Will:

Wake up from that void, old boy. Wake up. It is time to do your due-diligence and face up to whatever’s calling you. Drunk on the floor like that you will serve no purpose at all. Wake up, the Captain’s calling you.

My head is in a daze. I don’t remember last night. Last moment, I don’t remember anything at all from before. The only thing I remember is the sweet taste of that jack and coke the bartender gave me. Was that? When was that?

Captain:

Charon, m’boy, come here.

Me: Yes, Captain?

Me: What you yapping about, old man?

Me: Why force me into being once more, why not leave me be to my nothingness?

Captain:

I will be straight with you then. I am worried, Charon. The waves seem especially hard to overcome as of late… I know this boat like the back of my hand. It is wailing and creaking in all the wrong ways.

Me: Hades must be throwing one of his famous tantrums again.

Me: That’s kinda weird, honestly.

Me: Maybe try fixing the dents and stuff?

Captain:

(Slaps me across the face)

Get your head out of the gutter, boy. There is nothing that would weigh this boat in such a way aside from the very possible situation in which you aren’t tending to your duties. Which, let’s be honest, we both know you haven’t been doing at all. The waters are fine boy, as fine as ever, in their roughness. No… Hades is targeting our boat specifically.

Me: But we’ve mostly just been navigating the water, no? Like every other time. Why would Hades be upset?

Me: Why don’t you just chill and let the boat keep going as it is. Nobody’s reaching either way.

Me: They aren’t reaching. No one will reach.

Captain:

Boy, listen to me. The boat is not floating correctly. I wouldn’t have called you here if it wasn’t true. The boat is not well. I can even tell you of the weight that is being put on it, that’s how well we communicate. Two souls should not be here. Two souls have to step off the boat one way or another. Or else, the whole ships’s gonna sink. Go do your job. And lay off the goddamn booze, will you? You stink.

Me: I’m sorry, I’m still a bit out of it. What am I supposed to do again?

Me: This is bullshit that doesn’t even matter. What bullshit are you having me do?

Captain:

Of course you’ve forgotten again. You have one job and you manage to forget it every time you have to actually do it. Check their coins, Charon. The magic number is two. If the soul has two coins, it gets to dock. One, they stay here in this shitty cruise ship. Zero coins, we throw them over. No use keeping people with no pass around. Now go, before I lose my shit with you.

Will:

You better do as you’re told, kid. Judgement has to take place in order for the web of the universe to maintain its fibers. You might be in a dull spot of this fabric, but you may as well try to figure this out.

\* Unlock elevator and main floor

+ Discover which two souls are in need of judgement.