

and the world feels wonderful

A Plastic Beach Gorillaz Fanfic

Von akaspirin

Kapitel 2: swimming the same deep water as you is hard

It was true, 2-D haven't seen the island before. As he stepped inside the lift and read about all the rooms, he didn't know where to go. Where was Murdoc?

'Master Bedroom', he mouthed. 'Sounds like him.'

After he searched around the building for a while - he couldn't get into Murdoc's room, the door was locked - 2-D found Murdoc in the studio, sitting in a red cushioned chair. He just followed the jingling that wandered around the room and stopped at the door until Murdoc noticed him. If you want to call a brief glance noticing. It seemed like he tolerated his presence so he entered the room while he looked around him. Sure, it was called a studio, yet he didn't expect a whole recording studio here. All these instruments... Murdoc proceeded to play his bass, so 2-D grabbed himself a little keyboard, one of the many ones which were lying around. It was ages ago since he played a keyboard instrument, therefore it was very tempting. With many quick looks to the other man, he sat down cross-legged on the floor and began to play along.

2-D didn't recognize the bassline, wherefore he just improvised. It was an unusual and new line, that was for sure. Murdoc dropped a beat now and then, followed by a loathing hiss or a mumbled 'fuck'.

After a few more minutes, which passed very slowly, 2-D looked up. "Murdoc... Why..." "Shhh.", he interrupted him.

"I jus'--"

"Shhh--Shut up. We're playin'."

2-D pouted silently and just continued. That situation went on until Murdoc suddenly stopped and stood up.

"Yer still very good.", he stated, his bass still in his hands, "And ye wanna ask why I brought ye here."

"Uhm, uh... yea. Yeah!", he stuttered and put the little keyboard beside him. Murdoc stared at him, obviously thinking about what to say. Well, he was pretty sure he knew what to say but he was formulating.

"I'm gonna make a new album.", he finally said, "And yer gonna be on it."

...okay. To be honest, 2-D somehow sensed something like that. He wouldn't say he knew it, he just felt it. After almost three years of almost no contact, he suddenly did something like that, of course there had to be something behind his behaviour.

"A... a new Gorillaz-album?", he went into it. Just to make sure.

"Of course!", Murdoc immediately replied, "What do ye think? I'm gonna make a new

Gorillaz-album."

"So where are Noodle and Russel?"

That question hung around the room and became heavier and heavier. So heavy, Murdoc had to sit back down.

"I dunno."

"How are we---"

"We'll just do it."

"But---"

"Now shut yer face, will ya!", Murdoc yelled, "What the hell! That's the reason why yer locked up in yer room!"

While he ranted at him, 2-D stumbled up and walked backwards until he reached the wall. That wasn't what he needed, but what did he expect. Maybe an honest answer for once? Well, scratch that.

"Ye really wanna know why I keep ye here?", Murdoc went on and came nearer to him, "Ironically enough, I need yer voice. Yer singing-voice, if ye may note. What I absolutely don't need is you and your ramblings. So stop buggin' me with questions, ye hear me?"

In the hecticness of the circumstances, 2-D just nodded, though alot of questions ran through his mind at that moment. He hoped he would forget them, like he almost always did anyway.

"Great. Now take these.", he said a little calmer, grabbed a few pieces of paper from a table nearby and pushed them onto 2-D's chest. Hurried, he grabbed them so they didn't fall on the floor.

"Read them. Memorize them. You know the drill."

"These are... lyrics...", 2-D said rather to himself than to Murdoc while he overlooked the papers.

"Great guess, shiner."

"A... I haven't agreed ta sing.", he stated, looking back up. Somehow he wanted to look the other in the eyes while he said that.

"Ye haven't agreed to come to this island, either. And yer here. Think ye got a choice?"

2-D opened his mouth, just to close it again. He knew what to say but the words didn't want to come out, and then the words escaped him. Somehow the last sentences scared him. Something was missing, some end, some words to ease the situation Murdoc created within the last seconds. Something like 'Ha, just kidding!', yet he remained silent. Distraught, 2-D exhaled and shook his head slightly. He felt a subtle pounding in his head.

"Ye serious?", he asked, not much hope indicated he'd hear 'no'.

