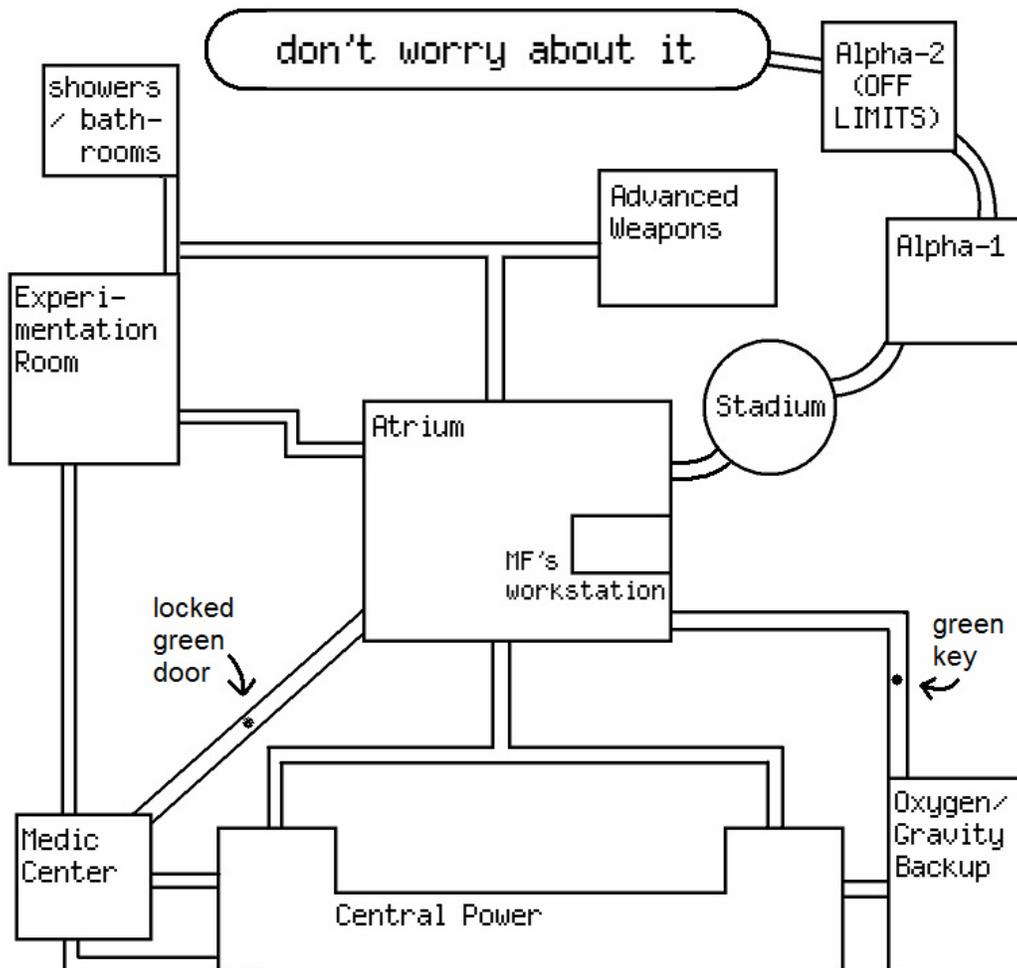


Gloom

Mercury
Airspace
Division
of

SCIENCE



MEET THE PLAYERS.

JOHN GLOOM / GLOOM GUY.

The star of the show. John is a soldier in the U.S. Army, trained to push his body to its limits and protect his country. John is often a dark, gloomy person, due to a traumatic incident from his childhood. Today, he finds himself entering a mission to Mercury, to kill all the demons in the MAD Science laboratories, under direct orders from his sergeant to participate in Operation Kill the Demons.

ANIMAL.

A soldier in the U.S. Army. The obnoxious one.

ROBOT.

A soldier in the U.S. Army. He is not actually a human – he is a robot, though he prefers the term "mechanical person".

BLING.

A soldier in the U.S. Army. The fun, joking cool guy.

BIG BLACK DUDE.

A soldier in the U.S. Army. The tough, serious, no-bullshit guy.

LEAF BLOWER.

A soldier in the U.S. Army. The tough girl, the tomboy type.

B-WORD.

A soldier in the U.S. Army. The scared, first-time rookie.

SWEEPER.

Another soldier. He is terribly ill, and cannot come to work today.

SARGE.

An aggressive, driven drill sergeant. When he is given orders to do something, he will see to it that it gets done, no matter what the cost. His latest mission: "Operation Kill the Demons" – a mission to enter the MAD Science labs on Mercury to kill every demon in sight.

PRESIDENT CUSH.

The President of the United States, always ready to make his next move in the game of war. Wears a purple suit.

NARRATOR.

Some guy in a suit, narrating the events of the story.

DR. McBIKE.

A scientist working at MAD Science. He was working on an advanced gun when the invasion of monsters suddenly overtook the labs.

ANGEL.

Dr. McBike's assistant. Angel is just a 16-year-old girl, and is not nearly as heavily involved in science as McBike – she is only in the labs as a part-time job, making minimum wage, while going to school.

STARCH CLOWER.

MAD Science Public Relations. Starch knows exactly what to say to get people excited about Mercury and the MAD Science Corporation, while taking every possible precaution to avoid offending anyone.

MIDDLE FINGER.

Middle Finger was once a normal human, working for MAD Science – but then he lost his legs, and had them replaced with eight mechanical spider legs. Though he avoids going out into the field for actual combat, he is a useful person on the team as Operation Kill the Demons' tech guy.

ZOMBIES.

Former human beings; presently, aggressive, carnivorous beasts.

DEMONS.

Creatures from Hell, come to Mercury to destroy. All demons generally look indistinguishable from one another.

INVISIBLE DEMONS.

Demons from Hell that are completely invisible to the human eye.

HELL PRISONERS.

Sinners damned to an eternal sentence in Hell.

DR. CRAZY.

A scientist working for MAD Science. Dr. Crazy is the man responsible for unleashing the gates to Hell in the first place.

JOSEPH MARBLES.

The founder and head of the Church of Gloom Guy. Since long before the arrival of John Gloom, he has believed that a Chosen One, Gloom Guy, would arrive to kill demons.

SATAN.

The top of the Hell food chain. Satan is the King of the underworld, and he is almost completely unstoppable. Only one object can destroy him . . .

GLOOM.

(A parody of the movie "Doom".)

ACT ONE.

Scene 1.

A narrator walks around the black, empty stage. The narrator begins at STAGE RIGHT, and stays for a second to talk.

NARRATOR: In November 2009, construction workers working in the deserts of Reno, Nevada found a gateway to planet Mercury.

The narrator walks to CENTER STAGE.

NARRATOR: The U.S. government began to send things into the gateway. They sent in cameras. They sent in mechanical probes. Then they sent in machines to control oxygen, gravity, and temperature. Finally, they sent in people . . . and built a city.

The narrator walks on further, to STAGE LEFT.

NARRATOR: Today, planet Mercury has everything human beings need to survive: human levels of oxygen, gravity, and temperature. Planet Mercury has exactly one city: Heaven City. This city has a hospital, a grocery store, a butcher, a barber, houses, schools, offices, and a church – everything a city could possibly need.

The exterior of an enormous science lab becomes visible at STAGE RIGHT. As the narrator talks, he walks closer to this lab.

NARRATION: The most important thing of all is this science laboratory – the one and only science lab on all of planet Mercury. This is the laboratory of the Mercury Airspace Division of Science . . . or, for short, the MAD Science labs.

Fade to black.

NARRATOR: What goes on behind closed doors in these labs . . . well, nobody really knows. Since MAD Science is not stationed on American soil, nor the soil of any other country on Earth, it is not obligated to follow any particular code of standards or ethics. In the MAD Science labs, *anything* can happen.

We hear the sound of a creature growling.

NARRATOR: But oh no . . . something is going wrong in the labs . . . something . . . *gloomy!*

The narrator is done, and exits the scene STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 2.

INT. MERCURY – MAD SCIENCE LABS – EXPERIMENT ROOM

CENTER STAGE. We're inside the MAD Science labs. Everything has been broken down to its core here – there are no Earthly distractions whatsoever to get in the way of scientific research.

Dr. McBike is hard at work, putting pieces of metal together on a table. His assistant, Angel, is doing nothing – just standing around, awaiting further orders. She seems to be growing anxious about her lack of activity.

ANGEL: Dr. McBike?

He doesn't notice her, at first – he just continues to work.

ANGEL: (a little louder) Dr. McBike?

DR. McBIKE: (snapping out of it) Yes, Angel?

ANGEL: Umm . . . what exactly *is* this project you're working on?

DR. McBIKE: What do *you* care?

ANGEL: Well . . . I mean . . . I'm your assistant. It's my job. I would just like to know.

DR. McBIKE: Well . . . fair enough. Right now, I'm working on an advanced, high-tech weapon.

ANGEL: Oh, wow!

DR. McBIKE: Yep. If I can get this done by Tuesday, the Army and Marines will both be using this weapon in the near future. I call it: the RLG-20,000.

ANGEL: Oh my. What's all that stand for?

DR. McBIKE: The Rather Large Gun 20,000.

ANGEL: . . . Why the 20,000?

DR. McBIKE: Because the first 19,999 God damned models didn't work too well.

Angel gasps.

ANGEL: Don't take the Lord's name in vain!

Dr. McBike, irritated, stops his work and turns around to glare at his assistant.

DR. McBIKE: Jesus Christ, Angel. *I'm* a 35-year-old scientist. *You're* a 16-year-old high-school kid, making minimum wage here.

ANGEL: Well, it's still wrong to do, whether you're a scientist or not!

DR. McBIKE: Oh, what's gonna happen to me, huh? Is some *demon* from Hell gonna just pop out at me, or something?

Angel says nothing. Dr. McBike turns back to his work.

DR. McBIKE: Exactly. That's what I thouAAHH!

A demon jumps into view, making loud screaming and roaring sounds! The demon grabs Dr. McBike by both shoulders! The doctor screams, and falls to the floor! The demon kneels down and continues to claw at the scientist!

ANGEL: DR. McBIIIKE!!

DR. McBIKE: Go . . . go!! Get help!!

ANGEL: What do I do?? What do I do??

McBike collapses to the ground, and raises his right hand to the sky.

DR. McBIKE: CALL . . . THE ARMY!

He lets out one last, final groan . . . and his arm collapses.

Angel screams, and runs out of the room.

Fade to black.

Scene 3.

INT. EARTH – MILITARY INSTALLATION

(This scene takes place at STAGE RIGHT.)

Sarge is sitting in a chair, staring into a computer screen, typing on a keyboard.

President Cush walks into the room.

Sarge spins around, and sees the President. He stands up, to full attention, and gives him a salute.

SARGE: Mister President.

CUSH: At ease, Sergeant. And hey . . . call me Cush.

SARGE: What's the story?

CUSH: Something's gone wrong in planet Mercury. Heaven City, to be exact.

SARGE: The MAD Science labs?

CUSH: None other.

Sarge nods his head, having expected to hear that.

SARGE: How many dead?

CUSH: Six killed. Six wounded. Six left shaken up and catatonic.

SARGE: Terrorists?

CUSH: Not this time. Dr. McBike described seeing "creatures" running through the labs – creatures that were not human. This threat does not come from Earth!

