

*Cut to Mike inside the house.*

MIKE: A shadow grows on the wall behind you, swallowing you in darkness. It is almost here.

WILL: What is it?

DUSTIN: What if it's the Demogorgon? Oh, Jesus, we're so screwed if it's the Demogorgon.

LUCAS: It's not the Demogorgon.

MIKE: An army of troglodytes charge into the chamber!

*Mike slams a figurine onto the table.*

DUSTIN: Troglodytes?

LUCAS: Told ya.

*They laugh. Mike suddenly looks nervous and looks around.*

MIKE: Wait a minute. Did you hear that? That... that sound? Boom... boom... Boom!

*He slams his hands on the table, startling the other boys.*

MIKE: That didn't come from the troglodytes, no, that... That came from something else. The Demogorgon!

*Mike slams another figurine onto the table.*

DUSTIN: We're in deep doo-doo.

MIKE: Will, your action!

WILL: I don't know!

LUCAS: Fireball him!

WILL: I'd have to roll a 13 or higher!

DUSTIN: Too risky. Cast a protection spell.

LUCAS: Don't be stupid. Fireball him!

DUSTIN: Cast Protection.

MIKE: The Demogorgon is tired of your silly human bickering! It stomps towards you. Boom!

LUCAS: Fireball him, Will!

MIKE: Another stomp, boom!

DUSTIN: Cast Protection.

MIKE: He roars in anger!

WILL: Fireball!

*Will throws some dice, but they fall off the table.*

WILL: Oh, shoot!

LUCAS: Where'd it go? Where is it?

*They all get up from the table to search for the die.*

WILL: I don't know!

DUSTIN: Is it a 13?

WILL: I don't know!

LUCAS: Where is it?

DUSTIN: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

LUCAS: Can you find it yet?

WILL: No, I can't find it!

DUSTIN: Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

LUCAS: Oh, my God! Freaking idiot!

WILL: Why do we have to go?

END!