

The 100 Handed
Episode 12
Stress Fractures

Written by

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Draft
information: 4th

Contact
information

1201 PREVIOUSLY ON:

1201

MICHAEL
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

Swoosh.

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.

(MORE)

V. (cont'd)
(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.

1202 TITLE SEQUENCE AND MUSIC INTRO

1202

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.

1203 INT. DUNGEON - DAY

1203

Same dungeon interior as in 1104.

WEXLER
Let's do this again.

MICHAEL
Stop. Please, stop. I don't want to
hurt you.

WEXLER
Oh, but I want to hurt you.

Another SLASH.

MICHAEL
(pained)
Gah! Die!

Michael SLAMS Wexler against the wall, begins CHOKING him.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Die you fucking bastard, die, die,
die!

WEXLER
(choking)
There...you...go. Do...it...

MICHAEL
Shut up!

Wexler's neck BREAKS. Michael lets him SLUMP to the ground.
He begins to cry.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Which one was that? The hundredth?
The thousandth? I...I can't keep
track any more. The only way to make
the pain go away is to kill him.
Again, and again, and again...

The prison door opens.

WEXLER
...and again.

MICHAEL
No...please, no.

WEXLER
Tired of this form? We can wear this
face for you.

Wexler's voice SHIFTS into Vasquez.

VASQUEZ
Do you miss me, Michael? We almost
had something special between us,
once.

The RUSTLING of clothing.

MICHAEL
T-take your hand off my chest. I...I
know...

VASQUEZ
It feels good, doesn't it? My fingers
on your bare skin. How long has it
been, Michael?

MICHAEL

Almost thirty years...it never would have worked, Vasquez. Not in this lifetime.

VASQUEZ

It could still work. All you have to do is just give in. You could have whatever you wanted. You could have me.

A shifting, warping sound as Lily's visage forms.

LILY

Or if that's not your speed, what about me, Michael?

MICHAEL

Lily, you're like a daughter to me.

LILY

(coy)

Is that so? You think I never noticed at you staring at my ass whenever I had to climb a fence? You think I never noticed your eyes wandering?

(beat, seductive)

They don't have to keep wandering.

Lily STRIPS her clothing off.

LILY (cont'd)

This is what you've always wanted to see, isn't it?

Michael SWALLOWS audibly.

MICHAEL

Yes. No! Get out of my head, get out of my head! Dammit, get out get out! Aaaaaaaaaaagh!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Lily disintegrated before my eyes, as though she were nothing more than sand. I looked around, confused. The entire landscape had shifted in the seconds that I had closed my eyes. Trees, far as the eye could see. Damp soil between my toes. Dried leaves and brush. The canopy of the woods was thick enough that it was hard to tell what time of day it was.

Maya SHIFTS into the scene with her magic.

MAYA
How are you feeling, Michael?

MICHAEL
Stop this. Please, Maya, no more.

MAYA
Stop? But I think we've just begun.
You're a remarkably hard man to
break, you know that?

MICHAEL
I know that you'll never crack my
mind open you filthy witch.

Maya CLAPS her hands together.

MAYA
I totally agree! For once! I've had
you in my hands for some...six odd
months now, I think it is. There's
been moments, the slightest of
instances, where I thought 'This is
it! He's going to break open like an
egg'. But you didn't.

MICHAEL
Sorry to disappoint you, but if
you're still interesting in seeing
something break open like an egg, let
me out of here and I'll be happy to
show you what I can do.

MAYA
Oh, no no no no. You see, I can't do
that.

MICHAEL
Why?

MAYA
You don't have a body any more, dear
Michael. You haven't had one for some
time now. The Madhouse thought you
were dead, buried you. But don't
fret! I've been working another angle
for you, sweet.

MICHAEL
Fuck you.

MAYA
(unamused)
Hm. Crass. We'll take care of that.

MICHAEL
Jesus Christ just shut up// and get
on with the torture

MAYA
(interrupting)
I've been going through your
memories, as you know. You're quite
the brute for an Imagomancer. Noble,
but so full of violence.

She SNAPS her fingers. A filing cabinet KA-CHUNKS into the
dirt.

MAYA (cont'd)
Ah, here we go. Your memories.
Unfiltered by your own conscious
bias.

Maya OPENS the drawer, begins RIFLING through the files.

MAYA (cont'd)
Mmmm, here we go. March 1981, a
Facesnatcher, twisted by the Craving,
infiltrates the Madhouse. Disguised
as an instructor, it slips past
Madhouse security and kills five
young Inklings in your class before
you and that loathsome woman take her
down.

MICHAEL
Vasquez always had a crafty streak to
her.

MAYA
The brutality seems to have left an
impression on you.

MICHAEL
You try going through something like
that at eleven and see how you turn
out.

MAYA
(sardonic)
Oh, poor traumatic backstory.

MICHAEL

(angry)

You bitch.

Michael makes a move towards her, but the branches magically CREAK and WARP and restrain him.

MAYA

My playground, my rules. This forest, like everything else, is mine. It is no great effort to ask it to restrain you.

Maya flips through the files again.

MAYA (cont'd)

Here we go. 2016, Christmas. You and Evan Wexler hunt down a crippled Teardrinker and slaughter it with a savagery that would make a pack of starving dogs blush.

MICHAEL

You don't know what it// did to him.

MAYA

(interrupting)

I know exactly what it did! That's the entire point of this, Michael! The entire point is that the totality of your experience is my clay! You have no secrets before my eyes, no shadows, no hidden corners where the skeletons lay tucked away. I see you for what you are. A brute. A hired gun. A killer who uses the endorsement given to him by the Madhouse to act out his worst tendencies.

MICHAEL

That's rich coming from you.

An ominous BREEZE rolls through.

MAYA

We're going to play a new game, Michael. One I think that you'll like. Maybe you think you won't like it, but deep down, it's very much of your nature. Enjoy!

Maya laughs and vanishes

MICHAEL (V.O.)

As she said that, she faded from the scenery as though she'd never been there at all. Her laughter echoed throughout the woods, a cruel sound that had more in common with razor wire than anything resembling mirth. In the distance, I heard shouting. Dogs barking. Hunters, coming for me.

The branches FALL from Michael's body.

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

The restraints that she'd conjured fell to the dust and began writhing.

MAYA

(disembodied voice)

You better run, Imagomancer.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I heard the hunters draw closer.

The hunters grow CLOSER.

MAYA

(urgent, taunting)

Run.

1204 SOLOMON'S PARLOR - DAY

1204

V.

I didn't break her, I swear.

WEXLER

Oh boy, Vasquez is not gonna be--

The door SLAMS open.

VASQUEZ

What in the fisting fuck happened!?

SOLOMON

Drafted Thomas had an...incident.

VASQUEZ

Incident? Half of the fucking training grounds have been demolished.

(MORE)

VASQUEZ (cont'd)
You've knocked Lily unconscious
again. How am I going to explain
this?!

Solomon pulls out a JINGLING censure and begins preparing.

V.
Ah, you...don't. You don't explain
this.

Solomon starts lighting it.

V. (cont'd)
Solomon, what are you doing?

SOLOMON
I'm not going to leave Lily out cold
like that.

V.
I mean, after six months I don't know
what harm an extra twenty minutes'll
do...

WEXLER
Eh, depends.

V.
Uh, you going to elaborate?

WEXLER
Nope.

Wexler tap tap taps Lily's face.

WEXLER (cont'd)
She's not coming to.

VASQUEZ
It might *sniff* take a little bit.

V.
sniff What is *sniff* this stuff?
(beat)
Why the fuck *sniff* am I *sniff*
sniffing that much?

Wexler and Vasquez join in on the sniffing.

WEXLER
Solomon *sniff* that isn't *sniff*...

VASQUEZ

Oh sweet Jesus *sniff* Solomon, you
couldn't *sniff* have waited?

Solomon EXTINGUISHES the incense.

SOLOMON

The lot of you were so adamant about
bringing Lily back I assumed you
would want her to stay conscious.

VASQUEZ

(rapidly talking)
Right, but I had actually wanted to
sleep today, ugh.

LILY

(waking up)
Well, I suppose you'll be able to get
caught up on all that paper work now.
Sorry, by the way.

V.

(rapid talking)
Whatever, at least the sniffing
stop. Wait, why am I talking so fast?
Why are all of us talking so fast?

WEXLER

(rapidly talking)
It's Rush.

V.

Great band. Big Tom Sawyer fan.

WEXLER

Not the band. Pretty potent
stimulant. Better than smelling salts
for getting someone back on their
feet but the flipside is that pretty
much anybody else nearby gets a
noseful of alchemical pick-me-up that
makes Adderall look like Sweet Tarts.

V.

(manic)
Yeah, I gotta say, this ain't my
favorite thing y'all have sprung on
me! Like, other than Wall Street, who
the fuck just jacks up a bunch of
their employees on stimulants?

WEXLER

(manic)

V, I know you're wired. I'm wired too.

VASQUEZ

(manic)

I'm definitely pretty buzzed. Don't think I'll be getting any shut-eye anytime soon, but I suppose I needed to get around to going through all those reports. Some very interesting stuff coming in.

WEXLER

(manic)

Great!

V.

(manic)

Very great. The greatest. Wexler, what the fuck are we going to do? I feel like I'm about to vibrate a dimension over.

SOLOMON

That shouldn't be a problem.

V.

(jittery)

Why's that!?

SOLOMON

Because now you will have plenty of energy to investigate one of the few places that might actually have answers to Michael's disappearance.

WEXLER

(jittery)

Where!?

SOLOMON

A little place called 666th Street.

Wind whips across a desolate wasteland. Michael TRUDGES through sand, his BREATHING heavy.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I see my prey, off in the distance, scabbling down among the hulking remains of towers. Mankind's 20th century folly on full display. The skyscrapers jut out of the earth like the broken fingers of a decaying giant. A scent carries across the air, a mixture of life long gone and something far less poetic.

(beat)

A snapshot of the dungeon flits through my mind, so brief I almost don't even register it through the blistering heat of the expanding sun.

(beat)

The dungeon.

(beat)

The man that lived there was The Prisoner. I am not that man.

(beat)

Not anymore.

(beat)

There was a forest, also. An endless cycle of being run down by men with weapons and dogs. Day after day, in the freezing cold. Hiding. Cowering. Dying. Dying in all manner of horrific ways. Then the golden lady appeared one night. She led me out of the forest and into this blasted land.

(beat)

Now? Now I hunt.

More FOOTSTEPS in the sand, the sound of Michael SKIDDING down a slope.

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

My skin's blistered from the heat, my lips craggy and flaking. I grip the simple spear that I've used to hunt the others.

KIND ERIC

(shaky, distant)

I know you're here somewhere, leave me alone!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

The voice is vaguely familiar. I've killed this man five-hundred and fifty seven times.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
I will kill him five-hundred and
fifty seven more. At first I killed
to keep the other from hurting me.
Now I kill to keep from hurting
myself. Each kill is a minor
liberation, a slight turn of the key
in a lock with countless tumblers.
(beat)
Still, I am trapped.

KIND ERIC
I've got a gun!

Kind Eric's voice ECHOES.

MICHAEL
(chuckling)
He's got a gun, he says.
(beat)
You think that scares me?

MAYA
(whispering)
Kill him. Kill him. Kill him.

Kind Eric FIRES blindly.

MICHAEL
(calling)
Not even close, boy.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I've found my way onto the second
floor of a rotting department store.
There's glass all over the floor, but
my feet find all the right places to
step. I am quieter than the breath of
a ghost. Below, the prey can't help
but make noise.

MAYA
(whispering)
Butcher. Animal. Savage.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Without warning, the emotions I've
been repressing break through.

MICHAEL
(sobbing)
Why am I here? Oh God, why am I here?

A SHIMMERING sound as Maya manifests near him. She's disguised herself as a celestial being, her voice reflecting a sort of grand etherealness.

MAYA
(celestial)
My precious child, you are here to fulfill your purpose.

MICHAEL
Make the bad voice go away.

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
Always with you. Never going away.

MICHAEL
Please make the voice stop.

MAYA
(celestial)
Only you can make it stop. You have to fulfill your purpose and it will stop.

MICHAEL
My purpose, yes, yes, yes. What must I do?

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
Tear him apart. Kill him kill kill kill.

MICHAEL
Please, please Lady tell me.

MAYA
(celestial)
Place your faith in me and I shall guide you.

There's a COCKING pistol.

KIND ERIC
Drop the spear, Michael.

Maya SHIMMERS away.

MICHAEL
(fearful)
No, don't leave!

KIND ERIC

(confused)
What? Who are you talking to?
(demanding)
Toss the damn spear down!

MAYA

(whispering, sinister)
Weak. Pathetic. What kind of hunter
allows his prey to get the drop on
him?

Michael TOSSES the spear aside.

KIND ERIC

Back the fuck up! Near the edge, now!

MICHAEL

The rabbit finds a gun and a few
bullets and now thinks itself a fox.
I've been tracking you for days,
rabbit. I'm so damn thirsty. I'll
drink your blood when this is done,
rabbit.

KIND ERIC

My name is Kind Eric! On your knees!

When Eric says his name, have the audio scramble it.

MICHAEL

(sardonic)
I'm not that thirsty.

KIND ERIC

Shut up!

Kind Eric COCKS the gun.

MICHAEL

You already cocked it once. Did you
just uncock it to cock it again and
intimidate me?
(beat)
Your name, you said it was Kind Eric?

Again, scramble Eric's name. Eric steps closer to Michael,
glass crunching underfoot.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Kind Eric approached. Kind Eric
approached. Why...why can't I think
of his name?

MAYA
(sinister,
whispering)
The prey. The rabbit.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
The rabbit approached, quivering as
he did. Come a little closer, now,
rabbit. I've got a surprise for you.

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
His eyes. Throw the the dirt in his
eyes.

The scraping of sand/dirt.

KIND ERIC
Hands up. Hands up---

Michael has THROWN SAND in Kind's face.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)
Augh, my eyes!

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
Now! While he's blinded!

Michael rushes Kind, YELLING. He tackles Kind Eric. Several
shots go wide. The two men COLLIDE into a desk.

KIND ERIC
(struggling)
Let...go...of...me...

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
The firearm. Declaw him. Slam his
arm, break, break.

Michael slams Kind's arm down, once, twice. Kind Eric DROPS
the gun, it CLATTERS to the floor.

KIND ERIC
The gun, no!

Kind strikes Michael, Michael GRUNTS.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Kind Eric kicks me in the stomach.
The kid's got a leg on him.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
He pushes off and away from me,
towards the firearm. His fingers wrap
around the gun.

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
Take the pistol apart.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I don't need the voice to tell me
that. Kind Eric brings the pistol up,
and as he does I jam the slide back,
press down on the lock levers and the
slide falls uselessly to the floor.

KIND ERIC
Shit!

MICHAEL
Gun's not much good without the
slide. The little rabbit lost his
teeth.

KIND ERIC
Fuck you.

Kind Eric throws a three-piece combo, MISSING every swing.

MICHAEL
Too slow, rabbit.

Another SWING. Michael catches Kind's punch. There's a
straining sound as Michael's grip begins to CRUSH Eric's

KIND ERIC
(in pain)
Let...let go of my hand.

MICHAEL
(taunting)
This little piggy went to market.

He BREAKS Kind's finger, dropping Kind to his knees. Kind
Eric screams in agony. Kind reaches on the floor.

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
He's looking for another weapon.

MICHAEL
Do you think you'll find something in
that trash pile that will save you?
We've done this time and time again.

KIND ERIC
(desperate)
Something, there's got to be
something...the broken glass.

Kind Eric's hand grabs a shard of glass. He swings.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)
Rah!

Michael CATCHES the shard of glass with his own hand. The glass digs into Michael's flesh.

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
No pain because there is no you.

MICHAEL
A little sliver of glass in my hand
will not deter me.

They begin to GRAPPLE, straining. MICHAEL AND KIND need to improv struggle noises/grunts.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Good thinking, rabbit. But you simply
aren't strong enough.

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
Put him down.

Michael YELLS as he HEFTS Eric up and SLAMS him. Kind Eric GASPS as the wind is knocked out of him.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
The wind has left his lungs. I fall
upon him, pressing my full weight
onto my opponent so that he cannot
get up. I pull the shard of glass
from my palm.

A FLESH-SLITTING sound as Michael withdraws the glass.

MICHAEL
Another hunt complete, Kind Eric.

Again, the garbled name.

KIND ERIC
No. No, no. Wait, please, wait. You
can't do this to me, you're an
Imagomancer.

(MORE)

KIND ERIC (cont'd)
Remember who you are, your name is
Michael Washington. I've worked with
you. I--*gurgling noises as the shard
enters his throat*

Washington SLUMPS off of Kind.

MICHAEL
The storm in my mind breaks.
Everything is gold. Everything is
right. Everything is gold. Everything
is right.

A SHIMMER as Angelic Maya reappears.

MAYA
(whispering, sinister)
He's dead, he's dead, he's dead.

MICHAEL
Can you make the bad voice stop?

MAYA
(celestial, kindly)
That depends. How long have you been
here, my champion?

MICHAEL
How...long?
(beat)
I do not know. There was the dungeon.
The Prisoner who was not even a man.
(beat)
Was he me?
(beat)
Then the false freedom. The nights in
the forest, being stalked by the
Imagomancers. The Prisoner had become
the Target. The Target, he...I...
killed again, and again. The Prisoner
killed for a brief respite from the
pain. The Target killed for a brief
respite from the anxiety. Now I stalk
these wastes. I kill...I do not know
why?
(beat)
Apparition, angel, can you tell me?

MAYA
(celestial, kindly)
It is a test.

MICHAEL

A test?

MAYA

(celestial, kindly)

Who are you?

MICHAEL

A man of pain.

MAYA

(celestial, kindly)

Wrong. Who are you?

MICHAEL

The Hunter.

MAYA

(celestial, kindly)

Do you remember who you were?

MICHAEL

The Target.

MAYA

(celestial, kindly)

Before that.

MICHAEL

The Prisoner.

MAYA

(celestial, kindly)

Before.

MICHAEL

The...the...I...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I closed my eyes, felt the pulse of the blood dripping through the gash on my palms.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

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

The stages rolled before my mind's eye. Hunter. Target. Prisoner. What is a man before he is a prisoner?

(beat)

He is no man at all. He is nothing if he does not know what it is like to be nothing.

MAYA
(celestial, kindly)
Well?

MICHAEL
There was no before.

MAYA
(celestial, kindly)
Excellent, my champion. Excellent.

FADE OUT

NARRATOR
The 100 Handed is a Dreamskullptor Studios production. Created and written by Tom Trest. Directed by Brooke Pillifant. Sound design by [name]. Featuring the voice of Gage Richter as Evan Wexler. Brooke Pillifant as V. [Name] as Maya. [Name] as Michael Washington. [Name] as Katherine. [name] as Kind Eric. [Name] as Solomon. [Name] as Vasquez. Ready to swear undying allegiance to a creepy hallucination? Find us online at the100handed.com.