

Herb Woos the Dover Demon

written by TJ Mota

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE - DUSK

HERB (58), dressed in his best cheap suit from Kohls, creeps his way into the dank, dark cave. He points his phone's flashlight to the ground to avoid stepping on the assorted piles of excrement and half-digested animal carcasses.

The light lingers on the remains of a discarded dog collar.

HERB

Gonna be a tough sell to dog
lovers, but I can work with it.

Herb tilts the light upward and is startled to find his mark: the gangly, large-headed DOVER DEMON. The Demon's orange-eyes shine wickedly in the light. It growls, readying for an attack.

HERB

Whoa, easy there, friend. Did not
mean any offense by my intrusion.

The BEAST lets out a low, threatening bark.

HERB

Of course. Where are my manners.
(extending his hand)
Herb Meyers, talent agent.

The Demon is weary to Herb's handshake offer. Herb rescinds it.

HERB

I specialize in representing
extraordinary beings like
yourself.

The Dover Demon tilts its head; its interest piqued.

HERB

Yes sir, I've worked with them
all: lizard folk, wendigos, rock
lobsters. Even a chupacabra, up
until she got deported. And I'm
sure you're familiar with my top
client. The legendary, the iconic
-- wait for it.
(showman-like)
Bat Boy.

The Demon shrugs as if asking, "Who?"

HERB

Bat Boy? Tabloid super star of the late 20th century? No? Anywho, I've been following your work, and I've must say, I'm a fan. So much so that I've come all the way here to offer my services to help turn the Dover Demon a household name.

The Dover Demon tilts its head; its interest piqued.

HERB

Now, I know what you're thinking. "Herb, how you gonna do that?" Well, here's how: We start with a few guest spots with notable TikTok influencers, a tour through the convention circuit. One thing leads to another, and knock-knock. Who's there? Why it's Netflix and Ryan Murphy with a pitch for a Dover Demon miniseries.

The Demon perks up and lets out a pleased chirp.

HERB

And in no time at all, you'll be swimming in enough cash to afford a place better than this filthy dump, am I right?

The Demon growls and lowers itself into a guarded stance. Herb knows he screwed up. Big time.

HERB

Not that this cave is a dump! No, no, no. You want to see a dump, you should see the little shitbox I live in! Probably got more bugs crawling around in there than...

The Demon tenses up, readying to pounce. Herb registers that he's outlived his welcome.

HERB

Okay, well, I see that you might need some time to think. So I'll just leave my business card here.

Herb takes out his card and sets it into a pile of dung.

HERB

And, uh... I'll see myself out.

The Dover Demon hisses at Herb as he scampers out of the cave.

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

A threatening roar bellows out from the cave as Herb hurries to a beaten up Saturn sedan parked along a dirt road.

HERB

Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap.

INT. SATURN SEDAN - DUSK

Herb slams the rickety door shut as he jumps into the passenger seat. Behind the wheel is BAT BOY (30s), the former tabloid cover star and Herb's faithful client. Father Time has not been kind to Bat Boy in recent years.

HERB

Hit the gas, Bat Boy! Go, go, go!

Bat Boy screeches angrily at Herb.

HERB

Not this again. I don't care how old you are now, we're not changing your name to that!

Bat Boy shrugs and squawks in confusion.

HERB

Because Warner Bros. will sue the bejesus out of us! Does it look like we can afford the legal fees?

Bat Boy crosses his arms and squeaks out a hiss-like reply.

HERB

Fine! We'll change it to Bat Guy. Now will you just drive?!

A content Bat Guy shifts the car into drive.

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

The Dover Demon emerges from the caves to fling a wad of dung with Herb's business card in it at the sedan as it drives off into the sunset.

FADE OUT