

# Figment

## Episode 13

The hallway was poorly lit. The florescent lights flickered, either from a poor connection to begin with or from a failing electrode inside the bulb's glass. It seemed to him that every other light was working properly. He looked down at the floor as he continued walking forward. The white tiles that lined the floor were all centered down the hallway. Eight full tiles down the middle with quartered tiles lining both sides along the white walls. He thought to himself that they should have just made the hallways an extra six inches wider so they would not have to spend the time cutting the tiles.

He passed a room with an open door. He could not read the number clearly on the brass plate due to corrosion from years of not being cleaned, or perhaps there was something on the brass, some residue left from something else such as a struggle and someone's head being hit against the brass plate causing it to split open and spray blood along the white steel. He did not bother to check, but continued walking. He could hear screams coming from further down the hallway: pleas for help, cries for release, a pounding of bare skin against a metal door.

Two figures stood outside the second to last door in the hallway. Both sets of lights in front of the door had long died out; there was no flickering or pulsing of low energy flowing into the glass tubes. As he approached the door he saw a similar brass plate to the one he had seen earlier, only this one was cleaned and polished. Someone had taken great care into preserving this room's number, number 302, so that it could be easily found. The two figures were standing side by side looking through the small window that peered into the padded room.

One of the figures said something to his counterpart, but to Jonathan it sounded like gibberish. He could not understand a single word. The counterpart spoke back in a similar language. The two thought for a moment, looked back into the room then turned to Jonathan and parted. The first one spoke again, still in the gibberish tongue, but had motioned to the door. Jonathan took the gesture as an invitation to look into the room. He cautiously approached the steel door and looked through the cloudy lexan window. At first he did not see anything but an overturned bed made out of some sort of plastic he had never seen before. Brown leather straps spread out from the bed's frame like the tentacles of an octopus. The mattress was strewn across the floor, obviously tossed from the frame of the bed when it was overturned.

Suddenly a figure appeared in the window, looking back at Jonathan. His eyes were the same brown, his hair, though over grown, was the same chestnut, the lines in his cheek bones were the same that Jonathan shaved every morning. Jonathan reared back from the door in shock. The figure on the other side started laughing, slamming an open palm against the metal door. The laughing grew louder, as did the pounding. Jonathan continued backing up, never taking his eyes off the door. The figure on the other side was now screaming laughter into the air of the empty hallway. The two figures on the outside of the room looked at Jonathan, who had slumped to the floor in terror, his eyes wide and fixed on the door in front of him. The counterpart had said something in his

language and turned to his partner. The both blocked Jonathan's view of the door as they turned their backs to him and returned to looking into the room.

Jonathan jolted upright, but was stopped by a gentle hand on his shoulder. It was Christine's hand. She gently pushed him back down to ground, shushing him softly. He reached up to his head and wiped the sweat from his brow and gently massaged his right temple.

"What happened?" he asked, looking around dazed. It was dark out, but the rain had stopped falling. Christine moved aside and a giant man dressed in all black knelt down beside Jonathan.

"You passed out from shock." He said in a cold voice. "What's the last thing you remember?"

Jonathan thought for a moment, groaning as he lifted himself onto his elbows. He remembered hearing a name: All-star, Alabaster, or something like that, he could not remember clearly. He looked around for the killer, Kaden. There was no sign of him.

"I remember you two fighting," Jonathan said slowly. "He said something to you that threw you off guard. It sounded like a name, but...but I don't remember what it was." He looked over at Christine whom had a fake smile planted on her lips. He knew she was faking it because he could see she was worried. Her eyes gave away her emotions. "It was Alastair." Jonathan blurted out quickly. Had he remembered the name? He was not sure. It just suddenly came to him.

Figment, now Alastair, settled back in his stance a little, putting more of his girth on the knee that was planted into the ground. He knew exactly why Jonathan had so suddenly remembered his name. It was the secret he was trying to protect Jonathan from, but at the same time hope that Jonathan would figure out on his own. Unfortunately, Kaden had revealed the secret to Jonathan in an unorthodox manor, causing a sudden shift in power.

Jonathan went back to holding his head, trying to remember everything that had happened. He shut his eyes, reimagining the battle in his head. He eyes darted back and forth underneath his eyelids, watching some invisible batter take place inside his mind. He opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. Finally he uttered a few words under his breath.

"It is time to show you who you really are." He said softly. "I remember Kaden saying that too me. He said it just before..." Jonathan stopped and looked up at Alastair. "Just before he showed me his face." Jonathan sat upright and quickly looked around again. "His face," he said with some shock in his voice. "It was...it was my face, like I was looking into a mirror."

Alastair put his hand on Jonathan's shoulder to steady him. Jonathan pulled back away. "How could he be me?" he asked looking back and forth between Alastair and Christine.

"Maybe," Christine said, "it's a twin?"

Jonathan shook his head. "I have no brothers or sisters, I'm an only child." Jonathan looked at Alastair. "You know what's going on, don't you?"

"I only know part of it." Alastair said calmly.

“Part of it? What part? Tell me.”

“I cannot, it is far too detrimental to what needs to be done.”

Jonathan stood up and faced his giant companion. “What is it,” he asked, “some sort of secret government project? You took a hair and cloned me, made him an assassin, and now are having him kill me?” He pushed Alastair as he was trying to stand up. Alastair quickly retook his footing and steadied himself for another attack from Jonathan, but one never came.

“Come on Christine,” Jonathan said holding out his hand, “let’s go home. He’s not going to be any help with this.”

Christine took Jonathan’s hand and followed him into the darkness towards his dorm. Alastair stood where he was, watching the two leave. He sighed loudly. “You must figure this out on your own, Jonathan.” He called out. “It is the only way to defeat this.” His words fell silent in the dark air. He knew Jonathan had heard him, just as he knew Jonathan would not turn around. Alastair turned the opposite direction and melted into the black background of night.

As Jonathan and Christine walked through the stairwell doors onto the dormitory floor, Jonathan instantly knew something was wrong. Everyone in his hall was gathered around his room. Doug, the RA for Jonathan’s floor, turned around and ran up to the couple.

“Oh god, Jonathan,” he said slightly frantic. “Where have you been?”

“I’ve been out with Christine.” Jonathan answered motioning towards the girl at his side.

“I..I think you need to come with me for a second.” Doug said pulling Jonathan by the arm. As they approached his room a voice called out from inside.

“Step back,” it said. “Step back please, give us some room.” Two men walked out of Jonathan’s room carrying a portable stretcher. On the stretcher was a black vinyl bag with the letter CSI screen printed on the front.

“Craig?” Jonathan said softly, making everybody in the hall turn and look at him. “Craig?” he said again louder. He pushed through the crowd of people and looked into the room. It had been torn apart. Books and CDs were thrown about the room, DVDs tossed and trampled on the floor, the beds over turned. Craig’s computer chair lay on its back, a small splatter of blood still on the cushion. Jonathan turned around to the two paramedics carrying the stretcher. “Please,” he managed to squeak out through the tears building in his eyes.” One of the paramedics slowly unzipped the bag. Inside was Craig, lifeless, his eyes wide with terror and surprise. The bag was zipped close and the two men carried the body away as Jonathan cupped his face in his hands and began to weep loudly in the all. He fell back against the door frame and slumped down to the floor. Doug put his hand on Jonathan’s shoulder as Christine fought her way through the crowded hallway and wrapped her arms around Jonathan; her own warm tears streaming down her cheeks.