



SNACK ATTACK

EPISODE 305

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Written by

Steve Conard

The Roleplayers

Bryce Bebop, Lexi the First,
Meagan Karimi-Naser, Rennie Araucto

Based on CHALDEA by

Peter Adkison

Bahati's nervous lip-chewing, does an even poorer job of hiding her guilt.

37 BAHATI
We searched tenaciously for him. 37

Orddu Fab sniffs, scans the Nearly Departed one-by-one.

38 ORDDU FAB
What is that, I smell? 38

39 BAHATI
We're dead, remember? 39

40 ORDDU FAB
No. I smell... 40

41 (casts a probing spell)
Fey sorcery about you. 41

Cass holds up Archibald's SHOVEL HAND.

42 CASS
Perhaps its this Ma'at dirt relic. 42

43 ORDDU FAB
You are working with the Tuatha Dé
Danann. 43

44 BAHATI
W-what!?! 44

45 SAOIRSE
Not... us. 45

46 CASS
Is that another name for, vampire?
Because we just met a count
vampire. 46

47 ORDDU FAB
Give me the skull. 47

They all BALK AT ONCE, we can almost hear screeching tires.

48 ORDDU FAB (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for? 48

49 BAHATI
We've uncovered an awful lot of
skulls, not to mention, we've-a
never actually met your son. 49

50 ARCHIBALD
I have. Twice. 50

No he doesn't.

A HAND SUDDENLY APPEARS and THE SKULL IS GONE.

Eyes shift up to see--

RADARNO.

68	ARCHIBALD	68
	Radarno!	
69	SAOIRSE	69
	Radarno. Buddy. Pal.	
70	CASS	70
	Fancy meeting you here.	
71	BEATRICE (V.O.)	71
	I'm not surprised.	
72	RADARNO	72
	Once again, an auspicious encounter.	
73	BAHATI	73
	Radarno, return the skull.	

Radarno moves to a safer distance, away from the raging epic SPELL BATTLE threatening to consume everything.

He takes a quick nervous glance towards his master, before launching into prepared remarks.

74	RADARNO	74
	My master, the gracious Count Vrykolakas received you into his home extending a red carpet of welcome and the hand of friendship. The doors of his Fellowship Hall flung wide in your honor and there you were afforded protection, rest, and relaxation. Libations aplenty and hospitality without equal. And what did you do in return?	
75	ARCHIBALD	75
	We let you out.	
76	SAOIRSE	76
	Freed you.	
77	RADARNO	77
	Spat upon his good grace and dared abscond his prized possession.	

78 BEATRICE (V.O.) 78
*Where there are valuable
 possessions, there are thieves.*

79 ARCHIBALD 79
 He tried to steal my pendant.

80 RADARNO 80
 You are with out honor.

81 ARCHIBALD 81
 Honor? How dare you, sir.

82 RADARNO 82
 Scandal upon your reputation.

POOF! Radarno disappears and with him, any chances of getting the skull back.

83 BAHATI 83
 I don't like that guy.

84 CASS 84
 Gods damn it! Are we gonna have to
 hike those 666 steps again?

A SPELL DETONATES momentarily obscuring the crater in dust.

A VORTEX OF PURPLE HAZE FORMS like a desert mirage.

INSIDE PURPLE HAZE humanoid shapes slowly materialize moving slowly like ethereal ghosts on the plane of shadow.

THREE ZOMBIES, CRAIG, MOLLY, and ORVILLE (Flower power beatniks) stumble coughing out of the thick fume.

85 MOLLY 85
 Oh... hu-wow, man!

The female waves her hand like a creator deity across the empty expanse at the dawn of time.

86 MOLLY (CONT'D) 86
 Born to be wild.

BUTTERCUPS and DAISY FLOWERS explode in vibrant wild growth at her feet. But then, colors quickly shift tonal gray and then black. Finally they wilt, curled into rigor mortis balls of dry stems and leaves... and then ash.

