

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

A fairly normal meeting room.

CHRISTOPHOLES, DHRISY, CHRISGOPHER, CRYSTOPHER, and WET CHRIS sit around the meeting table.

Christopholes, dressed like a god of Olympus, opens the manilla folder in front of him.

CHRISTOPHOLES

Hello everyone, welcome to the first
ever multiversal council of
Christophers.

Christopholes stands.

CHRISTOPHOLES

I believe the best way to start this
with introductions, I'll go first.

A series of stats appears around Christopholes' face.

INSERT: CHRISTOPHOLES' STATSPREAD

- Christopholes
- Universe #1426, The God Dimension
- Aura: Foreboarding
- Power: 9001%
- Body Count: Too high to count (both kill-wise and sex-wise)

The room gives a polite clap as Christopholes sits back down.

Chrisgopher, a gopher that looks like he was pulled straight from a Looney Tunes cartoon, tries to balance his standing on his wobbly chair.

CHRISGOPHER

Howdy y'all, my name is Chrisgopher.

INSERT: CHRISGOPHER'S STATSPREAD

- Chrisgopher
- Universe #2043, Toonverse
- Sillyness: 69%
- Space for Hammers: ∞
- Antics: Wacky

Once more, the room claps as Chrisgopher sits back down.

The room is almost still except for the sound of Chrisgopher spinning in his chair.

CHRISTOPHOLES

Well, who would like to go next? Wet
Chris? Dhrissy?

Dhrissy slams her hands on the table and sneers at Wet Chris,
who is in a bowl of water across the table.

Chrissy talks with a strong southern accent.

DHRISSY

I'll introduce Wet Chris for all of
y'all.

(mocking wet chris)

I'm Wet Chris, I don't give a toot
'bout anyone but myself, and I'm so
durn damp.

Wet Chris responds in their posh, British accent.

WET CHRIS

Be mature. Poor.

CHRISGOPHER

You both make compelling points.

INSERT: WET CHRIS' STATSPREAD

- Wet Chris
- Universe #2731, Wet World
- Wetness: 100%
- Wealth: Frivolous
- Likes: Long walks on the beach

INSERT: DHRISSY'S STATSPREAD

- Dhrissy
- Universe #1985, Drystopia
- Wetness: 0%
- Wealth: Dirt poor
- Likes: Eating the rich

CHRISTOPHOLES

Quiet down everyone, this is supposed
to be a civil meeting.

DHRISSY

Tell that to Leaky over yonder.

CRYSTOPHER

Uhh h-hi, my name is Crystopher.

INSERT: CRYSTOPHER'S STATSPREAD

-Crystopher

-Universe #0911, The Midwest Emo Dimension

-Happiness: 8%

-Instruments Played: Crying, Moaning, Acoustic Guitar

-Music Quality: It's actually really nuanced, you probably just don't get it because you've never had to face genuine adversity

CHRISGOPHER

Wow. You're not cool at all.

CRYSTOPHER

You're just like the haters.

Crystopher sinks into his seat and pulls on the laces of his hoodie; tightening it and hiding his face.

CHRISTOPHOLES

I believe there is just one more member, Carstopher?

INSERT: CARSTOPHER'S STATSPREAD

-Carstopher

-Universe #4857, Car Cosmos

-Speed: He am speed

-Kachow? 99.99%

-Goodness for the environment: 8%

CARSTOPHER, wheels into his stat spread screen and poses. Carstopher, as his name suggests, is a car. He's not a fancy car with any decals, not a big truck. Carstopher is a Honda Civic.

CARSTOPHER

Sorry about that guys,
(panting)

I had troubles with the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Carstopher backs into an elevator. His butt hits the back wall while his face is still outside. He doesn't fit inside the elevator. Carstopher sighs, he really should've seen this coming.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHRISGOPHER

Well it's nice to meet you, friend.
Glad you could make it.

Chrisgopher leans across the table and puts his hand out for Carstopher to shake it.

Carstopher looks down at his nonexistent hands, then back up to Chrisgopher, who returns to his seat.

CHRISTOPHOLES

Now you may be wondering, out of all
the infinite number of universes, why
are there only six variants of us?

CARSTOPHER

It's true, I was wondering that.

The lights in the room dim as Christopholese puts a projection on the screen behind him.

DHRISY

Well what the hell happened?

CHRISTOPHOLES

I'm glad you asked. You see, as many of
you may know, us Christopher's were
accidents.

The projector shows 15 pictures of shocked pregnant women, one of which is a gopher, and one of which is a car.

CRYSTOPHER

Tell me something I don't hear every
day.

CHRISTOPHOLES

Of the fifteen Christopher Sella's that
were born, four of them ate batteries
at a young age.

WET CHRIS

And the rest of them?

CHRISTOPHOLES

Aside from a few who died later on in
life, that would be us.

CARSTOPHER

Actually, five ate batteries... But I'm
a car so I was fine.

CHRISTOPHOLES

My mistake, I meant to say "ate
batteries at a young age, then remained
at the same young age."

CARSTOPHER

Thank you.

The projector switches to the next slide which contains a
picture of a minimalistic man and question mark. And in Arial
font, the title: "What do we do now?"

CHRISTOPHOLES

The universe is trying to make us go
extinct. Does anyone have any ideas of
what to do now?

DHRISY

I wouldn't ask Wet Chris if I were you,
he's not exactly the biggest fan of
charity or good deeds.

WET CHRIS

That is preposterous, where did you
procure such an idea?

Dhrissy jolts from her seat and slams her hands on the table.

DHRISY

I don't know, maybe it was-

CHRISTOPHOLES

Settle down you two. Need I make us sit
in a circle and talk about our feelings
like children?

CRYSTOPHER

I'd be okay with that.

DHRISY

I think we could handle this with a
duel.

CARSTOPHER

Awesome! I don't get to see many duels
in my universe.

CHRISGOPHER
I really don't think there's a need for
violence-

WET CHRIS
You come over here and shoot me, you
incompetent buffoon.

Dhrissy grabs at her gun holster as she walks toward Wet Chris.

DHRISSY
Say that to my face!

WET CHRIS
I just did.

Wet Chris curls up inside his bowl.

CHRISGOPHER
Halt!

Chrisgopher tries to get in Dhrissy's way but Dhrissy steps over
him.

CHRISTOPHOLES
Dhrissy, what exactly happened with Wet
Chris?

DHRISSY
You see, I live in Drystopia...

START FLASHBACK

EXT. DRYSTOPIA - DAY

Dhrissy hobbles through the harsh desert.

DHRISSY (V.O.)
As the name suggests, it's not exactly
the most rootin' tootin' place for
anyone who wants to not die of
dehydration.

Through the waves of sand pelting her face, Dhrissy sees a
puddle.

DHRISY (V.O.)

One day I found a portal to Wet World,
a puddle portal, if you will.

Wet Chris pokes his head ever so slightly out of the puddle to look around while still keeping the majority of his body submerged.

DHRISY (V.O.)

It was Wet Chris, he'd been universe hopping. I'd asked him if he could help with my universe's millennium long drought.

Dhrissy walks over to Wet Chris and squats to meet at eye level.

DHRISY (V.O.)

But even after pleading and pleading,
Wet Chris wouldn't give me a drop of water from their infinite ocean of a home.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is still. Dhrissy sneers at Wet Chris.

CHRISTOPHOLES

Wet Chris, is this true?

WET CHRIS

It's true but I don't see how it's bad... My water is my water.

CRYSTOPHER

Woah dude, that's pretty selfish... I think Dhrissy should be allowed to shoot you.

CHRISTOPHOLES

Oh, to hell with it, I second that.

Dhrissy walks to Wet Chris' bowl. Chrisgopher clings to her leg on the walk over in an attempt to slow them. Crystopher and Christopholes stand behind her in support.

DHRISY

Prepare to be sleeping with the fishes.

Dhrissy raises her gun to Wet Chris' bowl, but before the bullet can take out Wet Chris, Carstopher zooms in front of the gun and the bullet pierces her beige doors.

The room is silent. Carstopher can't quite see the bullet hole because he has no neck.

But, soon after the screaming starts, the trail of leaking oil enters Carstopher's sight.

CARSTOPHER

Kachow-ow-ow that hurts!

WET CHRIS

Look at what you've caused, Dhrissy. An innocent automobile has succumbed to your prolific use of firearms.

DHRISSY

(sigh)

It shoulda been you.

CARSTOPHER

(cough cough)

I'm not gonna make it.

CHRISTOPHOLES

Where's the first aid kit?

CHRISGOPHER

A first aid kit ain't gonna do shit.

CRYSTOPHER

Oh man. Oh man, oh man, oh man. This is not good.

The room erupts with crying and screaming.

Dhrissy charges to Wet Chris, jumping over Carstopher and denting his hood in the process.

Wet Chris falls to the floor as Dhrissy's hands wrap around his throat.

DHRISSY

Look what you made my gun do!

WET CHRIS
(choking)
I made your gun do nothing.

Crystopher is living up to his namesake and crying in the corner of the room.

CRYSTOPHER
(crying)
The haters were right.

Christopholes is trying to perform some sort of CPR to Carstopher.

CHRISTOPHOLES
Agh! This is impossible I can't think with all this noise.

CARSTOPHER
Do you think I'm gonna make it?

Christopholes looks down at his black, oil-stained hands.

CHRISTOPHOLES
Um. Maybe if everyone could be quiet. I said, EVERYONE BE QUIET.

Nobody is quiet.

CARSTOPHER
Here, I have an idea.

What sounds like a very weak car horn comes from Carstopher.

CHRISTOPHOLES
Please, I need to focus.

Rapid sounds of gunshots fire into the air. The room goes quiet. Chrisgopher, standing on the table, puts away his tommy gun.

CHRISGOPHER
He said, be quiet, a fellow Christopher is on the line.

DHRISY
That's one helluva gun. Where'd you get it from?

CHRISGOPHER

Hammer space isn't just for hammers.

Carstopher coughs loudly, the room's attention turns to him.

Carstopher
I'm so sorry-
(cough cough)
-For being late-
(cough)
-this building isn't automotive
accessible...

The last drop of oil leaves Carstopher's bullet wound.

CHRISTOPHOLES
This is what I'm talking about people.
We are a cursed people. We will die and
die, and never for a reason.

CHRISGOPHER
What do we do?

CHRISTOPHOLES
I'm thinking of assembling a team.

INSERT: NEWSPAPERS FROM "MULTIVERSE MAGAZINE"

--"New Multiversal Council Forms with only Five Members"

--"The Christopher-Core Sets Record for Nichest Multiversal
Council"

--"Multiversal Council Turns to Music Making with their
Genre-Bending Band: The Christophverse"

--"The Christophverse sell out their worlds tour"

--"Tragedy Strikes Today as Fan Favorite Band The Christophverse
Gets Struck by Rock-Shaped Meteor"