

The 100 Handed  
Episode 14  
Unholy Smokes

Written by

Tom Trest

Copyright (c) 2021

Draft  
information

Contact  
information

WEXLER

Previously on The 100 Handed.

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.

Swoosh.

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 investigating one of the few places that might actually have answers to Michael's disappearance.

WEXLER

(jittery)

Where!?

SOLOMON

A little place called 666th Street.

1402 TITLE SEQUENCE AND MUSIC INTRO

1402

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.

1403 EXT. AUSTIN - NIGHT

1403

We hear the late night BUSTLE of Austin: congested traffic,  
music spilling out onto the street from bars, whoops of  
drunks celebrating.

V.  
Everyone seems to be in good spirits,  
even if it's unusually cold.

WEXLER  
(bitter)  
Why wouldn't they be happy? Look at  
all of them. Stumbling around in a  
stupor, blowing off steam because  
their day-to-day life is so utterly  
soul-destroying that they couldn't  
fathom a different world. Ignorant of  
the very machinations occurring right  
under their noses, right in front of  
their eyes, if only they would see.

V.  
You don't have to be such a buzzkill  
all the time.

WEXLER

A buzzkill!? I'm...ruminating. Let me ruminare, okay?

V.

Yeah, I'm not buying the Rust Cohle act.

WEXLER

I...what?

V.

Jesus, you really need to up your pop-culture game. You're going to be left behind, Evan. Unable to connect to the people you protect.

WEXLER

I don't care about whatever silly games or meaningless shows they use to numb themselves, V. We're here to protect the Flock, not be of them.

V.

Hold up.

They stop walking.

WEXLER

What, V?

V.

Don't 'what V' me. You're playing Patton right now.

WEXLER

Is that another--

V.

If you tell me you don't know who General Patton is, I'm going to throw you through that window and you can listen to...wow, that sounds like pretty solid blues, actually...you can listen to those really great riffs until you come to.

WEXLER

I know who General Patton is.

V.

I'm just saying. Don't keep acting like you're so above all of these people.

A man BUMPS into V.

MAN #1

(walking away)

Watch it you freak! Mother fuckin' Lon Chaney lookin' ass.

V.

(shouting)

Shove it up your asshole, asshole!

(beat)

Like I was saying, we're down here in the trash-strewn streets with the rest of them.

WEXLER

Real great illustration.

V.

Listen, dick, I'm just saying I wish I could mingle with the Flock. You've got a gift you don't even know you have. Try not throwing it away in favor of a worldview that even the most edgy fourteen year old Schopenhauer fan would find embarrassing. So don't be a buzzkill.

WEXLER

(offended)

A buzzkill? V, the Hundred-Handed are making moves that...that...

V.

See, you don't even know. It might not be that bad.

WEXLER

I'm surprised it hasn't been worse. Come on.

They start WALKING again, cutting down an alleyway. The soundscape grows quieter.

V.

I never took you for a millenarian.

WEXLER

We're both millennials, I thought.

V.

Not millennial. Millenarian. You know. The 'end is nigh' sort.

WEXLER

I'm not.

(beat)

At least, I didn't think I was. Let's focus on the task at hand. We need to find the entrance to the Dim. Solomon said it'd be hidden in plain sight.

V.

Seems like a bad thing to do if you're trying to conceal a passageway to a part of the Gloom.

WEXLER

Well...what if they're not?

V.

Huh?

WEXLER

I mean, what if it's fairly easy to find the Dim if you're one of the Flock?

(beat)

And not so easy to find your way out?

V.

Interesting. Why hasn't the Madhouse gone in before?

WEXLER

We have. It's just not worth it, at the end of the day. We aren't exactly welcome in the Dim. We only go there if absolutely necessary.

V.

(ironic)

Great.

WEXLER

You'll blend right in. I'm the one with Imagomantic tattoos on me.

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)

The way the Glimmer is imbued in the tattoos, I'll be lit up like a Christmas tree in such a Gloom-heavy environment.

They EXIT out onto a street, albeit less noisy than the one before.

V.

I guess we'll burn that bridge when we come to it.

(beat)

Wait a second, I don't...I don't recognize this street.

Another man BUMPS into V.

V. (cont'd)

(agitated)

Hey, watch it ass--

The man makes a spidery-mandible-hissing sound at her before continuing on.

