

PATERSON: Something isn't right. I can feel it. I don't know what it is, but something is off. Something is definitely off. There's sirens. People running in the street. Something is just...not right. And, where is Simon? Where is he? He's not here. He should be here. Something is wrong, and he should be here. He's usually home a little later. I get that. But still. He should be here. I need to sit. *(He stops in front of the couch.)* I'm going to sit on the couch. I'm not supposed to, but I'm gonna do it. And it's his fault. He's not here to stop me. He should be here. If he was here, I wouldn't. Unless he wanted me to. But I'm gonna do it. I am. *(He goes to sit on the couch. He stops himself.)* I'm not gonna do it. That's not who I am. And besides, I don't want to sit. Maybe I'll just take a nap. I'll take a nap. *(He stops for a second.)* I'm not gonna take a nap. I'm not tired. I'm hungry. I'm always hungry. I'm not any more hungry than normal. Maybe I'll eat something. Do I have something to eat? I'm not gonna eat. I'm just gonna do this. I'm gonna walk around until my legs fall off and I die. Because he is never going to come home. He forgot about me. He doesn't even remember that I exist. Do I exist? What is going on? I don't understand any of this. So I'm just going to walk around this apartment forever. That's it. I'm gonna... I'm gonna chew on something bad...

RUNNING MAN: *(From off:)* I'm coming! *(PATERSON starts racing around the space.)*

PATERSON: Oh my god, he's coming! He's here. He's coming. He didn't forget me! He's coming. I'm here. I'm in here. Come to me! Simon! I'm in here and I am scared and alone and I almost sat on the couch and I miss you and I am freaking out, man!

RUNNING MAN: *(From off, but closer:)* I'm coming, Paterson! *(The door opens and SIMON, runs in and PATERSON goes racing to him)*

SIMON: Hi, Paty, hi. I'm here. It's okay. I'm here, boy.

PATERSON: You're here. I missed you so much. It's been like six hours or six weeks, I can't really tell. And something is going on and I don't know what.

SIMON: Okay, okay. It's okay. I'm here. There were probably lots of noises and strange things outside.

PATERSON: There were lots of noises and strange things outside! It was crazy. Even the birds were going nuts. What's with birds? I never understood them.

SIMON: Outside the shop I saw this flock of birds and they were going crazy and I know how much birds chirping gets you going. I raced here as fast as I could.

PATERSON: Birds make me go all wacky, you know this, right? And you were gone. But now you're here. I almost sat on the couch. And, Simon, I have to admit this, I'm really ashamed, but I almost chewed on the coffee table. If you were like a minute longer, I'd have been gnawing on the legs. I'm sorry. *(PATERSON looks back over his shoulder at the OBSERVER, scared. The OBSERVER tilts their head as they look at PATERSON.)*

PATERSON: And the ball, it keeps bouncing, but they never throw it, so I can never fetch it and all I want to do is fetch it but I can't and... *(SIMON leads PATERSON to the couch. PATERSON gives the OBSERVER one last glance, the OBSERVER steps away gingerly, holds his hands out in a gesture of peace.)*

SIMON: Let's sit on the couch buddy.

PATERSON: Okay.

SIMON: Wow, Paty, you didn't even chew on anything. What a good boy!

PATERSON: So what is going on out there?

SIMON: The world is ending, my friend. In... *(He looks over at a clock)* about eight minutes... But I'm here now... With you...