

Modern Monsters

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Modern Monsters

Episode 1

Planeshift

Written by Luke Susko and Marcus Fike

ACT I - SCENE 1

1 INT: APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

THE CAMERA COMES UP THE SCENE OF A SMALL AND SOMEWHAT MESSY BEDROOM AS SLIVERS OF MOONLIGHT CAST A GLOW ON THE ROOM. THE CAMERA PANS OVER TO THE BED, WHERE WE SEE TWO FIGURES: THIS IS NEIL AND HIS BOYFRIEND DAMON. DAMON APPEARS TO BE FAST ASLEEP, BUT NIEL APPEARS TO BE TOSSING AND TURNING. GHOSTLY ECHOS OF FIGHTING CAN BE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.

NARRATOR

Reality. Everyone thinks they know the difference between what's real, and what's fiction.

NEIL TURNS ON HIS SIDE AS THE ECHOS BECOME MORE INTENSE. EXPLOSIONS CAN BE HEARD AS HE MUTTERS UNINTELLIGIBLY.

NARRATOR

The problem with reality, is that the universe doesn't care what you - or anyone, believes is real...

THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT AS THE SHADOW OF A BIRD BEGINS TO GROW FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE WINDOW. NIEL TURNS AGAIN AS THE SOUNDS IN THE ROOM BEGIN TO CHANGE AGAIN TO THAT OF A RETREATING ARMY.

NARRATOR

...And sometimes, reality doesn't care about the universe either.

THE LOUD 'CAW' OF A CHICKEN ECHOS LOUDLY. NEIL WAKES UP. THE ROOM HAS CHANGED TO A MEDIEVAL STYLE STATEROOM. HIS CLOTHES HAVE ALSO CHANGED INTO AN OLD-STYLE NIGHTGOWN WITH NIGHTCAP. SMOKE CAN BE SEEN IN THE BALCONY WINDOW, AND LOUD BANGS CAN BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

NEIL

Well this is different...

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AS THE SOUNDS OF SHOUTING AND OF METAL CLANGING AGAINST METAL CAN BE HEARD FROM THE CORRIDOR BEYOND. ENTER: DAMON, NOW WEARING A METALLIC CATSUIT AND CARRYING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A CAR BATTERY.

DAMON

Deirdre, c'mon! Get your 500 year old ass in here!

Damon sets the battery down and begins attaching a set of wires from the battery to the iron door frame.

NEIL

Damon? Where are we? What the hell is going on!

ENTER: DEIRDRE. NEIL'S GRANDMOTHER, SHE IS AN ELDERLY WOMAN WEARING BROWN LEATHER ARMOR, WITH A SOMEWHAT TACKY LEOPARD-PRINT TRACKSUIT UNDERNEATH.

DEIRDRE

Didn't anyone ever tell you not to reveal a woman's age?

Deirdre quickly shuffles into the room while Damon slams the door shut.

DAMON

There's women, and then there's you.

Deirdre scoffs at Damon before shuffling over to a large chest and effortlessly pulls out a rocket launcher. Neil shakes his head as he ducks behind table on the other side of the room.

NEIL

This is a dream, isn't it? This has to be another dream!

DAMON

Sorry hun, but this isn't a dream: It's a nightmare!

SOMETHING BANGS LOUDLY AGAINST THE DOOR. NEIL CONNECTS THE LAST WIRE TO THE BATTERY AND SPARKS START TO FLY FROM ALL OF THE METAL FITTINGS TOUCHING THE DOORFRAME. DAMON BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF AS A SHADOW IN THE SHAPE OF A CHICKEN APPEARS FROM THE BALCONY. THE GROUP TURNS TO SEE A CHICKEN CLAD IN INTRICATE ARMOR STANDING ON THE BALCONY RAILING JUST OUTSIDE OF THE BALCONY WINDOW.

DEIRDRE

Oh my, did one of you boys order a tin bucket of chicken?

THE CHICKEN CAWS AS IT LEAPS FROM THE BALCONY. DEIRDRE AIMS THE ROCKET LAUNCHER AND PULLS THE TRIGGER. NEIL GASPS AS HE WAKES UP IN HIS OWN BED.

END OF ACT 1, SCENE 1

ACT I - SCENE 2

2 INT: ROYAL BEDROOM

THE CAMERA COMES UP TO SCENE OF A AN ORNATE THOUGH BATTLE-DAMAGED MEDIEVAL STATEROOM; BATHED IN THE LIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN, CLOUDED BY SMOKE RISING IN THE DISTANCE. A LONE MAN DRESSED IN FINE CLOTHING COLORED IN RED, WHITE AND PURPLE IS SEEN SITTING IMPATIENTLY BEFORE A LARGE TABLE. THIS IS KING HIGHBORNE - A STOIC AND CALCULATING MAN WHO ALWAYS HAS A PLAN UP HIS SLEEVE, BUT STILL CARES ABOUT THE STABILITY OF HIS KINGDOM. THE CAMERA PANS OVER TO A BALCONY, WHERE FOUR FIGURES ENTER QUIETLY THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

KING HIGHBORNE

I see you were able to give my royal guards the slip. I'm pleased that you still decided to come.

A TAMBOURINE FALLS OUT OF ONE OF THEIR PACKS AND ROLLS OVER TO THE KING'S FEET, WHO STOPS IT WITH HIS FOOT.

KING HIGHBORNE

Please, excuse the mess. The unrest has left the staff busier than usual.

THE FOUR FIGURES EXIT THE SHADOWS ONE BY ONE. THE TALLEST ONE, STUMBLES AS HE TRIES TO CATCH THE TAMBOURINE. THE BROWN COLOR OF HIS LEATHER PANTS AND TUNIC BLENDING IN TO THE WOOD PANELING OF THE ROOM, WHILE THE FUR OF HIS BEAR-SKIN HOOD MATCHES THE HUNTING TROPHIES.

THIS IS RORGOG; A BARBARIAN WHO'S INTELLIGENCE IS INVERSLY PROPORTIONAL TO HIS SKILL AND STRENGTH. HIS CHILD-LIKE INNOCENCE LEAVES THOSE WHO SPEAK WITH HIM THE IMPRESSION OF A MAN WHO IS STUCK IN A STATE OF PERPETUAL NAIIVETE.

RORGOG

Come back tam-tam!

THE SECOND FIGURE TO STEP OUT FROM THE SHADOWS STRIDES AHEAD OF THE STUMBLING WARRIOR; HER BLUE PANTS AND RED TUNIC STANDING OUT AGAINST THE BRIGHT METALLIC YELLOW OF HER CLOAK. THIS IS POLDORF - A SORCEROR OF CONFOUNDING SKILL AND SOME ACCLAIM...AND A FORMER APPRENTICE TO THE COURT'S OFFICIAL MAGICIAN.

POLDORF

Uses the end of her cloak to catch the tambourine and pass it to her hand without breaking her stride.

Of course, your highness. Though, we are honestly surprised that you called upon us, of all people, so soon after the chaos of the annual games.

KING HIGHBORNE

If I were too honest, there hasn't been much of a choice as of late. The Disciples of the Equinox have retired, the soldiers of Fortune broke up due to scheduling issues, and the rest are busy with...other ventures.

RORGOG

Stops reaching for the tambourine, while Pol tosses it to Lily.

Yep! They're still hanging out in the main square!

THE LAST TWO FIGURES - A MAN AND A WOMAN, STRIDE FROM THE SHADOWS AND DEEPER INTO THE ROOM. THE WOMAN - THE DRUID LILIAN; AN OPTIMIST WHO WAS RAISED BY A MEDICINE WOMAN AND IS CLAD IN A LONG, FLOWING DRESS THAT APPEARS TO BE WOVEN FROM VINES, ALONG WITH REED-LIKE SANDALS.

THE MAN - THEORY; A KNOWN ROGUE WITH A FORGIVEN BOUNTY, IS CLAD IN A LONG, BLACK COAT AND MATCHING LEATHER GLOVES, ALONG WITH A GREY SHIRT, DARK PANTS, AND BLACK BOOTS.

THEORY

Reaches up and picks the tambourine from the air, and hands it off to the woman.

Ugh! Rory, we've been over this: Most of them were hanged for either treason, murder or both!

LILIAN

Tosses the tambourine into a nearby chest and locks it with her vines.

Nonetheless, we are honored you called for us. Now tell me: What is it that you need?

RORGOG

Rushes over to the chest and begins pulling on the vines.

No! Tam Tam!

THEORY

Crosses his arms as he leans against the table.

And more importantly: What's in it for us?

KING HIGHBORNE

Of course. This is a rather delicate mission...

