



SCP-8013 - THE DRAGON IS NOT A METAPHOR FOR CAPITALISM

By Mooagain

Script by Kevin Whitlock

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Content Warnings

- * Violence and murder
- * Anti-capitalist sentiment

NOTES (contains spoilers)

* The word [greaze](#)[\[gree-zz\]](#) (not greaSe) is a slang term which probably means "food that is ridiculously good". The Internet had a few different definitions for this term, but this seems most appropriate given that the name Greazeburger suggests a fast food joint.

* The original article described Martin Greaze's van as having an "unidentified make and model". This is less interesting than being specific. The iconic 1983 GMC Vandura was chosen to fill in this detail.

* The Dark Lord [Mammon](#)[\[ma-muhn\]](#) [Von Divitiae](#)[\[dee-WEEt-ee-eye\]](#) is referred to only as "Divitiae" in the original article. "Divitiae" is a latin word meaning riches, wealth, affluence etc.

However, the script-writer felt listeners would fail to understand this Latin word, since its pronunciation resists phonetic spelling and therefore casual searches.

The word "mammon" appears in the Bible, means "money", and is *slightly* less esoteric. Therefore Mammon was selected as the dragon's forename.

Yes that's right, the dragon's full name in English is *Money von Riches*. However as stated in the title, *the Dragon is Not a Metaphor for Capitalism*. Metaphors require subtlety and subtlety is for cowards.

People are homeless, starving, dying of horrible preventable diseases and [billionaires](#) are hoarding wealth like EVE Online players trying to buy their monthly subscription with in-game currency. The dragon is a stand in for those guys.

* Martin is significantly less murderous in this episode than in the original article. The horror is actually the reality we live in, not some inexplicably desperate middle-manager on a kidnapping/killing spree.

The original article ended with Martin Greaze resurrecting Monty Benson from the dead only to set him on fire by dousing him in whiskey and throwing a zippo at him. This is not just unrealistic; it doesn't make sense to bring someone back from the dead to waste good whiskey trying to burn them alive.

The [Greazeburger Incorporated Hub](#) suggests killing employees to end their employment is canon. However Monty's double-death is outrageously silly, even for an article like this one. Instead, Monty and Martin unwisely invest the dragon's considerable fortune in [Non-Fungible Tokens \(NFTs\)](#), which fits the episode's anti-capitalist themes.

SC.1 - INTRODUCTION

NARRATOR

Item Number: SCP-8013
Object Class: Keter
Disruption Class: Dark
Risk Class: Notice

Classified Level 4 - Secret.

Special Containment Procedures:

SCP-8013 is currently uncontained.

Due to its pattern of appearing only in Foundation facility parking spaces and its minimal impact on operations, it has been deemed a low priority object. Research into containment methods is pending approval.

Description: SCP-8013 is a white 1983 GMC Vandura, coated in a thick layer of rust and missing both exterior mirrors. The back of the van is adorned with four novelty license plates which spell out the phrase *MARTIN GREAZE***[gree-zz]** FROM [GREAZE BURGER](#).

Beat.

SCP-8013 can phase in and out of reality at will. Foundation personnel have witnessed the van appearing and disappearing at random in facility parking spaces. Forensic investigation has not discovered any trace of the vehicle's presence. Furthermore, there are no reported instances of the vehicle appearing *outside* Foundation property.

All attempts to stop the vehicle with barricades or the application of deadly force have resulted in demanifestation.

SC.2 - GREAZEFIRE

NARRATOR
Site 63 Incident Report
August 6th, 2020

Beat.

At 07:27, SCP-8013 manifested inside the Site-63 parking garage. It circled the area, drifting dangerously around corners and racing between levels for six minutes before striking Foundation Custodian Montgomery Benson.

An unknown person of interest later identified as Martin Greaze emerged, picked up Mr. Benson's body, and placed him in the rear of the vehicle. The anomaly demanifested before security forces could attempt a rescue.

Beat.

The following morning, these video files were uploaded to a secure Foundation server by an account belonging to Mr. Benson.

The videos depict events inside a [Dunwich-class Nexus](#) tentatively labeled SCP-8013-A.

Beat.

Recovered Video Number One
Montgomery Benson
August 6th 2020

Begin Log.

DIGITAL VIDEO PLAYBACK BEGINS.

Monty Benson is in the back of SCP-8013 recording events on his phone.

THE GMC VANDURA'S ENGINE RUMBLES AS THE VEHICLE CAREENS THROUGH AN EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL SPACE. GLASS BOTTLES RATTLE AGAINST THE FLOOR.

Feel free to add in sounds of other detritus in the back of the van. Loose tools, wood beams, whatever you've got. It's a mess back there.

MONTY BENSON

(stressed; mild fear)

Uh... Hi. Monty Benson here. I've been kidnapped by this uh... *guy*.

He hit me with his van in the parking lot and I woke up in the back about half an hour ago. I don't seem to have suffered any harm— somehow— but I have no idea where I am.

The GPS on my phone can't find my location and it's pitch black outside— even though it's only about 9 am.

I can see faint lights ahead, but I have no idea where I am and my kidnapper hasn't responded to anything I've said so far.

TIRES SCREECH. VAN SWERVES. MARTIN IS THROWN INTO THE VAN'S WALL.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)

Jesus *Christ!*

(grunts in pain)

DETRITUS SLAMS AGAINST THE WALL OF THE VAN. GLASS BOTTLES SHATTER, spraying glass around the back of the van. TIRES SCREECH AGAIN AS THE VAN CORRECTS ITS COURSE.

