

The following is a transcript from April 26, 2020 between Officer Joshua Cavello and an undisclosed interviewer.

INTERVIEWER: Can you walk me through the events once more?

CAVELLO: I really don't see why we need to hash things out every year...

INTERVIEWER: It's a matter for the record, Cavello. Be a good sport.

[JOSHUA sighs. There is a crinkling of a paper cup full of water. He pauses to take a sip.]

CAVELLO: You know I'm always game.

CAVELLO: It's just a difficult period of my life.

INTERVIEWER: I understand. Feel free to take your time. We have all night.

CAVELLO: It's felt like there's been a part of me missing for years now.

INTERVIEWER: Is that so?

CAVELLO: I gave away my name that night.

[A pause. The INTERVIEWER fixes JOSHUA with a puzzled stare. They crumple a tissue in their hand. It is balled into a tight wad. When they speak again, their voice is hesitant, stilted.]

INTERVIEWER: You don't look like you have, though.

CAVELLO: No?

CAVELLO: I suppose I don't.

INTERVIEWER: It's just that most of the survivors we retrieve from Drydenne Forest...

CAVELLO: They're a shell of themselves.

INTERVIEWER: Glassy eyed, a thousand yard stare, general lack of responsiveness to external stimuli- a flat line, really, and their PET scans aren't exactly encouraging.

[JOSHUA grunts. He crunches the paper cup up in his hand. His leg is bouncing beneath the table. He looks down at the cup, and back at the officer opposite him with a little remorse in his expression.]

CAVELLO: Sorry-

INTERVIEWER: There's no need to apologize. I understand this is a...

CAVELLO: Personal topic.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, a personal topic.

CAVELLO: Right, well, I didn't give away my name per se.

INTERVIEWER: Oh?

CAVELLO: Not my first or last.

INTERVIEWER: Your Christian name, then?

CAVELLO: Just the middle. I'm not religious.

[The INTERVIEWER opens up a manilla folder, to pull out a personal profile. After quickly scanning it's contents, they pause.]

INTERVIEWER: It's not indicated if you ever were a part of the church.

CAVELLO: They don't collect information on faith.

INTERVIEWER: Seems like a strange exclusion.

[JOSHUA stares the INTERVIEWER down from across the table. A muscle in his jaw twitches. His hands are balled up into a fist. He lets them relax, consciously, tension still tight in his shoulders. His leg continues to bounce. It jostles the flimsy card table in the interrogation room.]

CAVELLO: You know how privacy laws are these days.

INTERVIEWER: Right...

[The INTERVIEWER'S eyes flick nervously to the left. They close up the folder before Joshua can have a read over it's contents.]

INTERVIEWER: It says your middle name is Farran, is that correct?

CAVELLO: Yes. Spelled F-A-R-R-A-N.

INTERVIEWER: It's an unusual name.

CAVELLO: It's typically used as a last name. It comes from Old French. It means iron-grey.

[The INTERVIEWER is silent.]

INTERVIEWER: So...

CAVELLO: Yes, I do think it does have something to do with why I've been the only person in a little over the decade to have a direct encounter and live.

INTERVIEWER: There's the matter of Officer Fletcher-

CAVELLO: She wasn't mauled, was she?

CAVELLO: She saw it. She didn't touch it.

CAVELLO: It didn't touch her.

[The INTERVIEWER lapses into an uncomfortable silence. JOSHUA'S stare is intense, boring into the man's forehead without blinking.]

INTERVIEWER: No, I suppose she wasn't.

INTERVIEWER: And how are you holding up after that incident with The Bends Entity, Cavello?

[The INTERVIEWER'S voice has softened, like cajoling a child. JOSHUA blinks, once, twice. His body language is tight. He's perched on the edge of his folding chair. One hand grips the other in a tight overlapping on top of his fist.]

CAVELLO: The surgery helped.

INTERVIEWER: With the scarring?

CAVELLO: Yes.

INTERVIEWER: And there's been no complications?

CAVELLO: No. No visions or anything like Fletcher. I know that's what you're asking.

CAVELLO: I've had no complications beyond the stricture, which has been resolved. I still attend physical therapy.

INTERVIEWER: That's a wise decision.

[A pause. The INTERVIEWER presses their lips together, until they form a thin line. A halo of sweat has formed around their shirt collar. A bead of sweat trickles down their forehead. They do not move to swipe at it.]

INTERVIEWER: I'm sure your loved ones appreciate it.

[JOSHUA's left eye twitches. He bangs his hand on the desk. His fingers lie flat against the surface. They're bloodless.]

CAVELLO: You got a kid, Officer?

[The INTERVIEWER blinks at the abrupt change in topic. Their mouth falls a little open, but they close it quickly.]

INTERVIEWER: No, I don't. Why-

CAVELLO: Because if you did, you wouldn't let her anywhere near that pagan shit on the lake.

CAVELLO: I don't care how in love Antoine is with that whackjob in a priest's collar, this sacrificial shit on an altar- no matter how metaphorical, is disgusting.

CAVELLO: You don't cut a fucking deal with the devil- you don't need to be a man of God to know that much.

CAVELLO: I'd bet twenty to nothing odds he's involved with our 'recent incident' regarding DeAugustine.

CAVELLO: He's keeping the bastard strapped down in a fucking backroom of a church!

CAVELLO: I'd be worried about his daughter if I were you.

CAVELLO: Maybe you'll understand a little more now, why I don't want you prying anywhere near my kid, you got it?

CAVELLO: I'll answer your questions, but she is off limits. I'm drawing a hard line.

INTERVIEWER: And you're referring to your niece A-

[JOSHUA pushes his chair back, standing up. The folding chair hits the wall with such force that it crumples inwards, and clatters to the ground noisily. He's raised his voice, hands both palm side down on the table. He leans over the interviewer, teeth bared.]

CAVELLO: SHUT UP!

CAVELLO: I think you ought to shut the fuck up.

CAVELLO: Keep her name out of your goddamn mouth or I'll knock your teeth out of your jaw.

INTERVIEWER: There's no need to-

CAVELLO: Don't.

CAVELLO: You know what power names have here.

[JOSHUA struggles to regain his composure. He grunts, pinches the bridge of his nose with one hand, the opposite one still placed on the table. He takes a few jagged breaths in.]

INTERVIEWER: I think we should adjourn this... session.

CAVELLO: By all means.

End of transcription Log.
