

The 100 Handed
Episode 13
Brother of Jackals

Written by

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Draft
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MAYA

Who are you?

MICHAEL

A man of pain.

MAYA

Wrong. Who are you?

MICHAEL

The Hunter.

MAYA

Do you remember who you were?

MICHAEL

The Target.

MAYA

Before that.

MICHAEL

The Prisoner.

MAYA - DISGUISE

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

(Angelic)

Well?

MICHAEL
There was no before.

MAYA
Excellent, my champion. Excellent.

1302 TITLE SEQUENCE AND MUSIC INTRO

1302

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.

1303 THE ABATTOIR - NIGHT

1303

A slaughterhouse. Maybe light machinery in the back ground.

A Carved is CHOPPING meat and HANGING it on hooks. As it
hangs a corpse up, it slips and Katherine panics.

KATHERINE
Careful with those bodies, they're
fragile!

The Carved GROANS. A heavy door opens. Maya enters.

MAYA
(sniffs)
Quite the place you have here,
Katherine. A slaughterhouse. Clever.

KATHERINE

It works for me. The workers keep quiet and I've even managed to hire some of them to bring me rarer product, so to speak. You took a risk coming down from your little tower. The Madhouse must be hopping mad trying to figure out where its lost Imagomancer has gone off to.

MAYA

The reward far outweighed the risks.
(beat)
Do you have what we spoke of?

KATHERINE

Follow.

They push through a set of plastic FLAPS and into the slaughterhouse main floor.

MAYA

Fairly blatant, isn't it? Chopping up bodies in broad daylight like this.

KATHERINE

It's a wonder what you can do when the police chief is concerned for the physical safety of his daughter.

MAYA

You risked breaking the Pact? We aren't supposed to lay a finger on children.

KATHERINE

Nothing of the sort, the daughter's in her twenties. Perfect leverage.

MAYA

Good, good. After my trip to Sundown with that idiot Calloway, I'm not keen on running into any Imagomancers any time soon.

(beat)

How'd you keep the police out of your business?

KATHERINE

The chief's daughter may have been infected by a disease that I may have concocted, the symptoms of which I may be able to alleviate.

MAYA

Devious.

KATHERINE

What can I say? The chief considers me a miracle worker. In return, I only asked that he help me keep my honest, humble meat-processing plant...discrete.

Katherine PUSHES THROUGH A SET OF DOUBLE DOORS. We hear the BUBBLING of liquid.

MAYA

(chilly)

Cold in here.

KATHERINE

I lost most of my equipment in the last Madhouse raid, so I've had to resort to more vulgar means of preserving my projects. I've suspended the Vessel within a refrigeration unit, while adding custom modifications to get the specs up to snuff, naturally.

MAYA

Naturally.

They STOP in front of the COLD STORAGE locker.

KATHERINE

This is one of my finest works. I learned a lot from working on Project Vellum. Could have learned more, had the Madhouse not taken V from me before I had time to complete my work.

MAYA

I don't care about how the Imagomancers stepped on your toes, Fleshcarver. Show me what I came for.

KATHERINE

For a woman that works with the mind, you sure lack tact.

MAYA

Katherine, the coming weeks will be crucial.

(MORE)

MAYA (cont'd)

If the Madhouse discovers what we're up to, we'll need an edge. Prove yourself to the Hundred Handed.

KATHERINE

As you say.
(beat)
Ahem.

Katherine OPENS the Cold STORAGE. We hear the HISS of fog roiling out.

MAYA

(chilled)
It's cold.

KATHERINE

The Vessel needs the spark of a psyche to animate it and keep it going. Until then, I can't risk degradation. I work more closely with the natural world than most Magi, and it's full of microbes and microorganisms that are just as hungry as the most ravenous Creep.

MAYA

(cold)
This creation, tell me about it.

KATHERINE

This particular Carved is three-hundred pounds of muscle. 7% body fat. Lung capacity increased to three-times that of a top performing swimmer that I managed to get my hands on during the last Olympics. Enough fast-twitch muscle fibers to make champion power lifters look like they're playing with inflatable balloons. And, as a personal touch, I was able to lift the somatic reflex arc from the star-nosed mole.

MAYA

(dryly)
A mole.

KATHERINE

A star-nosed mole's average reaction time is 8 milliseconds. The average reaction time for a human being is one-hundred sixty-six milliseconds.

