



NEARLY DEPARTED

EPISODE 301

V. 5/23/22

Written by

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Based on CHALDEA by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DBU WOLD NECROPOLIS - INFINITE TWILIGHT

Thousands of undead move like a swarm of bees through the centuries old necropolis summoned by their queen--

ORDDU FAB, a Celt Dynion Mwyn witch.

	ORDDU FAB (OS)	
1	Come. Come. Gather close, my friends.	1

A large OWL floats unnaturally quiet overhead. It lands in the high branches of a Somarrian Acacia, watching --

CLOSE ON FOUR GRAVER UNDEADITES -- a BARD, a DRUID, a WARLOCK and a FIGHTER.

The ever growing throng of dead shuffle close, eager to hear the witch's gospel reckoning.

With a staff in one and a skeletal leg in the other, she beckons the troops closer.

	ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)	
2	Finally, the game is afoot.	2

The COMPELLED remains of the once living shamble closer.

A FAMILY OF UNDEAD. Uncle zombies, aunt skeletons and long-lost ghoulish cousins and collateral relatives of wights and shades. They've all showed up for the family reunion.

	ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)	
3	Dearly nearly departed. I've summoned you to search for the skull of my son, Brân, lost here in Dbu Wold.	3

The UNDEAD HOST groan, howl, and shriek.

	ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)	
4	Yes. Yes. I love you too. Now, control your enthusiasm as I explain your task.	4

The denizens of death seethe forward, packing tight, eager.

	ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)	
5	Together we will unite his body and soul and change the world.	5

She waves her staff across the firmament.

	ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)	
6	Go. Go now in this righteous endeavor. Return to me, my son's wondrous head.	6

The assembled host turn as one, driven by the witches enchanted command. Except--

THE FOUR GRAVERS

They peer uneasy at each other, scratching confused, working jaws, picking nose. All generally unmotivated.

	ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)	
7	You four. What are you waiting for? Get a move on.	7

"The Fighter" moves closer to Orddu Fab.

SAOIRSE, as the Celt woman was called in life wears light armor. She carries a HALBERD. And a CROSSBOW is slung over her back.

	SAOIRSE	
8	How...?	8
	(coughs, sputters)	
9	Graahhhghhhh	9

	ORDDU FAB	
10	Yes? What is it, dearie?	10

	SAOIRSE	
11	Pardon me.	11
	(clears throat)	
12	How do we identify this skull?	12

"The Druid". BAHATI, a powerfully built Targonian woman in leather armor, carries a STAFF and SHORT BOW, flanks the fighter.

	BAHATI	
13	I mean...	13
	(motions to the graveyard)	
14	...there are a lot of skulls.	14

	ORDDU FAB	
15	Why do you think I assembled your siblings, if not for this divine purpose? There are a millennia of graves to be searched. Branch out. Use your savvy. Cunning. Bring him to me.	15

16                                   BAHATI                                   16  
Is it labeled?

17                                   SAOIRSE                                   17  
Maybe a tattoo?

The witch cocks her head quizzically in wonderment.

18                                   ORDDU FAB                                   18  
How is it that you, speak?

The druid plays with a skull, working it's jaw.

19                                   BAHATI                                   19  
Because I have a mouth.

She presents it to the witch, who slaps it down harshly.

20                                   ORDDU FAB                                   20  
Two-hundred years I've searched  
these grounds. I know the name of  
every soul in this pile.

21                                   (Re: skull pile)  
Plow new horizons.                                   21

"The Warlock", ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH, a PERT, mountain of a man  
in long flowing spellcaster's robes joins the fun.

22                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   22  
This Brân, he be, your son?

23                                   ORDDU FAB                                   23  
Giant Brenhinol Brân. Blessed  
Raven. The crowned high king of  
Mag Mell. And yes, my son.

"The Bard", CASS, a ROOSHEN man in bright colorful garb,  
slaps Archibald on the shoulder.

24                                   CASS                                   24  
Great, a king. Suppose he has a  
crown on that bony brow?

25                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   25  
That would make the rascal easy to  
identify, eh?

The witch HISSES.

26                                   ORDDU FAB                                   26  
No crown. No labels. No tattoos.  
There are no shortcuts to success,  
only hard work.



