

Doctor Raven Darktalon Blood is... UNSYMPATHETIC

By

Dan Puckett  
<http://www.danpuckett.org/>

This is a derivative work. It's based on characters from the comic "Penny Arcade", created by Jerry Holkins and Mike Krahulik. They didn't write any of this screenplay, though.

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<http://childsplaycharity.org/>

INT. - BLOOD'S LAIR - NIGHT

Blackness. A dark theme plays ("Lacrimosa" from Mozart's Requiem Mass in D minor).

Fade in. A slow pan around a room that's dimly lit, tremendous in size, and decorated in Witchy McGothic.

There are tapestries, candelabras, and African masks. A certain amount of wrought iron is in evidence. There are magical artifacts and trophies from dangerous game animals. There's even an Easter Island head standing in a distant corner. It's all Charles-Foster-Kane-meets-Anne-Rice in here.

Discover the silhouette of DR. RAVEN DARKTALON BLOOD, 40. He is brooding, staring into a gigantic fireplace that is consuming about two tons of firewood. The fire snaps.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Raven, honey? Come to bed.

It is his GIRLFRIEND, 20, wearing a skimpy negligee. Her breasts are ridiculously huge. She approaches him.

GIRLFRIEND

What's the matter?

DR. BLOOD

Evil.

Dr. Blood says everything with a cold-eyed fury that makes Clint Eastwood sound like Paul Reubens. When this tone is appropriate--as on lines like this one--it's riveting. The rest of the time it's just kind of odd. He habitually makes "pass the butter" sound like a death sentence.

GIRLFRIEND

That's, um... that covers a lot of ground, sweetie. Could you be more specific?

DR. BLOOD

Something is wrong.

GIRLFRIEND

Again, more specifics would...

DR. BLOOD

I feel it.

A pause.

(CONTINUED)

GIRLFRIEND

So this isn't really a *specific* problem. With the evil.

DR. BLOOD

I don't want to talk about work.

GIRLFRIEND

Come to bed, then. I need you.

Dr. Blood slowly turns away from the fireplace and meets her gaze. The dark music swells. At last we can see the face of whatever incredibly famous actor is playing this role. He smiles cruelly, and the effect on her (and the audience) is nothing short of thrilling.

Suddenly, a guitar riff and a bone-chilling wail: a clip from "Immigrant Song" by Led Zeppelin. What the hell? Dr. Blood has been expecting this, though, and he has his cellphone out in a microsecond--the riff is his ring tone.

His cellphone is the size of a stick of gum. It is ludicrously undersized in his giant, death-dealing hands.

DR. BLOOD

(into phone)

Yeah? Yeah. Yeah.

He flicks his eyes at the doorway, dismissing his girlfriend. She rolls her eyes and exits.

DR. BLOOD

(into phone)

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

He takes the cellphone from his head and squints at it, trying to figure out how to hang up. He stabs a finger at it, and it beeps. Mission accomplished.

Dr. Blood turns back to the fire, but this time his expression is filled with grim resolve rather than foreboding.

DR. BLOOD

And so it begins.

A slow smile, the dark theme climaxes.

## TITLES

Cut to black. Titles ensue. The theme that plays behind the titles is "Shakin' All Over" as covered by The Guess Who.

EXT. - RUNWAY - DAWN

A small black private jet screams in for a landing at Metropolitan International Airport. "Shakin' All Over" and titles continue behind.

The jet taxis towards an unobtrusive set of hangars at the edge of the field.

EXT. - HANGAR - DAWN

The jet slows, then stops next to a limousine parked on the tarmac. A LIMO DRIVER is standing next to the limousine, holding a sign with "BLOOD" written on it in magic marker.

The jet's engines cycle down, the door opens, and a set of stairs extend themselves from the airplane. A beat, then a black duffel bag hurtles out of the airplane door.

The bag hits the tarmac at the driver's feet, startling him. "Shakin' All Over" and titles end.

DR. BLOOD strides down the stairs and over to the limo.

LIMO DRIVER

Good morning, Doctor  
Blood. Welcome to Metropolitan  
City. Where can I take you?

DR. BLOOD

No time. Drive. Directions en  
route.

The limo driver grabs the duffel bag.

DR. BLOOD

Careful with that bag.

LIMO DRIVER

Yes, sir.

Dr. Blood and the Limo driver climb into the limo. The limo pulls away, presumably bound for the city visible in the distance.

INT. - LIMO - DAWN

The LIMO DRIVER and DR. BLOOD ride in silence for a moment. Dr. Blood assembles a giant pistol with a picture of a skull on it from parts he retrieves from his duffel bag. This is no ordinary pistol: it makes odd, motorized whirring sounds as he works on it.

Dr. Blood looks out the window for a moment, then sighs.

LIMO DRIVER  
Doctor Blood? You OK?

DR. BLOOD  
I was considering the  
all-too-corruptible nature of the  
human soul.

LIMO DRIVER  
Yeah, me too.

Dr. Blood resumes putting his badass pistol together.

LIMO DRIVER  
So where you going?

DR. BLOOD  
Downtown.

LIMO DRIVER  
You got it. I bet you're going to  
that mystery building, huh?

Dr. Blood stops working on his pistol.

DR. BLOOD  
What do you know of the mystery  
building?

LIMO DRIVER  
For weeks we've been getting  
pick-up and drop-off calls for this  
concrete building downtown. No  
windows, no street number. Not  
even a sign. It was a bitch  
finding it the first few times, let  
me tell you.

DR. BLOOD  
I assure you: the location of that  
building is very much a secret. I  
recommend you keep its location to  
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

LIMO DRIVER

Oh, it's not a secret anymore. Someone must have gotten tired of trying to find it, because now there's a big ol' sign on it.

DR. BLOOD

(not happy about this)

I see.

LIMO DRIVER

Big red sign. You can see it from the highway.

Dr. Blood goes back to assembling his pistol.

LIMO DRIVER

How long you in town?

DR. BLOOD

Until my mission is complete.

LIMO DRIVER

"Mission", huh? I like that. So what do you do? If you don't mind me asking.

DR. BLOOD

I'm a warlock. I work for the C.I.A.

LIMO DRIVER

That is so cool. Really?

DR. BLOOD

No. That's just my cover story.

LIMO DRIVER

So what do you really do?

DR. BLOOD

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

LIMO DRIVER

Do people believe the C.I.A.-warlock thing?

DR. BLOOD

Fuck people. That's my philosophy.

(CONTINUED)

LIMO DRIVER  
That's very... pithy.

Silence, then "ker-snack, bwhee!" as the pistol comes alive. Dr. Blood begins assembling another pistol.

LIMO DRIVER  
Are you really a doctor?

DR. BLOOD  
In many countries, yes. Yes, I am.

Conversation ended. They ride together in silence.

EXT. - MYSTERY BUILDING - DAY

The limo pulls up in front of the Mystery Building. Concrete, no windows. Sure enough, there's a huge sign saying "MYSTERY BUILDING" out front.

INT. - MYSTERY BUILDING

The inside of the Mystery Building is gray and functional.

Bzzt! That's an exterior door unlocking remotely. DR. BLOOD walks in, duffel bag in hand.

A man, 50, in a rumpled suit is waiting for him, eating Fig Newtons straight from the package. This is MR. X.

Mr. X and Dr. Blood fall into step with one another, heading deeper into the Mystery Building. There's a lot of traffic in the halls--people scurrying around with equipment, weapons, file folders. Everyone looks nervous and harried.

MR. X  
Blood! Thank god you're here.

DR. BLOOD  
Mr. X. I hear you have a problem.

MR. X  
What do you know? We faxed you a dossier.

DR. BLOOD  
Didn't wait for it.

MR. X  
Good man. No time for paperwork. Mission's starting at  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. X (cont'd)  
oh-nine-hundred hours. The others  
have already been briefed. You  
need anything?

DR. BLOOD  
Grenades.

MR. X  
We'll go straight to the  
armory. This one's going to be a  
bitch, let me tell you.

DR. BLOOD  
I brought my cape.

MR. X  
You're gonna need it. Fig Newton?

DR. BLOOD  
No.

INT. - ELEVATOR

MR. X and DR. BLOOD arrive at a freight elevator. The doors  
open, revealing two men who are transporting a tank with a  
live octopus in it. Mr. X and Dr. Blood enter the elevator  
with them, and the elevator continues its descent.

MR. X  
Last night we got a distress call  
from the Underhell. Ever hear of a  
lady called "The Whore-Queen of  
Festeria"?

DR. BLOOD  
Sounds familiar.

Mr. X shows a photo of her to Dr. Blood.

MR. X  
Been around for years. Evil as all  
get-out. She's a big wheel in the  
Underhell--lots of pull with all  
the wrong people down there. It's  
her job to maintain the balance of  
evil. Pretty good at it,  
too. She's one tough cookie. From  
what we hear, she's finally run  
into some trouble that she can't  
handle.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

What kind of trouble?

MR. X

We don't know, but it's big. Big enough to chase her off of her Whore-Throne and put her on the run. Now there's some new lady saying that she's gonna be the new Whore-Queen of Festeria, and this new queen is threatening to activate the Apocalypse Device unless she gets what she wants by midnight tonight. The Underhell is in chaos.

DR. BLOOD

I thought the whole point of the Underhell was that it's the seat of universal chaos.

MR. X

It's a change in tone. The chaos is an angry chaos now. We prefer a mellower chaos, one that's less likely to end all life on Earth.

DR. BLOOD

This new Whore-Queen: what does she want?

MR. X

Funny you should ask. She's only got one demand: she wants you.

A pause, then in one motion, Dr. Blood's right hand dives into his duffel bag, pulls out a pistol, and places its muzzle against Mr. X's forehead, while his left hand drops his bag and hits the emergency stop button on the elevator.

The two other guys in the elevator are freaked out by this turn of events. Even the octopus is agitated. Mr. X is cool as ice, though. He doesn't even stop chewing his Fig Newton.

MR. X

Now I admit, there was some discussion about tying you up, dragging you down to the Underhell, and leaving you there as part of a welcome-wagon gift basket for this new Whore-Queen of Festeria. That would solve some problems and

(MORE)

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MR. X (cont'd)  
create others. On reflection,  
however, we decided that your  
talents could be better used by  
sending you down to the Underhell  
so you can rescue the old  
Whore-Queen and kick this new  
Whore-Queen's ass back to whatever  
freaky location and/or dimension  
she came from.

You want this mission, Blood? Or  
are you just going to blow my head  
off and fight your way out of here?

Dr. Blood thinks it over. He puts away his pistol and  
deactivates the emergency stop.

MR. X  
Welcome aboard.

The elevator continues its descent. A pause. Crisis  
averted. It's still an awkward moment, though.

MR. X  
You still got that girlfriend? The  
one with the big...?

DR. BLOOD  
No. Different one. Still pretty  
big, though.

Ding! goes the elevator. Mr. X and Dr. Blood exit. The two  
octopus handlers and their charge are not sad to see them  
go.

INT. - ARMORY

Bum-badada-bum-badada-BUM! Martial music plays ("Mars,  
Bringer of War" from Holst's "The Planets"). Montage of DR.  
BLOOD suiting up. Kerchief goes around neck. Hands go into  
gloves. Belt with holsters snicks around his  
waist. Pistols shwoop into holsters. Black cape whirls  
into place around his shoulders.

The rhythm of the montage is interrupted. Dr. Blood has  
gotten seven grenades from the armory, and he can't figure  
out how to carry them. No pockets in his costume. Can't  
attach them all to his belt. Tries stuffing one in the top  
of his boot: no chance.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Blood gets an idea, and the rhythm of the montage is restored: he removes his cape, grabs an ugly military-issue vest from the armory, shrugs it on, velcros the grenades into it, and puts the cape on over that.

A shot of Dr. Blood. The vest covered in grenades ruins the outfit, but he looks dangerous nonetheless. He's ready to go. Martial music ends.

INT. - OUTSIDE THE ELEVATOR TO UNDERHELL

MR. X stands by another elevator door, clipboard in hand. A sign above the elevator button reads, "Underhell: Do not press". Gathered around him are SERGEI, DOKTOR ARZT, BILL, and MARIO. Sergi and Doktor Arzt bear an uncanny resemblance to the heavy weapons guy and the doctor from the game "Team Fortress 2". They carry huge guns. Bill, 30, is a clerk of some sort and clearly out of his depth. He's got a giant pistol but no holster, so he has to hold it straight up all the time to keep from pointing it at anyone. His arm is getting tired. Mario is, well, *Mario*.

As DR. BLOOD walks in, Mr. X presses the elevator button.

MR. X

It is now oh-eight-fifty-eight, gentlemen. Here are your duty assignments.

Blood, your mission is to find the new Whore-Queen. When you find her, terminate her command. Do it by midnight or we all die. Got it?

DR. BLOOD

Affirmative.

MR. X

Sergei, Doktor Arzt: you will be quelling a riot on level theta. The power vacuum left by the Whore-Queen has gotten the Stalagmen restless. If they fuck up Dr. Blood's mission, there will literally be hell to pay. Understood?

Doktor Arzt nods.

SERGEI

Is OK.

(CONTINUED)

MR. X

Bill, you'll be running a diversionary operation on level gamma. That means you'll be jumping from platform to platform over bottomless pits while avoiding the walking mushrooms that can poison you with a single touch.

BILL

No! Please, not the platforms. I'm afraid of heights.

MR. X

Well, do the best you can. Remember: technically, bottomless pits are depths, not heights.

And Mario, you'll be staying here at the command center. We've got some filing for you to do.

MARIO

I wanna jump onna da platform!

MR. X

That's nice, Mario.

MARIO

I killa da mushroom! All da mushroom! I jump on dere heads!

MR. X

That's... that's nice.  
(ding! goes the elevator)  
Let's move out gentlemen. This world isn't going to save itself. Good luck, Dr. Blood. We're all counting on you.

DR. BLOOD

Whatever.

The doors open. Dr. Blood, Sergei, and Doktor Arzt enter. Mr. X grabs Bill's arm before he can get on.

MR. X

Ah, Bill. You'll have to take the stairs. Security reasons.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

What the hell? That's like twenty flights! This is about Meg, isn't it?

MR. X

That's classified.

The elevator doors close on their argument.

INT. - UNDERHELL ELEVATOR

This is a far more forbidding elevator than the one we were in earlier. It has a brutal, futuristic, stainless-steel design. The lights inside are all night-vision red.

