

[The footage starts here.]

First frame, the zero second mark.

' THE BUREAU REQUESTS YOU, Avery Lockes, TO APPEAR BEFORE THE OFFICIATE OF LIFE AND DEATH MACABRE REAPER.'

"It's a pretty official looking note, you can see the signature was written with some fancy pen."

She tilts it side to side in the camera's view, the light from above shining on the ink.

"This has gotta be the first time I got someone asking for me before I even leave the room. Like, sure, I've found weird stuff left behind when I was gone but this is uh.. Direct."

Avery looks out the window for a bit. Same old parking lot, same 'fence', and same forest with a distant glow. She blocks it back up and hesitantly walks to the door.

Opening slowly.

Peering into the dimly lit room.

Avery: "Oh it's just a reception area."

A black and white speckled reception area from ceiling to walls to floor. Two jet black couches lay against the north and south wall. Plastic looking plants in each corner. A door leading past the reception window is marked 'EMPLOYEES AND APPOINTMENTS ONLY' in a fancy golden script.

Reception: "You must be Ms. Lockes."

And there sits the first character of the day. A ferret person sitting behind the reception window. There's a lot to say about them visually, for starters they look half alive.

Receptionist: "Take a seat over there." [Pointing with her bony right paw towards a couch.]
"Macabre will be seeing you soon."

Half alive. One half of her is nothing but bones of different beige shades. Other half is a mish-mosh of black, gold, and white fur. Each side meets at the exact middle. She also appears to be wearing some sort of black suit jacket and dress hybrid. A neat fashion choice!

Avery: "Do I.. Need to fill out any forms?"

Reception: "No no, we're not that kinda place. We know all our clients."

Avery: "Where.. Is this place exactly?"

Reception: "Ms. Lockes I don't want to be rude but I'm just the receptionist. Please direct any questions unrelated to my job elsewhere."

The door next to the receptionist opens by itself.

Receptionist: "Head on in, take the room straight ahead at the end of the hallway."

Avery: "O-Okay, thank you."

The doggy patient makes her way down a long, narrow hallway. There's many pictures hung up on the walls. The same 12 people seem to be in most of the pictures, all half-alive and fancy looking like the receptionist. One door Avery passes by is labeled 'HISTORY'. A bit further down is another, this time saying 'WEATHER'. One door she passes by is slightly open, 'SPACE'. She tries to catch a glance as she walks by but there's barely any lights on except for a small purple night light. And there it is at the end, 'LIFE AND DEATH'.

Avery nervously walks into the room and takes the only open seat in front of the lone desk. A large swivel chair slowly spins around and the person of the hour faces Avery.

Macabre: "Avery Lockes, welcome to the Bureau."

They extend out their bony paw and Avery shakes it timidly. It sure is nothing but bone, ow.

Avery: "So.. Why am I here?"

Macabre pulls out a folder from a drawer labeled 'LOCKES, AVERY'. They place it in front of Avery and open it up. She looks at her file and notices immediately that it's all the ways she's died and come back fine the same day. There's the recent one involving the big sun eating the space station. There's an old one about a boat sinking. A really old one about a.. Avery stops reading and looks up.

Avery: "These.. Are you a part of the hotel staff or something?"

Macabre: "Ms. Lockes I frankly don't know what's going on in whatever 'hotel' you speak of. All I can tell is you keep appearing in places you shouldn't be and perishing 75% of the time, only to wind up in a blank space alive, every single time. Whatever you're doing it's breaking a lot of laws that transcend earthly authority."

Avery: "Uhh.."

The half-alive vulture sighs and re-adjusts his speech.

Macabre: "Let me make this easy for you. I make sure that every person, people like you, in the living world is accounted for and marked down for when and how they are born and die. This accounting for ensures that reality is in balance."

Avery is still clueless.

Macabre: "If people die too soon, or worse, cheat death, we have to fix that in some form. Some cases we can easily find the reasoning and show that it was either out of their control or they got lucky. You, well, we can't figure out what's happening because your life is broken."

Avery: "Oh! You're like the.." [She looks at their nameplate.] "Grim Reaper!"

Macabre: "No, that's just folklore you mortals have created. I don't claim souls or the like, I just record data and fix any errors. The name is only a coincidence."

Avery: "Yeah. Okay."

Macabre: "You really have no idea what's going on, huh? Don't answer that, I can figure your answer." [They press a button on the desk and speak into a microphone nearby.] "Petra? Can you please send in Aurora and Klick?"

Avery: "Who-"

In walk two more half-alive critters, one is a shark and the other is a badger. Everyone seems to be sharing the same style of outfit.

Macabre: "Aurora, Klick, it's great to see you both. Unfortunately, this isn't for the best reasons."

Klick: [The badger looks at Avery, then at his shark coworker, and back at Macabre.] "Oh jeez what's fucked."

Aurora: "Klick, language."

Klick: "Sorry, my fault really."

The two stand on each side of Macabre behind the desk.

Avery: "So am I in hell? Or.. Heaven? Either way this is a lotta business stuff, didn't expect that."

Aurora: "Ma'am you're in the Bureau. A contracting agency and organization set outside the realms of not only Earth but both Heaven and Hell."

Avery: "Oh Purgatory?"

Klick: "Nah nah, see you folks on the living world were told that to wisen up. 'Cus an eternity of nothing special sounds more boring than something great or lousy."

Avery: "Ohh."

Macabre: "Back to business, Ms. Lockes here has been brought here for countless deaths that shouldn't happen and always living past it in a blank space. After talking to her, well, she truly has no idea what's happening and we gotta clean this up."

Klick: "Oh man a blank space, it's been centuries since we had that!"

Aurora: "That's no good, we should have plugged the rest during the last time."

Macabre: "Exactly, and it seems this one might be in some sort of.. Hotel?"

Avery: "Yeah I live, I guess, in the Majestic Hotel in.. In.. It's.. It's been a while I'm not quite sure."

Aurora taps her head for a bit and closes her eyes.

Aurora: "I see, Majestic Hotel.. Yes this checks out I remember the location from the list."

Klick: "The long time makes sense, blank spaces can stretch on forever." [Looking towards Avery.] "Hey at least it kept you looking good for however long it's been, hah!"

Aurora: "Send her back, I have a plan."

Macabre: "Oh?"

Aurora: "We can fix this blank space, however.. Avery is it?"

Avery: "Yes."

Aurora: "We can't promise you safety when this closes up, only that your life and death timeline will be repaired."

Avery: "Oh.. So.. I'll be out of the hotel but.. I could be out for good too.. Living.. Damn this is a bummer I don't even wanna get depressed this just sucks." [She tilts her head down.]

Aurora: "Our apologies that you got caught up in this, Klick and I will do our best to ensure it's

quick."

Klick: "We'll watch out for you kid, with our good eyes too."

Macabre: "Making the best of everything as usual.."

Avery: "Can I at least ask where I'm going if I.. Die for good?"

Before anyone can answer, Avery looks up and sees that she's back in the hotel room. She thinks about heading back to the Bureau through her door but stops herself. The note is nowhere to be seen, just herself in her domain.

"Huh, this recording went really long. Well, I don't really care to edit it. Enjoy your long cut I guess, I'll be dead soon anyway probably."

The footage ends, there's not really much else to say.