37                           ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                           37  
 No shit. We're in a cemetery  
 surrounded by brain sucking  
 zombies.

38                           SAOIRSE                           38  
 Not to mention, we're dead.

Bahati casts DRUIDCRAFT instantly spawning a beautiful  
 flower. She puts her undead schnoz to it and inhales.

39                           BAHATI                           39  
 Oh my gods. So much better.

40                           ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                           40  
 I feel like we need more  
 information, you agree?

41                           BAHATI                           41  
 Should we inquire more from... you  
 know who?

The bard shakes his head.

42                           CASS                           42  
 Only if you want crazy in return.

They all look over at Orddu Fab talking to a skull.

43                           ORDDU FAB                           43  
 When a zombie horde gets sight of  
 blood, they all go clawin' at it,  
 till they rip the body to shreds,  
 meat, bones, and brains. But  
 usually, a couple of stragglers  
 gets spotted in the fracas, then  
 it's their turn. And then more  
 gashes and blood and entrails. Oh,  
 a feeding frenzy can wipe out a  
 whole zombie horde in a matter of  
 hours, friend, I seen it. A mighty  
 awesome sight. The only way to  
 prevent it--with zombies--is to rip  
 off their arms.

44                           (sighs)                           44  
 Nothing as sad and pathetic as an  
 armless zombie.

45                           CASS                           45  
 I question the wisdom in talking to  
 that crazy old hag.

46 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH 46  
All of this is giving me a  
splitting headache.

47 SAOIRSE 47  
I think that's from the arrow  
splitting your noggin.

The warlock touches the arrow and winces.

48 BAHATI 48  
Anyone remember how we got here?

49 SAOIRSE 49  
I think we died.

The group goes silent, considering their mortality.

50 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH 50  
The last thing I remember is  
hearing a... a horn?

51 CASS 51  
I remember... drums?

52 BAHATI 52  
You guys hear that?

Distant steady ostinato thrumming pattern of BONGO DRUMS  
momentarily drowns out the droning zombie buzz.

53 SAOIRSE 53  
(to Orddu Fab)  
Did your son, play the drums?

When they look back, there is no sign of the witch.

Nothing to be done, they turn their attention to the distant  
rhythmic beat.

54 CASS 54  
Bard magic says we go that-a-way.

They head That-a-way and That-a-way leads to--

EXT. CARACALLA MEMORIAL AMPHITHEATER - ESTABLISHING

The tiny amphitheater boasts latium architecture. A private,  
intimate family size bowl with seating for fifty.

Squat ornate marble pillars with horror stricken statuary  
ring the perimeter. The tiny stage built on a foundation of  
stone carved bones.

OUR HEROES ENTER

Slowly they proceed down weather and time worn stone steps taking in *the theatrical production*.

ON STAGE

a diminutive GOBLIN DRUMMER, (a woman in simple robes) sits cross-legged, her hands a blur as she hammers a rhythmic beat on a set of BONGO DRUMS.

Behind the goblin playing blissfully is a human child, (a boy, barely 10-years, dressed in rags and wearing a ridiculous oversized bowler hat).

Mounted to his backside is a flagpole and attached to it waving high above his head is a large SHOCK ORANGE FLAG.

BILLY THE KID

55 Die, graver scum. 55

The child releases a stone from his slingshot striking a pockmarked broken statue.

SAOIRSE

56 Hey kid, what's with the flag? 56

The drum solo abruptly stops. The goblin looks up straining to see with BLIND EYES.

BONGO BILLIE

57 Who's there? 57

The child runs over and whispers excitedly in her ear.

The goblin's DEAD MILKY EYES shift toward the newcomers.

BONGO BILLIE (CONT'D)

58 Ahh, finally. An audience. 58

SAOIRSE

59 Playing those drums is going to catch the wrong attention. 59

BONGO BILLIE

60 What I don't see, can't see me. 60

BAHATI

61 They're damn sure gonna hear you. 61

The goblin shrugs and peels off a BONGO ROLL.

CASS

62 What's with the obnoxious flag? 62



The boy readies for action, slingshot locked and loaded.

63                                 BILLY THE KID  
                              We're hunters.                                 63

The goblin drummer pounds out a fast-paced roll.

64                                 BONGO BILLIE  
                              If it flies,                                 64  
                              it dies.  
                              If it hops,  
                              it drops.  
                              If it hooks,  
                              it cooks.

65                                 BAHATI  
                              What if its already dead?                                 65

The goblin rap-taps the drums.

Four hissing angry GOBLINS with vicious steely knives and short bows charge out of the wings.

66                                 BONGO BILLIE  
                              Uh-oh! Guess what day it is?                                 66

The kid pulls his bowler hat down tight around his ears.

A GOBLIN LOOSES AN ARROW that whizzes past the warlock.

67                                 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH  
                              You ought not have done that, you                                 67  
                              naughty, naughty rascal.

He casts ARMOR OF AGATHYS, spreading SPECTRAL FROST.

68                                 BAHATI  
                              Hey, guys. This is rude behavior,                                 68  
                              even for goblins. When you're  
                              dead, we're gonna have a chat.

She casts SHILLELAGH on her quarterstaff and strikes the closest goblin quickly ending it's life.

69                                 BILLY THE KID (O.S.)  
                              Billy Beer is down!                                 69

A goblin opens up a black bloodless gash on Bahati's arm.

70                                 BAHATI  
                              Is it possible to be more dead? Is                                 70  
                              that a thing?

A goblin ARROW strikes Archibald in the chest.

CASS  
 (to Archibald)  
 71 Stay away from me, you're an arrow magnet. 71

The bard points a SOUP LADLE at the offending goblin.

CASS (CONT'D)  
 72 Revenge is a dish best served cold, 72  
 sir.

He casts VICIOUS MOCKERY.

CASS (CONT'D)  
 73 It gives me such a headache trying 73  
 to think down to your level.

A rush of PSYCHIC ENERGY crushes the goblin to death.

BILLY THE KID (O.S.)  
 74 Two Willy Billy is down. 74

SAOIRSE  
 75 Leave one for me, will yeah? 75

Cass sends INSPIRATION her way.

CASS  
 (to Saoirse)  
 76 You got this. 76

The fighter's face melts into a goofy grin, suddenly overcome with supernatural boosted confidence.

SAOIRSE  
 77 I'm feeling really, really good, 77  
 you know? Things are looking up.  
 Kill some goblins. We're gonna  
 find that skull and receive a  
 prize.

The two ladies perform a CHALDEAN SALUTE.

BAHATI  
 78 Hell yeah! 78

Saoirse strikes out with her halberd at the nearest goblin and whiffs badly.

Rather than being upset, she erupts into giggles.

79                           SAOIRSE                           79  
Bwahahaha! I think my muscles  
atrophied during that dirt nap.  
Still feeling good though.

Archibald yanks the arrow from his chest.

80                           ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                           80  
I scoff at your pitiful puny  
arrows, goblin kin.

ELDRITCH ENERGY leaps from his hand, reducing the goblin to  
gooey pulp. He blows smoke off the end of his finger.

81                           BILLY THE KID (O.S.)                           81  
Bronco Billy is down.

Bahati leans close to the one remaining goblin.

82                           BAHATI                           82  
Really, man? We could'a been so  
much more.

She kills him with a quick thrust to the chest.

83                           BAHATI (CONT'D)                           83  
Hillbilly down!

84                           BILLY THE KID (O.S.)                           84  
Hey! That's my job. I'm the MC.

85                           BONGO BILLIE                           85  
Your fighting skills are much  
improved, your transformation  
complete.

86                           SAOIRSE                           86  
What are you insinuating?

Bongo Billie thrums out an ominous introduction.

A MAN, (human in long black robes with silver trim),  
levitates out of the shadows floating behind the drummer.

Our heroes reflexively step back.

87                           CASS                           87  
(points ladle)  
And who sir, are you?

88                           WILHELM                           88  
I mean you no harm. Lower your  
weapons.

The four watch nervously as the new arrival lands.

89                                   WILHELM (CONT'D)                                   89  
I'm Wilhelm. Somarrrian Hunt  
referee.

