

BUBBLE
EP. 4A "ESCAPE (THE PINA COLADA SONG)"

Written by
Jordan Morris

Bubble, episode 4A: Escape (The Pina Colada Song) written by:
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SFX: COFFEE SHOP STUFF

We're inside "Literati," a busy coffee shop serving up alternative milk lattes and cold brew so strong it will make you feel like your body is covered in tiny bugs that are all talking shit about you.

It's one of the roughly 1,000 coffee houses in Fairhaven, a hip urban paradise where young professionals go to brunch and work at jobs where people talk about "disrupting" and maybe wait till they're in their late 30s to settle down and have kids because they're still figuring themselves out, you know?

Oh, it's also on a hostile alien planet and shielded by a high tech dome, but more on that later. Spoiler alert: There's going to be a big evil spider-guy.

Our heroes enter the shop. There's Morgan, a highly-competent killing machine, raised on the planet's surface. Despite being able to dismember giant carnivorous insects with her teeth, mainly talks about the golden age of Must-See-TV.

MORGAN

Everyone still talks about
Seinfeld, but there are some killer
seasons of WINGS.

I'll take your word for it. There's Mitch, a former Postmates driver who now slays monsters with Morgan on account of his strange new powers. He's the kind of man who owns three video game consoles, but no pans.

MITCH

Sorry I don't want to waste money
on pans when I PREFER grilled
cheese sandwiches toasted with a
lighter.

That's a fun outlook. And there's Annie who's a genius at turning alien elements into mind-altering drugs but will often flake on plans with just the text: "Gone Fuckin'"

ANNIE

Whatever. You love it.

They scan the crowd.

MORGAN

I don't see the mark yet. Do we
need to go over the plan again?

ANNIE

I'm a little insulted. You assume that just because I don't usually do the in-the-field stuff that I can't keep a plan straight?

MORGAN

Sorry, I'm being a little OCD. Do you want to say it back to us?

ANNIE

Sure. First we... okay, I don't remember it.

MORGAN

Annie! Focus! We need you!

MITCH

Hey, I kind of zoned out during the explanation too. Could we do a refresher?

MORGAN

Really Mitch?

MITCH

It's not my fault! While you were talking I could see out the window and this hummingbird was there just going to town on a bird feeder.

ANNIE

Wasn't he!? That motherfucker loves nectar!

(Annie and Mitch high
five)

MORGAN

Ugh. Fine. We're on an off-the-books mission for our bosses at Tandem. They suspect that a Fairhaven citizen named Sanden Christian has become infected with a brush-virus.

ANNIE

Question: Do you think Sanden would be a good name for the hummingbird?

MITCH

I've been calling him Waluigi.

MORGAN

Please save all bird-naming questions for after the briefing. We suspect he'll show signs of mutation when in a state of excitement. Annie matched with him on Tinder, so she'll act as the honey pot...

ANNIE

I do enjoy being called a honey pot.

MITCH

You know what's better than honey? Gravy.

ANNIE

Oh yeah! Can I be the gravy sack?

MORGAN

Sure. Annie, you're the gravy sack. Just meet up with him, do your first date stuff and I'll observe.

MITCH

And if he becomes dangerous, I'll blast him with The Sting.

MORGAN

Way to pay attention to 1/8th of the plan Mitch!

MITCH

Thanks. I downloaded a guided meditation app and it's really helping me pay attention to 1/8th of things.

MORGAN

I think that's him. Everyone, just look like you're not on a mission.

Annie has a seat while Morgan and Mitch lurk near the pastry case. Sanden enters. He's in his early 30s and... wearing a vest with a pocket watch. I think that kind of says it all, doesn't it?

ANNIE

Hey, are you Sanden? I'm Annie.

SANDEN

Well met, m'lady. So lovely to make your acquaintance on this fine afternoon in this fine purveyor of caffeinated beverages.

ANNIE

(panicking a little)

Oh... hi. What a... fun way of talking.

SANDEN

Nothing but the Queen's English will do when one is courting a Queen.

ANNIE

Cool. Really cool.

SANDEN

Can I procure you a libation? Perhaps a pastry on which to sup?

ANNIE

Uh, sure. I'll just take my usual. Large black coffee with extra whip. Hey, while you're getting that I have to go... talk to those people for a second.

SANDEN

I will return with the liquid refreshment toot-sweet!

ANNIE

(to Morgan)

Nope. Can't do this. Let's leave now.

MORGAN

What? Why?

ANNIE

He's one of those... m'lady guys. His profile seemed boringly normal enough, but he's really laying on the Ren Faire.

MORGAN

Come on, we need this mission to make rent this month. Just like... be on a bad date for 45 minutes. You don't have to touch him, just talk.

ANNIE

Ugh, I just wanna go home! Netflix just released a new season of The Great British Baking Show and tonight at midnight, Pornhub is dropping This Ain't The Great British Baking Show: a XXX Parody.

MITCH

Seems like they would have gone with The Great British Fucking Show.

ANNIE

Oh yeah, it's right there isn't it?

MORGAN

Annie, please! You go on dates with losers all the time.

ANNIE

What's that supposed to mean?

