

The Cast:

Alan Hayes

Claptrap (Borderlands)



Morrigan (Dragon Age)

Geralt of Rivia (The Witcher)



INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A metallic box bathed in a cold fluorescent glow.

CLAPTRAP (age unknown), a rusting robot covered in a smattering of old paint. He's eccentric and energetic, prone to loud outbursts.

His square chassis is mounted atop a single rubber tire. He uses it to roll back and forth across the floor, humming a lively tune in rhythm with his movements.

A large BLACK SPIDER perches high in a corner as if trying to evade the cold light.

The elevator DINGS with each passing floor, and Claptrap mimics the sound each time, accompanying it with a hop.

He waves his arms emphatically and begins to dance.

CLAPTRAP

I love that sound! Play that funky music, box boy. Hit it!

The elevator shudders to a stop. The lights flash a bright orange and ELEVATOR MUSIC blasts through the speakers.

Claptrap dances and starts to beat box along with the melody.

CLAPTRAP (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah! I'm dancing. I'm dancing!

The Black Spider crawls across the ceiling and swiftly descends to the floor. There's a large puff of GREEN SMOKE.

The Black Spider disappears, and MORRIGAN (30s) emerges from the smoke, clothed in a revealing array of dark robes. The top of a gnarled wooden staff juts into the air over her shoulder.

She looks down at the robot with a sneer, her eyes blazing with impatience and disdain.

Claptrap SCREAMS.

CLAPTRAP (CONT'D)

Please don't shoot me. Please don't shoot me!

MORRIGAN

Quiet you infernal creature. I have no intention of "shooting" you, but I may reconsider if you can't find a way to stop-

(Waves her hands in Claptrap's direction)

-this.

Claptrap slows down his rolling, but can't quite manage to be completely still.

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

There. That's... better, I suppose.

Morrigan glances over at the elevator number pad. The button for Floor #7 blinks rapidly, and the elevator remains stationary.

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

What have you done to this machine? It seems as if we've stopped.

Claptrap spins in a circle and salutes Morrigan.

CLAPTRAP

State-of-the-art CL4P-TP reporting for duty, ma'am! At your service, and happy to-

An intense BLUE CIRCLE spirals out of nothingness in an empty corner of the elevator. A PORTAL.

MORRIGAN

(To herself)

This is... unfamiliar. Perhaps mother managed to guard some of her secrets after all.

A dark leather boot steps through, quickly followed by the rest of an armor-clad body. GERALT (150, but appears as an ageless 45) backpedals furiously through the portal.

He's haggard and breathing heavily. His pale face is spider-webbed with fading dark veins.

A massive, purple claw appears through the portal, grasping at the Witcher. He manages to evade a swipe, but talons quickly catch in the rings of his armor.

Morrigan takes a solitary step back and watches, brow cocked.

Claptrap rolls into a corner, a nervous tremble causing him to wobble slightly.

Geralt struggles to draw one of his swords, and the talons clench, digging into armor and flesh, eliciting a grunt from the Witcher.

The portal suddenly spirals closed, and the purple claw falls to the floor - the flesh of the stump cauterized and smoking.

CLAPTRAP

I love a good show! Pleased to meet you, I'm CL4P-TP, at your-

MORRIGAN

-We're sure you are. Let's watch and wait, shall we?

Geralt kicks the clawed hand away and draws his sword. He turns to face the other occupants.

His eyes narrow as he gauges the environment, and his nose flares.

GERALT

This place smells... off. Why have you summoned me, witch?

Morrigan huffs. Claptrap resumes his rolling and whistling.

MORRIGAN

Witch of the Wilds, if you must. Who are you to come barging in here like an errant housefly?

GERALT

Geralt.

MORRIGAN

How illuminating.
(Pointing at the claw)
Care to explain that?

Geralt picks the claw up and stuffs it into a black bag.

GERALT

No.

Geralt slings the bag over his shoulder and approaches the closed elevator door. He feels along the gap between the panels and tries to pry them apart, grunting with the effort.

The door won't budge.

Geralt stops and begins to reassess the situation.

MORRIGAN

That was constructive. Where are you off to?

GERALT

I have coin to collect, and I don't suppose you're paying.

MORRIGAN

Right you are.

CLAPTRAP

I'm happy to report that payments are conferred on the tenth floor!

MORRIGAN

I believe that was our destination, but we've stopped thanks to your regrettable musical tastes.

Morrigan removes the staff from her back and levels it at the flashing elevator light.

CLAPTRAP

No!

MORRIGAN

I've grown bored. I believe this shall help us resume our journey.

Claptrap rolls furiously over to place himself in front of the control panel.

CLAPTRAP

Not like that, stranger! You've gotta treat him right if you want to get where you're going!

(beat)

May I?

Morrigan rolls her eyes and pivots her staff in Claptrap's direction.

MORRIGAN

Get out of my way, wheel-box, or *I* may reduce you to a pile of spare components.

Claptrap whistles sadly and hangs his head.

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)
 Perhaps then our taciturn friend
 could use your internal bits to
 repair this contraption.

GERALT
 That's not in my purview, witch.
 (beat)
 What is this place?

MORRIGAN
 This is-

CLAPTRAP
 -If I may-

MORRIGAN
 -No. I've had enough of your
 mechanical drivel.

Morrigan stares down at Claptrap until he wheels away.

She nods, satisfied.

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)
 The locals refer to this building
 as a "skyscraper," and we are in an
 "elevator." A broken one, it seems.
 (Glancing at Claptrap)
 Fix this at once, or I'll do it my
 way.

Claptrap wheels quickly over to the control panel and starts
 pressing buttons to the melody of "Funkytown."

The elevator lurches into motion. Claptrap throws his hands
 into the air.

CLAPTRAP
 Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Keep me movin'
 and keep me groovin' baby!

Geralt eyes him sideways and grunts.

MORRIGAN
 That's better. I would like to
 resolve the matter with mother
 quickly and be gone from this
 wretched plane.

GERALT
 What's wrong with your mother?

Morrigan snorts.

MORRIGAN

Tomes of Flemeth's faults would
fill the greatest library.

Geralt's eyes draw down into a scowl at name.

Morrigan grins.

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

Heard of her, have you?

The elevator comes to a halt with a triumphant DING.

The doors open.

Geralt draws his sword and takes a step forward.

GERALT

We've met.