



UNBEING DEAD

EPISODE 306

V. 9/12/22

Written by

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The Roleplayers

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Based on CHALDEA by

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EXT. NECROPOLIS SKY - ESTABLISHING

A distant VIOLENT UNNATURAL STORM hangs like a demon over the Necropolis, its rage hellbent on destruction.

EXT. NECROPOLIS WALL - DAY

A diminutive GECKO whiles the morning away on top of the towering necropolis wall. A dark ruinous crack, (a vast crevasse compared to the itty-bitty lizard), splayed out beneath him.

The earth trembles as a warband of giants emerge from the dark recess into--

EXT. FEY CEMETERY - DAY

Archibald wipes his sweaty brow.

ARCHIBALD

1	That wasn't me, cast iron guarantee. I'm not a betrayer.	1
	(beat, second thought)	
2	<i>Normally.</i>	2

Bahati appears next to him.

BAHATI

3	You blaming the shovel, witch, or the skull?	3
---	---	---

ARCHIBALD

4	Brân made me do it. I was compelled to speak and I spoke.	4
	(shakes burlap sack violently)	
5	Fomorian bastard.	5

Cass emerges.

CASS

6	<i>"The Power of Brân compels you!"</i> Like that, like an exorcist thingy?	6
---	--	---

Saoirse steps into the light.

SAOIRSE (V.O.)

7	Gods naturally possess the gift of exhortation*.	7
---	---	---

Note: \*exhortation. an address or communication emphatically urging someone to do something.

8 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
*By heav'n's high will compell'd* 8  
*from shore to shore.*

9 SAOIRSE  
 You're repeating yourself, sister. 9  
 Time to plagiarize something fresh.

10 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
 (scoffs)  
 Impossible. I do not plagiarize. 10  
 Imitate, mayhaps, on occasion. It  
 is the sincerest form of flattery.

Saoirse stumbles abruptly into Cass, who stumbles into  
 Bahati, who stumbles into Archibald who is preoccupied by--

11 ARCHIBALD  
 (pointing)  
 How did that get there? 11

ALL EYES WIDEN IN HORROR as they lift and follow the pointing  
 finger to--

ORDDU FAB'S SHACK. Somehow in the midst of the Fey Cemetery.

12 CASS  
 Cunning Ved'ma! 12

Note: \*Ved'ma, Slavic for 'witch'.

13 BAHATI  
 Ummm, do you think that she-devil 13  
 is home?

IN UNISON, all heads swivel like a synchronized chorus line,  
 back, up, and over the wall--

To a VIOLENT STORMY SKY OVER DBU WOLD NECROPOLIS.

Angry streaks of volcanic lightning crisscross the pulsating  
 sky like a wild aurora Suzugus dance.

14 CASS  
 Not likely, unless that vampire is 14  
 practicing onanism.

Cass arches an amused eyebrow.

15 CASS (CONT'D)  
 Know what I mean? 15

16 ARCHIBALD No. And please refrain from explaining. 16

17 BAHATI Where's Tenacious? Shouldn't he be here? 17

Saoirse returns her attention back to the Witch Shack.

18 SAOIRSE Maybe he is. You hear that? 18

Distantly, we hear TENACIOUS' VOICE low and unintelligible coming from inside the shack.

19 BAHATI This feels like a trap. 19

20 SAOIRSE Or a trap for Orddu Fab, Tenacious has set. 20

Saoirse gathers a stone from the ground.

21 SAOIRSE (CONT'D) Let's see. 21

She chucks the rock bouncing it off the front door giving it a reality check. Seeing the house is in fact quite real, she darts off with the others following closely.

A FEW BEATS LATER

The Nearly Departed approach the shack, it's perimeter cordoned off with YELLOW CAUTION TAPE.

22 ARCHIBALD What is this? 22

23 CASS It means this area has safety or health concerns. 23

24 (ducks under) Enter, but proceed with caution. 24

Bahati sniffs the air like a hound dog, catching a scent of--

25 BAHATI Essence of Tenacious. 25  
(talks to camera, ducking under tape)  
(MORE)



INT. WITCH SHACK - STORM CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Orddu Fab's shack of solitude's messy innards remains exactly as the Nearly Departed left it, except now it features an interloper--

IN THE CORNER

TENACIOUS hovers unmoving over a BUBBLING WITCH'S CAULDRON, petrified hard as stone, hands raised dramatically mid-spell. His determined demented features eerily illuminated by a vile green smoke pouring forth from the pot.

The four allies inch closer, lured by the hypnotic disembodied voice coming from the Fey Wizard.

A LOUD VOICE CRACKS THUNDEROUSLY.

35 BRÂN (V.O.)  
**MY BODY IS HERE. I FEEL IT.** 35

CENTER OF ROOM

Brenhinol Brân's skeletal remains, rest peacefully on a large granite slab.

36 BRÂN (V.O.)  
**Come to me.** 36

A finger twitches. An arm shifts. And then legs rattle.

SLOWLY THE HEADLESS SKELETON RISES into a sitting position.

37 BRÂN (V.O.)  
 Archibald, take me to my body. Do 37  
 as I COMMAND! **NOW!**

The skeleton climbs off the table.

38 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
 Keep them apart. 38

Our heroes raise weapons, nervous by the walking skeleton. Never mind the fact that it was previously a god.

BACK ON THE SKELETON

Two skeletal arms rise, boney digits reach forth calling--

From a nearby weapons rack, a SWORD and AXE answer the Fomorian god's summons. They fly *speed-of-light* across the room into Brân's outstretched fingers.

He tests the weapon's weight, like old friends reunited.

39   BRÂN (V.O.)   39  
                               YES!

ON ARCHIBALD

40   ARCHIBALD   40  
                               I know how this story ends.  
He whips out the bag containing the skull.

41   ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)   41  
                               Brân's skull!  
The skull instantly materializes in his hands.

42   SAOIRSE   42  
                               Archie?

43   BRÂN (V.O.)   43  
                               Deliver me, Archibald Ashtooth. My  
   champion. Fulfill your duty.  
Archibald walks toward the skeleton.

44   SAOIRSE   44  
                               Archibald?

45   BAHATI   45  
                               Don't do it.  
Cass reaches out to stop his friend and bounces off an  
impenetrable force surrounding him.

46   CASS   46  
                               Beatrice? Baby? Do something?

47   BEATRICE (V.O.)   47  
                               What the hell am I supposed to use,  
   man, harsh language?  
Archibald approaches the skeleton, skull held reverently.

48   BRÂN (V.O.)   48  
                               I give all that I possess. Honor,  
   status, distinction, influence.  
   Power over life and death.

49   ARCHIBALD   49  
                               The greatest of these I accept.  
In one fell swoop Archibald drops the skull on the slab  
commanding the Shovel of the Dead--

50 ARCHIBALD (CONT'D) 50  
Smash skull!

The shovel comes down--

**BOOM!**

BREHNINOL BRÂN'S SKULL SHATTERS into many, many pieces.

And with it, the FINAL DESTRUCTION OF A GOD.

The force of the impact and resulting primal detonation, rips the shovel from Archibald's arm, sending it careening like a meteor across the room.

**TIME STOPS**

51 BRÂN (V.O.) 51  
You are illogical.

(voice weakens and distant)

52 Why? I could have given youuuuu-- 52

53 ARCHIBALD 53  
Because, I want my life back. And that of my friends.

**TIME RETURNS**

The sword and axe fall with a clatter from the skeleton's grip, followed by a waterfall of bones spilling across the floor.

54 SAOIRSE 54  
Archibald, you okay? You're a-a-a, you're missing your, shovel buddy.

55 ARCHIBALD 55  
(scans his stump of an arm)  
Never better. But I can't say the same for Tenacious.

IN THE CORNER

Elongated white phantom specters separate from the green smoke. They circle Tenacious hissing as they tug, scratch, and claw. Determined to pull him bodily into the cauldron.

56 SAOIRSE 56  
If Tenacious dies--

57 BAHATI 57  
We're screwed.



OUR HEROES REACT, coming to his aid.

Saoirse KICKS THE CAULDRON and receives nothing but a sore toe for her effort.

SAOIRSE

58 Owe!! 58

Bahati strains, yanking hard on the wizard's robes--

BAHATI

59 Come on you bastard, *ahhhh*, MOVE... 59

Seems no effort, strength or spell will move that Tenacious mountain of stone. She gives up.

BAHATI (CONT'D)

60 Someone got a better option? 60

BEATRICE (V.O.)