(MORE)

KATHERINE (cont'd)

The mole is faster than most Creeps,
for that matter.

MAYA

Impressive. That manic glint in your
eye tells me that's not all.

KATHERINE

I've been playing around with troll's
blood. This vessel has a regeneration
factor.

MAYA

Vulnerable to fire?

KATHERINE

That's the beauty of it. No. Fire,
acid, the body will process those
injuries like any other.

(beat, serious)

Are you understanding what I'm
getting at?

BEAT

MAYA

You want to know if I know what I'm
doing.

KATHERINE

If this goes wrong, he'll kill us
both before we have time to blink.
This is by far the best form I've put
together. Nothing comes close, not
even Project Vellum. I'll ask again:
Is. He. Yours?

MAYA

Let's find out.

BEAT

Katherine RUSTLES through her satchel. She WITHDRAWS
Michael's receptacle. It radiates energy.

KATHERINE

(awed)

The mind of an Imagomancer. It's...
stunning.

MAYA

Where can I put it?

KATHERINE

Hand it here.

(beat)

What? I'm not going to steal the damn thing, I have no use for his soul.

(chuckling)

Barely have use for my own.

Maya HANDS the receptacle over. Katherine WALKS further into the storage.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

(further away)

Like you asked, I've crafted a small groove where we can insert the receptacle. Aaaaaand there we go.

Katherine INSTALLS the receptacle.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

Now for the 'wound' to seal up.

The flesh seals over the receptacle.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

There we go. Just waiting on your touch.

Maya STEPS forward.

MAYA (V.O.)

As I drew closer to the Carved, the air around me grew colder, and I don't think it was just because of the refrigeration. I had spent countless hours breaking Michael's will. This was the moment of truth: Did I have control over one of the most dangerous Imagomancers to step out of the doors of the Madhouse? Or was I about to meet a swift, painful death?

Maya RUSTLES through her satchel. She blows a handful of dust into the Carved's face.

MAYA

I breath into you the ruins of a castle found only in dreams.

Another rustle. A child laughs.

MAYA (cont'd)

The laughter of a child, stolen off
of her lips.

She kisses the Carved.

MAYA (cont'd)

(softly)

The kiss of a witch, given freely as
a gift.

(increasing tempo and
volume)

Spark of life, matter-controlling
mind. To my will I bind you, to my
will you I bind. I am your mistress,
I am your muse! I command you, you
shall never refuse! This body I give
you, I give you this life. You'll
serve as my shield, my cudgel, my
knife!

(frantic)

The last thing I give you, I give you
my breath. Now, stir from blackness
and wake from your death!

Rumbling and cracking as the Carved STIRS to life.

KATHERINE

Incredible. I've never worked on a
collaboration this complicated
before. His face, it's shifting.

MAYA

He's taking on the features of the
man he was.

Michael steps forward, heavily.

MICHAEL

(incomprehensible.
muffled)

Where...where am I?

MAYA

What's he saying?

KATHERINE

How am I to know? He must still be
making a mind-body connection.

(beat)

Still, I'm quite pleased at how he
turned--

Michael swiftly GRABS Katherine by the throat.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
(choking)
Let...go...

MICHAEL
(more comprehensible,
but still difficult
to understand)
Enemy?

MAYA
Let her go.

MICHAEL
HMMMMMM?

MAYA
(firm)
Release her.

Michael DOES SO. Katherine falls to the ground, SCAMPERS backwards.

KATHERINE
(choke-coughing)
Oh God, oh God.

MAYA
That should answer your question. He obeys me.

MICHAEL
(realization)
You're the angel. You're the golden voice that led me through the wasting world.

MAYA
I am. I have another task for you, if you'll obey.

Michael FALLS to a knee.

MICHAEL
I kneel only to you. I am your shield, your cudgel, your knife.

MAYA
I am your mistress, your muse, your life.

(MORE)

MAYA (cont'd)

(beat)

Rise, my champion.

Michael GETS TO HIS FEET.

MAYA (cont'd)

The man you killed today, in the
wasting land. Kind Eric. I need you
to hunt him once more.

MICHAEL

(slowly)

The man I killed...

(beat)

I remember now. In the wastes. I have
hunted him many times.

MAYA

He will be more dangerous this time.
He will have weapons and magics. Can
you do this for me?

MICHAEL

(amused)

The fox will never shy from the
rabbit.

MAYA

Good. Set a trap, and wait.

