

The 100 Handed

Episode 10

What Went Down At Sundown

1001 PREVIOUSLY ON:

1001

LILY
Previously on the 100 Handed

MAYA
(laughing)
Oh my my my Michael, this is my world
in here. And in my world, we have all
the time in the world for me to do
what needs to be done. You can make
this easy on yourself, or you can
make it one long, never-ending
nightmare.

MICHAEL WASHINGTON
When Wexler and Vasquez find out that
I'm not dead, when they discover that
you've taken my psyche, they'll come
for me. Do your worst, bitch.

MAYA
I'll do worse than you can imagine.

Then:

VASQUEZ
Correct me if I'm wrong, Solomon, but
it's all on her now, right?

SOLOMON
That is so, Engraved. That is so.
Good luck, Lily Thomas. You will need
it.

1002 TITLE SEQUENCE AND MUSIC INTRO

1002

WEXLER (V.O.)
Soul-stealing Magi.

V. (V.O.)
Flesh-eating Creeps.

WEXLER (V.O.)
Yeah, it's just another day at the
office for the Madhouse. My werewolf
partner and I attempt to keep the
peace without being torn to pieces .
Weep at the wonder.

V. (V.O.)
Howl at the horror.

WEXLER (V.O.)
...and keep the light on, it's gonna
get dark. This is the One-Hundred
Handed.

1003 INT. LILY'S CROSSROADS - THE CENTER OF SOUL

1003

LILY THOMAS (V.O.)
I've been here for a long time.
(beat)
I've been here for no time at all.
(beat)
Time. What's time? A river? A storm?
An arrow or an arc or a circle or a
spiral? Watch a million movies, read
a billion books, all of them will
have some clever way of talking about
what time really is.
(beat)
Is it a trick?
(beat)
Whatever it is, I've been here for a
long, long time.

We hear FOOTSTEPS on gravel. A summer BREEZE rolls through,
blowing high stalks of weeds.

LILY THOMAS
There's the crossroads again. Where
ever I wander, whichever path I take,
I always wind back here at this
signpost.
(beat)
So many signs, pointing in so many
directions. To so many memories.
(beat)
I think they are mine. Most of them
have a little girl. She looks like
me. A birthday at age 7. An argument
between my mom and dad at age 10. The
day I ran away at age 12.
(beat)
I can't lie to myself, though.
There's one path I haven't been down.
The path where I failed Engraved
Washington.

(MORE)

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)

(beat)

Michael, God, Michael, if I'd only been more capable, he'd... It's happening again. It's always happened this way. I fail somebody.

(mockingly)

Lily Thomas. Most likely to succeed my ass.

Lily Thomas SNORTS.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)

I can't wait here. I have to move.

She HIKES down one of the trails, pushing through bushes and shrubbery and brush.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)

Again, the specters of the past haunt me. There's the trailer I grew up in.

We HEAR A MUFFLED ARGUMENT between a man and a woman.

LILY'S MOTHER

You're drunk again! Did you even go to work?

LILY'S FATHER

I'm trying, Caroline, goddammit, I'm trying! You don't know what it's like, waking up every damn day with this pain! My back's shot. I can't get nobody to hire me on.

LILY'S MOTHER

That's because you show up to every work site smelling like a god-damned bar.

LILY'S FATHER

I've given everything for this family! My future! My health! Can't get out of bed in the morning without my fucking back killing me.

LILY'S MOTHER

I know you're hurting, Donald, but we got a little girl we gotta take care of. You've got to tackle// this problem.

LILY'S FATHER

The only problem I got is you, woman!

We hear a loud SMACK.

LILY'S FATHER (cont'd)
Aw, jeez, Caroline, I didn't mean.
Baby, you know I didn't mean it.

We hear a WOMAN WEEPING from the other side.

LILY THOMAS (V.O.)
I'm standing outside, listening. Just
like when I was a little girl. My
friend from school walked me home. I
can't even remember her name. We...we
just sat outside, listening.

(beat)

Was this where my life started? "The
greatest burden a child must bear is
the un-lived life of the parents."
Carl Jung said that, I think.

(beat)

I can't stay here, listening to this.
Every time I travel down this road,
it's the same. The same sense of
impotence. The same sense of failing
someone that needed me. I ran. Ran
like I did when I was a little girl.
Through the woods.

