

Pro(An)tagonist

By Kylie

Have you ever just wanted to throw protocol through the window and break out of the monotony? Do something crazy and *interrupt* when you see those annoying Mains making eyes across the room for the first time? Yeah, I'm sure you know what I mean, the life of a Background am I right?

Day in, day out, same old cliché tropes; coffee shops, libraries, dog parks, *waterfalls*... ugh, doesn't it all just get *boring*?

The day started out like every single other one: wake up, check in, chat with a couple other Backgrounds while we waited for the Mains to get there and then follow steps one through three so they had their perfect meetup; gasp as books fell on the floor, laugh at some vapid joke, spill some coffee on some shirts, all in a day's work. Rinse and repeat that scenario a couple more times and then I'm back to my cubicle imputing some numbers for end of day findings; at least my café rotation is almost done.

There has to be something... *something* more.

I go to bed on time, of course I do, but I can't seem to shake the itch under my skin as I watch the ceiling fan spin evenly around, never slowing or faltering or quickening its pace; very much like me. Powered off when I flick a switch and powered on only to do the same thing for hours on end.

I wake up, check in, sip at an overpriced latte and loiter with the rest of them as I wait for our Mains for today to arrive; they always seem to be late, the 'rushing' part of the scene always seeming to be a factor in the meetup.

It's another business man, face stoic and unsurprisingly appealing to look at with a stereotypical briefcase in hand and phone in the other. And... ah, here comes underdog protagonist, late for their interview and down on their luck because they just 'really need this job', you know?

Lucky for them, life's about to get awesome. Well, it'll get good and then *bad* but it's nothing a

cry in the rain can't solve.

There it is, the inevitable spilling of coffee and oh-look at that, his phone broke *too*. How embarrassing, right? It'd just be *such* a twist of fate if they happened to meet *again* in twentyish minutes, potential employer with stained shirt opposite trembling with nerves potential employee.

Eh, it'll turn out fine.

"I am *so* sorry, please let me-"

"*Wow.* "

The word is out in the open and I'm moving forward before I even notice what I'm doing, hand reaching down to scoop the broken device up and looking it over as if I hadn't already seen the glass shatter into jagged fragments.

"This is an expensive one, too, isn't it?"

I feel a satisfied thrill rush through me at the absolute befuddlement on everyone's faces, Mains and Backgrounds alike staring at me with horror as I break *every single one* of the pre aligned rules.

"Uh-yes, it-it *is* expensive."

I let out a slow whistle, turning, the phone over in my hand to *really* show off how completely *ruined* it is, just making sure to drive the point home.

"I don't know about you, but if someone broke *my* phone just by being careless I wouldn't forgive them; good luck getting *that* fixed before you need it, you'll probably even need to cancel whatever you had this morning just to get it repaired. Hm-" I chuckle to myself, as if the thought just occurred to me, "what am I saying, you'll just have someone get you a new one, right? Mm."

There's another stunned silence, the phone being carefully taken as I proffer it out and shrug before I commit another forbidden and *leave*; mission incomplete.

And oh, does it feel *good*.

I leave before the day's over too, logging my actions as normal and signing out as if I hadn't strayed from protocol even one little bit.

I still feel that thrilling sort of fulfillment as I lay in bed, thinking about the day and relishing this feeling of... *excitement*. Autonomy. A *choice* that I made not because I was supposed to but because I *wanted* to.

Because I'm never playing *Background* again.

I'm not even going to be a Main, oh no, I don't want to be trapped in that either.

I'm going to make my own choices, and maybe show a few others what it's like on the outside of the system along the way.

I'm going to be an Anti.

The Antagonist...

The **Villain**.

The End