Subject: MSTing -- My Immortal [1/2]
Posted by Anonymous on Tue, 23 Apr 2019 20:06:59 GMT
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Originally posted by: mstingcanon

MST - My Immortal
By Yesmar

NOTES:

-The complete version of this MSTing can be found at
http://www.mstingcanon..com/My_Immortal.txt
-This MSTing has been rated PG-13 for pervasive language, some sexual
situations, and brief scenes of violence/suicidal language.
-When viewed on mobile platforms/tablets, this work is best viewed in horizontal
orientation.
-Please direct questions or comments to my email address at mstingcanon@gmail.com
-For similar works such as this, please visit my web site, The MSTing Canon, at
mstingcanon.com.
-Now just sit back and enjoy. . . .My Immortal

[Nighttime on the SATELLITE OF LOVE.]

JONAH (O.S.): Aaaaaaahhh!!!!!! What's happening to me?

[JONAH rushes onto the bridge, wearing pajamas and an old-timey bed hat. He's looking around in a panic, and patting his various body parts, almost as if he doesn't believe they exist.]

JONAH: What is- How is- I don't under-

[TOM and CROW come on from opposite directions.]

TOM: What's the matter, Jonah? I was just entering into the third period of my hibernation cycle. That's when it's time for Dream Servo to climb into a hot tub with a glass of scotch, a Cuban cigar, and a lovely female Servo by his side.

CROW: I was having the best dream myself. (Faces screen) There I was, a young girl on the Canadian prairies, with only my trusty steed Buttercup to keep me company. Sure, she was just a pony, but ah, we were both discovering what it means to blossom into mature woman-

JONAH: Forget all that! Why are we like this?!

TOM: Like what? I don't notice anything.

JONAH: You mean it hasn't come to your attention that we're-we're-we're TWO DIMENSIONAL!

CROW: Oh cool, you're right! We're text based again.

JONAH: You mean this has happened before?

TOM: [Sighs] Yes, Jonah. What? You've never had your spatial dimensions flattened out in order to participate in a text based story before?

JONAH: No!

CROW: Jeez, next you'll tell us that you've never been transformed into pure energy and explored the universe for hundreds of years either.

JONAH: No! Wait, that happened to you?

CROW: Well, just the once.

TOM: Yeah, the two dimensional thing used to happen all the time though. Probably stopped around, oh, fifteen years ago, give or take?

CROW: That sounds about right.

[JONAH starts controlling his breathing, gradually moving from hyperventilation to a more manageable level.]

JONAH: OK, OK. I think I'm getting a handle on this. Just calm down, breathe slowly, and everything will be-

[TUBE comes down to suck JONAH up for the opening.]

JONAH (O.S.): Ahhh!

[TOM and CROW stare up at it before returning their attention to each other..]

TOM: Buttercup, huh?

CROW: Yep. [Pause] Yep.

<Intro>
NARRATOR: In the not too distant future,
Next Sunday, AD
There was a guy named Jonah
Not too different from you or me

He worked at Gizmonic Institute

Just another mug in a yellow jumpsuit
A distress call came in for him at half-past noon
That’s when an evil woman trapped him on the dark side of the moon.

KINGA: I'll send him cheesy fanfics,
The worst I can find (la, la, la),
He’ll have to sit and read them all
And we'll monitor his mind (la, la, la)

NARRATOR: Now keep in mind that Jonah can't control,
When the stories begin or end (la, la, la),
So he'll have to keep his sanity,
With the help of his robot friends,

ROBOT ROLL CALL:

CAMBOT: Stage left.
GYPSY: Like my new voice?
TOM SERVO: Crow sucks!
CROOOOOOOOOOOOOW: So does Tom.

If you're wondering how he eats and breathes,
And other science facts (la, la, la),
Then repeat to yourself,
“It's just a show,
And I should really just relax,”
For Mystery Usenet Theater 3000 (Guitar twang.)

<Commercial Break>

[SOL Bridge. JONAH is back in his regular jumpsuit.]

JONAH: So what do you guys...do when you’re like this?

CROW: Oh, just the usual. Read bad fanfics.

TOM: Crazy rants.

CROW: Spam emails.

TOM: Jonah, did you know that you can MAKE.MONEY.FAST. by following these three simple steps?

JONAH: Err.. no I didn’t, but looks like the Mads are calling.

[Cut to MOON BASE 13. KINGA is rubbing her hands together gleefully, while MAX appears to be dancing around.]

KINGA: I've finally gotten my father's dimensional modifier working again, and now it's time to complete his experiments in-- MAX! What the hell are you doing?

MAX [Singing to himself]: ~La, la la~ ~Oooh, ooh~ I feel as light as a feather!

KINGA: Max!

MAX: What?

KINGA: It's time for the experiment, and here you are bouncing around like a --like a--like a--thing that bounces or something!

MAX: But Kinga, don't you feel so free this way? Without a third dimension to tie me down, I feel as if I could float off into the sky.

KINGA: Max, I don't know if you're aware, but we are currently on the moon. If you floated up into the sky your blood vessels would start expanding, then your capillaries would burst and then--

MAX: [Stops dancing.] All right, all right. (Crosses arms in front of himself.) You take the fun out of everything.

KINGA: Anyway, time for the invention exchange. You first, Web 1.0.

[SOL Bridge]

JONAH: An invention exchange? Now? Jeez, I wasn't expecting anything. [Turns to TOM and CROW.] You guys got any ideas?

CROW: Actually, we do have a box of stuff from back when we were still doing this in text. It should be under the console there.

[JONAH reaches down and picks up a medium sized box from underneath the counter. The top is caked with dust, which JONAH blows off.]

CROW: Little more. [JONAH blows again.] Liiiitle more. [JONAH blows.] Still too dusty, try again.

JONAH: Oh for Pete's sake, I'll just open it up. [JONAH opens the box and takes out a series of posterboard slides, copyrighted 2003 at the bottom.]

TOM: Oh I remember this one. I'll take over from here. [Clears throat.] Do you ever find yourself searching for something on Yahoo and say to yourself "Hey whatever happened to that guy with the lazy eye from high school? How would I ever find out? There's no online directory for that."

JONAH: Huh?

CROW: Well now there is. [Nudges JONAH.] Can you get that big one there?

JONAH: Oh, of course. [JONAH holds up a slide featuring a screenshot of a very familiar looking web page for Michael J. Nelson.]

TOM: Yes, now you can tell everyone what your favorite movies and TV shows are, post pictures of your birthday party-

CROW: Or just spout whatever idiotic thought comes into your meaty, primate mind. You humans make me sick.

JONAH: Um, guys?

TOM: Want to make that cashier at Blockbuster jealous?

CROW: We've got that covered too.

[JONAH mouths "Blockbuster?" silently.]

TOM: Our latest version comes with an option to say "Single," "In a Relationship," or--

JONAH: Let me guess- "It's Complicated?"

CROW: We were actually going to go with "It's a Mess," but I like your idea better.

JONAH [Looks at slides]: You guys came up with this in 2003?

CROW: Yep.

TOM: Cutting edge, huh?

JONAH: Guys, I think we need to talk.

[MOON BASE 13. KINGA and MAX are staring intently at the viewscreen.]

KINGA: Yes, yes! This is genius! Max, are you taking notes?

[SOL]

JONAH: Well, thanks! That's a first. Do you have an invention yourself?

CROW: Yeah, what about that big thing behind you?

TOM: And what about Scarecrow's brain?

[MOON 13. The camera has panned back to reveal a large mock up standing on an easel behind Kinga and Max. The words are hard to make out but it appears to consist of publicity photos for various bands. The text is an unreadable neon green on a black background.]

KINGA: Our invention? [Looks behind her] No, nothing, we couldn't come up with Anything.

MAX: But Kinga, what about our social med-…?

KINGA: [Sing songy] Shut u-u-u-p. [Talking to herself.] Imagine. The entire population of the world giving up their personal information to be sold to the highest bidder. And you don't even have to *trick* them! They're doing this all voluntarily! The first person to monetize this is going to go down in evil genius history! Max, get some venture capitalists on the phone. I'll give them a presentation that will knock their socks off.

MAX: Aren't you forgetting something?

KINGA: Oh right. [Turns to the viewscreen.] Your experiment for today. I was going through some older files from my father and Auntie Pearl the other day. Apparently, the closest they ever came to breaking their subjects was not through film. Oh sure, you had your Manoses and your Eegahs that did a lot of work in tearing down their subjects, but looking at the Deep Hurting charts, I saw something interesting. The highest peaks were in the experiments involving written content. Immediately, I knew that I had to succeed where my forefathers had failed. I had to find the most horrible, IQ-depleting story on the Internet. And then I did. Prepare to enter the gothic daydream fuelled world of "My Immortal," by one Tara Gilesbie, aka XXXblooodyrists666XXX. Max, send them the story.

MAX: Actually, earlier, I kind of just meant saying "please."

KINGA: Send them the story Max!

MAX: [Quietly] OK.

"Story in the hole!"

[SOL. JONAH has just finished explaining something to TOM and CROW.]

CROW: Wait, Zucker-who?

TOM: Yeah Jonah, I've never heard of this "Facebook" site of yours.

JONAH: Well, don't take my word for it. I'm sure there'll be an army of law-- [LIGHTS start flashing and alarms start going off.] Ahh! We've got fanfic sign!

<Door Sequence>

TOM: I can't believe we're doing this again.
JONAH: Hey maybe it won't be so bad. The Internet's grown up a lot since 2003.

> My Immortal
> Chapter 1.
>
> AN: Special fangz (get it, coz Im goffik) 2 my gf (ew not in that way) raven,

JONAH: Her Guardian Force?
CROW: Her Green Fairy?
TOM: Her George Foreman grill?