90                                   BAHATI   90  
You look familiar.

A logjam in the Bard's mind suddenly dislodges, releasing a  
torrent of memories.

91                                   CASS   91  
Ahh, yeah. I remember now. We had  
one of them orange flags.

92                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   92  
Yeah, yeah we did. And a guide  
too.

Saoirse's memory logjam gives way also.

93                                   SAOIRSE   93  
                                  (pointing excitedly)  
You're Cass. You're Archibald...  
um...

94                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   94  
Ashtooth.

95                                   SAOIRSE   95  
Ah-huh. And, you're my sweet  
lassie, Bahati.  
                                  (blows her a kiss)  
96                                   And I'm Saoirse.   96

97                                   WILHELM   97  
In your former lives, it sounds  
like you participated in the  
Somarrrian Hunt. I don't recall  
your party specifically, but again,  
these days there are so many hunts.

98                                   CASS   98  
We need our flag back, so other  
hunting parties will stop attacking  
us.

99                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   99  
I think we need to focus less on  
flags and more on finding Brân.

100                   SAOIRSE                   100  
Sir Wilhelm, we are on a quest in  
search of Brân's skull. Might you  
have information on its  
whereabouts?

101                   WILHELM                   101  
Who is Brân?

102                   SAOIRSE                   102  
                 (sighs, shrugs)  
Not sure. Some batty witch woke us  
up, told us to find it.

Wilhelm stares at the four closely, eyes narrowing.

103                   WILHELM                   103  
You are not ordinary undead.  
                 (thinks, beat)

104                   WILHELM                   104  
I'm sorry. Your quest is not part  
of my purview.

105                   BAHATI                   105  
What is your purview?

106                   WILHELM                   106  
As I said, I am a hunt referee  
assigned to observe.

107                   SAOIRSE                   107  
Did you observe these two killing  
us?

108                   WILHELM                   108  
I am not at liberty to divulge  
private information. I can say,  
hunting parties often come to Dbu  
Wold to hunt undead. Killing  
powerful netherworld patrons, can  
be quite profitable.

109                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                   109  
Does that mean they're gonna try  
and kill us, again?

110                   BONGO BILLIE                   110  
No. We did not kill you. Before  
or intend to now.

111                   CASS                   111  
Who did then?

112                   BONGO BILLIE                   112  
What makes you think I know?

113 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH 113  
You are being deliberately...  
annoying.

114 BONGO BILLIE 114  
The multiverse is not obliged to  
make sense to you.

115 CASS 115  
See. We need a flag for  
protection. I'm taking their flag.

116 WILHELM 116  
I cannot permit that. Unless you  
wish to duel me for it. Is that  
your desire?

Cass bows to Archibald and steps back.

117 CASS 117  
I don't know, how many points would  
you be worth? Go a head,  
Archibald, take him out.

118 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH 118  
What?! NO. My inner wisdom says  
that would be stupid.

119 BAHATI 119  
*'Never duel someone with silver  
trim'*. I seem to remember reading  
that somewhere. Latrine wall or  
something.

The goblin drummer stands.

120 BONGO BILLIE 120  
My performance is over. Now we  
depart. Billy, my drums.

The child gathers the drums then takes the woman's arm gently  
and they exit stage right.

The boy runs back. Strikes the drums.

121 BILLY THE KID 121  
Give it up for, Bongo Billie.

And then quickly runs away.

Wilhelm rises slowly like an angel floating upon the four  
winds--

122                                   WILHELM                                   122  
                                   Best avoid the living.

and then... DISAPPEARS.

The Nearly Departed stare up quietly for a couple of beats.

Then a shadow from a LARGE OWL passes over the amphitheater.

123                                   CASS                                   123  
                                   I think that bird is following us.

The owl circles back and lands.

124                                   SAOIRSE                                   124  
                                   What the 'eff do you want?

The owl's large yellow eyes blink rapidly.

125                                   BAHATI                                   125  
                                   Let me, I can speak with animals.

(turns to the owl)

126                                   Hey Blinkey, you following us?                                   126

127                                   OWL                                   127  
                                   Hoo?

128                                   CASS                                   128  
                                   You. You dumbass bird.

129                                   OWL                                   129  
                                   Who you calling a dumbass? Ladle  
                                   lunk.