POLDORF

Delicate, you say? Then I guess Rory should stay behind.

RORGOG

Looks up from pulling at the vines holding the chest closed.

Hey! I can be delicate!

THEORY

Ignore them, highness. Being rounded up by guard captain Concenzion and avoiding the chaos of the past few days has left my friends totally annoying. Please, continue.

KING HIGHBORNE WALKS OVER TO THE MAIN TABLE IN THE ROOM AND OPENS A SMALL CHEST SITTING OFF TO ONE SIDE.

KING HIGHBORNE

You're reward for the danger shall be in gold...and for your discretion, you shall receive my favor, as well as other favors of the court.

SEVERAL PIECES OF FOLIAGE WOVEN INTO LILIAN'S STAFF VISUALLY GROW THEN RECEAD AS HER EXCITMENT VISUALLY BRIGHTENS UP, BUT THEN CALMS DOWN.

LILIAN

Ahem, that will do. What is it you need us to do?

KING HIGHBORNE

(Nods in agreement.)

The Lich Grazz has cursed this land
for far too long; the nobles and I are
sick of his blight. I need you to go
take him out, from his lair,
preferably.

THEORY

I'm sorry, what?

KING HIGHBORNE

Pardon me, did I stutter?

THEORY

What? No! When you called us here, I
thought you wanted us to work with the
guards or escort some precious cargo!

POLDORF

The rubbish man has a point, M'lord.
Surely you have better fighters than
us who can take down the Dark Priest?

KING HIGHBORNE

I see that my guards explained
nothing. Very well; if you want an
incentive, then how about this...

HIGHBORNE STEPS OVER TO A SMALL CHEST SITTING ON THE BIGGEST
TABLE IN THE ROOM, AND PULLS OUT A SET OF RIGNS.

POLDORF

What's this?

KING HIGHBORNE

These are the seals of four of the
noble houses who have already fallen
to Grazz. If you manage to defeat the
Litch, then I will see to it that each
of you are named as the successors of
each of these noble houses.

THEORY

Now we're talkin-ACK!

THE CAMERA SHIFTS TO FOCUS ON THEORY. HIS EYES LIGHT UP, BUT
IS PHYSICALLY HELD BACK BY LILIAN.

LILIAN

(Clears her throat)

Of course we would be willing to fight for such an honor. But-

POLDORF

How many houses have fallen?

KING HIGHBORNE

I'm afraid that situation is far more dire than anyone has let on. Nearly a dozen of the noble houses have been completely wiped out.

THEORY

(Theory stops struggling)

I see...then-

LILIAN

We'll do it.

THEORY

What?! Are you out of your tiny mind?

POLDORF

Agreed.

THEORY

Thank you.

POLDORF

We'll take two titles each plus 500 gold Isiks up front for this job.

THEORY

Say what?

KING HIGHBORNE

Very well. Then I will inform the treasury to prepare your gold.

RORGOG

Points at the holding chest that Lily locked.

Can I have my Tam Tam back, please?

THEORY, POL AND LILIAN FACE PALM, WHILE KING HIGHBORNE CHUCKLES.

END OF ACT 1, SCENE 2

ACT I - SCENE 3

3 INT TOMB NIGHT

THE CAMERA COMES TO THE SIGHT OF AN OLD RUIN, COVERED IN OVER-GROWTH. WE SEE POL STUDYING AN ARCHWAY WITH OLD RUNES LINING IT'S BORDER. LILIAN WHISPERS TO THE SOME MUSHROOMS IN A CORNER, WHICH GLOW IN RESPONSE. THEORY IS SHARPENING HIS KNIVES; RORGOG IS BORED, AND KICKS THE DUST ON THE FLOOR.

NARRATOR

Welcome to the foyer of the Grand Lich, Grazz. Most people would call this a ruin, but there is someone, or perhaps, somethings, which still call this place 'Home'...

LILY

Why yes, we do have some meat I can share with you. Do you have any tea for me?

THEORY

A tea party! Just what we need while tracking down an insane magician with a thing for animating the dead and over-throwing the kingdom.

RORGOG

I want some tea...do we have any of that baron grey stuff?

POLDORF

(Shoots Rory a death glair.)
No! Bad Rorgog! Not after last time!

THEORY

Wait, what happened last time?

RORGOG

Yeah! I wanna know too!

POLDORF

(Heaves a long-suffering sigh while sheathing his weapons.)
Remember that night you pissed off those nuns over at the Oyster House Inn?

THEORY

(Shivers before turning to Rory.)
Yeah, sorry Rory. No tea for you.

RORGOG

(Crosses arms and looks crest-fallen.)
Awwww. You're no fun.

LILY

(Giggles and waves her hands around happily.)
No, no, don't worry. I have plenty of time to listen to your story. Pol will need most of the night to decode the gateway!

THE REST OF THE GROUP OF ROLL THEIR EYES AS THEY GROAN, WHILE POLDORF POINTS THEIR PEN IN LILY'S DIRECTION.

POLDORF

I'd like to see you try decoding graffiti left behind by a drunken warlock!

RORGOG

Poldorf...yer taking too long!

POLDORF

(Draws copies of the runes on the floor.)
The runes on this door are a trap, Rory.

THEORY

How dangerous are they?

POLDORF

These are transportation runes; they're meant to send intruders to another plane where they won't pose a threat.

THEORY

(Theo interrupts with a grunt.)
I'm pretty sure if it were up to Rory, anywhere would be better than here.

POLDORF

Maybe, but we can't go around fondling random runes.

RORGOG

(Rory chuckles and points at Pol.)
Hehe, fondle...

POLDORF

(Ignores Rory.)
If we were to just step through or
touch a random set, we could end up in
the hells, or the feywild, or...

THEORY

Or back at the nunnery of the raptor.

THE ENTIRE GROUP APPEARS TO VISIBLY TENSE UP AT THE MENTION
OF THE LOCATION. THE CAMERA SHIFTS TO FOCUS ON LILY AND A
GROUPING OF MUSHROOMS THAT LILY IS TALKING TO APPEAR TO
SLIGHTLY GLOW. LILY GASPS ANGRILY AND STANDS UP.

LILIAN

How dare you! Those are **MY** idiots!
Don't you dare release a single spore,
or I'll turn you into soup!

RORGOG

THE CAMERA SHIFTS TO FOCUS ON RORY, THEO AND POL AS RORY'S
EYES START TO DIMLY GLOW AS HE SNIFFS THE AIR LOUDLY.

Ooooo, looket all da pretty colors...
Ha ha ha...

THEORY

Great, now Rory's communing with the
fungi.

POLDORF

(Shaking their head with
annoyance.)
Listen, I think I almost have
it...I'll only be a bit longer-

LILIAN

Stop it!
(A spark of fire in the palm of
her hand.)
I'm going to give the lot of you to
the count of three before I grill you
for supper!

POLDORF CAN BE SEEN TRACING THEIR FINGERS OVER SOME OF THE
RUNES, SOME OF WHICH BEGIN TO LIGHT UP UNTIL THE WHOLE

ARCHWAY BEINGS TO GLOW. WE CAN SEE HIS CLOAK BEGIN TO CHANGE INTO A SHADE OF DARK-SILVER.

POLDORF

Hey! I got it!

RORY LIFTS HIS AXE AND BEGINS CHARGING AT HIS FRIENDS.

RORGOG

GRAAAAAWWWWW!!! RORGOG STILL SO BORED!!!

NEON-RAINBOW FOAM CAN BE SEEN COLLECTING AT THE CORNERS OF RORY'S MOUTH AS HE ANGRILY SHOUTS. POLDORF EVADES HIS CHARGE, BUT HIS AXE STRIKES THE ARCHWAY AND HITS IT WITH A HIGH AMOUNT OF FORCE. THE GLOWING RUNES LINING THE ARCHWAY CHANGE THEIR COLORS, AND SPARKS. A PORTAL OPENS UP, AND THE FOUR ADVENTURERS ARE PULLED INTO IT.

Oops. Did I just do a booboo?

THEORY

Trying desperately to hold onto one of the pillars.

RORY, YOU IDIOT!

LILIAN

(Grabs onto Theo's legs)
This isn't over you little shits!

POLDORF

Desperately holding onto the edge of the archway.

Oh gods, I think Rory has my-

Suddenly gets pulled the rest of the way through the portal.

THEORY

The pillar - It's crumbling!

THE BRICKS GIVE WAY AND THEORY AND POL ARE SUCKED THROUGH THE VORTEX. THE PORTAL CLOSES JUST AS SUDDENLY AS IT OPENS. THE MUSHROOMS APPEAR TO GIGGLE SOMEWHAT HYSTERICALLY AS THEY START TO BOUNCE AROUND FROM THEIR SPOTS ON THE GROUND.

END OF ACT 1, SCENE 3

ACT II - SCENE 1

4 EXT CITY STREET DAY

THE CAMERA COMES UP TO A COFFEE SHOP ON A QUIANT SIDE STREET. SEVERAL PEOPLE CAN BE SEEN ENTERING, JUST AS TWO PEOPLE ARE LEAVING WHILE HOLDING HANDS. ONE OF THEM IS HOLDING A COFFEE CUP, WHILE THE OTHER IS SIPPING FROM A CAN. THE ONE SIPPING FROM THE CUP IS NEIL: A PROFESSIONAL GRAPHIC ARTIST AND DESIGNER. HE'S WEARING A COLORFUL DRESSSHIRT WITH A BLACK KILT AND CASUAL SHOES.

THE OTHER MAN WITH THE CAN IS DAMON: AN EXPERIENCED MECHANIC WHO USUALLY HAS SOME BITING COMMENT OR TIBIT OF SASS READY. HE'S WEARING A T-SHIRT UNDER AN OPEN HOODIE, WITH CARGO KAKIS AND WORN RUNNING SHOES.

NEIL

I can't believe it happened again!

DAMON

I'm pretty sure that barista has a vendetta against you...

NEIL

C'mon, I was being cute!

DAMON

Cute is leaving a tip in cash, not pennies.

NEIL

I gave them five dollars!

DAMON

Yeah...in pennies!

NEIL

I'm sorry, I didn't sleep well last night, so I forgot to grab cash.

DAMON

You didn't have to insult the guy standing behind us either. I'm pretty sure he knows your grandmother.

NEIL

So I'm tired; I have no filter! Besides, you didn't have to get sassy with the guy behind us either.

DAMON

What? He asked me why I was helping
with making his order. Besides,
there's a fine line between tired an-

A PAIR OF SLIGHTLY GLOWING STONES LAND IN FRONT OF THE PAIR
FROM ABOVE, STARTLING BOTH MEN.

NEIL

(Looking up.)
What the hell was that?!

DAMON

(Turns around look behind them.)
Who the hell else did we piss off?

NEIL

Well, you know what they say about
throwing the first stone...

THEORY, POLODORF, LILIAN, AND RORGOG FALL IN FRONT OF NEIL
AND DAMON. THE FOUR GROAN IN PAIN, AS THEY EACH GET UP IN
TURN; DAZED AND CONFUSED. NEIL AND DAMON LOOK DOWN AT THEIR
DRINKS IN CONFUSION. A FEW PEOPLE CAN BE SEEN IN THE
BACKGROUND EXITING THE COFFEE SHOP TO WATCH WHAT IS
HAPPENING.

DAMON

What just happened?

NEIL

(Looks down at cup)
Don't tell me that the barista
actually put something in my coffee!

POLDORF CAN BE SEEN CAREFULLY LIFTING HER CLOAK OVER HER HEAD
FOR EVERYONE TO VIEW THEIR NEW SURROUNDINGS. LILIAN CAN BE
SEEN TO VISIBLY SHUDDER AND GRAB HER SHOULDERS AS SHE LOOKS
AROUND.

POLDORF

My gods...what happened? Wha-what
plane are we on?

LILIAN

More importantly: Where are all the
plants? I-I can't feel anything!

DAMON AND NEIL CAN BE SEEN EYEING EACH OTHER IN CONFUSION,
BEFORE LOOKING DOWN AT THE DRINKS IN THEIR HANDS.

DAMON

Okay...what the hell just happened?

NEIL

Not a clue...but I'm starting to think
that Kerri spiked my coffee again.

LILIAN CAN BE SEEN CLUTCHING HER STAFF WHILE RORGOG LETS
LOOSE A LOUD BURP. RAINBOW COLORED VOMIT CAN BE SEEN DRIPPING
DOWN HIS CHIN.

RORGOG

Where is I?

LILIAN

Did we just fall into another plane?

NEIL

(Hands his cup over to Damon.)
Here, taste this.

DAMON SETS HIS AND NIEL'S CUPS ON TOP OF A NEARBY TRASH CAN,
WHILE NIEL WATCHES THE GROUP CONTINUE TO TRIP OVER THEMSELVES
AND THEIR EQUIPMENT AS THEY STRUGGLE TO GAIN THEIR BEARINGS
WHILE ALSO AVOIDING A SMALL PUDDLE OF PUKE ON THE GROUND
UNDER RORGOG.

DAMON

Yeah...I'm not risking it.

NEIL

Ah-are they practicing for the ren-
fair?

DAMON

(Pinches the bridge of his nose.)
Okay, listen: I don't know how any of
you could have survived that kind of
fall; plane or other-wise. But no one
drops a bunch of bricks on us like-

RORGOG ROARS AS HE PUKES UP A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF NEON-RAINBOW
VOMIT, WHICH SPLASHES AGAINST THE SIDEWALKS, NEARBY CARS AND
ANYONE ELSE WITHIN A SIZEABLE RAIDIUS. SEVERAL ON-LOOKERS
STEP BACK OR RUN AWAY TO AVOID THE WASTE. RORGOG BEGINS TO
WEEP NEON TEARS AS HE FINALLY STOPS.

RORGOG

Wait! Come back! I-I want to go back!
I sorry Pol. I sorry little Mush-Mush!

NEIL
 ...The truth is in the eye of the
 Beholder...

NEIL GRABS DAMON'S COLLAR AS HE TURNS TOWARD HIM; NOT
 BREAKING EYE CONTACT WITH THE REST OF THE GROUP.

DAMON
 What the-

NEIL
 (He cuts Damon off as his head
 snaps toward his direction.)
 We need to take folks back to the
 house, now. We, uh...we don't want
 them causing a scene.

DAMON
 It's a little too late for that...

NEIL
 Babe, I love you, but I'm not joking!

DAMON
 Okay! Well this is...different.
 Where's this side of you been hiding?

NEIL
 (Takes a few deep breaths to calm
 himself.)
 Remember what my Grandma Deirdre said
 about the family curse?

DAMON
 (Gives Neil a questioning side-
 eye.)
 You mean that whole story about how
 she once married a "king" from a world
 of fairies and dragons?

NEIL
 That's the one!

NEIL LETS GO OF DAMON AS HE MOVES TO GRAB RORGOG'S HAND.
 DAMON ROLLS HIS EYES IN EXADDREATION AS HE FINALLY NOTICES
 THE HOARD OF PEOPLE WATCHING THEM.

DAMON
 Fine! But if they turn out to be
 murder hobos, then it's on you.

AS NEIL AND DAMON MOVE THE REST OF THE GROUP DOWN THE STREET AND INTO A NEAR-BY BUILDING. AS THE CROWD BEGINS TO DISPERSE, A MAN HOLDING A CUP FROM THE CAFE CAN BE SEEN BACKING AWAY FROM THE STREET AND SLIPS INTO THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY ALLEY. THIS IS GILBERT HOARD: A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR WITH A KNACK FOR UNCOVERING THE TRUTH. THE CAMERA ABGLE CHANGES TO SHOW HOARD GLANCING AROUND THE CORNER AS HE HOLDS HIS PHONE UP TO HIS EAR.

HOARD

Hello, Dorothy? It's your friend here.
It looks like the Beholder just opened
its eyes.

PHONE

(A loud dial tone blares from the
speaker)
We're sorry, the number you have
dialed is no longer in service.

HOARD

(Winces at the loud noise.)
Dammit!

END OF ACT 2, SCENE 1

ACT II - SCENE 2

5 INT. HOUSE FOYER, DAY

NEIL, DAMON, RORGOG, THEORY, POL, AND LILIAN ENTER A MODERN, BUT WORN FOYER. NEIL AND DAMON START UNLOADING THEIR BELONGINGS ON TO A NEARBY SIDE TABLE. DAMON STARTS PATTING HIMSELF DOWN LOOKING FOR HIS WALLET. THEORY IS HOLDING THE WALLET AND IS READING ITS CONTENTS.

THEORY

Oooh, pretty! It says here we are in a place called 'Pennsylvania'.

POLDORF

The nine hells, I knew it!

DAMON

(Reaches for his wallet)
Hey! How the hell did you get that?!

NEIL

C'mon, it's not that bad. Can you please give Damon his wallet back!

THEORY

(Theory hands the wallet back with a wink)
Anyway, it said on that document that we are in the land called Pennsylvania, in the plane of...Usa.

LILIAN

(Still trying not to hyperventilate.)
There are still plants, Lilian...the sky is still blue...everything is okay...