> bloodytearz666 4 helpin me wif da story and spelling. U rok!

JONAH: Feel free to start that anytime, Raven!
TOM: The case of Gilespie V. Raven was not a long one.

> Justin ur da luv of my deprzzing life u rok 2! MCR ROX!

CROW: Sorry Justin. Bringing "luv" to somone's "deprzzing" life is only good enough to rok. In order to ROX you need to try a little harder. Have you thought about starting a pop punk band?

> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

> Hi my name is Ebony Dark'ness Dementia Raven Way

ALL [Monotone]: Hi, Ebony Dark'ness Dementia Raven Way.

> and I have long ebony black hair (that's how I got my name)

TOM (Ebony): Don't worry, I'll be getting to the Dementia explanation soon enough.

> with purple streaks and red tips that reaches my mid-back and icy blue eyes like
> limpid tears and a lot of people tell me I look like Amy Lee (AN: if u don't know who
> she is get da hell out of here!).

CROW: What if I know who that is, but just have have doubts you look like her.
TOM: "Limpid tears?"
JONAH: I think it's best to let some of this go, buddy.

> I'm not related to Gerard Way but I wish I was because he's a major fucking hottie.

CROW: Oookay.
JONAH (Ebony): Sorry, I forgot. I'm technically Ebony Dark'ness Dementia Raven

Appalachian Way.

> I'm a vampire but my teeth are straight and white.

TOM: As vampires' teeth generally are, yes.
JONAH: I'm pretty sure vampires' teeth are known for nothing more than being very straight and white.

> I have pale white skin. I'm also a witch, and I go to a magic school called Hogwarts in
> England where I'm in the seventh year (I'm seventeen). I'm a goth (in case you
> couldn't tell)

TOM: And here I thought she was a Pict!

> and I wear mostly black. I love Hot Topic and I buy all my clothes from there. For
> example today I was wearing a black corset with matching lace around it and a black
> leather miniskirt, pink fishnets and black combat boots. I was wearing black lipstick,
> white foundation, black eyeliner and red eye shadow.

JONAH: Nah, that's not Hot Topic. Not enough Nightmare Before Christmas.

> I was walking outside Hogwarts. It was snowing and raining so there was no sun,
> which I was very happy about.
>

CROW (Ebony): It was nighttime too, so that helped.

> A lot of preps stared at me. I put up my middle finger at them.
>
> "Hey Ebony!" shouted a voice. I looked up. It was…..

CROW: Rupaul?
TOM: The Backstreet Boys?
JONAH: The ghost of Tom Waits?

> Draco Malfoy!
>

ALL: Oh.

> "What's up Draco?" I asked.
>
> "Nothing." he said shyly.
>
> But then, I heard my friends call me and I had to go away.
>

TOM: [Ebony] What's that? Her hair's is on fire?

JONAH: [Draco] I don't hear any-
TOM: [Ebony] Yeah, sorry my friends's hair or dog or something is on fire.
Gottagobye!

> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
>
> AN: IS it good? PLZ tell me fangz!
>

CROW: No, it IS not.
JONAH: I can't tell if that is supposed to be slang for fans or thanks.
TOM: Either one seems to be setting her up for a lot of disappointment.

> Chapter 2.
>
> AN: Fangz 2 bloodytearz666 4 helpin me wif da chapta! BTW preps stop flaming ma
> story ok!
>

TOM (Cartman): You will respect ma authoritay!

> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
>

CROW: You can recognize the Antichrist by the Mark of the Beast hidden within
its header.

> The next day I woke up in my bedroom. It was snowing and raining again. I opened
> the door of my coffin and drank some blood from a bottle I had.

TOM: This is a weird update of Dick and Jane.

> My coffin was black ebony and inside it was hot pink velvet with black lace on the
> ends. I got out of my coffin and took of my giant MCR t-shirt which I used for pajamas.

CROW: We took of our giant MCR t-shirt, and gave of our Fallout Boy CDs, amen.

> Instead, I put on a black leather dress, a pentagram necklace, combat boots and black
> fishnets on. I put on four pairs of earrings in my pierced ears, and put my hair in a kind
> of messy bun.
>

JONAH: So she's precisely styled, except for the hair?
TOM: Well, Tara has to save up her energy for more riveting narration.

> My friend, Willow (AN: Raven dis is u!) woke up then and grinned at me. She flipped
> her long waist-length raven black hair with pink streaks and opened her forest-green
> eyes. She put on her Marilyn Manson t-shirt with a black mini, fishnets and pointy

> high-heeled boots. We put on our makeup (black lipstick white foundation and black
> eyeliner.)
>
> “OMFG, I saw you talking to Draco Malfoy yesterday!” she said excitedly.
>

[GYPSY descends into the theater to drop off her payload.]

GYPSY: She had to get dressed first just to say that?
CROW: Much like Ebony, Willow finds it difficult to do more than one thing at
the same time.

> “Yeah? So?” I said, blushing.
>
> “Do you like Draco?” she asked as we went out of the Slytherin common room and into
> the Great Hall.
>
> “No I so fucking don’t!” I shouted.
>

TOM: Jonah, remind me again when goths started talking like Cher in “Clueless.”
JONAH: Well, being a goth is all about rebelling against whatever is popular in
mainstream culture, so I guess whenever Alicia Silverstone fell out of
favor.
TOM: When did Batman and Robin come out?
CROW: 1997?
JONAH: Yeah, that sounds about right.

> “Yeah right!” she exclaimed. Just then, Draco walked up to me.
>
> “Hi.” he said.
>
> “Hi.” I replied flirtily.
>
> “Guess what.” he said.
>
> “What?” I asked.
>

JONAH (Willow): Yeah, forget what I said about your guys’ chemistry.. I guess you were right.

> “Well, Good Charlotte are having a concert in Hogsmeade.” he told me.
>
> “Oh. My. Fucking. God!” I screamed. I love GC. They are my favorite band, besides
> MCR.
>
> “Well…. do you want to go with me?” he asked.
>

> I gasped.

TOM (Ebony): Everything in that past sentence was grammatically correct.

> Chapter 3.
>
> AN: STOP FLAMMING DA STORY PREPZ OK! odderwize fangs 2 da goffik ppl 4 da
> good reveiws! FANGS AGEN RAVEN! oh yeah, BTW I don't own dis or da lyrics 4
> Good Chralotte.

JONAH: Ok, so there's a lot to unpack here. Who wants to begin?
CROW: Good Chralotte is my favorite cheese dish at that new Swiss restaurant.
TOM: Odderwize sounds like some sort of river mammal with large milk sacs. I would not want to meet an odderwize.
JONAH: I think I see an incantation there to summon good spelling. Let me try. [Closes eyes] "Omm..Omm.. Fangs Agen Raven, Fangs Agen Raven.."[Opens eyes again.] Did it work?

>
> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
>
> On the night of the concert I put on my black lace-up boots with high heels.
> Underneath them were ripped red fishnets.

TOM: [Ebony] Hmm…maybe taking these directly from that pier was a bad idea.

> Then I put on a black leather minidress with all this corset stuff on the back and front.

CROW: [Ebony] I then put this thing on my head which had all this hat stuff on the back front and some slippers on my feet which had all this shoe stuff on the back and front.

> I put on matching fishnet on my arms. I straightened my hair and made it look all spiky.
> I felt a little depressed then, so I slit one of my wrists. I read a depressing book while I
> waited for it to stop bleeding and I listened to some GC.

JONAH: And that helped?!

> I painted my nails black and put on TONS of black eyeliner. Then I put on some black
> lipstick. I didn't put on foundation because I was pale anyway. I drank some human
> blood so I was ready to go to the concert.

TOM: [Ebony] They have a Red Cross tent set up there so I thought I should stock up on some O-.

> I went outside. Draco was waiting there in front of his flying car. He was wearing a
> Simple Plan t-shirt (they would play at the show too), baggy black skater pants, black
> nail polish and a little eyeliner (AN: A lot fo kewl boiz wer it ok!).

>

JONAH:[Ebony] AN: I’m having a seizure. Please send help.

> “Hi Draco!” I said in a depressed voice.
>

TOM: “Hi. Ebony.” he said in an excited voice.

> “Hi Ebony.” he said back. We walked into his flying black Mercedes-Benz (the license
> plate said 666) and flew to the place with the concert.

CROW: [Ebony] We also got dinner at that place with the food, and went out for
drinks afterward at that place with the alcohol.

> On the way we listened excitedly to Good Charlotte and Marilyn Manson. We both
> smoked cigarettes and drugs.

JONAH: [Snorts]
TOM: [Tara] That’s what you say, right Raven?
CROW: [Raven] Umm...sure. My check is in the mail, right?

> When we got there, we both hopped out of the car. We went to the mosh pit at the
> front of the stage and jumped up and down as we listened to Good Charlotte..
>
> “You come in cold, you're covered in blood
> They're all so happy you've arrived

JONAH: Oh hey Carrie, how was the prom?

> The doctor cuts your cord, hands you to your mom
> She sets you free into this life.” sang Joel (I don’t own da lyrics 2 dat song).
>

CROW: Free range children. The reality.
TOM: [Mother voice] Go on sweetie, go out in the meadow Ebony. OK, we’ll be back
in five years!
JONAH: That would explain a lot.

> “Joel is so fucking hot.” I said to Draco, pointing to him as he sung, filling the club with
> his amazing voice.
>

TOM: [Caveman] He Joel. Me Ebony.

> Suddenly Draco looked sad.
>
> “What’s wrong?” I asked as we moshed to the music. Then I caught on.

