

SBR 3.13: Together

Content Warnings

- Static
- Stereo Audio (which sounds different in each ear/headphone)
- Loud Crashes/shattering glass/crockery
- Panic/distress
- Magical gaslighting
- Mentions of blood/nosebleeds
- References to childhood neglect
- References to death
- Mentions of childhood trauma (emotional and physical)
- Mentions of violence against a child
- Thunder

Transcript

SAM: (*whispering*) I remember. I remember. Oh gods, oh gods, I remember. I remember. I remember.

[A HEAVILY REVERBED AND STRIPPED BACK VERSION OF THE INTRO MUSIC GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER AS SAM KEEPS WHISPERING 'I REMEMBER', THE WORDS GETTING QUIETER AND QUIETER UNTIL!]

[IT STOPS]

[MUSIC, WHISPERING, EVERYTHING]

SAM: (*raggedly*) I remember.

[SPIRIT BOX SKIPPING SOUNDS]

ANNA: *Woah, woah.*

[THUNDER CLAPS OVERHEAD]

BETH: *We're there. H-- how are we-- do you guys, um.*

INDI: *Shit. I know who I am.*

ARLO: *Me too.*

ANNA: *Oh, Arlo.*

ARLO: *Oh, gods. Oh no.*

KITTY: *Osiris on a stick.*

[INDI SPLUTTERS A LAUGH]

INDI: *Sorry, what did you just say?*

KITTY: *I'm processing an entire lifetime of thoughts getting air-dropped into my brain at once, forgive me if my quips are off colour.*

INDI: *Off colour? Babe, that wasn't even on the colour wheel.*

BETH: *There's a house, over there.*

ANNA: *Yes. Yes there is.*

[KNOCKING, BUT THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN IMMEDIATELY]

ARLO: *Hello?*

[MORE FOOTSTEPS]

KITTY: *Oh my god, is that-- is that Oliver.*

INDI: *No, it-- it can't be. Oliver Boleyn?*

ANNA: *Oliver? Hello? Can you hear me?*

OLIVER: [DISTANT, EXHAUSTED] *What new torture is this?*

ANNA: *Torture?*

INDI: *Unrelenting, what the hell are you talking about?*

OLIVER: *Hell indeed. Ah, Indifference, it's been a while, hasn't it? Well. You showing up is a little more on the nose than I'd have liked. It's all been so innovative until now.*

INDI: *Come on, you mopey bastard, get up.*

[OLIVER GASPS]

INDI: *You hurt or something? I didn't think you could get hurt here?*

OLIVER: *You touched me.*

INDI: *I grabbed your arm to haul you off the floor, don't make it weird.*

OLIVER: *I felt your palm on my skin.*

INDI: *What is wrong with you?*

OLIVER: *All of you are... real?*

INDI: *I sure hope so.*

ARLO: *Maybe he can't see.*

KITTY: *He's a Major Arcana, like me and Indi. He should be able to feel it's off like we did.*

OLIVER: *Off.*

ANNA: *Maybe Arlo's right. Oliver, it's alright, just take a couple of deep breaths.*

OLIVER: *You're real, I can feel your hands on my shoulders.*

ANNA: *What?*

INDI: *Yeah he's all weird.*

OLIVER: *But why. Why are you here?*

KITTY: *We were looking for Sam.*

INDI: *Yeah. We figured, big wall of roses? Dead giveaway.*

OLIVER: *Sam?*

INDI: *Yeah, you know, this big, silver hair, god complex, totally in love with you?*

OLIVER: *Well, he definitely won't be here.*

ANNA: *Why not?*

ARLO: *Oliver. Where do you think here is?*

OLIVER: *It's obvious, isn't it? It's hell.*

INDI: *Oh, gods, his brain's been scrambled.*

ANNA: *Oliver, sweetie, this isn't hell.*

OLIVER: *It has to be. It's the only thing that makes sense.*

ARLO: *What makes you think it's hell?*

OLIVER: *You must have seen it, on your way here. That thing. It haunts me.*

INDI: *Oh, your faceless friend? Yeah, pretty horrifying, to be fair.*

OLIVER: *So you understand. It must be hell.*

KITTY: Our running theory is that it's some kind of arcane construct. We don't know what it's for or how it works, but we're pretty sure it's got something to do with Sam.

OLIVER: I-- Sam?

ANNA: That person we saw, without a face. Who are they to you?

OLIVER: Someone from a long time ago.