SARGE: Like an alien?

CUSH: Not quite.

SARGE: Like a Predator?

CUSH: Worse.

SARGE: Chucky?

CUSH: Think . . . demons from Hell.

Sarge's spine straightens.

SARGE: What's my job?

CUSH: Operation Kill the Demons. A \$250 paycheck will be waiting for you.

SARGE: Damn budget. What are my orders?

CUSH: One: go to Reno. Find the Mercury Gateway.

SARGE: Check.

CUSH: Two: enter the gateway, and bring with you a seven-man team.

SARGE: Check.

CUSH: Three: lead your men to the MAD Science labs.

SARGE: Check.

CUSH: This is a search-and-destroy mission. Find the demons that are causing trouble, and kill them.

SARGE: Check.

CUSH: One more thing.

Sarge sits, waiting expectantly.

CUSH: Don't be afraid to give em Hell.

Sarge smiles, then shoves Cush's arm.

SARGE: That's why I voted for you!

Sarge starts to head to CENTER STAGE, the home of . . .

Scene 4.

INT. EARTH – MILITARY INSTALLATION – WAITING ROOM

Six U.S. Army soldiers are sitting around a table, playing poker.

They are: Animal, Robot, Bling, Big Black Dude, Leaf Blower, and B-Word.

All six are in the middle of the poker game when Sarge enters.

SARGE: Attention, ladies.

Everyone turns to face him.

SARGE: Game over. We got us a job.

ROBOT: Oh?

SARGE: Something's gone wrong in the MAD Science labs on Mercury. Something possibly related to *demons* from Hell. Look alive, ladies – we're going in hot.

Everyone lets out a loud groaning sound at once.

ANIMAL: I was *just* getting comfortable!

Reluctantly, the soldiers start to file out of the room, muttering angry comments as they do so.

SARGE: Wait.

Everyone stops.

SARGE: Headcount. Why are there only six of you?

ROBOT: Sweeper's out today.

SARGE: What?

B-WORD: Yeah, he caught a *bad* STD during leave. He's on medical leave for a while.

Sarge groans angrily.

SARGE: Freakin' morons, all of you!

ROBOT: And I *told* him not to buy that hooker, but nooo . . .

SARGE: All right, ladies – we need a seventh man, and we need him one minute ago. Animal – do you have GG's phone number?

ANIMAL: GG? You mean . . .

SARGE: Yeah. Him.

ANIMAL: . . . I *think* I do, I mean, last time I called it went straight to voicemail. I could try to call him, though. I don't know if he'll pick up. But I'll try it.

SARGE: Do it.

Animal pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

Scene 5.

INT. EARTH – GLOOM GUY'S HOUSE – JOHN'S BEDROOM – MORNING

(This scene takes place at STAGE LEFT.)

John Gloom Guy is just lying in bed.

His cell phone rings.

JOHN: Ahh, I don't wanna answer it.

It rings again.

JOHN: Ahh, just let me enjoy my day off! God!

It rings again.

John sighs, then reluctantly answers the phone.

JOHN: Yeah, what's up, Animal?

(Animal continues to talk from CENTER STAGE.)

ANIMAL: Hey . . . umm . . . you awake?

JOHN: It's my day off.

ANIMAL: Well . . . you wanna come into work today?

JOHN: No.

ANIMAL: I'll smoke you out if you do.

JOHN: What? (huff) Are you a cop or something?

ANIMAL: Look . . . half an ounce of weed. All yours, if you come in today!

JOHN: *It's my day off!* My answer is no – no way in Hell!

John quickly looks left, then right.

ANIMAL: Please, man, we got us a mission! We need seven soldiers total, and we've only got six! You would be number seven!

JOHN: Fuckin, call Sweeper or something!

ANIMAL: Sweeper's out. He caught an STD. We *need* someone to fill in for him.

JOHN: What??

John remains silent for another few seconds, too angry to say anything.

JOHN: Why me??

(At CENTER STAGE, Sarge starts to walk right up to Animal, pressuring him to wrap this up.)

ANIMAL: Look – half an ounce of weed, all yours, if you do this! I got it right here in my hands, right now! So can you do it today or not?

John sighs.

JOHN: Yeah . . . fine. Just this once.

ANIMAL: Oh, THANK you!

JOHN: But I still hate you.

ANIMAL: Get here soon. *Hurry*. Peace!

Animal hangs up his cell phone.

John hangs up his cell phone.

JOHN: Man, this sucks.

At STAGE LEFT, John gets up and starts to get ready for work. At CENTER STAGE, the other Army soldiers continue to talk.

ROBOT: So, what's the deal? He's coming?

ANIMAL: Yeah. He's not liking it, but he's coming.

B-WORD: Why do you guys call him GG? What's that mean?

LEAF BLOWER: It's his initials, kid. We *really* call him Gloom Guy.

B-WORD: Gloom Guy?

ANIMAL: Yeah, that's his nickname. He's just so – so dark, so moody, so Batman-ish sometimes, we all call him Gloom Guy.

B-WORD: Well, what's his real name?

ANIMAL: John Killington Gloom. That *is* his real name.

B-WORD: Oh, wow!

ANIMAL: Yeah.

John walks into view from STAGE LEFT.

ANIMAL: Speak of the Devil!

JOHN: Here I am, everyone.

SARGE: Johnny boy! Gloom Guy! Glad you could make it!

JOHN: (stretching and yawning) *I'm* not.

SARGE: Get used to it.

Sarge starts to head out of the room.

SARGE: On me!

Sarge exits, the rest of the team following behind.

Scene 6.

INT. RENO, NEVADA – GATEWAY SITE

(This scene happens at STAGE RIGHT, replacing the previous scene set here.)

Sarge walks on to STAGE RIGHT, and his crew of soldiers follows behind him: Gloom Guy, Animal, Robot, Bling, Big Black Dude, Leaf Blower, and B-Word.

SARGE: Here we are, ladies: Reno, Nevada, home of the gateway to Mercury.

B-WORD: Wooow!

JOHN: I'm not even supposed to be here today!

ANIMAL: Let's get to the part where we kill stuff already!

SARGE: That's what I like to hear! All right, ladies! Single file!

Everybody gets into line.

SARGE: When your name is called, take a gun and step into the gateway! Gloom Guy!
The dark, gloomy one!

Gloom Guy steps forward. Sarge gives him a gun, and he is on his way. He runs off toward STAGE RIGHT, and as he exits the scene, we see red light shine on the far-right side, while hearing the sound of him being sucked through the gateway. After a couple seconds, the red light disappears.

SARGE: Animal! The obnoxious one.

Animal steps forward, takes his gun, and jumps through the gateway.

SARGE: Robot! The cyborg.

ROBOT: I prefer the term "mechanical person", if you don't mind.

SARGE: Whatever, just go!

Robot steps forward, takes his gun, and jumps through the gateway.

SARGE: Bling! The funny, cool guy!

BLING: Hell yeah, yo! I'm just lookin for a good time!

Bling takes his gun and jumps through.

SARGE: Big Black Dude! The *serious*, no-bullshit guy.

Big Black Dude takes his gun . . . then stops and looks at the audience, giving everyone a *very serious* hard stare. Then, he turns to the gateway, and jumps through.

SARGE: Leaf Blower! The tough girl tomboy!

LEAF BLOWER: Boom boom, let's paint that lab red!

Leaf Blower takes her gun and jumps through the gateway.

SARGE: B-Word! The scared, first-time rookie!

With much nervousness, B-Word takes his gun and enters the gateway.

SARGE: And, finally, the last one: me, Sarge. (as he cocks his gun) Ready for anything.

He steps through the gateway.

Scene 7.

INT. MERCURY – MAD SCIENCE LABS – ATRIUM

The center of the atrium. All seven soldiers are here, as well as Sarge. Most soldiers are acting exhausted from the teleportation.

We can hear the sounds of the mechanical humming of machines – *hundreds* of them – on all sides of us.

Starch Clower, smiling, walks up to Sarge from STAGE RIGHT, and offers a handshake.

STARCH: Starch Clower, MAD Science Public Relations.

Sarge shakes his hand.

SARGE: Sarge, U.S. Army, Department of Blowing Shit Up.

STARCH: Now, is this your first time in Mercury?

SARGE: Yes. (motioning his hand toward the soldiers) And it's also the first time for these ladies – be gentle.

STARCH: Yes, then. Doubtlessly, you've heard that there was some sort of "incident" in these labs recently, involving the death of six scientists. We here at MAD Science offer our deepest condolences for their *tragic* passing.

SARGE: Yeah, yeah . . . just show me where the demons are, so we can shoot em.

STARCH: Very well. Here at MAD Science, we make no attempt to state what these "demons" are – that is, which religious beliefs have or have not been indicated to be correct or incorrect. We here at MAD Science fully understand and respect the right to –

Suddenly, all the lights dim, and all sounds of mechanical humming fade away.

SARGE: What's going on now?

The lights reappear . . . but this time, everything is red.

JOHN: Sarge?

The red light fades to black.

SARGE: John?

Regular white light fades in again. This time, Starch Clower is lying on the ground – dead, with a terrified expression on his face. It takes a couple seconds, but Sarge notices the dead man.

SARGE: Oh, my! Starch, are you all right?

Bling gasps, and points at Starch's body.

BLING: That guy's dead – and his blood is spelling out a message!

BIG BLACK DUDE: Yeah . . . I think it says . . . 666!

John furrows his eyebrows and shakes his head.

JOHN: Ah, y'all worry too much. It's probably just a coincidence.

He walks on.

BLING: True.

MIDDLE FINGER: Don't walk another foot . . .

The team turns, looking in the direction of STAGE LEFT . . . to find that a man is standing there, behind a computer panel. The bottom half of his body is obscured by computer equipment.

MIDDLE FINGER: . . . without taking some of these.

SARGE: Who are you?

MIDDLE FINGER: My name's Mauricio Finger. You can call me: "Middle Finger".

SARGE: But, like, what do you *do*?

MIDDLE FINGER: I'm the tech guy. If you guys are gonna go walk around the labs, you'd best take this equipment with you.

John walks up to Middle Finger, and talks to him in a confrontive tone of voice.

JOHN: The U.S. Army has gotten by with basic firepower for decades, and will continue to do so in the future. We don't need anything else.

MIDDLE FINGER: Oh, but you *will*, I'm afraid, if you wanna navigate through the MAD labs. Everybody, take one electronic map screen.

Behind everyone, an image of the MAD Science overhead map fades into view.

As Middle Finger continues to talk, he hands out map screens to every soldier. (Nothing has to be too fancy here. One possible suggestion for a prop: paper plates.)

MIDDLE FINGER: These state-of-the-art electronic map screens will show you the entire layout of these labs, from an overhead angle. Of course, certain areas, which are beyond your security clearance, are withheld. As you'll notice, your map screen shows you a green triangle to represent your position – your heat signature. I'll just stay over here during the mission, looking into the gun-cams, communicating with you all via Bluetooth.

JOHN: Hey . . . why aren't *you* coming with us?

ANIMAL: Yeah. If you're so great, why not come shoot demons too?

MIDDLE FINGER: Oh, I'm afraid I wouldn't be of much help, with my handicap and all.

Middle Finger walks away from the computer panel, finally revealing the lower half of his body . . . eight mechanical spider legs. (This may not be too hard to pull off – perhaps a white posterboard with silver legs drawn on, against a black background that blends in against black curtains.)

Animal, with no sense of manners at all, gasps loudly and points.

ANIMAL: My God, you're a cyborg!

ROBOT: Hey – he's a *mechanical person!*

MIDDLE FINGER: No, no, he's right, actually – I *am* a cyborg. That is, I'm a human being, with one or two functioning mechanical parts. You see, I lost my legs a little while back, and MAD Science was kind enough to give me these replacements.

ANIMAL: Hey, *I* want spider legs.

SARGE: All right, ladies. Time to get serious. Everyone set the configuration for their map screens.

The soldiers do as ordered, looking down at the map screens and pressing buttons for a few seconds.

MIDDLE FINGER: Returning to my station now.

Middle Finger returns to his place behind the computer panel, and starts furiously typing away at keyboards.

MIDDLE FINGER: Gun-cams are up and running. I can see what you're all doing, on these plasma high-definition TV screens, from a first-person angle. *A first-person angle!*

ANIMAL: So?

SARGE: All right, this is the plan. Bling, Big Black Dude – pair up and head north, to Advanced Weapons. Bring us all back some nice, advanced firepower.

Bling and Black Dude nod their heads, and walk out of sight.

SARGE: Animal, Robot – you stay here and protect the fort. Animal, protect the gateway – make sure nothing gets in or out. Robot, protect the spider boy here.

They nod their heads, and get into place.

SARGE: B-Word, Leaf Blower – pair up, head south, toward Central Power – see if you can track down where the invasion started. You should be an interesting match-up, the new guy and the tomboy.

B-Word and Leaf Blower do as they're told.

SARGE: Gloom Guy . . . head west. Look for demons around the Experiment Room area. *Alone.*

JOHN: Will do.

He heads off.

SARGE: Everyone split up and kill everything that moves. If nothing is found, report back here in thirty minutes.

JOHN: Where are you going off to?

SARGE: East, towards Oxygen/Gravity Backup. I'm gonna go kill some demons of my own.

Everyone heads off, in their separate directions.

Fade to black.

Scene 8.

INT. MERCURY – MAD SCIENCE LABS – EXPERIMENT ROOM

Dr. McBike is sitting on the floor, alone, huddled, shivering.

Everything around him is dark. Broken wires dangle down from above. The sound of the cackling of split wires is heard.

DR. McBIKE: I . . . remember . . . one week ago.

The narrator enters the scene for a few moments, holding a banner reading "24 HOURS AGO". The lights all turn on, replacing darkness with light, as a flashback begins.

Dr. McBike, fully awake and healthy, is hard at work, putting pieces of metal together on a table. Nearby, his assistant, Angel, stands around.

DR. McBIKE: All right, Angel, now I'm gonna need you to hold the pulse-magnum receptor box steady, while I dilapadate the inner base.

ANGEL: Whatever you say, Dr. McBike.

DR. McBIKE: I'm gonna need your full concentration on this. This is gonna be a killer day. (facing the audience) A – *killer* – day.

Another scientist, Dr. Crazy, ENTERS STAGE LEFT.

DR. CRAZY: Dr. McBike!

McBike groans, wanting to get into his work already, not liking these distractions.

DR. McBIKE: Yes, Dr. Crazy, what is it?

DR. CRAZY: There's some religious people here for the ceremony . . .

DR. McBIKE: NOT NOW, DOCTOR! I've got a *lot* of weapon-making to do today –

DR. CRAZY: I'm afraid this is non-negotiable, McBike. They're saying that "the big day" is coming, and we *need* to be prepared, setting aside all daily life for a second!

DR. McBIKE: (giving him a puzzled look) What? Look – will you just go?

Dr. Crazy shows McBike his notes written on a clipboard.

DR. CRAZY: No scientist here is exempt from this. This is part of everyone's contracts. Take a minute out of your work, doctor – it's story time.

Dr. McBike sighs, then reluctantly puts all his work away, for now, to hear the story.

DR. CRAZY: You see, one week ago, MAD Science received a generous \$50,000 donation – out of nowhere! The donation was from a religious organization – the Church of Gloom Guy.

Dr. McBike looks puzzled.

DR. McBIKE: That's very odd! You're saying that – that a religious organization, a church, just suddenly decided to donate 50,000 to a science lab?

DR. CRAZY: Yes! But only on one condition: that their founder and leader, Joseph Marbles, could speak one-on-one to the head of this lab – the ultra, ultra, ultra top boss – for five minutes about an important religious mission.

DR. McBIKE: Well, for a \$50,000 donation, sure, it's worth it!

DR. CRAZY: And here to explain the rest is the head of the church, Joseph Marbles.

Dr. Crazy steps aside, and Joseph Marbles steps up.

JOSEPH: (extending a handshake) Good evening. Joseph Marbles, founder and head of the Church of Gloom Guy.

DR. McBIKE: (returning the handshake) Uhh . . . hi.

JOSEPH: I've already spoken to the ultra, ultra, ultra top bosses about this, and it's all set – I'm just gonna explain for you real quickly why we're here. You see, my church believes that any day now, *demons from Hell*, sent by Satan, are gonna try to take over the whole world.

Dr. McBike shakes his head.

DR. McBIKE: That's nonsense. Ridiculous.

JOSEPH: Well, that's not what we in my church think. According to the ancient prophecy, *everything* will be hit – Mercury, Venus, Earth, even this science lab. Further, we believe that a Chosen One – a heroic Savior who will go by the name of Gloom Guy – will arrive to fight the demons and save the world.

DR. McBIKE: A heroic Savior, huh? Sounds more like a prophet to me.

(shaking his head) Umm . . . anyway . . . I still don't get why you're here.

JOSEPH: You see, me and my men must now walk around this lab, placing items of food, guns, ammo, armor, and health packs in every room we see fit. This way, when our beloved hero arrives to fight demons, he'll have everything he needs, around every corner. Do you understand?

DR. McBIKE: . . . I . . . I don't know, I guess . . .

JOSEPH: Excellent.

Five of Joseph's men ENTER STAGE LEFT, holding boxes with their arms. They all walk in, then set the boxes down at random points across the room.

PERSON 1: I've got the food and drink.

PERSON 2: I've got the guns.

PERSON 3: Ammo.

PERSON 4: Armor.

PERSON 5: Health pack.

The five men EXIT STAGE RIGHT, just as quickly as they entered.

JOSEPH: I know this may not make a lot of sense right now, but this mission *is* important. When the Chosen One arrives to do his bidding, I'll feel glad we did this.

The lights fade out.

The flashback is over. Everything is dark again. Dr. McBike is huddled on the floor, shaking, shivering.

DR. McBIKE: Chosen Ones . . . Chosen Ones . . . get the packages . . . Satan . . .

Dr. McBike starts giggling and laughing maniacally to himself.

DR. McBIKE: Brains. Brains. That's what you need. If you'd had more brains earlier, you wouldn't be in this mess. Find some brains!! Ha ha. Ha ha ha ha!

He starts to look and sound a lot more carnivorous. He growls.

DR. McBIKE: Braaaaaaiins!

Dr. Crazy enters the room.

DR. CRAZY: Dr. McBike, are you here? Oh, *there* you are! Thank God!

Dr. McBike runs to Dr. Crazy, laughing maniacally.

DR. CRAZY: Listen, those church people, they were *absolutely right!* The demons *did* come to attack! But listen, the Army is on its way – some people are saying that the Savior is coming, the Savior that the church talked about –

Dr. McBike runs at Dr. Crazy like a homicidal maniac.

DR. McBIKE: BRAAAAAAIIIIIIINS!

He jumps at the doctor, biting his neck.

Dr. Crazy staggers around, painfully.

DR. CRAZY: *Oww*, God, why would you do that??

He staggers around some more.

DR. CRAZY: Ohhh . . . sooo . . . woozy . . .

He shakes his head.

DR. CRAZY: Actually, come to think of it . . . I'm feeling kind of hungry. You know, this sounds weird, but I could really go for some *brains* right now!

Both scientists start walking like zombies.

DR. McBIKE & CRAZY: Braaaains! Braaaains!

Fade to black.

Scene 9.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – HALLWAYS

These dark hallways are lit with a blue spotlight.

Gloom Guy prowls the dark hallways, alone. His gun is always ready, and he's always fully alert, looking left, right, around every corner.

He hears a mild banging sound. He spins around, fully alert.

He clicks on his flashlight – showing him a box package left on the ground!

GLOOM GUY: What's this?

Keeping the light fixed on the package, he kneels down, and opens it up.

GLOOM GUY: Dear Gloom Guy . . .

. . . what the Hell? How do they know my name? . . .

"If you are reading this, then it has already happened – demons have taken over the world. Included in this package is a brand-new machine gun, with a 50-count of ammo. Our organization has scattered similar care packages all across these labs, containing food, water, guns, ammo, and health packs.

Enjoy the guns. There are more where they came from.
- the Church of Gloom Guy"

Gloom Guy shivers.

GLOOM GUY: Come in, Sarge, do you copy?

A spotlight shines on Sarge, who stands at the far side of STAGE RIGHT, communicating with John from many rooms away.

SARGE: Loud and clear. Find anything?

GLOOM GUY: Not any demons . . . but certainly some of strangest shit I've *ever* seen.

SARGE: Give me some more details than *that*, John.

GLOOM GUY: It's a – a package – addressed to me!

The spotlight on Sarge starts to fade in and out a little.

SARGE: Hang on – shoot – the reception is – can you hear me?

GLOOM GUY: Uh – yeah, I can hear you.

SARGE: We're experiencing a moment of technical difficulty – hang on –

The spotlight on Sarge fades out completely.

Gloom Guy stands around, by himself, in the dark.

GLOOM GUY: Sarge? *Sarge?* Ahhh, great . . .

He shines his flashlight toward STAGE RIGHT, revealing not Sarge, but the zombie Dr. Crazy!

Dr. Crazy screams and roars carnivorously as soon as the spotlight is shone on him! He runs at Gloom Guy like a homicidal maniac!

The red light shines on, showing everything more clearly, as he turns the flashlight off.

GLOOM GUY: No – no, what're you doing *EAT THIIIS!!!*

Gloom Guy opens fire on Dr. Crazy, causing him to fly backward through the air.

GLOOM GUY: Dear God. Everything that note said . . . it's like . . . it's like . . .

The spotlight on Sarge returns.

SARGE: Can you hear me?

GLOOM GUY: Sarge? Sarge! You just missed it! I just shot something! I killed it!

SARGE: Was it a demon?

GLOOM GUY: . . . Nnnno, but it was close enough!

SARGE: Damn it, Gloom Guy! We're here to kill demons!

John looks down at the zombie lying on the floor.

GLOOM GUY: Sarge . . . trust me . . . this is pretty darn close.

Sarge steps out of view, while Dr. McBike – the second zombie in a row to attack Gloom Guy – runs in with a chainsaw!

GLOOM GUY: Jesus!

Gloom Guy jumps back, and quickly opens fire on Dr. McBike, causing him to fly back through the air, just as Dr. Crazy did.

Once the action is finally over, Gloom Guy drops his gun and runs to the fallen scientist.

GLOOM GUY: Are you all right, sir? What's happened . . .

He feels the man's pulse, on his wrist.

GLOOM GUY: . . . Dead. (dropping the arm) This man's been dead for several hours.

Gloom Guy starts talking into the Bluetooth connection.

GLOOM GUY: Sarge, come in, over. I'm coming to meet up with you. I'm on the way. I think this little mission to Mercury is gonna be more . . . interesting than we all thought.

SARGE: Copy that, Gloom Guy. I'll be waiting.

Fade to black, as Gloom Guy EXITS STAGE RIGHT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

Scene 1.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – ATRIUM

Middle Finger stands at his computer panel, guarded by both Robot and Animal.

All three characters just kinda stand around, arms folded, doing nothing.

Several seconds pass, and nobody says or does anything.

MIDDLE FINGER: So.

Several more seconds of silence.

ANIMAL: So, like, this is what you do all day?

MIDDLE FINGER: Pretty much, yeah.

Several more seconds of silence.

ROBOT: So, like, I hope it all goes well for them.

MIDDLE FINGER: Yeah. Never know.

A loud banging noise is suddenly heard! The lights turn red! Scary music plays! Both soldiers snap to attention, guns aimed toward the source of the sound!

ANIMAL: We got company!

ROBOT: It's kill time!

Just as they're both ready to kill, it turns out to just be a helium balloon. The red light fades away, and the music ends.

The soldiers look at each other, then sigh with relief as they realize it was nothing.

ANIMAL: Just a balloon.

ROBOT: Ha ha!

ANIMAL: Don't see *that* every day.

Fade to black.

Scene 2.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – NORTHERN HALLWAYS

Bling and Big Black Dude are walking through the labs together.

BLING: Shoot, Big Black Dude, I tell you . . . in all the years I've been in the Army . . . I've *never* been sent on a mission like this before. Not once!

BIG BLACK DUDE: Thought I'd seen it all!

BLING: Huh. You got that right. They sent us here lookin for "demons"! Man, what're they gonna have us go after next – ghosts, goblins?

BIG BLACK DUDE: It's cause of Cush.

BLING: Oh, it's *all* Cush's fault, the whole thing – I know that.

A loud banging noise suddenly interrupts them!

Both soldiers grasp, then run up to the sound!

It's just a kitten. It makes a "meow"ing noise. Both soldiers sigh, exhaling, as they see what it is.

BLING: It's just a cat.

He walks away, laughing.

BIG BLACK DUDE: We got all worked up, over a cat!

BLING: *You* got worked up . . .

SARGE'S VOICE: *chhk* Bling, Big Black Dude – come in, do you copy?

BLING: False alarm, Sarge . . . just a cat.

SARGE'S VOICE: A what? A *cat*? What the Hell is a cat doing around there?

BLING: Psh, you tell me . . .

SARGE'S VOICE: (aggravated growl)

Report when you've found something! Something *real*! Sarge out.

Fade to black.

Scene 3.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – SOUTHERN HALLWAYS

B-Word and Leaf Blower are walking through the hallways together.

B-WORD: Ahh, man . . . I ain't never been in any situation as dangerous as this before.

LEAF BLOWER: I'll bet.

They continue to walk. For several seconds, B-Word doesn't talk, but then he speaks up again, with a lot on his mind.

B-WORD: This is my first mission . . . I mean . . . I'm not cut out for this stuff. I'm just a rookie, you know? I don't know nothing about first-hand, up-close-and-personal combat. And did you hear they were talkin about *demons*?

Leaf Blower isn't interested in hearing this. But, he continues to talk.

B-WORD: Golly, I-I-I just don't know what I'd do if I saw a demon myself. I had to read Dante's Inferno once in high school – I mean, do you think they'll be just like *that*?

Leaf Blower spins around and aims a gun at him.

LEAF BLOWER: B-Word. We are both here on this mission. If the next words out of your mouth aren't about how to kill the demons, then I don't wanna hear it.

At a total loss for words, he simply stands there, silently, for a few moments. He gulps, and nods his head.

B-WORD: A-all right.

B-Word steps away, creating a little distance between them.

They walk on.

B-WORD: I . . . I just can't wait to find one . . .

Leaf Blower turns to him, glaring. No mood for games.

B-WORD: . . . to find a demon, and kill it. I can't wait to know exactly what it feels like, to look a demon from Hell straight in the eye and . . . and *kill* it!

LEAF BLOWER: Yeah? Tell me, B-Word, why's that?

B-WORD: I just want to get it over with. And know that it's done – not lingering around in my head forever. Get it out of my system. And have that be one of the things that I've done in my life.

LEAF BLOWER: And you think you can handle it? You've never killed a demon before.

B-WORD: No – but neither have you.

A moment of silence.

B-WORD: I sure hope the chance comes, soon – for both of us. All our differences will disappear once we've killed a demon together. All these differences you think there are between us, how we're so totally different from one another . . . all that will all be set aside as we become as one – *killers*. It'll be just like a video-game, or a book, or perhaps a play, except *real!*

A loud banging noise! Eerie, suspenseful music plays!

A black, shadowy figure starts to creep into view, visible as a silhouette against blue light!

Leaf Blower turns to B-Word, smiling.

LEAF BLOWER: Looks like we just got our chance!

The two spring into action.

LEAF BLOWER & B-WORD: FREEEEEEEEZE!!

The spotlight shines on the intruder . . .

. . . who turns out be a woman wearing a towel. The woman faces the audience, widens her eyes, screams, and runs away, holding the towel with both hands.

B-WORD: Ohhhh, it's *not* a demon, it's just a woman in a towel –

Leaf Blower bangs on a nearby locker.

LEAF BLOWER: Damn it! I'm tired of these moments happening!

B-WORD: That doesn't even make sense, where'd she come from?

Leaf Blower kicks an object away, and walks on.

Fade to black.

Scene 4.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – EASTERN HALLWAYS

Sarge slowly lurches forward, gun aimed steadily ahead.

He turns to his left. A shadow darts by at his right side. A high-pitched, echoing sound of laughter is heard. He spins to his right. Nothing.

Sarge still prowls on, slowly, carefully. A shadow darts by at his left side. The echoing sound of *evil* laughter is heard. He spins to his left. Nothing.

Bang, bang . . . a noise is heard from behind him. He spins around, ready to blow something's head off!!

A spotlight shines on the source of the noise . . . and it's a monkey.

Sarge lets go of the tension, the suspense, and becomes agitated.

SARGE: A monkey?

He shakes his head.

SARGE: No, seriously. I got faked out by a *monkey*?

He shakes his head, walking on.

SARGE: Ridiculous!

He stops when he gets to another package lying on the ground.

He approaches it with caution, shines the light on it, and opens it.

SARGE: "Dear Gloom Guy" . . .

What? Gloom Guy . . .

"If you are reading this, then it has already happened . . ."

He reads the rest of it to himself, lips moving a little as he does so.

The realization comes to him, all at once. As he finishes reading the note, his head looks up a little.

SARGE: Gloom Guy. This is Sarge. Do you copy? Come in.

(looking at the package again) Those little care packages you told me about . . . I think I just found one.

Scene 5.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – WESTERN HALLWAYS

Fade in on STAGE RIGHT, all lit with red light. John / Gloom Guy is prowling the labs – *alone*.

JOHN: Copy that, Sarge.

He shines a flashlight on another box on the floor.

JOHN: In fact, I think I just found one, too . . .

He reaches down and pulls from the box a fresh shotgun. He holds it with both hands, then starts loading some bullets into it.

JOHN: All right. New gun!

Once he's got it all cocked and ready, he resumes walking through the labs.

A loud banging noise is heard! John snaps to attention, aiming his new gun at the noise!

He runs ahead, to investigate.

It turns out to be . . . nothing.

JOHN: Ohhh, it was just *nothing*.

He wipes the sweat off his forehead.

JOHN: God, *why* this happening to me? All this craziness! All this insanity! Demons, and dead scientists, and the religious organization – *on my day off!* I'm not even supposed to *be* here today!

Middle Finger's voice comes to John through their Bluetooth communication.

MIDDLE FINGER: Is everything all right there, John?

JOHN: Wha?? Oh. You. Don't do that!

MIDDLE FINGER: Look . . . I understand this situation is difficult for you.

JOHN: Oh, go away. You wouldn't understand.

MIDDLE FINGER: John . . . your sergeant told me what happened when you were a kid.

JOHN: (antsy and uncomfortable) I don't wanna talk about it!

MIDDLE FINGER: John . . . it's best you confront this fear of yours.

John sighs, looking away.

JOHN: It was . . . 13 years ago. I was . . . only 10 years old.

(At STAGE LEFT, a flashback scene begins. In the flashback, a younger version of John Gloom is seen, as one of three silhouettes.)

MIDDLE FINGER: Tell me . . . what happened?

JOHN: I was . . . at the theater one night. I watched a movie with my parents.

MIDDLE FINGER: Go on.

JOHN: I . . . I heard a sound . . . I saw some shadows . . . and . . . and, oh God!

(At STAGE LEFT, the parents jump in fright.)

MIDDLE FINGER: It's all right, John. I'm here.

JOHN: These – these two demons jumped out of the shadows and killed my parents! Right in front of me!

(At STAGE LEFT, the parents both fall to the ground, dead.)

John starts crying.

MIDDLE FINGER: There, there. Let it all out.

JOHN: Ever since that night in the theater . . . I've had a deeply-embedded phobia of demons.

(At STAGE LEFT, the light fades out.)

MIDDLE FINGER: So you didn't want to come here today.

JOHN: This place is my personal Hell.

MIDDLE FINGER: It's time to confront your demons.

JOHN: I just . . . I just can't handle it! To know that demons, the same creatures that took my parents that night at the theater, are here in this lab – I just don't think I could –

The red light shines on STAGE LEFT, revealing five hostile silhouettes.

MIDDLE FINGER: *Look alive! Five demons are coming your way!*

JOHN: Oh, dear.

At STAGE LEFT, the five demons slowly start to lurch his way.

JOHN: Well, this is it . . . TIME TO KILL SOME DEMONS!

John runs toward STAGE LEFT, while the demons run toward STAGE RIGHT!

John fires his gun, shooting the demon in the middle! He is flung back through the air, landing on the floor on his back!

The four remaining demons run his way! Ch-chhk, BOOM – he shoots a second demon, causing it to fly back and hit the ground!

The three remaining demons come right to John. They form a circle around him, surrounding him – and they all start clawing at him at once.

Ch-chhk, BOOM – he shoots a third demon, causing it to fly back.

Ch-chhk, BOOM – he shoots a fourth, killing it.

Finally, it's down to John versus one last demon. The demon swipes its claw at him, causing him to step back. He aims his gun once again, and fires a shot. Ch-chhk, BOOM – he shoots the fifth, and final, demon!

JOHN: That's for my parents!!

He starts crying again.

JOHN: But, oh, what's the use? Killing five demons still doesn't make me happy! Even killing five *hundred* demons won't bring them back!

MIDDLE FINGER: No . . . but at least you're fulfilling that search-and-destroy mission you were sent here for.

. . . John thinks about that, then lights up with delight again.

JOHN: Oh yeah!

Fade to black.

Scene 6.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – EASTERN HALLWAYS

Fade in on CENTER STAGE. The only person in this scene is Sarge – slowly moving through the labs, gun in hand, ready for anything around any corner.

A big, glowing green key is seen in the center of the room.

Sarge gasps as he walks up to it, admiring its beauty. He grabs the key.

SARGE: This will get me through any locked doors! Heh heh. Must be another gift from that religious organization.

He cocks his gun.

SARGE: Middle Finger! Give me the scoop! Any heat signatures around me?

MIDDLE FINGER: No, none right now – just you and the walls.

SARGE: Mm. Keep me posted.

MIDDLE FINGER: Will do . . . hey . . . hey, wait!

The sound of high-pitched *pinging* noises start playing – about ten, all at once!

MIDDLE FINGER: Hey . . . dear God . . . there's something coming from the other side of that wall! I don't know – I'm not getting a clear signal – there's too many blips at once!

SARGE: I don't see any – *whoof!*

Sarge's gun drops out of his grip, and he is flung backward through the air.

SARGE: What in the name of –

MIDDLE FINGER: Sarge! Look alive! Somehow, you're up against *invisible demons!*

SARGE: Invisible demons? I'll show them invisible!!

While still lying on the floor, he kicks his right foot out, hitting an invisible monster! We hear the sound of the monster groaning!

(Somehow, there should be some form of blood-splattering each time an invisible demon gets hit. One possible suggestion: green confetti.)

SARGE: Yeaah, come get some!

Quickly, Sarge races for his gun, grabs it, and shoots the same invisible demon again, twice! Once more, green blood splatters out!

SARGE: Dear God, their blood is green? That's weird!

Sarge stands still, spins in a circle, and shoots his gun at every invisible demon around him! As he fires, we hear more and more sounds of hurt groaning, and see the splattering of more green blood.

SARGE: Yeah! Get some, get some!

Finally, the action seems to be over with, for now. There is silence again. Sarge returns to a calm, silent pace, catching his breath – relieved to know that it's all over.

Scene 7.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – ATRIUM

Back to Middle Finger, Robot, and Animal.

MIDDLE FINGER: Hold on, hold on. He said green blood?

ROBOT: Yeah, that's what he said!

ANIMAL: That doesn't make sense! That's retarded!

ROBOT: What do you mean it doesn't make sense? You gonna argue with the facts?

ANIMAL: Blood should be red, not green!

ROBOT: Why?

ANIMAL: Cause! Like . . . it's blood!

ROBOT: (shrugs) *My* blood is *white*.

ANIMAL: Yeah, well *you're* a robot!

ROBOT: So? Does that make me any less human, in the bigger scheme of things?

Animal groans, not wanting to get started on this.

ANIMAL: I'm not getting into this today, Robot. I'm not.

ROBOT: Look, just think of it like this. *Red* blood looks normal . . . for a human. But these are *demons* – so *green* blood, now *that* looks inhuman, and unworldly!

Animal wrestles with that for a few seconds, not sure of what to say.

ANIMAL: Ehhh . . . yeah, I guess . . . I dunno.

MIDDLE FINGER: Wait, you have white blood? For real?

Scene 8.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – NORTHERN HALLWAYS

Fade in on STAGE LEFT. Bling and Big Black Dude are lying on the ground, dead. John enters the room from STAGE LEFT, gun in hand.

JOHN: Sarge, Sarge, do you copy . . .

When John sees the two soldiers, he immediately drops his gun and runs to them.

JOHN: Bling? Big Black Dude?

Several seconds of silence.

JOHN: Awright, come on, guys, this is no time for games! Get up!

More silence.

SARGE'S VOICE: Come in, John. What's happening?

JOHN: It's . . . it's Bling and Big Black Dude . . . I don't know, I think something's happened to them!

SARGE'S VOICE: What?? Give me a more detailed report, Gloom Guy!

Bling coughs, and twitches a little. He's not quite dead, but he's pretty close.

John kneels down and feels their pulses.

JOHN: Wait . . . hold on . . . there's one or two little traces of life in them . . . though it's fading quickly.

John stands up, turns to his side, and talks to Middle Finger.

JOHN: Middle Finger! Where's the Medic Center?

MIDDLE FINGER: I – I – I – I –

JOHN: I said, WHERE'S THE MEDIC CENTER?

Fade to black.

(B-Word, Leaf Blower, and Sarge run into the room to begin the next scene.)

Scene 9.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LAB – MEDIC CENTER

(A banner reading "Medic Center" is hanging up on a wall to identify this room.)

Almost everybody is inside the medic center at once: Gloom Guy, B-Word, Leaf Blower, and Sarge – and, of course, the dead bodies of Bling and Black Dude (carried by Sarge and the soldiers).

The two dead soldiers are lying down on tables, on their backs. We can hear the sounds of their pulses at the near-death state: *beep . . . beep . . . beep . . .*

SARGE: Run that line to 200.

JOHN: 200. Clear!

John strikes Bling's chest with electropaddles, while Sarge does the same to Big Black Dude. They start to show signs of life again.

BLING: Uhh . . .

BIG BLACK DUDE: Dying . . .

Both soldiers lay back down, ready to go back into death. *Beeeeeeep . . .*

SARGE: Bring it down to 175.

JOHN: Are you sure this terminology is accurate?

SARGE: FOLLOW YOUR FUCKING ORDERS!

JOHN: Okay. CLEAR!

John and Sarge use the electropaddles again. *Beep . . . beep . . . beep . . .*

Bling GRABS John by the chest.

BLING: Hell. HELL!!

JOHN: What??

BLING: Listen . . . not much time. I . . . just died. I . . . saw my soul come out of my body . . . for one minute. Hell!! It's Hell!! You can't stop it – you have to turn back! You can't . . . glaaaah.

Bling's eyes close, and he collapses backward. *Beeeeeeeeep* . . .

The soldiers say nothing for several seconds as they take in the situation: both men are down, for good.

B-WORD: They're . . . they're . . .

JOHN: . . . gone.

John finally gives up, dropping his equipment and walking away. Angrily, he kicks the table.

Sarge groans, his head sagging in defeat. He has lost two men.

John walks to a table full of glass bottles, grabs one, and starts drinking.

SARGE: Alcohol? It's 10 a.m., John.

JOHN: I don't care, I'm drinking.

Turning away from everyone else, John drinks.

Bling and Big Black Dude suddenly spring back to life as mindless, carnivorous zombies! Both soldiers make animalistic sounds that couldn't possibly be human!

Everyone spins to face the zombies at once – but nobody moves. Everyone is paralyzed with shock. John doesn't even drop his beer bottle.

Bling runs at John; he quickly sets his beer bottle down safely. Bling grabs John by the shoulders and gets him up against the wall. The scene remains the same for several moments: John pinned up to the wall; Bling ready to eat him; everyone else too shocked to speak.

JOHN: Bling! Don't eat me! It's me, Gloom Guy! Johnny boy!

Bling doesn't react to his words – he just keeps trying to eat him.

JOHN: Remember, man? The seven years we've known each other? We've known each other since boot camp, man! You can't *eat* me!!

Bling tilts his head left, then right, communicating: "You've got a point."

Still, he becomes aggressive and carnivorous again, ready to eat John.

John tries something new: communicating with hand motions. He holds up his right hand and balls it into a fist.

Bling becomes silent. He looks at the fist intently. Then, he holds out his own right fist, and hits it to John's; a three-part handshake, followed by a pat on the back. After that, Bling goes back into being a carnivorous zombie.

Leaf Blower runs up behind zombie Bling and breaks a glass bottle against his head. Bling screams in pain, then drops John and collapses to the floor.

Big Black Dude runs to John – but John gets his gun back in time and shoots him. Big Black Dude is flung back, and dies again.

Finally, after all this action, everything is over.

John breathes heavily, finally having the intensity of all these moments hit him. Both zombies are down. Something bizarre catches his attention – he immediately becomes fixated on Big Black Dude's corpse.

JOHN: What *is* that?

He leans down and gets a closer look.

JOHN: There's something on his neck . . .

LEAF BLOWER: What is it?

JOHN: I don't know, some kind of symbol on his neck, etched in blood.

He looks closer, and finally sees it. He sighs, then rises back to his feet.

JOHN: It's . . . a pentagram. Carved into his neck, somehow.

LEAF BLOWER: And Bling?

JOHN: A pentagram on his neck, too. I don't know, I don't think they just had these marks *made* on them . . . I think they're self-inflicted.

LEAF BLOWER: I don't understand. Why would they carve a self-inflicted wound if they're unintelligent, carnivorous zombies?

JOHN: I guess they've got a case of the Crazies. And I'm also guessing that, being zombies, they didn't feel any pain.

A silence stays in the air for several seconds.

Finally, Sarge breaks the ice by saying what everyone is thinking:

SARGE: What in the name of Hell is *wrong* with this lab??

Fade to black.

Scene 10.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – MEDIC CENTER

Same scene, but much later; all the soldiers are lying on the floor, heads leaning against things, miserably drunk and nearly passed out. The only one standing up and walking around is Sarge.

SARGE: We've got us a mission, and you're sitting here drinking.

JOHN: They're *dead*, what's the poinna life. Let's just sit here drinkin till we die.

Sarge walks closer to him, and turns angrier.

SARGE: You've been lying there for a full hour. You get your ass up and continue the mission.

JOHN: Why bother, you heard what he said . . . Hell. We've all lost. We're fucked. That's it. We're all dead, why even bother now.

Sarge gets even closer, and more serious.

SARGE: I understand fully well that we've lost two men, but the mission goes on.

John extends his hand.

Sarge takes his hand and pulls him to his feet; courageous music starts to build up.

SARGE: Nothing stops us from doing what we've come here for. Remember that, men. We are Marines. We are soldiers of war. We are men of death. Operation Kill the Demons *will* conclude . . . and we *will* win!

All the soldiers cock their guns at once.

SOLDIERS: Ho!

SARGE: We *will* look the threat in the eye . . . *and we will wiiiiin!*

SOLDIERS: (raising their guns, as if in a toast) Yeaaaah!

B-WORD: Hey – wait, we're *soldiers*, not Marines. You used the wrong word.

LEAF BLOWER: Ah, shut up.

B-WORD: Okay.

Everyone starts getting into action, all walking around at once.

SARGE: Middle Finger! Give me the scoop on these demons. Find out just what they are, and how they work.

MIDDLE FINGER: Copy that. I'm pulling up Wikipedia right now.

SARGE: On me, ladies. We're going through these labs *together* – as a *team!*

Suddenly, we hear the sound of rumbling, like an oncoming earthquake, for a few seconds. Sarge breaks out into a series of chills and shudders, quickly wrapping both arms around himself.

SARGE: C-c-c-cold, cold . . .

He staggers around the room a little.

JOHN: You all right, Sarge?

Sarge shakes his head around quickly.

Finally, he stops and breathes.

SARGE: Yeah. I'm fine.

JOHN: What was that?

SARGE: Don't know. Don't care. We've got us a mission to do . . . and don't you ever forget that again.

Sarge exits the room, all the while looking fully prepared to shoot the next thing he sees move. He's followed by John / Gloom Guy, then Leaf Blower, then B-Word.

Scene 11.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – SOUTH-WESTERN HALLWAYS

The soldiers in the four-person team – Sarge, Gloom Guy, Leaf Blower, B-Word – prowl cautiously and alertly down the hallways.

Finally, they get to a locked door, a door that glows green.

VOICE: You need a green keycard to open this door!

JOHN: Damn!

SARGE: Wait a minute. Green keycard . . . I have one of those.

Sarge retrieves the green key he got earlier. Sarge smiles, chuckling.

SARGE: Always good to pick up things you see lying around on the ground.

JOHN: Thank God for that religious organization, huh?

SARGE: Pshh, you're telling me.

They step through.

Scene 12.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – MORE HALLWAYS

One soldier runs ahead at a time; each person stops and looks ahead before running; they move down the hallways systematically, as a team.

A spotlight shines on a crowd of 8 scientist zombies, and, all at once, they run at the soldiers.

Two zombies run forth. Gloom Guy springs into action, shooting the zombies with his gun, several times, until they're both down. After both zombies lay down, dead, Gloom Guy steps back.

Two more zombies run forth. Sarge springs into action, firing up a chainsaw. He swings at both zombies, instantly causing them to fly back, dead. With all the action done for, Sarge steps aside.

Two more zombies run forth. Leaf Blower springs into action, one gun in each hand, opening fire at both targets at once. She runs in a circular motion around both demons, shooting both until they are both down for good. Afterward, she steps aside.

The last two zombies run forth. B-Word drops his gun.

B-WORD: I don't *need* a gun!! Ha ha ha!! All I need to go on is *crazy all-natural adrenaline!!*

Feeling fully charged and energized, he runs forward to kill the zombies with his bare fist!

He punches the first zombie! It flies backward, immediately dead!

He punches the second! It too flies backward, immediately dead!

Finally, all 8 zombies are over!

Sarge walks on, finding an exit door.

SARGE: This way, ladies. This is what's really on the other end of the locked green door.

He steps through, followed by his soldiers.

Scene 13.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – ATRIUM

The four soldiers step through the open door . . . and it turns out to be the atrium.

SARGE: . . . Oh . . . we're back here . . . really?

Sarge approaches Middle Finger, Animal, and Robot from behind.

SARGE: Middle Finger!

Middle Finger screams like a girl, his entire body flinching. He sees Sarge, and starts breathing slowly.

SARGE: Don't scare me like that.

Sarge walks up to him from the front.

He does not look amused.

Nearby, Gloom Guy, Leaf Blower, and B-Word are standing around as well.

SARGE: I've finally found you, Middle Finger. Now, I can finally ask you the question that's been burning in my mind.

Middle Finger gulps.

SARGE: What in the world is WRONG with your labs??

Middle Finger tries to play it cool, but his real inner nervousness shows.

MIDDLE FINGER: W-w-w-what . . . umm . . . what do you mean?

Sarge is in no mood for games. He steps closer to him, looking very intimidating. Middle Finger backs up in his computer panels.

SARGE: People here are dying. And turning into carnivorous zombies. And etching pentagram symbols into their own necks. Oh, you know exactly what I'm getting at.

MIDDLE FINGER: (gulp) I . . . umm . . . I don't know what to tell you.

SARGE: Something is wrong here in these labs, and I want to know what! I want answers – and I'm looking at *you*, buddy.

MIDDLE FINGER: Sergeant Lungman, look. I understand that you've lost two soldiers, and you're very upset, but please, you're taking it out on me.

SARGE: (snapping) I've been in this God damned planet, with all your molten lava and magma and Inferno-ish creatures, for three hours. (pointing offstage) *Three* hours, and already I've lost two men to these . . .

Sarge looks at the floor, and suddenly notices, for the first time, that Animal and Robot are both lying on the floor, dead.

SARGE: . . . correction, FOUR men, to this evil threat you have here in this lab!

MIDDLE FINGER: (gulp) I swear, I was never aware that any of this would happen! I'm not the one at fault here!

SARGE: Something is going screwy here, and CLEARLY someone is responsible! And *someone* has answers. (folding his arms) Like someone who works at MAD Science. Someone I'm looking at right now.

MIDDLE FINGER: W-w-w-what makes you think I'd know anything?

Sarge aims his gun right at Middle Finger's head.

SARGE: This does.

MIDDLE FINGER: WHOA, hey! Let's not fly off the handle, now!

SARGE: Then you're gonna tell me everything you know. Everything.

JOHN: Sarge, man, come on. Chill.

Sarge glares at John.

JOHN: Just chill, man, just chill.

Middle Finger looks at Sarge, but doesn't say a word. His silence says it all.

MIDDLE FINGER: I-I-I'm warning ya . . . trust me . . . you won't like it.

Sarge sets his gun back to his side, and stands with his arms folded.

SARGE: I'm all ears.

Everyone turns to look at Middle Finger.

MIDDLE FINGER: All right. You win. I'll . . . I'll show you.

He goes back to his work station, and finds one tape in particular.

He shows the tape to Sarge.

SARGE: What is this?

MIDDLE FINGER: It's the tapes of the big experiment. Project EXODUS.

SARGE: A science experiment, done here in these labs?

MIDDLE FINGER: Actually . . . a joint effort of scientists, the U.S. Army, and the CIA.

A chill comes over Sarge.

Middle Finger puts the tape in. All five men look at the audience, staring at an imaginary screen, about to see the video.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE.

Scene 1.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – ATRIUM

John / Gloom Guy, Sarge, Leaf Blower, B-Word, and Middle Finger stare in awe at the video.

At STAGE LEFT, we see what the men are watching, as the video is enacted with an actor. Dr. Crazy is facing the audience, talking to the camera.

DR. CRAZY: Dr. Crazy's Video Log, Take One, and . . . action.

John presses the Pause button. Dr. Crazy freezes.

JOHN: Is this a DVD?

MIDDLE FINGER: Red-Ray, actually. It's new.

JOHN: Oh. Nice.

He presses the Play button, and Dr. Crazy resumes.

DR. CRAZY: Ahhh ha ha ha ha haaa! Here in planet Mercury, scientists like me can do ANYthing! Anything at all! And nothing can stop us! Today, I plan on conducting the greatest scientific experiment of all time . . . Project EXODUS!

JOHN: So, a scientist in *this* lab, working on an isolated experiment, *was* responsible for this . . . this demon invasion.

MIDDLE FINGER: Correct.

DR. CRAZY: Here on Mercury, I am free to pursue scientific research such as planet Earth has never known! I can cure cancer! I can cure diseases! I can end world hunger! And believe me, after this great experiment is done, Heaven City will be changed forever!

SARGE: So, the scientists working here were just looking for a way to make the world a better place.

MIDDLE FINGER: Correct.

DR. CRAZY: You see, the archaeologists here in Mercury have found signs of intelligent life in the caves. Intelligent life, here in Mercury!

JOHN: Intelligent life . . . like . . .

SARGE: Aliens.

DR. CRAZY: However, all intelligent life has been dead for six thousand years. But, get this . . . the "intelligent life" they found? It's us human beings! *Human beings* were discovered on Mercury! *Human beings* used to live in this planet – and, six thousand years ago, they moved to Earth instead!

JOHN: Wait a minute. You mean the human race comes from Mercury, and has actually inhabited planet Earth for only six thousand years?

SARGE: Well, yeah, but it already says the part about six thousand years in the Bible.

JOHN: Oh yeah.

B-WORD: Are you sure? Cause I don't think that's true, I don't think that's what it actually says. I think people are misinterpreting what –

DR. CRAZY: But, get *this*: the human alien race invented a super-soldier serum that made them stronger. They invented this serum, and it worked! The Mercury people became ten times stronger than usual!

JOHN: So . . . these alien humans . . .

SARGE: . . . are more like *super*-humans.

DR. CRAZY: Well, I figured, if these Mercury people could invent a super-soldier serum, then I could duplicate that serum for planet Earth. I could transplant a physical ability from their race onto ours.

JOHN: So . . . these experimental super-soldiers . . . they're more like . . .

SARGE: . . . mutants.

DR. CRAZY: But I found a problem. Yes, the formula worked. Yes, it made the test subjects bigger and stronger. But, it also caused the people to turn violent and angry. Test subjects began to show signs of incredible aggression – and long-term effects even include cannibalistic, carnivorous behavior, and complete mental insanity.

LEAF BLOWER: Like . . . zombies.

DR. CRAZY: But someone is not happy. Ever since I started doing these experiments, I've started hearing these voices all across the planet. Voices saying things like: "Go back." And: "Get out."

JOHN: You mean . . . ghosts.

DR. CRAZY: *Exactly.* It seems that by doing these experiments, I have pissed off the ghosts of all those people who used to live here. Their bodies might be here in Mercury, fossilized and preserved for six thousand years, but the spirits never left! And the spirits have put a curse on my lab, and all my test subjects – a *revenge* kind of curse.

B-WORD: Like . . . voodoo.

DR. CRAZY: I don't know how to describe it. Except maybe as voodoo. The spirits in this planet are very angry! They want revenge on all my experimental super-soldiers – and on the whole human race in general! They have opened up a gateway to Hell to get their revenge!

SARGE: Hell?

DR. CRAZY: A virus has come from Hell, into Mercury, to give that revenge! You see, sometimes *pure evil* can come out of Hell and into a planet, in the form of a cold, or the chicken pox, AIDS, the Ebola virus . . . sometimes people are plagued by Hell's evil without even knowing it! Well, in *this* case, a virus came from *Hell itself* – a cold. An evil Hell cold that is *immune to hot chicken soup!* An unstoppable cold, which turns human beings into these – these zombies, these demons!

B-WORD: You know what? I'm lost.

JOHN: Yeah . . . forget this, just turn it off.

Middle Finger presses a button, and the entire scene at STAGE RIGHT ends.

JOHN: Look, this is getting *way* too complicated, I'm getting a headache. All right, let's just say it like this: there are monsters in this lab, and they're demons from Hell. Basically like in Dante's Inferno.

MIDDLE FINGER: Okay. That works.

JOHN: So . . . (glaring at Middle Finger) now we know who let the cat out of the bag.

Middle Finger gulps.

JOHN: All right. So tell me. We've lost four men. There's only four of us left. How do we stop this? This demon invasion – it started here in this science lab, and it can end here too!

MIDDLE FINGER: Well . . . I mean . . .

Sarge gets up close to Middle Finger.

SARGE: Well *what?*

MIDDLE FINGER: Ahem . . . you see, long story short, somewhere in this science lab, there is a . . . umm . . . a gateway to Hell.

Sarge is silent for a moment.

MIDDLE FINGER: If you really want to stop this invasion, you must travel to Hell and stop it at its source.

SARGE: Where's the gateway?

MIDDLE FINGER: (pointing offstage) It's just two rooms over – Room Alpha-2. It's the Inter-Dimensional Gateway Machine . . . and if you type in the right coordinates – frequency 666 – it'll take you to Hell.

JOHN: Wait . . . *wwwwhy*, again, do we all want to go to Hell?

SARGE: Simple . . . to . . . to stop the invasion at its source. To win the mission.

JOHN: Kay.

LEAF BLOWER: Well, *I'm* not going.

Sarge stops, then turns around to look at Leaf Blower.

She throws her gun to the floor.

LEAF BLOWER: This is a guaranteed suicide mission, and I refuse to take part in it. You'll just have to go on without me.

SARGE: (as he slowly walks closer to her) That is *not* one of your available choices.

LEAF BLOWER: I refuse to enter Hell with you. And, legally, I have the right to refuse to enter, on grounds of religious preference. I don't believe in Hell.

SARGE: You are going on this mission.

LEAF BLOWER: No, I'm not.

Sarge aims his gun at her, and shoots her in the head.

SARGE: Oh, you just did.

MIDDLE FINGER: (getting extremely into it:) NOOOOOOO!!!

JOHN: Leaf Blower!

B-WORD: What in the WORLD did you do that for, Sarge?? She was just –

SARGE: SHUT UP!

BOOM! Sarge shoots B-Word, killing him!

SARGE: Nobody disrespects Sarge!

Middle Finger puts his hand on Sarge's shoulder.

MIDDLE FINGER: All right, pal, look –

BOOM! Sarge shoots Middle Finger, killing him!

Sarge spins back to face John.

SARGE: You've already guessed it, haven't you, John?

JOHN: (just starting to realize the situation) Nooo . . .

SARGE: I can't believe it took you this long to piece it together. It's like they say in that rap song, "Dance With the Devil", by Immortal Technique . . . about the Devil . . . he could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know.

JOHN: (singing) The Devil grows inside the hearts of the selfish and wicked . . .

SARGE: White, brown, yellow and black, color is not restricted . . . err . . . anyway . . . the Devil *is* real. And he *has* been standing right next to you, for the past ten minutes.

Sarge slithers his forked tongue a few times, like a snake.

JOHN: Sarge. Just answer me this. Do you remember how long you and I have known each other? How long we go back? You remember how you used to say . . . if the time called for it . . . if the situation ever came up, where you were in bad mental health . . .

SARGE: (stepping closer to John) What are you gonna do, John?

JOHN: You said, don't be afraid . . .

John reaches into his pocket. At the exact same time, Sarge reaches into his. Soon, both pull out knives.

JOHN: . . . to take the necessary action.

John and Sarge both try to strike each other – and their knives clash and intersect in the middle to form an X shape. John and Sarge remain frozen, not doing anything; and then they start to walk around each other in a circle.

When they've moved in a full circle, both jump back.

JOHN: Well it's time. I'm taking the necessary action!

Sarge runs away, toward STAGE LEFT. John fires a shot at him, but misses. Soon, Sarge is out of sight. Quickly, John chases after him.

Scene 2.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – STADIUM

Everything in this stadium is lit black and dark blue.

Boxes are stacked everywhere, sometimes providing places to hide behind.

Sarge is in this room, hiding behind a pile of boxes, somewhere on the stage-right-side of CENTER STAGE.

John enters STAGE LEFT, looking for Sarge. He aims his gun left, right, up, down . . .

Meanwhile, Sarge is in his hiding spot, watching, waiting. John aims his gun his way – Sarge ducks his head out of sight.

JOHN: You know, we should come up with a name for this – this *sport* of sneaking around the stadium, hunting each other.

Sarge leans his head to his right while he talks, in order to attract John's attention in that direction.

SARGE: I agree . . . let's call it a . . . Death Match!

Sarge immediately runs away. At the same time, John begins to track down the spot he heard the voice coming from.

Sarge is done running. He crouches onto his knees, and gets his gun ready to fire. He is a sniper now, looking at the spot John is about to arrive at, waiting for his shot.

JOHN: And every year, people shall get together in stadiums to participate in Deathmatches. Look at that, Sarge . . . we've created a holiday. This is our Christmas.

John is done tracking down the noise . . . and he's right where Sarge wants him.

SARGE: Here's another holiday . . . National Violence Day!

Sarge fires a shot at John, who screams and falls to the floor.

With John hit, Sarge immediately runs to him, ready to finish him off.

JOHN: Psyyyyych!

John leans up, having faked being shot – and he shoots Sarge, who falls to the floor.

Sarge jumps up and starts swinging punches at John – *punch, punch, punch, punch!* John, walking backwards, blocks the attacks.

John suddenly uppercuts Sarge, causing him to spin to the side!

John wastes no time – he quickly knees Sarge in the chest, then kicks him! Sarge is knocked backward again.

As he's staggering backward, Sarge suddenly spins around and fires his gun at John again.

JOHN: Whoa, hey! Careful with that thing!

John runs up to Sarge and jump-kicks him the chest! Sarge staggers backward, dropping his gun!

John runs up to the fallen gun, grabs it, and uses it to shoot Sarge!

Sarge screams as he flies backward, shot! John shoots him again, and again, and again!

JOHN: YEAAAAH, GET SOME, GET SOME!

Sarge falls to the floor, dead.

JOHN: Yeah, that's right, I killed you!

Silence.

JOHN: Yeah, how do you like that, Sarge, I killed you!

More silence.

JOHN: Oh my God, for real? Did that really just happen?

More silence.

JOHN: So *now* what? . . . Oh yeah! Stop the Hell invasion!

John runs away, exiting STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 3.

INT. MAD SCIENCE LABS – ROOM ALPHA-1

John enters STAGE RIGHT.

JOHN: Okay. Okay. Remember what Middle Finger said.

Middle Finger enters from STAGE RIGHT. He's not actually here – he's in an imaginary bubble in John's head. He's wearing a white robe, and has white angel wings on his sides. A white spotlight shines on Middle Finger, as Heavenly music plays.

MIDDLE FINGER: It's two rooms over – Room Alpha-2.

JOHN: Okay. Two rooms over. Good. Thanks, Imaginary Middle Finger.

MIDDLE FINGER: Yeah, hey, no problem man, any time.

Imaginary Middle Finger exits STAGE RIGHT.

John looks around himself.

JOHN: Okay . . . this is Room Alpha-1 . . . I'm close.

Two zombies lurch into the scene from STAGE RIGHT!

John gasps! This is the moment where the *first-person sequence* begins.

Fade to black.

By the time the light comes back on, the actor playing John is wearing a gun costume. Everything from the waist down is pure black, meant to blend in against the black curtains behind him. Everything from the waist up is also pure black (including black gloves), but he is also wearing the costume of a gun, which should reach down no lower than his chest. The idea here is that the audience is not watching a scene of John Killington Gloom holding the gun, from a distance – rather, the audience sees the action as though *through* John's perspective.

STAGE LEFT and RIGHT are both pitch black; only CENTER STAGE is lit.

The gun aims left and right a few times, as though guided by an invisible hand.

A monster is heard from STAGE LEFT. The gun aims in that direction, while the light shines on that area to reveal a zombie running into view.

The gun fires, and the zombie staggers backward, dead.

Another two monsters are heard, this time from STAGE RIGHT. The gun aims in that direction, while the light shines on that area to reveal *two* zombies entering the scene.

Yet another monster is heard from STAGE LEFT – the gun aims in that direction, while the light shines on that area to reveal a fourth zombie walking in.

The gun shoots and kills all three zombies, until they're all gone.

The gun starts bobbing up and down, while moving left and right, as though John is racing forward with the gun. This continues for several seconds, and no monsters are found . . .

. . . until two demons suddenly leap into view from STAGE RIGHT! Quickly, the gun takes both down! The demons lay on the ground, dead.

Three invisible demons enter from STAGE LEFT. These demons are played simply by three actors wearing black clothing, blending in against the black curtain. The important thing is that every part of the actors is covered in black; long sleeves, long pants, black shoes, black gloves, and, if possible, black masks that cover a person's face entirely and allow a person to see out but not in.

JOHN'S VOICE: Ahh! Shit! Can't see em!

The invisible demons run to perfect CENTER STAGE. At this moment, the demons are standing right in front of the wall, facing the audience, while the actor in the gun costume has his back to the audience, facing the monsters. The three demons start biting and clawing at the gun, as though biting and clawing at John.

The gun steps backward, coming closer to the audience, as though John is backing up.

Finally, it shoots all three demons in a row, causing them all to fall.

A loud roaring sound is heard, coming from STAGE LEFT!

The gun turns to that direction, as though John is looking that way.

A monster enters from STAGE LEFT . . . but it's not like any we've seen before. The lower half of this thing's body is a set of mechanical spider legs. The upper half is like the body of a shirtless human, but with gray skin, red hair, big red eyes painted over his real human eyes, and a black pentagram drawn over his chest!

This is Middle Finger, the tech guy, as a demon.

The Middle Finger Demon swipes a claw at the gun, causing it to fall to the floor (the actor playing the gun lays on his back). Then the demon runs to perfect CENTER STAGE, swiping its claws as though attacking John.

John kicks and thrashes his feet out at the demon. (He's lying on his back, his head facing the audience, feet facing the demon, while kicking. This gives the audience the impression that they are seeing the action from John's perspective – that they are the ones kicking this thing.)

As the demon gets closer, John lashes out a fist, without actually sitting up. The demon staggers backward a little.

The gun gets back up in the air and fires a shot at the demon. It's flung back by a few feet.

The demon gets pissed off. It runs all the way to the end of STAGE RIGHT.

Then it runs all the way to the end of STAGE LEFT.

It stands still, looks at the gun, roars angrily, and runs at it again.

John holds up a cross!

JOHN: TAKE THAT, DEMON!

The demon screams, and an explosion sound is heard! The demon collapses to the floor, lying on its side.

Finally, everything is over and done for.

The gun moves on, exiting the scene STAGE LEFT.

Scene 4.

INT. ROOM ALPHA-2

John / Gloom Guy – in his normal form again, a person holding a gun – enters from STAGE LEFT. He breathes heavily for a few seconds, exhausted.

JOHN: Man . . . what a workout.

An idea hits him excitedly.

JOHN: Hey, am I in Room Alpha-2 now? Did I make it?

He smiles, then jumps up into the air, both fists raised happily.

JOHN: I did it! I found the machine that'll bring me to Hell! All right!

He walks up to the machine, and presses a series of buttons on it.

JOHN: Let's see, MapQuest . . . type in the address . . . "HELL" . . . frequency 666 . . . aaand, go.

He steps into the gateway, causing the sound effect of Star Trek's *beaming* technology.

Scene 5.

INT. HELL

Red lighting shines down across the entire stage, as LEFT, CENTER, and RIGHT now all feature one big scene in Hell.

We hear a lot of sounds here in Hell. We hear the sounds of fire burning. We hear the sounds of screaming. We hear the sounds of inhuman creatures roaring.

A man walks into the scene from STAGE RIGHT, spinning around in circles while screaming in terror – a prisoner of Hell. He's wearing nothing but ragged brown pants, with chains on his arms, clutching his neck in terror, screaming.

HELL PRISONER: Help me! Help me!! Heeeelp!!

A red demon runs into view, laughing and clawing at him.

The two continue to run around together, finally exiting STAGE LEFT.

It's a horrifying sight – but, John did come here on purpose.

John walks to CENTER STAGE.

JOHN: Wow . . . all these years, I knew I was going to Hell, I just never thought it would be like this!

All of John's fallen comrades (with the exception of Robot) begin to walk John's way. Animal, B-Word, Bling, Big Black Dude, Leaf Blower, Sarge, Middle Finger, and Starch Clower all enter from STAGE LEFT and come to CENTER STAGE. (Middle Finger is without his mechanical spider legs this time, back to full human form.)

For the first time thus far, we even meet Sweeper, who stands at STAGE LEFT, sweeping the floors with a broom.

JOHN: My God . . . all of you are here!

BLING: No, not everyone. Not Robot.

JOHN: Really? . . . Oh yeah, he's a robot. (as he suddenly notices Starch Clower) Whoa! That Public Relations guy! *You're* here too?

STARCH: (shrugs) Yeah, hey, I didn't expect it either, but that's just how it goes, I guess.

JOHN: (suddenly noticing Sweeper) Sweeper?? *You're* here??