87 CRAIG 87
 That grass was primo!

A FEW PACES DISTANT, Bahati sharpens her staff with SHILLELAGH--

123 MOLLY 123
 That's some groovy magic, sister.
 You wanna hit me with some of that,
 nirvana?

124 BAHATI 124
 Yeah... take a hit.

Bahati bonks Molly solidly on the noggin.

125 MOLLY 125
 Owe! Take a chill pill, man. You
 could take out an eye.

126 BAHATI 126
 We're all dead, why are you making
 such a thing of this?

NEARBY ACTION, Saoirse and Cass watch Orville slip and slide in what can best be described as a CHICKEN BOOGIE dance.

127 ORVILLE 127
 Get down, let's boogie.

Orville tries to force a HUG and a KISS. A phat doobie hanging from his black stained lips.

128 ORVILLE (CONT'D) 128
 Bring it in, baby.

He blows smoke in her face.

129 SAOIRSE 129
 <COUGHS> Pass.

Saoirse removes his "hugging arm" with a swift upward thrust leaving a maggot infested undulating black stump.

130 ORVILLE 130
 Huh? I can't tell if I'm happy or
 in misery?

He wobbles, spots his hand still grasping the smoking phatty.

131 ORVILLE (CONT'D) 131
 One last hit, for the road?

132 SAOIRSE 132
 Sure.

She waits as Orville reclaims the arm, and takes a long dramatic pull from the doobie. His eyes roll to the whites and his lips part in a goofy grin.

133 ORVILLE
Whoa! Outta sight. 133

Saoirse removes his head with sideways swing. The head slowly topples away from a stump that continues to smoke.

134 SAOIRSE
Sweet dreams. 134

ON ORVILLE'S HEAD, on the ground.

135 ORVILLE
Why so serious, bro? It's all good. 135

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PIT

An EPIC ELEMENTAL STORM blows like a fateful world ending tempest on Ragnarök morning, a violent concoction of cyclone, wild fire, blizzard and sirocco dust devils.

GREEN LIGHTING, SMOKE, SHOCK AND AWE all but hide the spell combatants: Orddu Fab and Vrykolakas.

136 VRYKOLAKAS (O.S.)
(over the din)
I told you, Dynion Mwyn witch I would drink deep from your soul. 136

And from Orddu Fab, we hear reverberating SHRIEKS OF RAGE, like thunder off distant hills.

137 ORDDU FAB (O.S.)
HELP ME, BRÂN. 137

Her desperate voices trails off.

138 ORDDU FAB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(echoing distant)
BRÂN. BRÂN. Why are you forsaken me? Son. 138

IN THE NEAR GROUND

Craig faces the Nearly Departed.

139 CRAIG
This aggression will not abide, man. 139

Cass casts VICIOUS MOCKERY at Craig, yet again.

140 CASS 140
 I live the *high life*, to make
 people like you interesting.

Craig's facial features twist into crestfallen consternation.

141 CRAIG 141
 Why do you keep bring me down, man.
 You're killing the vibe.

AT THE SAME TIME, Bahati circles Molly who keeps flinging
 HERBAL POTPOURRI in the air, like rice over newlyweds.

142 MOLLY 142
 Flower power is beautiful.

Bahati protects her face from the stench of rotting plants.

143 BAHATI 143
 No. What you are doing is twisting
 the natural order of things.

144 MOLLY 144
 Just go with the flow, decompose.

145 BAHATI 145
 How about you take a dirt nap.

Bahati STRIKES. Her shillelagh infused staff peppers the
 flower girl knocking petals off her doped up head.

MEANWHILE

Craig stumbles around. Wired? Inebriated? His non-beating
 heart clearly not in the fight.

146 CRAIG 146
 (sotto)
 Oh no, man. Why? Huh? What has
 this world come to?

He grabs Cass by the lapel shaking him.

