

The 100 Handed
Episode 11
Major Malfunction

V.

Previously on The 100 Handed.

LILY

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

But he wasn't ready.

LILY

Neither of us were.

Swoosh.

MICHAEL

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.

(beat)

You can't hold them off forever, Imagomancer.

MICHAEL

Try me.

Washington 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!

Swoosh.

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 her. I swear to God,
Vasquez, Wexler this is just the
beginning. I'll kill that bitch.

1102 TITLE SEQUENCE AND MUSIC INTRO

1102

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.

1103 VAZQUES'S OFFICE - DAY

1103

We hear the TOCK TOCK TOCK of a clock.

WEXLER
(blankly)
What...what happened then?

LILY
The gravecaller used some sort of
healing salve on the injury, patched
her right up. The psychemancer, she
took Michael's mind.
(MORE)

LILY (cont'd)

I watched her pull it out of Michael's body as he was restrained by the reanimated corpses.

WEXLER

So he's...he's not dead?
(beat, slams fist on desk)

Dammit, if someone had just checked his body with Psychespeak, we'd have known his mind was still out there! We could have been on this months ago! I'm going to wring the Inkling's neck who failed to do that.

VASQUEZ

This changes everything. Are you sure?

LILY

I've no doubt in my mind. After Maya took Michael's psyche, she turned her attention to me. She began chanting, placed her fingers on Scout's head. I felt my mind being ripped away. I fought back, trying to withdraw.

(beat)

I suppose that's what put me out. It was like my mind was being torn in two. I don't know what happened after that.

VASQUEZ

A parking attendant found you in your vehicle in the parking garage that the two of you had been staked out in. They noticed you laying there, then when they came back a few hours later you hadn't moved. The attendant called EMS. We took measures to recover you.

WEXLER

You said Michael's Imagomancy failed, that it fizzled out somehow. I've been on countless missions with him. He's never faltered once. Others, sure, but not him. What happened?

LILY

I don't know. It couldn't have been either of the Magi, I was watching them. They made no moves. It was like something had bit him, or stung him, but there wasn't anything there.

WEXLER

But he's alive.

VASQUEZ

We don't know that. For all we know, this psychemancer has already dusted his mind.

WEXLER

You don't know that, Vasquez.

VASQUEZ

Of course I don't know that, which is why we're going to get him back.

Wexler STANDS.

WEXLER

This is all too much. I...I need to think.

He HEADS to the door.

WEXLER (cont'd)

Drafted Thomas...Lily, thank you for telling me.

LILY

Sure thing, Wexler. Is there anything else, you need from me, Engraved?

VASQUEZ

Yes, I'd like to inquire a bit more about this Calloway Keye and Maya, please Lily, sit...

1104 INT. MINDFORGE - ???

1104

We hear the ECHOES of blank space.

MICHAEL

I know you've come back, Magi. Show yourself.

ECHOING footsteps approach.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Good to see you in fine health.

MAYA

You did quite a number on me back at Sundown; it's only been with the help of a friend that I've gotten the feeling back in my leg.

MICHAEL

If I'd have known you talk this much, I'd have cut out your tongue.

MAYA

My my, still living in the past? It's been, what, six months?

MICHAEL

I can't say that I've been checking my Outlook calender.

MAYA

Funny. Do you know why I've come?

MICHAEL

Something tells me it's not to install wi-fi.

MAYA

'fraid not. It's time for another round.

Maya SNAPS her fingers.

MICHAEL

The box, again?

MAYA

Bored of it? This box has broken countless minds in here. Well, not countless, otherwise we'd have what we need for the Atlas. Let's just say you aren't the first person to enjoy its...many sensations.

MICHAEL

The Atlas?

Maya RUMMAGES through the box.

MAYA

The Atlas Infinitus. A map that can aid the user in locating, well, just about anything. We're very close to it, but you don't have to worry about that. We have other uses for you.

(idly)

Let's see...

She PULLS OUT a scorpion.

MAYA (cont'd)

How do you feel about scorpions today, Imagomancer?

MICHAEL

(faux-whining)

We had scorpions on Tuesday.

