

Herb Woos the Dover Demon

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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

(sotto)

Gonna need to change this guy's  
diet if we want to appeal to dog  
lovers.

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, whoa, easy there. We're all  
friends here.

(nervous chuckle)

Though you're more menacing in  
person compared to how you look in  
drawings floating around.

The BEAST lets out a low, threatening bark.

HERB

Feels like we've gotten off on the  
wrong foot, or claws in your case.  
My name's Herb. I'm a talent agent  
for extraordinary beings like  
yourself. I've been following your  
work, and I've got to say, I'm a  
fan. So much so that I'd like to  
represent you.

The Dover Demon tilts its head; its interest piqued.

HERB

I can see it now: We book you some  
easy gigs, like guest appearances  
on the convention circuit. One  
thing leads to another, and we're  
greenlit for a Netflix docuseries.

The Demon perks up and lets out a pleased chirp.

HERB

Exactly! In no time, you'll have enough cash to afford a better place than this dump, am I right?

The Demon growls and lowers itself into a guarded stance.

HERB

Not that this cave is a dump! You want to see a dump, you should see the little shitbox I live in. Probably got more bugs crawling around in there than here.

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 decide, 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 first 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

Oh, for the last time, we are not changing your name to that!

Bat Boy shrugs and squawks in confusion.

HERB

Because Warner Bros. will sue us  
over the copyright! 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 call you 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