V. (cont'd)

(meek)

--hole. Where the hell are we?

WEXLER

Before we left the Madhouse, Solomon advised me that a place like this is easier to find when you aren't thinking about finding it.

V.

We're close to the Dim, aren't we?

WEXLER

In the Shallows, to mix a metaphor. Right where the shoreline meets the water.

V.

But we still need to find how to get into the Dim proper.

The distant shouting of Mason Crackclaw.

MASON

Hey!

WEXLER

Honestly, even the store signs are, they're hard to read. The words are swimming, shifting.

MASON

Hey, you two!

V.

Uh, Wexler?

WEXLER

Just too difficult to focus.

V NUDGES Wexler.

V.

I think that...guy...is trying to get a hold of us.

Mason's FOOTSTEPS draw near, they're heavy.

WEXLER

Be on your guard.

WEXLER (V.O.)

I reached into my jacket, my trusty five-shooter sliding effortlessly into my palm. As the figure drew closer, I could make out his features more clearly. The yellow light of the sodium lamps danced across what looked to be an admittedly normal male, probably in his late thirties or early forties. My grip tightened on the pistol.

A TIGHTENING sound.

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

Regular bullets can put plenty of Creeps down, but there's no telling if this one was merely wearing a vulnerable disguise. A good rule of thumb tended to be: the more human it looked, the more infused with magic it probably was, the harder to kill with mundane means.

The COCKING of a hammer as the footsteps draw near.



WEXLER (V.O.) (cont'd)  
But sometimes you get lucky.  
Sometimes all it takes is catching  
them off balance before unloading  
whatever 'fuck-you' grade spell you  
have inked on your flesh, reducing  
them to rubble.

V.  
(whisper)  
What do we do?

WEXLER  
(whisper)  
Get ready. He looks human, but his  
footsteps are far too heavy for his  
size. I don't know what he is.

Mason STOPS before them. V and Wexler start COUGHING.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
(coughing)  
It's got a poison aura!

V.  
(coughing)  
No, no, I think that's...that's  
just...marijuana?

MASON  
Hey! I've been expecting you, Evan.

WEXLER  
Expecting me? How do you know who I  
am?

MASON  
I wish to speak, I do, but out here  
is no the best place. I've got a  
store that's safer. More private.

WEXLER  
Not a step closer.

MASON  
Revenons à nos moutons! I come to  
help! Please, I know you have a  
weapon aimed at me.

Wexler DECOCKS the pistol, shifts to a neutral stance.

WEXLER  
Good eye.

MASON

Not so much, *tsais*? It is more that I have been told of you, your temperament.

WEXLER

What are you talking about?

MASON

*Bref*, I can help you get into the Dim. You will need my help, Imagomancer, if you wish to travel safely.

1404 INT. UNHOLY SMOKES - NIGHT

1404

They ENTER the smoke shop. The door TINKLES. There's folksy carnivalesque fair medieval fair music playing lightly in the background.

MASON

Please, take a look around, be my guest at Unholy Smokes! I have a customer I still need tending to.

V.

Uh, sure.

WEXLER

Fine.

MASON

I'll be with you shortly.  
(turning his attention elsewhere)  
Monsieur, thank you so much for waiting. Now, if you wished to buy//

CUSTOMER

(cutting him off, totally detached)  
Like I was saying, man, signs everywhere. They're here, man, fucking here in Austin. The Statesman won't cover it, believe me, I've already tried sending in evidence. I got a cousin up in Redboro, says he saw SOMETHING inhuman chasing this naked tattooed guy, like a giant fucking lizard.

MASON

This is the same homme who went on an absinthe bender?

CUSTOMER

Listen, Mason, I'm tellin' you, man. It's all right underneath our nose. This whole technocratic Enlightenment-era horseshit? It's crumblin', and it's crumblin' because the world ain't a rational place to begin with. Take a heroic dose of shrooms, broskie.

MASON

Oh?

CUSTOMER

Just take shrooms and DMT, you'll see what I mean. Wizards rule us. Fucking. Wizards.

MASON

Like Merlin?