ARLO: Someone you loved?

OLIVER: Yes.

KITTY: How did you know that?

ARLO: Well, think about it. You and Indi were put together, and me and Anna, too. It makes sense that whoever that is would be someone Oliver loves.

INDI: But if it is Sam that's doing this, why wouldn't he just shack up with Oliver himself.

KITTY: Oliver, I know that face. What happened?

OLIVER: I-- we. Something happened.

ARLO: What?

OLIVER: I broke up with Sam.

[KITTY & INDI SPEAK SIMULTANEOUSLY]

- INDI: What the fuck.

- KITTY: You did what?!

ANNA: Oh, Oliver.

KITTY: You knew about this!?

ANNA: Not for certain, but--

OLIVER: We had to do something, we had to try to make it stop. It wasn't fair, what we were asking Sam to do.

KITTY: Which part of 'don't end the world' is an unfair request!?

ANNA: It's not just that for Sam though is it? It was more complicated from their perspective. There were lots of balls in play. Oliver and I. We spoke about it.

OLIVER: *We agreed we had to try whatever we could to make it so the decision didn't have to be Sam's anymore.*

INDI: *And breaking up with him helps how?*

OLIVER: *There was a prophecy about us, it implied that our being together was the catalyst.*

KITTY: *Oh gods, not the one about the 'doom of the world'?*

INDI: *Oliver, you numbskull, that was about falling for him, not anything else, it doesn't matter if you break up, it--*

ARLO: *It was always going to happen.*

OLIVER: *It's only fair that he would want to punish me, after that.*

ANNA: *Punish you?*

OLIVER: *That thing, that creature you came across. It was an echo. A memory. Jack died the night I was made a Major Arcana. His death is the reason why I am what I am. But, it's been so long, I barely remember, I--*

INDI: *Oh Bathsheba save me, it's your dead boyfriend isn't it?*

OLIVER: Yes.

ANNA: *His what?*

INDI: *None of you ever asked him how he got made Major Arcana did you?*

ARLO: *You didn't... kill him, did you?*

OLIVER: *No! Of course I didn't. He just. He---*

INDI: *Got hate-crimed to death on the floor of a bakery whilst lover boy here watched. Or he would have if they hadn't thrown acid into his eyes.*

OLIVER: *And now Sam's make this-- this thing. This monster to hound me, and--*

ANNA: *Oliver. Maybe this wasn't meant as a punishment.*

OLIVER: *What else could it be?*

ANNA: *Maybe he was trying to give you what he thought you wanted.*

[OLIVER LAUGHS BITTERLY]

OLIVER: *Why on earth would he think this was what I wanted?*

INDI: Oh, I don't know, genius, maybe because you broke up with him and he's entirely aware that the entire reason you signed away your soul was this other guy!

[SPIRIT BOX SOUNDS]

SAM: Faithful Listeners.

I'm going to tell you a story.

It's a story about people. It's about you, it's about me, it's about everyone. And it's also about nobody at all. Once upon a time there was a little boy, and in all the important ways he was a kid like any other. Except he wasn't.

He could make anyone do whatever he said.

They could see the world for what it was, the shimmering threads that link everything together.

He could even wake the dead.

They were me, of course. Just a little boy, but also so much more, and so much less.

This story begins before the child was born. Long, long before. It begins a creature made of fear of the unknown, made stronger by those who sought him out, but never found him. It walked here and there, the thing made of fear of the arcane, out of the arcane itself, and Two people who desperately wanted a baby of their own made a deal with a thing beyond the bounds of the known. They were so sure that the terms of this deal they struck could be defined in terms that humans could learn and even outsmart.

They knew one of his greatest tricks was to make children who never aged, who were born with arcane abilities so strong it was impossible not to adore them, but it was impossible for them to live a normal life. So they asked for a child with no arcane power at all. She was to be named Molly Mary Enfield, and she was born without a scrap of arcane power, and both her parents paid for her life with their own.

Molly grew up lonely, detached. Her grandmother was an apothecar; her life was surrounded by magic she could not access or perform, no matter how she practised, studied and cried. The magic never came. And then her grandmother passed away, leaving Molly alone with a shop she could not run because she had no magic. But it was okay, because Molly had a plan. She'd heard of someone, a broker of deals, a man who walked here and there, on the fringes of the known and unknown, a being that existed in the spaces between words, who fed of the fear perpetuated by the bodies of those he left behind.