Lily RUNS. We hear the SNAP of branches, twigs, the BRUSHING
of branches, her BREATHING. She FALLS.

LILY THOMAS
Agh!
(beat)
That sound.

1004 EXT. RIVER IN THE WOODS - DAY

1004

We hear the FAINT SOUND OF A RIVER RUNNING.

LILY THOMAS
It's coming from deeper in the woods.

Lily heads through the leaves and branches. The RIVER grows
louder.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)
A river?
(beat)
This isn't how I remember it. There
wasn't any river where I grew up.

She SCRAMBLES down the bank. The RIVER grows louder.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)
Impossible. The river is flowing...
up? It doesn't look like any river
I've seen before.
(beat)
This place reeks of power.

We hear a BOAT DRIFTING up the river.

SOLOMON
(singing)
Row, row, row your boat, madly up the
stream. Angrily, angrily, angrily,
angrily. Death is but a scream.

LILY THOMAS
A boat?
(beat)
Ferryman, who are you?

The boat COMES ASHORE.

SOLOMON
An image of an image. You seem
thirsty. Why not have a drink?

LILY THOMAS
Why?

SOLOMON
It will take you up.

LILY THOMAS
"Up."
(beat)
Why would I want to go up? It's safe
here.

SOLOMON
Indeed. Too safe. Would you hide away
in the depths of your mind while your
comrades struggle on without you?

LILY THOMAS
(musing)
Comrades...
(indignant)
I...are you calling me a coward?

SOLOMON

I merely asked a question. I can lead you out of this place, or you can drift here until your body decays.

LILY THOMAS

I don't wish to step into these waters. What are they?

SOLOMON

The river Ehtel.

LILY THOMAS

No river I've heard of goes by this name.

SOLOMON

The river Lethe. The old Hellenic myths go that the souls of the dead must drink of it so that they can forget their lives before they are reborn. I have borrowed from their collective imagination.

LILY THOMAS

And why should I seek to forget... anything?

SOLOMON

You shouldn't. This is the river Ehtel.

LILY THOMAS

Lethe, but backwards.

SOLOMON

Any wielder of magic ought to know the importance of spelling.

LILY THOMAS

You're a cryptic one, spirit. You seem so...familiar.

(beat)

You're saying this water will make me remember?

SOLOMON

Are ye able to drink of the cup that we all drink of? We spared no meager amount of suffering to bring you this stream.

Beat.

LILY THOMAS
Have it your way.

She CUPS the water in her hands, DRINKS. She COUGHS.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)
What trick is this, spirit?

An arm GRABS Lily.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)
An arm? It's got me!

More GRABBING.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)
Help me. Help! They're dragging me
in.

She THRASHES, then is submerged. Her HEAD BREAKS the
surface.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)
Ferryman, don't leave!

SOLOMON continues to HUM row row row your boat. Lily
SUBMERGES again. We're underwater for a length of time.

LILY THOMAS (V.O.)
I thought, 'let them take me.' If I
was stupid enough to drown here,
perhaps I should.
(beat)
Then I thought: Fuck. That.

Lily STRUGGLES, breaks the SURFACE. More WATERY THRASHING.

1005 INT. SOLOMON'S PARLOR - DAY

1005

LILY THOMAS
Let go!

VASQUEZ
Hold her!

WEXLER
(straining)
Stay. Still!
(beat)
V, help!

V.
I got her!

LILY THOMAS
Let...

Lily STOPS.

LILY THOMAS (cont'd)
Engraved? Drafted Wexler?
(beat)
I'm...

VASQUEZ
(soothing)
You're back, Drafted Lily
(beat, relieved)
You're back.

BEAT

LILY THOMAS
Not to make this awkward, but can
somebody get me some dry clothes?

1006 INT. VASQUEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

1006

We've been here before. Vasquez no longer has her Newton's
cradle. The coffee percolator is on, GUTTERING.

Vasquez GRABS the carafe, POURS Lily some coffee.

VASQUEZ
Cream? Sugar?

LILY
A little sugar is fine, thank you.

Vasquez HANDS Lily the cup.

WEXLER
How are you feeling?

Lily STIRS the coffee with a spoon. She TAPS the spoon on
the cup, then SETS it down.

LILY
The walk to here from the Baths was
difficult.
(MORE)

LILY (cont'd)

I've always read about those people who stay in extended comas, how they suffer muscular atrophy. Reading and experiencing are two different things, though.

VASQUEZ

Lucky for you, you have a supernatural being watching over your recovery.

LILY

(laugh)

I doubt Solomon sees himself as supernatural. I can already hear wails of protest.

(imitating)

Supernatural is a word the misinformed use for the things they misunderstand.

(beat)

But yes, I'm glad the power of the Baths has kept my body from atrophying. More than normal, anyhow.

Lily SIPS the coffee.

LILY (cont'd)

God, that's good coffee.

VASQUEZ

There's not many perks to working as middle-management in an organization that faces life-or-death-or-undeath on a daily basis, but the coffee kept me around

WEXLER

(chuckle)

I know better than that.

VASQUEZ

Hush, you.

BEAT

LILY

I suppose we can't put it off forever.

VASQUEZ

No, we can't.

LILY

Okay, give me a moment.

Lily takes a SIP, then SETS the cup down.

VASQUEZ

Whenever you're ready. Do you mind if I record this for future reference?

LILY

Not at all.

Vasquez OPENS a drawer, TAKES out a recorder. She CLICKS it on. The cassette tape ROLLS.

We hear an effect as though we are now listening to the recording.

VASQUEZ

(as though on the cassette)

Whenever you're ready. Be thorough.

LILY

When Michael...Engraved Washington returned from meeting with the Palimpsest, he had the task for me.

VASQUEZ

Could you explain why a member of your team spoke with the Palimpsest?

LILY

I thought you knew?

VASQUEZ

I do, but not everyone in the Madhouse is on the same page when it comes to our staffing concerns. If I pass this recording along to others for analysis in hopes that they catch something I miss, I don't want them stumbling over anything that has nothing to do with your mission. Pretend I know nothing.

LILY

Right. Okay. So Engraved Washington is, as his title implies, Engraved. Normally that means he'd be in charge of two Drafted Imagomancers that operate in the field.

(MORE)

LILY (cont'd)

(beat)

Ideally. However, due to Madhouse's shortage of field-capable Imagomancers, Engraved Washington often worked in the field, serving as both supervisor and agent. He and Drafted Wexler worked with this arrangement until their falling out.

WEXLER

(irate)

It wasn't a falling out, the stubborn old bastard wouldn't//listen to me about--

VASQUEZ

(threatening)

Wexler.

WEXLER

Fine.

LILY

Engraved Washington was one of the few Imagomancers capable of field-work after reaching Engraved status. It's my understanding that by the time an Imagomancer has been with the Madhouse long enough to make it to Engraved, the Backlash from the Imagomantic energy has savaged their body to the point of rendering them incapable of wielding Imagomancy any further.

(beat)

After the dissolving of Michael and Drafted Wexler's partnership, I was assigned to serve with Engraved Washington. Everything went smoothly. Well, as smoothly as it can in this business. Until we got the task out at Sundown.

(beat)

Sundown is...was, a retirement home. Out in New Braunfels. I took two tattoos with me, a Mindmap and a Callcat. Brought my cat, Scout, with me as well, for obvious reasons. Washington had his standard fare, the Inkblade and the Spellshield tat, as well as a Slugslog.

WEXLER

Always playing the knight.

LILY

Michael liked rolling heavy. The plan was that we'd scout with my Callcat spell, then he would go in if there were any hostiles, catch them by surprise using the intel.

VASQUEZ

What was the distress?

LILY

Slain elderly. Bad business, the Pact forbids the killing of the elderly, they're too close to the other side.

VASQUEZ

Stay focused, Lily. We know this already.

LILY

Right, sorry. I'm still gathering my bearings. When we arrived, we parked a few blocks down, just in case. We didn't know if there was a Creep on the warpath. The Palimpsest, according to Washington, had been vague, but that's no surprise. I took Scout and tapped into her mind.

(beat)

Have either of you used Callcat?

WEXLER

Once.

(as if ashamed)

Never again.