MORGAN

Well, there was the guy who has the "Eatin' Ain't Cheatin'" face tattoo.

MITCH

And that woman who said she was a "triple threat," and one of the threats turned out to be "dealing with customer service."

MORGAN

And the one who ended every sentence with "Ska-doosh"

MITCH

And the pet psychic who worked on every animal except dogs or cats.

MORGAN

Or the one who could only have sex if that song "I've Got a Brand New Pair of Roller Skates" was playing in the background.

MITCH

Or the one who wouldn't stop talking about the six months he spent in the Mighty Mighty Bosstones.

MORGAN

Or Mitch that one time...

MITCH

Hey.

ANNIE

Okay, I get it. Jeez... oh wait, I just thought of a few: The one who always smelled like Honey Mustard dressing, the one who still wore trucker hats and the one who every time he came said "My Wiiiifffee"

MORGAN

So come on, just hang out and give him a chance.

ANNIE

Ugh, fine. But you are leaving me alone with my nasty British cakes as soon as we get home.

(to Sanden)

Hi there. I'm back.

SANDEN

And pleased as a pip am I!

ANNIE

(half-hearted)

So, your profile says you're in marketing. What's that like?

SANDEN

Oh, tis a noble pursuit to be sure! Why, in a mere fortnight I could...

ANNIE

(fed up)

No. Stop. I can't do this anymore. Why on earth would you talk like that? This dumb app dating is artificial enough without you talking to me like you're my waiter at Medieval Times. And while I'm at it, your fucking profile needs work. I don't need to know how "into travel" you are. You know who likes travel? Everyone. Everyone likes it. It doesn't make you interesting that you like travel. And don't say "I have a great sense of humor." Just BE FUNNY and I'll know you have a sense of humor!

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

And what's with this "looking for a partner in crime" shit? Surely you don't mean you want to knock over a liquor store on our date? By "adventures" do you mean those Escape Rooms you're so proud you did? FUCKING ESCAPE ROOMS!?

As Annie rants, a dark purple corruption creeps out of Sanden's skin and all envelops his body.

MORGAN

(to herself)

Shit, Annie. That's too much.

The corruption turns his arm into long claw. He swipes it over the table, knocking \$50 worth of matcha to the ground. The crowd in the coffee shop flees for the door.

SANDEN

(growling in monster mode)

Methinks it's time for your final curtain call... m'lady.

Morgan grabs a hot milk pitcher from under the foamer.

MORGAN

I have a drink here for
"Renaissance Dork"?

She hurls it like a fastball, hitting the corruption-beast in the head.

SANDEN

(in pain)

Ahhh! What fools these mortals be!

He lashes out with his claw. Morgan narrowly dodges out of the way, while removing a tiny throwing knife from her trusty fanny pack. She tosses it, and pins the beast to the wall by his claw.

SANDEN (CONT'D)

(in pain)

Ahhhh!!!

MORGAN

Mitch! It's time for that 1/8th of
the plan you remembered. Sting!
Now!

Mitch points his hands and lets fly a blast of blinding light and organic matter.

MITCH
(Sting noises)

SFX: Sting

ANNIE
(exhausted)
Wow... so I guess we're back on our
bullshit.

MORGAN
(exhausted)
Yeah... back on our bullshit.

SFX: Transition Music

We're inside the great hall at the headquarters of Tandem Industries, the mega tech company that runs The Bubble that is Fairhaven. Bonnie, its CEO, takes the stage in front of throngs of loyal employees. Bonnie is the kind of person who you'd suspect sleeps sitting up and has a really specific diet. Like just root vegetables or something?

BONNIE
Welcome, Tandem Faithful to the first annual BUTTHOLE Ideas Conference. Before I start, there have been some questions about the name. No, BUTTHOLE does not stand for something like "Best Unsung Tradition whatever whatever." We made the mistake of naming the conference via an online poll. It was either this or "Conference McConference Face."

I'm kicking things off with a talk I'm calling: "What to do when everyone assumes your company is evil." Now, as you know, Tandem is responsible for deliberate communities like Fairhaven, Mission Beach and Florida Two. Sanctuaries where people can live as they choose without having to worry about the unforgiving alien landscape.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

But despite these good works, there are still some out there that would label us as "evil." The assumption that just because a corporation cares enough to closely monitor its customers it has sinister motives is an incorrect one, perpetrated by TV and movies like Demolition Man... and others.

Behind every supposedly "evil" facet of the company, there is a perfectly logical, non-evil explanation. For instance: Yes, we do have a volcano lair. Partially our fault for referring to it as a "lair," but this planet's volcanic activity is a clean source of power and we'd be foolish not to take advantage. And yes, there is video of me "dangling" an employee over the volcano's mouth but that was simply a joke to liven up a sexual harassment seminar. Also, yes, we do thoroughly monitor everyone within our walls. We don't want to be intrusive, but we do want to keep you safe, and provide targeted ads and custom porn search categories. So remember: Be proud of the work you do here and do not listen to those who might confuse evil with strength. And finally, monogamy is unnatural, you can read more about it in Sex at Dawn. Thank you.