CUSTOMER

Yes! No! Like Black Magicians. Like evil witches, that kind of shit. And there's creatures. Fuck-ing creatures. They look like humans. They talk like humans. But underneath it? There's no mistaking it, they're wearing humanity like a fuckin' Halloween mask, except in this case, the charade is year 'round.

(beat, whispering)

Oh sweet Jesus, I think that's one right there.

MASON

*La femme?* But she's just a lady.

CUSTOMER

Naw, bro, you see how's tucked herself away in her hoodie.

MASON

It is cold outside, no?

CUSTOMER

Not that cold. Oh God, the longer I look, the more I see. Her hand, man, it's got...claws.

V.

(challenging)

Hey, do you have something to say?

CUSTOMER

What? Me? No!

V WALKS OVER.

V.

You seem to have a lot on your mind--

(sniffing)

--beyond the just the pot smoke.

CUSTOMER

(flustered)

I-I-I-I...

V.

Should pay for your things and go.

CUSTOMER

Y-y-y-yes.

He FUMBLES his money out, dropping coins. He puts the crumbled bills on the counter.

CUSTOMER (cont'd)

Y-y-y-you have some strange customers, sir.

MASON

Tell me about it. Here you go.

Mason HANDS THE BAG to Customer.

CUSTOMER

Th-th-thanks. You c-c-can keep the ch-ch-change!

Customer hurries out. The door TINGLES.

MASON

You didn't have to intimidate my customer. Excuse moi while I close the store.

Mason WALKS over to the entrance. He LOCKS the door, flips the sign. Somebody KNOCKS.

MASON (cont'd)

(calling)

Uh-huh, we're closed! See the sign?

Mason taps the sign.

MASON (cont'd)  
Closed. Ferme. Cerrado. Geschlossen.

RANDOM WOMAN  
(other side of the  
window)  
Let me in! I need to buy a bong!

MASON  
Madame, please vacate my storefront  
immediately!

RANDOM WOMAN  
(slurring)  
Listen here asshole, I'm a paying  
customer!

MASON  
No madame, not tonight you are not.

Random woman starts SLAPPING the glass.

RANDOM WOMAN  
Let me in so I can buy a fuck-eeng  
bong!

MASON  
(roaring)  
I said go away!

The random woman runs off screaming.

MASON (cont'd)  
Now, monsieur, madame, we have some  
time to talk.

WEXLER  
How'd you know we were out there?

MASON  
You have a stink about you, *sans*  
*offense.*

V. UNZIPS her hoodie.

V.  
(sullen)  
Even the Flock can tell what I am.

MASON  
You don't look like any werewolf I've  
seen before.

V.

I get that a lot.

(beat)

Not really. I just wanted to say that. You going to launch into a monologue before you fight us?

MASON

What? No, no! I'm just a humble smoke shop proprietor.

Wexler ROLLS UP his sleeve.

WEXLER

Uh-huh, and I'm just a tattoo enthusiast.

Wexler ROLLS IT back down.

MASON

Fine. Since I invited you in, it is only proper.

WEXLER (V.O.)

Mason made his way back to the cash register. He placed both hands on the glass counter. His pale Gallic skin began to crack and flake off like paint chips, revealing solid stone underneath.

A BULGING sound.

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

The back of his shirt bulged with two humps, then joined his skin in splitting open.

Riiiiiiip, followed by a billowy UNFURLING.

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

Two massive wings protruded out and then wrapped around him. Grey horns the size of kitchen knives erupted from his forehead.

Two sharp protrusions.

MASON

Mason Crackclaw, at your service.

V.

Wexler, he's a freaking gargoyle!  
That's so cool!

WEXLER

A stone Creep running a stoner shop.

MASON

I've always appreciated the humor of  
it.

V.

He seems nice for a Creep.

MASON

I'm right here. And that's rather...  
racist, don't you think?

V.

Considering most of you that I've run  
across eat people, no, I don't.

MASON

That sounds exactly like a racist's  
logic. Creep is offensive.

V.

A Creep with dignity. That's new.

WEXLER

V, focus. What is this place?

MASON

(clearing throat)

This is Unholy Smokes, the finest  
smokeshop in Austin. We've got  
everything you need. Posters. Pipes.  
Wraps. Paraphernalia, with emphasis  
on the para-.

WEXLER

We need access to the Dim. You said  
you had it.

MASON

I could help...

V.