She didn't care what the price was, even if it was her life, so she found a way to reach him. He made her a deal, knowing she would ask for one, having stationed one of his ruined, empty

footsoldiers to watch over her and dozens more to stalk her dreams and make it so she would grow up afraid, inadequate, and alone. So the young Molly Marie Enfield cast a circle and waited for the man to come.

But first, she met someone else. Someone sad and strange and distant. A man out of time, unstuck from the threads of his own life, walking through memories like they were a stroll in the park. He told her the deal was already done. They barely even tried to stop her, knew there was no point, knew, then, that the deal Molly Marie Enfield would make was not just *her* deal, but his, too. They gave her a picture of a white door set in darkness, standing ajar.

Molly woke the day after her deal and it was like the world was in colour and all her life until that day she'd only been seeing it in black and white.

And she always knew the power was borrowed, that she was only regent to it, that one day she'd have to pay the price, the price which was also the gift itself, but she was never sure what that meant. She'd met the Man in the Flat Cap's broken footsoldiers, seen how their personalities were flattened into the apotheosis of their worst trait. She wondered what hers would be, when he took her. The Arcana of Trying Too Hard. The Arcana of Self-disgust.

And then one day she heard a prophecy from a friend who would become a lover, a prophecy that said she'd bear a child who'd best the One Who Walks Here and There, and she took this as a duty, but two children in to her attempts to force fate's hand she realised the child would come the same way the One Who Walks Here and There arrived, too. When he is sought but not searched for. When she surrendered to fate's hand and let the unknown be itself, only then would the child be born.

She knew something was wrong the moment she realised she was pregnant. It was impossible, first of all. She'd not slept with anyone with the means to make her bear a child for such a long time. But she was pregnant. She felt strange, desperate, like the thing inside of her was draining something vital from her besides nutrients, like her own soul was leaking out of her placenta, into this child that took, and took, and took.

In her sleep she began to draw a white door in a void of darkness, firmly closed. The door was the same as the one in the picture given to her by the person whose deal she shared, but it was familiar for another reason too. It was the door to her home.

The child was born in blood – the price is always paid in blood – on her living room floor. More blood than should have been possible.

Having birthed two children before this one, she knew what it was like, and was surprised when the next day she was barely even sore, that her body seemed as though it had never been pregnant with this child at all. All of this she noticed, yes, but it barely registered because the world was black and white again. She tried to read tarot, found it did nothing for her.

When the child cried it could not be ignored. The babies bawls seared in your skull and you knew right away what it wanted and could not stop yourself from giving it. Tubs and tubs of

powdered baby milk. Three baths a day, all cut short. Soft blankets, warm arms. All given without pause or hesitation, and it was only afterwards that you would think, oh wait, why did I do that? Was it me who made that bottle, changed those sheets, ran that warm water? And it always was.

It got worse as the child grew and learned to speak, a skill he acquired far quicker than most children. They spoke first in Latin, but English followed quickly. With the words, the demands the child made took a different shape, the compulsion to act on those demands more forceful and immediate.

At two he called a soul back to a body it had abandoned. At three he spoke with ghosts more than living people. He drew on the walls, on paper, on anything within reach, symbols, worlds, runes, and a white door, the door to their home, the door that Marie herself had drawn, the door in the picture given to her before her deal was made, whose deal this matched, and then she knew.

That person she'd met was the child. And the child knew it too, somehow remembered this as though it were the past, as though they had seen it, known it, felt it.

The child spent hours alone. It was the only way his mother and sisters could escape the strange agony of his requests. He might have known what was to come but they were still a child, all the same, a child with a child's demands. It was a confusing way to live, like software too advanced for the hardware it was trying to run on. It glitched and bugged. Their nose and ears bled. They could not be consoled, because their demands were always accepted. Comfort was given but it always felt thin; the response to a command, never an act of love.

Sometimes he did things because he knew he would. They went with their mother to the bedside of a person who he knew was going to be a friend, many years in the future, and he made her a ghost for himself to find later. They knew, too, that one day their mother would tie them to a pentagram made of wood dragged in from the forest, and the house would almost kill him. They dragged the branches in themselves.

Was he afraid as he tied his pyjamas in a gag around his face? It's hard to say. This was what happened; in many ways, for him, it had happened already. There was no disarming destiny. So it would happen. But he shook as he walked down the stairs, knowing it would come. Knowing what he was, feeling all of it at once, there in his head, a whole lifetime of thoughts and feelings right there to sift through, but impossible to understand, like a stack of books in a language you can never learn, but you piece together the meaning from the illustrations.