Everyone stands and claps

Bonnie gets off stage. She's immediately approached by Friedrich Lutz, CEO of DawnSpear, one of Fairhaven's largest gaming companies. He's the kind of man who has a closet of identical dress shirts, but is probably wearing some kind of Sonic the Hedgehog underwear... you know, just so he has a naughty little secret.

FRIEDRICH

Bonnie, that speech was amazing. What a great way to kick off the BUTTHOLE conference.

BONNIE

Hello Friedrich. How's the interactive tentacle porn business?

FRIEDRICH

Ha! That's funny. It's been YEARS since we've made a Squid Dead Redemption game. I especially loved the part of your speech where you called out the outdated patriarchal practice of monogamy.

BONNIE

Oh yeah. That wasn't actually supposed to be in there. I used a template from a popular TED talk and accidentally left it in.

FRIEDRICH

Well, very brave either way. I was wondering if you had time to talk about some of Dawnspear's new IRL Experiences.

BONNIE

Oh yes. Your little Escape Rooms. Some of our department heads say they're great for team building or... whatever.

FRIEDRICH

Oh, they're the shit for team building. I'm glad you've heard good things. We've actually been incorporating some elements I think would interest Tandem...

BONNIE

Let me stop you right there. It's Brush chemicals, isn't it?

FRIEDRICH

What? No. Where have you heard--

BONNIE

There's been a rash of really nasty mutations lately. Low and behold, everyone infected has been to one of your little grown-up playgrounds.

FRIEDRICH

Ludicrous! You're welcome to come down and inspect our facilities.

BONNIE

We've given things a very thorough scanning and haven't found anything. But that doesn't mean there's nothing there. You're a smart man Friedrich, and it's entirely possible you could elude me... for a time. Because I admire you, I benevolently allow you to operate under my Bubble, with the understanding that you'll keep your shit out of my shit. If you're up to anything with Brush chemicals, stop. Or I'll crush you. Just like I crushed motherfucking Elon Musk.

FRIEDRICH

Having him drawn and quartered was a little much.

BONNIE

You think? I thought it was fun and funky! Anyway, enjoy some complimentary charcuterie and stay the fuck in your lane.

Bonnie leaves him standing there, mouth open.

FRIEDRICH

(sadly, to himself)

No... you stay in YOUR lane. Shit, I should have said that.

SFX: Transition

Morgan sits in Bonnie's sinister, yet tasteful minimalist office.

BONNIE

Thanks for taking care of that corrupted goober for us at the coffee shop. The funds we agreed on should be transferred to your account. But next time, can you do it without so much additional destruction?

MORGAN

Yeah, about that. Annie was there and... kind of went rogue.

BONNIE

I mean, you don't HAVE to involve that walking student loan.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I mean, the Neck Beard at least has powers you can exploit.

MORGAN

Annie's my friend. And she's there for me like... 75% of the time. She's just a... creature of impulse.

BONNIE

Well, your methods are your own and unnecessary chaos aside, you're the Huntr I trust the most. Speaking of: How would you and your buddies like a couple of free passes to an Escape Room?

MORGAN

I think I'll pass. Since I grew up in the Brush, fake adventures don't really do it for me.

BONNIE

I'll rephrase: You'll be going to an escape room to make up for the coffee shop destruction. There's been a rash of mutations lately. Every one of them has been to one of Dawnspear's IRL Adventures. I need you and Neck beard...

MORGAN

His name is Mitch.

BONNIE

I know. I need you and Neck Beard to use your heightened senses to go in there and see if there's anything going on that our scans haven't been able to pick up.

MORGAN

To be clear, is this a "do it or I'll be kind of passive aggressive to you," or a "do it or I'll throw you out into the wilderness and dissect your friend in a lab"?

BONNIE

(cheerful)
Second one!

SFX: TRANSITION MUSIC

Okay, so this is the point in the podcast where we'd pause for a commercial, but tonight we'll have to do them live so please bear with us.

SFX: Commercial music. Something jaunty you'd hear in a kickstarter video or something.

SPOKESPERSON

Do you want fresh, easy-to-prepare meals delivered right to your door?

SPOKESPERSON #2

I know what you're thinking: Those OTHER meal box companies say "easy-to-prepare" but they assume you have things like "cooking oil" and "running water" and "a desire to stop playing Smash Brothers for half an hour" Well, now meals have gotten EVEN EASIER: with Grunt Box!

SPOKESPERSON

I love my Grunt Box. When they say "easy to prepare" they mean it! This week's box had a 7-11 hot dog, three cigarettes and some sort of melon soda that I think might be South American? The perfect meal for me: Someone who is having a rough year!

SPOKESPERSON #2

My Grunt Box really hit the spot! I got a McDonald's McChicken, a Miller High Life tall boy and a baggie of powder that was labeled "crushed up Adderall," but honestly, who knows what the fuck it was. I didn't need spices, cookware or even plates! It had all the nutrition I needed to get up the nerve to tell my boss to go fuck himself.

SPOKESPERSON

To get your Grunt Box, just go to:Grunt dot box dot biz backslash Bubble. Or, just visit my buddy Keith, who's usually hanging out in the Bob's Big Boy parking lot. Okay, back to the show!

SFX: TRANSITION MUSIC

In Morgan and Annie's apartment, Morgan and Mitch prepare to investigate the Escape Room.

MORGAN

So I guess we just do this dumb game and see if there's anything suspicious going on?

MITCH

Right. I mean, if anything goes down I can always...

(beat)

MORGAN

Are you looking at the hummingbird again?

MITCH

No! I'm looking at the place he usually is. I haven't seen him in awhile and I'm growing concerned.

ANNIE

Heeeeeyyyyy guys. Whatcha doing?

MORGAN

Nothing. Don't worry about it.

ANNIE

Sounds like you're planning a mission? Maybe something that could lead to your doom?

MITCH

We're not. It's nothing. Forget it.

ANNIE

Sounds like maaaaayyyybbbbeee you're going to your doom? I wanna go to my doom too.

MORGAN

Annie, it's fine. We know you don't thrive in a mission-based environment. Feel free to just stay here and watch more cake-based pornography.

ANNIE

Oh, that ended up being a real letdown.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I mean, how hard is it to find porn actors that can do convincing Manchester accents?

MITCH

Yeah, little details are important.

ANNIE

Can I give it another go? I'm honestly not nuts about my "thing" being that I sit around and get fucked up all day.

MORGAN

I don't think that's your thing at all. I mean... it's a thing you do a lot... but you're really brilliant. You know more about Brush chemicals than I do.

ANNIE

See! We're like basically the same. People even say we sound alike.

MORGAN

Really? I don't hear it.

ANNIE

Eh. Honestly, I think it's probably just dudes who aren't used to hearing more than one woman's voice at a time. Anyway, can I come?

MITCH

I think she should come. If something illegal is going on there, we should bring someone who knows about illegal stuff.

ANNIE

Yes! Mitch, you rule.

MITCH

Also, you should buy us dinner after we're done. Remember when I got us that pizza last week?

ANNIE

I paid you back with homemade coupons!

MITCH

Yeah, they're bad though. One says "Good for one free thumbs up" and another one said "Good for one tip on where to get a cheap car wash."

ANNIE

Fine! I'll be totally present during the infiltration thing and afterwards, everyone's getting cheese fries.

MORGAN

I have now changed my mind.

MITCH

Nice. Oh, can I use my thumbs up coupon now?

ANNIE

Hell yeah you can.
(gives Mitch a thumbs up)
How's that?

MITCH

Honestly, pretty good.

SFX: TRANSITION MUSIC

Later, in the lobby at DawnSpear IRL, the gang approaches the counter.

Note: the Bored Employee will come back as a couple of different characters later. "Shadow Creature"

BORED EMPLOYEE

Welcome to DawnSpear IRL, an Escape Room Experience. Are YOU ready to get IRL?

MORGAN

I guess? What's available in terms of experiences?

BORED EMPLOYEE

Not much. These rooms are all booked: Captain Odeon's Fanciful Steampunk Contraption-a-lator, A Wee Journey Out of Hobbiton, and Eros's Decadent Grecian Sex Gauntlet.

ANNIE

Fuck. Really? I'm leaving.

MORGAN

Annie! Remember how you wanted to do this?

ANNIE

Yeah but can we come back when the sex gauntlet is open?

MORGAN

No. We're doing one today. What do you have available now?

BORED EMPLOYEE

Well, if you don't mind being spooked, there's The Bloody Haunting of Scream House.

MITCH

I'm actually not nuts about being spooked. I prefer being encouraged or satiated.

MORGAN

We're FINE WITH BEING SPOOKED! Three please.

ANNIE

Any chance this thing is a secret sex gauntlet?

BORED EMPLOYEE

Well MAAAYYYBBBEEEE... wait... no.

SFX: TRANSITION MUSIC

The gang stands in a spooky dungeon with bloody writing on the walls.

MITCH

She was right about this being spooky. Did I mention I don't like being in enclosed spaces? Is there one of these things that's more out in the open?

MORGAN

It's called an Escape Room. I'm pretty sure they're all going to be in rooms.

MITCH

Sounds like a failure of imagination to me.

ANNIE

Ugh. This is boring. Wait, I think I solved it. This wall looks like it's made of plywood. Let's knock it down with kicks and go get cheese fries. I win!

MORGAN

(whispering)

Guys, we need to see as much of this place as possible so we can see if there's any Brush energy around.

ANNIE

Girl, you have never been fun to play games with.

MORGAN

Are you still mad about Monopoly? Like I said before, it's a common misconception that you can't collect rent while you're in jail.

ANNIE

You and your "rules"--

MORGAN

And I definitely know you don't automatically own hotels when you lick them.

ANNIE

Well, that's how we played in my family!

MORGAN

Can we at least try? Please? We're dangerously close to being on Bonnie's shit list.

ANNIE

Fine. I'll try. I'm all about trying now.

MITCH

This blood writing has to be a clue right? It just looks like squiggles.

ANNIE

Maybe I can translate. It says:
"Kick. Down. The. Wall. And. Go.
Get. Cheese. Fries. Mitch. Smells."

MITCH

Hey.

MORGAN

Annie, you're actually right about
that wall. It's clearly made of
some other material. Maybe those
panels slide out?

MITCH

Dawnspear, the video game company
made this place, right? Let's add
up the blood marks to get a number.
That's how you get out of the ink
dungeon in Squid Dead Redemption.

ANNIE

It adds up to seven. Move the
seventh panel!

MORGAN

It worked! I found a key! Hey, we
fucked up our way to an answer. Go
us!

The gang moves into another room with body bags hanging from
the ceiling.

ANNIE

All right, which one of these walls
looks like it would be good for
kicking....

MORGAN

Wait... Mitch, is your Sting-sense
picking up anything?

MITCH

I mean... maybe? Let me listen.
(beat)

ANNIE

*(makes a fart sound with
her mouth)*

MORGAN AND MITCH

(both laugh)

MORGAN

Solid timing on that Annie. But we should let Mitch concentrate.

MITCH

Yeah, something is definitely here... but not in this room. It seems like it's under us? If that makes sense.

MORGAN

One of these floorboards is loose... I think I can pry it.

ANNIE

Hell yeah. I was hoping there would be some prying.

Morgan yanks up one of the floorboards. It was covering a dark, slimy, pulsating hole.

SFX: Gross sucking noises

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Wow. Solid hole. We sliding?

MORGAN

We gotta.

They dive into the mucus-y darkness and plop out into a dank chamber with slowly pulsing walls.

MITCH

Oh man, I'm all slimy.

ANNIE

Hooray! I'm all slimy!

MORGAN

This is what's causing the mutations. It's a deposit of Brush energy.

MITCH

There's something in here with us. We should be--

Before Mitch can finish his sentence, claws shoot out of the wall and jam themselves into our heroes' necks.

ANNIE

There's something gross in my neck!

A voice echoes out from the darkness.

FRIEDRICH

So, this is who Bonnie sent? You three better be some sort of scouting party for a larger attack force or I'm going to feel really insulted.

From the ceiling descends Frederick Lutz, CEO of Dawnspear. Only this time, his head is grafted onto the body of a giant spider. Remember when I said that would happen?

MORGAN

What the fuck are you?

FRIEDRICH

Just a fan of progress. I knew Bonnie was onto me when I met her at the Butthole festival.

MITCH

The what? Does that stand for something?

FRIEDRICH

No, I think it's just a bad name.

ANNIE

I actually know of another Butthole festival that's probably not the one you're thinking of. It's kind of an invite only thing.

MORGAN

Sorry, we didn't mean to interrupt. Can you finish?

FRIEDRICH

I don't have to. I can skip the explanation and get right to breaking you.

MITCH

No, we're curious. I mean... at this point we're pretty confused.

FRIEDRICH

Yeah, I can see that. Anyway, I've been trying to bring my game company to the next level. Bonnie and Tandem have always had a leg up because they've been secretly harvesting Brush energy...

MORGAN

That's a lie! She'd never be that reckless!

FRIEDRICH

She is! Plus, the fluoride they put in the water gives men erectile dysfunction.

ANNIE

I don't know dude, kinda sounds like a personal problem.

FRIEDRICH

I can stop and get right to the breaking if you want.

ANNIE

(impatient)

No, sorry. Keep going.

FRIEDRICH

We built this facility on top of the lair of a Mind Spider to harness it's power. We're diverting most of our resources to blocking Tandem's scanners so we can do our research in peace. After Bonnie slighted me at the conference, I had The Spider killed and my head grafted onto its body to take control of its chemicals and speed along my process.

ANNIE

Hey man, I get that you're pissed about your number two status, but the mind spider's chemicals are no joke.

MORGAN

Don't you know that this place has been causing mutations? You can't fuck around with Brush energy like this!

FRIEDRICH

It's all in the name of progress. The mutations were unforeseen and unfortunate, but you'll agree it's all worth it once you see what I've built. An escape room where you have to ESCAPE your own worst fears!

Some incongruously chill music starts to play. We realize it's The Pina Colada Song... or it would be if we weren't afraid of lawsuits. So for our purposes, this will have to do.

COULTON

If you like booze in your
beverage/and getting trapped in the
snow/And the love of a puppy/or
homemaaaaade pizza dough/ If you
like having sex at breakfast/after
eggs or a crepe/Then we might
should get married/call me Mr.
Escape.

MITCH

What the fuck?

FRIEDRICH

Creepy huh?

MORGAN

More confusing. The Pina Colada
song?

FRIEDRICH

The song is called "Escape." Escape
parentheses: The Pina Colada song.

ANNIE

Most people don't know that.

FRIEDRICH

I think it's widely known.

MITCH

Most people think Jimmy Buffet
wrote that, but he didn't.

ANNIE

Really? Who did.

MITCH

I don't know. Not Jimmy Buffet
though.

FRIEDRICH

Okay, I'll reconsider the ironic
music cue for my next victims. But
for now: Enjoy your personal
demons.

The claws pulsate and our heroes black out. Mitch is the first to come to, inside of a dark void, a liminal space.

MITCH

Hello? Is anyone else there?

A figure slowly creeps out of the dark.

SHADOW CREATURE

Hey Mitch. It's me, the alligator you were convinced lived in the toilet of your childhood home. Any day now you're going to sit down to potty and I'll bite off your wein!

MITCH

No! Not my wein! I need that! Holy shit... I'm back in fourth grade again.

SHADOW CREATURE

Fuck yeah you are. And hey, I was talking to the guys you ride the bus with. They said you don't know what 69 means!

MITCH

I do! I totally do!

SHADOW CREATURE

Oh man! Mitch totally doesn't know what 69 is!

MITCH

I could guess!

SHADOW CREATURE

Okay, what do you think it is?

MITCH

Where the woman pees on the man!

SHADOW CREATURE

He doesn't know! He doesn't know! Fucking story of your life Mitch. Always five steps behind everyone else. Sure, you're not delivery driving anymore, but you're still letting an app tell you what to do. You're going to die letting apps and bosses and your parents tell you what to do and then you'll proceed to fuck it up. Now sit on the potty so I can chomp off that wein.

Mitch crumples to the ground, now a ball of shame. Morgan wakes up inside her own void.

MORGAN

(to herself)

Okay. In the Mind Spider's Terror Void. Whatever happens next is not real.

SHADOW CREATURE

Hey Tater. It's been awhile.

MORGAN

Hi Mom. I mean...not-Mom... hallucination made to drive me insane or whatever.

SHADOW CREATURE

Quite a little life you've made for yourself here. Your... colorful friends and your apartment. It's really... cute.

MORGAN

What's that supposed to mean?

SHADOW CREATURE

Nothing! It means I think it's cute!

MORGAN

Yeah right. You said it in like, a Mom way.

SHADOW CREATURE

I mean, I guess I'm a little surprised this is what you're doing with your life. After everything that your Dad and I--

MORGAN

Mostly Dad.

SHADOW CREATURE

Well, that's debatable. But my bigger point is that you're wasting your life and sleeping on a futon.

MORGAN

I like the futon! I prefer a harder sleeping surface!

SHADOW CREATURE

Sure. Just keep telling yourself that. Hey, here's something interesting: You're a highly trained killing machine and I'M your worst fear.

MORGAN

Yeah... was kinda hoping it would be a dragon or something.

SHADOW CREATURE

Or a crab monster. A crab monster would have been nice.

MORGAN

Yeah. Crab monster would have been nice.

SHADOW CREATURE

On dozens of occasions you've looked death in the face and kicked it in the vagina, but you still can't figure out how to relate to the people in your life. I mean, you have to wonder why I still haven't come to get you after all these years.

MORGAN

Shit. Low blow.

SHADOW CREATURE

At least your Dad comes in once in awhile to steal artifacts and shoot lasers at you. I'm just out there someplace, not giving a fuck about you.

MORGAN

I don't care.

SHADOW CREATURE

Ha! You totally care. You put on this ass kicker facade, but when you're not killing something you're swaddled in your room watching dumb sitcoms about families who fight about nothing and then hug it out at the end. Look at you. All you want is a hug and you can't get it.

MORGAN

Fuck. This is working.

Annie comes to inside her own void.

ANNIE

Where am I? A La Quinta Inn?

SHADOW CREATURE

O.M.G! Annie Powell! It's me, Beth
Connors! We grew up together! What
the "H" have you been up to all
these years?

ANNIE

Oh... uh... chillin'?

SHADOW CREATURE

So funny I ran into you. My husband
was cleaning out our garage and
found these photos of us. Remember
when we dressed up as our favorite
Disney princesses and did that
dance to N'Sync?

ANNIE

I don't think I did that.

SHADOW CREATURE

You did! I have the pics and I'm
totally putting them on Facebook
and tagging you so everyone can
see...

(getting sinister)

Just how basic you really are.

ANNIE

Basic? Me? No way, I'm like super
fucking out there. When I leave a
room people turn to their friends
and say "What's HER deal?"

SHADOW CREATURE

Please. You hide behind potty-humor
and reckless substance abuse, but I
know that when you turn your
internet browser to private, you
take BuzzFeed quizzes to find out
which Gilmore Girls man is your
ideal husband!

ANNIE

No! No! It's not true its...

(realizing this is stupid)

Wait, what am I doing? Who the fuck
cares? Basic shit rules sometimes.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I lead a balanced life of innovative debauchery cut with strategic moments of reading the Hunger Games and drinking Pumpkin Spice Lattes which, for the record are fucking rad with a little Jim Beam in them. I refuse to apologize for that, you boring dipshit I went to Junior High with.

SHADOW CREATURE

Hmm... you are stronger than I suspected. Let's go ahead and move you to the next level...

Shadow creature exits. Mitch and Morgan enter.

ANNIE

Morgan? Mitch? Is that you guys? Man, this is kind of a piece of cake huh? That stupid mind spider doesn't know shit---

MORGAN

(pained)
Annie, while you were dicking around, we got tagged.

MITCH

(pained)
Yeah, we're poisoned and probably going to die and it's your fault.

ANNIE

What? I've been right here the whole time.

MORGAN

Bullshit. When am I going to learn I can't depend on you?

MITCH

Yeah, you're always too messed up or forgetful or just plain selfish to ever help anyone.

ANNIE

That's not true! I'm like... improving in those areas!

MORGAN

Yeah, not fast enough I guess. You fucking killed us. Your bullshit fucking killed us.

ANNIE

No! Don't go! I need you!

MITCH

Nope. We're dying... but before we go, we're going to remember a few more of the lame-os you dated.

MORGAN

The one whose greatest accomplishment was running the Moon Pie twitter feed...

MITCH

... The one who yelled at me for 45 min for never having seen The Marvelous Ms. Maizel...

MORGAN

The one who shit the bed so hard that her friends died.

Annie can't stand it. Her worst fear is right in front of her. She watches her best friends in the world fade away. The saddest song in the world begins to play... or at least a version of it that we can legally use.

COULTON

(to the tune of
"Hallelujah")

I heard there was a Bible guy/Who sang real good and made you cry/But you don't really care for Monday's Garfield/It goes this way in March, in May/The desert wind, the ocean spray/The Bible guy is waving:
"Howdy Jesus"/Howdy Jesus, Howdy Jesus, Howdy Jesus, Howdy Jesus

FULL CAST

Howdy Jesus, Howdy Jesus, Howdy Jesus, Howdy Jesus.

Music fades and the cast backs out

SFX: Commercial music

SATISFIED CUSTOMER

Do you hate the hassle of mattress shopping? Do you wish someone could deliver a quality mattress right to your door at a reasonable price?

(MORE)

SATISFIED CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Well, the cheapest mattresses don't come in high-tech boxes, they come from the side of the road. That's the principle behind Roadside Mattresses dot com!

JOHN MATTRESS

Hi, I'm John Mattress, CEO of Roadside Mattresses dot com. We locally source our mattresses from all over YOUR community. From the lawn outside that apartment building that's always covered in broken children's toys, to the loading dock outside a recently out-of-business SEARS. We take unwanted mattresses with minimal parasites and deliver them to you! Or tell you where you can come and get them if my brother who has a truck is busy.

SATISFIED CUSTOMER

(itching)

I love my Roadside Mattress! Thanks to them, I get to sleep with thousands of bed bugs, whose feet act like living massagers and whose presence decreases loneliness! Plus, its built-in filth reminds me of the mattress I used to collapse on in that flophouse when I was hooked on horse, and that was the happiest time of my life!

JOHN MATTRESS

Just go to Roadside Mattresses dot com and enter promo code "I heard this on Bubble, the podcast" for a free sticky pillow. Now back to the show.

SFX: Transition music

Our characters are pinned to the wall by tentacles, unable to fight back because they are living in a liminal space containing their own worst fears. Friedrich surveys his victory.

FRIEDRICH

This is the best Bonnie had to offer?

(MORE)

FRIEDRICH (CONT'D)

They're already broken and I didn't even have time to figure out where my dick is on my new spider body. Hmmm... I should look into that--

Before he can figure out where his dick is, a huge chunk of ceiling caves in and Bonnie drops through, wielding two small curved blades charged up with electricity.

BONNIE

Remember what I said about staying in your lane? Well, I have no idea whose lane this is, but it sure as fuck isn't yours.

FRIEDRICH

Hello Bonnie. Still not deploying the army I see? I guess you have no idea what I'm capable of.

BONNIE

Oh, I do and it's jack shit. Nice spider body. Is it new?

FRIEDRICH

Yep! Still getting used to it. So far the dick has been... elusive. Sorry that I've broken your little work force.

BONNIE

All part of the plan. I put a trace on my trusty freelancers hoping they'd find whatever you were up to and I could come in and kick your ass myself... a gal's gotta get out of the office sometime. Work-life balance, you know?

FRIEDRICH

Oh I hear you. I've been doing Cross-Fit recently.

BONNIE

Really? I've been meaning to try, but it seems a little cult-y. Is that your experience?

FRIEDRICH

They're passionate, that's for sure. Hey I wonder if the fact that I'm now 80% spider will affect my workouts.

BONNIE

I mean... I can't see how it wouldn't.

FRIEDRICH

You know, we're a lot alike you and I. Both successful CEOs, both open to the possibilities of alien energy...

BONNIE

Bullshit. I've got a thriving empire and you build toys and games for emotionally stunted adult-children. You're nothing like me.

FRIEDRICH

I was... **afraid**... you'd say that.

A claw shoots out of the ground and latches onto Bonnie's neck. She goes into a trance.

SHADOW CREATURE

Bonnie it's me. Your Dad. I'm here to tell you that.

BONNIE

(Yells)

Bonnie uses her blades to slice off her fake Dad's head.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for letting me into your little Terror Void. Now that I'm here, I can wake-up my back-up. Hey Morgan!

MORGAN

(waking up)

Bonnie? It's not you... it's not...

BONNIE

Yes, it's the real me. I followed you in here because I need you to help me kill that spider-douche. Now, rip out the claw and help me with the stabbing.

MORGAN

I want to, but I can't. I just feel so... not good enough.

BONNIE

Oh, he showed you your fucking Mom didn't he? Hey kid, you're ten times the warrior she was and you stick by people a hell of a lot better.

MORGAN

You think so?

BONNIE

Let's see shall we? Rip out that claw and distract our host while I grab your associates before they pee their pants any further.

Morgan rips out her claw and starts to fight Friedrich. In the liminal space, Bonnie approaches Mitch.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey there buddy! Wake up! We need lasers.

MITCH

Bonnie! Make sure the alligator doesn't bite my wein and tell him I know what 69-ing is!

BONNIE

What? What on earth are you hallucinating about?

MITCH

There's mean alligators in the toilet!

BONNIE

Ugh. I don't need to hear it. You don't need to worry about alligators. You could use your hand lasers to blow one's head off at any moment. You're powerful Mitch. Maybe the most powerful neckbeard of them all.

MITCH

Hey yeah! I guess I could kill them if I wanted to!

BONNIE

That's the spirit! Now rip out that claw and go help your friend!

Mitch rips out the claw and joins Morgan in the fight. Bonnie materializes in front of Annie.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey Morgan's roommate. Wake up...
you're like... amazing or whatever.

ANNIE

I killed them... I killed both of
them.

BONNIE

Oh you did not. They're out there
kicking ass right now and if we
don't hurry there's going to be
nothing left for me to kill and my
therapist said I need to make it a
priority to have "me" time.

ANNIE

I mean, maybe I didn't kill them
now. But, I might. Morgan's life is
getting more and more dangerous and
ambitious and I'm just not equipped
for that.

BONNIE

Sigh. Maybe you can't show up for a
job on time or wear pants that
don't have nacho cheese on them,
but the fact that you've been able
to create what you have purely in
the name of getting fucked up is
genuinely impressive.

ANNIE

You really think so?

BONNIE

Yes! The fact that you and your
team were able to find this place
when I couldn't is impressive. And
an embarrassment to me. Now, let's
rip out these claws and kill a big
spider-guy.

ANNIE

Hell yeah.

Bonnie and Annie both rip the claws out of their neck. They come to and see that Friedrich has Morgan and Mitch pinned to the wall with two of his legs.

BONNIE

Morgan!

MORGAN

(struggling)

Bonnie, I'm sorry! I'm used to these things being mindless. It's a different ballgame fighting one with a human brain.

Bonnie charges Friedrich who pins her to the wall with a giant leg.

BONNIE

(pained)

Let me go you NERD!

FRIEDRICH

NO! Hey Annie, wasn't your fear being forced to watch your friends die? Well, it looks like it's going to happen... for REALS!

ANNIE

Hey wait! Did I hear you say earlier that you're confused about your new spider-body?

FRIEDRICH

Well yes... I've got dick concerns.

ANNIE

The Mind Spider is actually a really fascinating animal. The toxin you've been pumping us with can actually give you a nice boost of fear-adjacent pep if you cut it right. I mixed some with a little Bear Fist Energy drink before I went to the Butthole Festival.

FRIEDRICH

Really? Good to know. But about its dick---

ANNIE

I'm getting to that. Its actually underneath a sack on its belly that sends the commands to these claws it's lined its lair with. Fun fact: The claws actually contain the toxin, not the spider itself.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

So that soft, penetrate-able sack probably shouldn't get near those claws... like the one I have behind my back!

Annie brandishes the claw she's stowed behind her back and charges. She plunges it into the spider's soft sack. He screams out and lets the others drop to the ground.

MORGAN

Annie! You saved us.

MITCH

Should I sting?

ANNIE

No need. He's got a ton of toxin in him, so he'll be crashing in fear-town for awhile.

MORGAN

I'm so sorry I ever called you a fuck up.

ANNIE

It's cool. It's probably just because of all the fucking up I did.

BONNIE

So, he's trapped inside his own worst fear huh? I wonder what it is?

Inside the dark void of the Terror Void, Friedrich calls out.

FRIEDRICH

Hello? Is anyone there?

SHADOW CREATURE

Hey there. I just heard your text chain has a separate text chain where all they do is make fun of you.

FRIEDRICH

Noooooo!

Friedrich and Shadow Creature exit

ANNIE

Hey Bonnie, thanks for saving us.
And for admitting in the Terror
Void how baller it was that we were
able to find this place when you
couldn't.

BONNIE

I think you're misremembering what
went on in the Terror Void. Lots of
chemicals involved.

MITCH

Did we all see the same thing? Were
you guys scared of the toilet
alligator who made fun of you for
not knowing what 69 meant?

MORGAN

No Mitch, the hallucinations are
all personal.

ANNIE

Yeah, my first one was this basic
dork I grew up with but I was like
POW! Get out of here! And then I
saw you guys die.

MORGAN

Annie, that's really sweet. I'm
scared that you'll die too.

ANNIE

Yeah yeah. I guess I like being
part of this team... or whatever.
Morgan, what was yours?

MORGAN

(defensive)
Crab monster! Big crab monster!

SFX: THEME MUSIC