Just like a Sir Mix-a-lot song,  
there's always a big but.

MASON

But... I'm an outstanding member of the Menagerie. I keep to myself, don't over-hunt the Flock, and don't mess with the Gloom more than I have to. Do you know what would happen to my reputation if word got out that I helped just any Imagomancer that strolled into my shop?

WEXLER

You invited us in. I know your head isn't so full of rocks that you already forgot.

MASON

Please, please, this is a safe space.

V.

Yes, because nothing screams 'safe' like an enclosed space full of quasi-legal goods, tucked away from witnesses, and ran by the second best friend of Quasimodo.

MASON

Again with the...the...slanderous speech!

WEXLER

How about you start talking?

MASON

I invited you in and this is the thanks I get!?

V.

Drop the act. Tell us why we're here or you're going into the foundation of the next Chipotle they build here.

MASON

(placating)

I have been around for more than a handful of centuries. I've seen the rhythms of history firsthand, and believe me I haven't been around this long by pissing off the wrong people. I want to help.

WEXLER

I don't know you from Adam.



MASON

Okay, I don't want to help you, but I owe a friend a favor and she's calling it in.

V.

Who said we needed help?

MASON

(scoffs)

Why else would an Imagomancer head into the Dim? You have to be pretty desperate to come around these parts.

(beat)

What do you say, Imagomancer? Agree to meet my friend and I'll grant you access to the Dim, plus a little gift, to boot.

WEXLER

And my partner?

MASON

Ha, the wolf-sister is already one of us. She needs no protection from what she already is.

V.

Finally, my condition is coming in handy for something other than turning faces into disassembled jigsaw puzzles.

Mason SNIFFS.

MASON

Granted, she's got the curious stench of the Magi about her.

He SNIFFS more.

MASON (cont'd)

Verrrry curious. But she's free to come and go as she pleases. She is, after all, one touched by the Gloom. You-ehhh-not so much. You reek of the Other.

V.

The other?

WEXLER

The Glimmer. The countervailing force to the Gloom. It's why Imagomancy works at all.

MASON

You reek of the Glimmer, Imagomancer. I can practically taste the energy on my tongue, saccharine sweet and bright.

WEXLER

(dryly)

I'll be sure to put some Old Spice on next time.

V.

Wow, I don't think that's just his stone face, Wexler, I think you're literally just not that funny.

MASON

Come, let's talk in my office.

V.

Despite my appearance, I'm still relatively new to the hidden side of things. Why does a gargoyle need to run a smoke shop?

MASON

Need to? I don't need to. I want to.

Mason produces a set of keys. He TRIES one.

MASON (cont'd)

Ah, come on.

V.

Still, doing work when you could be, I don't know, brooding over a beautiful cathedral somewhere.

Mason TRIES a second key to no avail.

MASON

(exasperated)

Allez!

(composed)

I did that at Notre Dame for good century or so. Fond memories. Then the French Revolution happened.

Mason gets it the third time. He OPENS the door.

MASON (cont'd)  
Third time's the charm, literally.  
Come in, come in!

They HEAD INSIDE.

1405 INT. MASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1405

A more muted, chill environment.

MASON  
Anyway, I don't know if it was the  
Jacobean or the Thermidors or  
whoever, but someone shot my hand  
while I was in the middle of an  
intense brooding sesh. I hauled  
stakes and left France after that.  
Wanted ab-so-fucking-lutely nothing  
to do with straightedge folks of any  
type, be they Magi, Flock, or Creep.

He tosses the keys on his DESK.

MASON (cont'd)  
Ah. Take a seat, any seat. Those  
beanbags are good. I don't have much  
use for them. The last two ripped  
open on my edges.

WEXLER  
I'll stand.

MASON  
Suit yourself. What about you, wolf-  
lady?

V. PLOPS down.

V.  
Gotta say, it's pretty comfortable  
Wexler.

Wexler grunts.

MASON  
So anyway, after the carnage of La  
Révolution, I sought out a more  
peaceful existence.  
(beat)  
Would anyone like to partake?

Mason begins to roll a joint.

V.  
Yes, please.

WEXLER  
No thanks.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
V, we're on the job!

V.  
Relax, Wexler, it'll help calm my nerves. Solomon said I needed to keep my emotions in check anyway, this'll just shave the edge off.