>
> “Hey, it’s ok I don’t like him better than YOU!” I said.
>

CROW: [Ebony] The other members of the band, sure. The entire opening act, obviously. The guy that sold us these concert tees, of course. But Joel? No, I don’t like Joel better than you.

> “Really?” asked Draco sensitively and he put his arm around me all protective.
>
> “Really.” I said. “Besides I don’t even know Joel and he’s going out with Hilary fucking
> Duff. I fucking hate that little bitch.” I said disgustedly, thinking of her ugly blonde face.
>

JONAH: Now the Dementia name is starting to make sense.
TOM: Now?

> The night went on really well, and I had a great time. So did Draco. After the concert,
> we drank some beer and asked Benji and Joel for their autographs and photos with
> them. We got GC concert tees. Draco and I crawled back into the Mercedes-Benz, but
> Draco didn’t go back into Hogwarts, instead he drove the car into…….

JONAH: A Mentos Commercial?
CROW: The old Dick Cavett Show set?
TOM: The Chocolate River tunnel in Willy Wonka’s Chocolate Factory?

> the Forbidden Forest!
>

CROW: Oh, that was my next guess.

> Chapter 4.
>
> AN: I sed stup flaming ok ebony’s name is ENOBY nut mary su OK!

ALL: [Laugh uproariously]
TOM: If you say so.

> DRACO IS SOO IN LUV wif her dat he is acting defrent! dey nu eechodder b4 ok!
>
> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
>
> “DRACO!” I shouted. “What the fuck do you think you are doing?”

JONAH: [Draco] Starring in a bad self-insertion fanfic. Why? Is that not

obvious?

> Draco didn't answer but he stopped the flying car and he walked out of it. I walked out
> of it too, curiously.
>

CROW: Aww, she's imprinting.

> "What the fucking hell?" I asked angrily.
>

JONAH: [Enoby] I didn't know we were 2,000 feet above ground, Draco!

> "Ebony?" he asked.
>

TOM: Um, excuse me, it's actually Enoby.
JONAH: Enoby Nut Mary Su, thank you very much.

> "What?" I snapped.
>
> Draco leaned in extra-close and I looked into his gothic red eyes (he was wearing
> color contacts) which revealed so much depressing sorrow and evilness and then
> suddenly I didn't feel mad anymore.

TOM: [Dreamily] That pain is gone.

> And then……. suddenly just as I Draco kissed me passionately. Draco climbed
> on top of me and we started to make out keenly against a tree.

JONAH: [Draco] Gee whillikers Ebony, I'm so keen on you! Would youse like to go
steady with me and go get a soda pop sometime?

> He took of my top and I took of his clothes. I even took of my bra. Then he put his
> thingie into my you-know-what and we did it for the first time.

CROW: Poor Draco. I'm just imagining him trying to jab a square peg into a
circular hole over and over again.
JONAH: I mean, that's about the grade level of those descriptions

> "Oh! Oh! Oh! " I screamed. I was beginning to get an orgasm. We started to kiss
> everywhere and my pale body became all warm. And then….
>
> "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING YOU MOTHERFUKERS!"

JONAH: Oh, it's the author's mom.
TOM: Let's hope it's J.K. Rowling.

> It was…… ….

CROW: Someone known for their cursing I assume.

> Dumbledore!

CROW: ...Or Dumbledore.

<Commercial Bumper>

> Chapter 5.
>
> AN: STOP flaming! if u flam it menz ur a prep or a posr! Da only reson Dumbledeor
> swor is coz he had a hedache ok an on tup of dat he wuz mad at dem 4 having sexx!

JONAH: Plus, he was taking some Ambien and we all know how that goes.

> PS im nut updating umtil I get five good revoiws!
>

TOM: Au revoir, au revoir, au revoir, au revoir, au revoir! [Looks closer.] Oh wait.

> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
>
> Dumbledore made and Draco and I follow him. He kept shouting at us angrily..
>
> “You ludacris fools!” he shouted.
>

CROW: [Enoby] Ef u don’t like the Fat and Furryious movies u r a dum prepz!

> I started to cry tears of blood down my pallid face. Draco comforted me. When we
> went back to the castle Dumbledore took us to Professor Snape and Professor
> McGonagall who were both looking very angry.

TOM: [Alan Rickman] I don’t recall our contract involving having to show up in every teenage girl’s fanfic.

> “They were having sexual intercourse in the Forbidden Forest!” he yelled in a furious
> voice.
>
> “Why did you do such a thing, you mediocre dunces?” asked Professor McGonagall.

JONAH: Ok, that’s not too out of character. One point Gillespie.
CROW: I don’t know; that feels more like something Maggie Smith herself would say.
TOM: I’m pretty sure they played that line as her Emmy clip every year for

Downton Abbey.

> “How dare you?” demanded Professor Snape.
>

TOM: [Snape] That’s my groove pad.
JONAH: Tom, I don’t want to ever think of Professor Snape having a groove pad ever again.