DOKTOR ARZT is standing next to the buttons. SERGEI is in the center. DR. BLOOD is on the other side. Doktor Arzt pushes one of the buttons, and the elevator begins to carry them down.

The three of them stand facing forwards for a moment. If the sounds we hear are any indication, the elevator is accelerating at an alarming rate into the bowels of the earth.

Dr. Blood has a thought. He looks over at the buttons to see what Doktor Arzt pressed. He then glances at Sergei and Doktor Arzt. Both affect to ignore him--he's getting no help from these guys, and Dr. Blood sure isn't going to ask for it. Apparently, they haven't pressed Dr. Blood's button for him, because Dr. Blood has to reach all the way across the two of them to press the button for his stop.

Sergei glances at Dr. Blood, checking him out. When Dr. Blood turns to meet his gaze, Sergei faces front again. Dr. Blood slowly returns to eyes-front again. What's up with these clowns? More silence.

SERGEI

You haff many grenades.

DR. BLOOD

Yeah.

SERGEI

You are a very brave man.

For some reason, Doktor Arzt cracks up at this. He can barely keep his snickering under control. Sergei is utterly straight-faced. Dr. Blood turns and gives them both a glare, but he can't figure out what's going on. Neither

(CONTINUED)

Sergei nor Doktor Arzt meet his eye. Dr. Blood doesn't want to admit he doesn't know what's going on, so he settles for a slow burn instead of starting a fight.

Doktor Arzt gets himself fully under control just before the elevator reaches Sergei and Doktor Arzt's level.

Before the doors open, Doktor Arzt activates his huge gun, which seems to stream healing forces into Sergei. The elevator doors open. We can't see what's outside the elevator from this angle, but it sure sounds like there's a riot out there.

SERGEI  
(a battle cry)  
Riot control! Argh!

Sergei and Doktor Arzt dash out of the doors. We can hear Sergei firing his huge gun at unknown foes, his taunts at the rioters, and their cries of terror and rage.

Meanwhile, we hold on Dr. Blood in the elevator, who is being cool and waiting for the doors to close. We listen to the mayhem outside for far longer than we expect to. When a spear hurtles into the elevator and shatters against the back wall, Dr. Blood has had enough: he reaches over and pushes the "door close" button.

The elevator doors close, cutting off the sounds of the riot.

As the elevator carries him downwards, Dr. Blood thinks for a moment, then comes to a conclusion.

DR. BLOOD  
(to himself)  
Dicks.

INT. - ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERHELL

A natural cavern, cavernous in scale, lit by flaming, magically-sustained torchieres. Heat shimmers in the air. There's red stone in abundance. There's stalactites, stalagmites, and a nice river of lava blooming by. A low, seismic rumble makes it obvious we're not in Kansas anymore.

Ding! An incongruously modern elevator door opens. DR. BLOOD leaps out, ready to shoot anything that moves. Nothing. He checks out the cavern, confused, then steps back into the elevator to double-check his destination. This is the Underhell, all right. He steps back out again. Whatever. Time to go.

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Like an oiled, death-dealing cat, Dr. Blood glides from shadow to shadow, following the torchieres deeper into the cavern.

The elevator doors whoosh shut. Dr. Blood whirls around and nearly shoots the shit out of them, relaxing only reluctantly once he sees his mistake.

Dr. Blood turns downhill and follows the torchieres.

INT. - HALLWAY

As DR. BLOOD proceeds deeper into the cavern, its scale comes down to something more closely resembling that of a hallway.

The torchieres that once were just flaming (albeit magical) sticks stuck in cracks in the floor are now real-looking torches. Then they're torches set into rough brackets on the walls. Then they're set in crude sconces. Then pretty nice sconces. Then the torches start being held by magical hands and arms, à la Cocteau. Things are getting fancier and fancier as we go.

Dr. Blood moves swiftly and silently, a dark man in a dark place. It's a delight to watch him do these clever, stealthy things in this house of evil. He's like ten ninjas taped together.

Dr. Blood freezes. There's a voice in the distance. Dr. Blood begins to stalk it.

INT. - FRONT DESK

DR. BLOOD takes cover behind a big concrete pot with plastic flowers in it. He scouts out the situation through the fauxliage.

By this point, what was once a cavern has now reached a mid-eighties-mall level of fanciness. That is, not so great for a mall, but pretty good for a cavern.

Hanging from the ceiling of the hall is a sign: "Welcome to the Underhell!" There's a desk off to one side labeled "Information". Standing behind the desk is MIKE. He is wearing a headset, and he is undead.

Mike's phone bleeps.

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MIKE  
(into headset)  
Thank you for calling the  
Underhell. How may I direct your  
call? One moment please.

He presses a button on the phone. Dr. Blood sneaks around behind him while he is distracted.

MIKE  
Dave? Line two. Some guy, I don't  
know. He asked for  
you. No. No. Because I'm  
busy. That's right. No. I  
already told you why. Uh huh. Uh  
huh. Dave, please just pick up  
line two and ask him what he wants,  
OK? I really have no way of  
knowing that. Line two, yes.

Mike's phone rings again.

MIKE  
I have to go now. I have another  
call.

Mike pushes a button on the phone.

MIKE  
Thank you for calling the  
Underhell. How may I direct  
your... ARGH!

Boom! Dr. Blood has shot him in the back of the knee. Mike falls to the ground, writhing in pain. Dr. Blood walks over and picks up Mike's headset.

DR. BLOOD  
(into headset mike)  
Wrong number, please.

Dr. Blood tears the headset out of the phone.

MIKE  
Oh, god. Don't kill me.

DR. BLOOD  
Toy with me not, child of  
darkness. The dead are beyond  
death, but they are not beyond the  
agony that my Energite weapons can  
provide. Not by a long shot.

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DR. BLOOD (cont'd)  
Now... listen to my words.

I am going to ask you some questions. You must answer them promptly and truthfully. If you fail to do so, I will mete out vengeance upon you that will, when you look back upon it, color this ugly, knee-shooting introduction of ours with the kind of soft-focus, sepia-toned nostalgia one normally...

MIKE  
Darktalon? Is that you?

Wait, what? This question throws Dr. Blood off his stride.

He leans over to examine his victim.

DR. BLOOD  
Mike.

MIKE  
Yes, Mike, that's right! I can't believe you remember that. It's been forever, man. Ow. How long since you left the Underhell?

DR. BLOOD  
Thirteen years.

MIKE  
Thirteen years, wow. You look good. Check out those grenades. You're the big man now, huh?

DR. BLOOD  
Indeed.

MIKE  
You were going to school to be a, a lawyer, right?

DR. BLOOD  
Doctor.

MIKE  
That's right, I remember. Hey, "Dr. Darktalon"! That sounds totally wicked.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD  
My name isn't Darktalon  
anymore. I'm Dr. Blood  
now. Darktalon is my maiden name.

MIKE  
Your, uh, what?

DR. BLOOD  
My wife was a baroness. Lots of  
titles, property. The paperwork  
was simpler if I took her name.

MIKE  
That does sound simple. How long  
you guys been married?

DR. BLOOD  
We are currently estranged.

MIKE  
Oof. Sorry about that, dude.

DR. BLOOD  
No need to apologize. I left  
her. She was... controlling.

MIKE  
Well, then, uh,  
congratulations? Anyway, it's  
great to see you again, "Dr.  
Blood". So you in the Underhell  
for business or pleasure?

Dr. Blood kicks Mike's injured knee. Mike screams.

DR. BLOOD  
A little of both.

MIKE  
Oh, oh. That smarts.

DR. BLOOD  
I have a question.

MIKE  
OK.

DR. BLOOD  
Where is the new Whore-Queen of  
Festeria?

MIKE

I'm sorry. The Whore-Queen isn't in at the moment, but if you leave your name and number, I can...

Dr. Blood stomps on Mike's knee.

DR. BLOOD

Wrong answer, Mike.

MIKE

Ow! Jeez, what is with you?

DR. BLOOD

I'm an angry man.

MIKE

Look, the new Whore-Queen is prepping for some kind of top-secret midnight ceremony. She's been running all over the Underhell. She could be anywhere. Seriously, give me the number of your cell, and I'll leave a message for her. She'll call you back, I swear.

DR. BLOOD

Not good enough, Mike.

MIKE

I don't know where she is. What do you want me to do? I gotta tell you, your little friend was a lot nicer.

DR. BLOOD

I don't have any friends.

MIKE

OK, fine. Your "associate", whatever.

DR. BLOOD

What are you talking about?

MIKE

Look, your baby-faced partner came through here an hour ago asking where the new Whore-Queen was. It wasn't a big deal, though. None of this knee-shooting stuff. You never used to be like

(MORE)

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MIKE (cont'd)

this. Medical school has changed you, dude.

DR. BLOOD

Number one: I have no baby-faced partner. You seem to be confusing me with Batman.

MIKE

Fine. Whatever.

DR. BLOOD

Number two: I am beginning to doubt your commitment to customer satisfaction. All I want are solutions, but you're giving me nothing but problems. I feel myself becoming upset. How many times have I shot you to shreds, Mike?

MIKE

Well gosh, it's been years. Five or six times, at least.

DR. BLOOD

Does it hurt?

MIKE

Look, dude, I'm going to tell you exactly what I told your partner: if you don't want to leave a message for the Whore-Queen, then I can't help you. You should go down to the Black Pits of Darkness and ask someone there.

DR. BLOOD

Those guys are assholes.

MIKE

I feel like you are up to the challenge.

DR. BLOOD

Very well. If the denizens of the Black Pits prove unhelpful, rest assured that I shall return and wreak my vengeance upon you.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Oh, good. Are we done?

DR. BLOOD

Question number two: where is the ice?

MIKE

Ice? What ice?

DR. BLOOD

I have warned you against toying with me, fool. When last I was here, the caverns of the Underhell were locked in an eternal winter, frozen solid by the infinitely cold and evil hearts of those who dwelt deep within their under-depths.

MIKE

Oh, the ice! We got rid of that years ago. The Underhell is more of a hot hell now. It's all fire and lava and stuff. I kind of like it. I think it's more hellish, don't you?

DR. BLOOD

It's lovely.

MIKE

We've got eternal lava, mystical flames--on epsilon level we've got this two-story fountain of sparks that's just... oh yeah! You should know those grenades of yours are a serious safety hazard now.

DR. BLOOD

Is that so?

MIKE

I'm not kidding. You better find somewhere to stash those things or you're going to catch on fire and blow yourself up.

DR. BLOOD

I'll take that under advisement. Third question: where can I pee?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

What?

DR. BLOOD

If, while visiting the Underhell, I should need to pee--and I am not saying I will--but if I should later, at a time of my choosing, wish to pee, I wish to urinate in a place where my urination will not be disturbed, a place where my urine will be handled in the sanitary and respectful manner it deserves. You will tell me where I can do this thing, slave, or my wrath before thee I shall surely unsheathe.

MIKE

Dude, just pee in the lava.

DR. BLOOD

Really?

MIKE

That's what everyone else does.

Dr. Blood thinks this over. It makes sense.

DR. BLOOD

Very well.

MIKE

Are we done?

DR. BLOOD

Yes.

MIKE

Well, it's been just super seeing you again, Dr. Blood. Before you go, could you sort of prop me up against the counter there? In case anyone comes by.

Dr. Blood cocks a pistol and aims it at Mike's face.

DR. BLOOD

I have a better idea.

MIKE

Oh, this is not fair. I did everything you wanted. You already

(MORE)

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MIKE (cont'd)  
shot me once. I answered all your  
questions!

DR. BLOOD  
Cry me a river.

Boom! Dr. Blood blows him away.

INT. - DEEP IN THE UNDERHELL

Boom... boom... boom.... The sound of Dr. Blood's gunshot echoes from one empty cavern to another. We follow the sound deeper and deeper into the Underhell.

One cavern isn't like the others, though. In this cavern, a MYSTERIOUS FIGURE is traversing a boulder, silhouetted against a glowing stream of orange-red lava that falls from a crevice above into unfathomable depths below.

At the sound of the far-away gunshot, the slender figure whirls, then freezes, tracking the sound, one hand ready to retrieve a large, curiously-shaped weapon from some kind of back sling.

The sound of the gunshot dies away. The figure takes a slow step backwards. Then another.

With the suddenness of a frog jumping into a pond, the figure turns and leaps silently into the blackness. Gone.

INT. - LAVA LAKE

DR. BLOOD passes more scenery. It's spectacular.

Dr. Blood navigates a thin ledge over a lake of lava. This is not just spectacular; it's precarious too. We're all worried for him.

Is that... screaming? Where's it coming from? Can't tell. It's coming closer fast though. Dr. Blood presses himself against the stone wall and prepares for the worst. Here... it... comes!

SOMETHING falls screaming out of the blackness above and hits the lava. Whatever it is, it's wet. There's a sizzling explosion where it hits the lava.

Dr. Blood is sprayed with sparks and bits of molten rock. He slaps at the sparks furiously, trying to get them off of him before they can ignite his grenades.

A tense moment here, waiting. Did he get all the sparks? Will he, in fact, explode? Apparently he will not. Dr. Blood narrows his eyes. Almost exploding pisses him off.

INT. - BIG HALLWAY

DR. BLOOD glides along the wall in a dark hallway. Scale is all wrong here in the Underhell. For example, you could put a football field in this hallway and still have plenty of room left over for parking. What sort of gigantic creatures come through a hallway this size, anyway?

Dr. Blood freezes. Off in the distance, there's a deep, rhythmic thumping noise.

Dr. Blood removes a pistol from its holster and checks it, then moves forwards to investigate.

INT. - THUMPING PIT

DR. BLOOD has reached a wide spot in this already-enormous hallway. There's a pit a hundred feet across here. The thumping noise we heard before is coming from the bottom of the pit. We can see by the ever-changing colors reflected from the ceiling that something weird is going on below.

Dr. Blood moves near the edge of the pit, then gets down and crawls the last few feet to the edge. He peers over, pistol at the ready.

Fifty feet down in the pit is a dingy little dance club. The thumping sound is coming from the P.A., which we can now hear is blasting French electropop ("À Cause Des Garçons" by Yelle). A dance floor with colored lights embedded in it is shining the odd colors on the ceiling.

There's only two people in the club: a BARTENDER and a DJ, both undead. The bartender looks bored. He is reading a newspaper. The DJ, on the other hand, is acting like the place is packed. He's enthusiastically bobbing his head to the music, tweaking controls on the sound board, and searching a huge box of albums for the next song to play.

As Dr. Blood watches, the song comes out of the bridge and back into the chorus. The ecstatic DJ looks up from his knob-twiddling long enough to pump his fist at the non-existent dance party before him.

Dr. Blood has had his fill. He retreats from the edge of the pit and continues on his way. Neither the bartender nor the DJ see him.

INT. - BENEATH A LEDGE

More traveling from one cavern to another.

DR. BLOOD has reached a dead end. He looks around for another way out. Nope, definitely stuck. He sits on a rock and pulls out his blood-spattered map. He may be one badass mammajamma, but right now he's just lost.

Crash! A SHRIEKING SOMETHING falls out of nowhere, hits the ground right in front of Dr. Blood, and falls apart into a pile of bones. Dr. Blood drops the map, leaps to his feet, and whips out his pistols. He presses his back to the dead end and looks up.

A tracking shot carries us straight upwards, following his gaze. High above Dr. Blood is a ledge. On the ledge are FOUR SKELETONS, armed with short swords and bucklers. They are closing in on the same MYSTERIOUS FIGURE we saw in a previous scene.

The mysterious figure has reached the edge of the ledge. The skeletons are chuckling: there's nowhere to run. Obviously, the mysterious figure is doomed.

Deliberately, the mysterious figure reaches back with one hand, unclips a large, curiously-shaped weapon from its sling, and brings it forward into ready position. The light gleams off of the razor-sharp edge of the weapon. What is that thing, anyway? Holy shit, is... is that... a *bat'leth*?

The mysterious figure leans forward into a ray of torchlight. It is a girl, 11. She is wearing jeans, a black t-shirt with some kind of wacky creature printed on it, and a leather jacket. ANNARCHY crooks one finger at the skeletons.

ANNARCHY  
(to skeletons)  
Bring it.

Annarchy's fight theme begins. It's chiptunes, of course ("Sk8 Bit" by 8 Bit Weapon).

Two of the skeletons look at each other, amused by her invitation. What's up with this kid? They shrug, then the two of them rush her.

The skeletons' plan is pretty simple: either hack her in half or drive her off the edge. One skeleton closes in with an overhand swing at Annarchy's head. At the last second, she takes a step forward and crouches at its feet. This causes the swing to overshoot her. The skeleton trips over her and falls off the ledge to its doom.

(CONTINUED)

While crouching, Annarchy lashes out one-handed with the bat'leth and cuts off the second skeleton's foot. The skeleton crashes to the ground. She bounces to her feet like a superball and stomps one of her lil' combat boots onto the radius of the skeleton's sword arm, breaking it. The skeleton screams. Annarchy does a quick moulinet with the bat'leth, then drives a point into its skull. The skeleton stops moving.

The remaining two skeletons are impressed. They don't really have facial expressions, but we can tell anyway. They close in cautiously.

Annarchy brings her bat'leth up, ready to fight. Surprise: the skull is still stuck to the end of it. She does a quick comic take to the skull, blocks a sword swing with the bat'leth, then smashes the skull against a wall to get it free of her weapon.

Annarchy fights two skeletons at once. The skeletons have some advantages over her, but, ultimately, they're slow and kinda dumb. Annarchy, on the other hand, is fast as hell and very advanced for her age. She's up on her toes like a boxer, dodging, weaving, and generally beating the crap out of them.

A little cut-and-thrust here. Annarchy makes a nice escape by doing a backflip off of a wall and slashing at a skeleton's head in mid-flip, cutting off the top of its skull. It crumples to the ground.

The remaining skeleton charges in. Annarchy whips the bat'leth under its shield and catches a point in its pelvis. Classic groin shot. The skeleton doesn't seem to mind, however--it keeps up the attack. Annarchy can't yank the bat'leth loose from the skeleton's pelvis and abandoning it doesn't seem wise. She is forced to leave one end of the bat'leth stuck in the skeleton's pelvis while using the other end to defend herself from the skeleton at very close range.

She finally throws her weight on the bat'leth in a twisting motion, and the skeleton's pelvis shatters. The skeleton falls, and the bat'leth is free.

The fallen skeleton is thrashing around, so Annarchy decapitates it. Its skull rolls across the ground, and ends up resting against the wall. Annarchy's fight theme ends.

Annarchy takes a moment for her breathing to slow. She looks around for more enemies: none. She expertly locks her bat'leth into a fancy retractable strap system and slings it over her shoulder. She then removes her hair

clip, pulls her hair back, and re-clips it. Without any more fuss, she moves silently along the ledge and into the darkness.

A tracking shot takes us back down the cliff and onto Dr. Blood.

DR. BLOOD  
(to himself)  
Huh.

INT. - BLACK PITS OF DARKNESS

DR. BLOOD is moving down a spiral passageway lit by magical torches. It's pretty rough going--lots of boulders and stalagmites. He's got a pistol in one hand and the map in the other.

He comes to a big gothic-y archway hewn from the living rock. The words "THE BLACK PITS OF DARKNESS" are carved a foot high and an inch deep into it. Impressive. The majesty of this entranceway is diminished somewhat by a preposterous number of of yellow, plastic warning signs that have been taped haphazardly to the walls: "Caution", "Danger", "Keep out", "Authorized personnel only", "Beware of dog", "Hot surface--do not touch", "Conveyor may start without warning", "Not a step", "Usar pasamanos", "This is a drug-free workplace".

Beyond the archway, there is only blackness. No light illuminates the large, echoing, scary space that is the Black Pits of Darkness.

Dr. Blood puts his map away. He tries to take a torch away from the magical arm that is holding it to the wall. The arm resists. A brief struggle ensues. Dr. Blood has to smack the arm across the knuckles with his gun to get it to let go.

Torch in one hand, pistol in the other, Dr. Blood moves through the entranceway and into the darkness.

Not much to see much here at the Black Pits of Darkness. It's a giant cavern of some sort, but we can't really tell how big it is. It sure is spooky in here. The little we can see from Dr. Blood's torch reveals that there are pits everywhere. The floor is mostly pits, in fact. Dr. Blood must walk carefully to keep from falling into them.

A scrabbling sound. Dr. Blood looks behind him: nothing to see but black, pits, and darkness. From our angle, however,

(CONTINUED)

we can see that something indistinct is poking its horrible head up out of a pit that's out of his line of sight. Dr. Blood turns around, and the head ducks back down into the pit before he can see it.

Dr. Blood sniffs the air.

DR. BLOOD  
Smells like chicken.

PIT DWELLER #1  
I got a whole bucket. Whole bucket  
of chicken.

The pit dwellers have high, raspy voices. They speak off-camera from down in their pits. Sometimes they stick their heads out to peek at Dr. Blood, but he and we can never get a good look at them.

DR. BLOOD  
That so?

PIT DWELLER #1  
I got all kinda chicken. All kinda  
chicken. I got fried, baked,  
grilled, steamed, boiled, soaked,  
peppertized chicken. Good chicken,  
too. Real good chicken. In a  
bucket. In two buckets. Good  
stuff. In *quantity*.

PIT DWELLER #2  
Shut up! Don't listen to him.

PIT DWELLER #1  
You shut up. Listen, fella, I will  
make you a deal. Let's  
deal. Let's talk. Talk to me,  
human. You sound like a  
connoisseur to me. Am I  
right? You a connoisseur, fella?

DR. BLOOD  
I don't know what that is.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Doesn't matter. You sound like a  
man of the soil. A man's man. Not  
the fussy type when it comes to  
food. Am I right? I'm the same  
way. I like to eat, and I like a  
man who likes to eat. Likes to eat  
chicken!

PIT DWELLER #2  
You and your goddamn chicken. I am  
sick of your...

PIT DWELLER #1  
Shut your hole! He's mine.

PIT DWELLER #2  
You paid two thousand dollars for  
that stupid franchise. Nobody ever  
comes down here.

PIT DWELLER #1  
I probably got, like, a dozen parts  
right here, human. A dozen  
parts. Chicken parts. All kinda  
parts. In a bucket for you, my  
man, my main man. Bucket of  
chicken! Right here, right  
now. How you want it?

DR. BLOOD  
Your chicken revolts me.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Oh, a sanitation man, huh? You  
sound clean to me. That's all  
right, that's all right. Don't  
worry, I got the clean chicken  
too... right here... somewhere....

DR. BLOOD  
Heed me, creature of eternal  
night: I will never eat anything  
that has been touched by a denizen  
of the Black Pits. Have I made  
myself clear?

A pause.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Barbecue chicken!

PIT DWELLER #2  
Shut up!

PIT DWELLER #1  
You shut up! You're queering my  
pitch.

PIT DWELLER #2  
Leave him alone. The man doesn't  
want chicken.

(CONTINUED)

PIT DWELLER #1  
Why not? Everybody wants  
chicken. He's not gonna buy your  
posters, that's for sure.

DR. BLOOD  
I have come seeking information.

A pause, then the pit dwellers start giggling.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Buddy, you are way off base. The  
information desk is, like, four  
levels up. That's where you get  
your information.

PIT DWELLER #2  
Yeah, yeah. Information desk. Ask  
for Mike!

DR. BLOOD  
Mike sent me down here.

The pit dwellers begin cackling.

PIT DWELLER #2  
Oh, that's a good one.

PIT DWELLER #1  
That's Mike for you.

PIT DWELLER #2  
He's a joker.

PIT DWELLER #1  
What are we supposed know? We live  
in the Black Pits of Darkness. We  
don't know jack.

PIT DWELLER #2  
We're dumb as hell.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Hey, I have an idea. You should go  
back up to that information desk  
and teach that joker a lesson.

DR. BLOOD  
I already blew his face off.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Yeah! That's a good lesson.

PIT DWELLER #2

You think so? I don't think that's really a lesson, per se. I mean, what does getting your face blown off teach you?

PIT DWELLER #1

Well, it's not a lesson, exactly. It's more like a moral.

PIT DWELLER #2

OK, so what's the moral?

PIT DWELLER #1

I don't know. Maybe the moral is, "I have a gun". Or, "don't fuck with me". Or both.

PIT DWELLER #2

Hey, that's a good moral.

DR. BLOOD

I'm looking for the new Whore-Queen of Festeria.

A pause.

PIT DWELLER #1

Well, that's the question of the day, huh? Everybody wants to know where the new Whore-Queen of Festeria is. You must be working for the little girl.

DR. BLOOD

I'm not working for the little girl.

PIT DWELLER #1

But you know who I'm talking about, right?

DR. BLOOD

I am familiar with her work.

PIT DWELLER #2

She's classy!

PIT DWELLER #1

See, now there's a girl that knows the value of information. She didn't come down to the Black Pits of Darkness asking, "Where's the

(MORE)

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PIT DWELLER #1 (cont'd)  
new Whore-Queen of Festeria?" and  
just assume that the value of  
valuable information like that has  
no value whatsoever. No sir. She  
was willing to trade for it. She  
was ready to deal. I respect that  
impulse. I don't just respect it;  
I *celebrate* it.

DR. BLOOD  
Yeah? What did she give you?

PIT DWELLER #1  
She gave me three dollars. In  
quarters.

PIT DWELLER #2  
She gave me a scratched, rental  
copy of a "PGA Tour '98"  
Playstation disc with a chunk  
broken out of it so it looks like  
Pac-Man that she found in a parking  
lot behind a 7-11 near her actual  
house.

DR. BLOOD  
Impressive.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Damn straight.

DR. BLOOD  
I can do better.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Yeah? How much money you got?

DR. BLOOD  
Not money. Better than money. You  
ever seen these before?

Dr. Blood draws back his cape and does a slow 360-degree  
turn.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Are... are those real grenades?

DR. BLOOD  
I think you will find them to be  
very real indeed.

(CONTINUED)

PIT DWELLER #2

Grenades? What are we supposed to do with grenades?

PIT DWELLER #1

Shut up! God, I am so sick of your attitude.

PIT DWELLER #2

You're just going to blow yourself up. Actually, you'd better pray you blow yourself up, because the if you ever set one of those off, you'll wake the Master, and he'll rise from the nether-depths and eat your soul. Is that what you want? To have your soul eaten? I don't want that.

PIT DWELLER #1

Are you finished?

PIT DWELLER #2

No! Yes.

PIT DWELLER #1

Point number one: grenades are cool. Point number two: We are sadly lacking in defensive options around here. Somebody's gotta pick up the slack. Point number three: we need to expand our operations. If we had some grenades, then we might eventually have a chance of perpetrating some commerce around here.

PIT DWELLER #2

What are you talking about?

PIT DWELLER #1

We could trade them, dumbass. Maybe if we had something cool like grenades, then someday we could trade them for something that's even cooler, like... like a used Playstation with no laser assembly and two broken ports that someone found in a dumpster behind a thrift store. Huh? How about that? What you say now, smart guy?

A pause.

(CONTINUED)

PIT DWELLER #2  
I'm in. Let's do this thing.

PIT DWELLER #1  
How many grenades you got there,  
stranger?

DR. BLOOD  
Seven.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Seven grenades for directions to  
the new Whore-Queen of Festeria? I  
gotta tell you, friend, normally  
the price for directions to the new  
Whore-Queen of Festeria is eight  
grenades. I like your style,  
though, so I'm going to cut you a  
deal. Big, big deal.

DR. BLOOD  
I want a map.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Map's no problem. I draw all kinda  
maps. All kinda maps.

DR. BLOOD  
And I want the truth.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Nobody said  
anything about the truth here.

DR. BLOOD  
I can make up my own lies for  
free. I need the truth.

PIT DWELLER #1  
What about misinformation?

DR. BLOOD  
Misinformation is worse.

PIT DWELLER #2  
He's really good at misinformation.

PIT DWELLER #1  
It's a gift.

DR. BLOOD  
You will swear by your Master,  
ruler of the nether-depths below

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(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD (cont'd)  
these accursed pits, that the  
directions you give me are correct  
and complete.

PIT DWELLER #1  
What!?! That's not even close to  
fair.

DR. BLOOD  
See you in hell.

Dr. Blood starts walking away.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Wait! What are you doing?

DR. BLOOD  
Walking away from a gigantic waste  
of time.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Stop! Come back.

Dr. Blood stops.

DR. BLOOD  
Why?

PIT DWELLER #1  
Look, it's just, you know. It's a  
pride thing.

PIT DWELLER #2  
That's a good way of putting it.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Thank you. We just can't *give away*  
the truth. It might damage our  
already-shaky self-esteem.

DR. BLOOD  
I'm giving you grenades, remember?

PIT DWELLER #1  
Yeah, well, that was for lies and  
stuff. The truth hurts.

DR. BLOOD  
I'll throw in the vest.

PIT DWELLER #1

Now we're talking! I swear by our Master that I'll tell you the truth. There you go. That's all I needed. Just a little of that sugar on top.

Dr. Blood crumples his paper map into a ball and throws it into a pit.

DR. BLOOD

Draw on this.

While the pit dweller works on the map, Dr. Blood drops his torch, removes his ugly vest o' grenades, leaves it at his feet, then retrieves his torch.

PIT DWELLER #1

Yes, sir. Ooh, this is spiffy. Yeah, no problem, no problem. Sure you don't want some chicken?

DR. BLOOD

Stop saying words.

PIT DWELLER #1

(as it draws)

Hey, that's OK. Right, right. OK, so we're here. We draw this thing here. First you ford the River of Death. From there you head down Death Alley...

PIT DWELLER #2

You're sending him down the alley at this time of day? The traffic is going to be terrible.

PIT DWELLER #1

You like the bridge instead? I've had bad luck with the bridge.

PIT DWELLER #2

You must have hit an accident or something. The bridge is the only way to go.

PIT DWELLER #1

Fine, OK. So after you ford the River of Death, you take the Bridge of Death across Death Canyon over to Death City. Once you're in the

(MORE)

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PIT DWELLER #1 (cont'd)  
 city, you follow Death Avenue on  
 down until you get to Death  
 Street. Now at the corner of Death  
 Street and Death Ave., there's a  
 big sign: it just says "DEATH" on  
 it, you can't miss it. You climb  
 through the hole in the fence and  
 climb down Death Cliffs until you  
 reach Death Grove. Then you just  
 get on M.L.K. heading south, and  
 it's straight shot from there.

The wadded-up map comes flying out of the pit and lands at  
 Dr. Blood's feet. Dr. Blood unwads and studies it. In  
 addition to the Pit Dweller's annotations, the map now has  
 several large, greasy stains on it.

PIT DWELLER #1  
 There you go, fella. That's a  
 guaranteed map, there. One hundred  
 percent map.

DR. BLOOD  
 This is disgusting.

PIT DWELLER #1  
 Disgustingly accurate, maybe.

PIT DWELLER #2  
 Ha! That's a good one.

PIT DWELLER #1  
 I concur. Now you just toss those  
 grenades on down here, and we'll  
 call it a day.

Dr. Blood nudges the grenade-covered vest with his foot, and  
 it falls into the pit.

PIT DWELLER #1  
 Ow! That's... ooh, yeah.

PIT DWELLER #2  
 What? What? Did he give you the  
 stuff?

PIT DWELLER #1  
 We got grenades, baby.

DR. BLOOD  
 Pleasure doing business with you.

Dr. Blood turns on his heel and start walking towards the exit.

PIT DWELLER #1  
Hey! Wait a minute. There's just... yeah. There's only six grenades here. Where's my seventh grenade? You trying to pull a fast one, human? I want my grenade.

While taking off the vest, Dr. Blood has palmed one of the grenades. He pulls the pin.

DR. BLOOD  
It's all yours.

Without breaking stride, Dr. Blood tosses the live grenade over his shoulder. It goes right into the pit.

Boom-BABOOM! The grenade detonates in the pit, setting off the others too. Though we can't see what happened, Pit Dweller #1 is presumably annihilated.

PIT DWELLER #2  
Aaah! What was that? Why are things exploding? What's going on?

Dr. Blood has about two seconds of carefree walking before we hear a terrifying rumble. He turns around.

From way back in the cavern, something huge is climbing out of an even huger pit. It seems to be mostly tentacles. The reason we can see it at all is because this thing is translucent and something inside of it is glowing with a disgusting, purple-green light. I'd be willing to wager that this is the biggest land-dwelling jellyfish you've ever seen: hundreds of feet across, easy.

The jellyfish seems to be exhibiting aggressive tendencies. Its tentacles quest blindly across the ground for prey.

PIT DWELLER #2  
Master! Master, no! It wasn't me. Have mercy! Have mercy on me!

The Master's tentacle plunges into a pit like the strike of a snake. Pit Dweller #2 screams. The tentacle jerks, and the scream is cut short, punctuated by a horribly wet snap. The tentacle withdraws itself from the pit, dripping ichor.

Two little tentacles grope towards Dr. Blood.

DR. BLOOD

Not good.

Dr. Blood stuffs the map down his pants, brandishes a pistol and his torch, and makes retreat a priority.

The tentacles catch up to Dr. Blood before he can make it to the exit. Dr. Blood burns one tentacle with his torch and shoots the other, severing it from its blubbery mothership. The severed tentacle thrashes around for a moment before falling into a pit.

The Master makes a bubbling, subsonic groan loud enough to loosen your fillings. About fifty more tentacles lunge from the depths in pursuit of Dr. Blood.

Dr. Blood makes it to the exit at a dead sprint. He tosses his torch aside--a magical arm makes a grab for the torch, but misses--unholsters his other pistol, and prepares to make a stand.

A single, enormous tentacle as big around as a minivan rises, undulating gracefully. The tentacle lashes out at Dr. Blood. Despite its size, the speed of the tentacle is incredible. It easily overtakes the other, lesser tentacles. The tentacle misses its target and smashes into the cavern wall over the entrance to the Black Pits of Darkness with a bone-rattling impact.

Too bad for the Master, the strike of the giant tentacle causes the entrance to the Black Pits of Darkness to collapse. Hundreds of tons of rock come crashing down between Dr. Blood and the Master. We can hear secondary avalanches continue for a while afterwards--or is that the sound of crushed tentacles writhing under the rubble? Then silence.

Pure luck has saved Dr. Blood from a horrible fate. Dr. Blood narrows his eyes. Being saved pisses him off. He holsters his pistols, then starts back up the way he came.

Behind him, there's a small rockslide in the pile of rubble now blocking the entrance to the Black Pits of Darkness. A single tentacle pushes its way out from under the rubble. It slithers up the passage in pursuit of Dr. Blood.

INT. - INTERSECTION

DR. BLOOD comes to an multi-way intersection. There are signs here covered with arrows and descriptions of where each passage will take him. Disconcertingly, some of the arrows point straight up or straight down. Half of the

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signs are scratched out. A few have fallen off of their signposts and lie scattered on the ground.

Dr. Blood stares at his map, attempting to reconcile what's on it with the signs. It's a non-starter.

Dr. Blood hears a scream coming from one of the passages. He stuffs the map into his pants and goes to investigate.

INT. - BRIDGE OF DEATH

The Bridge of Death is a long, natural bridge of rock that stretches over a bottomless pit. An ORC is standing in the middle of the bridge wailing and holding its arm, which is bleeding profusely. The orc is trying to point out something on this side of the bridge to several other indistinct creatures hiding in the rocks on the other side of the bridge.

The something that the orc is trying to point out is ANNARCHY. She stands, resolute, on this side of the bridge, bat'leth dripping with orc blood, while she tries to see what's happening on the other side of the bridge.

DR. BLOOD creeps into this little scene unnoticed, pistols drawn, and takes cover behind a boulder. He assesses the situation in an instant, and he can see what's going to happen next.

DR. BLOOD

Hey!

Annarchy ignores Dr. Blood.

DR. BLOOD

Yo! Miley Cyrus! Get your *head* down.

ANNARCHY

Did you just call me Miley Cyrus?

A bone-tipped arrow zips past Annarchy, snipping off a lock of her hair. She startles, shrieks, and falls down behind a boulder, dropping her bat'leth. A shower of arrows follows, clattering off of the boulder and the wall behind her.

Annarchy picks up an arrow and contemplates it.

ANNARCHY

Arrows. That's new.

(CONTINUED)

She drops the arrow, then signals to Dr. Blood by making a "gun" with her fingers and tapping it with her other hand.

ANNARCHY

(to Dr. Blood)

You good?

Dr. Blood gets her plan immediately. He reloads his pistols, then nods. She retrieves her bat'leth and prepares to sprint.

ANNARCHY

On three, cover me. One... two...  
three.

Dr. Blood comes up over the top of his boulder firing both pistols. Several shots tear the wounded orc apart. It falls off of the bridge. Crunchy, noisy fight music accompanies his efforts ("K Is For Kompressor" by Kompressor).

Annarchy rushes the bridge, zigzagging as she goes. Several arrows zip by her, but Dr. Blood picks off a couple of the orc archers before they can fire more. The rest of the archers take cover behind a big boulder on the other side of the bridge.

Annarchy dashes across the bridge and flattens herself against the boulder that the archers are hiding behind. Dr. Blood stops firing.

An orc archer pops his head up over the top of the boulder, looking for a target. Annarchy has been waiting for this. She swings her bat'leth one-handed over the top of the boulder. Bullseye: its tip strikes home in the orc's face. Annarchy jerks the bat'leth downwards to free her weapon, and the now-dead orc slides out of sight.

Annarchy runs around to the other side of the boulder to face the rest of the orc horde. We can't see what's happening from here, but it sounds like one hell of a battle.

The fight music ceases. Silence.

ANNARCHY

Clear. All dead back here.

DR. BLOOD

Coming in.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

Don't shoot me.

Dr. Blood cautiously emerges from his cover and goes down to cross the bridge.

INT. - ORC HANGOUT

On the far side of the bridge, DR. BLOOD rounds the corner of the boulder, guns still drawn. The only creature still alive is ANNARCHY. She is busy trying to wipe orc blood off of her leather jacket.

This niche is actually kind of cool. The orcs have made a little clubhouse for themselves back here. There's a couple of old couches. They've set up a TV and a miniature fridge. It's really cozy.

It was cozy, that is, until Annarchy showed up. Now it looks like someone killed five orcs by hacking them to pieces. Blood is spattered everywhere. Stray body parts abound. There are lots of orc entrails, which are--little-known fact here--approximately twice as gross as regular entrails. In short, this place is revolting.

Dr. Blood holsters his pistols.

DR. BLOOD

Nice work.

ANNARCHY

That one tried to shoot me from two feet away. Ha!

DR. BLOOD

They lack adaptability.

ANNARCHY

Did I get any blood on my back?

DR. BLOOD

I see none.

ANNARCHY

Thanks for the cover. That was good shooting.

DR. BLOOD

I agree.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

What's your name?

DR. BLOOD

They call me Dr. Raven Darktalon  
Blood.

Annarchy reacts. The name means something to her, but she covers her reaction well.

ANNARCHY

Ah. Well hello there, Dr.  
Blood. My name's Ann  
Brahe. Everyone calls me Annarchy.

They shake hands cautiously, sizing each other up.

ANNARCHY

So, what brings you down here?

DR. BLOOD

My mission is classified.

ANNARCHY

Oh, right. Sure. No problem.

An awkward moment.

DR. BLOOD

You, of course, have your own  
reason for visiting the Underhell.

ANNARCHY

Of course.

DR. BLOOD

What is this reason?

ANNARCHY

Actually, my mission is classified  
too. So, you know....

DR. BLOOD

I see.

Another awkward pause.

ANNARCHY

Well, it's been great meeting you,  
Dr. Blood.

DR. BLOOD

You seek the new Whore-Queen of Festeria.

ANNARCHY

How did you know that?

DR. BLOOD

My sources are wide-ranging and startlingly complete.

ANNARCHY

No, seriously.

DR. BLOOD

I, too, seek this new Whore-Queen.

Annarchy thinks about this one.

ANNARCHY

You her friend?

DR. BLOOD

I have no affection for her.

ANNARCHY

You know where she is?

DR. BLOOD

Perhaps.

ANNARCHY

You don't know where she is.

DR. BLOOD

The opponents you have faced so far have been simple creatures, far less dangerous than those yet to come. If you wish to succeed, or even to survive, you must join forces with another--one stronger than yourself, one capable of overcoming the challenges that await you.

ANNARCHY

Wait, are you saying you want to tag along with me to go see the Whore-Queen of Festeria? Because if that's what you're saying, you should just say it.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

Also, the wisdom of one older than yourself...

ANNARCHY

Oh, great. Adult supervision. Here's the deal: I'm going to find the new Whore-Queen of Festeria. When I find her, I may or may not be forced to kick her butt. We'll just have to see how it goes. Is that in line with your "mission", Dr. Blood?

DR. BLOOD

It is satisfactory.

ANNARCHY

OK, fine. You can come along.

Dr. Blood narrows his eyes. Condescension pisses him off. Annarchy finishes wiping her jacket.

ANNARCHY

So let's see what these guys have got, shall we?

Annarchy slices through the strap of a dead orc's leather sack. She rifles through it. Dr. Blood just watches her.

ANNARCHY

What?

DR. BLOOD

I didn't think you'd be into corpse-looting.

ANNARCHY

Oh, sure. I do this all the time. Maybe they're carrying jewels or health packs or something.

DR. BLOOD

A defeated orc will frequently swallow all the jewels in its possession.

ANNARCHY

Makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

The problem is whether one can obtain a large enough knife to perform the necessary dissection.

Annarchy brandishes her bat'leth.

ANNARCHY

I think we're good on that one.

With one slice, Annarchy opens the belly of the dead orc. We can't see what she's doing from this angle. It sounds nasty, though.

ANNARCHY

Ugh. "I thought they smelled bad on the outside." Ha!

A woman's voice starts singing: "This was a triumph... I'm making a note here: huge success". It's the song "Still Alive" from the game "Portal". It's also Annarchy's ringtone. She pulls out her cellphone. She continues dissecting the orc as she speaks into the phone.

ANNARCHY

(into phone)

Hi, Daddy. Fine. No, we're at Jenna's house now. We're painting each others' toenails and giggling and watching DVDs.

Annarchy lifts out a gigantic orc liver for inspection, then tosses it aside.

ANNARCHY

(into phone)

Yeah. It's a triple feature. We've got "Sixteen Candles" and "Pretty In Pink" and "The Breakfast Club". Yeah. I know, Daddy. See, but for you it was actual fun--for us, it's ironic fun. No, there's no boys.

Annarchy rolls her eyes for Dr. Blood's benefit. Dr. Blood couldn't care less. He goes to check out the mini-fridge.

ANNARCHY

(into phone)

No, there's no Internet--Jenna's parents are practically Amish. OK. OK, I love you too, Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

Annarchy stows her phone.

ANNARCHY  
I can't find the stomach.

DR. BLOOD  
Huh.

Dr. Blood has pulled a beer bottle out of the fridge. He examines it dubiously.

ANNARCHY  
You're a doctor, right? Where's the stomach in these things?

DR. BLOOD  
Every orc has six stomachs, and every stomach is filled with the foulness of a thousand black deeds.

ANNARCHY  
So that's, what, six thousand black deeds per orc?

DR. BLOOD  
Approximately.

Dr. Blood sniffs the closed lid of the beer bottle, then puts it down in disgust.

DR. BLOOD  
Ugh. PBR.

ANNARCHY  
Well, I can't find any of them. It's just super gross in this thing.

DR. BLOOD  
It hardly matters.

ANNARCHY  
Why?

DR. BLOOD  
These orcs would not be in the possession of any treasure.

ANNARCHY  
And why is that?

DR. BLOOD

Because I wounded the demon in command of this orc troupe, then saw it escape while dragging their payroll box behind it.

ANNARCHY

So why am I up to my elbows in orc guts?

DR. BLOOD

I would chalk it up to youthful enthusiasm.

Annarchy recoils from the orc, hands dripping, and gets up in Dr. Blood's face.

ANNARCHY

You are not being helpful.

DR. BLOOD

Time grows short. You claim to have a mission in the Underhell, yet you waste time playing with corpses of the orcs you have slain. I am beginning to believe you are not entirely serious in your purposes here.

ANNARCHY

Oh, I'm serious.

DR. BLOOD

I see no evidence of a serious approach. You must find the new Whore-Queen of Festeria before you are in a position to prove anything, however. Let us therefore bend our efforts towards this, our common goal.

ANNARCHY

Fine.

Annarchy looks around for something to wipe her hands with. She finds nothing, finally wiping her hands on a corner of an orc couch. She grabs her bat'leth.

ANNARCHY

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

Which way?

ANNARCHY

I have no idea. I got directions from some guys who live in holes. I don't think they knew what they were doing, though.

DR. BLOOD

Then reliable information must be our first objective.

Dr. Blood contemplates the black and ominous path behind the hangout.

DR. BLOOD

We shall follow the demon commander. It is wounded and burdened with treasure--we will overtake it soon.

ANNARCHY

You think a demon is going to tell us the truth?

Dr. Blood smiles cruelly.

DR. BLOOD

Perhaps we will be forced to persuade it.

Dr. Blood and Annarchy proceed down the path the demon has taken. After a brief interval, a tentacle wriggles into the scene, quests around briefly in search of prey, then slithers onwards after the two.

INT. - THREE-WAY INTERSECTION

DR. BLOOD and ANNARCHY move together down a rough-hewn passageway. They work together instinctively, covering one another in subtle ways against possible attack.

They reach a three-way intersection. Annarchy examines the ground. There are scrape marks here as though a heavy box was dragged down one of the passageways.

ANNARCHY

This way.

Dr. Blood and Annarchy follow the scrape marks.

INT. - PILLAR ROOM

DR. BLOOD and ANNARCHY traverse a large chamber. There are tremendous stalactites here, giving the room an otherworldly appearance. Many of them have met their stalagmites, making pillars.

Annarchy is in the lead. She seems to be in good spirits.

ANNARCHY

(sings)

Naaa... na na na na na na na,  
Katamari Damacyyyyyyyy.

Her voice echoes weirdly among the pillars.

By the expression on Dr. Blood's face, we can tell that he considers singing to be unprofessional. He refrains from comment, however.

INT. - ROCKSLIDE

DR. BLOOD and ANNARCHY reach the edge of a talus-covered slope. The talus is closer to boulders than stones--rough terrain. Annarchy scouts the top of the slope.

ANNARCHY

The tracks stop here. You think it pulled the box down this mess?

DR. BLOOD

Perhaps. A demon's greed is matched only by its stupidity.

Annarchy points out another possible route.

ANNARCHY

Or it might have gone this way,  
pulled the box over the solid rock  
and went around the corner  
there. The path is easier.

Dr. Blood spots something down the slope.

DR. BLOOD

It went this way.

Dr. Blood vaults down the slope. With three agile bounds, he is suddenly twenty feet down the slope and staring intently at a boulder.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

What? What is it?

Annarchy waits for a reply from Dr. Blood. Nothing. She sighs, then bounces down after him. She's got shorter legs, but she's even more nimble than he is, if such a thing is possible. Soon she is next to him on the slope.

Dr. Blood is examining a puddle of something that has been left in a hollow of the rock.

ANNARCHY

What is that? Is that blood?

Dr. Blood dips his finger into the puddle, then tastes it.

DR. BLOOD

It's blood, alright. Demon blood.

ANNARCHY

What are you doing!? You see a puddle of blood on the ground, and you run right over and *taste* it? That is so nasty. How do you know what demon blood tastes like, anyway?

DR. BLOOD

Crystallized demon blood is one of the top food additives in the U. S. of A, right behind corn syrup and MSG. Your average packet of instant soup mix is ten percent crystallized demon blood by weight.

ANNARCHY

That's disgusting.

DR. BLOOD

That's science. Food science.

Dr. Blood straightens himself.

DR. BLOOD

The demon we seek descended this slope. It will be easier to defeat if we can stop it before it obtains assistance from others of its own kind.

With that, Dr. Blood and Annarchy begin to traverse the slope, leaping from boulder to boulder, proceeding downwards after the demon.

INT. - BOTTOM OF THE SLOPE

DR. BLOOD and ANNARCHY reach the bottom of the slope. Annarchy searches the ground.

ANNARCHY

I got tracks! I found the...

Dr. Blood raises his hand, and Annarchy falls silent instantly. They listen. There are voices in the distance, echoing down the long stone halls of the Underhell.

Dr. Blood unholsters his pistols. Annarchy unclips her bat'leth. They move forward silently, seeking the source of the voices.

INT. - DEMON LAIR

DR. BLOOD and ANNARCHY belly-crawl their way to a ledge, then peek over.

Below them is a demon lair, lit by smoky and inferior magical torches. Garbage is everywhere. There's a lot of regular garbage like busted TVs and bald tires, but there's evil garbage too, like skeletons and broken iron maidens and such.

Many DEMONS are down in the lair. Some are running around in a panic, some are picking their toes and ignoring what's going on, but most are gathered around listening to a demon who is out of breath and bleeding freely from a bullet wound in its shoulder. Nearby, a cardboard box is lying on its side. Coins have spilled out of it.

DEMON #1

Wait, now what?

WOUNDED DEMON

Shot me... they shot me....

DEMON #1

You shot your orcs?

DEMON #2

I thought he said he didn't shoot his orcs.

DEMON #3

I'm confused again.

(CONTINUED)

WOUNDED DEMON

No... shot me... humans...  
coming....

DEMON #2

You shot your orcs?

DEMON #1

You are going to be in so much  
trouble.

DEMON #3

What do humans have to do with  
anything?

DEMON #2

Wait, humans?

DEMON #1

What?

DEMON #3

I'm confused.

The demons continue their dumbass conversation while Dr. Blood and Annarchy squirm backwards away from the edge. The two of them converse sotto voce.

ANNARCHY

These guys are idiots.

DR. BLOOD

I'll move left, up to that ledge. I should be able to cover the whole pit from up there. When I start firing, they're going to take cover in that trench off to the right. When they do, you drop down on them. You should be able to kill three or four before they even know you're there. Got it?

ANNARCHY

I have a better idea.

Annarchy stands up.

ANNARCHY

Let's kick butt.

DR. BLOOD

Wait a minute. I have a rock in my boot.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

Well, then, I guess you'd better  
hurry up, huh?

Annarchy strolls towards the edge of the pit. Dr. Blood rips off his boot as fast as he can and starts shaking it, cursing under his breath.

Cool as ice, Annarchy steps off the edge and into mid-air. It's about ten feet down to the bottom of the pit. She breaks her fall by gripping her bat'leth with both hands and using it to slice a demon in half as she comes down. She lands on her feet, ready for action.

Conversation stops. The demons stare at Annarchy, mouths agape. Annarchy stares at the demons, ready to rumble. The sliced-in-half demon finally figures out that it's dead and falls down.

Nothing is happening. It's getting ridiculous. Finally, Annarchy can't take it any more.

ANNARCHY

(shaking her bat'leth)

Yarrrrh!

This the demons can understand.

DEMONS

Yarrrrh!

The demons swarm in to attack, claws extended. Horror punk serves as the fight theme here ("Evil" by 45 Grave).

Annarchy is in her element: hacking, slashing, and so on. She's a tornado of death, and she's having a great time.

There's a ton of these demons, though. They just keep coming. It's a bit much. Annarchy starts losing ground against them.

ANNARCHY

Dr. Blood? Little help here?

Boom! A demon's head explodes.

ANNARCHY

Thank you.

With Dr. Blood firing both pistols, they gain ground against the demons once more.

(CONTINUED)

A particularly large and SCARY DEMON stands on top of a mound of loose dirt away from the main battle.

SCARY DEMON

Creatures of death, foul bones  
covered with tattered, rotting  
flesh, I invoke thee, I command  
thee: come to our aid! Kill the  
intruders! Crush them all! I mean  
"both". Crush them both! That  
doesn't sound right either.

Doesn't matter, apparently. The ZOMBIE HORDE buried beneath the mound gets the general idea. They come clawing their way into the torchlight.

One ZOMBIE comes clawing up between the scary demon's feet.

POLITE ZOMBIE

Oop. Excuse me.

SCARY DEMON

(stepping aside)

Excuse *me*. Thanks for coming.

The zombie horde shambles in on the attack.

There's too many bad guys--Annarchy is overmatched here. She takes a last swipe, then tosses her bat'leth up to the ledge. Dr. Blood dodges it. Annarchy scrambles up to the ledge and retrieves her bat'leth. Dr. Blood and Annarchy retreat away from the edge. Dr. Blood checks a gauge on each pistol, still firing occasionally into the moaning, shrieking horde below.

ANNARCHY

Zombies? That is not fair.

DR. BLOOD

Energite levels are low. I won't be able to drive back to servants of hell alone.

ANNARCHY

"Alone"? What about me?

DR. BLOOD

Yes, yes. You're very helpful. Stand back. I've got to do a thing.

Annarchy steps back. Dr. Blood holsters his pistols and strikes a pose, his hands twisted into mystic and ominous

(CONTINUED)

shapes. As he intones what can only be described as a badass magic spell, his hands begin to glow with a weird, purple light. There is a sizzling sound, like a thousand steaks frying in the fires of Hell itself. The demons and zombies cease their attack. Even Annarchy must shield her face from raw awesomeness of it all.

DR. BLOOD

Leviathan... soul too dark for the abyss, aborted son of Hell's six hundred and sixty-six wombs! Aid me!

Bink! LEVIATHAN appears. He's a tubby creature about the size of a bowling ball, jet black, with little bat wings.

ANNARCHY

Wow. What's that thing?

DR. BLOOD

This is my familiar, Leviathan.

ANNARCHY

He's cute.

DR. BLOOD

He is a force to be reckoned with.

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble.

ANNARCHY

What does he do?

DR. BLOOD

He can fly.

ANNARCHY

Yeah?

DR. BLOOD

I don't have to justify him to you.

ANNARCHY

No, no. That's fine.

A fist-sized rock smashes into the wall behind them. Dr. Blood draws a pistol and fires without looking. There is a scream off-camera: bullseye.

DR. BLOOD

In the fourth dimension, the scope of his powers is practically limitless.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

He's immense in... time?

DR. BLOOD

The fourth *spatial* dimension.

ANNARCHY

Oh, right, right. That was my second guess.

DR. BLOOD

Is there a problem?

ANNARCHY

No, no. I think it is very, very cool. You have your own The Cheat. I guess that makes you Strongbad. That makes sense.

DR. BLOOD

What?

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble.

ANNARCHY

So what does that make me? Homestar? Marzipan?

A zombie is on the verge of scaling the cliff. Annarchy pensively lops off its hand, and it tumbles back into the throng.

ANNARCHY

I wanna be Pom-Pom.

DR. BLOOD

I am going to stop listening now. If you say anything relevant, let me know.

ANNARCHY

You don't know about Homestar Runner? It's a cartoon. On the Internet.

DR. BLOOD

I hate the Internet.

ANNARCHY

What? What do you mean, you hate the Internet? How can you hate the Internet? The Internet isn't just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY (cont'd)  
one thing you can hate. It's an  
entire universe of things you can  
hate.

The zombies are getting better at climbing. Two have clawed  
their way up to where Dr. Blood and Annarchy are standing.

DR. BLOOD  
The Internet is a huge waste of  
time. I've got better things to do  
than play with computers.

Dr. Blood punctuates this thought by pistol-whipping one of  
the zombies in the jaw. The zombie's jaw flies off and hits  
the other zombie in the eye. The other zombie stumbles  
backwards clutching its damaged eye. It falls off the  
ledge.

ANNARCHY  
OK, we are going to have to  
disagree on this one for the  
moment. Right now, I think it's  
time to have Leviathan do his  
thing.

DR. BLOOD  
What thing?

ANNARCHY  
You know, whatever it is that he  
does.

DR. BLOOD  
Leviathan is a being of pure hell,  
sustained by the black umbilical...

We never hear what else Leviathan is, however, because Dr.  
Blood is interrupted by a horrible electronic  
squeal. Annarchy and Dr. Blood look out into the demons'  
lair for the source of the noise.

The demons' lair now has a truly preposterous number of  
zombies in it. Hundreds of zombies are enthusiastically  
shambling around, trying to get closer to Dr. Blood and  
Annarchy. More are clawing their way out of the mound as we  
watch.

The squealing sound is coming from a bullhorn held by the  
scary demon. The demon is messing with the volume setting.

SCARY DEMON

(through bullhorn)

Humans! Do not... is this on? Humans! Do not fear us. We come in peace. Put down your weapons, and you will be treated mercifully.

HUNGRY ZOMBIE

Braaaaaains!

SCARY DEMON

(through bullhorn)

Also, we do not need any more zombies right now. We have too many zombies. We appreciate your support, but please stop rising from the dead. Thank you.

ANNARCHY

Yeah, so now would be a great time for Leviathan to save us and stuff.

DR. BLOOD

I have a plan.

We never find out what the plan is, though. An ill wind is blowing through the Underhell. It has started softly, but it is getting stronger, gust after gust. The undead horde falls silent. Dr. Blood's raven hair whips in the wind. His cape billows out behind him, showing its blood-red lining to best effect. He looks great.

Annarchy looks confused. Dr. Blood is ready for action. The demons and zombies show fear. Suddenly, a demon panics.

PANICKY DEMON

Deep Crowwwwww!

The demons and zombies scatter, terrified. It is a madhouse. Some creatures run into each other. Most escape down side-passageways. Some attempt to claw their way through walls. Some fling themselves into pits and try to bury themselves.

DR. BLOOD

We need cover. Now!

ANNARCHY

Crack in the left wall.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

Go!

Dr. Blood and Annarchy race for the wall. The aforementioned crack is big enough to let someone squeeze into it. Dr. Blood reaches it first. He glances in, fires a shot into the crack, reaches in, and with one mighty heave, drags out a dead demon, which he then dumps on the ground.

DR. BLOOD

In!

Annarchy climbs in, Dr. Blood right behind her. Leviathan flutters in and perches on Annarchy's head.

ANNARCHY

Aagh! It's touching me!

DR. BLOOD

Quiet!

Outside, the wind is wild. Dust and sand is flying everywhere. The demons' magical torches--never that great to begin with--are practically invisible in this mess.

Annarchy squints her eyes against the dust. Dr. Blood raises his kerchief over his nose and mouth.

In the brown haze, *something* flies into the room, enormous black wings making a blast like a jet engine with every beat. The creature's seven red and glowing eyes pierce the gloom as it flies through the cavern.

There is a wail of terror from the demons and zombies. The DEEP CROW--for that is indeed what it is--circles the room once, twice, three times, searching for something.

It does not find what it seeks. The Deep Crow whirls and stoops. The demons and zombies scream, but the Deep Crow is not interested in them. It pulls up at the last minute and flaps away down a side passageway.

The wind and dust subside. Dr. Blood pulls his kerchief down from his face. All we can hear is the weeping of the demons and zombies.

FRIGHTENED DEMON

It was so scary.

FRIGHTENED ZOMBIE

I know. I know.

They collapse into each other's arms, sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

Let's go.

Dr. Blood climbs out of the crack in the wall. Leviathan flutters out. Annarchy climbs out too, trying to feel whether Leviathan has gotten anything in her hair.

They climb down from their ledge and pass through the demons' lair. The demons and zombies are too freaked out to pay any attention to them. Dr. Blood, Annarchy, and Leviathan enter a well-lit passageway on the far side of the lair.

Behind them, a single TENTACLE continues to extend itself after them in pursuit.

INT. - PASSAGEWAY

DR. BLOOD and ANNARCHY are walking down the passageway. LEVIATHAN is perched on Annarchy's shoulder.

ANNARCHY

What was that thing?

DR. BLOOD

Deep Crow.

ANNARCHY

What's a Deep Crow?

DR. BLOOD

An ancient evil. To see a Deep Crow has long been considered a sign of bad luck.

ANNARCHY

Why is that?

DR. BLOOD

Because they'll totally kill you.

Leviathan nibbles on Annarchy's ear. Annarchy giggles.

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble.

ANNARCHY

I'm sorry, but Leviathan is the most darling sidekick I have ever seen in my life.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

He is my familiar. He is not a "sidekick".

ANNARCHY

Oh, whatever. He's cute. Have you ever noticed that he talks exactly like the Hamburglar?

DR. BLOOD

What do you know of the Hamburglar?

ANNARCHY

What do you mean?

DR. BLOOD

You are not old enough to know of the Hamburglar.

ANNARCHY

Really? How old do you think I am?

Dr. Blood examines her for clues.

DR. BLOOD

Six.

ANNARCHY

What!?

DR. BLOOD

Nineteen.

ANNARCHY

I'm going to be twelve in two months. Jeez.

DR. BLOOD

I hate children.

ANNARCHY

I've seen him on Youtube. That's how I know about the Hamburglar.

DR. BLOOD

The Internet.

ANNARCHY

Yes, the Internet.

Annarchy tries scratching the top of Leviathan's head. Leviathan makes a purring, chirping noise and nibbles on Annarchy's ear again. Annarchy giggles some more.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

Oh, he is the cutest. What does he eat?

DR. BLOOD

Human ears.

Annarchy recoils from Leviathan. She gently lifts him off of her shoulder.

ANNARCHY

OK, OK. That's it, buddy. You're walking.

LEVIATHAN

Awww.

Leviathan takes to the air. As they walk, he flutters around them on his cute little wings.

DR. BLOOD

You fight well for a child.

ANNARCHY

Thanks.

DR. BLOOD

Where did you learn the ways of battle?

ANNARCHY

Video games. They turned me into a remorseless killing machine. I'm pretty much schooled in mayhem and steeped in blood now. Also, I'm good at puzzles. Platformers, not so much.

DR. BLOOD

I hate platforms.

ANNARCHY

What about you? How did you learn to fight?

DR. BLOOD

For nine years, I trained under the Baldean Monks at their ancient basalt monastery high in the Swiss Alps. At last I defeated their master, the evil Grey Abbot, and stole the giant black pearl that was the source of their power. The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD (cont'd)  
monastery collapsed in  
flames. Thus I emerged: the  
greatest warrior the Swiss Alps has  
ever produced.

ANNARCHY  
That's cool too.

DR. BLOOD  
I agree.

INT. - STONE BRIDGE

The passageway debouches into a larger space. There is a  
stone bridge here with a river of lava running under it.

DR. BLOOD, ANNARCHY, and LEVIATHAN enter. The path runs  
right over the stone bridge.

ANNARCHY  
I'm just impressed by how spacious  
the Underhell is. I mean, you  
think about the earth being solid  
dirt and stuff, but you come down  
here, and there's all these huge  
rooms. How do they do it?

DR. BLOOD  
Stop.

Annarchy immediately gets serious, one hand on her bat'leth,  
ready to unclip it. She scans the room for threats.

ANNARCHY  
What?

DR. BLOOD  
The bridge. See that?

ANNARCHY  
No.

DR. BLOOD  
The middle of the bridge is  
scorched. There's a trap.

Annarchy nods. She moves behind Dr. Blood to cover the way  
they came, in case they get ambushed. Dr. Blood is looking  
all over the place, searching for clues.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

What do you think?

DR. BLOOD

It is subtle. I cannot detect the trigger.

ANNARCHY

What does it do?

DR. BLOOD

This, I do not know.

ANNARCHY

Are you sure it's a trap?

DR. BLOOD

I am.

ANNARCHY

Maybe somebody had a campfire?

DR. BLOOD

We need something to trigger it. Leviathan, stay back.

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble.

ANNARCHY

We could toss a rock onto it.

DR. BLOOD

Indeed. Find a rock.

ANNARCHY

You find a rock.

On the other side of the bridge, a perky little man in a red hat and overalls drops out of a giant pipe that is set up to drain out of the ceiling.

MARIO

I'm-a done with the filing!

He sees Annarchy and Dr. Blood. In two enormous bounds, MARIO leaps onto the center of the bridge. He stands there proudly, arms akimbo.

ANNARCHY

No!

(CONTINUED)

MARIO

Hey-a-everybody, it's-a me! Mario!

The stone beneath Mario sinks beneath his weight in classic Raiders-of-the-Lost-Ark fashion. There is a click, and an arrow shoots out of a hole in the wall. It hits Mario right in his fat little belly.

Mario goggles at the arrow comically, then staggers backwards. More stones depress beneath his feet. More arrows fly out. They all hit Mario.

Mario is doing the St. Sebastian thing now. Arrows pierce his chest, arms, back, neck, thighs, face, and groin. The more he staggers around, the more arrows hit him. He is covered in blood.

Mario stagger backwards into a tripwire. Ka-chunk! The tripwire mechanism causes iron spikes to suddenly snap into place from holes the floor. Mario screams with agony as his feet are impaled.

He grabs onto a railing for balance. Ooh, bad move: a trigger in the railing clicks another hidden mechanism into motion. Flaming jars of oil are launched from hidden recesses in the walls. They burst upon impact with Mario's body. Mario is now on fire.

MARIO

Oh nooooo!

Mario is desperately trying to get to Dr. Blood and Annarchy's side of the bridge. He almost makes it, too. At the last moment, he steps on an ominous-looking black stone set in the floor of the bridge. This trap makes a grinding noise as he depresses it.

Incredibly, the entire bridge snaps up like a catapult. The flaming Mario is hurled back the way he came. He shoots through the air, burning like a comet, smashes into the opposite wall, then falls, still burning, into a pit so deep and black that we cannot see the bottom.

MARIO

Aieeeee!

From the top of the pit, we see him burning as he falls. He falls for quite a while. He dwindles to a spark, then there is only blackness. Far away, we hear a "boom" as he hits bottom.

The mechanisms of the bridge rumble as they reset themselves. The bridge falls smoothly back into place. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

Wow. I hope he's OK.

DR. BLOOD

Don't worry about that guy. He's a survivor.

They think about what just happened.

ANNARCHY

How are we going to get across?

DR. BLOOD

I don't know.

They think some more.

ANNARCHY

Would you like a juice box?

DR. BLOOD

Yes.

INT. - A QUIET MOMENT

ANNARCHY and DR. BLOOD sit cross-legged on the ground. They slurp meditatively from their juice boxes. Nobody can look cool drinking from a juice box, which means that Dr. Blood looks extra hilarious doing this. LEVIATHAN is curled up next to Annarchy, asleep.

DR. BLOOD

I like your jacket.

ANNARCHY

Uncle Tycho bought it for me. Daddy won't let me wear it. He says it's not age-appropriate.

DR. BLOOD

Make no mistake: that jacket is badass.

ANNARCHY

Thank you!

Annarchy takes a slurp from her juice box. She makes a decision.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

Can I tell you something?

DR. BLOOD

You may.

ANNARCHY

When I was playing your game, I thought the dialog was totally hokey, but in person, you actually talk exactly like you do in the game. I mean, exactly. It's really freaky.

DR. BLOOD

What game?

ANNARCHY

Your game! "Dr. Raven Darktalon Blood Presents Extremity Death Sports". On the GBA? You have no memory of this.

DR. BLOOD

I may have done voice work on that project.

ANNARCHY

No way! Really?

DR. BLOOD

I may not have. Among my many talents, I am an actor. I have no memory of this particular project, but that means nothing. It may well exist.

ANNARCHY

Dude, your name was in the title of the game. It made you a boatload of money.

DR. BLOOD

I do not doubt it. Computerized games are only a small part of my empire, however. I do not concern myself with them. They are toys.

ANNARCHY

See, I don't get this. What is your problem with videogames?

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

They are for children.

ANNARCHY

What? Video games are not just for children. They are not toys. They are a legitimate art form, a brand-new art form. We're only just starting to explore the possibilities. Take "Braid", for example. Or "Nethack". Or even "Desert Bus", for that matter. Games can provide an experience just as whole and engaging as art in a museum somewhere.

DR. BLOOD

I disagree.

ANNARCHY

Oh, really? So what do you consider art? How do you spend your time when you aren't kicking monsters with your monster-kicking boots?

DR. BLOOD

I read books. Good books.

ANNARCHY

Like what?

DR. BLOOD

Techno-thrillers, mostly. *The Hunt for Red October*. *Valhalla Rising*. *Rainbow Six*.

ANNARCHY

Oh, I played "Rainbow Six". They made a book out of that?

Dr. Blood contemplates the depth of her philistinism. He can see no bottom.

DR. BLOOD

Excuse me.

Dr. Blood puts down his juice box and walks over to the river of lava that is blurping along. He checks to see whether Annarchy is looking. She isn't. He unzips his fly and pees into the lava.

(CONTINUED)

There is a hissing sound. Dr. Blood is immediately enwreathed by a cloud of piss-steam. He backs up quickly, choking on the fumes, zipping himself up as his eyes water profusely.

ANNARCHY

Oh, my god. What is that smell?

Dr. Blood shakes his fist at the ceiling.

DR. BLOOD

Damn you, Mike!

ANNARCHY

Did you just pee in the lava?

DR. BLOOD

I received some bad information.

ANNARCHY

What, just now?

DR. BLOOD

Previously.

ANNARCHY

And that made you think that peeing in lava would be a good idea?

DR. BLOOD

Indeed.

Annarchy tosses her juice box aside, waking Leviathan.

ANNARCHY

This place reeks. Let's get out of here. So we agree that that bridge is bad news?

DR. BLOOD

Indeed.

ANNARCHY

And going back to that demon lair doesn't seem like a good idea either.

DR. BLOOD

I agree.

ANNARCHY

You think we can get over this lava some other way?

DR. BLOOD

Perhaps.

ANNARCHY

Well you search over there. I'm going over here.

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble!

Leviathan starts flying in tight circles around Dr. Blood's head. Dr. Blood listens to Leviathan for a moment, then immediately scans a nearby cliff with his eyes.

ANNARCHY

What? What is it?

DR. BLOOD

(to Leviathan)

I see it.

Leviathan subsides. Dr. Blood slowly draws a pistol and draws a bead on some rocks halfway up the cliff.

DR. BLOOD

(to the cliff)

Show yourself.

Silence. Boom! Dr. Blood fires at the cliff. The ricochet goes zinging away off of the rocks.

VOICE

Hold yer fire! Hold yer fire! It's all right. I'm comin' down.

Annarchy unclips her bat'leth and holds it at the ready. A shadowy figure emerges from the rocks and clambers down the cliff. Dr. Blood tracks the figure with his pistol as it descends.

The figure reaches the bottom of the cliff.

DR. BLOOD

I will shoot you many, many times unless you move very slowly and do exactly what I say.

The figure freezes, still facing the cliff.

DR. BLOOD

Put your hands where we can see them.

(CONTINUED)

The figure slowly moves its arms away from its body and wiggles its fingers. Its hands are ensheathed in a pair of yellow rubber gloves, very dirty.

DR. BLOOD

Turn around.

The figure turns around. It is a man, 30, wearing glasses, a baseball hat, and a tattered, filthy exterminator's uniform. His name is CARL.

CARL

There y'are. See? I ain't skeery. Just another human like y'all.

Dr. Blood moves in closer. He places the muzzle of his pistol against Carl's forehead.

DR. BLOOD

(to Annarchy)

Check him for weapons.

Annarchy clips her bat'leth back into place. She frisks Carl with a speed and professionalism that one doesn't normally associate with eleven-year-old girls.

She backs away from Carl and gives Dr. Blood the nod. Dr. Blood holsters his pistol.

CARL

Aw-right! Now we're friendly.

DR. BLOOD

You are on probation. If you screw up, I will kill you. A lot.

CARL

Whoo-ee! It shore stinks down here, don't it?