MAYA

Very funny. I must say, I'll be quite thrilled to watch the last hint of humor drain from your eyes. Because you know what replaces it? *Nothing*. Even if you put it back together, reverse the process, something *bad* has been done to your mind. No putting the light back into that bulb that's for certain, ha!

More RUMMAGING.

MAYA (cont'd)

Hot irons. Yes, let's do hot irons.

She pulls out a white hot iron that SIZZLES.

MAYA (cont'd)

What's great about this is that there's really no limit to the damage I can inflict upon your mind. I can make the iron coil around you, if I so wish. Around ev-ery inch of you.

The SIZZLING grows close as it gets near Michael.

MICHAEL

(defiant)

Do your goddamn worst.

MAYA

I...

(beat)

Wait.

She tosses the IRON in the box.

MICHAEL

What are you doing?

MAYA

You just gave me an idea.

(laughing)

Why didn't I think of it before?

(imitating)

'Do your worst'

(normal)

I have been! That's the thing, for the last half a year, I've been doing my worst to you. And yet you won't fucking budge!

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

MAYA

I think I've been going about this all wrong.

MICHAEL

I don't understand.

MAYA

Oh no, you don't. But you don't need to understand.

(beat)

You know what the great thing about this Mindforge is? It allows me to impose on a subjective consciousness. I can do whatever I want. In the Mindforge, I am your god. But I've been thinking too much like an old god. You know, fire and brimstone, hellish torture chamber blah blah blah. BO-RING!

(beat)

You know what people fear about going to Hell?

MICHAEL

I don't see where this is going.

MAYA

They fear agony beyond belief for an unfathomably long time. Eternal conscious torment. Being on the receiving end with no means of stopping it. That's the little game we've been playing. Our own little imitation of God and the unrepentant sinner.

MICHAEL

(dismissive)

You get used to it.

MAYA

Ex-actly. You got used to it. But you getting used to it is utterly useless to me. So I've got something else in mind. Something else you can't get used to. I'll be back in a little bit, Michael Washington. Well, a little bit for me. For you? Not so much.

MICHAEL

Wait, where are you--

Maya VANISHES

MICHAEL (cont'd)

...going.

(beat)

She's insane.

The room SHIFTS. We hear the sounds of a DANK cell. DRIPPING water, RATTLING chains.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(bored)

Here we go again. Another boring torture session. This looks like your standard fare dungeon.

He RATTLES his chains.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Chains. Torture tools.

(yawns)

Is Maya just going to the Open Source for sadistic Magi lairs?

There's a RUSTLING outside of Washington's cell.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(yelling)
Who is it? Show yourself, hurry up
and let's get this over with.

Footsteps as WEXLER approaches.

WEXLER
This won't be over any time soon.

MICHAEL
W-wexler?

WEXLER
Oh yes.

MICHAEL
No, it isn't. This is a trick. I was
just talking to Maya not even a
minute ago.

WEXLER
(chuckles)
Of course it's a trick. Part of you
knows that. The rational part, the
part that solves problems and
separates this from that.
(beat)
But that's not all we are. You know
that. There's another part to us. The
part that still shivers when it sees
a flitting shadow at night. The part
of our ancestral mind that fear and
fantasy burrow into like worms into a
corpse.
(beat)
That part of you believes that this
is me. That's all that matters. Not
what you think you believe.

MICHAEL
How? Why now?

Wexler pulls out a SET OF KEYS, rings through them then
picks the right one and UNLOCKS the cell.

WEXLER
Despite your noble efforts at
resistance, Maya's prolonged, ah,
interrogation of your mind has been
chipping away at your will. Bit by
bit.

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)
You've proven remarkable, Michael.
Everyone else would have broken ten
times over by now.
(beat)
But not you.

MICHAEL
Whatever Ramsay Bolton game you think
will get me to crack, it won't work.

WEXLER
Perhaps.

Wexler opens the cell, walks up to Michael.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

WEXLER
Letting you go.

Beat.

MICHAEL
I don't believe you.

Wexler UNLOCKS Washington's manacles.