SWEEPER: Yeah, man. I *really* should have listened to Robot about that hooker! Oh well. At least I know now.

John walks up to Sweeper and punches him in the face.

JOHN: Asshole! I'm here on my day off cause of you!!

SWEEPER: Oh, for real?

JOHN: Yeah! I'm not even supposed to be here today!

SWEEPER: Oh, I'm sorry, man! I apologize!

John isn't sure what to say.

JOHN: Well . . . uhh . . . like, it's all right, I guess.

They shake hands.

SARGE: All right, ladies.

Everyone turns their attention to Sarge; John gasps.

JOHN: Sarge! Hey, everyone! Sarge has been possessed by the Devil! Kill him!

SARGE: Huh?

Everyone runs at Sarge at once!

SARGE: Get off me, you stupid-asses!

Sarge single-handedly knocks everyone else back at once.

SARGE: I'm not possessed, ya freakin morons! You're lucky we're all dead, or I'd be killing you!

JOHN: Wait . . . but . . . you *were* possessed. You even said so yourself.

SARGE: I *was*, yeah, but *obviously* it's not the case anymore, after waking up in Hell.

JOHN: . . . Oh, really?

SARGE: (pointing to his temple) It's common sense, man!

JOHN: But – (pointing at Sarge) – but Satan is a manipulator and a master of deception, so of course he'd say that! Get him, men –

SARGE: JOHN.

John stops, and turns to look at Sarge.

He looks back at the other soldiers, and finally lowers his hand.

SARGE: All right, ladies. We're all united again, in Hell. No weapons on us.

JOHN: Actually, I've got some.

SARGE: . . . What?

JOHN: Yeah, I came prepared!

SARGE: Really? *You?*

John presents a backpack.

JOHN: See, I brought one of these with me! It's got some more care packages from that religious group!

SARGE: How could you bring a gun to Hell?

JOHN: Becauuuse, silly. . . *it's a symbol of religious importance!*

Sarge, eyes wide, slowly nods his head up, then down.

SARGE: Ohhhhhh . . .

JOHN: Whoever these people are in this church, believe that I'm the Savior. These care packages were all meant for me. Well, I'm sharing it with everyone here.

Sarge pats John on the back.

SARGE: Way to go, Johnny boy!

John pulls some guns from the backpack and starts giving them to everyone.

JOHN: Here you go, Bling . . .
 Big Black Dude . . . merry Christmas . . .
 Leaf Blower . . . B-Word . . .
 Animal . . . Sarge . . .
 Sweeper, here ya go, a gun . . .
 Middle Finger, here, you can use this . . .
 Starch Clower, here, take this gun –

STARCH: (looking afraid to touch it) I don't want to use a *gun!*

JOHN: Starch, come on. You're already in Hell. What could you possibly have to lose?

Starch thinks about it, then finally shrugs his shoulders.

STARCH: Yeah, okay, I guess.

Finally, he takes his gun.

All ten people are loaded and ready.

SARGE: All right, ladies. We're here in Hell. We *do* have guns here after all. Now who's ready to kick some demon ass . . . and who's ready to *stop this invasion?*

Everybody puts their right hands together, except Sweeper.

SWEEPER: What invasion?

ALL: Gooooo soldiers!

Suddenly, the same Hell prisoner that John saw when he first got into Hell comes back, still being attacked by a red demon.

HELL PRISONER: HELP MEEEE!! Dear God, get it off, get it off!!

Sarge shoots the Hell prisoner. He falls to the ground, dead.

Sarge turns to his men to explain himself.

SARGE: Figured I'd put him out of his misery, ya know?

The red demon, enraged and insane, runs at Sarge and jumps his way.

Sarge quickly shoots the demon. It flies back, screaming, dead.

Sarge turns to his men again to explain himself.

SARGE: Figured I'd kill him too, ya know?

Two more prisoners of Hell enter the scene from STAGE LEFT and RIGHT, both staggering around in agony.

PRISONER 2: Heeeelp . . . meeeee!

PRISONER 3: Heeeeell suuuuuucks!

Sarge shoots Prisoner 2, then 3; both drop to the floor, dead.

John grabs Sarge by the forearm.

JOHN: Sarge, what are you doing?

SARGE: I'm shooting people, putting them out of their misery, can't you see?

JOHN: But what the Hell, man, you can't just *do* that!

SARGE: No? Why not?

JOHN: Like . . . I don't know, I mean, the natural order of things!

SARGE: John, if *you* were in Hell, wouldn't you want someone to come along and do the same for you?

John thinks about that.

JOHN: Yeah, I would, probably. But – I mean, you don't *know* these people! You don't *know* if they're like serial killers, or child molesters, or something!

SARGE: How about this, John. One day, if you ever get promoted to gunnery sergeant, then you can start making your own rules.

Sarge spins around.

SARGE: Men, our mission right now is simple. Shoot and kill everything in sight! Everything that moves! Human, demon, everything you see!

The soldiers waste no time. They jump into action, guns ready, looking for a target.

Five more human prisoners stagger into the scene from STAGE LEFT.

PRISONERS: (in their own different, individual ways) Heeeelp uuuuuus!

The soldiers shoot the Hell prisoners down, killing them.

The lights suddenly begin to fade, and a voice starts to speak. This voice is completely inhuman, and out of this world – *the voice of Satan himself*.

SATAN: *Interfering fools!*

Everyone slows down and stops moving as they look up at the red spotlights.

SATAN: *Time for my demons to kill you – and then your souls will belong to me!*

All the soldiers are still gathered together at CENTER STAGE – but now a horde of monsters, ten altogether, begin to run into view from STAGE LEFT and RIGHT!

Ten humans versus ten monsters. (These are: three zombies; four demons; and three black, shadowy demons.)

John runs forth, shooting the three zombies. The zombies stagger backward, but then run forward and whip out some guns of their own, shooting and successfully hitting Leaf Blower and Sarge.

Big Black Dude runs forth with his gun. He shoots one zombie, getting him down completely. The other two run at him immediately. Big Black Dude runs backward, then fires a shot at one, then the other; the first hit gets the target, but the second misses. The zombie he missed runs at him, ready to kill him; the first is fallen, but gets back to his feet.

Big Black Dude shoots one zombie; at the same time, Leaf Blower shoots the other. Together, they're successful. They exchange a three-part congratulatory handshake.

Two demons, and two black shadows, run at John and B-Word. Together, side-by-side, they fire round after round at the four demons, who shake violently while hit.

Bling runs up behind the demons and shoots them from the back. Finally, all of them are down.

After lying still for several seconds, one of the demons suddenly springs back up and grabs John's shins. Big Black Dude shoots that demon again; it dies, its hand collapsing to the floor.

There's two demons left, and one black shadow; all three of these monsters run at the group at once.

Sweeper runs forth, screaming and shooting all the demons.

Starch Clower runs forth, joining in screaming and shooting them as well.

Animal runs forth, also screaming, also shooting the demons.

Finally, all the demons fall to the floor.

Finally, they're all down.

With all the action done for at last, our heroes take a second to breathe.

Suddenly, everything starts to fade to black.

ANIMAL: Hey, wha – what's happening?

SATAN: *Now it is time to crush you all myself! Get ready, mortals – you're entering the ninth circle of Hell, the lowest ring of them all!*

B-WORD: I never read that part of Dante's Inferno, I don't remember what –

SARGE: Shh!

SCENE 6

INT. HELL – LOWEST RING

Dim red light fades in.

Judas Priest enters from STAGE RIGHT.

He extends a polite handshake to Starch Clower.

JUDAS: Hi! My name is Judas Priest! I betrayed Jesus Christ for 30 pieces of silver!

STARARCH: Oh, hi! I'm Starch Clower, MAD Science Public Relations!

The voice of Satan is heard.

SATAN: *Welcome, weak ones . . . to the lair of Satan!*

More lightning strikes as Satan enters the scene from STAGE RIGHT. We hear the sound of a wolf howling.

Enormous in size, and wearing a red and black cape, Satan is easily the most terrifying thing we've seen thus far.

SATAN: Welcome to Hell, mortals. *Welcome to your end!!*

JOHN: Oh yeah . . . well . . . well . . .

Satan walks right up to John and grabs his head with one hand.

SATAN: Tell me, weak one . . . what will *you* try against the mighty, unstoppable Satan?

John laughs.

JOHN: I've got a little surprise for you, Saty. I managed to bring something with me to Hell . . .

SATAN: Fool! Nothing can stop the mighty, unstoppable Satan!

JOHN: Ever heard of the Rather Large Gun 20,000?

Satan is silent for three seconds.

SATAN: Uh . . . oh.

Everything fades to black.

We hear the sound of a mighty explosion.

The sound drags on for at least five to ten seconds.

Scene 7.

INT. EARTH – MILITARY INSTALLATION – WAITING ROOM

We're back in Earth. Everyone is alive again. All the Army soldiers are back to the point at which we first saw them: all seated at a table together, playing cards. Nearly the whole crew is here: John, Animal, B-Word, Bling, Big Black Dude, Leaf Blower, Sweeper, and Sarge. The only one missing is Robot.

BLING: I can't *believe* we're all back here in Earth, alive and well like this.

JOHN: Yeah, well . . . hey. A happy ending is a happy ending.

BLING: It just sucks that Robot isn't here with us.

JOHN: Yeah . . . Robot's dead.

A moment of silence, as everyone bows their heads in respect to their fallen comrade.

Suddenly, Robot enters the scene!

ROBOT: Hey, gang! Someone say my name?

Everyone gasps!

BLING: Robot? For real?

Bling runs up to him and is about to give him a hug – but Robot stops him.

ROBOT: Hey, hey, now. I'm not *exactly* the same guy as you used to know. *He* was an android robot, Model 1.4. *I'm* Model 2.1 – Vista-compatible.

A moment of silence.

BLING: Well, it's all the same to us! Great to have you back!

B-WORD: Hey, Robot, wanna play a game of cards?

ROBOT: (chuckling) Oh, I'm afraid that wouldn't be very fair. After all, I can calculate 2,500 moves per second.

CUSH: Maybe I can be of service . . .

A few people gasp, as they turn their head to see . . . President Cush!

The soldiers all rise to their feet, and salute.

JOHN: Mister President!

CUSH: At ease, gentlemen. And hey . . . call me Cush.

Chuckling, he sits down at the table.

CUSH: Deal me in. What're we playing, Rummy?

Fade to black.

Fade back in, presumably a good deal of time later – Cush is in the middle of the game, a deck of cards in his hand.

CUSH: All right, boys, let's see whatcha got.

Bling lays down his cards.

BLING: Three of a kind. Four, four, four. OH!

SWEEPER: I've got better. Three of a kind . . . five, five, five. Ohhhhhh! Suck on that!

JOHN: Read em and weep, boys . . .

John lays down three cards.

JOHN: Three of a kind – six, six, six.

Everyone else at the table groans angrily, realizing he has won. They set down their cards and walk away.

SARGE: How DO you always win these poker games, John?

John turns to face the audience.

JOHN: When you stop a Hell invasion . . . a game of cards ain't so big.

John winks. We FREEZE-FRAME. We remain frozen in time for five seconds. Nobody moves or says a word – the play is on Pause.

CUSH: You know what, since we already have people in Mercury, why not just drill for oil there?

Everybody starts yelling and squabbling at once.

END OF ACT THREE.

END OF PLAY.