1304 EXT. CAMPGROUND - MIDNIGHT

1304

A car rumbles to a stop. Two men EXIT the vehicle, still
carrying on the tail end of a conversation.

TERRY

...can't believe were doing this,
Eric. A campground gets attacked, so
what? Probably some troublemakers
from the Unseelie Court got bored
tore the bastards to pieces.

KIND ERIC

Yeah, yeah, I hear you, Terry, I hear
you. It's beneath us, but you know
the game. We gotta find the
survivors, if there are any, put this
thing down. You don't get to ping the
Gloomwatcher's radar then get off
scot-free, that's how we keep the
Creeps and spell-slingers in line.
You geared up?

Terry OPENS the trunk.

TERRY
Got my Mossburg. Tatted up with
Banishbullets. Any drooling baddie
out here's gonna get a face full of
magical shot.

KIND ERIC
(irate)
I *know* what the Banishbullet tat
does, Terry. I'm Kind-fucking-Eric.

TERRY
(grumbles)
Yeah, yeah, hotshot. What about you?

There's a SWOOSHING noise as Eric's blade extends from his
arm.

KIND ERIC
Inkblade. All I need, baby.
Everything else is for kids and
pussies.

TERRY
(annoyed)
Show-off.

Terry SLAMS the trunk.

TERRY (cont'd)
Didn't ol' Michael use the Inkblade
quite a bit? I heard he was
practically a fuckin' legend with
that thing.

KIND ERIC
(chuckling)
Not enough of one, evidently.

Terry FIDDLES with his shotgun, begins FEEDING shells into
it.

TERRY
Still can't believe we could only get
one tattoo apiece.

KIND ERIC
(sighing)
I suppose that's why we're really
here.

(MORE)

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

Solomon's running low on reagents, so they send us on a grocery run to pick up more.

TERRY

Doesn't make sense, Sol usually always has enough.

KIND ERIC

Mmmhmm. If I had to guess, might have something to do with Drafted Thomas coming back from her nap. Can't believe they'd waste so much on... her.

TERRY

I heard she hasn't been doing so well.

KIND ERIC

Shit, that's one way of putting it. After what happened in the training grounds I bet Solomon is burning through all sorts of reagents trying to find a spell that won't go haywire when she uses it. And THAT means less for the rest of us.

(beat)

Pathetic. The Madhouse has gone soft, and it'll be the death of us all.

Terry FINISHES loading the gun and RACKS the shotgun.

TERRY

If you say so.

KIND ERIC

Uh, yeah. I say so.

(beat)

Let's go.

They begin WALKING.

TERRY

"Welcome to Camp Blue Sky".

(beat)

You ever do camp as a kid?

KIND ERIC

No.

TERRY

I did. Long time ago. There was this Emily chick who almost burned the cabin--

KIND ERIC

I don't care.

TERRY

Sheesh. Just trying to lighten the mood.

KIND ERIC

Let's just enjoy the silence, hm? No chirping, nothing. Nice and quiet.

They continue walking. It's quiet except the NIGHT AMBIANCE, the SNAP of a flag in the breeze.

TERRY

The cabins are dark.

KIND ERIC

(sarcastic)

I can see that, Terry.

There's a tinkle of WIND CHIMES.

TERRY

You know what's really weird?

KIND ERIC

(exasperated)

Fucking kill me.

TERRY

Like, it's a little past January, y'know? I get Texas doesn't get too cold, but who goes out to camp at the start of January?

KIND ERIC

(almost at his limit)

I don't know, Terry, I don't know! Maybe, just maybe, they used the opportunity to get out away from people who were fucking obnoxious question so that they could get some peace and goddamn quiet!

TERRY

That seems odd given how big this place is--you're telling me to shut up, aren't you.

KIND ERIC

Yes.

TERRY

Sheesh, okay, okay.

(beat)

Woah, look at that cabin there. I think something's wrong with it.

They START up the wooden steps of the cabin.

KIND ERIC

What gave it away, Terry? Was it the giant trail of blood leading through the broken doorway and into the dank cabin?

TERRY

Well...

KIND ERIC

Please don't answer that.

(beat)

Door's practically off the--

Eric WORKS the screen door. It CRASHES to the deck.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

--hinges. Whatever did this, it's either big or strong or both.

Terry FLICKS his flashlight on.

TERRY

You know, that blood trail looks like a red carpet under the right light, but I can't say it's the most inviting thing I've ever seen.

KIND ERIC

(bored)

That's the life, Terry. You can't just join the Madhouse and play with all the cool spells. Christ, I swear the new Inklings have no iron in them.

TERRY
I've got iron.

KIND ERIC
You're practically anemic. I'll let
you take point. You need the
experience.

TERRY
(sarcastic)
How generous of you.

They HEAD FURTHER into the cabin. There's the light drip
drip drip of blood dripping onto the floorboards.

1305 INT. CABIN - MIDNIGHT

1305

TERRY
Some kind of...leak?
(beat)
Ugh! That stench.

KIND ERIC
It's blood and human waste. You've
got an extra flashlight?

TERRY
Here.

Terry tosses Eric the light. Eric turns it on.

TERRY (cont'd)
Oh sweet Jesus.

KIND ERIC
He ain't gonna help you in this line
of work, kid. I'm pretty sure God's
left this world far behind.

TERRY
I think I'm gonna be sick.

Terry DROPS the shotgun, begins to head outside.

KIND ERIC
Hey.
(angrier)
HEY! COME HERE.

Eric GRABS Terry by the shirt.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

I get it. You ain't seen anything like this. It's disgusting. You know what though? That doesn't mean you drop your weapon and lose your head. You've got a tat that specifically imbues bullets with Imagomantic energy. You know what that means? That means if you leave that shotty behind, you are a lost lamb in a forest full of wolves, kid.

TERRY

I...I...

KIND ERIC

You ever do some shit like that again while we're partners, you won't have to worry about the Creeps gutting you.

There's a liquid sound as Eric's INKBLADE coagulates and sharpens.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

I'll take my Inkblade and I'll do it myself.

TERRY

P-please. I-it's digging into my s-s-stomach.

KIND ERIC

Damn right it is. The Inkblade is sharp enough to make obsidian look like a butter knife.

Eric UNFORMS the Inkblade. He shoves Terry away.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

Pick up your weapon. If you're gonna be sick, do it out of my sight, but keep your fucking weapon on you.

Terry PICKS UP the shotgun.

TERRY

B-but what if whatever d-did this is s-still here?

KIND ERIC

(cruelly)

Then you'd better stay inside with me
and all the corpses, shouldn't you?

TERRY

T-they're...kids.

KIND ERIC

Yeah.

(beat)

What can you tell me?

TERRY

What?

KIND ERIC

Look at them, Terry. What can you
tell me about what did this?

(beat)

Here's a hint, you might have to get
up close to a few of the bodies.

Terry takes a FEW STEPS forward.

TERRY

Oh God.

KIND ERIC

Like I said, big daddy's not home.
It's just you and me and this
slaughterhouse we call our world.
What do you see?

TERRY

They're heads are bent all f-funny.
They're broken. They look like little
broken dolls.

KIND ERIC

Uh-huh. What's that mean?

TERRY

A-attacker probably doesn't have
claws or teeth. It's more likely
humanoid in form. The only blood is
from that one corpse, and the cut is
clean.

(beat)

Way too clean.

KIND ERIC

Good eye. That also means, among other things, it may be smarter. Less instinct driven. At the very least, it may be able to improvise weapons.

TERRY

But most of these look done by hand, other than a few. I'm so confused. The outside looks way more chaotic than in here.

KIND ERIC

(impressed)

Good, kid, good. We'll make a Drafted out of you yet. So it's a strong son-of-a-bitch, whatever it is.

TERRY

Is it a Troll or Abom?

KIND ERIC

Both of those are cannibalistic, and none of these vics have been chewed up. None of the entrances have any excess damage to the threshold frame.

TERRY

So if it was one of those, it'd be too big to fit without damaging the entrance.

KIND ERIC

Bingo. So we're dealing with something a bit larger than the average man, but with a ton of strength.

(beat)

And intelligence.

TERRY

What if it's not that strong? I mean...these are all...

(beat)

Well, they're young.

KIND ERIC

Not this fellow.

Kind Eric NUDGES a body. It SLUMPS over.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)
Camp counselor. Probably 18 years
old, kid looks like he was on his way
to being a linebacker for UT or A&M.
Now he's nothing but a ragdoll.

TERRY
Do these bodies look...organized?

Eric MOVES to see.

KIND ERIC
You're right. They're all posed, bent
into position.

TERRY
Hang on.

Terry MOVES to climb up onto a bunk.

KIND ERIC
Where are you going?

TERRY
Get a better view from this bunk bed.

He REACHES the top.

TERRY (cont'd)
The bodies, it looks like they're
contorted to spell something.

Terry says the next line like 'Jawb' instead of 'Joe-buh'

TERRY (cont'd)
Job Three Zero Two Nine?

KIND ERIC
"I have become a brother to jackals
and a companion to ostriches." Job
30:29.

TERRY
What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

KIND ERIC
Job felt desolate. Abandoned. Alone
in the wilderness. This is
interesting indeed. Seems our
aggressor has a psychology. Come on
back down.

Terry climbs down. There's a faint SHUCKING noise of a knife sharpening wood, from outside.

TERRY

Hear that?

KIND ERIC

Sounds like something being sharpened.

TERRY

Where's it coming from?

KIND ERIC

Shut up, I can't tell with you talking. It's coming from outside.

Terry MOVES to a window.

TERRY

This curtain's in the way.

He PARTS the curtain.

TERRY (cont'd)

All I see is the cabins.

KIND ERIC

You don't have to narrate your every move.

The sharpening STOPS.

TERRY

(whisper)

I don't hear it anymore.

KIND ERIC

What could it--TERRY, GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.

There's a WHOOSING noise as the javelin whips through the air. It should start off faint, then grow in volume as it approaches.

TERRY

That sounds like--huuuurgh.

The javelin CRASHES through the window, striking Terry in the chest. He's PINNED to the wall. Blood GURGLES out of him.

KIND ERIC

SHIT!

TERRY

(wounded)

I--fuck.

KIND ERIC

It's gone clean through.

TERRY

Geh-get it oudda me.

KIND ERIC

I do that and you'll bleed out in fifteen seconds.

Kind Eric HANDLES the spear.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

He's got you pinned to the wall.

(impressed)

Jesus, what a throw.

TERRY

(gurgling)

I dun wanna die.

KIND ERIC

Stay calm and we'll make it through this.

(beat)

Clear the mind. Find the center.

Check the environment.

Kind Eric TAKES A DEEP BREATH, EXHALES.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

Impaled partner. Still has his shotgun. Kerosene lamp burning on the wall. Several windows.

(beat)

Bait another attack. Use the opportunity to get a glimpse of the assailant. One of these bodies should work.

Eric SHIFTS a body.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

Ugh. Heavier than you look. We'll just prop you up next to this window.

Another whistling javelin comes through and hits the window and the BODY.

KIND ERIC (V.O.)

After my assailant took the bait, I gave a quick peek through the window. Standing near the campfire was a man about the size of a refrigerator. He wore nothing except for a black executioner's hood draped over his head and a loin cloth. Muscles rippled across his body like snakes coiling underneath tan bed-sheets. Shadows cast madly about him. I couldn't see his eyes, but I felt his gaze burning into me. Nearby, Terry was pinned to the inside of the cabin wall by the makeshift javelin, a broken butterfly in an entomologist's box. When I turned my attention back to the stranger, he was gone.

KIND ERIC

Fuck. He's fast.

TERRY

(dying)

Is he...is he...gone?

KIND ERIC

He's still here. Keep a hold of that shotgun.

TERRY

Wuh-why.

KIND ERIC

Because, Inkling, death is a mercy in this line of work.

There's a THUMP above them.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

He's above us. On the roof.

Another, HARSHER thump, followed by a CRASH as Michael comes through the roof.

MICHAEL

You are the tattooed one.

KIND ERIC

And you're the brother of jackals?
You don't look that tough.

Kind Eric FORMS his blade again.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

You ever faced off against an
Imagomancer with an Inkblade?

MICHAEL

Hm.

KIND ERIC

Not exactly Cicero, are you?

MICHAEL

You talk too much.

KIND ERIC

And you pay too little attention to
your surroundings. A tip for the next
time you come crashing through a roof
in an attempt to look like a bad-ass:
don't turn your back on a man with a
shotgun, even if he's dying. Burn the
tattoo Terry!

Terry RAISES the shotgun.

TERRY

(chanting, dying)

Mars and Ares, bless these bullets
for me. Gods of war, give me more,
Banish!

The BANISHBULLET spell activates, crackling with overcharged
energy. A massive EXPLOSION sounds as Terry shoots Michael.
Michael STUMBLES and falls down. There's residual energy
crackling in the air.

TERRY (cont'd)

D-did I do it?

(beat)

God, Eric, it hurts. Burning the
tattoo hurts so bad.

KIND ERIC

You did a good job, kid. Damn good
job.

TERRY

T-thanks. I...see...it's beautiful...

KIND ERIC
Hope for the Glimmer, hide from the
Gloom.

Michael STIRS.

TERRY
(dying)
H-how?

KIND ERIC
(disbelief)
No fucking way.

KIND ERIC (V.O.)
The stranger in the executioner's
hood pulled himself up. The hole in
his side looked as if a crocodile had
taken a generous chunk out of him.
The glow of Imagomantic energy did a
firefly dance in the gore of the
wound. Tendons and organs began to
knit themselves together in a wet
lattice, sealing the injury up.

A wet, squishing noise.

MICHAEL
(chuckling)
The hare nibbles at the jackal.

KIND ERIC
(stunned)
That tat can take down a fucking
troll. Just what are you?

MICHAEL
Unkillable.

KIND ERIC (V.O.)
I watched in horror as this monster
posing as a man ripped the spear
impaling Terry out from the wall.
Terry screamed in pain.

The sound of gory WRENCHING.

TERRY
AAAAAAGH!

KIND ERIC
Terry!

KIND ERIC (V.O.)

It wasn't enough. Before I could even react, the man had stabbed the spear into Terry, three, four, five times.

A sequence of rapid-fire JABS into flesh.

KIND ERIC (V.O.) (cont'd)

And he whipped the spear in a wide, vicious arc.

A SLASHING sound, followed by the toppling and rolling of Terry's head, cutting off Terry's groans of pain. Michael TWIRLS the spear, then JAMS it into the ground.

MICHAEL

I was supposed to bring one hare back alive. That falls to you.

Kind Eric FORMS his blade again.

KIND ERIC

Bring it, jackass.

Michael HEFTS the javelin, THROWS it. Eric SLASHES through it, sending the wooden pieces astray.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)

If you thought a cheap-shot like that would work, you're out of luck.

(taunting)

And don't think I didn't notice that hitch when you threw the javelin. You're not healing correctly. Not totally.

MICHAEL

Hm.

There's a GUST of wind through the broken window. The BILLOWING of curtains in the breeze.

KIND ERIC (V.O.)

There was no point in waiting. I pressed the attack.

Kind Eric CHARGES, then SLASHES.

KIND ERIC

Raaaagh!

He SINKS the Inkblade deep into MICHAEL. Michael GRUNTS in pain.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)
Got you, bastard.

Kind Eric DIGS the blade in deeper.

MICHAEL
Ugh.

Michael SWINGS. Once, twice.

KIND ERIC
Too slow, asshole.

Eric FOLLOWS THROUGH with the blade, taking a chunk out of Michael. Blood and gore SPATTERS to the floor.

KIND ERIC (cont'd)
(delirious laughter)
You seriously thought I 'd fall for that? No way in hell am I just going to keep the distance between us closed. I'm gonna bleed you, inch by inch, even if it takes all night. We'll see how fast your regeneration keeps up.

MICHAEL
(chuckles)
A snare for the hare.

KIND ERIC (V.O.)
I saw it too late. Loosely gathered around my right foot was a length of the intestine I'd just torn from his belly. The man in the executioner's hood gripped his length of gut, then pulled it taut and yanked. The world went sideways and my head caught the corner of footlocker. A galaxy of stars exploded inside of my head and I lost my concentration. The Inkblade flickered out, then vanished.

A fizzling sound as Eric's Inkblade fails. Heavy footsteps as Michael DRAWS closer.

MICHAEL
I will take you back to the mistress,
the mother, the muse.

KIND ERIC

You tell the whore that sent you that we're going to find her, and when we do, we're going to make what God did to the Egyptians look like a fucking--aaagghgh leggo.

Michael PINCHES Eric's tongue.

MICHAEL

You talk too much. I do not wish to listen to you the entire way back.

KIND ERIC

Mah tunngh, leh go ob mah-aah
AAAAAGGH!

The sound of the tongue stretching stretching stretching and then...RIIIIIIIIP.

MICHAEL

She shall be pleased with this offering. Come, rabbit. We shall skin you later.

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. Brooke Pillifant as V. [Name] as Maya. [Name] as Michael Washington. [Name] as Kind Eric. [name] as Terry. [Name] as Katherine. Ready to duke it out at a blood-spattered campsite? Find us online at the100handed.com.