MARTIN GREAZE

(apologetic)

Sorry about that, almost hit a *pattern screamer*.

(soft chuckle)

Darn things should be more careful crossing the *nigh-way!*

MONTY BENSON

(surprise; annoyance; bruised)

You can talk! Why didn't you say anything before?

MARTIN GREAZE
 (defensive;
 accusatory)
 Well, first you were *screaming* about
 being taken hostage— which was pretty
rude, by the way— and then you were
 talking to your camera and I didn't
 want to interrupt.

MONTY BENSON
 (desperate for
 answers)
 Who are you? Where are you taking me?

MARTIN GREAZE
 (as though about to
 speak at length)
 Well Mister Benson...
 (trails off)

EXTENDED SILENCE.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)
 Does that answer your question?

MONTY BENSON
 (confused)
 No. You... you didn't say *anything*.

MARTIN DRIVES THE VAN INTO AN UNDERGROUND LOT, HITS THE E-
 BRAKE AND SKIDS INTO A PARKING SPOT. DETRITUS RATTLES,
 CLATTERS AND RUMBLES. MARTIN TURNS OFF THE IGNITION. KEYS
 JINGLE.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)
 (grunts; annoyed)
Careful! Don't you know there are no
seats back here?
 (muttering)
 Bloody maniac!

MARTIN GREAZE OPENS THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR AND CLIMBS OUT OF
 THE VAN. HE UNLOCKS THE VAN'S SLIDING DOOR AND PULLS IT
 OPEN.

MARTIN GREAZE
 Come on. Let's go.

MONTY BENSON CLIMBS OUT OVER THE DETRITUS, GLASS CRUNCHING
 UNDER HIS FEET. MARTIN TURNS AND WALKS ACROSS THE PARKING
 LOT; MONTY FOLLOWS.

MONTY BENSON
 Where are we?

Martin reaches an elevator built into the concrete foundation. MARTIN PUSHES THE ELEVATOR CALL BUTTON.

MARTIN GREAZE

We're in the basement parking lot of the main Greazeburger [*gree-zz ber-ger*] office. I'm on my way to talk to our landlord, then I have to get back to work, someone else will take you through orientation.

DING! ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN.

ELEVATOR

Sub Level One.

MARTIN STEPS INTO THE ELEVATOR.

MONTY BENSON

Floor six sixty-six please.

ELEVATOR

Going up!

MONTY BENSON

Wait! What do you mean *orientation*?
You can't just leave me here!

DING! ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE.

ELEVATOR ASCENDS. Monty Benson is still in the parking garage.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)

(annoyed)

Well... *shit*. I gotta find a way out of here! Can't go out the way I came in.

BENSON WALKS AROUND THE PARKING LOT UNTIL HE FINDS A STAIRCASE.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)

Here we go.

BENSON PULLS OPEN THE DOOR AND STEPS THROUGH. THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM. BENSON CLIMBS SEVERAL FLIGHTS OF STAIRS THEN PULLS OPEN ANOTHER DOOR. DISTANT PIANO MUSIC.

Benson enters a large open room with floor to ceiling windows. Outside, a bright and sunny field is visible.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)

This must be the lobby.

BENSON WALKS ACROSS THE LOBBY TO THE FRONT DOORS. BENSON PUSHES ON THE DOOR. IT RATTLES BUT WON'T OPEN. Evelyn Greaze is standing across the lobby from Mr. Benson.

EVELYN GREAZE

We lock the front door during work hours.

BENSON TURNS AROUND.

MONTY BENSON

Hello. Who are you?

BENSON WALKS ACROSS THE LOBBY TOWARDS EVELYN GREAZE. Evelyn's dialog gets louder (closer) as he approaches her.

EVELYN GREAZE

(casually)

My name is Evelyn Greaze. I'm the head of Human Resources.

MONTY BENSON

Why am I here? What is this place?

EVELYN GREAZE

This is the Greazeburger [*gree-zz ber-ger*] Earth Central Office—*obviously*.

Beat.

You're here because you were hired as part of Greazeburger Earth's new Diversity, Equity, and *Inclusivity* program.

MONTY BENSON

There must be some mistake. I never applied for a new job!

Also I'm cisgender, heterosexual, and *white*.

EVELYN GREAZE

Of course. The *whole point* of the Diversity Initiative is hiring from *outside* our normal pool of applicants.

Its *Diverse* in the sense that we hire *non-applicants* from a variety of disciplines.

(MORE)

EVELYN GREAZE (cont'd)
 Equitable in that virtually *anyone*
alive is eligible for random
 selection; and Inclusive in that we
 include the staff of our most *bitter*
enemies.

MONTY BENSON
 (slowly; dubious)
 I see.

EVELYN GREAZE
 In your *knew* role you'll send
 Greazeburger Earth's profit margins
 through the *roof*—

Beat.

(sinister)
 —or *die trying*.

MONTY BENSON
 (hopeful)
 Okay, so if I increase your profit
 margins you wont hurt me or anything?

EVELYN GREAZE
 We at Greazeburger Earth would *never*
 willingly allow harm to befall one
 our employees.

Beat.

(awe; borderline
 terror)
 That's the exclusive purview of Lord
Mammon[ma-muhn] Von Divitiae[dee-
WEEt-ee-eye].

MONTY BENSON
 Who?

EVELYN GREAZE
 (quickly; dismissive)
 Our *majority* shareholder and the
 owner of *this* building.
 (lying through her
 teeth)
 But he's not important.

Beat.

EVELYN GREAZE (cont'd)
 (cheerfully changing
 the subject)
 Want to watch the orientation video?
 Let's watch the orientation video!

EVELYN GREAZE PUTS A VHS CASSETTE INTO A CONVENIENTLY PLACED
 VCR AND PRESSES PLAY. A VIDEO BEGINS TO PLAY ON THE WALL OF
 THE LOBBY.

MARTIN GREAZE
 (cheerful;
 pathetically
 desperate)
 Hello new Greazeburger employee, and
 welcome to the Greazeburger family!

Here at Greazeburger incorporated, we
 strive to bring our customers new and
 exciting products, *even when they
 don't ask us to!* Our forward thinking
 mindset and agile business model are
 fully directed to imagining the next
 big thing in the field of
greaze[gree-zz].

That innovation starts with *you!*

Today, you may be a new hire with no
 training or relevant experience, but
 tomorrow your fresh perspectives and
 new ideas could raise our stocks
 tenfold!

The success of this company falls on
your shoulders now.

Beat.

Please help us.
 (extremely quickly;
 like the fine print
 at the end of a
 sketchy medicine
 commercial)
*Family is bound by blood and
 marriage. Employees must take the
 Greaze family name within ten
 business days of hiring. Employee
 families are considered part of the
 larger Greazeburger family. The
 Greazeburger family is not
 responsible for medical debts
 incurred by individual family
 members.*

VCR STOPS. EVELYN HITS REWIND.

MONTY BENSON
(frustrated)
That didn't explain *anything!*

EVELYN GREAZE
Don't worry. It's all in the
orientation package. There's still a
lot of on-boarding we need to get
through.

PAPERS SHUFFLE.

EVELYN GREAZE (cont'd)
Here you go.

EVELYN GREAZE HANDS BENSON A MANILA FOLDER. MONTY BENSON
OPENS IT.

MONTY BENSON
(exasperated sigh)
This folder is *empty!*

EVELYN GREAZE
(like Monty is some
kind of imbecile)
Greazeburger Earth is environmentally
conscious. As such we don't waste
paper when we can just *tell you*
things!

MONTY BENSON
(expectantly)
Go on then.

EVELYN GREAZE
(desperate; sheepish
grin)
We are a good company. *Please* give us
money?

MONTY BENSON
Aren't I supposed to be an *employee?*
I'm certainly not a *customer!*

EVELYN GREAZE
Right. Sorry, force of habit.

How about we start your first day of
work?

MONTY BENSON
Unless you'd like to let me go home?

EVELYN GREAZE
No thank you. Please follow me.

EVELYN GREAZE WALKS ACROSS THE LOBBY AND OPENS A DOOR TO ANOTHER STAIRCASE. SHE LEADS BENSON UP ANOTHER FLIGHT OF STAIRS AND OPENS A DOOR ON THE NEXT FLOOR. They enter an office space. This space is carpeted.

MONTY BENSON
What's with all these red stains in the carpet?

EVELYN GREAZE
(lying; it's definitely blood)
That's just some spilled Kool-Aid.

MONTY BENSON
You uh... drink a lot of that around here?

EVELYN GREAZE
(coughs)
This is the office floor, you'll be working here with the *other* diversity hires. Your main job will be-
(interrupted)

MONTY BENSON
There are more Foundation staff members here?

EVELYN GREAZE
(chuckles)
No.
(huffs)
Why would we need more than one of each background we're required to include?

MONTY BENSON
What other "*backgrounds*" are here?

Enya Richmond's dialog is muffled and distant until Monty opens the door to the broom closet she is confined in.

DISTANT BANGING AS ENYA RICHMOND KICKS THE DOOR SHE'S IMPRISONED BEHIND.

ENYA RICHMOND
(shouting; angry)
Hey!

Hey!

(MORE)

ENYA RICHMOND (cont'd)

Let me out of here!

EVELYN GREAZE

Ignore that, we've got a lot on the schedule before you meet the rest of the team.

MONTY BENSON RUNS ACROSS THE OFFICE. BANGING GETS LOUDER, CLOSER.

EVELYN GREAZE (cont'd)

(concerned; annoyed)

Where are you going? Come back here!

ENYA RICHMOND

Let me out you bastards!

BENSON OPENS THE DOOR to a small broom closet.

MONTY BENSON

Oh shit, who're you?

ENYA RICHMOND

(angry; menacing)

I'm the woman who's going to sue your shirt, pants, and tighty-whiteys right off!

That's who!

MONTY BENSON

Sorry ma'am but I don't even work here.

ENYA RICHMOND

Do you have any idea who I am? Or who I work for?

I'm *Enya Richmond*, Chief Legal Council for *Marshall, Carter and Dark*!

EVELYN GREAZE

Good news! Now you're both employees of *GreazeBurger Earth*!

ENYA RICHMOND

The *hell* I am. Do you know what "total asset forfeiture" means? By the time I'm done with you this building will be my *vacation home*.

(furious, yelling)

Untie me this instant!

EVELYN GREAZE
 (self-assured)
 No need for any lawsuits, we're *all*
 part of the Greazeburger family here.

MONTY BENSON UNTIES THE ROPES HOLDING RICHMOND.

ENYA RICHMOND
 Greazeburger?

I'll have you know, my *actual*
 employers are *very powerful people*
 who don't take kindly to this sort of
 nonsense!

EVELYN GREAZE
 Oh yes, we know. But they won't be
 after us anytime soon.
 (sinister confidence)
 We *did* receive cease and desist
 notices from your *legal* team. We were
 forced to respond by having our
illegal team *break the knee caps of*
all your staff. And of course, we've
 recruited *you* and *now you're one of*
us.

(cheery; matter-of-
 fact)
 That ought to delay any retribution—
 at least until *next* quarter!

ENYA RICHMOND
 (angry)
 You're going to *pay* for this.

MONTY BENSON
 (conspiratorially)
 I may not be one of those science
 guys, but I've heard of Marshall
 Carter and Dark. You're with those
 rich *freaks* that sell the anomalies?

ENYA RICHMOND
 (put off)
 I don't think "freak" is the word I'd
 choose; but yes.

EVELYN GREAZE
 Well, now that you two are friends we
 can get back to business.

You've both been hired for a very
 important task.

MONTY BENSON
Friends? We've just met!

ENYA RICHMOND
I don't even know his name.

MONTY BENSON
Oh, I'm...
(interrupted)

ENYA RICHMOND
Don't bother. I've *never* been a
friend to men who wear overalls, and
I *don't* plan on starting now.

VAN APPROACHES RAPIDLY.

EVELYN GREAZE
Oh dear, so much hostility.
(sighs)
Where's Martin when I need him?

SCP-8013 PLOWS THROUGH THE FLOOR TO CEILING WINDOW. GLASS
SPRAYS EVERYWHERE. TIRES SHRIEK AS THE VAN SKIDS TO A STOP.
ENGINE IDLES.

MONTY BENSON
(shocked)
What the *hell*?

ENYA RICHMOND
This is the fourth floor!

VAN ENGINE DIES. DRIVER SIDE DOOR OPENS. MARTIN GREAZE STEPS
OUT ONTO THE RUINED CARPET.

EVELYN GREAZE
Ah! Martin, there you are! Right on
time as usual.

VAN ENGINE BURSTS INTO FLAMES. FLAMES FLICKER SOFTLY AT
FIRST but FLAMES GET LOUDER UNTIL THE VAN EXPLODES AT THE
END OF THE SCENE.

MONTY BENSON
Uhhhh that van is on *fire*.

MARTIN GREAZE
Don't worry, it's *insured*.

Beat.

Hello Enya, Martin, Evelyn.

(MORE)

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)
 Just getting the new hires acquainted
 I see? Good. Here's another one.

MARTIN OPENS THE VAN'S SLIDING DOOR AND DRAGS MCDOWELL OUT
 INTO THE OPEN.

MCDOWELL
 (quickly; near panic)
 Oh god oh god oh god, where am I?
 Who are you people?

MARTIN GREAZE
 This is Mr. McDowell from the GOC.

MCDOWELL
 (nervous; near panic)
 The Global Occult Coalition?
 Ha, what's *that*? Sounds *fake*.

EVELYN GREAZE
 Welcome to the team, Mister McDowell.
 The Greaze[*gree-zz*] team.

MCDOWELL
 How do you even know my name?

MONTY BENSON
 It's *magic*, just roll with it.

ENYA RICHMOND
 (exasperated)
 It's *not* thaumaturgy. The proper term
 is "*anomalous*."

MCDOWELL
Shit!

They never trained me for this! I
 balance *budgets*. Dealing with KTEs
 isn't in my job description!

MONTY BENSON
 I hear you; I'm just a janitor— But I
 don't think these *grease*[*gree-ss*]
 guys care.

MARTIN GREAZE
 It's pronounced *greaze*[*gree-zz*].

Remember our slogan, "*you can't spell
 Greaze without E-Z!*"

ENYA RICHMOND

(smouldering)

Once I'm through with you, it'll be pronounced "a subsidiary of Marshal Carter and Dark".

EVELYN GREAZE

Alright everyone, things are starting to get a bit heated.

Remember, if you have a complaint about a coworker you should contact *HR* instead of escalating the situation.

My office is always open- except for right now because I'm busy doing *this*.

Beat.

Martin, isn't there a fourth new hire?

MARTIN GREAZE

Right, forgot to introduce Chuck.

MARTIN GREAZE ENTERS THE BACK OF SCP-8013 AND DRAGS OUT A HUMAN CORPSE. CORPSE LANDS ON THE GROUND NEXT TO THE VAN WITH A SOFT THUMP. White foam oozes from the corpse's mouth.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)

Meet the most important member of the team! This guy's a highly trained combat vet from the Chaos Insurgency!

Beat.

It was pretty difficult to get him to come with me. Once I got him in the van he said something about not being tortured and fell asleep in *seconds*.

MCDOWELL

(disgusted)

I had to ride in the van with a dead guy for *over an hour*.

EVELYN GREAZE

I'm sure he's fine.

MCDOWELL

There's *foam* oozing out of his mouth!

EVELYN GREAZE

He's just resting.

Now that you're all here, let's get this ball rolling.

Use your new angles of thinking and *diverse backgrounds* to think of a billion dollar idea to save this company!

MCDOWELL

Diverse backgrounds? Every single one of us is *white!*

Beat.

MCDOWELL (cont'd)

(cautious optimism;
questioning)

Wait... are you people like *LGBTQ* ... or something?

EVELYN GREAZE

(lying; lesbian)

Nope.

MARTIN GREAZE

(lying; gay)

Nooo?

MONTY BENSON

(lying; bisexual;
shifty eyes)

Nuh *uh*.

ENYA RICHMOND

(lying; transwoman;
quickly)

Me *neither*.

MARTIN GREAZE

(angry squint)

Wait— what do you mean, "*you people?*"

MCDOWELL

(disappointed)

Awww. Nevermind.

MONTY BENSON

(eager to change the
subject)

How the heck are we supposed to have ideas worth a billion dollars anyway?

(MORE)

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)

I'm a janitor, not an entrepreneur!
I still don't know what this company
even does— or *sells!*

EVELYN GREAZE

That's *fine!*

You're here to bring fresh
perspectives to the table, we're
taking new bold directions to appease
(sinister awe)

Lord Mammon Von Divitiae[dee-WEEt-ee-eye].

MCDOWELL

Who the hell is *that?*

MONTY BENSON

He owns the building. Maybe we could
try appeasing him *some other way?*

MCDOWELL

I make a mean cheese burger!

MARTIN GREAZE

No. No way. We only serve *Greeze
Burgers* around here and Lord
Divitiae [dee-WEEt-ee-eye] won't eat
'em.

ENYA RICHMOND

(muttering)

Neither will anyone else from what
I've heard.

EVELYN GREAZE

(coughs)

Lord Divitiae can only be sated by
gold. If we can just get a *teensy bit
more*.

VAN'S FLAMES REACH THEIR PEAK; A ROARING CONFLAGRATION.

MONTY BENSON

Uh folks that van isn't looking so
good—

THE ENGINE OF SCP-8013 *EXPLODES!* DEBRIS AND SHRAPNEL ARE
SPRAYED AROUND THE OFFICE. THE ROOM FILLS WITH BLACK SMOKE.
A FIRE ALARM GOES OFF.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)
 (shock)
Jesus Christ!

MCDOWELL
 (screams)

ENYA RICHMOND
 (shock)
Ion's balls!
 (seeing dollar signs)
Oou that's reckless endangerment!

SPRINKLERS ACTIVATE. CONCRETE CREAKS AS THE BUILDING SHUDDERS AND SHIFTS. GLASS SHATTERS.

EVELYN GREAZE
 (deadpan)
 Well *that* could have been worse.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
 (yelling; sinister;
 menacing)
Property damage Greaze[gree-zz]? You owe me!

WHERE'S MY MONEY?

MASSIVE FLAPPING CHIROPTERAN WINGS.

EVELYN GREAZE
 It's the Lord Mammon! He's entered a *rage state! Run!*

EVERYONE RUNS FOR THEIR LIVES. DIVITIAE, A MASSIVE RED SCALED DRAGON, SLAMS INTO THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING AND STICKS HIS FACE INTO THE FLOOR WHERE THE GROUP IS GATHERED. BURST OF FLAMES FROM A REPTILIAN MAW. A SCALED HAND REACHES IN, GRABS A DESK AND HURLS IT ACROSS THE ROOM.

MONTY BENSON
 (screams in terror)

ENYA RICHMOND
 (screams in terror)

MCDOWELL
 (screams in terror)

BENSON, RICHMOND, AND MCDOWELL PUSH THROUGH A DOOR INTO A NEARBY CORRIDOR AND SLAM THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

SC.3 - ONLY A BROKEN MOP HANDLE BETWEEN ONE AND PERDITION

NARRATOR

Recovered Video Number Two
Montgomery Benson
August 6th 2020

Begin Log.

DIGITAL PLAYBACK BEGINS.

MCDOWELL

(sobs quietly)

MONTY BENSON

(heavy breathing)

Any sign of the grease guys?

ENYA RICHMOND

(heavy breathing)

No.

MONTY BENSON

(heavy breathing)

What was that thing?

ENYA RICHMOND

I didn't get a close look. I was rather preoccupied with *running for my life*.

MCDOWELL

Is this the sort of thing you guys deal with a lot? I've never come close to fieldwork, and after this I hope I never will again.

MONTY BENSON

I've never worked with any of the dangerous ones before. Just the cute, fluffy ones like Josie!

THE TRIO PASSES THROUGH A DOOR and enter a storeroom lined with crates and boxes.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)

At least we're out of the cubical farms.

MCDOWELL

This building seems deserted.

MONTY BENSON

No wonder they need to hire new people.

ENYA RICHMOND

The thing that concerns me the most is the fate of their *original* staff.

MCDOWELL

Look! An exit sign!

ENYA RICHMOND

Finally. Let's get out of here!

MONTY BENSON

Careful. Feels too easy. It *can't* be this easy.

A MOIST BLOBBY SOUND EMANATES FROM BEHIND A STACK OF BOXES. THE STACK TOPPLES OVER AND A GIANT OOZE POURS FORTH.

MCDOWELL

What the hell?!

ENYA RICHMOND

(excited)

I'm going to make a *fortune* on liability!

MONTY BENSON

Oh man, where's Steve McQueen when you need him! Run!

BENSON, RICHMOND, AND MCDOWELL RUN FROM THE ENTITY. THEY SLAM AGAINST THE EXIT DOOR'S CRASH BAR. THE DOOR IS RUSTY; IT SCREECHES.

ENYA RICHMOND

(straining)

It's rusted shut! Push *harder!*

MONTY BENSON

(straining)

I'm *trying!*

MCDOWELL

(straining)

THE DOOR SLOWLY GIVES WAY, GROANING SAVAGELY. DOOR SCRAPES OPEN AS THE BLOB CHARGES! ENYA SLIPS THROUGH THE OPENING, THEN MONTY. THE BLOB REACHES OUT A PSEUDOPOD AND GRABS MCDOWELL. SMACK!

MCDOWELL (cont'd)
 (terror)
 Oh shit! It's got me!

MONTY GRABS MCDOWELLS ARM THROUGH THE GAP IN THE DOOR WAY.

MONTY BENSON
 Don't worry! I'm gonna pull you out
 of there!

ENYA RICHMOND
 Let him go! We have to get the door
 closed again!

MONTY BENSON
 (strains as he pulls
 on McDowell's arm)
 I'm not leaving him!

MCDOWELL
 (in pain; terror)
 Argh! It burns! Don't let go!

MONTY BENSON
 Help me Enya, he's slipping! I can't
 hold on!

ENYA RICHMOND
 Leave him!
 (grunts)

ENYA PUSHES MONTY OFF MCDOWELL!

MONTY BENSON
 No!

MCDOWELL
 (screams and chokes
 as he is swallowed
 whole)

ENYA RICHMOND
 (long grunt as she
 shoves the door
 closed)

ENYA SHOVES THE DOOR CLOSED AGAIN. DOOR SCREECHES CLOSED
 WITH A CLUNK.

ENYA RICHMOND (cont'd)
 (heavy breathing)
 You *idiot!* You almost got us *all*
 killed!

MONTY BENSON
 (stony; bitterly
 angry)
 We could have *saved him!* Good to know
 it's everyone for *themselves*.

LARGE WHEELIE RECYCLING BIN SHAKES SEVERAL TIMES AND THEN
 FALLS OVER. MARTIN GREAZE CRAWLS OUT AND THE LID SLAPS
 CLOSED BEHIND HIM. MARTIN STANDS UP.

MARTIN GREAZE
 Great job you two, you've managed to
 escape the *Dark Lord* and his
 servants!

MONTY BENSON
 (bitter)
 Thanks to Enya we lost Mr. McDowell.

MARTIN GREAZE
 (subtle displeasure)
 Is that so?

ENYA RICHMOND
 (trying to change the
 subject)
 How did you end up in that recycling
 bin?

MONTY BENSON
 And what was that thing back there?
 It ate McDowell!

MARTIN GREAZE
 That was an old cancelled project. We
 were trying to create some original
 content but it wasn't derivative
 enough.

Beat.

Don't worry, the *real* threat is that
certain someone upstairs.

And you, Mister Benson, are going to
 save us all from him.

ENYA RICHMOND
 Yeah. Benson can take care of it. I'm
 leaving.

MARTIN GREAZE
That's right Ms. Richmond. Your
failure to adhere to Greazeburger
values means we're going to have to
terminate your employment.

MARTIN GREAZE TAKES A CHEF'S KNIFE FROM THE FRONT OF HIS
PANTS AND STABS ENYA RICHMOND IN THE NECK.

MONTY BENSON
(shocked; scared;
angry)
OH GOD! *WHAT THE HELL?!*

ENYA RICHMOND
(gasp; gurgle)
I'll see you in court for this!
(dies)

ENYA RICHMOND FALLS TO THE FLOOR AS BLOOD SPRAYS FROM THE
WOUND.

MARTIN GREAZE
Going to be honest, she wasn't
expected to live this long, her
threats of legal action were
threatening the long term solvency of
the organization, and I absolutely
hate lawyers.

Beat.

We really only need *one* chosen one,
anyway. A chosen *two* isn't useful.

MONTY BENSON
You're *insane!*

MARTIN GREAZE
What can I tell you? It's company
policy. Besides we offer an
exceptional severance package; covers
cremation and *everything.*

MONTY BENSON
*It's company policy to kill employees
that are no longer useful?*

MARTIN GREAZE
Yup!

MONTY BENSON
Wait, aren't you the CEO?

MARTIN GREAZE
Of Greazeburger Earth? Oh yeah.

MONTY BENSON
So it's *your* policy.

MARTIN GREAZE
Yup!

MONTY BENSON
You're *crazy!*

MARTIN GREAZE
I'll tell you what's crazy.

Lord Mammon ex Divitiae upped our
rent prices last month and now we're
almost *broke!*

That said I've got one last surprise
for you. It's right here in my
pocket.

MONTY BENSON
I think I've had enough of your
surprises, thanks.

MARTIN GREAZE
Don't worry, this is right up your
alley!

Hold on.
(strains)
Just a moment.
(strains some more)
Almost got it!
(strains a little)

POP! MARTIN GREAZE TAKES A MOP OUT OF HIS POCKET.

MONTY BENSON
(unphased)
A mop? I'll need a bucket if I'm to
do anything with that.

MARTIN GREAZE
Right. Hmm hold on a second...

MARTIN SEARCHES IN HIS POCKETS. Sound designers are encouraged to use all kind of random sounds to imply that Martin has an absurd quantity of unrealistic paraphernalia in his pockets.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)
 Ah. Here it is!
 (strains for some
 time)

POP! SPLASH! MARTIN GREAZE TAKES A ROLLING MOP BUCKET OUT OF HIS POCKET and PUTS IT DOWN IN FRONT OF MONTY. It smells of pine-sol and forgotten dreams.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)
 (satisfied)
 There you go!

MONTY BENSON
 (deadpan)
 You want me to get the lawyer's blood out of the carpet with a *mop*?

MARTIN GREAZE
 Oh goodness *no*. I want you to slay the fire breathing dragon that owns this building!

MONTY BENSON
 (incredulous)
 With a *mop*?!

MARTIN GREAZE
 Yes! It's your tool of choice isn't it? What's the problem? Off you go now! *Kill* the money grubbing bastard!
 (grunts)

MARTIN GREAZE TURNS AND KICKS OVER A POTTED PLANT. THE PLANT FALLS AND BREAKS.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)
 Excellent. There's the elevator.
 Now, the final step of your journey awaits you.

MARTIN GREAZE PRESSES THE ELEVATOR CALL BUTTON. DING! THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)
 Get *in*.

MONTY BENSON STEPS INTO THE ELEVATOR DRAGGING THE MOP AND BUCKET ALONG WITH HIM.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)
 Six hundred sixty-six please!

MONTY BENSON

Uh what?

ELEVATOR

Going *up!*

MARTIN GREAZE

Good luck Monty!

DING! ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE.

ELEVATOR ASCENDS FOR A LONG TIME. ELEVATOR STOPS. DING!
ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN.

ELEVATOR

Six hundred sixty-six.

Going *down.*

MONTY STEPS OUT OF THE ELEVATOR WITH THE MOP AND BUCKET AND INTO A LARGE CAVE. FLICKERING BRAZIERs ILLUMINATE THE SPACE AND BATS CIRCLE OVERHEAD.

MONTY BENSON

(awe)

A cave on the six-hundred sixty-sixth floor? Will wonders never cease.

DRAGON SHIFTS ITS MASSIVE WEIGHT ATOP A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD COINS.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

You can buy *anything* if you have enough money. Car manufacturers, social media platforms, even *whole countries.*

MONTY BENSON

(muttering; annoyed; scared)

Oh great. It *is* a dragon. That bastard was *serious.*

(sigh)

Do I look like *Bilbo Baggins?*

COINS SLIDE DOWN ACROSS EACH OTHER AS THE CREATURE TURNS ITS MASSIVE HEAD TO PEER AT MONTY BENSON.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

(curious)

What paltry tribute have you brought me, human?

MONTY BENSON

Uhh, I've got a mop?

THE DRAGON SNORTS.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

Well, best get *cleaning*. This cave
has grown rather dusty.

MONTY BENSON

It'll be my pleasure, but first we
should discuss remuneration.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

I'll pay you minimum wage, every hour
on the hour.

MONTY BENSON

How about one of those *coins* every
hour?

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

(snorts)

Very well. Now *get to work*.

DIVITIAE FLIPS A COIN THROUGH THE AIR. MONTY CATCHES IT AND
PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET. MONTY DUNKS THE MOP INTO HIS BUCKET
AND BEGINS TO MOP THE CAVERN FLOOR.

MONTY BENSON

How much is that pile of gold worth
anyway?

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

(immediate; proudly;
confident)

Three hundred sixty-four billion
seven hundred twenty-eight million
four hundred eleven thousand two
hundred fifty-one dollars, and sixty-
one cents.

Beat.

U.S.D.

MONTY BENSON

Impressive. How did you attain such
staggering wealth?

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

Hard work and ingenuity of course.
The same way *any one* attains power
and wealth.

MONTY BENSON

Of course, of course. Naturally, one as illustrious as yourself would never inherit money from a family member or resort to anything as *gauche* [*goe-shh*] as worker exploitation.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

That reminds me. That *mop, bucket, water, and soap*, all belong to me.

There's a *rental* fee.

MONTY BENSON

Is that so?

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

Yes. That coin in your pocket should do.

MONTY BENSON

Fine.

Monty takes the coin out of his pocket and FLIPS IT BACK ONTO THE PILE.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

Good! Now work *faster*. If you've got time to chit-chat you've got time to work!

MONTY BENSON

Okay okay!

MOPPING INTENSIFIES; PERSISTS FOR A FEW SECONDS.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE

Slow down! You can't do the job perfectly if you're going too fast.

MOPPING SLOWS.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)

Go faster! I haven't got all day.
(malevolent pleasure)
I have a *union barbecue* to attend.

MOPPING INTENSIFIES; PERSISTS.

MONTY BENSON

(hopeful)
Oh? Your employees are unionized?

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
Not for *long!*

DIVITIAE HUFFS A GOUT OF FLAME AT THE CEILING

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)
(sinister malevolent
laughter)

MONTY BENSON
Well uh, don't hold back on my
account. I can mop just fine without
you staring at me.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
And leave all my money in the company
of a *wage-worker?*

What a novel thought. Perhaps while
I'm at it, I'll start *feeding the
starving*, and *housing the degenerate
vagabonds* who live in my tower's
shadow.

MONTY STOPS MOPPING.

MONTY BENSON
I mean... isn't the tower empty
anyway?

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
Yes. It's empty because those *paupers*
weren't able to pay the rent on their
cubicles!

Beat.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)
Why have you stopped working?

MONTY BENSON
Look, I'm not really here to clean.
And I'm not here for pay. I just want
to go home.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
(slowly, extreme
malice; murderous)
You *dare* defy me?

DIVITIAE STALKS DOWN THE PILE OF GOLD TOWARDS BENSON. HEAVY
FOOTSTEPS THUMPING.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)
 Don't you know how much MONEY I
 HAVE?!

DIVITIAE POUNCES TOWARDS BENSEN. HE LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY.
 DIVITIAE LANDS ON THE WET FLOOR AND SLIDES.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)
 (mild fear)
 Oh *crumpets!*

DIVITIAE SLIDES ACROSS THE CHAMBER AND SLAMS ITS FACE INTO
 THE WALL. CRUNCH. CAVE RUMBLES OMINOUSLY.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)
 You'll pay for that whelp. Work place
 safety protocol demands you put up
wet floor signs to warn people when
 you're mopping!

MONTY BENSON
 Sorry!

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
 Come here!

DIVITIAE SWIPES HIS CLAWS AT BENSON. BENSON DUCKS BUT THE
 END OF THE BROOM HANDLE SNAPS OFF.

MONTY BENSON
 Broke the mop handle like a pool cue.
 That's convenient.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
 That's company *property!* I'm taking
 it out of your wages— with *interest!*

DIVITIAE TRIES TO TURN TOWARDS BENSON BUT SLIPS ON THE WET
 FLOOR AND FALLS OVER AGAIN.

MONTY BENSON
 Looks like it's now or never!

BENSON LEAPS ONTO THE WET FLOOR AND SLIDES TOWARDS THE
 DRAGON. HE DRIVES THE MOP HANDLE INTO THE DRAGON'S NECK LIKE
 A LANCE. SPLURT!

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
 (howl of pain; rage)
 Traitorous mortal *fool.* You'll never
 work in this town *again!*

DIVITIAE GRABS THE BROKEN MOP AND RIPS IT OUT OF ITS NECK. A SHOWER OF BLOOD SPRAYS OUT OF THE WOUND AND CONTINUES TO POUR UNTIL THE END OF THE SCENE.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)
 (huffs)
 So much blood. No matter. I have too
 much *money* to die!
 (weak sinister
 laughter)
 YOU'RE *FIRE*D!

DIVITIAE INHALES.

MONTY BENSON
 Oh shit!

BENSON DIVES BEHIND A PILE OF GOLD COINS.

MONTY BENSON (cont'd)
 (grunts)

DRAGON EXHALES A CONFLAGRATION OF HELLFIRE. METAL COINS
 SIZZLE AND MELT.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
 (devastated)
 Oh no! My *money*!

DIVITIAE ATTEMPTS TO STAND, BUT SLIPS ON THE WET FLOOR
 AGAIN.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE (cont'd)
 My head feels funny...no. I will not be
 felled by some penniless, working
 class whelp!

DIVITIAE SWINGS HIS TAIL AT BENSON AND LAUNCHES HIM ACROSS
 THE ROOM. A LOUD CRACK IS HEARD AS BENSON HITS THE WALL.

MONTY BENSON
 Owww...

BENSON SLIDES TO THE FLOOR AND COLLAPSES.

LORD MAMMON VON DIVITIAE
 (heavy breathing;
 dying; breathing
 slows)

ELEVATOR DINGS. DOORS OPEN.

ELEVATOR
 Six hundred sixty-six.
 (MORE)

ELEVATOR (cont'd)

Going down.

MARTIN GREAZE STEPS OUT OF THE ELEVATOR AND SLIPS ON ALL THE WATER AND BLOOD.

MARTIN GREAZE

WHOA! Ah shit, someone should put a sign up.

MARTIN GREAZE CROSSES THE ROOM AND KNEELS OVER BENSON'S BODY.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)

Hey Monty! Good to see you did your job well.

In any case, your services are no longer required and we'll be terminating you. I mean... your contract. Well... you too I guess.

Benson? Benson? Shit. He's dead. Can't fire a dead guy can I.

Let's see what we can do here.

MARTIN GREAZE RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKET, TAKES OUT A FIRST AID KIT, OPENS IT AND PRODUCES A SYRINGE. HE TAPS THE GLASS TWICE WITH HIS FINGER.

MARTIN GREAZE (cont'd)

A little 'Greaze Juice' aught to do it!

MARTIN INJECTS THE FLUID INTO BENSON'S ARM.

MONTY BENSON

(gasps; coughs
several times)

Mr. Grease! I did it! I killed a dragon!

(revelation)

I really *am* like Bilbo.

MARTIN GREAZE

Uhh. I don't think Bilbo Baggins actually killed any dragons Monty.

MONTY BENSON

(disappointed)

Oh. Sorry, I never actually read *The Hobbit*.

MARTIN GREAZE

Anyway, thanks for your help. You're fired.

MONTY BENSON

The hell I am! The dragon *already* fired me. Besides, I never wanted to work for you anyway!

I *quit*.

MONTY BENSON STANDS UP.

MARTIN GREAZE

Monty.

MONTY BENSON

Oh right. This is the bit where you *kill me* right?

MARTIN GREAZE

Right.

MONTY BENSON

(mischievous)

Well, I have a better idea.

A *billion dollar idea* in fact.

MARTIN GREAZE

(intrigued; excited)

Oh?

MONTY BENSON

Let's take what's left of these gold coins— and invest them in *N.F.Ts!*

I hear they're the *next big thing!*

MARTIN GREAZE

That's literally the best idea I've ever heard! Tell me more about these NFTs.

MONTY BENSON

Well first you get a whole bunch of middling jpegs of disinterested simians...

NARRATOR

END LOG.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Alongside these video files, a text document was uploaded containing the following.

MARTIN GREAZE

Hey guys. Sorry about stealing your janitor without asking. We're about to make it big. Hope this video clears everything up.

Love you.

Sincerely, *Martin*.

Beat.

NARRATOR

SCP-8013 has not been sighted since this incident. Reclassification to Neutralized is pending approval.