61 *A good plan violently executed now* 61  
*is better than a perfect plan*  
*executed next week.*

ARCHIBALD

62 Finally, speaking like a true 62  
sword.

Archibald hurls an ELDRITCH BLAST into the closest phantom.

BEGIN PHANTOM PANDEMONIUM MONTAGE

Three phantoms screech madly and fly at our heroes.

SAOIRSE wades into the phantom menace like a boss, slashes with her halberd wrecking havoc on their incorporeal forms.

SPELLS WHIZ

- CASS casts Protection vs. Evil

- BAHATI casts Faerie Fire

- ARCHIBALD blasts Eldritch Blast.

SPELL SORCERY collide with ECTOPLASMIC MANIFESTATIONS  
weakening their presence on the Prime Material world.

The action devolves into a GRAND PITCHED MELEE, a storm of violence, weapons, and spells against screeching banshee phantoms.



71 ARCHIBALD  
What? 71

72 CASS  
Brevity, my friend. The real art  
of speaking is to use as few words  
as possible. 72

73 ARCHIBALD  
FIRE!!! 73

and launches a volley of Eldritch blasts.

74 CASS  
Attaboy! 74

The last phantom's grip on this plane evaporates and it's gone.

END PHANTOM PANDEMONIUM MONTAGE

The Nearly Departed winded and desperately needing a rest,  
gather around Tenacious who is still SPELLBOUND BY THE  
CAULDRON.

75 SAOIRSE  
What do we do? 75

Low indecipherable whispers emanate from the wizard.

76 BAHATI  
Huh? Can you make out what he is  
saying? 76

77 TENACIOUS  
(speaking in Gaelic)  
Glanadh na bana-bhuidsichean.\* 77

NOTE: \*Purify the witches brew.

78 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
Let me listen, I am fluent in 6  
million forms of trash talking. 78

They lean close, Beatrice listening intently to barely  
audible whispers.

Beat. Shrugs all around.

79 SAOIRSE  
Something about, purification? 79

80 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
Yes. I believe he wishes us to  
purify la pot. 80

81 CASS  
And how do we do that? 81

82 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
Locate essence of White Lotus. 82  
(Saoirse points sword)  
83 In the witch's potion stores. 83

A MOMENT LATER

The four Nearly Departed scour the potions rack.

84 BAHATI  
I got it. Is this it? 84

Bahati holds up a tiny WHITE VIAL.

85 CASS  
Wait. A dose of White Lotus is 85  
worth more than, most minor  
kingdoms. Maybe being dead but  
rich, isn't such a bad trade.

86 ARCHIBALD  
Are you <SPITS> kidding me. 86  
(holds up stump)  
87 I lost a hand. 87

88 CASS  
You could buy another one. 88

89 BAHATI  
I'd rather be alive. 89

Bahati pours the white liquid into the cauldron.

Immediately, the ill green smoke shifts white and Tenacious  
collapses awkwardly to his knees.

90 CASS  
What a crime. You just poured out 90  
a hundred thousand gold sovereigns.

Saoirse helps the disheveled wizard slowly to his feet.

91 TENACIOUS  
Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. 91

92                   SAOIRSE                   92  
                  You mind explaining just what the  
                  hell is going on?

Tenacious holds up his hand, stymying any further inquiries.

93                   TENACIOUS                   93  
                  Uh-huh, about that. I noticed  
                  Orddu Fab involved in a firefight.  
                  I gambled, pilfered her house.  
                  Brought it here.

94                   ARCHIBALD                   94  
                  Why?

95                   CASS                   95  
                  Yeah, why?

96                   TENACIOUS                   96  
                  Because she's a witch and witch's  
                  have secrets. Skeleton in the  
                  cupboard, so to speak.

97                   SAOIRSE                   97  
                  (dubious)  
                  Really?

98                   BAHATI                   98  
                  That sounds like some poetic  
                  bullshit.

99                   TENACIOUS                   99  
                  Fine. You might as well know the  
                  truth. After I promised to return  
                  you to life, I soon realized I  
                  couldn't. However--

They all cry foul, protesting loudly.

100                  NEARLY DEPARTED               100  
                  What?/Whoa!/You lied?/Figures.

101                  TENACIOUS                   101  
                  Relax. My word carries a copper-  
                  bottomed\* guarantee of accuracy. I  
                  have a plan.

NOTE: \* copper-bottomed, a copper-bottomed plan, deal, or  
investment can be trusted completely because it is safe and  
certain to succeed.

102                  ARCHIBALD                   102  
                  Blow the gaff.\*

NOTE: \*Blow the gaff. British criminal slang, meaning exposing some crime or underworld activity.

103 CASS  
Yeah, blow it. 103

104 TENACIOUS  
This naughty kitchen utensil. If you must know... 104

They all consider the black pot.

105 TENACIOUS (CONT'D)  
It once belonged to the lineage of Fomorian Kings, said to be capable of resurrecting the corpse of dead warriors. 105

Cass slaps Archibald jovially on the shoulder.

106 CASS  
Only warriors, eh? Well shit, Archibald. I guess you're ffyc'd. 106

107 ARCHIBALD  
Ha-ha! 107

Saoirse rubs her chin in contemplation.

108 SAOIRSE  
That's an interesting tale. How do we conjure life from this thing? 108

109 TENACIOUS  
Just as you would expect, you drink. 109

110 BAHATI  
What? That? Uh, uh. No way! No, no, no. 110

111 TENACIOUS  
The brew has been purified. But we still have a problem. This mechanical marvel is finicky, and has rejected any attempts at removing the brew. 111

112 ARCHIBALD  
What are you saying, we're gonna have to lap from it, with our tongues like dogs? 112

113                   BAHATI  
I can do that.                   113

114                   ARCHIBALD  
Not helping.                   114

115                   CASS  
I have just the tool.           115

Cass brandishes his favorite weapon du jour licking his lips seductively.

116                   BEATRICE (V.O.)  
*First we eat, then we do everything else.*                   116

117                   ARCHIBALD  
(summoning said ladle)  
Cass' ladle.                   117

The ladle instantly appears in Archibald's one good hand.

118                   ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
I'll be the guinea pig.           118

Cass snatches the ladle back.

119                   CASS  
Oh, no you don't.               119

120                   ARCHIBALD  
Cass' ladle.                   120

Again, the ladle pops into Archibald's hand.

121                   ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
I killed Brân. Dealers choice.   121

Cass attacks Archibald and for a few beats the two stooges grapple, but finally two hands overpower one and Cass quickly shoves the victory ladle in his mouth.

122                   CASS  
(Cheshire grin mouth full  
of ladle)  
I'sss moiom, shladles I'mmm goonkn  
flechs.                   122

123                   BAHATI  
Gross.                   123

Saoirse yanks the ladle from his mouth, like she's pulling a dagger from a sheath.

124                                   SAOIRSE                                   124  
                                   I'll decide who goes first.

and shoves the ladle into the cauldron AND STIRS.

A PALL OF SILENCE envelops the room as Saoirse continues her witch like stirring. Suddenly Beatrice cackles gaily.

125                                   BEATRICE (V.O.)                                   125  
                                   *Double, double toil and trouble;*  
                                   *fire burn and cauldron bubble.*  
                                   *For a charm of powerful trouble,*  
                                   *like a hell-broth boil and bubble.*

The sword lets loose a long harrowing laugh.

126                                   SAOIRSE                                   126  
                                   Cass, it is your ladle.

127                                   CASS                                   127  
                                   Me, ladle. Powerful ladle it is.  
                                   Hee hee. Mmm, powerful ladle.

Saoirse carefully brings forth the ladle filled with smoking white liquid.

128                                   SAOIRSE                                   128  
                                   Ready?

129                                   CASS                                   129  
                                   Gimme some sugar, baby.

130                                   TENACIOUS                                   130  
                                   No, wait, wait. What about the  
                                   shovel?

131                                   ARCHIBALD                                   131  
                                   What about it?

132                                   TENACIOUS                                   132  
                                   It's the Shovel of the Dead. We  
                                   can't just leave it lying around,  
                                   especially not in a Dynion Mwyn  
                                   witch's lair.

133                                   BAHATI                                   133  
                                   He's right. Once we're alive  
                                   they'll be no moving it.

134                                   RADARNO (O.S.)                                   134  
                                   I'm your, pallbearer.

EVERYONE SWIVELS toward the new voice and--



POOF! RADARNO APPEARS.

135                               RADARNO (CONT'D)                               135  
                               Hey folks, I was just in the  
                               neighborhood. Heard you needed a  
                               dead person to play honor guard for  
                               a Shovel of the Dead.

136                               BAHATI   136  
                               Radarno!

The Nearly Departed relax, tension in the air releasing.

137                               TENACIOUS   137  
                               Who are you, sir?

138                               NEARLY DEPARTED   138  
                               Radarno/He's our bro/He gave us the  
                               skull.

Tenacious scrutinizes the laissez faire teleporting newcomer somewhat dubious.

139                               TENACIOUS   139  
                               He's a vampire.

Radarno BLINKS OUT and BACK IN next to the cauldron.

140                               RADARNO   140  
                               Vampire adjacent. Appearances are  
                               often misleading.

141                               TENACIOUS   141  
                               What are you gonna do with it, the  
                               shovel, I mean?

142                               RADARNO   142  
                               I'm the cleaner. I make problems  
                               go away.

He reaches into his inside breast pocket and pulls out a parchment, scans it. Puts it back.

143                               CASS   143  
                               That's a powerful spoon, friend.  
                               By my calculation, you and your  
                               master, owe us a favor.

144                               RADARNO   144  
                               (scoffs)  
                               Favor? I gave you the skull.  
                               Favor fulfilled.

Archibald gets into Radarno's grill.

145                                   ARCHIBALD                                   145  
Your master tried to steal my  
pendant.

146                                   RADARNO                                   146  
And failed.

147                                   ARCHIBALD                                   147  
What will stop him from trying  
again?

148                                   RADARNO                                   148  
Nothing of course, but he's lost  
interest. I will tell him this  
shovel--

The Shovel of the Dead APPEARS in his hand.

149                                   RADARNO (CONT'D)                                   149  
Destroyed the skull. It's more  
than a fair trade, hmmm?

150                                   SAOIRSE                                   150  
And if your master fails against  
the witch, what then?

151                                   BAHATI                                   151  
She will come here. Come after us!  
Come after you.

152                                   RADARNO                                   152  
Brighwyna imprisoned Orddu Fab  
within the Necropolis. Her ticket  
to freedom was the skull. She will  
not be, *coming after anyone*.  
Still, I suggest we dispose of this  
evil place. Put it where she can't  
find it.

153                                   ARCHIBALD                                   153  
And where would that be?

154                                   BEATRICE (V.O.)                                   154  
A place of forgetting.

155                                   RADARNO                                   155  
Oui, quite so. Turn around is fair  
play after all. For two-hundred  
years my master was forced  
imprisoned with in the oubliette.

It seems everyone recognizes a good idea when they hear it,  
as positive head nods and good cheer clock the room.

156 ARCHIBALD  
But how? 156

157 RADARNO  
(to Tenacious)  
Master wizard. You brought this 157  
lodging here, yes? Is it in your  
power to send it away?

He TELEPORTS next to the wizard.

158 RADARNO (CONT'D)  
If I were to provide you the 158  
proper, coordinates? Hmmm?

Tenacious nods and Radarno follows suit until both men are smiling and nodding like idiots. Tenacious leans close.

159 TENACIOUS  
(barely above a whisper)  
I know your game. 159

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

THE FOUR NEARLY DEPARTED CIRCLE THE CAULDRON.

160 SAOIRSE  
I guess this is it. 160

161 BAHATI  
Hot damn, am I ever looking forward 161  
to a bath.

162 SAOIRSE  
And I'm looking forward to that 162  
same bath, with you.

163 CASS  
Get a room. 163

164 TENACIOUS  
For the record: Our Wizard Contract 164  
states, I agree to resurrect you in  
exchange for the skull of Brenhinol  
Brân. I don't see the skull?

EVERYONE STOPS. Faces ashen like that of a corpse.

Long awkward beat.

165                                   ARCHIBALD                                   165  
I think we could probably sweep the  
dust--

Tenacious spits laughter.

166                                   TENACIOUS                                   166  
Ah-hah.... I had you going there  
for a second. I'm just teasing.  
Drink up.

The mood lightens.

167                                   CASS                                   167  
Dick move, man!

Saoirse holds up the ladle for Cass to drink. And he does.

Suddenly, CASS SCREAMS, his face twisted in unbelievable  
pain, horror, tearing at his eyes--

168                                   BAHATI                                   168  
Oh my gawds, he's--

169                                   CASS                                   169  
Its... its...  
(recovers, grins)  
170                                   actually, kind of nice. Smooth.                                   170

A WHITE HEAVENLY GLOW radiates around him, a Christ like  
figure stepping from the grave.

Everyone watches, holding their respective breaths.

171                                   CASS (CONT'D)                                   171  
I'm back, baby.

BIG EXHALES.

172                                   SAOIRSE                                   172  
Next?

Archibald grabs the ladle and dips it.

173                                   ARCHIBALD                                   173  
Pappa needs a hand.

He drinks as everyone waits.

The warlock holds up his stump and watches hopeful as white  
hot light reforms his missing appendage.

174                                   CASS                                   174  
                                   Be careful what you do with that,  
                                   brother, you'll go blind.

Archibald slaps Cass with his new hand.

175                                   ARCHIBALD                                   175  
                                   I owed you that.

ON SAOIRSE AND BAHATI, holding hands close.

176                                   SAOIRSE                                   176  
                                   Together.

177                                   BAHATI                                   177  
                                   Forever.

The two ladies dip and drink in unison. Their foreheads come together, eyes locked, as the WORLD GOES WHITE.

EXT. FEY CEMETERY - ESTABLISHING

The PHOENIX CONSTELLATION burns brightly like the Star of Bethlehem over Orddu Fab's house.

EXT. FEY CEMETERY - DAY

Alive and well, the once Nearly Departed exit the storm cellar, a new lease on life breathing fresh free air.

Followed by Tenacious and Radarno carrying the shovel.

178                                   TENACIOUS                                   178  
                                   I guess we have just one last thing  
                                   remaining.

He lifts a hand, revealing his--

GOLD RING FLASHES brilliantly.

A LABYRINTH SYMBOL blazes hot in the air. PULSING. And then, slowly, Orddu Fab's hut FADES INTO OBLIVION.

Radarno nods respectfully. Raising the shovel in solute.

179                                   RADARNO                                   179  
                                   I'll make sure to put this to good  
                                   use.

and DISAPPEARS.

The wizard turns to the onlookers.

180                                   BAHATI                                   180  
I wonder who won. Vrykolakas or  
Orddu Fab?

THEY ALL LOOK -- the spell storm abated.

181                                   CASS                                   181  
I think they call it, lesser-  
evilism.

182                                   ARCHIBALD                                   182  
Yeah, but which is the lesser?

183                                   BEATRICE (V.O.)                                   183  
The dead rarely stay dead.

184                                   TENACIOUS                                   184  
Brighthwyna is still an agitator  
causing mischief, but at least for  
now Orddu Fab won't be raising an  
undead army.

Tenacious shakes the hands of Archibald and Cass and then  
bows respectfully to Saoirse and Bahati.

185                                   TENACIOUS (CONT'D)                                   185  
Life is precious. Best not  
squander it.

He disappears leaving the four to ponder their future.

186                                   SAOIRSE                                   186  
What now?

187                                   BAHATI                                   187  
Gravers Dig and a bath?

188                                   ARCHIBALD                                   188  
I need a beer.

189                                   CASS                                   189  
Beatrice, you coming with us?

190                                   BEATRICE (V.O.)                                   190  
Oui monsieur. I have gotten used  
to your voices.

191                                   SAOIRSE                                   191  
Maybe after a short holiday, we can  
help you find your lost beau.

FADE TO BLACK:

192 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
Would you like to hear a poem? 192

POST CREDITS

INT. THE PYRAMID BAR - A FEW DAYS LATER

The most recent Somarrian Hunt having just ended, the pyramid bar is loaded with hunters drinking and bragging bout their latest exploits.

Four friends relax, quietly drinking and eating.

194 CASS  
I have a confession. 194

Cass removes his hat, dumps a clatter of SPOONS on the table.

Saoirse places a DAGGER, followed by a POTION, a BOOK, a RING, and... the items just keep coming.

195 SAOIRSE  
(to Bahati)  
What did you get? 195

She waves Archibald's skeletal hand.

196 BAHATI  
Hey, friend. 196

197 ARCHIBALD  
That's not funny, that's sick. 197

The warlock smiles impishly.

198 ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
I took Brân's thumb. I figured, if  
he ever came back, how could he  
wield a weapon without a thumb. 198

199 CASS  
How can we be under his thumb if he  
doesn't have one. 199

200 BEATRICE (V.O.)  
(singing)  
*Under my thumb* 200  
*The girl who once had me down*  
*Under my thumb*  
*The girl who once pushed me around.*

FADE OUT: