

*A boy and his sister had just completed a reaper's game and are ecstatic to finally return to the living world. Their game master had some important things to say to the pair, however.*

Reaper: I got some sad news for you, kids.

Rhyme: What are you talking about? We won didn't we?

Beat: Yeah, we have no interest in becoming reapers. Let us go home.

Reaper: Yeah, yeah, you won fair and square, but I make the rules down here. Only one of you is allowed to head home. Feel free to debate amongst yourself who gets to live and who gets erased.

Rhyme: WHAT!?

*Rhyme breaks down crying after hearing the reaper tell them this and Beat hugs her and tries to comfort her. She seems completely inconsolable after hearing what is going to happen.*

Rhyme: Y-you go back, I don't want to go back if you can't come with me.

Beat: Rhyme, it'll be ok, I have an idea.

Rhyme: H-huh?

Beat: Hey, asshole.

Reaper: Huh, you made your decision?

Beat: If you send Rhyme back now can I attempt to go through a second week?

Reaper: Hmm. I suppose that you can. Next week's game master surely won't take kindly to you though. You'll surely get singled out and targeted by some really scary reapers.

Beat: That's fine, send Rhyme back now.

Reaper: As you wish.

Rhyme: Wait, Beat! You don't have to do this, make me do i-

*Rhyme vanishes before she could finish what she was saying and the reaper begins walking away.*

Reaper: Welp, my week as game master's just about up. Good luck fulfilling your death wish, kid. I'll be rooting for you.

*Beat grits his teeth at the reaper as he walks away. His first instinct is to go find someone new to partner up with, since if he doesn't do so quickly he'll be erased.*

Beat: Death wish. Pfft. I don't need an idiot's vote of confidence anyways. I'll see you again Rhyme... I'll see you in a week...

*Beat skates off into the city, looking for someone to form a pact with.*