147 CRAIG (CONT'D) 147
 Why? Why, man? Why?

148 CASS 148
 It's okay, man. We all have those
 kinda days.

Molly hastily spreads cannabis seeds, casting PLANT GROWTH.

149 MOLLY 149
Get zonked!

WEED sprouts from the ground and then *GOES UP IN SMOKE*.

She waves her hand, directing the smoke at Bahati.

Cass pushes Craig back and directs *CUTTING WORDS* at Molly.

150 CASS 150
Madam, you are ugly. I think I'll
set it to music.

151 MOLLY 151
Wow. Dude. C'mon, you keep
bringing this party down. Why do
you keep doing that, man?

152 ARCHIBALD 152
I can't take these people serious.

153 BAHATI 153
I kinda like their vibe. Maybe we
can get them to join us?

Craig retreats as Saoirse pushes the advantage.

154 CRAIG 154
Yeah, man. So like, why you keep
juicing on me?

155 SAOIRSE 155
So you can get some rest, my dude.

She *CRACKS HIS RIBS* with a jarring thunk.

156 CRAIG 156
Oh shit. You hit me.

157 SAOIRSE 157
Real hard, dude. If I do my job
right.

True to her word, she hits him *HARD* again, this time in the
shoulder cracking bones and driving him to his knees.

158 CRAIG 158
Bodacious lightshow, man. Can you
see it? This is it, I'm gonna die.

He starts to fall and Bahati catches him in her arms.

159 CRAIG (CONT'D) 159
 I'd like to lie down now, if that's
 cool?

Bahati lowers him to the ground.

160 CRAIG (CONT'D) 160
 Thank you. Now I'm free to return
 to sweet oblivion.

Suddenly the spark of magic that gave him life fades. Bahati gently nudges his eyelids close and as she does, he crumbles to dust leaving behind his NAME BADGE: CRAIG.

161 BAHATI 161
 Bye, Craig.

162 ARCHIBALD 162
 I guess that leaves us with--

They all look up at Molly who's doing a hoola-hoop dance.

163 BAHATI 163
 Molly, you wanna end this?

164 CASS 164
 It's four against one.

165 MOLLY 165
 Look, man, even if I wasn't
 compelled to kill you. Your bumner
 attitude would convince me other.

166 ARCHIBALD 166
 I'm compelled, too.

He tries to knock her block off and misses.

167 MOLLY 167
 (scoffs and spits ichor)
 That hoe is all show and no go.

The blackhole called her mouth, cranks open wide releasing a soul piercing high cackle.

168 CASS 168
 Gods damn girl!!! You got a wicked
 case of molly mouth.

The psychic power behind Cass's final VICIOUS MOCKERY insult, reduces Molly's brain to the size of a pea.

Molly falls to her knees.

169 BAHATI 169
 In another life, maybe we could've
 been friends, huh?

Molly takes Bahati's hand and thrusts a RING into her palm.

170 MOLLY 170
 Take this and protect it. Don't
 let that witch have it.

171 BAHATI 171
 I wont. I promise. I'll treasure
 it forever.

172 MOLLY 172
 Peace and love.

Molly crumbles to dust leaving behind her NAME TAG.

Bahati opens her hand revealing a BOHEMIAN DREAM RING. A
 psychedelic design inlaid with PEACE SYMBOL.

173 BAHATI 173
 Whoa!

Saoirse pulls Bahati to her feet.

174 SAOIRSE 174
 We gotta go.

Across the crater THE BLINDING FURY OF SPELL COMBAT
 continues.

175 CASS 175
 Beatrice, any words of wisdom?

176 BEATRICE (V.O.) 176
 Hey, man, like, I expect there are
 other dopey zombies stalking about
 the neighborhood looking for
 trouble. We should probably keep
 on truckin.

THE NEARLY DEPARTED FLEE THE SCENE

EXT. NECROPOLIS WALL - EARLY MORNING

The sun is peaking over the horizon as Archibald, Cass,
 Bahati, and Saoirse arrive at the crack in the wall leading
 out of the Necropolis to the Fey Cemetery beyond.

The battle between Orddu Fab and Count Vrykolakas even now
 continues to echo like a distant summer storm.

Cass holds up a hand for all to stop.

	CASS	
177	What are we telling Tenacious?	177
	ARCHIBALD	
178	The truth.	178
	SAOIRSE	
179	We had the skull until Vrykolakas... hear that, I finally got it. Vrykolakas attacked Orddu Fab.	179
	BAHATI	
180	And that dick, brown-nosing familiar asshole, Radarno stole it.	180
	RADARNO (O.S.)	
181	Whoa! Whoa. Hey. Be nice.	181
	EVERYONE SPINS, weapons at the ready and find--	
	RADARNO makes his trademark entrance. Instantly appears.	
	Bahati tries to run through him, as-if he were a ghost.	
	RADARNO (CONT'D)	
182	Wait... don't...	182
	Her head connects with his chin.	
	RADARNO (CONT'D)	
183	Owe! What are you, doing?	183
	Both stagger in retreat rubbing chin and head.	
	BAHATI	
184	Yeah, well, I don't have a whole lot of trust for you, my guy.	184
	Radarno holds up his hand in peace.	
	RADARNO	
185	I'm not hear to cause problems.	185
	ARCHIBALD	
186	What do you want?	186
	RADARNO	
187	What have we learned here?	187

188 CASS 188
Not to trust dick brown-nosing
familiar assholes.

Radarno tips his head in acknowledgement of the accusation.

189 RADARNO 189
My master has gone kinda crazy and
is back there fighting a witch.

190 SAOIRSE 190
No shite, we noticed.

191 RADARNO 191
I'm sorry for coming across rather
harsh earlier, my master was
watching and I had to act the part.

192 ARCHIBALD 192
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

193 RADARNO 193
We were stuck in that oubliette for
a couple of centuries. My master
owes you a debt of gratitude. He
would never admit as much, but I
will. I too owe you a thanks for
setting us free.

194 CASS 194
Well Jesum crow, you're welcome.

195 ARCHIBALD 195
Great. Return the fucking skull.

Radarno hands Archibald the bag.

196 RADARNO 196
It's yours.

197 ARCHIBALD 197
Really?

198 SAOIRSE 198
What's the catch?

199 BAHATI 199
Is this a double-cross?

200 CASS 200
You looking for new employment?

201 RADARNO 201
 No, no, no. Certainly not. I am
 dedicated to my master. Please, if
 you may, keep your own counsel, I'd
 be obliged.

Archibald's hand absentmindedly fiddles with the blood
 medallion making sure it's still around his neck.

202 ARCHIBALD 202
 Uh-huh.

203 RADARNO 203
 He would be severely cross, to say
 the least, if he were to learn I
 gave you the skull.

204 SAOIRSE 204
 And why are you?

205 RADARNO 205
 That skull is bad juju. My master
 is hardly good, but the skull is
 worse. And it's worse for him.

For a brief couple of beats its the "Standoff at the O.K.
 Corral", mouths tight, eyes darting, uncertainty abounds.

206 RADARNO (CONT'D) 206
 It's safe to presume, you do not
 intend to give the skull to Orddu
 Fab?

207 BEATRICE (V.O.) 207
*True wisdom is less presuming than
 folly. The wise man doubteth
 often, and changeth his mind; the
 fool is obstinate, and doubteth
 not; he knoweth all things but his
 own ignorance.*

208 RADARNO 208
 Translate, please.

209 BEATRICE (V.O.) 209
 (beatnik imitation)
 Hey! Look, man. That witch is a
 nihilist. The rest is kind of
 assumed.

The Nearly Departed nod and shrug in agreement.

FADE OUT: