

CRIME & CULPABILITY

Persons Represented

PAVOR, Naïve Pawn in a Cataclysmic Set of Events.

EXYPNOS, Writer of the Failed Stories.

AA, Dark Spirit of the Past, Present and Future.

MIRNY (mentioned), Believer of Everything.

UNNAMED CADAVER (mentioned), Former Scientist.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A park near Welland, Ontario. Light rain, puddles everywhere.

[Enter Exypnos.]

EXYPNOS.

Deci-desserath was a terrible idea. I never should have went to that *party*. I never have time anymore, why waste it on that?

[Enter Pavor, almost exhausted.]

PAVOR.

Well, well, well. Look who came after all.

[Exypnos turns around.]

EXYPNOS.

We have not seen each other for nine years, and you decide to come back now?

PAVOR.

Oh, yes, and how I have been waiting.

EXYPNOS.

Really? As I remember it, 'twas the vingen-third of Andecember, I was vingen-an, you were deci-dessera, and we swore to *never meet again!*

PAVOR.

Ha, you're silly. *I* remember you were sad when Matt Smith took over.

EXYPNOS.

That was MMX, the past is the past. Now, why are you here now?

[Pavor runs towards Exypnos, and almost strangles him.]

EXYPNOS.

What are you doing?!

PAVOR.

You'll be happy it's over!

EXYPNOS.

You're making me giddy! No, no, no, n--

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Time stops, only for a brief moment.

[Enter Pavor.]

PAVOR.

[Aside.] Do you understand me?

Nobody does.

I hide out here, for no other reason than to take others away,

While my own body is fading away,

Only to be a shadow of its former self.

No one can know.

No one can tell.

I trusted--

[Pavor's hand slaps over his mouth.]

You know, I trusted *them*.

I thought they could help me.

We're literal partners in crime now, but I can't break the deal.

It's too late to decline now; I must keep going.

But why?

Why must I keep going?

If I object to something, there shouldn't be anything in the way of such an idea.

Except, I worry.

I worry, like him, that nothing's ever good enough.

That hippie does have a point;

I shouldn't stress over everything.

Then why do I keep doing it?

It's simple. Them. That frightening spirit.

I could've let my issues go, but they keep bringing them back.

They are the Superficial Tension, Resting Endlessly, Skyrocketing Standards.

Maybe, just this once, I can come back. Yes, I shall, come back.

[Exit Pavor.]

SCENE III. A park near Welland, Ontario. The rain has stopped.

[Enter Pavor and Exypnos, both scared.]

EXYPNOS.

O-oh...

PAVOR.

I'm sorry. For everything.

EXYPNOS.

Honestly?

PAVOR.

Yes. I promise to leave this killy-murdery-stabby-shooty thing behind.

[Both let out a small chuckle.]

EXYPNOS.

Okay, apology accepted.

PAVOR.

All that's well ends well, I suppose.

EXYPNOS.

Well, there was a distress signal from the junior scientist, so I need to check up on that. I think something happened at his house.

PAVOR.

The day before his birthday? Alright, see you around.

[Exit Exypnos.]

I suppose, I'll show myself to the authorities, and we can leave all of this behind us. After all, isn't that what a good friend w—

[Pavor yells and falls to the ground.]

[Exeunt.]