

# ***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.

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