

THE LEGEND OF KARL
A DEEP ROCK GALACTIC SHORT

Written by

Joe Wood
Bowtie8bit@gmail.com
5/10/2022

Space Rig 17
Bunk 4

ON BLACK:

INT. HOXXES, SALT PITS

A business-as-usual man's voice comes over the radio.

MISSION CONTROL

Drop-pod departing in t-minus two
minutes.

POW! Crunch! Zzziiipp! Whoosh!

A grappling hook fires its metal claw into a nearby cave surface, the
attached dwarf is heard flying past.

There's a lot to be heard in so little time; roars and growls of very angry unearthly
animals from behind, the crash of something very, very large further back, a

stream of bullets hitting rock and chitin and flesh.

In the distance somewhere ahead, a robotic series of beeps and whirrs sound off.

SCOUT (V.O.)

(Shouting)

Yeah, yeah, we hear you, Molly!
C'mon, lads! Last one to the drop
pod's a pointy-eared leaf-lover!

POP IN:

The grappling hook fires again. The Scout, a dwarf lightly armored in dark blue, and his huge red beard, soars through the dimly-lit cave to a tunnel entrance high above the cave floor.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

From A to D, skipping B and C!

Another gloriously-bearded blonde ENGINEER dwarf in a Hawaiian-print shirt, red baseball cap, red overalls, and a metal backpack with lights and gizmos all over, calls back.

ENGINEER

(Shouting)

That's pretty! It's not like we can
fly, you whale-piper!

A nearby third GUNNER dwarf, as wide as he is tall in thick, green camouflaged armor, waves a gigantic minigun at the encroaching army of angry six-legged exoskeletons, hosing them all down in hot lead.

2.

2.

GUNNER

(Shouting)

You know, it would be a lot easier
to get out of here if we could see
what we're doing!

SCOUT

Oh, yeah, right!

The Scout whips out his rifle-shaped flare gun and fires into the ceiling.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Let there be light!

The cave is enormous; deep red cave surfaces and bright white pillars of the salt

deposits found throughout Hoxxes. Several tunnels spread out from the giant cave in all directions, but a series of blinking green trail markers left by Molly, the M.U.L.E., lead the way out toward the drop-pod. The Scout surveys the cave from the exit-tunnel.

The huge, orange glow of a living molten creature can be seen at the far end of the cave, slowly stomping its way toward the dwarves. A massive, deep growl is easily heard over the chaos of gunfire, gadgets, and Glyphids.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

AH, SHITE! GUYS! IT'S A DENOTATOR!

DENOoo, DETOOoo... ONE O' THOSE BIG
BUGS THAT GOES BOOM!

GUNNER

Detonator?! My nemesis arrives.

The Engineer aims a large, yellow cannon at the cave wall and fires. Ka-chunk! A gooey yellow ball splats, a solid-foam platform appears with incredible speed. A few more shots and a scaffold up the wall has been formed.

ENGINEER

Nemesis? More like... no. More.
Nomoreseisis yeah that sounded
better in my head. What are you
waiting for?! Let's go!

With surprising agility and strength, the Engineer and Gunner pull themselves up on the chain of platforms and begin leaping up the platforms.

GUNNER

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Parkour! Parkour! Parkour!

Parkour! Parkour! Parkour!

3.

3.

The radio cracks with a voice a bit more urgently.

MISSION CONTROL

Drop-pod heading for orbit in t
minus one minute.

The Engineer detaches a small cylinder from a leg harness and chucks it at the cave floor below.

ENGINEER

(Shouting)

Dance with this!

The cylinder rolls toward the swarm of insect-like creatures, settles and POP! A

hologram of a dancing dwarf, shaking all the junk in his trunk, appears from the distracto-nade. The Glyphids immediately turn their attention toward it, intent on vicious mayhem.

Finally at the top of the climb, the three dwarves escape through the tunnel. Red crystal formations line the inside like a medieval torture barrel. Barely a couple dozen meters away, the tall, burnt-orange dwarven drop-pod awaits the crew for extraction; rockets primed for launch.

At the foot of the drop-pod, the rocky surface comes alive, pushing outward. Moments later, two huge hand-held drills explode from the ground, attached to the DRILLER, a bald, beardless dwarf, in a suit best described as a bulldozer with legs. Why bald and beardless? Beards and drills and flamethrowers don't mix. Oh, let's not forget the C4, either.

DRILLER

(Shouting)

I'M FIRST! DIBS ON THE SIDE SEAT!

The Driller scurries up the ramp, as the Scout's grappling hook flies from the tunnel, attaching to the upper lip of the drop-pod. The Mission Depth panel inside the pod reads, "- 13,337 meters."

SCOUT

Zippity!

Arcing gracefully to the mouth of the drop-pod, the Scout promptly sits in other side seat of four seats anchored at the back of the pod.

DRILLER

Took ye long enough, ha ha! You may
fly through the air, but I fly
through the

4.

4.

SCOUT

(Interrupting)

Yeah, yeah, rock and stone.

The Gunner drops a small disc on the floor of the tunnel, next to the Engineer, and sprints off to the pod's ramp. A dome-shaped forcefield springs out of the disc and surrounds the Engineer, busy hammering away at two metal objects on the floor.

ENGINEER

C'mon kids, show 'em what Daddy
taught ye.

They quickly transform into sentry turrets, and begin firing upon the Glyphids as

they flow into the tunnel from the large cave.

The Engineer sprints up the ramp and quickly secures himself in the last open seat in the pod, and slams a big red button on the arm of his chair.

MISSION CONTROL

Well done team, and in record time!
Drop-pod escaping to orbit now.
Rock and stone!

The four dwarves shout together.

ENGINEER	SCOUT
Rock and stone, to the bone!	For Rock and Stone!

DRILLER	GUNNER
C'mon guys, rock and stone!	By the beard!

The drop-pod rockets fire, the door closes, and away the dwarves go. Back to the Space Rig.

INT. SPACE RIG

The drop-pod returns through a force field in the bottom of the Space Rig and docks at the boarding ramp. Its mouth opens wide and the four dwarves, graceful as drunken grizzly bears, manage their way into the Rig to celebrate at the Abyss Bar, boots clomping on metal.

DRILLER
Oi, could use a good rest.

SCOUT
Now that we're back, it's sandwich time.

5.
5.

GUNNER
Double time; I forgot my lunchbox
on that last mission. Oi! Lad!

The Engineer looks over his shoulder at the Gunner.

ENGINEER
Calm your tits, I didn't forget.

The Engineer heads toward LLOYD, the maroon bartending BOSCO model; pretty much a flying beer-barrel robot, except this one has a nifty, black bowtie and bowler hat on, and its arms are beer-taps.

The Gunner and Scout sit at a table across the dancefloor from the bar, and the Driller pops a couple credits into the Juke Box.

DRILLER

That reminds me of my first love...

ENGINEER

Round of Red Rock Blasters, Lloyd,
with some Red Sugar on the rims.

Lloyd beeps confirmation of the order, and salutes the dwarf. Four sections of the countertop flip over to reveal a deep red and silver tankard on each surface. Lloyd fills each like the fuel-bot of a Formula Zero pit-crew.

With four extra-foamy drinks in his arms, the Engineer makes his way across the dancefloor to the table with the Gunner and Scout. The Driller is busy doing the stomp-and-clap to what sounds like gangster rap.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

'Ere you go, boys.

Four tankards land solidly on the table.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

The big guns beat my record this
time; three hundred and eighty
seven of the buggers fried, and
over four hundred units of Morkite
and Gold deposited. Management
better be happy.

Three thick hands swipe a drink each, and raise them into the air.

GUNNER

Oi, arsewipe!

6.

6.

The Driller stops stomping-and-clapping.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

Get over here!

A fourth hand picks up the last tankard and raises it to meet the others.

ENGINEER

GUNNER (CONT'D)

To a successful mission!

To gold!

SCOUT

DRILLER

This one's for Karl!

Last one to finish is a
pointy-eared leaf-lover!

And with that, bottoms up, and in seconds the tankards are empty and tossed randomly around the room. One of the tankards gets stuck between the ceiling and a ventilation pipe.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Y'know lads, we've been at this a long time. Longer than most dwarves. Some don't even make it past their first dive.

The Driller shows back up at the table with four more tankards. Green ones this time. Green and gold. He grabs the first one, raises it into the air.

DRILLER

To the fallen.

The liquid vanishes into his gullet and the mug goes flying across the barroom.

The other three dwarves are holding their beer in silence.

GUNNER

As much crap as we give each other, I wouldn't want to be down in that hellhole with anyone else.