LILY

Then you know how difficult it is. Scout and I shared a bond. I'd nursed her from a kitten, taken her on countless assignments before working with Washington. My bond with Scout was intimate.

(beat, tearing up)

I miss her. I...sorry.

VASQUEZ

Take your time.

Vasquez PASSES Lily a box of tissues. Lily TAKES one, BLOWS her nose.

LILY

Thank you. The plan was to send Scout in first. Gather intel, then release the spell and give Michael all the details. Michael goes in shortly after, takes out the bad guys. Easy.

WEXLER

Someone got the drop on Michael. Nobody gets the drop on Michael. He wasn't ready.

LILY

Neither of us were.

(beat)

I picked the scent up well before Scout reached the retirement home. Blood, and plenty of it. I thought about releasing the Callcat, telling Michael, but forged on to find an entry point. There was a cracked window near a hedge, so I sent Scout up it. I was in-tune with her body, it was basically second-nature.

(beat)

The inside. It was a fucking mess. Every room held a corpse or two. Every single last person in the retirement home had been murdered. Throats torn out. Disemboweled. Horrible stuff.

WEXLER

Someone thought they could get away with breaking the Pact? Bold. Even the Magi will crack down on transgressors to keep us from sticking our noses in their business. Nobody wants a war.

LILY

It was difficult to navigate. Scout's sense were keen, but I was still a human at the helm and my disgust gave me trouble.

(beat)

Then I heard them. Scout's hearing was excellent.

VASQUEZ

Heard who?

LILY

The Magi. Two of them. They'd entered through a back entrance, one reserved for staff. I didn't see what they looked like, at first.

WEXLER

You didn't want to get more info?

LILY

I didn't want to risk them making eye contact. Callcat is a great spell, but a savvier Magi can always pick out a human psyche residing in a host animal.

(beat)

One of them, a man, seemed almost... impressed, by the amount of death present.

1007 FLASHBACK - INT. SUNDOWN RETIREMENT - EVENING

1007

Regular room ambience.

LILY (V.O.)

The scene was absolute carnage. Bodies were slumped over tables, on sofas. One nurse was leaning over a wheel chair, her glassy eyes staring into nothingness. A man picked his way through the death. His head was shaved, but he had a white goatee, wore denim jeans and a leather jacket. On his belt dangled several harmonicas graven with skeletal figures and withered corpses. The other was a woman who looked like a librarian in her slender pantsuit and striped Portofino shirt.

CALLOWAY

So many dead.

MAYA

Did you order this, Calloway? I know you've been pre-occupied with death as of late...

CALLOWAY

(sharply)

This has nothing to do with my daughter, Maya. Don't think to probe me. You're not so good at messing with minds that aren't in that absurd contraption of yours.

MAYA

That absurd contraption will lead us to the Atlas Infinitus. You want the map as badly as I do. Hence, why I thought you jumped the gun here. The Mindforge still needs more psyches...

CALLOWAY

You think I'm so brutish, don't you? I respect you, Maya, I respect the operation you've set up. This?

Calloway KICKS a body.

CALLOWAY (cont'd)

This is butchery. There's at least fifteen dead here. The Madhouse would be all over our asses if I put out a kill-order on a bunch of elderly.

MAYA

Are they going to be?

CALLOWAY

Going to be what?

MAYA

All over our asses?

CALLOWAY

What do you mean by that?

MAYA

You said Madhouse would be after us if we did this. Somebody did this, and if that somebody isn't here but we are...

CALLOWAY

Don't get cold feet now. You're here, suck out the souls before they move on, and let's get the hell out of Dodge.

MAYA

Calloway, what the hell did you just rope me into? I know // the Madhouse can be quick

CALLOWAY

And I know that you've been telling the others that the Atlas will be done soon.

MAYA

I've got waitlists out the ass. Austin is hot right now, Calloway. Hot. When my project is done...

CALLOWAY

(shouting)

I want to see her NOW! I haven't seen her in...

(stifled sob)

I am tired, tired of waiting.

(composing himself)

Calm down, Calloway, calm down, it won't matter when we have the Atlas anyway. The Hundred-Handed will be so far ahead of Madhouse that they may as well not even exist.

