

Side 3: Mictlantecuhtli, Colmillos

But that's why we get wined and dined when we get back.

MARCELUS

Hey, wait, we're already dead, right? What can this Micletonkootie...

MEMO

Mictlantecuhtli.

MARCELUS

Whatever. What can this punk and the big cat do to us that ain't already been done?

MEMO

Mictlantecuhtli and Colmillos can bury your bones in their yard.

MARCELUS and KENNY

Eeww!

MEMO

(chuckling)

Hey pollos, many thousands of spirits make the journey through Mictlan during el Dia de los Muertos. Los malos probably won't even notice us. Besides, we mexicanos don't fear death, we make fun of it. Vamonos, mi Fevronia's mole is waiting!

(Marcelus looks at Kenny and nods as if to say "Let's do it!" Kenny returns the gesture and the trio marches off.)

(Cross fade to Mictlan, the Aztec Underworld, home of Mictlantecuhtli and Colmillos. Mictlantecuhtli is pacing impatiently. He is holding a skull, which he sometimes talks to like a demonic Hamlet.)

MICTLANTECUHTLI

Where's that gato estúpido? It's soul season and those boney skeletons will try to sneak through here for their basura Dia de los Muertos altars on Earth.

I hate el Dia de los Muertos. And I really hate Quetzalcoatl, (sarcastically) the Great Plumed Serpent. Four thousand years ago that feather-brained snake tricked me. Back then I had all the bones and the gods wanted to create a new race. Quetzalcoatl challenged me to an epic game. He wins, the gods use the bones to create man as an immortal being. I win, the bones stay with me in Mictlan forever. I love a good game so I accepted.

It was a game for the ages, glorious... (snarling) but in the end Quetzalcoatl won. But he didn't get everything he wanted. I tricked him. Some say I cheated, but I prefer to call it "outmaneuvering." On the way to the Great Doorway to Earth I tripped Quetzalcoatl and he spilled all the bones on the ground. Lo chupo el diablo!