Scene Twelve

KALIOPE. What's wrong, Agnes the Ass-hatted? By the
droop of your shoulders and your downward gaze, it
would indicate you are troubled somehow.

AGNES. Wow. Observant.

KALIOPE. Was that sarcasm?

AGNES. No.

KALIOPE. My apologies, Agnes. We Elves may have
heightened speed, agility, strength, and attractiveness –
AGNES. And you’re also humble to boot.

KALIOPE. We’re unfortunately lacking in “emotional
awareness.”

AGNES. So you’re like a robot?

KALIOPE. No, we’re Elves. We’re above emotions. That’s a
human trait.

AGNES. Well, color me envious right about now.

KALIOPE. What troubles you, Agnes the Ass-hatted?

AGNES. I joined this adventure to get to know my sister, to
help her, but I don’t think she needs me at all.

KALIOPE. Well, I don’t think she needs help from most
people. She IS a 20th level Paladin after all.
If anything, we travel with her for we often require her
help.

AGNES. Wow, Elf, you’re really bad at giving advice.

KALIOPE. I apologize. Would you like to copulate with me
now?

AGNES. What?

KALIOPE. Copulate, fornicate, consensual intimate
stimulus. I think it would make you feel better. I hear
you humans like to do such things.

AGNES. CHUCK! I’m not going to have sex with the Elf-
girl!

CHUCK. What? I don’t want to see you get sexy with the
sexy Elf-girl. Why would I want to see that? Ew, gross,
hot-girl on hot-girl action. Your sister must have wrote
that out. I mean, that’s so gay and I’m so...straight.

AGNES. Are you done?

(KALIOPE turns back to KALIOPE who leans in for
a kiss.)

Whoa, what are you doing?

KALIOPE & CHUCK. (Whispers.) Nothing!

AGNES. CHUCK!

CHUCK. Fine. Whatever.
You return back to your party who are all at the foot of
the Mountain of Steepness. But before you can move
forward, you spy something ahead of you. It’s big, cube-
shaped, and gelatinous!

(Lights come up on a gelatenous cube as the rest of
AGNES’s part step up beside her.)

AGNES. Ew, what is that?

KALIOPE. Oh that? That, my dear human friend, is Boss
Number Two. Miles the Gelatinous Cube!

AGNES. What?

(ADVENTURER STEVE enters.)

STEVE. It is I, the great Mage Steve and I've come to – oh
neat, a jello mold!

(STEVE goes to touch The Gelatinous Cube, but it
sucks him down whole...)  

Ahhhhh!

(...And spits out bones and his armor.)

(The Cube burps.)

AGNES. You made my boyfriend a jello-mold?
TILLY. What? No.

KALIOPE. You actually did.

LILITH. The Elf is correct, Love. You indeed made Agnes
the Ass-Hatted’s lover into a big cube of demonic
gelatine.