

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER

By

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PRESS CONFERENCE

REPORTER 1, the head of the press corp, introduces the head scientist.

REPORTER 1

We've all been invited here to interview our gracious host, the lead scientist on the Large Hadron Collider, the largest particle accelerator ever conceived of by man. Dr. Kill Death Murder!

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER comes center behind a podium. Half of his face is covered in metal, there's an eyepatch over the metal eye and he wears a torn lab coat. He's got a metal hook hand.

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER

Please, that's Doctor Kelldefmao-dyaerl, it's French Canadian. As my colleague was saying, the Large Hadron Collider is going to allow for me to bring about a world of change--

REPORTER 1

How do you respond to allegations that you're trying to play some sort of sick god?

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER

Well, I wouldn't say it's playing... it's more of a full time job! As I was saying, the collider--

REPORTER 2

Isn't it true that the machine's specific purpose is to create a black hole and destroy the world?

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER

That's preposterous--

He reveals a giant hook hand.

REPORTER 3

-- Hook related question, are you a supervillain?

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DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
Ahahahahahahahah. No.

REPORTER 1
Then why are we in a room filled with menacing photos of your face, on an island eerily shaped like your head, which is just a small part of a larger archipelago that obviously matches the curvature of your hook?

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
If ya got it, flaunt it, sistah!

A HENCHMEN approaches DR. KILLDEATHMURDER. He wears a lab coat and a mask with "KILL.DEATH.MURDER" written on it in big bold letters. He hands Dr. K a legal pad, he scratches on it and hands it back. After HENCHMEN whispers something to DR. K, DR. K giggles.

REPORTER 2
Is that a henchmen? Is that a grown man wearing a mask with your name written on it?

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
What, no! That's just Joshua, one of my PhD students--

REPORTER 3
--Does the D stand for doom?--

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
--The D does not stand for doom--

REPORTER 4/RADDINGTON has his reporter's notepad at the ready. There's obviously a bulky superhero costume under his clothes and he has the swagger of a superhero.

CHAD
Chad Raddington here, billionaire playboy slash mild-mannered reporter, are you at all worried that word of your kooky little scheme will make its way to the ears of the most superhot superhero superbachelor in America, a man we all know as Captain Radd? I bet he's on his way actually. In fact, I think I hear his super RADD, freshly painted, "gets all the chicks" hybrid electric Honda Civic

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CHAD (cont'd)
pulling into the foyer (*foy e yea*).
I'll go check, actually.

RADDINGTON takes an overly casual step or two before breaking out into a full run. He starts taking off his reporter's costume as he goes. DR. K looks after him for a confused beat before:

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
You know, those beaming eyes, those bulging muscles, that quickness on his feet! Why, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that man was a gay!

REPORTER 1
Isn't this just like that time you kidnapped and liquified the Bush twins!

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
Simply a weather experiment!

REPORTER 2
What about when you made all the residents of West Berlin color blind?

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
That was a Rubick's cube malfunction!

REPORTER 3
My pants are wet!

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
It happens to a lot of guys!

The reporters go crazy.

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
That's enough! You should all be ashamed! You reporters, scrounging for stories! With your scoop lust and your big ides! You think I'm evil? You're the real supervillains! ... You all clearly need to be taught a lesson in good manners. I wasn't even sure if I was going to do it, but you've pushed me over the edge and now I've got no choice! You'll all be sorry! And I am going to push this

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DR. KILLDEATHMURDER (cont'd)
button and send us all deep into
the guts of a black hole, the
contents of which, can not be
fathomed! I'm going to do it!
Righhhhhhhh--

REPORTER 3
Just do it already!

DR. KILLDEATHMURDER
Now!

Dr. K freezes.

NARRATOR
The contents of every black hole
are simpler than Dr.
Killdeathmurder and Captain Radd,
could have ever imagined. They
contain three simple things: One,
every letter ever addressed to
Santa Claus or Al Gore. Two, the
rare three panel Ziggy cartoon
where Ziggy inexplicably beats a
homeless man. And finally, the
third thing, is a little more
difficult to describe. A curious
substance, tangible yet effusive
like lightning in a bottle or a
soggy sandwich; fifteen valence
electrons in the outer shell,
responsible for all that is good in
the world, and most of the bad. We
in the narration business refer to
this substance as simply Theatre
Strike Force.