

BLUE BLOODS

John Boston

Richard Vance always thought of himself as kind of a big deal. His staff and everyone else around him thought he was an arrogant, condescending, dickhead. He has the top-rated talk show in Los Angeles at the moment. He was competing with thousands of others for our precious time and very short attention spans. He had been waiting for many months to get billionaire Calvin Grey on his show. The two of them had actually met at a charity golfing event and much to his delight were paired up together. Grey couldn't golf worth a shit, but it didn't matter one bit. He was carefully reeling in Mr. Grey an inch at a time. By the end of the tournament, Grey had promised to come on his show the next time he was in town. He was a man of his word. When Grey called him last week, Richard thought it was a prank. He almost shit himself. He was going to have a complete hour of the billionaire's mind and could ask him anything he wanted. He was no greenhorn when it came to dealing with the rich and famous. You had to tread very carefully. One wrong move and you were out of the circle of trust.

Grey's limousine entered the parking garage and his security detail followed him inside. Richard met him as soon as they were inside.

Grey looked like he was on his way to a company picnic, dressed in cargo shorts and tennis shoes. He and Richard went upstairs to his office where they had cognac and went over what topics were off limits.

"Don't ask me about my ladies and I won't ask about yours," said Grey as he sipped his cognac.

"Fair enough. This is a gentleman's television program, not a tabloid. I'm more interested in hearing about what you have in mind for the city."

"I can only do what the city council allows me to do. They seem to be getting dumber with each passing election. It used to be you could buy your way into power. This new crop is too dumb to be bribed. They want to know what my plans for diversity and inclusion are."

"What the hell does that mean?" asked Richard.

"I'm not sure they even know."

"I can't thank you enough for stopping by. Let me take you and your wife out for lunch after this. I know this little Greek place a few blocks from here. Been in the family for generations. Their food is out of this world."

"Sounds great. I've had a week from hell. I could use a home-cooked meal."

Grey sat around with his entourage, answering phone calls and sending text messages. Vance was in his dressing room, having intercourse with one of his assistants. The film crew was setting up, as was the sound engineer. Everyone was scrambling to get set up for the show, which was always done live at eleven AM, Monday through Friday. It was organized chaos. Richard did not tolerate failure. Failure meant a pink slip. As horrific as he was to work for, he paid everyone very well, even by LA standards.

No one noticed the young man, just hanging out, talking on his phone, by the catering table. Most of Richard's staff just assumed he was with Grey. He ate a bowl of fruit and sipped a latte. He even helped some of the crew move a heavy curtain. No one thought twice about asking him why he was there.

He introduced himself as Martin.

"My parents always liked the name Martin. My dad said it reminded him of a martini," he told one of the staff.

Grey's security detail consisted of two very serious-looking gentlemen dressed in grey business suits. They were pleasant and smiled at everyone as they walked by, but their pleasant demeanor hid a very unpleasant mindset. If they even suspected the richest man in the world was in the slightest bit of trouble.....*then look out, shit was about to get real.*

Martin walked by several times and his security detail didn't even look twice. Why would they? Martin weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds soaking wet. He looked barely old enough to drive or buy alcohol. He looked like the kind of kid who would spend most of his free time gaming or watching anime.

How much of a threat could he possibly be to Mr. Grey?

Vance brought out Calvin Grey to a mixture of boos and applause. Vance was immediately incensed. To him, Calvin Grey was the epitome of success, the top of the corporate food chain. The man who had built and lost fortunes and empires. He was a very, very influential member of society, the kind of person who can make you or break you with just a phone call. Grey was the kind of man you wanted on your side at all times. You simply did not want to be on his shit list.

He had a yacht worth half a billion dollars. If that doesn't grab your attention, what will?

The studio audience had been released for lunch. The show wasn't supposed to begin for another half hour, but Richard couldn't wait. Calvin Grey was simply too big to fit into this tiny studio. He had his cameraman recording and figured they would simply choose the best parts of the conversation. It was just extra material to use for the final production.

