

# SYN

Part: One

“YOU WILL REPENT!”

Created & Written by:

**SILVERBACK**

Title: DIRTY DEEDS Part 1  
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Dedicated To:

Devante

## Chapter 1

*The night is cold and so will the heart of the one whose truth leads him to revelations of his past, keys to the pieces that fill the puzzles of the soul. This is the tale of a reckoning of a damned soul.*

*A young man sleeps in his bed peacefully until his dreams which were once about women and occasional fantasy torment him.*

“You **BITCH!** You **WHORE!**”

“I have had my fill of your bullshit!”

“I’m leaving!”

“Like hell you are!”

*The woman walks away only to be violently grabbed by her husband.*

“Don’t you ever walk away from me when I’m talking to you! **EVER!**”

“You were ordered to get a fucking abortion. What the fuck were you thinking? I have enough to deal with. I don’t need another damn mouth to feed you stupid whore!”

*Just then in a violent rage he begins to beat his wife into a coma and eventually death. The young man simultaneously wakes up in a cold sweat just when the woman gasps for her last breath before dying.*

“What the hell was that?”

*As the actions in the dream disturb him, he gets up from his king size bed and heads to the bathroom to douse his face in cold water. He turns on the cold water and wets his face as he looks up into the mirror he sees the face of an old woman.*

“Dreams are the answers to the questions of the soul. Dreams are a reflection of the soul within. Your dreams will lead you to the man in the mirror you have not yet encountered.”

*The face in the mirror vanishes only to leave him staring at his own reflection.*

“I’ve got to quit eating Black Rice and Roasted Pork this late...and those 4 Pina Coladas didn’t help either.”

*For the rest of the night he stayed up trying to analyze what took place and what the old woman meant by the man he had not yet encountered.*

“Wait a minute.”

He chuckles.

“Old women don’t just pop up in peoples’ mirror all willy nilly. I just need to get a grip that’s all.”

## Chapter 2

*That morning on his way to work he sits at a red light looking up at the red hue reminds him of the horrific bloody scene he envisioned that night as he relives glimpses of it. So caught up in the events he doesn't hear the horns blowing behind him, the drivers screaming, or realize that the light has turned green.*

**“MOVE DAMN IT!”**

**“THE LIGHT’S GREEN ASSHOLE;  
THAT MEANS DRIVE!”**

*The siren of an ambulance, blaring in the near vicinity, jolts him back to reality.*

“Shit! What is wrong with me? Maybe some music will snap me out of it.”

He flips on the voice activated sound system in his 2010 jet Black Lincoln MKX.

“Evanescence track no. 3 volume level 52”

*As the Lincoln fills up with the sounds of Evanescence's “Whisper” a calming feeling overcomes him as he pulls in the*

*garage. With the windows open the earth shattering vibrations of Amy Lee's voice engulf the silence heading up to his rooftop parking space atop the Marthos building which reads "Kayne Marthos C.E.O." Kayne Marthos the 28 year old billionaire, business tycoon and the city's leading philanthropists who recently snatched the number one spot on Forbes Top 10 Billionaires Worldwide List. As he heads down to his office via his private elevator, this man commands the respect of all his employees. Standing 6 feet 3 inches tall in a finely custom tailored Armani 3 piece suit, even his enemies have no choice but to respect him.*

"Sir your 10:30 has not arrived as of yet. Their jet has just landed at the air strip."

"Thank you, Victoria. Notify me the moment they arrive."

"I will sir...would you like anything else?"

"Just a cup of coffee sweetie."

"Ok sir...oh by the way a courier dropped a package for you. I left it on your desk"



“Thank you!”

*As Kayne heads to his office, he does not notice the doe eyed look he is given by his secretary Victoria, who has concealed her love for him since the day she was hired. Entering his office he notices the black envelope sitting on his desk. He picks it up and reads: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY! written on the face of the envelope. He thinks to himself.*

“That’s strange no return address no nothing...I wonder who sent it.”

*He opens the envelope and a stream of smoke arises from the flap as the envelope bursts into flames dispersing into thin air as a black CD-ROM lands on his desk.*

“This is too fucking weird and it’s only the beginning of the day. Well, there’s only one way to find out what’s on this thing.”

*He sits down in his leather chair and inserts the mysterious CD-ROM into his computer...upon insertion the monitor flashes and fades to black and a crystal ball icon appears in the top left corner. He clicks on it and a face appears the same face he saw last night in his bathroom mirror that of*

*the old woman.*

“Holy Sh...!”

“There’s nothing holy about me and there is definitely nothing holy about the answers I can give to you...Mr. Marthos!”...nothing holy at all!”

*No sooner than she said that the screen emitted a blinding light and an E-Mail message icon was flashed on the screen.*

“An E-Mail?”

*He clicks on the E-Mail icon and found an awaiting message:*

**FROM:** ??????????

**TO:** Kayne Marthos

**MESSAGE:** You are about to embark on a journey of the soul a revelation if you will. For as many people know you as Kayne Marthos do you know who you really are. I know about your dreams and why you have them and only I can give you the answers you seek. For you see what you have seen in your night sleeps are not mere dreams from the sub-conscious but answers into your past, into the main question that has haunted you from day one...**WHO ARE YOUR REAL PARENTS?**

I have the answers you have searched for.  
If you truly desire to know the truth at the  
next full moon I will seek you out.

“What the hell is going on here?”

“Here’s your coffee sir...sir ...sir are  
you ok?”

“Huh? Um... um yes I’m fine. My  
mind was somewhere else. What were you  
saying Victoria?”

“Your coffee sir it’s ready...here.”

“Oh thank you.”

“Are you sure you’re ok? You look as  
if you have seen a ghost.”

“Yeah I’m sure that’ll be all.”

“Ok sir.”

“Victoria, wait there is one more  
thing. Do you know who sent me that  
package you left on my desk?”

“Uh no sir I don’t...when I arrived this  
morning there was a man dressed all in  
black who said “make sure your boss gets  
this!” Before I could even ask him what it  
was or who it was from he vanished.”

“Vanished?”

“Yes, Mr. Marthos vanished into thin air...the strange thing was when he disappeared the room reeked of brimstone. Why is something the matter? Did I do something wrong?”

“No, I was just curious about who sent it...make me no never mind though.”

*That evening Victoria walks into Kayne’s office to see if he needed anything before she decides to leave for the night.*

“Mr. Marthos do you need anything else from me or is ok for me to go?”

“As a matter of fact I was just about to leave now myself; give me a minute and I’ll drive you down to your car.”

“Ok”

*As Kayne was about to turn his computer off, the phone rings.*

“Hello?”

“Time is now at hand...now look directly into your monitor for only you will be able to see what it will display.”

*Kayne stares at the monitor as a blinding flash emits from it and a message is displayed:*

“You will be led the way but you must open your mind to see the truth I have to reveal to you.”

*Just then the light goes away*

“Mr. Marthos what was that light?”

“I have no idea. Victoria, call the techs in the morning and have them replace the monitor.”

“Okay.”

“Come on Victoria; let’s go before any other strange things happen.”

*Kayne drives Victoria down to her car then watches her leave the parking lot safely. As he leaves the garage his hummer’s Neo star global positioning system screen flashes with a map and a red star that reads: HERE IS WHERE THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK LIE.*