

WRITING SAMPLE BY HEATHER WILSON

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR - NIGHT

The stone underground lair is dimly lit by sputtering torches. Light glints off of small puddles gathered in the pitted floor. Dark green vines and brown roots crack through the old walls. There are three tables with full water glasses on them in the middle of the room, and a podium fashioned in the shape of an eyeball. There is a murmuring of discontent traveling through the room.

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE stands at the podium in front of his long time partner and best-friend THE PITCHFORK and a small group of rag-tag minions of various shapes and sizes - FLAXSEED THE OILER, WALLABY RENSLER, DIESEL TRUCK and PAPER WASP.

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE

"Pitchfork. My friends."

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE takes a moment to compose himself as the crowd's hubbub dies down, sipping from the water in front of him, then carefully placing it back on the podium.

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE (CONT'D)

"My friends, you have all been my companions on mission after mission where we have sought to save the planet from the filthy mess the humans have created. We stand here today facing what is our greatest challenge. I won't lie to you - if you turn to the left and right, you will see fewer of us. Their deaths are not for naught - they gave their lives to further our cause, just as any of us here would without question."

PAPER WASP turns to WALLABY RENSLER, a look of concern crossing her face. There are non-committal, fearful sounding rumblings heard from the rest of the group.

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE (CONT'D)

"That ridiculous army of Heroes gathered together by the nations of the world may be numerous but they are muscled, stupid and have a weakness that we do not... pathetic morals."

Snickers, and coughs attempting to cover the snickers, are heard. The crowd is not convinced, but still warming up.

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE (CONT'D)

(increasing in forcefulness) "They may be numerous, they may smell strongly, but they haven't the

stamina to face us. We have built up immunities to the viruses we will unleash that their vaccinations CANNOT protect against. The President wants to see his 'Patrician Way' spread across the world. He's already pushed us back to this, our island jungle, secret, underground fortress."

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE pauses.

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE (CONT'D)
(with strength borne of fanatical conviction he pushes out his next words) "WE are the world's last hope to cure the scourge of humanity."

WALLABY
(ecstatic) "YEAH!"

The rest of the group cheers and pumps their fists into the dank air. The crowd is clearly in DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE's hands.

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE
"We have our strength, we have our immunities, access to water ways of the world. Who will take back the planet for plants and animals with me? Who will risk all that he has to finally ... DESTROY HUMANITY!"

DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE pounds down on the podium to accentuate his point, jostling his glass to the floor. Cheers fill the humid lair, and we leave showing a sly grin on DR. EYEBALL PLAGUE's face.