WEXLER
See? Free to go.

MICHAEL
Move.

Washington leaves his cell, his bare feet slapping on the
stones.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Something's not right about this.
You've got all these implements of
brutality laying around.
(beat)
Let's see.
(beat)
There's no door out.

WEXLER
That's right.

Wexler PICKS UP a knife.

MICHAEL
What are you going to do with that?

WEXLER

My work.

Wexler SLASHES at Washington.

MICHAEL

Easy, goddammit!

WEXLER

You're still quick.

MICHAEL

You've still got a long way to go.

(beat, to himself)

Dammit, Michael, that's not Wexler.
Don't be fooled.

Another SLASH.

WEXLER

Hold still.

MICHAEL

This would be a lot easier for you if
you hadn't let me go.

Another SLASH, this one CONNECTS.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Agh!

WEXLER

Now you're getting it.

MICHAEL

Cut it out!

WEXLER

(taunting)

Make me.

Wexler SLASHES again, Michael catches his arm.

MICHAEL

Got you, bastard.

Sounds of a struggle/rustling. Michael throws Wexler into
the BARS and Wexler crumples.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(breathing heavily)

Stay down.

Wexler pats at the ground, REACHING for the knife. He gets a GRIP on it, scrapes the knife against the floor bringing it up.

WEXLER

I won't stop.

Wexler YELLS as he CHARGES Michael, stabbing Michael in the side.

MICHAEL

(pained)

Aaaaaagh!

Michael HITS Wexler.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Back, damn you!

Michael stumbles, collides into a TABLE.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

The implement table.

Michael picks the MALLET up.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Stay back, Evan.

WEXLER

I'm not Evan Wexler, remember?

(mad laughter)

Beat me with that mallet, Michael.

Beat my fucking brains out.

MICHAEL

I...right. Bring it!

WEXLER

Sure thing.

Wexler CHARGES Michael again. Michael SWINGS the mallet, connects with Wexler's skull. Wexler drops.

WEXLER (cont'd)

(groaning)

Ugh-guh...

MICHAEL

Die, damn you!

Michael SWINGS the mallet, again and again. Wexler lets out a cry of pain until he succumbs to the blows.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(breathing heavily)
Wexler...Evan.

He drops the MALLET. Clunk!

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Oh god, I can't believe I killed him.
I feel sick.

Michael VOMITS.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(breathing heavily)
It wasn't him. It wasn't him. It was
just a trick. Wexler isn't like that.
Evan, Evan isn't like that.
(composing himself)
I don't understand. What was that all
about?

There's a faint SHIFTING noise.

WEXLER
You'll understand. In time.

MICHAEL
Impossible, I just...

WEXLER
Nothing's impossible in here,
Imagomancer. This is my playground.
We're just getting started.

Wexler PICKS the knife up.

MICHAEL
I won't do that again.

WEXLER
Then you'll suffer until you decide
you no longer want to. That's the
beauty of our new little program. The
pain stops when you want it to.
(beat)
For a little while, at least. All you
have to do is kill me. Again. And
again. And again. Dust yourself off,
Imagomancer. We'll be here for a
while.

1105 INT. MADHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

1105

Vague walla; footsteps from the other Imagomancers. Whispers from behind closed doors.

V. (V.O.)

We left Solomon's parlor, cutting through the winding passages of the Madhouse. Solomon led the way, followed by myself and the recently tattooed Lily Thomas. Excitement coursed through my veins. Even though most of the Madhouse clearly didn't care for me, I began combing through its mysteries with an obsessiveness. Perhaps it was a coping mechanism, but I didn't mind. I'd been thrust into the world of the extramundane by my mother, then pulled directly into the Madhouse's orbit by Wexler. Solomon still hadn't figured out a way to repair the damage to my appearance that had resulted from the disaster at Howard House; my werewolf nature was impossible to hide. I decided, fuck it, I'm going full bore into the weirdness that my life had become. Some of that entailed exploring every part of Madhouse that I could get my mutated little paws on.

LILY

Maybe it was too soon to do a Draft. My connection to the Center is... unstable, to say the least.