"Calvin Grey, a man who needs no introduction. Thank you so much for being with us here today."

"Thank you for having me. Richard."

"I've got a million questions and a short amount of time to get them answered. I'm just going to fire them off in random order if that's okay?" he said.

"Whatever you would like."

"Let's start with your purchase of the Canadian Football League. I understand you have big plans for it?"

"Absolutely. I have always felt that the worst possible scenario is to have a monopoly on anything. The finished product suffers, the customers suffer, and competition is nature's way of bringing out the best in all of us. I don't ever intend to replace the NFL, but I do intend to give them some very serious competition. We have plans to move franchises into a dozen American Cities."

"Now, there are some that claim you are short-changing the fans by offering them teams with minor league talent."

"A Superbowl between the CFL and NFL would be a dream come true for me. See, the problem that the NFL fails to address is that at some point in the not-to-distant future, most of the teams in the NFL will simply be unprofitable to own. It takes people with very big bank accounts to run professional sports teams and they don't always make a profit doing so. If the salaries for the players continue to go up exponentially, the teams will end up losing money, even if they make it to the Superbowl. True, we can't pay what the NFL does, but that doesn't mean we can't put on a great show for the fans."

"I can't wait to see what you're going to do here, Calvin, it should prove interesting....."

Richard was cut off by Martin who had walked onto the stage. Grey's security team just assumed he was one of his staff.

"Can I help you?" he asked, sounding very annoyed.

"Richard.....I believe you have an appointment at a happy-ending massage parlor, don't you?"

"Who the hell is this kid?" he screamed

Martin pulled out a 9mm and aimed it right at Richard's head. Grey's security staff bolted for the stage, but Martin was too quick. He had the gun pressed to Calvin's head before they could pull out their weapons.

You could have heard a pin drop on the sound stage.

"Everyone.....let's just be cool here. Son.....do you have any idea, what the hell it is you're doing?" asked Richard.

"I know exactly what I'm doing. Tell your goons to drop their guns."

"Come on son, you don't want to do this," said Richard.

"If they don't have their guns on the floor by the count of three, you're going to get a bullet in your head. All your billions won't be able to save you."

Grey nodded and the men slowly took out their guns and placed them on the carpet.

"Kick them over here," said Martin.

The men did as Martin ordered.

"What's your name?" asked Calvin.

"Martin."

"Well, Martin, you have our attention. What is it you want?"

"I want to expose you and the rest of you."

"I don't follow."

"Sure you do. You know exactly what I mean. I'm going to show the world what I already know. You and the rest of the ruling class are different than we are." said Martin trying not to shake as he held the gun to Calvin's head.

"How exactly do you intend to do that?" asked Richard

"By showing everyone that you don't have the same color blood that the rest of us do. I'm going to show the world that his blood is a different color."

"With a giant bullet hole in him?" asked Richard.

"No, I thought a simple pin prick would suffice. Once I see that the show is aired to the world and they know the truth, I'm going to blow my brains out."

"Jesus, kid. Are you out of your goddamn mind? Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? I mean that has got to be the dumbest thing I have ever heard in my sixty-two years on this planet. You're nuts, you're crazy."

"Well, Richard, as a very wise man once said: *you can't be crazy if you're right.*"

"In a very few short minutes, there's going to be a whole shitload of cops here, kid. You squeeze that trigger and your life is over. Do you think your mom and dad are going to have it easy? Your name is going to be mud for the next hundred years!" barked Richard.

"Richard, he's too mentally ill to understand what he's doing," said Calvin.

"The hell I am. I know exactly what I'm doing. I'm doing this for the rest of the planet. You and your kind are a parasite on this planet. You've been causing wars and destruction since Adam and Eve got kicked out of the garden. Today is the day we fight back. This will be the shot heard round the world."

Richard looked at Martin as if he were going to lunge at him and just take his chances. He walked over to his security detail.

"Well, what do you want to do?" asked Richard.

"For the moment, nothing. If the kid wanted to kill him, he could have easily done it by now. We just have to sit here and wait. We can't risk that gun going off when it's so close to Calvin.

"We have to stop this kid and stop him quick. He's a lunatic, there's no telling what he's capable of," said Richard.

"We don't have many good options right now. We just have to play this thing out until the SWAT team gets here and a sniper can take him out. That's Calvin's best chance for survival."

"What the hell happens when the kid sees Calvin's blood is red? What happens when his whole fantasy world comes crashing down?"

"Hopefully the kid will be dead by then." said his bodyguard.

Emergency Services was on the scene in under an hour, as were hundreds of other officers. The station manager was talking to police and the SWAT commander who came to the immediate conclusion that Martin had to be taken out, the problem was how he was going to do it on a sound stage. There were no windows or holes to poke a scope through. If they had anyone in the studio, Martin would quickly see them. Even the catwalks above the studio were ruled out. Martin was either very lucky or very smart. Either way, the police had few good options, other than simply trying to get him to surrender if that was possible.

Richard was fuming. This little punk had inserted himself into Richard's equation. He figured his entire career was going to hang on what happened in this studio over the next few hours. If Grey died, he was done. If Grey walked out of here on his own, Richard would be a hero. He had to wrestle that gun away from the kid. Just give everyone a chance to take him down. There were dozens of officers outside the studio, waiting to rush in here. He hated the fact that the kid held all the cards and he was powerless.

Cause powerful people hate feeling powerless.

Richard figured it couldn't possibly hurt to get the kid talking. Once he saw how ridiculous this all was, he would have backed himself into a corner. At that point, shooting Grey or anyone else would be pointless.

"Don't bother trying to call my parents. I don't have any," said Martin.

"Martin. If I show you my blood is dark red, just like yours, what happens then? Will you surrender?"

"I guess I would have to," said Martin.

"Martin, you are aware that I am a hemophiliac. Even a small cut or bruise can kill me," said Calvin.

"If you were human, then yes, it might. You and I both know you're lying."

"I'm not lying Martin, I almost died two years ago when I was skiing in France. If I hadn't gotten a blood transfusion so quickly, I would have died from a cut that wouldn't have been very serious to anyone else."

"Yeah, the story is bullshit."

"No, it isn't. I was there, I can assure you it happened."

"Calvin, see you're one of those cool billionaires. The kind that makes the rest of us think that maybe, somewhere, deep down inside, there might just be some kind of human emotion or feeling swimming in your veins. There isn't of course, but it's nice to pretend."

"I'm no different than you or anyone else," said Calvin.

"Other than the fact that you are currently the richest person in the world. How does it feel to know that out of the many billions of us, you are the king of the hill."

"I'm not the king of anything. Being the richest person in the world means I have the biggest bull's eye on my back, that's all."

"Why are you here?" asked Martin

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, why are your kind on this planet?"

"Martin, my kind is no different than you or anyone else."

"Right....so why not take my little test?"

"Cause we don't negotiate with terrorists, that's why," said Richard

"Richard, you know vampires need humans. They can't kill all of us. I think they're called Dhampirs. Every Dhampir wants to be a vampire, but the vampires won't let them join. That's what you are, a wanna-be vampire. Only it's not vampires, it's billionaires."

"If you say so, Martin," said Richard sitting down next to Calvin.

"I learned your little secret from Jim Leddy? Remember him? He was your accountant for many years until you had him killed. He was going to expose you and the rest of you."

"Martin, I have no idea who that is," said Calvin

"Yes you do, he worked for you."

"I have thousands of people that work for me."

"He lived on your private yacht. He told me what he saw. I thought he was crazy at first too until he showed me the video. Videos don't lie. I wonder what old Richard here would think of you if he knew what you did to those poor girls on your yacht."

"I didn't do anything to any girl on my yacht. I haven't even been on my yacht in over a year. Besides, if this video existed, why not show it to everyone?"

"It was on his phone, which you took from him before you killed him."

"I didn't take his phone and I didn't kill him. I don't even know who Jim Leddy is," said Calvin.

Martin reached into his pocket and took out the little diabetic testing kit. He laid it out on the table.

"We can end this right now. Show the world how crazy I am. It will be a great story to tell all your buddies at the country club or the next secret billionaire meeting you go to."

"I stick myself with the little pin and you see my blood is red just like yours, then you give the gun to Richard here? I have your word on that?"

"Absolutely. If I am wrong, I'm prepared to take the punishment."

"Martin.....let me just say something here: You haven't actually killed anyone yet. There is still hope for you. You don't have to die in prison. You don't have to be passed around in the shower room. You might even avoid going to prison. All of which are dependent on you. It's all up to you right now. You hand that gun over and you still have options. I'm sure you can definitely plead insanity, I don't think anyone is going to question it."

"Richard, my life was over the day I took this mission. I know there's no coming back from this one. If we don't stop them, they're going to kill all of us. That's the plan, to kill off as many humans as possible. Make us too weak to stop the invasion. I don't know where they come from. It's not another planet, it's more like another reality altogether. If I fail, you and everyone you know will be dead within ten years."

"You really believe that Martin? I mean you have to see how completely illogical it all is?"

"How so?"

"Every year, I give away ninety-nine percent of my money to charity. Some years, I don't make a dime.

I gave away twenty million dollars to Kenya last year to improve their drinking water supply. Last month, I gave a charity in Peru close to ten million dollars so that they can fly in doctors to help impoverished rural villages. I wrote a check for over a million dollars to a food bank to keep their doors open. Martin, if it weren't for billionaires, the whole world would come crashing down in a nanosecond. I personally phoned our president last year and had to beg him not to

attack Iran. Thank the good Lord I got through to him. I can't speak for all billionaires, but I can assure you that whatever you think about me, is completely, totally false." said Calvin.

"What kind of a life do you think you are going to have if you kill him? Do you think you're going to be a hero? You're only going to be a hero to other lunatics and whackos. No thinking, rational person is going to think you're anything other than a murderer and that's what you'll be if you kill him."

"I don't want to kill him, Richard. I just want the world to see what he really is. You're all so sure of yourself. A bunch of losers with money, that's all the patriarchy is. A bunch of losers with money. Your generation equates money with success."

"Anyone with a functioning brain equates money with success, Martin," said Richard.

"Money has nothing to do with success. Success is measured in obstacles overcome. There are lots of successful people who have no money. Someone your age with money, just says that you've been a good little slave your whole life, that's all."

"What was it, Martin? What did you see that pushed you over the edge and made you do this? There has to be something you saw that compelled you to do this?"

"You're right Calvin. There was something. It was the Covid lie and the vaccines. You pumped billions into making these toxic vaccines. You killed hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions, and destroyed the lives of millions of others by pushing these dangerous shots."

"So that's what this is all about?" asked Richard.

"Martin, I can tell you that mistakes were made in the mRNA vaccine manufacturing. We were trying to get them out as quickly as possible. We were trying to prevent more deaths. Yes, mistakes were made. I said repeatedly that no one should be forced to take a vaccine. It should be voluntary. They have been tested and tested thoroughly. For the vast majority of the population, they are completely safe and effective. I took three shots myself."

"You know when I knew the whole Covid epidemic was a lie? You want to know the exact moment?"

"Enlighten us, Martin," said Richard.

"It was during that press conference you went to. It was you and the President and the Vice president and the Speaker of the House and the leader of the Senate. All in the same tiny conference room together, not wearing your masks. See, if Covid were real, none of these people would have been anywhere near one another. They would all have been in strict quarantine and kept apart from everyone. You should never have the President and Vice President in the same unsecured room together."

"We were trying to make a statement to the country and control the panic. The stock market was in free fall, the economy was collapsing and everything was shutting down. We were trying to keep the country together." said Calvin.

"I'm not buying it, Calvin. See, unlike most Americans, I actually use my brain....."

"That's very debatable," said Richard.

"As I was saying, I spent months looking over the evidence and war gaming the Covid epidemic. None of it adds up. It didn't add up in the beginning, in the middle of it, or at the end of it. It's all lies. The whole goddamn thing was done to try and trick us into taking the vaccines. We ended up killing ourselves. What the hell is in those vaccines, Calvin?"

"I don't know, I wasn't in the lab, watching the scientists make them, I was trying to get ventilators and medical supplies to hospitals."

"Martin, why don't you put the gun away and we'll restart the show? You can tell the whole world how you feel. I'm sure there are quite a few people that feel the same way. We can end this nonsense once and for all."

"Sure, except the only thing we are going to do is force Calvin here to show us his blood."

"Will that put an end to all this? Fine, let's do this," said Calvin as he rolled up his sleeve.

"I have your assurance that when you are proven wrong, you will surrender? No bullshit? You just hand the gun over and we put an end to this thing?" asked Richard

"Absolutely," said Martin.

"Why do I not believe you?"

"Only one way to find out," said Martin.

He carefully took the needle out to draw blood. He paused before he gave it to Calvin.

"It doesn't matter what your blood looks like. We both know you're not like us. You are a monster, Mr. Grey. You might be a cool monster, but you're a monster nonetheless. You and your kind have done horrible things to the people of this planet for millennia. If the public knew what I knew, the only place you'd be safe would be the moon." said Martin.

"You know so much about me. I'm sure in a very short amount of time, I will know everything there is to know about you as well," said Calvin.

"Sometimes.....sometimes I feel like whistleblowers and people who take a stand against evil in this world, we're the minority. I don't know where this country went wrong, but somewhere along the line, we lost our way. We accepted evil, instead of destroying it."

"Martin, take it from somebody who has been around the block a few times.....*this country was never on the right track,*" said Richard.

"Maybe, but we wouldn't have tolerated the massive evil that exists all over the planet, either. It's all held together by people like Calvin Grey here, and I use the term *people very loosely.*"

"Martin, can we please get this over with? The cops outside are getting restless."

"Lately.....I don't know. I just don't feel like I belong in this world like somehow my being here on Earth is one giant mistake. I don't have any connections with anyone or anything.....
sometimes I feel like an alien on planet Earth. People like me, people who value honesty and integrity and try to make the world a better place, we're definitely the minority and it sucks." said Martin quietly.

"Martin, I want you to know that what you've done here is terrible, but I don't hate you for it. You're a very disturbed and confused young man. Someday, I hope you can look back on all this and realize what you've done." said Calvin.

Martin stuck the pin in Calvin's fingertip. He immediately put it down on the white paper. There was no mistaking it. It was plain for all to see. Calvin Grey's blood was red.

"There, are you satisfied now?" asked Richard.

"I guess I made a mistake. I owe you an apology, Mr. Grey."

"Can we have the gun now, Martin?"

Martin looked at Calvin and Richard and then looked up at the ceiling. Martin was crying now. He had never felt so alone and so defeated in his life.

"Martin, come on, give us the gun and this will all be over," said Calvin.

Martin looked right at Calvin, then aimed the gun at his head. The gunshot from the rifle sent Martin flying backward. Richard was frozen in shock. Calvin reached down and picked up the gun. He dropped the clip and pulled the slide back.

"The gun was empty.....the stupid kid held me up with an empty gun," he said in disbelief.

The officers and SWAT units climbed down from the catwalks.

"You guys did a great job of distracting him while we set up." said the SWAT commander.

"My security staff and I run these drills quite frequently. It's still scary as hell when the real thing happens," said Calvin.

"Uh.....guys? What the hell is this?" said one of the paramedics.

"What?" asked Richard.

They all froze in their tracks as they stood over the dead body of Martin. Bluish colored blood had sprayed everywhere. Martin's blood was not red.

"What the hell? What is this shit?" asked Richard.

"It's his blood, Richard. Martin was a blue blood. I guess the stories about them were true after all." said Calvin.

"How the hell does he have blue blood? How is that even possible?"

"Cause he wasn't one of us.....that's how," said Calvin quietly as he closed the eyes of Martin's corpse.