

The 100 Handed  
Mini Episode Nine  
The Monster I Have Become

Written by

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Draft  
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INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Generic room tone.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I think about all that's transpired. The Maverick Tower fiasco. My alliance with the Hundred Handed. My protege, Evan Wexler, and I locking blades.

(beat)

Is this what I've become? The monster, the true monster that I always claimed that werewolf mutt was? Did I die, when they took my soul from my body? What is a soul, a psyche? Is it different than a spirit? My mind is wracked by these questions. It feels like I'm turning a Rubik's cube over and over and over in my hands, except the little cubes have pins sticking out of them and each rotation draws blood, draws me away from any sense of reconciliation, and notion of truth. I have no home. I am a wanderer among nations, tribes, fellowships. Caught between dark and light. I have nothing. I am nothing.

There's a knock at the door.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

(muffled)

Hello? It's Dominoes.

MICHAEL

(brooding intensifies)

Dominoes. What isn't a series of dominoes? One cause leading to an effect, on and on, and us foolish mortals running blind as one domino rushes towards us, threatening to crush us carelessly underfoot.

More knocking.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I'm coming.

Michael gets off the bed, checks the blinds.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
 I have to check the blinds before I answer the door. In this world, nothing is what it seems, me least of all. I am a monster wearing the skin of other monsters. It is reasonable that I assume others are wearing false faces as well.

(beat)  
 Pimples, patchy facial hair. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Michael releases the blinds, opens the door.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 Uhh, one BBQ Chicken Pizza. That'll be 19.95

(beat)  
 Gosh, you're a big guy.

MICHAEL  
 I have received several experimental treatments involving dark forces beyond your meager comprehension. My physical form is large, but I am a small man, the smallest man, unable to resist the darkness within.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 I'm...going to go?

MICHAEL  
 No. Stay. Break bread with me.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 Look, I have a few other stops.

Michael pulls out his wallet.

MICHAEL  
 Here. Money.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 That's...that's two hundred bucks.

(beat)  
 Do I have to suck your dick?

MICHAEL  
 Two hundred dollars, all of them as fleeting and worthless as the paper they are printed on--wait, what?

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
Shit, man, I got bills to pay. I'll  
suck your dick if I have to.

MICHAEL  
No!

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
So you're saying I get two hundred  
bucks just to hang out with you and  
not suck your dick?

MICHAEL  
I don't 'hang out'. I commiserate.  
And you will come nowhere near my  
genitalia.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
Fine by me, man, I was just hyping  
myself up in the worst case scenario.

MICHAEL  
Come, let the Dominoes fall where  
they will.

They go inside.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
So, uh, you just on a business trip?

MICHAEL  
No.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
Are you...living out of this motel?

MICHAEL  
No.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
Are you going to tell me what's going  
on?

MICHAEL  
No.

(beat)  
We will eat this delicious pizza in  
silence. Two lost souls among a sea  
of billions. I, an agent of  
destruction, ruination and symbol of  
damnation. You, a courier, flitting  
to and fro, attempting to feed hungry  
mouths in a futile attempt to satiate  
the endless hunger of bellies.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 You've got a curious way of eating in  
 silence.

He takes a bit of pizza.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY (cont'd)  
 (chewing)  
 But damn, thanks for inviting me in.  
 (swallows)  
 Usually when this happens I'm getting  
 propositioned to, well, y'know.

MICHAEL  
 Suck dick.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 Yeah. I mean, there was one time I  
 was invited to go muff diving, but  
 that's usually pretty rare and often  
 ends with a few scars.

MICHAEL  
 I know plenty about scars at the  
 hands of dangerous women.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 Yeah, you look like you've been  
 around the block a few times.

Another bite of pizza.

MICHAEL  
 This pizza is delicious.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 Ain't it?

MICHAEL  
 The slaughter of countless chickens,  
 the subjugation of countless bovines,  
 all culminated in this very moment,  
 with this meal. You and I partake in  
 a blasphemous communion predicated on  
 the suffering of the innocent.

(beat)  
 Truly fitting for a world infected by  
 the cancerous Gloom.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY  
 (full mouth)  
 Yeah man, sounds pretty Gloomy when  
 you put it like that.

(MORE)

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY (cont'd)

(beat)

So, uh, what do you do for a living?

MICHAEL

I end the lives of others.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Oh.

(beat)

Oh! Like a hitman?

MICHAEL

Something like that. Are you prepared for what's coming, Dominoes delivery boy?

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

I mean, I try to follow Dave Ramsay's guide on setting aside a good percent of my income.

MICHAEL

Filthy lucre will not soak up the tide of blood that is to come. You see nothing except for the tip of your nose and call that a destination. Be gone.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Geez, sorry man. Thanks for the generous tip.

MICHAEL

It will not save you.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Right, I'll be seeing myself out.

The pizza guy leaves.

MICHAEL

Another lost soul, flitting to and fro. Does he feel the same way that I do? Does he feel as though there is nothing in this fleeting world worth holding onto? Has God abandoned this accursed realm to allow for such agony, such suffering? Or is God Himself a sadist, taking delight in our struggles and toils? The Gloom spreads like rabies, a disease that can only be cured once all possible vectors have been eliminated.

He opens the box, takes a whiff.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
But there is pizza. That there is.

CREDITS  
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 NAME as Michael Washington. NAME as Pizza Delivery Guy. Ready to brood while waiting for pizza? Find us online at [the100handed.com](http://the100handed.com).