WEXLER  
I can't believe this is my life.

MASON  
Me either, frère.

Mason lights the joint, inhales.

MASON (cont'd)  
(coughing)  
Wooweee, that's some good shit. Here you go.

V takes A hit. She begins wheezing during Mason's dialogue.

MASON (cont'd)  
So basically that more peaceful existence entailed me searching for pretty-much every mind-altering substance under the sun. A few centuries of experimentation and, well, I present to you the piece de resistance. My humble slice of America's strangest city.

WEXLER  
I suppose it was wise of you to link up with the Menagerie.

MASON  
Indeed, they're good folk. Ah, thanks, chère.

Mason TAKES the joint, INHALES.

MASON (cont'd)  
But enough about me, let's talk about you, and what you want.

WEXLER

It sounds like this interested party should be the subject of conversation.

MASON

There'll be plenty of time for you to speak to our mutual friend.

V starts giggling.

V.

Jesus, Wexler, you should see your face. It's stonier than his!

WEXLER

I don't like this in the least.

Another INHALE.

MASON

Suit yourself, frere. We'll finish this then-ah ah ah!

Mason BATS OUT the ashes.

MASON (cont'd)

Gotta be careful with this particular strand.

WEXLER

V, I'm not sure this is a good idea.

V.

You're not seriously thinking about turning back now, right? We're right there!

WEXLER

I didn't like going into this with what little info we had.

V.

And now we have more info!

WEXLER

Yeah, and that info is from a 'mutual friend' which, in this line of business, often translates to 'hated enemy'. Add onto that the fact that the Dim is a realm that's pretty solidly home field advantage for the Creeps.

Mason SNORTS ANGRILY.

MASON

'Creeps'. Such an antiquated view of my community.

WEXLER

I've watched members of your community tear the flesh off of countless souls.

MASON

As if you're so above it. You cram your communities into cages in the name of civilization. You cram each other into cages in the name of safety. You cram the lesser beings of this planet in to cages in the name of appetite. You cram yourselves into cages in the name of productivity.

(beat)

Before you took your first breath, I'd watched your kind for three hundred years. Even then I found you to be a vicious species.

Mason takes another puff, coughs.

V.

I mean, where's the lie?

WEXLER

(sighing)

Yes, yes, mankind is a foolish species and we have much to learn from our collective mistakes and blah blah blah.

V.

Come on, don't be a dick. We're in his shop.

WEXLER

This newfound respect for business is surprising given you smashed a counter top in a motel lobby.

V.

It was a franchise.

WEXLER

...and hurled a man through a bar window.

V.

It was an accident.

WEXLER

...and helped me rip off an ATM for money.

V.

It wasn't my idea.

WEXLER

...and...oh forget it.

(beat)

Mason, look, I take back what I've said. I know the Cre--members of the Menagerie and...other...denizens of the Gloom can't all be painted with the same broad stroke.

MASON

Non.

WEXLER

But I'm curious to meet our 'mutual friend'.

MASON

Well, you are in quite the predicament. Some Magi may slip into the Dim, yes, but they are crafty and clever and--most importantly--not wearing those.

V.

The tattoos.

MASON

Mmmhmm.

WEXLER

The only time an Imagomantic tattoo comes off during a mission is when it's burned to supercharge a spell or it's peeled off the Imagomancer's corpse. We don't surrender them. We don't just take them off.

V.

Wexler, you know this could be our ticket to finding out what happened to Michael.

Long beat.

WEXLER

(considering)

And you can get us entrance into the Dim?

MASON

It's not hard. I just flip off the lights, and away we go.

WEXLER

Fine. I'll burn the tats. Give me a moment to touch the Center-of-Soul.

V.

Can't you just burn them like regular?

WEXLER

Uh, yeah, if you want my Flickerflame tat to this place to reduce this place to ashes. If I want to shed a tattoo without activating it, I have to tap into the Center. Move over, let me have the bean bag.

There's shifting as V scoots over and Wexler plops down.

V.

Whatever you say boss. I think you should go with the floooooooooow

V's voice warps as Wexler immediately sinks into the Center.

WEXLER (V.O.)

I didn't wait for her to finish the sentence. I tapped into the Center, shaping my little corner of the mental world to my liking.

WEXLER

Okay, let's take them off.