130                                   BAHATI                                   130  
                                   Oh. You can speak.

131                                   OWL                                   131  
                                   I speak fluent druid and warlock.  
                                   And while it gives me a headache, I  
                                   can speak down to a bard.

Everyone gathers close, intrigued by the talking bird.

132                                   BAHATI                                   132  
                                   You lost?

133                                   OWL                                   133  
                                   Oh, no. No. I was just passing by  
                                   and witnessed your confrontation  
                                   with the Billy Club.

134                                   SAOIRSE                                   134  
                                   The Billy Club?

135 OWL Bongo Billies goblin thieves guild. 135

BLARGH She hacks up a FURRY OWL PELLETT.

136 OWL (CONT'D) Damn dubious bunch of ne'er-do-wells. 136

137 BAHATI You know 'em? 137

138 OWL 'Course I know 'em, I used to be a paying member of their club. 138

139 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH You did? You some kind of familiar? 139

140 OWL Oh, criminy! Am I still an owl? 140

141 CASS That vole vomit, not clue you in? 141

142 OWL Normally I just shift right away. But it was so fun conversing doing the whole owl Hoo bit, you know? 142

143 BAHATI You a druid? 143

144 OWL No, I'm a servant. Yeah, yeah. To a powerful arch mage. Ohhhhh... grand powerful. 144

145 BAHATI And your name? I mean I don't wish to pry. 145

146 OWL Oh. Oh. 146  
(The owl bobs its head)

147 I'm Salimeh. 147

The owl shifts into a GOBLIN woman. She jumps down from the statue perch and whips around a thick wooden club.

148 SALLY Friends and enemies call me, Sally. 148



Saoirse eyes lower to slits. Wary. Unsure.

	SAOIRSE	
149	Sure you're not with that bongo babe?	149
	SALLY	
150	Oh no, she ain't my kind of goblin.	150
	CASS	
151	What other kind is there?	151
	SALLY	
152	Hey man, the world is blessed with a diversity of rich goblin heritage.	152
	ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH	
153	We'll take your word for that.	153
	SALLY	
154	With introductions out of the way. Lets get down to business. I was sent to fetch you.	154
	BAHATI	
155	By your mage patron?	155
	SALLY	
156	Of course, obviously. I mean duh, I am a familiar.	156
	She leans in clandestine-like, gathering them close.	
	SALLY (CONT'D)	
	(whispers)	
157	I'm in control of everything, but don't tell him.	157
	SAOIRSE	
158	Who we talking about? This guy got a name?	158
	SALLY	
159	Saga...	159
	<i>(holds the note)</i>	
160	Ahhh... funny girl. You tried to trick me into saying his name. No. No. No.	160
	CASS	
161	We'd feel a little more comfortable, knowing with whom we're dealing.	161

162                                   SALLY                                   162  
All in good time. C'mon, let's go.

163                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   163  
You seem to be in a hurry. What's  
the rush?

164                                   SALLY                                   164  
You stink. Kafkaesque ordure.  
(pinches nose)  
165                                   Not judging, just saying.                                   165

She shape changes back into her owl form and flies off.

166                                   SAOIRSE                                   166  
Where we going?

167                                   SALLY                                   167  
We're gonna fly right out of this  
necropolis. Sally hoo!

#### LOST IN THE FLUX OF DEAD TIME

It's important to understand that undead lose track of time.  
They just kind of... exist in the moment.

#### NECROPOLIS WALL - SOME RANDOM AMOUNT OF TIME LATER

The Owl, Sally, escorts the four Nearly Departed gravers to  
the edge of Dbu Wold where upon they approach the towering  
stone walls that were erected to keep their kind inside.

168                                   CASS                                   168  
Archibald, do you know what kind of  
magic brought us back and if its  
limited to the necropolis? It  
would suck to escape only to fall  
over dead.

169                                   SALLY                                   169  
Please. That's not gonna happen.

170                                   CASS                                   170  
Says, the hobgoblin.

171                                   SALLY                                   171  
Hey, If I wanted, I could've  
already disposed of your rotting  
corpse in an unmarked grave and  
been home for tea.