DR. BLOOD

Why are you spying on us?

CARL

I ain't spyin'. I'm hidin'.

DR. BLOOD

Why are you hiding?

Carl looks around nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

There's a friend of mine. She's lookin' for me. I don't rightly know as how I wanna be foun', though.

DR. BLOOD

Are you referring to the new Whore-Queen of Festeria?

CARL

No. Aw, hell no! Her? I can't say as how the Whore-Queen an' me have much in common. We move in different social circles, you might say. No, my ol' lady is... different. I been down here a while, but I'm not from here, if you know what I mean. Not part of the Underhell proper, you might say. I'm a good ol' sunshine-an'-fresh-air man. I got tangled up in a relationship, though. It's time for me to move on, but she's not good at letting go.

DR. BLOOD

Your story is boring.

ANNARCHY

I like it.

CARL

Now she's on the warpath. I'm just trying to stay out of sight until I can find a way up to the surface again. If she finds me before I get out... well, who knows what she'll do? It won't be good.

DR. BLOOD

You know your way around the Underhell?

CARL

Shore.

DR. BLOOD

Can you find the new Whore-Queen of Festeria?

(CONTINUED)

CARL  
I reckon I could.

DR. BLOOD  
Good. You will lead us to her.

CARL  
Naw, naw. I gotta lay low. My ol'  
lady...

DR. BLOOD  
We will avoid her.

CARL  
She's kinda hard to avoid.

DR. BLOOD  
Then we will explain the new  
situation to her.

CARL  
Yeah, see, I tried that. The  
explanation thing don' really work  
so good with her.

Dr. Blood brandishes a pistol.

DR. BLOOD  
Then, if necessary, we will shoot  
her over and over until the two of  
you come to an understanding.

Carl laughs.

CARL  
Whoo-ee! That's  
hi-larious. Believe me, fella,  
that lil' thing ain't gonna worry  
her nohow.

ANNARCHY  
I get it.

Carl turns to Annarchy.

CARL  
What's that you got?

ANNARCHY  
You're hiding from Deep  
Crow. Aren't you?

Carl is impressed and deeply moved by this show of insight.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Yer a serious one, ain'tcha? Got stuff goin' on in there, lil' girl.

ANNARCHY

You need to know some things. We are going back up to the surface. If you want, we will take you with us. But before we return to the surface, we have to find the new Whore-Queen of Festeria and transact some business first.

We have already faced the Deep Crow, and we have survived. If you come with us, if you will be our guide, we pledge on our sacred honor to defend you, protect you, and get you back up to the surface safe and sound. But you have to help us first. Will you help us? Will you be our guide? Please?

Carl is misty-eyed at this plea.

CARL

Shore. Shore, why not? Hidin' in the rocks ain't solvin' nothin' nohow.

ANNARCHY

What's your name?

Carl sticks out a hand.

CARL

Name's Carl. I kill things.

INT. - BOULDERS

DR. BLOOD, ANNARCHY, LEVIATHAN, and CARL are in transit. They are currently in a room where the floor is covered in huge boulders. As they talk, they leap from one boulder to another. Since Carl is in the lead, progress is slow and unsteady. Leviathan flutters from one person to another as they proceed.

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Actually, we ain't that far away. Y'all got pretty close on your own.

DR. BLOOD

I am not surprised. Many years ago, the Underhell was my home. I am not entirely unfamiliar with it.

CARL

Yeah?

ANNARCHY

Oh, please. You were totally lost when I found you.

DR. BLOOD

This place has changed since last I was here.

CARL

For one thing, it's a hot hell now.

DR. BLOOD

Indeed.

CARL

Me, I find that somewhat disorienting. Oof!

Carl loses his balance on a tricky jump. Annarchy steadies him.

CARL

Thank you. There's just no advantages to a hot hell, but you lose a lot. No more ice skating. No more o' them pretty lil' frozen waterfalls. Now it's all lava. Everywhere lava. Hate that stuff.

DR. BLOOD

I agree.

Carl stops for a moment to point out their destination.

CARL

You see that road up there? That's where we're going.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

What is that? Is that road  
actually yellow?

CARL

Yep.

ANNARCHY

That *yellow brick road* is where  
we're going?

CARL

Shore. Should lead us right to the  
coronation.

ANNARCHY

You have got to be kidding me.

DR. BLOOD

What?

ANNARCHY

Nothing. Nothing.

They move on in silence. Annarchy suppresses herself  
fiercely. She finally can't stand it any more.

ANNARCHY

Aagh! This is so dumb!

CARL

What?

ANNARCHY

I'm supposed to be, what,  
Dorothy? Is that it?

CARL

Who?

ANNARCHY

And, let's see... you're the  
Scarecrow, right?

CARL

Oh. Yeah, I git it!

ANNARCHY

And you're either the Tin Man or  
the Cowardly Lion. Which one?

Dr. Blood considers this question deeply.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

Tin Man.

ANNARCHY

Sure. And I'm Dorothy. And this cute little abomination is my little dog Toto. Right, Toto?

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble.

DR. BLOOD

Leviathan is *my* familiar. He is incapable of changing his allegiance to another.

ANNARCHY

Fine. Then you're Dorothy, and I'm Bert Lahr.

Dr. Blood narrows his eyes.

DR. BLOOD

I don't want to be Dorothy.

ANNARCHY

Well, you can't have it both ways, mister. Which are you gonna be?

DR. BLOOD

Tin Man. But Toto is mine.

ANNARCHY

That ain't canon! You can't just rewrite history.

DR. BLOOD

I am disinterested in your petty canon. I am the Tin Man, and Toto is my canine servant of darkness. End of discussion.

ANNARCHY

You can't do that. What a frakking outrage! This will not stand, sir!

CARL

Hey, hey now. Let's not git worked up here. We got road to travel. Now look, lil' lady, if you really want canon, we gotta have four people with us. Am I right?

(CONTINUED)

Annarchy thinks this over.

ANNARCHY

Yeah.

CARL

Awright. So I think we can all agree that there's no canon goin' on here no matter what we do. I say we table this question of who's who until we get someone else comin' along with us. Maybe that'll clear the whole thing up. That all right with you?

ANNARCHY

Yeah.

CARL

What about you, doc?

DR. BLOOD

It is acceptable.

CARL

Awright.

They climb down from the boulders onto the yellow brick road. They move forwards in silence. Suddenly, Annarchy stops, whirls, and gets up in Dr. Blood's face.

ANNARCHY

But if this yellow brick road leads to some kind of Emerald City or something like that, then we have got to work this thing out right now. I don't care how many people we have.

DR. BLOOD

Toto is mine!

CARL

We're not goin' to no Emerald City. Now you people just settle down for a minute, y'hear?

They resume walking.

CARL

We're goin' to Hell's Librarium. That's where this road is gonna take us, and that's where

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARL (cont'd)  
the new Whore-Queen of Festeria is  
gonna have her big coronation  
ceremony.

ANNARCHY  
She isn't the Whore-Queen yet?

CARL  
Well, the old Whore-Queen has been,  
like, deposed by the new one, but  
the new one ain't been installed  
yet. You git me?

DR. BLOOD  
Indeed.

ANNARCHY  
No.

CARL  
See, being Whore-Queen of Festeria  
means ya gotta have certain  
powers. When the ol' Whore-Queen  
was tipped offa her throne, that  
rulin' power ain't got nowhere to  
go. So the new Whore-Queen gotta  
do this ceremony to be, like,  
invested with the powers of  
office. She gotta get a crown  
stuck on for one thing, but she  
cain't do that without a big hoo-ha  
ceremony.

ANNARCHY  
How long till we get there?

Carl grins.

CARL  
You better get ready, babies,  
'cause here we are.

INT. - OUTSIDE HELL'S LIBRARIUM

CARL, ANNARCHY, DR. BLOOD, and LEVIATHAN turn the  
corner. The yellow brick road leads up to a huge, scary  
black door. The door is twenty feet high, made of iron, and  
could stop a mortar barrage. Horrible faces are molded into  
it. Some are leering grotesquely. Some are twisted in  
agony. They all look evil either way.

(CONTINUED)

There is a sign stuck in the ground: "HELL'S LIBRARIUM". Underneath it is a smaller sign: "Celebrating National Library Week, April 12th-18th".

ANNARCHY

Before we go in, I think we should have a chat.

DR. BLOOD

I agree.

ANNARCHY

I plan on busting up this new Whore-Queen's coronation before she can go through with it. I'm gonna wreak some havoc. Anyone have any problems with that?

CARL

Naw.

DR. BLOOD

That's pretty much my mission too.

ANNARCHY

Then let's do this thing.

(to Carl)

Thanks for bringing us here, Carl. It's going to be kind of dangerous. You can stay outside if you want.

CARL

Naw, that's awright. I'll come. Maybe I kin help.

DR. BLOOD

Good man.

Awwwww. They all bask in the glow of their comradeship for a moment.

ANNARCHY

C'mon. Let's go kill people in interesting ways.

Annarchy pushes on the door. It slowly and silently swings inwards. The party enters Hell's Librarium.

INT. - HELL'S LIBRARIUM

It's dark and scary in here. DR. BLOOD draws his pistols. ANNARCHY unclips her bat'leth. CARL fidgets nervously. Even LEVIATHAN seems intimidated.

They move into the room. Behind them, the door swings shut, closing with a boom! that startles them all.

This place looks like more of an evil gothic cathedral than a library. There is a lot of granite and black marble, all carved by slaves into twisted homages to dead gods. This is the sort of library that probably has more than one desecrated altar lying around. On the other hand, it no doubt has a very small children's collection, so it all balances out.

Hunched, HOODED FORMS are chained to tables, reading enormous, ancient books by candlelight. They look up as the party passes them. We cannot see their faces.

The party finds a sign with arrows on it. The arrows indicate the different directions to go for "Tomes", "Grimoires", and "Periodicals".

Leviathan, in need of comfort, lands on Carl's hat. Carl was not expecting this. He shrieks and flails about wildly. Leviathan flies away.

LEVIATHAN  
Robble, robble, robble.

ANNARCHY  
Ssh.

CARL  
Sorry, sorry. I ain't never been in here. Fancy, huh?

ANNARCHY  
This place has a definite final-boss vibe.

CARL  
Where you think she is?

DR. BLOOD  
This way.

Dr. Blood points to a thick oaken double-door bound with iron straps. It is labeled "Conference Room". Beside it is a stand-up sign with removable letters. The sign reads: "10pm - 2am: Whore-Queen coronation. 2am - 3:30am: Rotary".

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

On three?

DR. BLOOD

On three.

Dr. Blood and Annarchy each put a shoulder to a door and a hand on a doorknob.

ANNARCHY

One... two... three.

INT. - CONFERENCE ROOM

ANNARCHY, DR. BLOOD, LEVIATHAN, AND CARL burst into the conference room. The conference room looks like a crypt. It is bright with magical torches. The room is still being set up for the coronation. Several DEMONS are busy putting out folding chairs. Two are nailing skulls to the walls, presumably to give the place a more festive air. There is a dais up front with a bloodstained altar on it.

Lying on the altar is a boy, 11, wearing baggy shorts, sneakers, and a bloodstained t-shirt. Standing over him and wielding a dagger is a tall, angular, aristocratic woman, 40, wearing a leather catsuit.

Everyone in the conference room is surprised. The demon messing with the projection screen releases his grip, causing the screen to zip back into its holder.

WOMAN

Raven!

BOY

Annarchy!

ANNARCHY & DR. BLOOD

(simultaneous)

Who's that?

DR. BLOOD & ANNARCHY

(simultaneous)

My ex.

They give each other sidelong screwball-comedy glares.

The woman is named BARONESS BLOOD. The boy is named GALAHAD. They exchange quizzical looks.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD

Baroness Blood. I should have known you were behind all this.

BARONESS BLOOD

Raven. How nice of you to drop by.

GALAHAD

Annarchy, you came for me!

ANNARCHY

Let him go, Whore-Queen!

DR. BLOOD

You will never get away with this.

BARONESS BLOOD

Won't I?

ANNARCHY

Galahad, what are you doing here?

GALAHAD

We need to talk.

BARONESS BLOOD

It's too late, Raven. I have everything I need to complete the coronation ceremony. Soon I will have the Whore-Crown for my very own, and with it, control of the Apocalypse Device.

DR. BLOOD

I disagree.

ANNARCHY

You get away from him, Whore-Queen.

BARONESS BLOOD

Ha, ha, ha! You can't keep him from me, little girl. He's my husband.

ANNARCHY

Eww. Wait, who are you talking about?

DR. BLOOD

We settled that a long time ago, Baroness.

(CONTINUED)

GALAHAD

I know I haven't been a great boyfriend...

BARONESS BLOOD

Nothing is settled! Nothing! You are in my power now, Raven! You will do as I say or you will perish and the world will perish with you.

ANNARCHY

Oh, Galahad.

GALAHAD

I've done some serious thinking, and I've changed. I really have changed, Annarchy. I can be a better boyfriend. I can be what you want.

DR. BLOOD

You don't have the guts.

CARL

Wait, OK. Stop. Everyone stop talkin', please? Everyone?

Miraculously, everyone stops talking.

CARL

There's, like, two denouements goin' on at the same time, an' I think it's confusing for everybody. Now you two...

He points to Dr. Blood and the Baroness Blood.

CARL

...why don't you two go first. Then you young folks can work it out after. Alright? OK. Thank you. Please go ahead.

BARONESS BLOOD

Raven, we've had our differences. You know that as well as I do. But we've had good times too. I don't want... this feels stupid. Could you put on some music, please? Something nice?

The UNDEAD DJ from the club we saw earlier is in the corner with a portable DJ rig. He scrambles to comply.

(CONTINUED)

BARONESS BLOOD

I summoned you down here, because, well, it can't end this way between us. It just can't. For people like us, there's too profound a connection to let it all go to waste because of some crazy misunderstanding.

"Desperado" by the Carpenters starts playing.

BARONESS BLOOD

We're both passionate people, Raven. We're two of a kind. Deep down, you know that's true, even though you'd rather die than admit it.

DR. BLOOD

The last time we spoke, I thought I made myself very clear.

BARONESS BLOOD

Oh, you talk a good talk, Raven. You always do. That's one thing I love about you. But we were made for each other, don't you see that?

DR. BLOOD

No.

BARONESS BLOOD

You always were short-sighted in the most delightful ways. Which is why... OK, stop. Stop the music. What are you thinking? Seriously. Put on some classical or something.