"Of course I'm serious, dullard! Why would I go through the exertions to ship ye to Plastic Beach? Not to make fun of ye, I've got easier ways to do tha'." Murdoc said and shrugged after a few seconds of no reaction, "Well, you've got yer answer and you even got something to do, so..."

Still no reaction. The pounding got harder.

Murdoc was serious.

He really was... The whole circumstances were wicked enough and now this.

"Come on. I'll bring ye back to yer room."

The voice made his way to his eardrums but he couldn't catch what it said. He just felt a hand on his arm, pushing him around until he was standing alone in that room once

more.

2-D was swamped with information and realizations he didn't want to know and have. So he was on an island Murdoc called Plastic Beach. Okay, he knew that fact before. When he first awoke here, Murdoc told him a little bit what was going on.

"Welcome!", he had said, "This is our new HQ. Look at it. Great, huh?" The first thing he said to him after he freed himself out of the,,, suitcase. Uh-hum.

Since he just woke up, he didn't think it was that great. At least he knew where he was. Well... a little. But it didn't make him feel better. His head felt horrible, maybe it was overwhelmed with the somehow fresh air. Or it couldn't believe he spent a few days in a fucking suitcase.

Eventually, he answered with a moan.

"I think yer too baffled to get what I say, soooo... lemme help ya up there." He offered him a hand. Wait... what? 2-D was really too confused to even think about it; he just took it and stood up shaky.

"I'll show ye around, huh?", Murdoc said, rested one hand on 2-D's shoulder and walked with him towards the wooden stairs, "So. Ye see, here's the entrance--- whoops, watch yer step there, would ya?"

He fell down, tripping over a little pink bump. His body was too benumbed with... well, whatever he was drugged with and couldn't follow the fast motion of falling down. The realization took place a few seconds later, along with his headache exploding. Before everything went black, he heard a voice.

"...Typical. 'eey, Cyber Noodle, come 'ere!"

"Wot the hell is this place?"

And that was the first thing 2-D asked when he could formulate his thoughts into audible sounds again. He didn't know how long he was in that room; hell, he couldn't even remember what date it had been when he was gassed.

Murdoc stood by the huge door, which probably was the way out of there. Since he already stood there when he woke up, he couldn't tell which of the two doors in this room was the exit.

"An island.", Murdoc immediately answered, "Made of plastic. It sorta... qualified itself ta be the place of the new HQ."

A satisfied grin was all over his face. Obviously, he was very happy to be here. Somehow 2-D wished to feel the same about his situation.

"Made of plastic? An' how ya managed to get me 'ere? Ye know... without me knowin'. An', uhh... why---"

"What, no 'wow, that's great, thanks for bringin' me 'ere'?"

A brief pause formed itself in between them while he gave him a confused look.

"I-I- I expected somethin' like a more euphoric reaction about it! Jus' think about it, 2-D, the Gorillaz baaack an' that on an whole island, only for us, noone else is 'ere, except, well... people. Ye know. To maintain things."

2-D looked around, for the, hmm... maybe thirtymillionth time. A few boxes were scattered around the ground, then a stanchion and right in front of his bed was a little TV with a DVD-player carelessly placed above it. His look hung on the screen a few seconds, then it wandered to the right to see the second door.

"I think ye need time ta think everythin' over.", Murdoc said after he didn't answer for one to two minutes, "An' dun worry, I give ye plenty. Time doesn't matter 'ere anyway."

With that, he turned around and left the room through the door 2-D already assumed to be the exit. He closed the door, followed by a loud 'clack' and a couple of other sounds he didn't know.

And then he was alone for said three and a half weeks.

Well. If 2-D thought about it know, Murdoc did told him just a little bit. Why couldn't he just explain himself?

He was shipped here. To an island. To a new HQ. Murdoc wanted to make a new album. He couldn't tell him where Noodle and Russel were. He told a whale to look after him, to say it mildly.

How did he know about his biggest fear, anyway? He couldn't remember... he couldn't remember where his pills were, either. ...fucking migraines. He staggered to the bed while his sight blackened now and then and sat down.

"Sumwhere... 'ere...", he mouthed with just a little help from his vocal chords and reached under his pillow to find the little bottle. He took a few and lied down.

It was too much. His head was a complete confusion. Like a dream, somehow, like it didn't happen to him but to a dream version of himself and he just woke up and remembered it.

And for the time being, even if it was only for that night, he'd like to think about everything to be exactly that.