

Official Interview Transcript - Drop Hammer Publishing

Interviewer: **Katia M. Davis (KMD)**

Subject: **HAROLD REAMS (HR) from *Orcus - A Right to Die***

Purpose: **CHARACTER INTERVIEW**

Date: **25th April 2019**

1109 [interview started]

KMD: Hey Harold. Thanks for turning up. Do you want tea or coffee?

HR: Tea?

KMD: No probs. Builder's, yeah? Stand the spoon up in it?

HR: Lovely.

KMD: I've only got sweeteners, though.

HR: That's okay.

1111 [interview paused]

1115 [interview resumed]

HR: That's a good cup.

KMD: Yorkshire Tea. If it's not from Yorkshire it's shite, right?

HR: I'm not from Yorkshire, and you aren't either. We're both shite, then.

KMD: It's just a saying, Harold.

HR: Maybe.

KMD: Anyway, you've got an appointment tomorrow, haven't you?

HR: Yeah.

KMD: And I see you've brought along a brochure? *Orcus: The Right to Die Company*? Can I Have a look?

HR: Yeah.

1119 [interview paused]

1121 [interview resumed]

KMD: It's a pretty swanky brochure, very bright.

HR: I guess they want you to be happy at the end.

KMD: Are you happy, Harold?

HR: Yeah.

KMD: You're happy to die? You're only forty-five.

HR: My doctor says it's okay.

KMD: Your GP?

HR: No. The death specialist from the company.

KMD: Doesn't that strike you as a bit...pushy?

HR: He's a proper doctor. I've seen his qualifications.

KMD: Could they be fake?

HR: A lot of things are fake these days.

KMD: True. But you believe this guy?

HR: Yeah, it's like he can read my mind. He gets me, and my reasons.

KMD: And they are?

HR: Have you heard of the Hikikomori?

KMD: Tell me.

HR: It's a Japanese thing. People who are disgruntled with the world lock themselves away in their apartments or rooms for years. They used to be young people, but they are getting older now. If I lived in Japan, I'd be a Hikikomori.

KMD: Why?

HR: Have you read a newspaper? Watched the news? Browsed social media? Everything is rotten. Everyone wants something for nothing. It's all about stuff, money, power, people being killed because they are different. I'm different. Why wait for someone to kill me? It makes sense.

KMD: I don't think anyone wants to kill you, Harold.

HR: But they might. I can't live like that. There's only Bourbon.

KMD: Who's Bourbon?

HR: My cat. She's a brindle, had her eleven years.

KMD: Aren't you worried about leaving her?

HR: I've found her a new home, with a nice lady. She'll be fine.

KMD: Don't you think she'll miss you?

HR: Maybe, for a bit, but she'll get used to it.

KMD: I dunno, Harold. I've had cats all my life, some of the ones I have now follow me everywhere and cry outside the door if I go to the bathroom. They might seem aloof, but they get attached.

HR: Are you trying to make me change my mind? Using Bourbon is emotional blackmail.

KMD: Just making sure you know what you're getting yourself into.

HR: I'll be dead. It won't matter.

KMD: It seems dodgy to me.

HR: You're not the one doing it, so you don't have to worry.

KMD: Seriously? How long have I known you? You've been in my head for a few years now; don't you think that gives me the right to an opinion?

HR: No. I chose to come into your head. What I say goes, not what you "imagine".

KMD: Okay, I'm sorry. Your life, your choice.

HR: Thank you.

KMD: I see here that they come to your home. That's nice.

HR: Yeah. I'm going to sit in my recliner so I can see out the window.

KMD: Nice view?

HR: The building next door, but I can see into the woman's bedroom. She never pulls the curtains.

KMD: Harold!

HR: That was a joke, sorry. I'm not very good at them.

KMD: You seem brighter.

HR: Probably because it's closer to tomorrow.

KMD: What do they do with you after you're dead? It doesn't say anything in the brochure.

HR: I guess whatever people decide they want done.

KMD: What have you decided?

HR: I've left it up to them. I've got all my finances sorted out with a solicitor. They said they would do me a funeral, open casket. I'm not bothered about any of that religious mumbo-jumbo. They can stick me on a rubbish tip for the birds to eat for all I care.

KMD: You can do that, you know? Not sure about here, but in the States they've got all sorts of different green burials: cardboard boxes, a shroud, nothing, just a hole in the ground with a tree on top of you, vertical burial, exposure. It's a real designer business.

HR: I'd like to be eaten. Give something back to the planet. Not done much while I've been here, maybe my corpse can do something better.

KMD: At least that's a positive attitude.

HR: For once. I'm getting excited now. Like when you're a kid and your parents pack you up for a weekend away somewhere. It's painless, you know? They put you to sleep and that's that.

KMD: Except you don't wake up, Harold.

HR: You never know.

KMD: You just said you weren't bothered about "religious mumbo-jumbo".

HR: I'm not talking about that. Maybe some part of us goes on somewhere. We're all energy, right?

KMD: You mean like reincarnation?

HR: More like who you are goes on forever, your soul or whatever. I can't explain it.

KMD: Harold? Some people would call that religious mumbo-jumbo.

HR: I'll tell you what, if I go anywhere where I am still "me", like the consciousness part of me, I'll make sure I pop into your head and let you know I am okay. Deal?

KMD: Deal.

1139 [interview ended]