MAYA

(strained)

Can't believe you dragged me out here, risking *my* neck so you can feel 'hunky-fucking-dory' about *my* project. Christ, Calloway, if the Madhouse or an insane Creep pinches me that's it for the project. That's it for your little girl. Did you think of that?

CALLOWAY

I...I don't know what I was thinking. The tip came in...it said it knew of a no witness hit going down here. No muss, no Madhouse or Imagomancers.

MAYA

(incredulous)

And you believed that?

CALLOWAY

(lamely)

It's true so far...

MAYA

Shit, we have to move quickly.

CALLOWAY

(distant)

That's what I was saying! They're dead anyway, no point in leaving them for some Creep's dinner.

Maya sets down a toolbag, rustles through it.

MAYA

(still rustling)

Please tell me you at least secured the perimeter. Pretty please?

CALLOWAY

(regaining his focus)

Come on, Maya, this isn't baby's first bloodbath. I've got a man on the outside channeling interference. He's got coverage for two blocks with a Dumbtongue spell. Anyone of the Flock comes near, they'll be confused. No chance of cops, and he said if there were any Imagomancers they'll probably get turned around.

LILY (V.O.)

My ears, well, Scout's ears, perked up when I heard that. A tip-off, and one I'd have to let Michael know when I got back to my body. Still, I thought it was odd that Michael and I just so happened to be in the area before the Dumbtongue managed to seal it off with his magic.

MAYA

Good, Calloway, that means we can still salvage this mess.

(to herself)

Just stick the Gloomglass stiletto up the nostril just so...

CALLOWAY

You're really going to put that up it's nose--oh no-no-no.

Maya SLIDES a stiletto up a corpse's nose.

MAYA

It's the most efficient means of getting to the psyche.

There's a HUM.

MAYA (cont'd)

Now to deposit it into a Receptacle.

CALLOWAY

Why do they look like dolls?

MAYA

Sympathy. Less degradation in a psyche the more its Receptacle resembles a human body.

CALLOWAY

Remarkable.

MAYA

Isn't it grand?

LILY (V.O.)

She did this a few times, taking the souls out with her Gloomglass stiletto and putting them in the dolls. At one point, I lost track of the duo. Despite the corpses, there weren't as many good hiding spots as you might think. Before pursuing them further, I withdrew my psyche from Scout, urging her to stay put.

There's a WARPING sound as Lily's psyche returns to her body.

1008 INT. CAR - DAY

1008

Lily GASPS.

LILY (V.O.)

I found myself back in my own body, seated in the car that we had parked in a nearby pay garage.

MICHAEL

You back? What's it look like?

LILY

Two inside, possibly a Gravecaller and a Psychemancer.

(MORE)

LILY (cont'd)

There's supposedly a Dumbtongue nearby using illusions to keep the Flock away. Something's weird about this Michael.

MICHAEL

Magi scum thinking they can clean out an entire retirement home? Seems normal in our line of work.

LILY

It's not like that. They're...they're surprised, too. I think they're scavenging.

MICHAEL

Were there any signs of Creeps?

LILY

No. It's messy but . . .

MICHAEL

But?

LILY

I can't explain it. It's almost as if someone killed everyone in the home, then staged it to make it look like a rampaging Creep did it.

MICHAEL

(uneasy)

But there's nobody else you saw aside the two Magi?

LILY

Right.

MICHAEL

Shit.

LILY

We can come back.

MICHAEL

No, not going to happen. If they're here...they deserve what we're going to do to them.

LILY

I don't think it's that clear cut, Michael...

MICHAEL

Listen to me. They are not our friends. They aren't our colleagues. They are the enemy. The Magi have always been our enemy. Just because we have to play nice to keep from sparking an outright war, doesn't mean they're not our enemy. As far as I'm concerned, we wax these two scumbags and we just made the world a better place.

LILY

If you say so.

MICHAEL

I do. The elderly are off-limits, point blank period. Those Magi forfeited their protection when they decided to capitalize on a tragedy.

LILY

I really don't like this.

MICHAEL

I'll be careful. I've a Slugslog tat, it'll buy me time to take out the Psychemancer first, then I'll handle the other guy.

LILY

And what do you want me to do?

MICHAEL

Signal. Put your mind back in to Scout, try to get close to them, then signal with a meow or something so I know where they are. Then make a distraction. It sounds like the rooms are pretty enclosed. They won't even know what hit them.