As his mother tied him to the star this is what he thought of, of all the things that were to come, how he could know, now, in this transparent moment, that soon he would forget it all, and for a few brief years he could be freeing of knowing and seeing his own life like a set of pictures, or a deck of cards, knowing it could not be changed, knowing only that he was also alive and present, right now, in that moment, as a seven year old boy with his pyjamas in his mouth, in

socks with bunnies on them, who more than anything wanted to be held, but knew that he would not be.

I remember now.

I remember what I was.

I remember what I knew.

I remember what I saw.

I remember knowing this, this moment now, that it was coming. That it was always going to come. That one day I'd be here, telling you this.

Only.

Only I don't know anymore what's supposed to happen next.

In my memory of the future, this is the end.

But it isn't.

Not yet.

[RUSTLE OF LEAVES]

SAM: What was that?

OLIVER: Stay back!

SAM: [BROKENLY] Oliver. It's you. The real you.

OLIVER: Don't come any closer.

SAM: Is that a knife? Why are you--

OLIVER: I told you to--

SAM: What are you--

[WET THWACK]

SAM: Oliver, did you seriously just stab me?

OLIVER: Yes, I did.

SAM: Jeez, Oliver! You STABBED ME! Gods, what the hell!?

OLIVER: You're not dying.

SAM: Wow, well done GENIUS, I can't die, can I?!

OLIVER: But-- but normally you reset. There's a pause, where you die and then you come back.

SAM: In case you haven't noticed, big brain smart boy, we are in a universe *I made*, you can't just *kill me* here! I am *here* this whole place is *me*, I killed what was left of the rest of me to building this place. What in seven hells did you think this was going to achieve?!

OLIVER: I don't know, I thought maybe, the poetry of it, killed by your lover--

SAM: Killed by my *lover*! You broke up with me, remember? And that's absurd, anyway, like are you SERIOUS-- oh, damn, that smarts, it really smarts, I've got a KNIFE IN MY CHEST.

OLIVER: Gods, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, can I help you, let me--

SAM: NO, thank you!! You've done plenty so far I just---

[MAGIC HUMS]

SAM: Oh, WOW. Wow, wow, wow. Christs' sake, Oliver, just rocking up here and STABBING GOD or whatever. Real nice, real smooth.

OLIVER: I. Should I go?

SAM: I don't know?! Maybe! You did just fully *stab me in the chest* so maybe that'd be an idea.

OLIVER: What do I do now?

SAM: I don't know, do I!? Pick your poison. It's your slice of paradise. Why don't you go back to Jack and just be happy instead of worrying about everything else?!

OLIVER: Have you... been outside, at all? Since you made this place?

SAM: No, I can see the whole place from right here in my garden, why would I need to go outside of it? I'm god now, remember? I can just do that.

OLIVER: Yeah but. Have you really looked?

SAM: At what? All my little citizens? It's better that they don't know about me, anyway.

[SAM UNSCREWS A BOTTLE]

SAM: Would you mind just like. Going? I'm kind of busy here.

OLIVER: Doing what?

SAM: Holding all the threads together! What do you think?

[LIQUID SLOSHES]

OLIVER: It looks to me like you've been getting shit faced, to be honest.

SAM: I can multitask. Welcome to Sam's Paradise. You're welcome. Now just, go and be happy or whatever and leave me in peace. I'm kind of in the middle of something.

OLIVER: Happy?

SAM: Yeah. Just, go on. Don't rub it in. Just enjoy it. No need to thank me.

OLIVER: *Thank* you?!

SAM: Getting a sense something about this isn't sinking in; I want you to *go*.

OLIVER: Yeah well, I don't want to leave, because you seem to be under the impression that this little slice of the arcane you've curated for us is some kind of Nirvana, but you haven't been paying attention.

SAM: Just let me BROOD, it's fine, I'll get over it eventually.

OLIVER: I thought I was in HELL.

SAM: You... what? Why? I-- I gave you everything you wanted, the cottage, the family, Jack--

OLIVER: You built that place out of my memories and my desires, didn't you? That's what you tried to do. Sam. I don't remember what Jack *looked like*. I have spent months stalking through this maze of flowers swaying in a non-existent breeze, followed by this, this THING. And I could tell it was him, but he-- he looked like *nothing*.