Nearby a diminutive kobold skeleton is stuck on a spear  
impaled in it's back.

Saoirse picks up the spear and frog marches the poor bugger to a huge crack in the wall open to the outside world.

SAOIRSE  
 172 Test dummy. No brain, no fear. 172

She slowly walks behind him through the crack paying close attention to its anti-life movements and hers.

The others follow.

The camera follows as they CLIMB THROUGH THE CRACK eventually emerging safely and quite alive on the other side.

ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH  
 173 I still feel dead. You? 173

CASS  
 174 I don't feel anything, actually. I suppose that's a good sign. 174

SALLY  
 175 See, told ya. 175

EXT. FEY CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

The Fey cemetery is overgrown by the grassy savannah.

Saoirse yanks the spear free releasing the poor skeleton and pats him gingerly on the noggin, sending him on his way.

SAOIRSE  
 176 He's so cute. I wish I could keep him. 176

Sally lands next to the others and magically shifts back into her jolly goblin self.

SALLY  
 177 Here we are. 177

Cass and the others scan the barely there cemetery.

CASS  
 178 Now what? 178

SALLY  
 179 We wait, of course. A wizard always arrives precisely when they mean to. 179

ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH  
 180 I thought you said he was a mage? 180

181 SALLY Wizard. Mage. Warlock. All 181  
arrogance looks the same to me.  
Jackass.

A SORCEROUS BEING, (a human man, wears long robes with a dark hood that hides his features), strides in upon the scene like a sheriff in an old western.

182 SALLY (CONT'D) Sagacious, I think I found them 182  
this time.

183 TENACIOUS (low, irritated) 183  
It's Tenacious, remember?

184 SALLY Oh yeah... yeah Ten. Ten... 184  
(slowly tasting each syllable)

185 Tenacious. Okay. Okay. Umm... 185  
Smart undead. That's what you wanted, huh?

186 TENACIOUS But you keep bringing me the dumb 186  
ones, though.

187 SALLY No, no. Not this time. They were 187  
talking to Bongo Billie and she was talking back.

He is very circumspect with the four strangers.

188 TENACIOUS You don't say. 188

Tenacious prods Cass hard in the chest with his finger.

189 CASS Otvali! 189

190 TENACIOUS Spirited. Not too ripe. 190  
Promising.

191 SALLY Did I do good? 191

	TENACIOUS	
192	We'll see. (speaking slowly)	192
193	Can. You. Understand. Me?	193
	SAOIRSE	
194	We're not imbeciles.	194
	TENACIOUS	
195	I'll be the judge of that.	195
	He relaxes legs set wide, arms crossed.	
	TENACIOUS (CONT'D)	
196	What are you about, huh?	196
	SAOIRSE	
197	We're looking for a human skull.	197
	TENACIOUS	
198	That's an odd pastime.	198
	CASS	
199	Not our choice. We were forced.	199
	ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH	
200	A witch put a hex on us to find the skull of one Brenhinol Brân.	200
	Sally squeals, her teeth chattering loudly with excitement.	
	TENACIOUS	
	(to Sally)	
201	Now I am intrigued.	201
	SALLY	
202	Bongo Billie delivered the goods, huh?	202
	TENACIOUS	
203	Shut up.	203
	SALLY	
204	Sorry, master.	204
	TENACIOUS	
205	Turns out, I'm looking for the very same skull.	205
	BAHATI	
206	You want the prize?	206
	TENACIOUS	
207	No. You want the prize.	207

208 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH 208  
What is this prize? We were never  
apprised.

209 TENACIOUS 209  
I am aware Orddu Fab is looking for  
her son's skull. And I want to  
beat her to the punch.

210 SAOIRSE 210  
Oh, so you're not working with her?

211 TENACIOUS 211  
Oh no. I am working against her.

212 SAOIRSE 212  
You aren't planning to kill us?

213 TENACIOUS 213  
Hardly. You are uniquely suited to  
the task of finding the skull and I  
would like to enlist your aid.  
Yes?

214 BAHATI 214  
How so?

215 TENACIOUS 215  
You are dead, see. Whereas I am  
alive. You can mingle amongst the  
dead without notice.

216 SAOIRSE 216  
She's gonna give us a prize.

217 TENACIOUS 217  
Right. Her prize is an early  
grave. I however, have a much  
better reward. I will return you  
to life.

218 CASS 218  
Sold.

219 BAHATI 219  
That is objectively better.

220 SAOIRSE 220  
Can you give us more direction?

221 ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH 221  
Almost any would be an improvement.

222                   TENACIOUS                   222  
 You are just another cog in her  
 undead wheel. For me, you are the  
 wheel.

223                   CASS                   223  
 What's the game plan, boss?

224                   TENACIOUS                   224  
 First things first. I need you to  
 infiltrate Orddu Fab's lair and  
 ascertain how much of Brân's body  
 she has found. How many body parts  
 are still missing.

225                   BAHATI                   225  
 Who is this Brân anyway, and why  
 are we trying to stop her?

226                   TENACIOUS                   226  
 Brân is an evil Celtic deity. He  
 will raise an undead army and make  
 war upon the living.

227                   CASS                   227  
 Might there be a Dowsing Rod or a  
 spell equivalent that will help us  
 more easily find the skull?

Tenacious cracks a wide knowing grin.

228                   TENACIOUS                   228  
 Indeed. After you infiltrate Orddu  
 Fab's lair, I will provide  
 instructions for such a device. But  
 not now. I will tell you later  
 when you return with information on  
 the body. Fair?

229                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                   229  
 I do like the sound of being alive.

230                   BAHATI                   230  
 And a bath.

The Nearly Departed all nod eagerly.

231                   SAOIRSE                   231  
 Can you help us in anyway? Weapon,  
 spell support? Goblin familiar?

232                   SALLY                   232  
 (growls)  
 Must I maintain civility?

TENACIOUS

233 I will protect you with illusionary armor. Those who look upon you will see what they expect to see. The living will see you alive, as you once were. The dead and more importantly, Orddu Fab, will see you as dead. 233

SALLY

234 Will they still stink? 234

TENACIOUS

235 Like hell. To high heaven. 235  
(spikes the camera)

236 It is medieval times. 236

Tenacious raises his hands slowly like a conductor about to launch into an epic symphony. He stops. Cocks his head. Massages his jaw. Looks at Cass.

TENACIOUS (CONT'D)

(to Cass)

237 You. Mr. Magic Null Point. I need you to really, really, really want this illusion to work. Understand? Because if you don't want it to really, really, really work. It wont. Got it? 237

CASS

238 Sorry. I'm magic intolerant. 238

TENACIOUS

239 It's a fine trick. Another time, I might want to dissect you. 239  
(Off Cass' unease)

240 Nevermind. Forget I said that. 240

ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH

241 It occurs to me, we're putting a lot of faith in you. What's to prevent you, when we're done, casting our ruin upon the bone pile? 241

Tenacious feigns tragedy, disappointment, gravely wounded.

TENACIOUS

242 You hurt me, sir. My word is my bond. I am all about life and I will return you to life. 242



243                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   243  
                                   Shake on it?

Archibald puts out his hand in friendship and Tenacious graciously shakes it vigorously.

244                                   TENACIOUS   244  
                                   Jolly good.

A GAUDY RING sparkles brightly on the mages hand.

245                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   245  
                                   Nice ring.

246                                   TENACIOUS   246  
                                   You like that? Tis my ring of  
                                   Maligned Shilling.

He smiles devilish and dastardly.

247                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   247  
                                   Did you say, Mind Shielding?

248                                   TENACIOUS   248  
                                   Ahh, yes. That's right.

The ring suddenly DISAPPEARS off Tenacious' finger and appears in Archibald's.

249                                   ARCHIBALD ASHTOOTH                                   249  
                                   It is quite nice.

250                                   TENACIOUS   250  
                                   Parlor tricks. Oh, how I do enjoy  
                                   a good parlor trick.

The RING SHIFTS reappearing on the Tenacious' finger.

251                                   TENACIOUS (CONT'D)   251  
                                   Sadly, the hour is late. We must  
                                   get going. Fate. Destiny. They  
                                   wait for no one.

He looks into the CAMERA and SNAPS HIS FINGER.

FADE TO BLACK: