

Everyman

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A modern version of the play Everyman that I had to do for literary studies.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Forestchan/59253/Everyman>

Chapter 1 - Everyman

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1 - Everyman

The sky was cloudless, the sun shining brightly and glinting off of the jewelry a woman with ink black hair wore. This woman wore a black, strapless top that cut off just below her rib cage, showing her naval piercing to the world, and a dark blue, knee length skirt that gently blew in the breeze as she walked. A black purse swung from her elbow as she pulled her sunglasses over her deep blue eyes to shield them from the sun. She suddenly stopped as a rugged looking beggar stepped in front of her path. The beggar's clothes were crusted with dirt and stains, torn in some places.

"Please," he begged weakly, "Do you have any money to spare for a beggar," he asked. The woman's upper lip curled up in disgust.

"I don't," she replied, "Not for you," she easily stepped around him and continued on her way. She raised a freshly manicured hand in greeting to her black haired friend, earning a return greeting. "Eric, thank you for meeting me on such short notice," she said happily.

"It's alright, I had to come this way anyway," Eric responded as the woman kissed either cheek.

"Is it only me or have the beggars increased in number," the woman said in disgust. Eric merely shrugged in response.

"I don't know, Kyriean," he said, "Maybe it's because too little people will help them,"

Kyriean turned her nose up in dignity.

"Well, they should get a job then," she huffed as she and Eric began walking down the side walk. Kyriean soon stopped at a store, staring in the window, making Eric stop shortly after. "It's so well done," she said before entering the store with the sign titled 'Antiques'. Eric followed suit quickly, watching as Kyriean picked up a small painted vase and paid for it. He watched as another hundred left Kyriean's purse and into the man's hand.

"Ever think about not spending so much money," Eric asked, earning a look of shock on Kyriean's face.

"Why would I not spend money," Kyriean demanded in aggravation, "I have the money to spend,"

Eric only shook his head as they left, pausing as a street corner.

"This is where I leave you," he said.

"See you around," Kyriean once again kissed both of his cheek and walked in the other direction. She arrived home to her large estate, entering to be greeted by two small dogs. She set the small vase on a shelf and looked around the room she was in; paintings, sculptures and other materialistic items lined the entire place around the furniture and TV. The phone rang and she picked it up, "Hello," she answered.

"Ms. Melendez," a familiar voice reached her ear, the voice of her doctor. The grave tone made a frown appear on her face.

"Yes,"

"I'm sorry to tell you, but your last test didn't go so well," the doctor informed her, "Your cancer has spread,"

"How much will it be to go through treatment," Kyrieian asked casually, unaffected by his words.

"It's too spread out for treatment," the doctor answered solemnly.

"Too spread out," Kyrieian asked, feeling a sense of fear bubble inside her stomach, "What do you mean too spread out," she demanded as tears filled her eyes.

"We can't do anything to treat it," the doctor confirmed her fear.

"How long," Kyrieian heard her own voice from far off, the doctors voice even further off in the blurry world as he answered her question.

"A month,"

"Thank you," she hung up and stared at nothing, ignoring her dogs as they licked her hands. She stood and left the building, dialing Eric's number.

"You've reached Eric; I sadly can't answer the phone right now, but if you'll leave a message I'll be sure to get back to you," the machine recited before a guitar strum sounded.

"Eric, please call me back," Kyrieian said before hanging up and making her way to the park, where she sat down on the bench and covered her face. Footsteps sounded beside her and she looked up to see Eric.

"Thought I'd find you here," he said as he sat beside her.

"I'm dying," Kyrieian wept, "What am I supposed to do, I don't have anyone to give anything to when I die,"

"Give it away to those who need it," Eric said.

"Forget it," Kyrieian said harshly.

"How do you feel about dying without doing anything?"

"Terrible," Kyrieian muttered.

"Come on, I'll help," Eric led her to her feet and then back to her estate. Kyriean watched as Eric took a select amount of items from the walls and shelves, taking out pieces of furniture to the front lawn.

"What are you doing," Kyriean shrieked as she watched him put up a sign that said 'yard sale'.

"Getting rid of materialistic things," Eric replied as he told item after item until nothing was left. Kyriean stared in horror; first she's told she only has a month to live and now Eric's selling her possessions? What next? "Come meet me tomorrow," Eric looked at her. Kyriean nodded before going to bed. It was only a nightmare, tomorrow she'd wake up and everything will be fine, but the following morning everything was the same. She dragged herself from bed to meet up with Eric, following him to a rundown building.

"What's this place," Kyriean asked as she followed him inside.

"A kitchen," Eric answered as he handed her a hair net, "Put this on," Kyriean grudgingly complied, tucking her hair away in the net before following Eric. She stopped on the spot when she saw beggars lined up with trays that held bowls and plates. "You'll be with me and help me serve soup,"

Kyriean watched for a moment before actually helping, finding herself feeling lighter and lighter with each person she gave the food to. By the end of the shift she didn't want to leave, having Eric force her from the building.

"Wait," Kyriean said before pulling out a check book and returning inside. Eric frowned and followed her, watching as she handed the supervisor a check.

"Th-Thank you," the supervisor stuttered when she saw the amount written on the check. Kyriean smiled before heading outside again with Eric.

"What was that," Eric asked.

"To make it a better place so they can help more people," Kyriean said quietly. Eric smiled at her fast progress to change. Over the month Kyriean accompanied Eric to the kitchen and sold more of her things, giving a few items to beggars at the kitchen to sell for themselves. Kyriean's phone went off as she left the kitchen the day before her "death day".

"Kyriean," her doctors voice erupted from the other end of the line.

"Yes," Kyriean answered.

"The results are back,"

"And,"

"It's nearly gone," the doctor's voice was in disbelief. Kyriean stopped dead where she was.

"It's," her words died away as tears filled her vision, spilling down her cheeks, "Thank you,"

Eric looked at her as she hung up.

"What is it," he asked softly.

"It's nearly gone," Kyrieian whispered as she hugged him, "It's nearly gone, my cancer's nearly gone,"

Eric laughed and shared in her tears of joy.

"A miracle," he whispered and Kyrieian nodded.

"A complete miracle," they said in unison.