

The 100 Handed
Episode 9
"Out Of Her Mind"

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.

We're in a massive, blank chamber. It feels SPACIOUS, too
SPACIOUS.

MICHAEL WASHINGTON
(groggy)
W-what?
(beat)
Where am I?

FOOTSTEPS as Michael walks around.

MICHAEL WASHINGTON (cont'd)
The last thing I remember...Lily and
I were working a job, out at the
retirement home.
(beat)
God, my head hurts.

More WALKING

MICHAEL WASHINGTON (cont'd)
Hello?

MICHAEL's voice ECHOES.

MICHAEL WASHINGTON (cont'd)
I'm trapped, aren't I?

MAYA MATERIALIZES near him.

MAYA
Just a little bit.

MICHAEL WASHINGTON
You're a Magi.

MAYA
(dryly)
And you're observant. You have something I need.

MICHAEL WASHINGTON
And what's that?

MAYA
The mind of an Imagomancer. I'm going to break you open like an egg.

MICHAEL WASHINGTON
Breaking things is **my** specialty.

MICHAEL takes a HARD SWING. It PHASES through her.

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

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

MAYA
Believe me, I'll do worse than you can imagine.

903 INT. - CABIN - MORNING

903

We hear snoring, then an alarm clock. V YAWNS, SLAPS the snooze button. More SNORING. The clock GOES OFF again. V SMASHES it.

Her phone RINGS.

This is the epilogue from episode 8. We should have this bit recorded already somewhere.

V.

(voicemail)

This is V. We're in the age of smartphones, so if you feel the need to leave a voicemail instead of a text, feel free to cram your rotary phone up your asshole. Don't leave a message. Just text.

PHONE VOICE

Leave a message after the beep.

Phone BEEPS.

WEXLER

(other end of the phone)

Cute V, real cute. Pick the phone up or I'll keep cal--

V SHUFFLES around in bed, answer.

V

(groggy)

Yeah?

WEXLER

Hey V, how's everything been?

V

Oh, you know, just spent half a year hiding out with a case of werewolf puberty from hell. I can't say that the locals are exactly fond of me.

WEXLER

Good to see you haven't dulled your sense of humor.

V

I keep it sharpened on the twin strops of coffee and resentment.

(beat)

What's this about? We haven't spoken in...too long, feels like.

WEXLER

It's ready.

BEAT

SOLOMON
(over the phone,
distant)
Is that Veronica? Tell her--

WEXLER
Not now, Solomon.

V
What's going on?

WEXLER
Solomon's synthesized a solution to
Lily Thomas's catatonia. Supposedly.

SOLOMON
It'll work! I think!

VASQUEZ
(over the phone,
distant)
Never letting you near the Inklings
again...

V
Why haven't you all used it yet?

WEXLER
We wouldn't start without you. You
and I are taking point on the
investigation. A few more hours won't
hurt Lily.

V
I'm touched. What's the plan?

WEXLER
Solomon will kick things off when you
get here.

VASQUEZ
Tell her to hurry up!

V
(gritting teeth)
Good to see nobody has changed in the
past half year.

WEXLER

I'll text you some additional instructions after we hang up.

SOLOMON

Tell her to pick up some vampire blood on the way.

VASQUEZ

That's not even necessary!

SOLOMON

Who is the otherworldly being that gives the Imagomancers magical powers, hm? Is it you? No? So stop nagging.

VASQUEZ

Nagging?! I don't know if they have sexism where you come from but say that again and I'm going to strangle you with those wrappings.

SOLOMON

A foolish notion, I have no respiratory system and as such would not suffer asphyxiation...

WEXLER

Okay, I'm going to have to let you go so Vasquez and Solomon don't tear each other to pieces. Ezra's been doing some additional research on the Hundred-Handed, and some of the details about them are pretty goddamn intense. For such a large group, they've managed to keep themselves fairly secretive, but what we've found out so far ain't pretty.

V.

Christ, Wexler, this is a hell of a lot to drop on a girl given we haven't exactly kept in touch. I almost thought...