WEXLER (cont'd)

Is that such a good idea?

WEXLER (cont'd)

Whether it's a good idea or not isn't the point. The point is that we need to get into the Dim. The point is that we need to find out what happened to Michael.



WEXLER (cont'd)  
You sound obsessed.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
I'm not obsessed.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
An obsessed person wouldn't admit  
they're obsessed. They would deny it  
and continue to obsess.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
I'm not arguing with you...me...  
dammit, I'm doing this and you can't  
stop me.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
And what if it's a trap, hm? What  
then?

WEXLER (cont'd)  
That's what V is for.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
I wouldn't rec--

There's a CRACKLING sound as Wexler sheds his tattoos.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
It's done. No going back now.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
Your funeral.

WEXLER (cont'd)  
Piss off.

There's an ATMOSPHERIC shift as Wexler's mind returns to  
Mason's office.

V.  
That was flashy.

WEXLER  
Don't start. Okay, gargoyle, the  
tattoos are gone. What guarantee will  
I have that I'll be safe in the Dim  
once we arrive?

Mason GETS UP.

MASON  
Hang on.

He moves to his closet, opens it and begins rummaging.

MASON (cont'd)  
I know I got an extra one in here  
somewhere...

He squeezes a rubber chicken, then tosses it aside.

MASON (cont'd)  
Huh, when'd I get a rubber chicken?  
Might've been when I blew that guy's  
mind  
(clarifying)  
I mean that literally, his head  
\*popping sound\* just like that. Well,  
not just like that. It was less high-  
pitched and more...wet mop slapping  
on tile mixed with a breaking sound  
akin to a sledgehammer smashing into  
a wooden beam.

He ruffles a tapestry.

MASON (cont'd)  
Absolute best tapestry ever of  
Crystal Nightstone. Most voluptuous  
gargeloyette. You wouldn't believe  
the horniness of some peasants.  
(dreamily)  
Ah God, can you blame them? She's got  
a pair of boulders on her...

WEXLER  
Focus.

MASON  
Right!

He CASTS the tapestry aside. He pulls out a rubbery  
material.

MASON (cont'd)  
Here we go!

V.  
It's an...inner tube?

MASON  
Not just.

Mason starts to inflate the tube. We hear an energetic hum.

WEXLER

You're fucking joking.

MASON

Not in the slightest.

V.

Okay, why did the summer fun toy just start humming like that?

WEXLER

It's a magic circle. You made a magic circle out of an inner tube.

MASON

Correction, it's a magic circle when fully inflate. Otherwise it's just a misshapen do-nut. Second correction, I didn't make this. I traded a Darksculptor Magi for it.

V.

That's a new one.

WEXLER

Darksculptors work with night and shadow. We haven't seen any in a while. I'm not exactly crazy about using a Magi Prop to navigate the Dim.

MASON

Which is why we had to take the tattoos off of you. The Gloom and the Glimmer go together about as well as a toilet made out of gunpowder and a man that shits fire.

V.

Amazing.

MASON

Okay, just raise your arms.

Wexler DOES SO. Mason SQUEEZES the inner tube over Wexler's head, then SLIDES it down.

WEXLER

Guhhh. This thing makes my skin crawl.

MASON

Go into the Dim without this bad boy  
and your skin will literally crawl.  
Off your bones. And maybe eat you.

WEXLER

Yeah, yeah, I get it. What's in this  
for you again?

MASON

Our mutual friend got me out of a  
tight situation a while back. This  
should clear the debt. Ready to cross  
over?

V.

Well, I'm ready. Show us the way to  
the Dim.

MASON

Oh, it's as simple as one.

He FLICKS the LIGHT.

MASON (cont'd)

Two.

He FLICKS the light again.

MASON (cont'd)

Three.

The light FLICKS one last time, SHATTERS. The AMBIANCE and  
MUSIC should JARRINGLY SHIFT.

V.

(nervous)

Wexler...where the hell are we?

WEXLER

The last place I want to be.

FADE OUT

CREDITS

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  
Mason. [Name] as Customer.

(MORE)

CREDITS (cont'd)

[Name] as Irate Customer. [Name] as  
Vasquez. Want to help a gargoyle get  
stoned? Find us online at  
[the100handed.com](http://the100handed.com).