V.

You pulled through. Gotta get back on the bike sometime.

SOLOMON

Here we are. The Elevator.

V.

Why can I practically hear the capital 'E' when you say that?

SOLOMON

Because it is no ordinary elevator.
(MORE)

SOLOMON (cont'd)

This is THE Elevator. If you've been wandering the Madhouse halls for long, you may have noticed that it's not exactly in accordance with, ah, geometry.

V.

You're talking about because it's larger on the inside than the outside?

SOLOMON

One of the less bizarre features of the building. The halls can wind 'round themselves in ways that... don't exactly make sense.

(beat, hasty)

Even to me.

V.

Bizarre. I thought that you knew everything about...

SOLOMON

About?

V.

I don't know. The magical and supernatural.

SOLOMON

There are mysteries even beyond my ken, Veronica.

Solomon PRESSES the button. We hear the elevator rumble.

V.

Now that you mention it, I have wondered about the logistics of some of this stuff.

SOLOMON

How do you mean?

V.

Well, take, like, any of those YA fantasy novels. Harry Potter or Narnia or whatever. You have magic that co-exists with the quote unquote real world, and yet most of the normals or civilians or muggles or whatever you want to call them, have no idea that it's there.

(MORE)

V. (cont'd)

How does it all stay operational and unnoticed? Wexler mentioned something about the mind of the average Flock member being unwilling to comprehend the workings of the Gloom, but that doesn't seem like the whole story.

LILY

I remember Engraved Washington mentioning that certain Engraved are tasked with Flock-Madhouse relations. He said that we've got at least a few senators in the Southwest in our pockets. There are other organizations dedicated to investigating the extraordinary, and they have their own means of keeping things under wraps.

Another elevator DING. Solomon pulls the folding carriage door open. They STEP INSIDE.

V.

Which floor?

LILY

First floor.

V. PRESSES the button. The doors CLOSE. It HUMS as it descends.

SOLOMON

The war between the Glimmer and the Gloom was hard to conceal in ages past. The human mind was quite amenable to the collision of the forces of Light and Dark.

LILY

So what happened?

SOLOMON

Hard to say. History is divided into discrete categories in textbooks only, the actual drama of events is far messier. But, from what I saw, I'd say it was around the mid 1500s.

LILY

That's...oddly specific.

V.

That's the beginning of the Scientific Revolution.

SOLOMON

Yes. In many ways, I am grateful for the Revolution and subsequent Age of Reason. Life was much more hectic when everyone was attempting to call upon forces beyond their ken so that they could curse an enemy or charm a woman into bed. After the Age of Reason set in, mankind began to look to the laws of Nature for solutions. Slowly they boxed in their imagination, not because they meant to, but what's a vision of magic compared to a bullet or a steam engine?

(beat)

Not everyone was taken by these solutions.

V.

Well, obviously the Creeps didn't care much because they still had to satiate their appetites. And the Magi probably didn't care because who gives a shit about how many widgets you can collect when there's an entire dimension to explore that isn't tied to technology. That we know of, at least.

SOLOMON

Indeed. Though I fear the easy ride given to us by the Enlightenment is coming to a close.

V.

Why's that?

SOLOMON

Ezra and I keep tabs on the movements of culture. The New Agers, the occultists, neopagans. Archaic Revivalists seeking the lost days of plant medicines. The solutions offered to us by various material-oriented ideologies such as liberalism, socialism, and nationalism are failing to satisfy.

(MORE)

SOLOMON (cont'd)

Science has become utterly baffling to the lay-person. Have you tried understanding quantum mechanics? You can't even properly convey its meaning in analogy. The math and physics are too complex. Philosophy in the post-war era has become little more than an intricate linguistic chess-game if you're an American or utter word salad if you're from the Continent.

(beat)

No, no, we have so many more people now. You humans are running on archaic hardware, and the universe grows increasingly complicated with each new discovery. The Imagia is being tapped into even more, now, and its only a matter of time before more and more uncover the secrets of the Gloom.

V.

Holy shit.