> And then Draco shrieked. “BECAUSE I LOVE HER!”
>

CROW: Being in love means never having to say you’re sorry for ruining the sanctity of a national park.

> Everyone was quiet.

JONAH: They couldn’t believe that was his excuse.

> Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall still looked mad but Professor Snape said.
> “Fine. Very well. You may go up to your rooms.”
>

CROW: [Dumbledore] Even us?
TOM: [Snape] You’re *grounded*, Dumbledore!

> Draco and I went upstairs while the teachers glared at us.
>

CROW: They still hadn’t figured out why we liked Cinnamon Toast Crunch.

> “Are you okay, Ebony?” Draco asked me gently.
>
> “Yeah I guess.” I lied. I went to the girl’s dorm and brushed my teeth and my hair and
> changed into a low-cut black floor-length dress with red lace all around it and black
> high heels.

TOM: [Enoby] I like to relax by putting on the most uncomfortable pair of footwear I own.

> When I came out….
>
> Draco was standing in front of the bathroom, and he started to sing ‘I just wanna live’
> by Good Charlotte. I was so flattered, even though he wasn’t supposed to be there.
> We hugged and kissed. After that, we said goodnight and he reluctantly went back into
> his room.
>

JONAH: “Say Anything” this ain’t. Hell, I’d settle for “I’ll Do Anything.”

> Chapter 6.
>
> AN: shjt up prepz ok! PS I wnot update ubtil u give me goood revows!
>

CROW: I’m “revowing” vengeance every time we start a new chapter. Does that count?

> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
>
> The next day I woke up in my coffin.

JONAH: [Enoby] Aw crap, did I slip into unconsciousness and get mistaken for dead and buried alive again? I hate it when that happens.

> I put on a black miniskirt that was all ripped around the end and a matching top with
> red skulls all over it and high heeled boots that were black. I put on two pairs of skull
> earrings, and two crosses in my ears. I spray-painted my hair with purple.
>

TOM: [Enoby] Inhaling the fumes from all the spray paint is another reason I end up in my coffin at the end of the night.

> In the Great Hall, I ate some Count Chocula cereal with blood instead of milk, and a
> glass of red blood.

CROW: Nothing says you’re hardcore more than eating General Mills novelty cereals.
TOM: [Enoby] And then for lunch I had Spaghetti-Os, but with BLOOD instead of tomato sauce, and for a drink I had some Capri-Sun, but instead of juice it was BLOOD. I haven’t figured out a way to add blood to Lunchables yet, but when I do, watch out.

> Suddenly someone bumped into me. All the blood spilled over my top.
>
> “Bastard!” I shouted angrily.

JONAH: [Enoby] You accursed scalawag! Now we must duel!

> I regretted saying it when I looked up cause I was looking into the pale white face of a
> gothic boy with spiky black hair with red streaks in it. He was wearing so much eyeliner
> that I was going down his face

JONAH: Woah, Enoby, come on! Let’s slow down here. I know you’re into makeup, but this is a little extreme.
CROW: How much eyeliner would you have to wear for you to have run out of room

around your eyes for it, and have to extend it into the rest of the face?
TOM: No wonder he bumped into Enoby. He probably can't see out of the crusty black scabs covering his eyelids.

> and he was wearing black lipstick. He didn't have glasses anymore

CROW: "Glasses"? Oh no.

> and now he was wearing red contact lenses just like Draco's and there was no scar on
> his forhead anymore.

CROW: "Scar"? Oh no…

> He had a manly stubble on his chin. He had a sexy English accent. He looked exactly
> like Joel Madden. He was so sexy that my body went all hot when I saw him kind of
> like an erection only I'm a girl so I didn't get one you sicko.

TOM: [Enoby] I just flopped onto the floor due to heat exhaustion while Harry Potter there stumbled around with his eyeliner masks on.

> "I'm so sorry." he said in a shy voice.
>
> "That's all right. What's your name?" I questioned.
>
> "My name's Harry Potter, although most people call me Vampire these days." he
> grumbled.

JONAH: [Harry] I don't know why everyone thinks I'm a vampire. I'm just wearing red contact lenses, bleaching my skin bone white, and caking on eyeliner. I don't get it.

> "Why?" I exclaimed.
>
> "Because I love the taste of human blood." he giggled.
>
> "Well, I am a vampire." I confessed.
>
> "Really?" he whimpered.
>
> "Yeah." I roared.
>

TOM: This chapter's types of speech provided by Mad Libs.
CROW: Raven's pretty much just subbing in words randomly at this point, isn't she?

> We sat down to talk for a while. Then Draco came up behind me and told me he had a
> surprise for me so I went away with him.

>
> Chapter 7. Bring me 2 life
>

JONAH: I feel like accidentally breaking a mummy's curse and bringing him to life would be preferable at this point.
CROW: Has Tara Gilespie been dead this whole time? That would explain a lot..