DAMON

Is your friend, okay?

POLDORF

You mean Lilian or Rory?

NEIL CAN BE SEEN HELPING RORY WIPE UP THE NEON VOMIT FROM HIS FACE WHILE LILY CAN BE SEEN STROKING A SET OF LEAVES ON HER STAFF.

DAMON

Either of them.

POLDORF

She's just very attached to plants. As for Rory...

(Has a sudden moment of realization.)

Oh! How silly of me! We never introduced ourselves, did we?!

NEIL

(Tosses the last of the soiled tissues in a near-by trash can.)

I'm still trying to process mister rainbow puke here.

POLDORF

Very well then! My name is Poldorf: Arcanist extraordinaire!

POL GESTURES AND THE LIGHTS SLIGHTLY FLICKER, WHILE THE COLOR OF HIS BLUE CLOAK SLIGHTLY CHANGES TO PURPLE BEFORE CHANGING BACK.

DAMON

Either they've done something to the lights, or you really need to talk to your grandma about that again.

NEIL

Yeah, this is the third time this week!

THEORY

(Bows slightly while curling his arm around his chest.)

I am Theory. I'm a totally normal working individual and not wanted by anyone.

NEIL

That's oddly specific.

LILIAN

Hello, my name is Lilian. I'm a druid...You, ah, you DO you have those here, right? I'm just asking for friend.

DAMON

(Leans in close to Damon.)

Do you think she knows your grandmother?

POLDORF GRABS LILY BY THE ARM AND PULLS HER CLOSE. AFTER A MINUTE, LILY FINALLY MANAGES TO CALM HERSELF DOWN ENOUGH AND THANKS POL, BUT BEFORE SHE CAN SPEAK, RORY REACHES BETWEEN THEM AND GRABS THE TISSUE BOX THAT NEIL WAS USING EARLIER TO WIPE UP MORE OF THE RAINBOW SLOBBER ON HIS CHIN. POLDORF IS KNOCKED QUICKLY PULL AWAY, BUT LILIAN IS KNOCKED BACK INTO A CHAIR. ONCE HE'S FINISHED CLEANING HIMSELF UP, RORY ACCIDENTLY POSES AS HE TURNS TO DAMON AND NEIL.

RORGOG

I'm Rorgog the ravager! You have a nice house.

DAMON

Ah, thank you?

NEIL

I'm Neil, and this gentleman here is Damon.

DAMON

Hi there...Ah, Neil; can I talk to you for a second? In private.

NEIL AND DAMON STEP AWAY FROM THE GROUP TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOYER. POLDORF CAN BE SEEN TRYING TO KEEP TEHORY FROM PICKING THINGS UP, WHILE LILIAN APPEARS TO BE TALKING TO A POTTED PLANT THAT'S SITTING NEAR HER CHAIR.

DAMON

Okay, so...We both called off work for whatever this is. I know your grandmother was pretty adamant about the whole "satisfying the family curse" thing, but what in the hell are we doing with these ren fair rejects?!

NEIL

Listen: This is just like those stories that her and my parents would tell me as a kid. I know it's crazy, but you have to trust me.

DAMON

Yeah, this is crazy. Look at them, they belong in psychiatric care!

DAMON POINTS AT LILIAN AS SHE TALKS TO THE HOUSE PLANT BY THE CHAIR. THE PLANT APPEARS TO BRIGHTEN AND GROW BY SOME SMALL AMOUNT AS SHE CARESSES THE LEAVES.

DAMON

Just what in the blue hell are we going to do with them?! The only apartment available in this building is that one-bedroom in the basement!

NEIL

I'm sure they could make it work...

DAMON

Neil...sweetie...your grandmother couldn't even make it work as a shared laundry room. Besides, do they even have any money?

NEIL

I know, I know...Just give me a little while to figure it out.

DAMON

Fine. But I'm not paying for any repairs if they break anything.

NEIL

Fair. But-

DAMON

(Damon holds up his hands to stop Neil.)

And I'm NOT chanting or doing rituals if anyone asks me.

NEIL

I know, not after the last time...

(Neil pauses for a moment to think.)

Not even if we pay you?

DAMON ROLLS HIS EYES AS HE AS WALKS BACK TOWARDS THE GROUP, WITH NEIL IN TOW. ALL OF THEM ARE LOOKING AT THIS VARIOUS THINGS SCATTERED IN THE APARTMENT. HE CLAPS HIS HADNS TO GET EVERYONE'S ATTENTION.

DAMON

Okay, if we're going to help you, then I guess we should figure a few things out.

NEIL

Right! Now, there's a room in the basement that you use for now-

LILIAN

Oh good! I hate having to worry about finding an Inn!

THEORY

I don't. Everyone's usually too drunk to realize they've lost their coin purses...

DAMON

(Clears his throat)

Right...Anywho-

RORGOG

I like privy in this place, but how are we going to get back home?

THEORY

(Nods in agreement.)

Yes, I was thinking the same thing.

DAMON

One thing at a time-

POLDORF RAISES HIS HAND AND CAUSES THE LIGHTS TO BLINK AGAIN, GRABBING EVERYONE'S ATTENTION. THE OTHERS ALL STOP AND TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO POLDORF.

POLDORF

Focus people; our hosts are speaking!

DAMON

(Nods with appreciation.)

Thanks. I guess at this point, I have to ask if you have any money on you?

THEORY

That depends on what goes for coinage in this land.

NEIL

We use US dollars here.

LILIAN

What's a dollar?

DAMON

(Opens his wallet and pulls out a one dollar bill)

It's a form paper money.

THE GROUP LOOKS BETWEEN EACH OTHER AS THEY GLANCE AT THE
PIECE OF GREEN PAPER.

POLDORF

No, we don't have anything like
that...

RORGOG

Yeah! All that we have is gold.

NEIL

Gold is good!

DAMON

Yeah, it'll help for now, but unless
the conversion ratios increase, it
won't last forever...not with
inflation the way it is.

RORGOG

Uh...who's being inflated?

NEIL

(Shoots Damon a glance.)
Can you explain it from here?

DAMON

(Rolls his eyes.)
Things have been getting more
expensive lately. So, unless you have
anything else that you can easily hawk
or make yourselves, you'll have to get
some jobs-

THEORY

That's fine with me! Just tell us were
to find the closest guild that's open
to all.

DAMON

Uh-that's not exactly how it works
around here.

LILIAN

Well, what about the local inn's?
There must be people looking for help,
surely?

DAMON

Yeah...no. You really DON'T want to
get a job at the bar.

POLDORF

Alright then smart-ass, how exactly are we supposed to find work?

NEIL

Well, unless you know someone, then you'll have to submit a few hundred applications... and then hope someone decides to look at one of them.

LILIAN

That sounds like madness.

DAMON

Yeah. You're not wrong...it usually is.

RORGOG

Are you sure we no end up in the Fey Lands?

NEIL

I mean, that would explain a lot about all of this?

DAMON

(Sighs with increasing annoyance.)
Look, if you don't really want our help, then that's fine by me.

LILIAN

Whoa, wait! We never said that!

THEORY

Besides, we already have jobs: We're adventurers! Our skills would be wasted doing anything else.

LILIAN

You're only saying that because you haven't figured out how to start your own black market yet.

DAMON

Ahem...aside from urban explorers, the military and a few extremely rich jack-asses, "Adventurer" isn't exactly a job. So unless any of you already have a YouTube channel...

NEIL

And even then, the money is poultry
and they all tend to run afoul of the
law-

THEORY DROPS A SMALL PICTURE AS HE VISIBLY FREEZES IN PLACE.
LILIAN ROLLS HER EYES AND CROSSES HER ARMS IN ANNOYANCE AS
SHE LEANS BACK IN HER CHAIR.

THEORY

Wait, is there a battlehen here?! Oh
gods, they found me! They finally
found me!!!

NEIL

What the hell is a battle hen?

LILIAN

Ugh! You said "poultry" and "a fowl",
so he thinks there's birds around.

DAMON

You can't be serious...

POLDORF

I'm afraid so. Ever since the
'incident'...Um, well, the less you
know, the better.

RORGOG

Um...I only got half what you all
said. Can we stay here or not?

POLDORF

(Pats the side of his arm.)

Yes Rory, I think we're fine to stay
for now...

RORGOG

But, what was with all that talk about
inflating someone called Ray-she-o and
the like?

NEIL

Oh! That's just Damon using his Math
degree.

POLDORF

Wait; you have colleges here? Oh thank
the gods!

NEIL LAUGHS WHILE DAMON SHAKES HIS HEAD WITH BUILDING ANNOYANCE.

DAMON

Whatever! First things first; we have to make sure you aren't freaking out at anything you don't completely understand.

RORGOG

We are pretty good at doing that. I see a lot of stuff I don't understand, like that those carriages that move on their own...

DAMON

You mean the cars? Yeah, I guess it's a bit too much to explain that to you guys at the moment.

POLDORF

It's probably just magic.

NEIL

You know what? Sure, let's go with that.

DAMON

You can't just explain everything away with magic!

NEIL

Well, to them it's going to seem like magic anyway, so why not?

POLODORF

(Raises hand to get Neil and Damon's attention.)

I have a few questions...

NEIL

Ask away! Pol- Is it okay I call you that?

POLDORF

Of course. First, how do we leave here?

NEIL

Ah... what exactly do you mean?

POLDORF

We came here through a magical portal
that was opened from our world.

DAMON

I'm with you so far...

POLDORF

So... there must be a way to recreate
that portal.

DAMON

Maybe from where you're from, but we
barely know how to get to the moon
safely.

THEORY

Say what?!

NEIL

I guess the place to look that kind of
stuff up is a library.

POLDORF

So we are more than likely stuck here?

Rorgog mirrors Poldorf by raising his hand.

NEIL

Yes, Rorgog?

RORGOG

I need to use the little boys pot.

NEIL

Its down the hall, first door on the
left.

Rorgog runs to the bathroom.

THEORY

Are we all just going to ignore the
moon comment?!

POLDORF

I'm more worried about him pissing on
himself again.

RORGOG
What does this do?

THE SOUNDS OF A TOILET LOUDLY FLUSHING IS HEARD

RORGOG (CONT.)
Oooh! It made it go away!

DAMON
(Leans in close to Neil)
I guess they don't have indoor
plumbing where they come from.

RORGOG CAN BE

RORGOG
What is this?

Rorgog returns holding a leather mask in the shape of a dog's head, and sits down with the rest of the group.

Neil what is this? Is it a totem for
your tribe?

Neil grabs the mask and throws it offscreen.

NEIL
That's not really important right now
I'll. We'll, ah...tell you when you're
older.

THEORY
I guess I'm just in a zone of silence
over here...

POLDORF
Oh good, you finally noticed.

LILIAN
So, what is the plan here?

NEIL
First off, we should probably take you
to get clothes that don't make you
look like you're from an entirely
different century. I mean...

DAMON
(Motions to their clothes.)
Theory here might be fine, but no one
really wears cloaks and leather armor
(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

anymore.

NEIL

Right! So, we should probably find you something to wear. Then show you around town to get you used to the area, and maybe... somehow, find you jobs while we're at it.

DAMON

And while you're at it, are you going to wine and dine them too?

NEIL

You're awfully sassy today.

DAMON

Aren't I always? Besides, where in hell could you possibly take them shopping where they aren't going to stand out?

There is a knock of the door as Deirdre enters.

DAMON

Oh no... your Grandma is home early.

NEIL

She's my landlord; I pay her rent.

DEIRDRE

Hello Neil. Damon have you been eating; you are thin as rail!

POLDORF LEANS IN TO WHISPER TO THE REST OF THE GROUP. THEIR CLOAK APPEARS TO CHANGE TO A DARKER SHADE OF BLUE WITH EVERY CHANGE OF THE CAMERAS POSITION.

POLODORF

Who is this lady?

THEORY

I have no clue, but I'm slightly terrified.

RORGOG

They said that she was a lord. Maybe she can help?

LILIAN

I like her.

DAMON

Yes, Baba. And the kitchen's fully stocked.

DEIRDRE

Oh please, call me Deirdre.

(Deirdre turns to look at the rest of the group.)

Oh! Neil, who are you eclectically dressed friends? If I dressed like that when I was your age, there would have be a scandal!

THOERY

(Turns to Neil and Damon.)

How old is she?

POLODORF

Are you really going to ask her? She might smite us down where we sit!

THEORY

Good point.

(Deirdre motions for Neil to lean in closer.)

DEIRDRE

Is this what I think it is?

NEIL

I think so...

DEIRDRE

Did they make the lights blink?

NEIL

How did you-

DEIRDRE

(Steps forward and claps)

I see! Well, since you'll be staying here with Neil and Damon, I suppose we should get you all settled in! You can call me Baba Deirdre.

LILIAN

It's a pleasure to meet you!

POLDORF

(Rests their hand on their chin.)
 Hmm...I feel like I've heard that name
 somewhere before. Tell me: Were you
 ever a court magician?

DEIRDRE

I'm sorry dear, but I try to stay away
 from politics. Now, I have an open
 apartment on the top floor you can all
 stay in.

DAMON

Wait- You're just letting them move
 in? Just like that?!

DEIRDRE

Of course, dear! Your apartment is too
 small for all of them!

THEORY

That's nice, now what's the catch?

LILIAN

Ah-! I think what my friend means is:
 How much will this apartment cost us?

POLDORF

I'm afraid she's right. We don't have
 much gold on us at the moment.

DEIRDRE

Oh, don't worry about that right now.
 Its the middle of the month, we can
 discuss the details later.

DAMON

Deirdre-

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS, AS A SMALL GROUP OF YOUNG LOOKING
 PEOPLE START BRINGING IN BAGS.

DEIRDRE

Now then...
 (Starts looking around the foyer.)
 Did you kids bring any luggage, or did
 Neil already put it away?

DAMON

Wait-

NEIL

Ah...They don't have any!

DAMON

Hold on-

THE GROUP EXCUSE THEMSELVES AS THEY START SQUEEZING BY IN BOTH DIRECTIONS, SAYING HELLO TO DEIRDRE AS THEY PASS.

NEIL

The... Airport lost their luggage!
That's why they're dressed like this.

DEIRDRE SCOFFS AS SHE REACHES FOR HER PURSE. DAMON'S SHOULDERS VISIBLY FALL AS HE WATCHES HER FACE LIGHT UP AS SHE UNZIPS THE MAIN POCKET.

DEIRDRE

Well, that's what you get for going in those flying deathtraps. I'll just leave you six to it, then. But you know where you should go where no one will pay them any mind?

DAMON

Oh no...you don't mean-

DEIRDRE

I think they're having a sale on shoes, too!

POLDORF

Oh? What's this?

LILIAN

A sale?

DAMON

She really does mean-

DEIRDRE SMILES WIDELY, AS SHE PULLS OUT AN ENVELOPE THAT'S BURSTING WITH PAPER.

DEIRDRE

That's right kids! We're going to Walmart!

END OF ACT 2, SCENE 2

ACT II - SCENE 3

6 EXT CITY STREET DAY

THE SCENE COMES UP TO THE STREET FOCUSING ON THE HOUSE WHERE NEIL AND DAMON HAD CORRALLED THE NEWCOMERS INSIDE. THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND THE GROUP RUSH OUT OF THE BUILDING. DAMON CAN BE SEEN ARGUING WITH THEORY AS NIEL OPENS THE REAR DOOR OF A STATION WAGON, AND BEINGS TRYING TO ENTICE THE GROUP INSIDE. ACROSS THE STREET, THE MAN WHO HAD DUCKED INTO THE SHADOWS EARLIER CAN BE SEEN WRITING SOMETHING IN A NOTEBOOK.

HOARD

Nine twenty-one: Subjects A and B are preparing the monster assets one through four for transport. Destination, to be deter-OW!

A hand grabs hold and pulls on the man's ear. As he turns around, we see that Deidre is the one pulling him back from the street.

DEIRDRE

Well, well, Mr. Hoard, fancy meeting you here. It's a lovely morning, isn't it?

HOARD

Erm, hello again, Misses Ha-

Deidre smacks her cane against the wall next to his head.

DEIRDRE

I know the coffee shop is practically right across the street, but I told you what would happen if I caught you sneaking around here again, didn't I?

HOARD

(Hoard begins to fidget.)
Ah, yeah-

DEIRDRE

Good! Now then, give me one VERY good reason why I shouldn't keep my promise this time?

HOARD

Um, well, I-you see-

DEIRDRE

(Holds up her hand.)

In English, dear. I might speak 18 languages, but I'm 90 years old and in a hurry.

HOARD

Okay, listen: We- We received a message from someone called Grazz warning us to keep an eye out for some people and a set of coordinates!

DEIRDRE

I see...

(Hands the candy over to Hoard.)

Here.

HOARD

(Cautiously accepts the candy.)

Uh, thank you.

DEIRDRE

If that's all it is, then you should run along. You don't want to get in trouble with your supervisor, Mr. Boyle after all.

Deirdre walks out of the alley way.

HOARD

Wait, where are you going? You realize I'll have to report all of this?

Deirdre stops and looks back at Hoard.

DEIRDRE

Of course, dear! Mr. Boyle and I are over-due to have a little chat. Now, if you'll excuse me: There's a Nun who owes me a chicken...

AS DEIRDRE WALKS AWAY, HOARD STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF OUT AND LOOKS AROUND THE CORNER TO WATCH THE HOUSE, JUST AS NIEL AND DAMON DRIVE AWAY WITH THE REST OF THEIR GROUP IN THE BACK SEAT.

END OF ACT 2, SCENE 3

ACT III - SCENE 1

7 INT. WALMART DAY

NEIL, DAMON, THEORY, LILIAN, POLDORF AND RORGOG ENTER THROUGH THE SLIDING DOORS. THE FOUR GAWK AT THE DOORS BEFORE FOLLOWING NEIL AND DAMON THROUGH.

THEORY

I wonder if these doors are controlled by magic or mechanism?

LILIAN

It has to be mechanism, don't sense any magic.

NEIL

Alright everyone, stay together...

Theory, Lilian, Poldorf and Rorgog run off as Neil is talking with his back turned.

DAMON

And...they're gone.

NEIL

We should probably split up and find them. You go right, I'll go left.

DAMON

Deal. And next time, we get leashes.

NEIL

Kinky! Ah- Wait, I see Rory.

DAMON

Where?

NEIL

Looks like he's wandering through the meat department.

DAMON

Great, you grab him while I find the others.

NEIL

Got it!

DAMON WALKS OFF IN A SEPARATE DIRECTION TO SEARCH FOR THE REST OF THEIR MISSING PARTY WHILE NEIL MAKES HIS WAY TO RORY.

8 INT WALMART MEAT COUNTER

RORGOG WALKS UP TO THE COUNTER WITH A LIVE CHICKEN. THE BUTCHER DOES NOT SEEM TO NOTICE.

RORGOG

Excuse me sir and/or madam; I would like this chicken please.

BUTCHER

Take a number, sir.

RORGOG

But I already have a chicken.

The butcher looks up and freezes as the chicken clucks in Rory's arms.

BUTCHER

Where the hell did you even get that?!

RORGOG

There was a nice lady who had them in the place where the cars are.

BUTCHER

(The butcher heaves a sigh as he puts down his carving knife.)
Was she wearing a green scarf and have a Karen haircut?

RORGOG

I don't understand what a Charon haircut is, but she did have a silky blue shawl.

BUTCHER

Alright, alright. So I'm guessing you're from Lancaster?

NEIL ENTERS THE SCENE AND WALKS UP BESIDE RORGOG.

NEIL

There you are, Rory!

RORGOG

Neil what is a lancaster? Is it a wizard like Pol?

NEIL

It's a place, Rory.

Neil finally notices the chicken nestled in Rorgog's arms.

Rory...where did you get a live chicken?

RORGOG
A nice lady gave it to me.

BUTCHER
Look, I don't know her name, but she's been a problem for a while, although...the live chicken's a new one.

NEIL
C'mon Rory, lets go take the chicken back to the nice lady.

RORGOG
No.

NEIL
What do you mean no?

RORGOG
I am hungry and I wish for this fine vendor to make it into a meal for me.

RORGOG INNOCENTLY THROWS THE CHICKEN BEHIND THE COUNTER. NEIL WATCHES WITH HORROR AS THE CHICKEN FLIES PAST THE BUTCHER, AND ONTO THE FLOOR BEHIND COUNTER.

NEIL
Ah, shit. We better run before they call security!

RORGOG AND NEIL SCURRY OFF SCREEN DEEPER INTO THE STORE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE CROWD.

BUTCHER
Sirs, please come back! Sirs...Well shit, just what the hell am I going to so with a live chicken?

THE CHICKEN JUMPS ONTO THE COUNTER AND BAWKS IN AGREEMENT.

9 INT WALMART SPORTING GOODS DEPT

THEORY WALKS UP TO THE COUNTER, AND CURIOUSLY LOOKS AT THE VARIOUS CROSSBOWS AND KNIVES. A WORKER NOTICES HER AND APPROACHES WHILE CLEARING HER THROAT.

WORKER 1

Hello sir, I see you seem interested in our hunting equipment. Is there anything in particular that you're looking for?

THEORY

Yes, I have not seen their like before; are they for a specific foe? Undead? Or maybe fae; dragons perhaps?

WORKER

Uh...all of this is for hunting deer and birds. I think you may want to try the arts and crafts section.

THEORY

Birds, you say...my one nemesis...at last you have met your match!

Damon walks up to Theory quickly from the other end of the wall.

DAMON

There you are! Please tell me you didn't give her anything sharp?

THEORY

Not yet, though I did find this!

Theory brandishes a hunting knife with a skeleton handle from thin air.

WORKER 1

You have to pay for that first, sir.

THEORY

Neither of you are any fun.

THEORY RELINQUISHES A KNIFE TO THE WORKER. JUST AS THE WORKER UNLOCKS THE CASE TO PUT IT BACK, THE THREE WATCH A CHICKEN RUN PAST, FOLLOWED BY A WORKER WEARING A BUTCHER'S APRON. DAMON SIGHS BEFORE TURNING BACK TO THEORY.

DAMON

Please tell me that you aren't responsible for that.

THEORY

I wouldn't touch a chicken with ten foot pole! Speaking of which, do you have any ten foot poles available?

DAMON

Look, we came here for clothes. Once you're settled, we can come back to look at anything else you want.

THEORY

Fine. But we're not done here, weaponsmith! I will be back to ask about enchantments and other equipment.

DAMON

Yeah...I don't think they sell those here.

DAMON AND THEORY WALK AWAY, WHILE THE ASSOCIATE CAN BE SEEN REPLACING THE MERCHENDISE. AS THE PAIR LEAVE, THE CHICKEN REAPPEARS AND BEGINS ATTACKING THE ASSOCIATE.

WORKER 1

What the hell?!

CHICKEN

(Caws while flapping it's wings wildly)

BACAW!

BUTCHER

Get down!

THE BUTCHER RUSHES UP TO THE PAIR AND ATTEMPTS TO RESTRAIN THE BIRD. THE WORKER STUMBLES AND DROPS THE KNIFE IN THEIR HAND. THE CHICKEN CAWS ONE MORE TIME BEFORE GRABBING THE WEAPON IN IT'S BEAK. THE PAIR FREEZE BEFORE THE CHICKEN LEAPS TOWARDS THEM WITH THE WEAPON.

10 INT WALMART ELECTRONICS

POLDORF WANDERS INTO THE THE ELECTRONICS SECTION; FASCINATED BY EVERYTHING AROUND HIM. HE STOPS TO LOOK AT THE TELEVISIONS THAT ARE CURRENTLY BROADCASTING THE ELECTRONICS SECTION. A WORKER APPROACHES HIM.

ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE

Hello, Sir. Is there something I can help you find?

POLODORF

I'm not quite sure, but I do have several questions.

ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE

Well, I'll try to answer them best I can.

POLODORF

I am first fascinated by this:

Poldorf dramatically points to the wall of TVs. A spark flickers from his fingers, causing all of the screens to blink in unison.

ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE

Sir, if you damage any merchandise you have to pay for it.

POLODORF

Not the firstmirrors've heard that. Now what sort of enchantment is on these strange mirrors?

ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE

Do...you mean the TV's?

POLODORF

Yes.

ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE

I don't know anything about any enchantments, but most of our TV's are HD.

POLODORF

I think one of my friends caught that one time at a brothel. Madam Cleo's...or was it at the Palace Inn?

ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE
 Uhm...what? Are we- Are we talking
 about the same thing?

POLODORF
 Sorry, did I slip into Evish again?

NEIL AND RORGOG ENTERS VIEW BY WALKING UP TO POLDORF AND THE
 ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE.

RORGOG
 Please Neil, I want to get my chicken!

IN THE BACKGROUND, THE BUTCHER APPEARS ON CAMERA AND FALLS TO
 THE GROUND. THE CHICKEN THE LEAPS ON TOP OF THEM HOLDING A
 SMALL KNIFE IN ITS BEAK. NO ONE IN THE ELECTRONICS SECTION
 APPEARS TO NOTICE THE SCENE.

NEIL
 Absolutely not! You've caused enough
 trouble.

THE BUTCHER CAN BE HEARD SCREAMING AND SCUTTLES OFF SCREEN,
 WITH THE CHICKEN FOLLOWING.

POLODORF
 Rorgog, Neil; welcome to
 enchantronics.

Neil sighs with heavy frustration while appearing to give the
 Electronics Associate a pleading look.

NEIL
 That is not what it's called Pol. I
 already explained it to you, and you
 know it.

POLODORF
 Then please, oh lord of lore;
 enlighten me.

NEIL
 First off, I could do with a lot less
 sass. Second its called electronics.

Rorgog walks over to the bank of TV's and begins flexing. He
 appears impressed with himself.

RORGOG
 Pol! Look at me! I am very strong!

POLDORF

That's nice Rory. Now what did you want from me?

NEIL

We came here to get you four into some new clothes!

POLDORF

You should have said that before we wondered off.

NEIL

I tried, but you wandered off before I could finish!

POLDORF

Well then, lead the way, m'lord.

NEIL AND POLDORF WALK AWAY BEFORE NEIL PRIES RORGOG AWAY FROM THE TVS AND BOTH WALK AWAY. THE ELECTRONICS ASSOCIATE GOES TO ADJUST ONE OF THE TV'S, AND GETS SHOCKED. ALL OF THE TV'S THEN SWITCH TO A RECORDING OF RORGOG FLEXING ON REPEAT.

11 INT. WALMART HOME AND GARDEN

THE CAMERA SHOWS LILIAN PERUSING VARIOUS FLOWERS OCCASIONALLY SNIFFING THEM. AS SHE COMES TO THE END OF THE AISLE, A TEENAGE WORKER APPROACHES HER.

TEEN WORKER

Hello ma'am, I see you might be interested in those...

(The teen looks at the display tag.)

Sunflowers.

LILIAN

Yes.

Lilian looks up from the flower in horror at the acne ridden face of the teen.

Oh my gods are you okay?

TEEN WORKER

What? Do I have something on my face?

LILIAN

Yes! You have several welts! Give me a minute, I might have something in my bag.

Lilian pulls the bag on her back off and starts to root around. After a moment of pulling out an absurd number of items which should not be able to fit into the bag, she eventually pulls out a handful of jellybeans.

LILIAN

Huh? How did these get in my bag?

TEEN WORKER

Ma'am, you have to pay for that...

DAMON ENTERS THE SHOT. HE CAN BE SEEN VISIBLY PULLING THEORY CLOSE BEHIND HIM BY THE ARM, WHILE THEORY'S FREE HAND CAN BE SEEN FLAILING BEHIND HIM, UNABLE TO GRAB HOLD OF ANYTHING CLOSE BY.

DAMON

There you are, Lilian! Wait, where did you get those?

Damon points to the jelly beans in Lilian's hand. Theory stops flailing long enough to pull more jelly beans from Lilian's bag.

Please tell me you didn't open a bag and pour them in your purse...

THEORY

Wait, am I finally a bad influence on someone?

LILIAN

First off: No, I did not steal them. I had my herbs and ointments in this bag, and somehow, they've all been replaced by jelly beans!

DAMON

So, you grabbed the wrong bag. Why does that even matter?

LILIAN

Can't you see! This poor individual is suffering from some terrible pox!

TEEN WORKER

Yeah, I'm getting more uncomfortable by the second...

DAMON

That's not an affliction, Lil, that's just acne.

TEEN WORKER

I think I need a manager...

DAMON

You'll be fine; why don't you go take a break and forget this ever happened?

TEEN WORKER

The last time I checked, you were not my supervisor. But, I AM going to do that, cause this is all way above my pay-grade.

THE TEEN WORKER HURRIEDLY WALKS OFF CAMERA.

DAMON

I hope she isn't calling security.

THEORY

(Holds up a radio.)

Do you think she will need this to do that?

Damon yanks the radio out of Theory's hands and places on the nearby checkout counter.

DAMON

While I'm thankful you stole that, I really need you to stop taking things. Especially while there are security cameras trained on all of us.

THEORY

What if I told you I couldn't control it?

Lilian quickly start packing everything back up in her bag.

LILIAN

I can vouch for that. Also, what's a "Camera"? Is that some sort of magic eye?

Damon opens his mouth to answer, only to stop himself to think about it for a minute.

DAMON

Actually, yeah. Actually, that's as good of a way that I can think of.

THEORY

(Looks up at the ceiling.)
That's what I've been wondering myself. I just assumed they were being locked in place by those metal poles.

LILIAN

(Looks up as well.)
Huh...I hadn't noticed those before.

THEORY

Why are there so many of them? Why don't they just let the little things roam freely?

DAMON

Because it's cheaper to set up a bunch of these cameras for one person to constantly cycle through, than to hire an army to watch and control all of them individually.

LILIAN

Wow...and I thought Pol was cheap.

THEORY

I wonder what would happen if I destroyed them?

DAMON

(Pinches the bridge of his nose.)
Look. Let's just find the others and finish what we came here to do! I just hope they have your sizes...

DAMON, THEORY, AND LILIAN WALK OFF DEEPER INTO THE STORE.

END OF ACT 3, SCENE 1

ACT III - SCENE 2

12 INT. WALMART DAY CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

NEIL, RORGOG, AND POLDORF WALK INTO THE CAMERA'S VIEW FROM THE LEFT. DAMON, LILIAN, AND THEORY WALK IN FROM THE RIGHT.

NEIL

Alright! We're finally together!

DAMON

And we can finally do what we came here to do...find these clowns some clothes!

The announcement systems crackles to life with a slightly ear-splitting screech.

INTERCOM

Attention Walmart shoppers: Be aware there is currently a chicken with a knife in its beak wandering through the women's clothing department. Please do not approach it. If you see it, then please find a store associate for assistance. Also, clean up on aisle 13. Bring the biomedical supplies.

DAMON

Which one of you is responsible for that?

RORGOG

I only brought the chicken into the store.

DAMON

And you thought that was a good idea?

LILIAN

Well, I assume that he was hungry. And if Rorgog's hungry, then he tends to lose his ability to think about anything else.

THEORY

Now that I can for sure vouch for.

NEIL

Let try to get through this as quickly
(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)
as possible and get the hell out of
here before animal control shows up.

DAMON
Yeah, that's the best idea you've had
all day.

NEIL
Gee, thanks.

CAMERA CUTS TO A MONTAGE OF RORGOG, THEORY, POLDORF, AND LILIAN TRYING ON VARIOUS CLOTHES.

LILIAN AND RORGOG CAN BE SEEN COMING OUT WEARING MATCHING COLORFUL DRESSES WITH GIGANTIC MATCHING HATS OF VARIOUS STYLES. NEIL AND DAMON EITHER GIVING THUMBS UP OR THUMBS DOWN ON THE OUTFIT, WHILE NEIL CAN BE SEEN WEARING A DIFFERENT HAT WITH EACH CHANGE.

POLDORF COMES OUT OF THE FITTING ROOMS WEARING A LARGE RANGE OF CLOTHES, RANGING FROM SHARP SUITS TO SKIN-TIGHT LEATHER TO FLOWING AND AIRY DRESSES. NEIL CAN BE SEEN STRIKING A POSE WITH EVERY CHANGE, WHILE DAMON AND LILIAN ARE SORTING THROUGH WHAT THEY WANT TO KEEP AND PUT BACK IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE NEXT SEVERAL SHOTS SHOW DAMON HAVING TO DRAG THEORY IN AND OUT OF THE FITTING ROOMS SEVERAL TIMES WITH VARIOUS CHANGES OF CLOTHES CONSISTING OF CASUAL DENIM JEANS, T-SHIRTS AND BUTTON UP SHIRTS, WHILE CONFISCATING SEVERAL ITEMS THEORY HAD TRIED TO STEAL.

THE SCENES ARE INTERRUPTED WITH VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE CHICKEN CAUSING CHAOS AND MAYHEM IN THE BECAKGROUND. AN ELDERLY WOMAN IN A BLUE SHAWL CAN BE SEEN COMING UP TO THE GROUP AND WALKS AWAY WITH THEIR CART WHILE ALL OF THEIR BACKS ARE TURNED.

WHILE EVERYONE BEGINS FIGHTING OVER WHERE THEIR CART WENT, RORGOG WALKS BACK UP TO THE GROUP NAKED AND PUSHING THEIR MISSING CART. AFTER GETTING RORGOG BACK INTO HIS ORIGINAL CLOTES, THE GROUP THE WALK AWAY TOWARDS THE CHECKOUT COUNTER WITH AT LEAST A FEW OUTFITS EACH.

END OF ACT 3, SCENE 2

ACT III - SCENE 3

13 INT. WALMART CHECKOUT DAY

NEIL, DAMON, THEORY, LILIAN, POLDORF, AND RORGOG GET INTO A CHECK OUT LANE BEHIND A WOMAN WITH A DECENT AMOUNT OF PRODUCTS, AND A CASHIER WHO LOOKS OVERWORKED AND OVERLY TIRED.