SAM: But.

OLIVER: You're not LISTENING TO ME. It was-- maybe it's not what you were intending but, Sam, SAM. It was hell. That place you made for me. It was *hell*.

[MAGIC HUMS]

SAM: It's gone, now.

OLIVER: What?

SAM: The place. It's gone. Done. I can make you something else. You want your shop?

[SAM'S MAGIC AND THE ARCANE SHIMMERS, STONE GRINDS]

SAM: There, there it is. And the smell of the meadows of the Somme, on a gentle breeze. Here.

[WIND BLOWS]

Now please. Leave.

OLIVER: I don't want the shop.

SAM: Then what DO YOU WANT!? You want to stab me again? Because I really can't be bothered but if that's it, that's how you want to spend eternity, go ahead, by all means. *Stab me.*

OLIVER: I don't want to stab you.

SAM: Oh my *gods* would you just tell me what you *do* want so I can give it to you and you can *leave me alone*. Please. Just leave me in peace.

OLIVER: I don't want to leave you.

[SAM LAUGHS SHAKILY]

SAM: Don't be stupid. I'm not that kind of god. You don't have to tell me what you think I want to hear.

OLIVER: I mean it. Is this peace for you, really? Is that what this is?

[SAM SIGHS]

SAM: Sometimes, when I close my eyes, I can taste oblivion. I think that's as close to peace as it gets for me now.

OLIVER: That sounds miserable.

SAM: It doesn't matter. Everyone here is safe, and happy. I made a mistake with you, and I'm sorry. Maybe I didn't want to look too hard at what you wanted because it hurt too much. To be fair you had just broken up with me, so I think you *owe* me forgiveness for that, actually.

OLIVER: Nobody owes anyone forgiveness. That's not what forgiveness is. And it's not just one mistake you've made, Sam. This whole place. It feels wrong. The people here, they feel it. Not all of them have woken up to what's happening here yet but eventually they will, because you can't know what people really want.

SAM: I can get pretty damn close though.

OLIVER: This isn't-- it's not good, what you're doing here.

SAM: Then what the hell else should I do? It was end the world, or leave it as it was, with all it's pain and hurt and suffering and death. This. It's a happy medium. I don't have to pick.

OLIVER: It should never have been your place to pick.

SAM: Well, it was. And this is what I chose. I paid for it. In my own blood.

[SAM STARTS TO CRY]

[RAIN STARTS TO FALL]

OLIVER: Are you crying?

SAM: I died for this place, for everyone. For you. And you *stabbed me*.

OLIVER: I'm sorry I stabbed you.

SAM: When you came in, and it was the real you. Really here. You came to me. For real. And then-- you fucking STABBED ME.

[SAM'S MAGIC RUMBLES]

I thought-- when I saw you there, I thought you'd come back to me. I thought it meant I-- that you wanted me enough to walk away from Jack even though that doesn't make any sense, even though I tried to make you forget but-- but it was hard-- and you're just here to destroy this place, and I worked so hard to make it for everyone, I tried so hard to make you happy.

OLIVER: IT IS NOT YOUR JOB TO MAKE ME HAPPY.

SAM: Of course it is! I'm GOD.

OLIVER: No you're *not*. You're Sam! You're my Sam. And this is not what you are *for*!

SAM: Then what am I for, Oliver? Death?

OLIVER: No, you ridiculous man, you are not for ANYTHING. Nobody is! It's all meaningless until we make it mean something.

SAM: I just want you to be happy.

OLIVER: Well I'm not. And it's not your job to fix that.

SAM: But I could.

OLIVER: No! You couldn't! Not with magicking things from nothing, not from twisting the arcane around your fingers until it looks pretty enough, none of that is what makes people happy. They find happiness themselves, in things they love. *People* they love. Happiness is the stuff that makes you want to go on living, despite all the muck and suffering it's buried in.

SAM: I looked for him.

OLIVER: For who?

SAM: Jack. But it's been too long. What's left of him is in so many pieces, it's not... I couldn't pull them back into a person, not without knowing what he was like before. I'm sorry.

OLIVER: You really think that's what I want, don't you?

SAM: It's fine. You can just go.

OLIVER: I don't want to leave.

SAM: Just go, just *go* everyone *leaves*, this is what I'm meant to be doing.

OLIVER: What is it, exactly, that you think you've done?