Michael EXITS the car.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Your body should be safe here while you channel into Scout. Just make a little noise so that they don't notice my arrival. But first things first, be a doll and point out where that Dumbtongue is.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I know we're already within his illusion radius, but I'd rather keep the amount of wildcards in play to a minimum.

LILY

Got it.

(beat)

Be safe, Michael.

MICHAEL

Always am.

He CLOSES the door.

LILY (V.O.)

I watched as he got into the elevator and headed to the ground floor. From my vantage in the parking garage, I could see him crossing the boulevard, heading up to the entrance of Sundown. I reached my will out to reclaim control of Scout.

We'll have a magical sound effect here. Possibly something warp-y, or play the original WARP sound backwards.

LILY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Once in control of Scout again, I slipped outside. It took about five minutes, but we eventually sniffed out the Dumbtongue masking the area. He'd picked the most obvious spot to work his magic from: the only passenger van in sight. Must've gotten the idea from a bad spy movie.

(beat)

Michael didn't bother with any formalities. He tore open the back door, hurled the tranced-out Dumbtongue onto the pavement before breaking his neck.

A bone cracking sound.

LILY (V.O.)

With the Dumbtongue out of the picture, I backtracked to the Sundown building. I had to locate the two Magi. I made my way inside, then found a ventilation system.

(MORE)

LILY (V.O.) (cont'd)
I crept through system until I heard
the tell-tale sound of a psyche being
drained from a corpse.

Thumping in the ventilation shafts. Maya drains another
psyche.

1009 INT. SUNDOWN SENIOR LIVING - DAY

1009

Rattling air conditioner, nigh-inaudible TV drone. Yep, it's
a senior living center all right. As we settle back into
Lily's cat POV, we hear Maya PULLING a soul out.

LILY (V.O.)
They were in the common area, not far
from the lobby.

MAYA
That should be enough. Let's go
before the Madhouse comes poking
around.

Scout MEOWS.

CALLOWAY
Was that a...cat?

LILY (V.O.)
I leapt down into the common area,
purring but doing by best to avoid
eye-contact.

The soft THUMP of a cat landing on its feet.

CALLOWAY
It is a cat.

MAYA
(making kissy noises)
Oh, come here baby.

Scout MEOWS loudly again.

LILY (V.O.)
I went up to the woman, meowing
loudly to give Michael a sense of her
location. He'd have to take her out
first, otherwise the fight would be
over before it started.

MAYA

(cooing)

Come here, come here!

LILY (V.O.)

Instead, I turned away, flicking my tail at her. I began to pad over to the door that led to the lobby, where Michael would be coming through any minute. The woman followed.

MAYA

I said COME HERE!

LILY (V.O.)

She snatched me by the scruff.

Maya's clothing RUSTLES as she grabs Lily by the scruff.
Scout YOWLS.

CALLOWAY

What's wrong?

MAYA

There's a human psyche in this cat.
Let's get a good look at you.

Scout BITES Maya's hand.

MAYA (cont'd)

Ack! You're a biter, huh?

She BATTERS Scout against the wall with a loud THWUMP. The cat YOWLS again.

MAYA (cont'd)

Calloway, start raising the dead,
we've got comp--

LILY (V.O.)

Before she could finish, Michael
crashed into the common room.

The door SMASHES open.

LILY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Michael strode in with that reckless
courage he always had. The joke about
how you had old Imagomancers and bold
Imagomancers, but no old, bold,
Imagomancers didn't hold true for
Michael.

(MORE)

LILY (V.O.) (cont'd)

(beat)

But I suppose everyone's lucks runs out some day.

MAYA

Imagomancer!

MICHAEL

Lily, move!

LILY (V.O.)

I didn't hesitate. Just as I was literally high-tailing it out of there, I looked back and saw him cripple Maya's leg with a nasty quick slash using his Inkblade.

Scout YOWLS and SCAMPERS off. Washington SLASHES at Maya, dealing her a GRIEVOUS injury. This is our first of hearing an Inkblade, let's build a cool, unique SHIMMERING lightsaber-esque sound; we'll need it for later. Maya SHRIEKS in pain.

