind.

Steve What?

The Herald Well, you'll find out sooner or later. I think we are done in here Steve, thanks for the chat, it was quite... helpful.

THE HERALD VANISHES.

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