> AN: wel ok u guyz im only writting dis cuz I got 5 god reviuws. n BTW I wont rite da nxt
> chapter til I git TIN god vons! STO FLAMING OR ILL REPORT U! Evony isn't a Marie
> Sue ok she isn't perfect SHES A SATANITS! n she has problemz shes depressed 4
> godz sake!

JONAH: [Tara] Her Mom accidentally taped over her copy of "The Corpse Bride," OK? And they were all out of black nail polish at Hot Topic! Give her a break!
TOM: [Tara] For God's sake she doesn't even know how to spell her own religion!

> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXZXXXXXXXXXXXX
>
> Draco and I held our pale white hands with black nail polish as we went upstairs. I was
> wearing red Satanist sings on my nails in red nail polish (AN: c doez dat sound lik a
> Maru Sue 2 u?).

TOM: You know, I hear Ebony's Kobayashi Maru time is only 15 seconds less than Marrissa's.
JONAH: Who?
TOM: [Chuckling] Oh, you've got a lot to learn Jonah.

> I waved to Vampire. Dark misery was in his depressed eyes. I guess he was jealous of
> me that I was going out with Draco. Anyway, I went upstairs excitedly with Draco. We
> went into his room and locked the door. Then……
>

CROW: Kramer burst in with a new crazy scheme?
JONAH: The universe collapsed in upon itself, turning everyone and everything, including Draco and Enoby into beings of pure mathematics and energy?
TOM: A poorly written make out scene ensued?

> We started frenching passively and we took off each others clothes enthusiastically.

TOM: I win!

> He felt me up before I took of my top.

CROW: Now there's a proper gentleman. Always make sure you do something romantic for your girlfriend, like feeling her up, before she takes off her top.

> Then I took off my black leather bra and he took off his pants. We went on the bed and
> started making out naked and then he put his boy's thingy in mine and we HAD SEX.
> (c is dat stupid?)
>

JONAH: [Midwestern teacher voice] Ooh, you know dat's so stupid nowadays how all the kids are having the sexual intercourse and they're not even using any magical protection.

> "Oh Draco, Draco!" I screamed while getting an orgasm when all of a sudden I saw a
> tattoo I had never seen before on Draco's arm.

TOM: [Enoby] Um, Draco, honey, when did you become cursed to display the stories of the damned on your body for all eternity?

> It was a black heart with an arrow through it. On it in bloody gothic writing were the
> words……. Vampire!
>

CROW: [Gasps] Oh no! He's a "Twilight" fan.

> I was so angry.
>
> "You bastard!" I shouted angrily, jumping out of the bed.
>

TOM: [Enoby] I can not believe that you are not Team Jacob!

> "No! No! But you don't understand!" Draco pleaded. But I knew too much.
>
> "No, you fucking idiot!" I shouted. "You probably have AIDs anyway!"
>

JONAH: Hi everyone, we'd like to take some time out of this MSTing to let you all know that being HIV positive isn't anything to be shamed for or used as the basis for some cheap joke. Maybe Tara Gillespie and the rest of us can come together and learn something about each other for the rest of this story, and maybe just maybe [Jonah rambles on quietly under the next bit of text]

> I put on my clothes all huffily and then stomped out. Draco ran out even though he was
> naked. He had a really big you-know-what but I was too mad to care.

JONAH: Aaaand now we're back.

> I stomped out and did so until I was in Vampire's classroom where he was having a
> lesson with Professor Snape and some other people.
>

> “VAMPIRE POTTER, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!” I yelled.

CROW [Dumbledore]: Hey, you stole my shitty characterization!

> Chapter 8.
>
> AN: stop flassing ok! if u do den u r a prep!

JONAH: So only preps floss in this universe?
TOM: Jonah, you have to understand that proper dental care takes up precious minutes that could be better used applying pounds of eyeliner.

> XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXX
>
> Everyone in the class stared at me and then Draco came into the room even though
> he was naked and started begging me to take him back.
>
> “Ebony, it’s not what you think!” Draco screamed sadly.

JONAH: [Draco] It happens to every guy, OK!

> My friend B’loody Mary Smith smiled at me understatedly.

CROW: Well, there’s a first for something in this story.

> She flipped her long waste-length gothic black hair and opened her crimson eyes like
> blood that she was wearing contact lenses on. She had pale white skin that she was
> wearing white makeup on. Hermione was kidnapped when she was born.

JONAH: [Race Announcer] And the narration has veered wildly off course, crashing into the nearby stands.
TOM: Why does it feel like Tyler Durden just spliced in a frame from a different movie?

> Her real parents are vampires and one of them is a witch but Voldemort killed her
> mother and her father committed suicide because he was depressed about it.

CROW: [Boggy Creek Child] And then, and then, a unicorn showed up and gave everyone candy, but the candy turned into worms so a, a, a, a werewolf showed up an turned everything back.
JONAH: [Boggy Creek Mother] Uh huh, and what was the unicorn’s name honey?

> She still has nightmares about it and she is very haunted and depressed. It also turns
> out her real last name is Smith and not Granger. (Since she has converted to
> Satanism she is in Slytherin now not Griffindoor.)
>

TOM: So, the character is basically Hermione in name only, except for the fact

that her name's not even Hermione.
JONAH: Pretty much, yeah.
CROW: I mean, she's female. Got that going for her at least.
JONAH: Yeah, and she's the same age that Hermione was at some point in her life.

> "What is it that you desire, you ridiculous dimwit!" Snape demeaned angrily in his cold
> voice but I ignored him.
>

JONAH: [Snape] You clinking clanking collection of collgenous junk!

> "Vampire, I can't believe you cheated on me with Draco!" I shouted at him.
>

JONAH: Huh?
CROW: Er...cut! Are we allowed to say that?
TOM: [Director] Ebony, honey, I think you missed a couple lines.

> Everyone gasped.
>
> I don't know why Ebony was so mad at me. I had went out with Vampire (I'm bi and so
> is Ebony) for a while but then he broke my heart.

JONAH: [Draco] Welcome to my dimension reader!
TOM: And now we're in "The Sound and the Fury" apparently.

> He dumped me because he liked Britney, a stupid preppy fucker. We were just good
> friends now. He had gone through horrible problems, and now he was gothic. (Haha,
> like I would hang out with a prep.)

CROW: [Draco] Even though I just said I went out with him before he was gothic.

> "But I'm not going out with Draco anymore!" said Vampire.
>
> "Yeah fucking right! Fuck off, you bastard!" I screamed. I ran out of the room and into
> the Forbidden Forest where I had lost my virility to Draco and then I started to bust into
> tears.
>

TOM: ... I mean sometimes, you gotta just let this stuff speak for itself.
JONAH: Let's go guys.

<Door Sequence>

[SOL Bridge. TOM and CROW are wearing archaic looking helmets, and decked out in
what appear to be animal skins. A shield hangs across each of their chests.
JONAH enters.]

JONAH: Hey everyone, welcome back to- [Looks at TOM and CROW.] What are you guys up to?

TOM: Well Jonah, while reading today's story we thought that being a Goth sounded like a lot of fun, so Crow and I decided to go online and see what we needed to put together in order to take part in the Gothic lifestyle.

CROW: Yeah! We'll be yelling at teachers and skipping out on class in no time!

JONAH: I see, I see, and when you Googled "goth" you got-

TOM: Oh, so many results Jonah. Sacking Rome, creating a large Medieval empire…

CROW: I had no clue that Enoby's forebears were so notable…..[Aside]Not sure where things went wrong there.

JONAH: And for fashion you decided to just skip Hot Topic and get your advice straight from-

TOM: The history books themselves! Move over Anna Wintour; I think the fine folks at Encyclopedia Britannica have a few things to teach you.

JONAH: Where did you even get what appears to be….raccoon fur? [Rubs CROW's fur cape between his fingers.]

TOM: Don't worry, Jonah, that's not raccoon.

JONAH: Oh good.

CROW: Yep, just ordinary skunk.

JONAH: [Pulls hands away] Oh ew!! Why are you even wearing a cape made out of skunk?

CROW: It's the cheapest we could find on such short notice, obviously. Especially if you remove the scent glands yourself.

JONAH: And did you?

CROW: Of course not.

JONAH: [Makes disgusted face] Look, moving on, I think you guys might have misinterpreted certain...elements about Gothic culture

TOM: But the writing in today's story was so crystal clear!

JONAH: Be that as it may, there are certain….differences between, how can I put this, "modern-day" Goths and the ancient Gothic culture you've been

reading about online.

CROW: I did notice that there was a noticeable lack of eyeliner in Encarta's article about Goths.

TOM: Yeah, and there don't appear to be any pop punk bands listed in the section on Gothic musical practices.

CROW: How did they even frighten their parents?

TOM: Where are the altars to Marilyn Manson?

JONAH: [Aside] I think I know a guy that has a couple of those….Look, a Goth from 2007 like Enoby has as much in common as a Goth from 207 as Crow does with an actual crow.

CROW: What do you mean "actual" Crow?

TOM: So what you're saying Jonah, is that we're actually more authentic than other types of Goths.

JONAH: Well, I mean, maybe, I guess. That would depend on-

TOM: So that's why we don't match up with Enoby and her group. They're just a bunch of posers!

JONAH: I don't know about-

CROW: Yeah! I bet they've never even skinned a wild animal with their bare hands and then sown their fur together to make a protecting yet still very fashionable pair of mittens!

JONAH: Have you guys?

TOM: Who cares Jonah? We're authentic and original and they're not! Isn't that what being a Goth is all about?

JONAH: You know what you guys?

TOM AND CROW: What?

JONAH: I think you just might be right. [JONAH hits the commercial sign button.]

<Commercials>