CALLOWAY

Maya, no!

MICHAEL

Make one wrong move, Magi, and I'm taking her head.

CALLOWAY

Just let me tend to her! She'll bleed out!

(beat)

Dammit, I should've known something was up.

MICHAEL

(firm)

Why'd you come here? Why attack this location?

CALLOWAY

We didn't. It was like this when we got here!

MICHAEL

(unconvinced)

Uh-huh. Let me guess, you just so happened to be in the neighborhood.

CALLOWAY

Maya, do something.

MICHAEL

She's in shock. She won't be able to focus her will to do anything right now. Now, answer my--

A FLITTING noise, like the sound of a blow dart or suppressed pistol shot, zips through the scene. Michael YELPS in surprise and pain.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Wha--what was that?

LILY (V.O.)

This is where it all went wrong. Something had hit Washington. I didn't see it, but I saw the effect of it. His Inkblade began to flicker in and out.

A fizzling, short-circuit noise.

LILY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Calloway wasted no time in playing his hand.

Calloway OPENS a pouch, begins to SCATTER dust.

CALLOWAY

(chanting)

I bring the dust of the dead, the salt of the forever wakeful slumber, salt of the bitter black sea that churns within our hearts. Breath life unto the breathless. Hear my voice, O recent dead, and dance to my tune!

He PLAYS a few harmonica notes. The bodies begin to SHAMBLE to life, GROANING.

MICHAEL

(through the pain)

A Gravecaller, huh?

CALLOWAY

(frantic)

Kill him, servants!

LILY (V.O.)

The recently slain inhabitants of Sundown rose again, obeying the Gravecaller's commands. I leapt up at Calloway, began scratching at his face, his eyes, my claws sinking into the soft jelly of his left eye.

A muted SQUISHING sound, like a warm grape being slowly crushed by a big toe. Calloway SHRIEKS.

LILY (V.O.) (cont'd)

He tore me away, slammed me into the ground. I heard the bones in Scout's body break.

Cat noises.

MICHAEL

Lily, withdraw!

CALLOWAY

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD KILL HIM.

MICHAEL

Bring it you dead bastards. Raaagh!

Washington SLASHES through one undead. His magic FLICKERS.

CALLOWAY

(frantic)

His magic is failing! More, more!
Swarm him!

A window BREAKS as an undead attempts to crawl through. A door smashes open.

MICHAEL

Christ, they're everywhere! Let go!

He SLASHES through another, the Inkblade FLICKERS again, worse this time.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

This is bad. Lily, you have to get out of here.

Scout MEOWS, then YOWLS.

MAYA

(injured)

Oh no you don't, kitty. You're going to WATCH your friend die.

(MORE)

MAYA (cont'd)

(beat)

You can't hold them off forever,
Imagomancer.

MICHAEL

Try me.

Michael lets out another yell as he CLEAVES through another
undead. His Inkblade FLICKERS, then FAILS for good.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Come on, come on. Why isn't the
tattoo working? Burn it!

The Inkblade tat FLARES, then FIZZLES.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

No!

(beat)

Fuck this. As long as I draw breathe,
I'm not going down with out a fight.
Bring it!

We hear the UNDEAD closing in on Michael. He PUNCHES one,
dodges the SWIPE of another, then KICKS. One of them GRABS
him, then another. More general combat noises as Michael
struggles and fails, played muted behind Lily's narration

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Argh! Let go!

LILY (V.O.)

(emotional)

I watched as the remaining undead
took their forks...and their
knives...and began stabbing him.
Maya, she held Scout's head, forced
me to watch every second of it.

(beat)

I'll kill them. I swear to God,
Vasquez, Wexler this is just the
beginning. What they did...I won't
stop until I kill them all.

FADE OUT

NARRATOR

The 100 Handed is a Dreamskullptor
Studios production. Created and
written by Tom Trest. Directed by
Brooke Pillifant. Sound design by
Nathan Parnell. Featuring the voice
of Gage Richter as Evan Wexler.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Brooke Pillifant as V. [Name] as
Maya. [Name] as Michael Washington.
[Name] as the Calloway Keye. [name]
as Maya. [Name] as Solomon. Want to
fully relive the most traumatic
experience of your life? Find us
online at the100handed.com.