Alternate Ending to “Evil Robot Monkey”

Sly sat down at his wheel and began to turn.

On his way to put Sly’s clay away, Delilah stopped Vern. “You do know that we have security cameras in this facility, right? I saw what you did,” She said angrily.

“I’m not sure what you are talking about Delilah, I did what was asked of me,” Vern replied. Her eyes widened with a shocked look on her face.

“Obviously you are unaware that you did not follow my orders. I asked you to remove all the clay from Sly’s pen and if you check the tapes, you will see a monkey making pottery in his own pen! Is that following orders?”

Vern looked back at Delilah with pure disgust. “I told him to clean up the mess that he had made from his so called ‘show.’” Vern picked up the leftover clay and walked into his office, while slamming the door in Delilah’s face.

Under her breath Delilah remarked, “Someone doesn’t understand the working hierarchy and who runs this facility.” As Delilah walked away she had a mischievous look on her face. She needed to get back at Vern for disrespecting her, but she hadn’t quite figured out how yet.

Over the course of the trial, Vern and Sly had become quite close. Vern was the only one that realized that the anger inside of Sly was just a disguise for his funny and caring heart; Vern found a friend that he could relate to. Someone who was serious yet could make him laugh. As he sat at his desk and thought about his relationship with Sly, he realized that he was always putting himself into positions to be around Sly.

Sly’s back was to the door of his pen, as he was lost in the feeling of clay between his fingers and toes. It was as though a symphony was playing in his head, as he was creating the art. Sly didn’t even hear the door to his pen unlatch and his privacy being breached. Delilah was standing behind him dressed in dark green scrubs and mask over her face with a tranquilizer in her gloved hands.

“Vern won’t even see it coming.” The pen was left empty with a destroyed piece of art in the center of Sly’s pottery wheel. Vern was feeling lonely in his office, while trying to get through his ever so long night shift.

“Maybe I should go check on Sly, he tends to get particularly distressed at this hour. His bad dreams tend to come and haunt him.” When Vern got up from his chair he felt different, something in the air felt odd. He still continued on with his work the same way.

Vern unlocked Sly’s pen and very slowly opened the door when he noticed there was no chimp in the vicinity. He assumed Sly was out for some testing, but at the last moment he turned to investigate the pen again. He noticed that his clay was left unfinished; scratch marks were on the floor and walls, and lastly, he picked up the tranquilizer gun.

“Oh no!”

As Vern was sprinting down the hallway knocking every degree and photo off of the wall, he felt tears running down the side of his face.

“Vern this is no time to cry! Pull it together!” Delilah was nowhere to be found. Vern said scared as ever “What have I done”?

Delilah placed Sly back into his pen early that morning. “Poor Vern, he doesn’t remember I have many candidates participating in this study.”

She walked past Vern, while he was crouched in the hallway outside of her office and snidely said, “You have no idea the amount of power I have here. Just remember that next time you try talking back to me.”

“Where is Sly? He isn’t in his pen and I saw the tranquilizer gun, where is he?” Vern replied nervously.

“I don’t know what you are talking about, Sly is in his pen. He is enjoying that clay that you left for him,” Delilah replied with a sneaky smirk.

Vern got up and started running toward the chimpanzee study wing. He ran all the way to the end of the hallway to Sly’s pen. When he opened the door, he was shocked by the view of a chimp throwing clay all over the pen. The pottery wheel was broken into pieces all over the floor and no beautiful art pieces were stacked by the door.

“Sly! What are you doing? Are you okay?” Vern yelled. Sly turned with a dangerous look in his eyes. He screamed as though he was a real chimp. “What is going on with you talk to me!” Vern inched closer and closer to Sly. Sly just became more and more aggressive.

Vern went to put his hand on Sly’s shoulder but was batted away with one swift motion. “Sly, It’s me, Vern, your friend!” As the chimp turned around, Vern noticed a brand new scar on the side of his head. “What did she do?”

Vern sprinted back to Delilah’s office. “What did you do to him?!”

Delilah stood up slowly and placed her hand on Vern’s shoulder. “I decided that we didn’t need Sly for the trial anymore. He just wasn’t the right fit.”

“I only left a little bit of clay, that doesn’t mean that Sly deserves to be punished!” Vern replied.

“Oh Vern, I wasn’t punishing Sly.”

END