SOLOMON

Holy shit, indeed. We will have our work cut out for us in the coming decades.

The elevator DINGS.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

That's enough conjecture, for now. Let us see how those tattoos fare on you, Drafted Lily.

LILY

Sounds good to me.

1106 INT. MATTER AND MIND GROUNDS - DAY

1106

V. (V.O.)

Matter and Mind Proving Grounds took up the eastern wing of the first floor of the Madhouse. Despite the organization taking their namesake after an abandoned asylum, the Imagomancers had long since retrofitted this particular wing so that it resembled a quasi-military compound.

Lily BANGS on a metal door.

LILY
It's Lily and Solomon and...the new girl.

GUARD
(intercom)
Why do we gaze deep into the abyss?

LILY
To poke out its eyes and hear it hiss.

A loud BUZZER, the RETRACTING of bolts. Lily SLIDES the door open. The trio continues to walk down the hall. During this, we hear distant GUNSHOTS, the DUELING of swords.

V.
What was that all about?

LILY
Precaution. Just to make sure I am who I say I am.

V.
It's...sort of obvious.

LILY
It's obvious and taken for granted until a Facesnatcher disguises themselves as an Imagomancer and slaughters five Inklings. After something like that happens, you step up security protocols, even if they're silly call-and-response rhymes that change every day.
(beat)
Sorry, I thought Vasquez might have told you that story. She tells anyone after a few shots. I've seen her tell some unlucky souls after just one beer.

V.
What if the Creep just guesses?

LILY
One strike rule. Fuck up the protocol even once and you're subdued and thrown into Isolation until Solomon or an Engraved can verify your identity.

We hear the sounds of two individuals sparring. As the trio draws near, the sounds stop.

INKLING #1
(whispering)
Is that her...?

INKLING #2
Idiot, show respect. Madame Drafted!

LILY
(respectfully)
Young Inkling.

INKLING #2
And...and...

SOLOMON
Carry on, carry on. Don't mind us,
we're just passing through.

V and company head away.

INKLING #1
Holy shit that was the Tattooist!

V and the others STOP WALKING.

LILY
Here's an empty practice room.

Lily PUNCHES in a keycode. The door OPENS.

V.
For a bunch of magicians, the lot of
you sure do have quite the reliance
on technology.

They STEP through, the door SHUTS behind them.

SOLOMON
If you can solve problems using more
mundane means, why not? Channeling
the Gloom and the Glimmer takes quite
the effort. No need to warm a house
with a forest fire when a heater will
do just fine.

LILY
Where's the lights?

She FLICKS a switch.

LILY (cont'd)

There.

(beat)

You haven't been here before, have you, V?

V.

Nope.

LILY

Get a load of this.

She KEYS a control panel. Metal shutters RETRACT.

V.

No fucking way! Look at all those weapons!

LILY

This is one of our training rooms. Tons of melee weapons.

Lily TAKES a practice sword off the rack.

LILY (cont'd)

All non-lethal, of course. Can't have the Inklings decapitating one another. Well, anymore. Here, catch.

Lily tosses the sword to V.

V.

A wooden katana.

V SWINGS IT once, twice.

V. (cont'd)

Very Kurosawa. En Garde, Solomon!

V SWINGS at Solomon.

SOLOMON

V, desist these crass mannerisms at once!

V SWINGS again.

V.

Defend your honor.

SOLOMON

This is uncouth!

V.

(laughing)

I'm just messing with you, Solo.

(beat)

Lily, you alright?

LILY

Yes...sorry, I was just reminiscing.

(beat)

I spent a lot of time in these training rooms as an Inkling. Always wanted to hone my martial skills. I had to make sure I was tough enough.

(beat)

I...

V.

We'll find the bastards that took Michael.

LILY

Right. Thanks.

(beat)

Anyway, I should probably give this a shot, huh? Six months without using Imagomancy, I'm bound to be a little rusty.

V.

What tattoo are you using?

LILY

Mattermove. Pretty straightforward spoon-bending telekinesis. Can be burned to manipulate objects with a will.

V.

So...people.

LILY

Right. When a will is involved, matters get way more complicated.

V.

Someone used an Imagomantic tattoo to dominate the minds of some cops when Wexler was in trouble in Redboro.

LILY

Sure, but I'd bet it required a tattoo dedicated solely to suggestion and I'd double-down and go so far to guess it had to be Burned. With this? Moving medium-sized objects is hard enough without trying to move a human body. You'd need Limblock or something specific.

(beat)

Okay. Here goes. I'm going to try to lift those nun-chucks over there.

V.

(giggling)

Can't believe y'all train with nun-chucks.

LILY

(chant)

Matter, mind my mind. Move!

The nun-chucks begin to FLOAT.

V.

Very cool. Solomon, are you sure I can't get tattoos? I'd rather have that Jedi-force power thingy than, well, this horrific werewolf hybrid freak I've become.

SOLOMON

I could, if you want the Gloom in your body and mind to violently tear you into so many pieces that Humpty Dumpty will seem well put together by comparison.

V.

Was...was that a pop culture reference you just made?

SOLOMON

I...no!

V.

Score one for the shit-talking werewolf. I'm rubbing off on you, Solo.

We hear a WARBLING sound.

V. (cont'd)
Wha--what's up with this sword? It's vibrating.
(beat)
Lily, is this you?

LILY
No, I'm not...I don't think...

The katana ZIPS from V's hands.

V.
Woah!
(beat)
Easy, Lily. Just drop the flying katana.

We hear a CRACKLING sound as Lily's Mattermove malfunctions.

LILY
I'm not doing this!

SOLOMON
Her Mattermove tattoo is malfunctioning!

More weapons FLY off the racks.

LILY
Look out!

V DODGES.

V.
That was close. At least they aren't, well, sharp.

We begin to hear the SPLINTERING of the weapons.

V. (cont'd)
...aaaand I spoke too soon. Those jagged edges could tear somebody's throat out.

SOLOMON
Calm down, Lily! Regain your focus!

LILY
(desperate)
It's not working! Oh no, oh no...

We hear the WOOSH of the weapons.

V.
Shit, Solomon!

V TACKLES Solomon to the ground. She is STRUCK by several pieces.

V. (cont'd)
Argh!
(beat)
Solo, you alright?

SOLOMON
Yes, yes! Something's gone terribly wrong with the tattoo, we have to figure out how to stop her.

V.
Any ideas?

SOLOMON
I'm thinking, I'm thinking...

The Mattermove tat TEARS a chunk of concrete out of a pillar and joins the orbiting debris. WhooooOOM WHHOooooMMM!

LILY
I didn't mean to do that!

V.
Think faster, Solo, or she's gonna bring the roof down on us.

SOLOMON
One of the quickest ways to short out an Imagomantic tattoo is to diminish the link between the tattoo and the Imagomancer's conscious mind!

V.
Did you just seriously use a paragraph to tell me 'knock her out?'

SOLOMON
Just do it!

A CHUNK FLIES at them, whom!

V.
Stay down, I'll get this. Raaagh!

V PUNCHES the stone, SHATTERING it.

V. (cont'd)
Ooooooh fuck my life, that looks way
easier in movies. I think I just
broke my hand. Ow, ow, ow.
(beat)
I'm really sorry about this, Lily.

LILY
(under immense
pressure)
I can get it under control, just give
me a moment.

V.
No can do.

V CHARGES at Lily, dodging piece after piece of debris.
After closing the distance, she KNOCKS Lily out.

LILY
OOOOMP.

The debris begins to rain down around them.

V.
(breathing heavily)
You know, I have some serious qualms
about knocking out a woman who's just
spent six months in a coma.

SOLOMON
I don't understand. Did the length of
her stay in the Center-of-Soul cause
this reaction? Or was the the psyches
we used to draw her out?

V.
I'll leave that to you, Jimmy
Neutron. For now, I think we should
get her back to your parlor.
(beat, groaning in
pain.)
And now the adrenaline's wearing out
and I can feel every broken bone in
my arm. You better have something to
fix this or next time I'm letting her
bury your King Tut-looking ass.

FADE OUT