SAM: He said I could end the world, but. I didn't want to hurt anyone. So I kept you all, all of you that I could, I kept you all safe, and I tried to make you all happy.

OLIVER: *Why?*

SAM: What do you mean *why*. Because I love you. Because that's what you do for people who you love.

OLIVER: I think I may have been quite foolish. I underestimate you. I just *wish* you'd offer the same love and protection to yourself as you do to everyone else, falling on your sword every five minutes.

SAM: Me falling on my sword?! You're one to talk.

OLIVER: Yes. Maybe we're both a little guilty of that.

SAM: It's my responsibility, given I have the power to change everything, to actually *do* that. There was no other option, no better way, it's the only alternative to ending it all and leaving it as it was.

OLIVER: That's not-- would you stop trying to find a way to make what you're doing sound rational? The reason it hasn't worked has got nothing to do with you succeeding or failing. The whole endeavour, it's fucked, Sam, can't you see?

SAM: I just want. I want to be good.

OLIVER: You were good enough already!

SAM: THEN WHY DID YOU LEAVE.

[A RUSH OF MAGIC]

OLIVER: *Sam.*

SAM: I could kill you right now. I could scatter you across this place. I could take you apart. It would be so easy.

OLIVER: I know.

SAM: Why did you do it? Why did you leave?

[MAGIC HUM TIGHTENS]

[THE RAIN IS HEAVIER, WIND HOWLS]

SAM: You stupid, selfish thing. You ridiculous thing. You-- you are-- I tried to **MAKE YOU HAPPY**.

OLIVER: Why?!

SAM: BECAUSE I WANTED TOO. You ruined everything. And now it's raining in my garden and it's supposed to be perfect and it isn't and it is *your fault*.

[THUNDER CLAPS, RAIN GETS A LITTLE HEAVIER]

OLIVER: (*whispering*) I've always loved the rain.

[RAIN]

[THE BREATH CATCHES IN SAM'S THROAT]

SAM: I can raise mountains. I can build a whole universe. I can take life away like it's nothing. You know the one thing I couldn't do? I could never get the smell of you right.

OLIVER: What?

SAM: When I remembered you, the smell of you, I could never. There was always something missing, and I just...

[THUNDER RUMBLES]

SAM: (*stronger now*) I killed the human part of me. He made me weak. I stabbed him in the heart, funny enough. Now, I can do anything. I can make it stop raining.

[THE RAIN STOPS, MID RUMBLE OF THUNDER]

SAM: I can make the wind howl and the sun rise. I can feel every person in this place, not all of it, not the whole of them, but I can tell where they are, and if I think about it, I know what they're doing, too. Do you have any idea what I could do to you? What I could do to anyone, everyone, *everything*? I could snuff it all out. I could make everything in shades of blue and grey. I could tear your throat out. This whole place is around my fingers. The whole of everything. I can twist

it and pull it anyway I like, and this one thing, I couldn't do it. I tried and I almost got there but it wasn't right. Do you have any idea what that felt like? I could do anything I want, almost without thinking, but the one thing I can't get right is the smell of you. It's been driving me insane.

[PAUSE]

OLIVER: I don't know what to say.

[PAUSE]

SAM: Don't move.

OLIVER: Sam--

SAM: I said *don't move*.

[POWER REVERBERATES]

[OLIVER GASPS]

SAM: Now you *can't* move, can you? I can see all the shimmering little threads of your soul, Oliver Boleyn. I know what you are. You think you're so bad, you think you're fucked up. You think you're a wreck, you think it's all your fault. You're ridiculous. You don't understand anything.

OLIVER: I'm sorry.

[THE MAGIC GETS LOUDER AGAIN]

SAM: Oh, you're *sorry*?! You leave, I die for you, I try to make you heaven, and you turn up and you stab me and you're *sorry*?! I don't *care* if you're sorry. I want to ruin you. I want to tear you to pieces. Do you understand?

OLIVER: Yes.

[THUNDER AND RAIN BEGINS AGAIN]

SAM: All of this, everything I've done. Look at what I am. What have I become?

OLIVER: I've always known what you are.

SAM: **Liar**. I'd die for you a thousand times. I'd kill for you and I wouldn't even flinch. I'll give you anything you want.,

OLIVER: Sam. You're a monster.

[THUNDER RUMBLES]

SAM: Yeah, I am, and so are you, and I'm never letting you go. Not ever, not ever. Not ever.

[RAIN FALLS HEAVILY]

[END]