WEXLER

What?

V.

I don't know. That Madhouse was done with me.

(MORE)

V. (cont'd)
(beat)
Kind of hoped it was done with me.

WEXLER
Well, I'm glad to disabuse you of
that notion. Come on back, V. We've
got work to do. Weep at the wonder.

V.
Howl at the horror.

The phone goes DEAD. We hear V PACKING items into her
briefcase. She HEADS to the door, OPENS it. A BEAT.

V. (cont'd)
Can't say I'll miss this place.

The door CLOSES. She GOES to her car, traveling down the
dirt path. She GETS in, UNLOADS her luggage, then SHUTS the
door.

V. (cont'd)
Let's get some tunes going.

Radio STATIC until we get to the show's theme.

V. (cont'd)
Yeah, this'll do.

Music plays as the car DRIVES off.

904 INT. - PARLOR - DAY - HOURS LATER

904

We hear the SHUFFLING of instruments and bodies.

SOLOMON
Put her over there, Wexler.

Wexler DRAGS Lily's unconscious body, STRUGGLING.

WEXLER
(straining)
Either of you mind lending a hand?
Vasquez?

VASQUEZ
I'm arranging the chairs. Besides,
rank has its privileges.

WEXLER
Solomon?

SOLOMON

And I'm preparing the psyches for the last bit of processing. You don't want your lungs to explode when you inhale the final product, do you?

WEXLER

(grumbling)

No...

The door opens.

V.

I can't believe y'all would start the party without me.

WEXLER

V! Give me a hand, would you?

V.

Great to see you too, pard'ner.

They HEFT an unconscious Lily Thomas onto the table.

WEXLER

(heavy exhale)

Whew! It really is good to see you.

They HUG.

V.

(constricted)

Whoa there, Wexler, easy.

He releases her.

V. (cont'd)

This is oddly emotional coming from you.

WEXLER

Yeah, well, you didn't have to spend half a year with these goons as company.

V LAUGHS.

V.

(catching her self)

Ahem. Boss.

VASQUEZ

(terse)

V. Good to see you're well.

Solomon begins STRAPPING Lily Thomas in.

V.

And how's my favorite extra-dimensional being that lacks any sort of recognizable moral compass.

Beat. The preparations pause.

SOLOMON

(surprised)

Oh, you mean me!

(beat)

I've been fine, just fine. Doing quite a bit of interesting research. After this, if you want to stick around and help, I could run a few// experiments

V.

(interrupting)

Oh no no no no. Give me a few days before you start animal testing on me, okay?

SOLOMON

Of course, of course. Wexler, bring the tattoo kit over here, would you?

Wexler RETRIEVES the tattoo kit, PLACING it on the workbench. Solomon continues RESTRAINING Thomas.

V.

Is nobody going to address the elephant in the room? What are we doing with Lily Thomas's unconscious body?

VASQUEZ

Drafted Thomas has been trapped in the Center-of-Soul for going on six months now, give or take a few days.

SOLOMON

Through some strenuous trial-and-error, I've managed to take the psyches the two of you recovered and did some...work...on them.

WEXLER

(bitter)

Work.

VASQUEZ

Not now, Wexler. I'll ask that you keep your opinions on our methods to yourself.

WEXLER

(snarky)

Naturally.

SOLOMON

As a creature of the Glimmer, I'm able to work with the psyches in a way that the Magi and the Imagomancers are unable to. If the Gloom is the force of darkness, chaos, boundlessness, then the Glimmer is the force of order, beauty, symmetry.

(beat)

That is to say, I shall lead her out of the dark swamp she has lost herself in and back into the light of day. I've tinkered with the psyches that you recovered from North Carolina, done a little--

(beat)

Well, you wouldn't really understand, but I've basically released the personalities of the trapped psyches so that they can go on to whatever fate awaits them. The residue, however, is ours for the using.

WEXLER

I'll admit, Solomon, I was irate before. I thought we were going to be destroying the psyches.

SOLOMON

We're trying to save souls, Wexler, not ruin them.

