

Voice Drama — Wolfsbane and Rosary Pea

[December is sitting at a table. He's not moving, just staring at nothing.]

[Es enters.]

Es: "Sorry for making you wait so long."

[No response. December is staring at Es.]

Es: "Are you just.. not going to speak to me."

[December shakes his head.]

Es: "Wow, that's annoying. What's wrong with you?"

December: "..."

[Neither of them speak for a moment.]

December: [He speaks quietly.] "i don't want to speak to you."

Es: "That's.. You're rude."

December: "..."

December: "i don't like you."

Es: "I don't care. I'm supposed to be interrogating you, so you need to speak."

December: "no i don't."

Es: "Are you really that stupid? Last time we spoke, you argued with me that I was interrogating you wrong, and now you're just refusing to cooperate with me."

December: "i don't want to speak to you. you're cruel."

Es: "Cruel? We've barely interacted! How am I cruel?"

December: "because you hurt me."

Es: "By choosing to not forgive you? Well, it was my judgment, so I don't care if it hurt—"

December: [He raises his voice.] "That's cruel then!!"

Es: "Don't cut me off—"

December: "I hate it here!! It's too painful to be here and your verdicts made it worse!! It hurts!!"

Es: "Well, that was my judgment. You're just suffering the consequences of your actions."

December: "You don't know anything about what happened, do you?! Not about the murder, nor about what your verdict did!!"

Es: "Quit yelling at me. You shouldn't have killed someone if you weren't prepared to experience consequences for it—"

December: [He cuts Es off again, and is speaking a lot louder.] "I SAID YOU DON'T KNOW!! I DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE!! IF I DIDN'T KILL HIM, I WOULD'VE DIED INSTEAD!"

Es: "What? Was it self defense or something? If it was because they were trying to kill you, then you definitely wouldn't be here."

December: "HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME ANYWAYS..! NOT- NOT DIRECTLY, BUT- YOU JUST DON'T KNOW! I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE BECAUSE OF HIM!"

Es: "Seriously, stop screaming. You're hurting my ears."

December: "i- i just..! it's not fair! you- you don't listen- you don't listen at all! i hate you! i hate you so much!"

[He starts crying.]

Es: "You're.. very emotional."

December: "i know.."

Es: "Why?"

December: "i don't know.."

Es: "It's getting annoying. Stop crying in here so we can actually talk—"

December: "STOP BEING RUDE!! PLEASE!! I- I DON'T LIKE IT..!"

Es: "The yelling is actually getting on my nerves—"

December: "STOP IT!! PLEASE!!"

Es: "I'm not even doing anything anymore."

December: "..."

Es: "..."

Es: "Can we please continue with the interrogation now."

December: "no."

Es: "What even did the verdict do to make you so unstable..?"

December: "do you not know..? it's something you decided, how do you not know the consequences of it.."

Es: "No one told me. Obviously."

December: "it was- it was those voices..! the ones that would yell at me constantly if i was alone, even if i covered my ears or did anything to make it stop! i couldn't sleep because they would constantly say mean things, telling me everything was my fault and that i deserved everything people did to me!"

Es: "Ah.."

December: "is that really what people think, then?! does everyone think what happened to me was my fault because of what i did?!"

December: [He starts to raise his voice again.] "Then- then I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry..!! Please, just forgive me, make all of this stop! PLEASE!!"

Es: "Calm down-"

December: "Just tell me what you want me to do to be forgiven and I will! Do I have to get on my knees and beg until you've decided I'm good enough? Do I have to- should I kill myself? If I kill myself, will you forgive me and make all of this stop? Please just forgive me..!"

Es: [Very quietly.] "Oh. Wow. Someone needs to tell that therapist prisoner about you."

Es: "You do not need to beg, and do not kill yourself. I will.. reevaluate how I feel about your murder.. After this interrogation."

[December goes quiet again.]

Es: "When you said your victim was going to kill you, but not directly, what exactly did you mean by that?"

December: "i- i was.. stuck, being around him.. and- and he was very harmful.. i didn't know how to get away.."

Es: "And you really believed murder was the only way out?"

December: "it wasn't like i planned it out or something! i was- i was really scared, and i didn't know what else to do, so i panicked.."

Es: "I see.."

[The sound of a bell ringing can be heard, along with the sound of machinery whirring in the walls.]

Es: "Damn it- I never get enough time to ask all the questions for this..!"

December: "o- oh.."

Es: "Just stay still. And don't start screaming. Please, my head hurts so much."

December: ".. sorry.."

Es: "Prisoner 003, sing your sins."

Music Video Description — Scrumize by Maretu

(trigger warnings: sexual assault, implied nsfw, self harm, abuse, implied stalking)

*[1]
(instrumental)*

*[2]
HOW DID I LET THIS SHXT HAPPEN?*

*[3]
(instrumental)*

*[4]
I have so many things I want to say, but
I shut them in my heart.
I'm drowning in something that had flooded out,
from inside this empty shell.*

*[5]
I guess it'll just never come true, will it?
Nothing but suppressed hellos
Just fuel, fuel my self-hatred!*

*[6]
I'm just a loser, right?*

*Therefore, you should just kick me away..
"Just be grateful for the pleasant things, alright?"*

*[7]
Something dangerous is
peeking out of those shoes.
I have absolutely no clue what it is, but—*

It's always staring right at me.

*[8]
I know I've borrowed useless words,
Thank you very much.
Go on, just break, break my half-baked heart!
Wanting to dig up and expose the stuff inside of somebody.
"Engrave this heart-breaking reality into yourself!"*

*[9]
It's all resolved on the spot, the sweet isolation,
(It's rotting, diminishing.)*

*[10]
I can't laugh at it!
Cut up and rearrange all sense of reason,
My heavy hopes and dreams, stuffed in a knapsack.
Stop it, stop it, stop it,
Don't look at me when I'm like this!!*

*[11]
A cut and pasted interrelationship,
Affability, beaten and broken,*

*[12]
At least, at least, at least,
Let me apologize, please, for sharing my terrible dreams with everyone!*

*[13]
(instrumental)*

*[14]
I have so many things I want to ask, but*

I lock them up in my heart.

*They've just begun drilling a hole inside it.
Something's wrong with me.*

[15]

(instrumental)

[16]

*Cut it and throw it out, as it's just covered in mud anyway, right?
My unfinished aspirations.*

[17]

*My heart gives its thanks for this punishment known as love,
Yes, this is definitely such a fun place to be.*

[18]

*You forced the invitation on me
As if you're some hero of justice, just stop it already.*

[19]

*You're just some know-it-all with an empty dream,
Seems it'd be a waste to lend you an ear, huh?*

[20]

HOW DID I LET THIS SHXT HAPPEN?

[21]

*Shooting down the enemy, everyone's shouting out
("An amazing performance!")*

[22]

It's irrelevant,

[23]

It's all merely irrelevant!

[24]

*Both your boiled sense of justice
And the lukewarm, lukewarm charity work.*

[25]

*Because of that, with all of this and that,
Things are going to turn out like this?*

[25]

*In the blink of an eye, an injury to the head,
The pleasant, pleasant recoil shock will come.*

[26]

*Stop it, stop it, stop it!
I'd rather die than do that!*

[27]

(instrumental...)

—

[1]

A phone is displaying 15 pictures. In order, they're:

A picture of a needle.

A picture of a box of stitches.

A picture of a doorknob.

A picture of a bathtub.

A picture of the same doorknob, but broken.

A picture of December's bedroom.

A picture of the apartment December lives in, but taken from a bush outside.

A picture of a razor blade.

A picture of a box of bandages.

A picture of a textbook.

A picture of Lily's bedroom.

A picture of a broken window.

A picture of a metal cup.

The last (15th) photo is displayed. Lily looks happy and in a good mood, but December is nervous and has a forced smile. Lily has his arm around December, like he's trying to hug them.

[2]

Blood splatters onto the phone, covering Lily's face in the photo. Blood only covers where December's arms are.

[3]

December is sitting in his bed, alone. The covers are a mess, a pillow has fallen on the floor, and he is hugging another pillow very tightly. He seems like he's about to cry. Someone tries to enter his bedroom, and he flinches.

[4]

December is walking to Lily's home with Lily. Lily is talking a lot, and December is silent. He's more nervous than in the photo, with a forced neutral expression than a forced happy one. Once they reach Lily's house, he kisses December on the cheek and walks away from him. After he leaves, December's expression goes to a more unhappy one, but also somewhat relieved.

[5]

December is at his home, by himself. He's feeling very unhappy, and is trying to distract himself; he tries pacing around his room, going on his phone, and laying in bed, becoming more distressed and unhappy as he tries each possible way of feeling better. Nothing works, so he goes to a drawer and pulls out something small and metallic, leaving the room.

[6]

December is sitting in his bed again, but he's no longer by himself. Lily is in the bed with him, wrapping a towel around one of his arms. When he's finished, December lays down flat on the bed, very tired. However, Lily climbs on top of December, and whisper's something in his ear (check lyrics), and moves closer to December. The rest of what he does isn't visible.

[7]

December is outside, by himself. He's walking, and seems tired, but not too excessively. He's alright, until he becomes startled from hearing a noise. He thinks he saw movement, but is unsure, and is now afraid.

[8]

December is at home, in the kitchen, trying to find something to eat. While he's looking through a cabinet, Lily goes up and hugs him from behind, which makes December uncomfortable. He tries to say something and pull away, but Lily smirks, hugs him tighter for a moment, and walks away, leaving the kitchen. December feels a little sick due to his discomfort, so he no longer wants to eat, but he stays in the kitchen to avoid Lily.

[9]

December is sitting on the floor in his room, beside his bed. (in order to prevent anyone from being able to see him from outside the room) On the floor is a box of bandages, a paper towel with blood on it, a surgical needle, and a box of sutures. (specifically poliglecaprone monofilament but that's unimportant) He rolls one of his sleeves up, but what his arm looks like can't be properly seen.

[10]

December is holding a few printed out photos, that appear to have previously been ripped apart, but improperly stitched together. December knows that they've been stitched together wrong, so he tries to take those stitches out and redo them himself, but every time he tries, the photos become more damaged. He becomes distressed, and is breathing heavily, and he ends up stabbing his own arm with the needle instead. He becomes scared and starts to cry.

[11]

Two photos are shown, both of December and Lily; the first is just them outside, but December seems more scared and is seen trying to get out of the photo, and the second one is very damaged and more blurry. It's not easy to see what's occurring in the photo, but what it seems to look like is December laying on the ground in a room with carpet, crying with many bruises showing on the visible parts of his skin. (Unlike usual, in the photo, he's wearing a shirt with very short sleeves, revealing all the bruises on his upper arms and scars on his lower arms.)

December doesn't like that these photos are visible, and tries to cover them up.

[12]

December is soaking wet, at Lily's home instead, crying. Lily is hugging him, and subtly smiling and looking down on him.

[13]

December is in his bed, trying to hide in the blankets.

[14]

December and Lily are sitting in bed together. Lily is talking, and December is silent and nervous. December tries to slowly get away and out of the bed, but Lily grabs him and forcefully pulls him back. December becomes very, very afraid, but isn't able to move.

After, December is walking to his home with Lily. Lily is talking a lot, but doesn't seem happy. December is more afraid than usual, and is silent. Lily stops walking for a moment, and decides to grab December's arm and pull him to where he's directly facing him. December looks afraid, but also like he's realized something.

[15]

Various photos of December and Lily are on a table. Each are at varying degrees of being damaged, some are properly stitched together, while others are improperly stitched together or not stitched together at all.

[16]

The first two photos show. One is of December in class, trying to pay attention but with Lily bothering him. This one has a lot of damage, but is stitched together successfully. The second is of December asleep in bed, with Lily sitting behind him. This one is torn in half.

[17]

Another photo shows of Lily hugging December. It's somewhat older than the other photos, and December seems actually a little happy in it. It is torn apart, though, and no efforts have been made to repair it.

[18]

A fourth and fifth photo are shown. One is of Lily standing at December's door, knocking loudly, and the other is of December hiding inside a kitchen cabinet, very afraid. Lily's photo is crumpled up, while December's is torn in half.

[19]

Instead, the needle is shown. It's damaged and has blood on it, and the stitches are next to it, which have knots and damage in them.

[20]

December is staring down at all of the previously displayed photos and items, his expression saddened.

[21]

December tries to at least pick up and move some of the photos, but due to their damage, they fall apart.

[22]

December picks up the needle and stitches again and a less-damaged photo of Lily alone, staring at them.

[23]

December instead stabs the photo of Lily with the needle.

[24]

December takes multiple photos and tries to stab through all of them with the needle, but due to the needle still having the sutures/material for stitching in it, it instead makes the photos tied and bound together.

[25]

December's arms are shown; they also have stitches in them, except they aren't holding together wounds, but are used to tie his arms together in a way he can't

remove. The wounds from having stitches inserted into places where there weren't originally wounds are bleeding, getting blood on his arms. December tries to pull his arms apart, but instead, he makes them bleed more by accident. He becomes distressed and begins to panic, struggling more, resulting in more pain.

[26]

December is walking into his bedroom, feeling very nervous. He's walking fast and tries to quickly shut the door. However, he doesn't realize there's something that fell onto the ground that is preventing it from shutting properly, resulting in him struggling to try to shut it. However, Lily approaches the door, and December becomes more afraid and backs away from it. Lily enters the room, goes up to December, and grabs his hands; December is very horrified.

[27]

December is in the same bedroom, except it is very dark, standing in front of the bed and over Lily (who is on the ground), holding a metal cup covered in blood. His clothing is somewhat damaged, like someone tried to remove it with force. He looks extremely afraid, and is shaking a lot. Lily is not moving.