DAMON

Remind me why we aren't using the self-checkouts again?

RORGOG

I do that daily.

NEIL

Because every time I use one, the light goes off and an attendant has to come over and help.

DAMON

You really don't like being embarrassed in public, do you?

NEIL

Not when it ends up with both me and the staff screaming at the self-checkout system that there are no unexpected items in the baggage area.

DAMON

Alright, fine, I'll let it go.

The sounds of a customer and a store associate screaming at one of the self-checkouts can be heard in the distance.

WOMAN

Hold on I think I have some coupons in my purse.

The woman starts rummaging through her purse. The cashier sighs loudly.

POLDORF

It looks like there is some sort of bartering going on.

THEORY

No amount of bartering beats a five finger discount.

Theory holds up a unicorn plushie that is very adorable. Damon notices it and takes it from her and tosses it in the cart.

DAMON

Would you please stop that!

THEORY

Try and stop me.

WOMAN

(The woman notices the commotion and looks at the group.)
Excuse me, I'm trying to find a coupon. You would you kids please try not to interrupt me here?

NEIL

I'm sorry, I didn't think we were being that rowdy.

WOMAN

Well you are. You wouldn't interrupt me like this if you knew who I was.

LILIAN

Who are you? Are you the leader of your tribe?

WOMAN

(The woman gasps in visible shock.)
I will have you know, I am the managers wife! And once I tell him about you being rude to me, not only will you be thrown out, but he'll make sure you all be sent back to whatever backwater county you are from!

NEIL

(Leans in close while whispering to Damon.)
Oh, so she's one of those people...

CASHIER

Ma'am, I don't have time for this. This is the first time I've seen you here, and I've worked here for almost three years, so I will ask you to leave if you continue to cause a commotion.

WOMAN

How dare you speak to me that way!
Don't make me call my husband!

THEORY

Then why don't you call him?

WOMAN

(The woman stomps her feet with
every word.)
Don't! Make! Me!

A TIRED LOOKING WOMAN STEPS INTO VIEW.

GENERAL MANAGER

Is everything alright here?

WOMAN

These...people are keeping me from
paying for things!

The other woman looks at the group behind her as well as the
growing line of people watching.

GENERAL MANAGER

Ma'am, I've been watching you for a
little while, and I'm pretty sure that
the only person holding you up, is
you.

WOMAN

(The woman begins stomping her
foot again.)
I can't believe that I'm being treated
this way! Just wait until I tell the
store manager about this!

GENERAL MANAGER

(The other woman proceeds to hold
up her ID badge.)
Ma'am, I AM the store manager.

The woman stares at her in shock.

I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

WOMAN

Fine! I'll leave! Not cause you asked;
I'm going home to get my husband! This
is not the last time you have heard
from me!

THE WOMAN PUSHED EVERYTHING IN THE BAGGAGE AREA ON THE FLOOR AS SHE WALKS AWAY IN A HUFF. THE MANAGER CALLS ANOTHER WORKER TO TAKE HER ITEMS AWAY AND THE CASHIER STARTS SCANNING NEIL AND DAMON ITEMS.

POLDORF

I must applaud you both for the way you took care of that she devil.

CASHIER

Thank you sir. Honestly, we see people like her all the time. Most of their coupons are expired and always claim to be a relative of the manager.

POLDORF

I see. Now that I have paid you a compliment would you perhaps be open to giving us some sort of discount?

Neil and Damon both sigh and face palm.

GM

You know what, sure.

The manager scans her badge and enters in a code.

DAMON

Wait, that actually worked?!

NEIL

The people who work here probably don't get any compliments.

The cashier finishes ringing up the clothes. In the distance, the woman from before screams and can be seen in the background being chased by the chicken.

CASHIER

With the discount, everything comes to 42.69.

DAMON

That's, like, a quarter of what all this normally costs!

LILIAN

Do you guys have the saying about gift horses here?

DAMON

You mean the one about not looking at them in the mouth?

LILIAN

No, the one about how there a bunch assassins inside.

DAMON

I feel like we got off track somewhere...

NEIL

Yeah. Thank very much...

(Looks at the cashier's nametag.)

...Art

CASHIER

Your welcome. Have a nice day.

Neil and Damon pick up their bags and the party follow them off screen. In the background, the chicken hops on top of one of the self checkouts counters, and jabs a bloodied butter knife into the screen, causing the whole system to short out and then burst into flames.

14 INT. NEILS CAR DAY

WE SEE NEIL HOP IN THE DRIVER SEAT, DAMON SIT IN THE PASSENGER SEAT AND IMMEDIATELY BUCKLE IN. POLDORF, LILIAN AND THEORY ALL SIT IN THE BACK POLDORF AND LILIAN BUCKLE IN WHILE THEORY JUST CROSSES THEIR ARMS.

NEIL

You all good back there Rory?

RORGOG

(Rory pops up from behind the back seats in the trunk area.)

I'm good to go, thanks for asking!

LILIAN

That's a good boy

Lilian feeds Rorgog a jellybean who eats it while taking a big swig from a water bottle.

DAMON

That was crazy.

NEIL

Yeah. But I feel like it could have been a lot worse. I have a feeling that these guys won't have trouble dealing with the monsters of the modern world.

DAMON

You better hope they can, and that it doesn't get any weirder.

NEIL

What have I told you about jinxing us?

15 INT OFFICE DAY

THE CAMERA COMES UP TO A MAN IN A SUIT SITTING AT A DESK, LOOKING THROUGH THE DOORS. HIS DESK PHONE RINGS, AND HE ANSWERS IT QUICKLY.

BOYLE

This is Director Boyle of the anomaly investigation and protection agency.

Split screen with another agent in a suit on a cell phone.

HOARD

Sir, this is agent Hoard. The guys just called in; we have a hit.

BOYLE

Excellent! I'll get our top men on it.

HOARD

Sir, can you even say something like these days?

BOYLE

Gosh dammit agent Hoard I meant we would handle it! But I have always wanted to say that.

HOARD

Alright sir. I do have news about the desk.

BOYLE
Did you find it?

HOARD
Yes sir, the bad news is I'm a little
lost. Also...

The two stay silent for a few minutes.

BOYLE
What is it Hoard? Spit it out!

HOARD
Your ex wife called. She seemed pretty
upset something about some people
being rude to her in a Walmart, along
with being chased out by a chicken.

Boyle sighs while he pinches the bridge of his nose.

BOYLE
First of all, find out as much
information as you can and get back
here. Then we find these anomalies and
send them-

Boyle pauses for a minute as something dawns on him

HOARD
Sir? Are you still there?

BOYLE
Did you say that my ex-wife was chased
out of a Walmart by a chicken?

HOARD
Yes sir.

BOYLE
That's something that I have to see!
Get me the security footage from that
store.

HOARD
Alright, I'll get our top men on it.

THE SPLIT-SCREEN ENDS, AND RETURNS TO A FULL VIEW OF THE
OFFICE. A KNOCK CAN BE HEARD COMING FROM THE DOOR.

BOYLE
Not now!

The door flings open to the sight of Deirdre, staring at Boyle with a sweet smile.

Deirdre! How have you been?

DEIRDRE

Hello Jonny. Are you busy?

BOYLE

(Gets up to greet Deirdre.)

Well I am pretty busy at the moment.

Why don't you call-

Deirdre ducks under Boyle's arm as he attempts to close the door with smooth and practiced ease. Any hint of her age has now disappeared as she moves to take a seat in Boyle's desk chair.

DEIRDRE

Excellent! There's a lot we need to talk about.

BOYLE

Look-

Deirdre pulls a gun out of her purse and points it at Boyle.

DEIRDRE

Oh relax, I'm not going to shoot you!

She immediately puts a cigarette in her mouth and points the gun up. A flame pops on and she proceeds to light her cigarette, before placing the gun-lighter on the desk.

BOYLE

What did you want to talk about?

DEIRDRE

Just one thing: Your return policy.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE SECTION OF THE IKEA AND FADES TO BLACK.

16 EXT WALMART AFTERNOON

THE CAMERA COMES UP TO THE FRONT OF THE WALMART, WHERE WE SEE THE AUTOMATIC DOORS OPEN. THE CHICKEN STRUTS OUT WITH A KNIFE AND ONTO THE SIDEWALK. OFF CAMERA A FEW EMPLOYEES LOOK OUT IN TERROR. CAMERA CUTS TO BLACK.

END ACT 3, SCENE 3 - ROLL CREDITS