WEXLER

Vasquez didn't have to make it sound so sinister. And...they still lost their lives. I don't know how to feel about that.

VASQUEZ

Feel nothing if you have to, we have a job to do.

WEXLER

Yeah...yeah...so how does this work, Sol?

SOLOMON

Basically, the half year that has elapsed has allowed me to safely free the personalities from their imprisonment. Free from their willful interference, I can use the residual energy as I see fit--in this case, as a way to force entry into Lily's mind. Drafted Wexler, using the tattoo I left on him, will inhale the composite psyche that I've created, then breathe it into Lily Thomas.

V.

'Breathe' it in, huh? Looks like you get to be Prince Charming.

WEXLER

(flustered)

It's not like that.

SOLOMON

Vasquez, pass me one of those ink vials.

Vasquez opens the kit, retrieves the Ink of Mind. She POPS the cap off, and we hear a faint hum.

VASQUEZ

Here.

SOLOMON

Thank you.

(beat)

Hmm. A little clumpy. V, pass me the Ignis Gehenna.

V.

The what--

SOLOMON

Third cabinet, with the glass window. Don't spill it unless you want to dissolve your foot into its constituent parts.

V OPENS the cabinet.

V.
Okay, I think I got it.

SOLOMON
Bring it here.

She DOES so.

SOLOMON (cont'd)
Vasquez, the funnel.

Vasquez PLACES the funnel.

VASQUEZ
Here.

SOLOMON
Now slowly pour. We only need a drop
or two. If it overflows the ink cup,
we'll probably need a new building.

V.
(nervous)
Geez, no pressure guys.

There's a TENSE moment that we hang on. Finally, we hear a
DROP.

SOLOMON
That's enough, enough!

There's a FIZZING and POPPING as the Ignis Gehenna CLEARS
the CLUMPS in the Ink of Mind.

V.
(sigh of relief)
Oh sweet baby Jesus, is it always
this stressful?

WEXLER
All in a day's work.

SOLOMON
Test. Test.

Solomon BUZZES the tattoo gun in the Inkwell.

SOLOMON (cont'd)
Yes, the ink looks sufficiently
thinned now. Let's run it a few more
times.

The tattoo machine BUZZES three more time.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

The Ignis Gehenna must fully dilute itself. Despite what you think, V, I am not in the business of melting my Imagomancers.

(beat)

Well, if I can help it.

V.

Okay, Vasquez, this is what you dedicated your life to.

VASQUEZ

I'm well aware of Solomon's shortcomings. Solomon, status?

SOLOMON

The next step is to use the Ink of Mind to construct a ritual space. I'm sure you've heard of the basics of magic.

V.

Salt. Chalk. Circles. Talking cats. Flying broomsticks.

SOLOMON

Lily Thomas's body will serve as the ritual space itself. Although her mind is sealed-off, her body provides us an entry point. When I've completed inking her, Wexler will use the specially prepared composite psyche and breathe it into her.

(beat)

At that point, it will be on Drafted Thomas to find her way back from the Center.

V.

Wait, so she isn't going to wake up immediately?

SOLOMON

Imagomancer training is thorough. She's sealed herself up tight in the Center-of-Soul. The only thing we can do is serve as a beacon for her. Drafted Wexler?

WEXLER
Ready when you are.

Tattoo gun BUZZING as Solomon puts on the finishing touches.

SOLOMON
There she is, Wexler. The Ink of
Mind will facilitate the next part.
Wexler, here is the composite
receptacle. Whenever you are ready,
transfer it into her.

The sound of a jewelry box opening.

WEXLER
Here goes.
(chanting)
Breathe beyond breathe, tender wind.
Mend the mind, the psyche unbend.

Wexler CHANNELS the Mind Mend tattoo and we hear a massive
INHALE.

SOLOMON
Now breathe it in.

An FX-enhanced exhale.

WEXLER
That's *huff* about all *huff* I had
in me.

Lily lets out a faint GROAN.

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

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

FADE OUT