SCOUT

Aye, hear, hear!

DRILLER

So, what do you guys think happened to the first team to go down in Hoxxes?

The other three dwarves stare at the Driller.

7.
7.

ENGINEER

What? You mean you haven't heard the legend of Karl?

Blank stare from Driller.

SCOUT

The Sultan of Stone? The Ruler of Rock? The dwarviest dwarf to ever exist?

DRILLER

Karl Rockenstone?

ENGINEER

His last name's not Rockenstone.

DRILLER

I just thought... y'know... because
we always say, "for Rockenstone!"

GUNNER

We just say, "for Rock. And.
Stone." It's not Karl's last name.
Nobody knows Karl's last name.

ENGINEER

Right, lad. Anyway, take a seat.

The Driller squeezes in next to the Scout. The Engineer gestures to the
Gunner.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Why don't you tell us what you
think happened to Karl.

The Gunner gathers his thoughts with a contemplative sigh. FADE OUT:

GUNNER (PRE-LAP)

Back before anyone knew anything
about Hoxxes,

EXT. HOXXES, SPACE

A dull, lifeless sphere hangs in space. A small moon orbiting fairly closely. Rays of
light from the systems' star illuminate clouds of stellar dust.

GUNNER (V.O.)

Deep Rock Galactic was a purely non
combat mining operation.

8.

8.

A familiar looking orange drilling machine slams into the planetary surface
and immediately disappears into it.

GUNNER (V.O. CONT'D)

Management daydreamed about what
goodies this unexplored rock held
for us. Nobody was prepared for the
nightmare it held instead. Nobody,
except...

INT. DROP-POD

Four dwarves in environment suits sit firmly in the drop-pod seats. Their immense beards and wide noses plainly seen through the clear face panels. Three study various data pads and consoles around the metal walls. The number on the Mission Depth panel is a five digit blur; negative something. The last dwarf stares intently at the huge drop-pod door, solid earth flying past.

GUNNER (V.O. CONT'D)

Karl.

Unlike the other three dwarves, Karl has a badass sawed-off shotgun on his back, and is drumming his fingers on the head of his mighty pickaxe.

The drop-pod doesn't waste any time coming to a complete stop. The door opens and the ramp descends to the cave surface, largely obscured by plumes of dust.

INT. HOXXES, FUNGUS BOGS - LANDING ZONE

MISSION CONTROL

All right, team. Management wants to know what's down here. Once you have your bearings, locate some quality samples, take your scans, and generally get back from the exotic geology whatever data you can safely retrieve. Per standard mission protocol, the drop-pod will be returned to the Space Rig until such a time that you have gathered what we're all looking for. To help with your mission, we've assigned a new prototype robotic assistant to you, Karl. The B.O.S.C.O. droid. Bosco for short. It can gather samples typically out of reach, and light up the dark underside of Hoxxes.

(MORE)

(MORE)

9.

9.

MISSION CONTROL (CONT'D)

MISSION CONTROL (CONT'D)

Lastly, when you've got the

samples, you can press that button
on Bosco's backside to call down
the drop-pod for extraction. Good
luck, miners. Rock and Stone.

A panel on the side of the drop-pod slides up, and out flies a dwarf-sized
bibrachial cylinder. A few beeps and a salute to Karl as it hovers at his side.

KARL

Oi, Lloyd. Good t'see ye, too. Have
a look around, wouldja?

A set of beeps and off he goes through a murky cloud.

As the dust settles, the rest of the crew make their way down the ramp. One has
a couple lights on tripods under his arms, another waving a data pad around in
the air. The third crewman drops a small, triangular object on the ground a bit off
from the ramp.

SCIENTIST 1

There we are, this outta do.

A hologram of a miniature drop-pod appears above the triangle.

MISSION CONTROL

Copy that. Expedition supply pod en
route. Stay clear of the impact
area. Pod impacts are not covered
by company insurance.

The wandering scientist stops suddenly. Splat, splat, splat. Something's dripped
onto the screen of his data pad. He looks up, shining his suits lights up at the
high ceiling. There are vines growing down from there!

SCIENTIST 2

What the heck kind of place is
this? It's sure not like the mines
back home.

SCIENTIST 3

When we get the camp set up,
analyze the fluid and the air; see
if it's toxic.

The suited dwarf haphazardly lays the tripods at his feet.

Karl's hip-attached terrain scanner beeps. A quick glance shows the basic
nearby geology, and a glowing dot on the map pulsates slowly.

KARL

Lloyd's picked up something, guys.
I'll be back.

Pickaxe in hand, and shotgun on his back, the ammo counter reading, "8/80," Karl walks briskly through the cave. A fountain of dirt flows from the ceiling behind him, and then BAM, the orange expedition pod slams into the guiding beacon on the ground. A two-person hover-kart detaches from the pod, as the other dwarves begin removing supplies and setting up the equipment.

Some time later, Karl's ducking through a low-ceiling tunnel, brushing vines away from his helmet, until it opens up to a much larger cave.

Two gigantic double-helices made from something like onyx stand opposite each other in the center of the cave, with a thick stone column reaching to the ceiling, between them. Hundreds of silver spikes protrude in all directions from a pulsating pink light in the center of the column.

Lloyd hovers nearby, lights and attention as fixated as we are on the strange sight.

Karl's pickaxe emerges from the wall near the cave floor, followed quickly by the dwarf, cleaving rock out of his way with little effort. He moves toward Lloyd, drawn in by the alien landscape. Terrain scanner in one hand, laser pointer in the other, he aims the laser at the twisting ebony. The terrain scanner reads, "ERR://019%T#/."

KARL (CONT'D)

What in the rock and stones?

He points the laser at the pulsating light in the column. The terrain scanner reads, "ERR://23Y%/."

Smack. Smack.

The screen is unchanged.

KARL (CONT'D)

Deep Rock really needs to invest in
some better equipment.

INT. HOXXES, FUNGUS BOGS - EXPEDITION CAMP

Things are looking good; a central half-dome sits near the landing crater, surrounded by several lights mounted on tripods. The cave is completely lit;

11.

11.

giant mushrooms sprout in clusters near the walls, vines hang from the ceiling, moisture dripping from them, and pools of thick, green slime occasion the terrain.

Metal tables, pregnant with various soil and mineral samples from the cave; chunks of red crystal, metallic green and purple rocks, brightly glowing jade stones, lie just outside the domes doorway.

One of the scientists, helmet now removed and a gloriously full Hagrid mane and beard taking in the still air, exits the dome, picks up a sizeable glowing jade, and heads back in.

INT. EXPEDITION CAMP

Together, the three dwarves are running various tests and examinations of the minerals; lasers, petri dishes, you could swear you saw a rock floating on a Theremin. Monitors here and there alight with wave functions and heat maps. Beards hanging all out.

The sample-picking dwarf heads back out,

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP

And is met with a completely empty table.

SCIENTIST 2

Hey! Where are the rocks and stones?

INT. EXPEDITION CAMP

SCIENTIST 3

Did I hear a, "rock and stone?"

SCIENTIST 1

Rock and stone! It never gets old.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP

SCIENTIST 2

No, you lumps of coal for brains.
The samples have gone! They were just here, and now

A nugget hits the floor to her left. There's a torso-sized creature two tables away, making happy trills and the sounds of rock being sucked up through a wet vacuum. It's basically a giant purse with six eyes.

SCIENTIST 2 (CONT'D)

By the beard, where'd you come
from? Oi! Those are my samples, you
bloated sack of dirt!

The creature ignores her, continuing its' mighty feast, undulating slowly
along.

INT. EXPEDITION CAMP

The scientist bursts through the door and rushes to the radio.

SCIENTIST 2

Karl! KARL! Do you read me?

Intercut - Radio Conversation

KARL

I'm here, what's wrong?

SCIENTIST 2

I've got good news and great news,
which you want first?

KARL

Uh, you know me, I never read the
news.

SCIENTIST 2

Right, well the great news is that
the air is safe. The other news is
that there is life in this planet,
and some of it has eaten all my
mineral samples.

KARL

Right, well better that than you,
eh?

SCIENTIST 2

Oh, I'm not worried about that; the
thing completely ignored me, but
remember that we don't know what
else could be down here.

KARL

No worries. If anything starts to
go pear shaped, Lloyd and I'll head

straight back to ca--

WHAM! Karl's sideswiped by a dwarf-sized ball of exoskeleton, knocking him into the air and down a very large hole.

KARL (CONT'D)

13. 13.

(Shouting) Lloyd!

The droid beeps, snaps focus to Karl, rockets down after him.

SCIENTIST 2

Karl?! KARL!

He's falling; fast. The tunnel is dark, except where his flashlight shines as he tumbles. Lloyd is racing faster. He's gaining on him. The scientist on call is motionless, breath held. The other two dwarves stare at the radio.

Lloyd's almost caught up to Karl. There's a faint orange glow at the bottom of the pit, but it's getting brighter.

KARL

C'mon, Lloyd, just a little more!

Firelight on his back, Karl reaches up. A panel on the front of Lloyd opens to reveal a grappling hook. Pow! It fires past Karl, who wraps his arm around the cable and grabs tightly. Lloyd reverses direction with all his might. The tunnel down clears out into another cave, lit by molten lava. The duo plummet into the hot air, Lloyd trying to slow their descent. It's not enough. WHAM! Everything goes dark.

ON BLACK:

INT. HOXXES, MAGMA CORE

After a brief silence, there is the sound of bubbling rock, and the whir of a hovering robot. A faint voice, broken by static, speaks through the radio.

SCIENTIST 1 (PRE-LAP)

Karl, do you copy? Come in, Karl.

His eyes open slowly and come to focus even moreso. Dissolve to:

Lloyd is removing Karl's helmet. A river of lava flows nearby, lighting the cavern more than one would expect. Striations and ditches line the cave surfaces. Numerous clusters of slimy, leathery egg-shaped sacks stand here and there throughout. A small nozzle appears through an open panel on

Lloyd's front. SPRITZ! Right into Karl's face.

He snaps awake!

14.
14.

KARL
By Unkarr's balls!

He quickly survey's the surroundings.

KARL (CONT'D)
Well, this isn't so bad.

Lloyd beeps, questioningly. One of the leathery egg sacs opens at the top. Strange chittering emits from it. Far in the distance, several alien roars and cries echo through the cave.

KARL (CONT'D)
I had to go an open my big mouth.

A clump of dirt falls down onto his shoulder. Thud. Lloyd turns his light to the hole they fell out of. Something's moving up it. The ceiling's alive? No, that's not the ceiling!

KARL (CONT'D)
Camp, do you read me? Mission
Control, do you copy? Anybody?

SCIENTIST 3
(static)
Karl! You're alive! By the beard!
Where are you? What's going on?

KARL
Crawlers! There's an ocean of
natives making its way to camp, and
they don't look friendly! You need
to secure the camp and call for
evac, now! Do you copy?!

SCIENTIST 3
(more static)
You're breaking up. What did you
say?

KARL
You're in danger! Call for evac!
Repeat, call for evac, NOW! Lloyd,
get back to camp and make sure they
make it home.

Lloyd beeps more questions.

KARL (CONT'D)

We do what we have to do, for rock
and stone.

15.

15.

Lloyd salutes and flies up the tunnel, blasters blasting.

A small, pink, six-legged creature, like a mix of ant and spider, eyeless but with a nightmarish maw for a mouth, leaps onto Karl's shoulder. Chomp! It tears a chunk out of his pauldron.

He tears it away with a mighty grip, slams it on the floor and smears it into the dirt with his boot. Several more of the creatures are making their way toward him; a few tiny ones, most are darker and waist-high, at least one is the size of car; thick, green armor. The ground trembles.

He holsters his pickaxe to his leg, pulls his enormous boomstick from over his shoulder, and cocks it.

KARL (CONT'D)

You are some ugly muthaf---

BLAM! BLAM! A couple of the glyphids become thin, green paste. Karl sprints toward a cave wall, firing as he goes. The ammo counter steadily reaching zero. He reloads in an instant.

MISSION CONTROL

(static)

We read you loud and clear, team.
Extraction commencing. Clear the
landing area and prepare to secure
the samples on board the drop-pod.

Karl weaves his way through the swarm, blasting bugs apart, dodging tooth and claw. The only exit is a hole in the wall at the far end from the hole he fell in, and the bugs know it. He makes a running leap over the stream of lava, and lands on top one of the larger glyphids in the swarm. Shot pellets bounce right off it. Karl grabs his pickaxe and POW! Pieces of the bugs plate flies off. He shoves the shotgun into the hole and unloads. BLAM! BLAM! The walking fortress collapses with a guttural sigh, and Karl summersaults toward the exit.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP

The central dome and other vital parts of the camp have been taken down, collapsed into cubes or loaded on the hover cart. Tables and lights remain

assembled. A 3d-hologram of the drop pod fill the space nearby. Lloyd arrives.

SCIENTIST 2

Lloyd? Is everything ok? Where's
Karl?

16.

16.

A series of beeps and whirs from the droid. His countenance downcast.

SCIENTIST 2

(CONT'D)

I see.

Dirt begins to rain down onto the drop-pod's hologram, then a downpour, then the pod itself, massive drill on the bottom, crashes into the floor and anchors itself. The mouth opens and the ramp shoots into the ground.

MISSION CONTROL

Chariot has arrived, team, there's
no time to waste. Scans pick up an
enormous wave of local fauna headed
your way. Secure the equipment and
samples and climb aboard.

SCIENTIST 3

But Karl is still down there!

MISSION CONTROL

We know, but Management can't lose
the samples and data you've
collected. We have to get it, and
you, safely back to the Space Rig.
Karl knew the risks, and will be
remembered as a hero. With any
luck, this won't be our last trip
to Hoxxes, and we'll find him and
bring him back.

Four discs fly out from the drop-pod. They land at the foot of the ramp and begin automatically building a sentry turret on each. The dwarves are hastily hauling equipment up the ramp and into side panels on the pod. Lloyd shoots two missiles from his side-mounts at the tunnel ceiling and it collapses, closing it off. That'll hold 'em.

The ground begins vibrating dramatically. The dwarves just about have it all loaded when glyphids appear from the floor and walls! Snap, snap! The turrets find a target and open fire. Dozens fall into silent heaps, but even more keep coming.

The hovercart is loaded into the pod. A dwarf turns to the outside.

SCIENTIST 1

(Shouting)

Lloyd, let's go!

Vapor pours from Lloyd's laser guns as he mounts himself inside the his compartment of the drop-pod and shuts down.

17.

17.

The ramp quickly retracts into the pod, a glyphid hanging by its claw to the end. It scurries toward the inside of the pod when, SLAM! the pod's door shuts on the glyphid's arm. The drop-pod launches back into orbit, to the Space Rig.

INT. HOXXES, MAGMA CORE

Karl's running on the floor of the largest cave seen so far. Lava rivers flow here and there throughout. In the center is a gigantic organic structure, pulsing with life. Glyphids of all kind swarm from place to place, chasing Karl when they take notice.

They're not the fastest of creatures, and as he outpaces them, he stands atop a small hill; what can only be the throne of the Queen before him, and the ocean of glyphids behind, he drops his empty shotgun on the ground, and grips raises his pickaxe to the earthen sky.

KARL

I am a rock in the stone, watch how

I roll.

And with that, he rushes as fast as he can at the throne, pickaxe in both hands, lightning coursing through it.

EXT. HOXXES, SPACE

The drop-pod zooms away from the planet. Cracks on the surface form incredibly fast and bright light flashes out from them. In an instant, the side of the planet explodes, sending huge chunks out into low orbit.

INT. SPACE RIG - ABYSS BAR

GUNNER

And nobody ever saw Karl again.

Their jaws on the floor, the Driller looks to the Scout for his version.

DRILLER

Well? How 'bout you, then, lad?

SCOUT

(Scoffing)

Pffft. Are you kiddin' me? There's
no way I'm following that one!

18.

18.

The three dwarves eye the scout in disbelief. The jukebox music suddenly cuts. Lloyd sighs a robotic sigh and his tap hands droop. Mission Control cuts in.

MISSION CONTROL

You boys better be better miners
than you are storytellers. You're
not getting paid by the hour. Get
on board the drop-pod and prepare
for insertion.

GUNNER

(under his breath)

Yeah, yeah. Insertion into your
mum.

The dwarves quickly down their beer, toss their tankards, and rush up the ramp into the drop-pod. The scout lags a little behind and stops at the top of the ramp. He's wearing a big red hat that reads, "D R G - THE MOVIE" on the front.

SCOUT

Oi, guys, what do ye think of my
new hat?

Rock and stone!

DRILLER

Rock and stone! For Karl!

GUNNER

ENGINEER

MISSION CONTROL

Drop sequence initiating. Fasten your
seatbelts.

GUNNER

Aw, crap. I forgot my lunchbox
again.

FADE TO BLACK.