The undead DJ shrugs, turns off the music, and starts flipping through his collection again.

BARONESS BLOOD

Which is why I have lured you here today, Raven. I am presenting you with a choice, a clear choice, an unavoidable choice, a choice you should have made long ago.

DR. BLOOD

What choice?

(CONTINUED)

BARONESS BLOOD

Either you and me sit down and work  
on our relationship... or I destroy  
the entire planet with the  
Apocalypse Device.

Ba-dum! Her words are punctuated by the opening chord of the  
overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni".

DR. BLOOD

No deal.

Ba-dum! The second chord punctuates his words.

BARONESS BLOOD

(to DJ)

Very nice!

The DJ gives her a thumbs-up. The overture continues under  
the scene.

BARONESS BLOOD

What do you mean, "no deal"? The  
alternatives I presented were  
purely rhetorical.

DR. BLOOD

You can't fool me,  
Baroness. You're only a tourist  
here. I'm a local. I know how  
this place works.

BARONESS BLOOD

Oh? How does this place work,  
then?

DR. BLOOD

Only the wearer of the Whore-Crown  
can operate the Apocalypse  
Device. You are not in possession  
of the Whore-Crown. Therefore your  
threats are meaningless.

BARONESS BLOOD

Correct, darling, but short-sighted  
as usual. You see, I do have the  
Whore-Crown. Right here.

Baroness Blood pats a hatbox.

ANNARCHY

Oh, give me a break. You could  
have anything in there.

(CONTINUED)

Baroness Blood arches an eyebrow at Dr. Blood.

BARONESS BLOOD  
Babysitting?

DR. BLOOD  
The girl has a point.

BARONESS BLOOD  
(to Annarchy)  
To answer your implied question,  
child, I can prove that I have the  
real Whore-Crown in here because  
the Whore-Crown is still on the  
head of the old Whore-Queen!

Baroness Blood whips a severed head out of the hatbox. It is an old woman's head, still wearing a tiara.

This is a real conversation-stopper. Everybody has to take a few moments to think about this one.

ANNARCHY  
But how do we know that that's the  
genuine Whore-Queen head?

CARL  
C'mon, Annarchy, let it go.

ANNARCHY  
No! This lady is threatening to  
destroy the whole world. I think  
we need to know what we're dealing  
with here.

BARONESS BLOOD  
I cut it off of her myself. She  
put up quite a struggle.

ANNARCHY  
Oh, please. I call shenanigans.

DR. BLOOD  
The head is genuine.

ANNARCHY  
How do you know?

DR. BLOOD  
The old Whore-Queen of Festeria was  
my mother.

Say what? Another pause.

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY

Oh. Sorry about that.

BARONESS BLOOD

Wow. This is awkward.

DR. BLOOD

Don't worry about it. She wasn't a very good mother.

BARONESS BLOOD

You sure it's OK?

DR. BLOOD

Yeah, it's fine.

Baroness Blood puts the head back in the hatbox.

BARONESS BLOOD

I am so embarrassed.

DR. BLOOD

You have forgotten one thing, Baroness.

BARONESS BLOOD

What's that?

DR. BLOOD

You still cannot claim the Whore-Crown's unholy power. The crown cannot be removed from the Whore-Queen's head without sacrificing a little boy, then dousing the crown in his blood.

BARONESS BLOOD

Oh, no! That's right! My evil plan is foiled! Whatever shall I do?

Baroness Blood reaches behind the altar and picks up a bucket.

BARONESS BLOOD

Oh, wait. Here's a bucket of sacrificed-boy's blood right here.

Baroness Blood empties the bucket into the hatbox, then pulls out the tiara. She shakes it off.

(CONTINUED)

BARONESS BLOOD

There we go.

ANNARCHY

Galahad, are you dead?

GALAHAD

I can explain.

ANNARCHY

You texted me that you were going down to the Underhell. You said you were going to see the new Whore-Queen of Festeria.

GALAHAD

Yeah.

ANNARCHY

I thought you were in trouble. I thought maybe she had some kind of spell on you or something.

GALAHAD

No. This was my idea.

ANNARCHY

Why, Galahad? Why would you help her destroy the world?

The DJ sees what's going down. He springs into action, searching for the right song.

GALAHAD

I didn't know she was going to destroy the world. I was just thinking about how great you are. And I knew you deserved to be with someone great. I wanted to be that great, to be someone who could deserve to hang out with you.

ANNARCHY

So that's why you became part of the Whore-Queen of Festeria's evil army of undead?

GALAHAD

It isn't about her. It's about you.

"Crimson and Clover" by Tommy James and the Shondells starts playing.

(CONTINUED)

GALAHAD

I like you, Annarchy. I like you a lot. I want to be the right boy for you. I wasn't that boy before, but now I am. I'm undead! I have all these cool powers. I was hoping that maybe you could give me a second chance.

ANNARCHY

Oh, Galahad. That is so sweet.

GALAHAD

I'm really strong and aggressive now. I can see in the dark. I'm never going to get old and stupid. I don't have to eat. Or sleep.

ANNARCHY

I know how the undead thing works, Galahad.

GALAHAD

So? What do you think? Do you think that we could hang out now? And stuff?

ANNARCHY

Galahad, I wish you had asked me first.

GALAHAD

I wanted it to be a surprise.

ANNARCHY

It's just that... I'm not attracted to the living dead.

GALAHAD

No?

ANNARCHY

No, not at all. I don't think I'm the only girl who feels that way, either.

BARONESS BLOOD

She's right.

ANNARCHY

See? You and I didn't have much in common when we were alive. But now

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANNARCHY (cont'd)

that I'm alive and you're undead, we're just going to grow apart even more. I'll be wanting to hang out in the sunlight and stuff, and you'll just want to eat brains all the time. Maybe someday you'll even try to eat *my* brain, and I'll have to kick your ass. It can't work for us, Gal. I'm sorry.

GALAHAD

Oh. OK. I get it.

Galahad is starting at his shoes, depressed and embarrassed. Annarchy touches his chin with a finger, and he raises his eyes to meet hers.

ANNARCHY

(tenderly)

Hey. Will you still raid with us on Tuesdays? Without your prot pally... I don't know what we'd do.

Galahad smiles.

GALAHAD

Yeah. You can count on me.

Baroness Blood settles back into her chair, toying with the bloody tiara.

BARONESS BLOOD

Oh, my god. That whole scene was so misguided and sweet. It breaks my heart. Of course Galahad's schedule is still up in the air until we find out whether Tuesday will ever come again.

DR. BLOOD

Stop kidding around, Baroness. You aren't going to activate the Apocalypse Device.

BARONESS BLOOD

Aren't I? I might just do it out of pique. Raven, since it is now abundantly clear I have the upper hand, why don't we stop this foolish talk of apocalypses and get to the heart of our discussion.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD  
What discussion?

BARONESS BLOOD  
The healing. Between us. Let the  
healing begin.

Dr. Blood aims both pistols at the Baroness Blood. The  
Baroness Blood laughs.

DR. BLOOD  
We have nothing to discuss.

BARONESS BLOOD  
Raven, you know my abilities. I  
assure you, time has only increased  
my powers. Do you really think you  
can hurt me with your puny Energite  
weapons?

Dr. Blood lowers his pistols.

BARONESS BLOOD  
Very good. We'll start with your  
emotional unavailability, move on  
to a brief recap of our vows  
towards one another, and the  
implications thereof. After that,  
we'll just have to see where we go  
from there.

Dr. Blood's eyes dart left and right. He is  
trapped. Nowhere to run. The situation is hopeless.

Ka-BLAM! The doors to the conference room are torn off  
their hinges. In the doorway is... a very battered and  
pissed-off-looking TENTACLE.

TERRIFIED DEMON  
The Master!

The demons scatter. It's fight time again. This fight's  
theme is "The Battle at Poltava" by Tchaikovsky.

Dr. Blood gets both pistols up, but the tentacle is too fast  
for him. It knocks the pistols out of his hands, then sends  
him flying into a wall.

Annarchy attacks with her bat'leth. The tentacle dodges  
once, twice, then a bight of tentacle sweeps her feet out  
from under her.

(CONTINUED)

The end of the tentacle zooms towards the Baroness Blood. She leaps up and kicks it aside with a roundhouse kick. The tentacle returns for more. We are treated to a brief but unbelievably cool kickboxing match between the Baroness and a giant tentacle. Finally, the end of the tentacle hits her with a roundhouse to the chin, and the Baroness is knocked out.

Carl is frozen with fear. The tentacle whips around him and begins dragging him away.

CARL

No! Help! Heeeelp!

ANNARCHY

Carl!

DEEP CROW

CAWKRAAAAA!

The DEEP CROW swoops down on the tentacle and grabs it in its mandibles. How did a Deep Crow get in here? Dunno, who cares?--it's helping.

The tentacle releases Carl, and the battle between the Deep Crow and the tentacle is on. The tentacle slams the Deep Crow into the walls and the floor with bone-rattling force. The Deep Crow shakes and savages that tentacle with its mandibles, claws great rents in it with its four talons, and pounds it with its heavy, swinging tail for 2d6+1 damage per hit.

After a truly epic battle, the Deep Crow finally gets the tentacle pinned down with one talon and yanks hard on the tentacle with its mandibles as though pulling a recalcitrant worm out of the ground. With a squishy tearing sound, the tentacle is torn in two. The fight theme ends.

The rest of the tentacle retracts out the door with the speed of a rubber band, bleeding goo as it goes. The Deep Crow has to flip its head a couple of times to do it, but it manages to swallow the nice long piece of tentacle its has severed.

Dr. Blood walks over to the unconscious Baroness Blood and grabs the tiara from her hands.

DR. BLOOD

I'll take that.

ANNARCHY

Wow. What was that tentacle thing?

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD  
No one you know.

Dr. Blood addresses the crowd.

DR. BLOOD  
Baroness Blood is officially out of the running for the position of Whore-Queen of Festeria. We need someone else for the job. As you can see, with no Whore-Queen on the throne the Underhell is just tentacle, tentacle, tentacle, so it's important we fill this job quickly. Who wants it?

He raises the tiara for inspection. There is a pause.

DEMON  
Does it offer dental?

DR. BLOOD  
OK, no demons. As of right now, demons are ineligible for the job. Who else?

GALAHAD  
How about you, Dr. Blood? You want to be the next Whore-Queen of Festeria?

DR. BLOOD  
No.

ANNARCHY  
Shouldn't that be "Whore-King"?

DR. BLOOD  
No, it's still "Whore-Queen". The reasons are complicated. Suffice it to say that everything is much easier if the next Whore-Queen is actually a girl.

Everyone looks at Annarchy.

ANNARCHY  
Oh, please. Give me a break.

DR. BLOOD  
Fine, whatever. The point is, someone has got to be the next Whore-Queen. Now who is it going to be?

ANNARCHY

I think we should pick somebody non-evil this time. Could everyone who is evil raise your hands, please? Is anybody evil?

Everyone except for Annarchy raises their hands. Annarchy looks around in disbelief.

ANNARCHY

Am I the only one here who isn't evil?

LEVIATHAN

Robble, robble, robble.

ANNARCHY

Michael Gallagher, put your hand down this instant. You are *not* evil.

Galahad puts his hand down sheepishly.

CARL

Ah'll do it.

Carl steps forwards.

CARL

Ah'll be the next Whore-Queen.

ANNARCHY

Carl, you said you wanted to leave the Underhell.

CARL

Naw, I been thinkin'. This place is my real home. Besides, Deep Crow saved my life. I owe her a debt. I cain't leave that behin'.

DR. BLOOD

Come here, Carl. Kneel.

He does.

DR. BLOOD

By the dark powers vested in me by having stolen this Whore-Crown, I pronounce you the new Whore-Queen of Festeria. I have to put this crown on your head. You want to take your hat off first?

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Oh, I'm pretty sure that's not an option no more. Jes put 'er right on top there.

Dr. Blood places the tiara on top of Carl's hat. The tiara glows with magical powers. Carl rises, newly dignified. Annarchy applauds. Everyone else joins in.

CARL

Awright! OK, here's the deal. Galahad, yer now part o' my new undead army. All you demons what swore allegiance to the Baroness Blood are invited to re-apply for yer positions under my new regime. Deep Crow: stick close to me, honey. Yer my number one.

The Deep Crow makes a horrible gargling noise, presumably affectionate.

CARL

As for the Baroness... dang it, where'd she go?

Indeed, the Baroness is no longer lying where she fell.

DR. BLOOD

Escaped.

CARL

That's a durn shame.

ANNARCHY

Watch your back, Carl.

CARL

Never you mind. I got me a posse now. We're gonna make everythin' all right. Right, boys?

GALAHAD & DEMONS

Yes, ma'am!

CARL

Aw, yeah. It's good to be Queen.

## CREDITS

A happy ending. Whew. Cut to black.

The credits roll to some loud and happy rock: "Heads Up, Hearts Down" by I Fight Dragons. The end of the credits is synchronized with the end of the song.

EXT. - ANNARCHY'S DOORSTEP - DAY

Outside the front door of Annarchy's house, her hand rattles the doorknob. ANNARCHY sighs.

ANNARCHY

Hang on a minute. I forgot my key.

Annarchy presses the doorbell. Footsteps, then the door opens, revealing DADDY, 35, wearing a sweater and Dockers.

DADDY

Hey, pumpkin.

ANNARCHY

Hi, Daddy. I forgot my key.

DADDY

That's OK. Who is this?

ANNARCHY

Daddy, this is Dr. Blood. He gave me a ride home from Jenna's.

Annarchy pushes past Daddy and disappears into the house.

ANNARCHY

I gotta check my mail. Bye, Dr. Blood!

DR. BLOOD

Goodbye.

The camera angle changes. We can now see DR. BLOOD. He is dressed incorrectly for this suburban neighborhood on a sunny Saturday morning. Specifically, he is filthy, scarred, encrusted with gore, his cape is torn, and he's packing two enormous pistols with skulls on them.

DADDY

Well, thank you for bringing Ann home from the sleepover.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLOOD  
No problem.

DADDY  
That's quite a costume you've got  
there. What are you supposed to  
be?

DR. BLOOD  
It's not a costume. I'm a  
warlock. I work for the C.I.A.

DADDY  
Ha, ha! That's...

He sees Dr. Blood is serious.

DADDY  
Do you really expect me to believe  
that?

A pause. Some disappointment here.

DR. BLOOD  
Fuck you.