

## **THE SCARRED VEIN- Full Script**

### **ACT 1: THE QUEUE AND PRESHOW**

#### **SCENE 1: THE MAIN ENTRANCE & QUEUE**

**SETTING:** The entrance to the Scarred Vein maze sits inside of cascading caverns, the remnants of the old Crowe Mining Co. At the entrance to the mines lies faded signage reading “CROWE MINING CO. - Est. 1867” with a new placard underneath: “Historical Tours Now Open.” Below it lies a large monster skull.

The queue winds through old rooms of the mining company. Around are ledger books swollen from water damage, crates stamped with the company seal, and faded safety posters warning workers of ailments no one fully understood. Visitors pass through an abandoned foreman’s station where medical reports are scattered, notes scribbled in panic, letters from families demanding answers.

**(QUEUE SOUNDSCAPE)** Above on overhead loudspeakers, a radio can be heard. In the mix of late 1800s western and folk music, segments by a host named Harlan Graves can be heard talking about the history of the Crowe Mining Company.

#### **(AMBIENT DIALOGUE)(SEGMENTS OF RADIO)**

**HARLAN GRAVES V.O.:** Evenin’ folks. Harlan here. Before you head on down, a little history lesson. Crowe Mining Company was founded back in 67’ by Silas Crowe, railroad man turned silver baron. He claimed the veins under this mountain were “the richest he’d ever seen,” and maybe they were... for a time. But the deeper his men dug, the stranger things got. Green spores in the rock. Voices in the tunnel. Folks said the mountain didn’t want to be opened.

**HARLAN GRAVES V.O.:** After a few years, some of the men started changin’. Skin toughenin’, eyes gettin’ sensitive to daylight, senses sharpenin’ in ways they shouldn’t. At first, Crowe blamed the dust, the cold, the hard work. But doctors from back East said it was somethin’ else. Somethin’ older. Miners said the mountain was shapin’ ‘em into creatures that could survive its darkness.

**HARLAN GRAVES V.O.:** Crowe tried to keep things quiet: payoffs, closed caskets, men “disappearin” on the job. Their families didn’t buy it. Lawsuits piled up. Investigators came pokin’ around. What they found in the lower tunnels... well, it shut the mine down for good. Crowe sealed off the deepest paths, and what was left of the men who’d changed were driven into the old shafts folks called the Scarred Vein.

**HARLAN GRAVES V.O.:** Some say the curse on this town, those creatures that roam after dark, started right here. Folks believed the miners weren’t sick... they were bein’ claimed. Turned into guardians of somethin’ down below. After Silas Crowe died, the company collapsed

overnight. Lady Crowe sent men in to haul out what they could, then left the rest to rot. These tunnels haven't heard footsteps in decades... until now.

**HARLAN GRAVES V.O.:** One last thing before you head into the Scarred Vein. Old records mention a chamber Crowe called the "Hollow Hole." No one knows if he meant it as a joke or a warning. But the men who worked closest to it went missing first... and the ones they did find weren't exactly men anymore. We've got that section sealed good and tight, so don't y'all worry.

## **SCENE 2: THE PRESHOW**

**SETTING:** Deeper into the queue, the faint smell of damp stone grows stronger, and the air begins to feel cooler. A cast member dressed in 1880s miner attire stands at the end, separating groups to hold 6-10 guests (2-3 families). These groups are taken together into what looks like an orientation room. There are 3 different tour groups at one time for capacity.

Guests enter a dimly lit room just inside the entrance to the mines. The walls are lined with framed photographs of miners, old mining tools, and maps of the tunnels. Dust hangs in the air, illuminated by the flicker of lanterns. A small radio sits on a crate in the corner, quietly crackling with an ongoing broadcast.

A table at the center holds a row of flashlights. Each flashlight is subtly marked on the bottom with a color, not obvious to the guests. Cast Members are present to help distribute them, ostensibly randomly, but each family member receives a different color.

**TOUR GUIDE:** Alright now, everyone, gather 'round. Welcome to the Crowe Mining Company. I'm your guide for today. First things first, you'll each be given a flashlight. Keep it with you at all times. There's no telling what you might stumble across down there if you wander too far in the dark.

### **(GESTURING TO THE TABLE, CAST MEMBER HANDS OUT THE FLASHLIGHTS)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Now, before we go further, a little history: Crowe Mining Company started digging these hills over 15 years ago. Silas Crowe was a man of vision... and stubbornness. He struck silver in veins that the townsfolk long feared. Strange things happened in those tunnels. Men went in... and some didn't come out the same. The company tried to cover it up, blamed the spores... but the truth is, the Scarred Vein has secrets older than Crowe himself. (*Leaning in slightly, lowering their voice.*) Some folks say part of the mine was known as the Hollow Hole, a chamber the miners whispered about but none dared enter. Even now, they've sealed it tight. That section is off-limits, but I'm dying to know what's behind it. (*Straightens up, smiling slowly.*) But for the rest of today, we will just take a look at the mines. (*Winks.*)

**(GUESTS ARE THEN PROMPTED TO LOAD A MINE ELEVATOR SHAFT WITH THEIR TOUR GUIDE. THE TOUR GUIDE CRANKS A LEVER, CAUSING THE SHAFT TO JOLT.**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Just a short trip down to the bottom. Y'know, I'm surprised these things still work; they tend to just drop unannounced. *(chuckles nervously as the shaft jolts)* Kidding!

**(AS THEY DESCEND, SCREENS ON THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE MINE SHAFT DISPLAY GUESTS MOVING DOWN DEEP INTO THE MINES.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Well, this is our stop! Be sure to watch your head; these mines don't hold up like they used to.

## **ACT 2: PHASE 1**

### **SCENE 1: THE MINES**

**SETTING:** Guests step through a narrow stone arch into the first real tunnel of the Scarred Vein. The walls are rough, striped with veins of silver glinting faintly in their flashlights. Dust floats in the cold, damp air. Wooden support beams, some cracked and splintered, line the path. Occasional drips echo off the rock walls. The passage slopes gently downward, disappearing into near-complete darkness ahead. A faint greenish hue glows in streaks along some walls. The temperature drops slightly, and the air carries an earthy, metallic smell.

**(AMBIENT SOUNDSCAPE) WOOD CREAKING, SLIGHT WATER TRICKLES, ECHOES.**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Alright, everyone, keep your lights steady... and your eyes open. This first section here? This is the part they used to call the Devil Dust. Named for the spores... well, they thought it was mold at first, harmless stuff. But after a few years, miners started... changing. Skin problems, breathing issues, some of them... strange behaviors. Most doctors back then wrote it off as fatigue or drinking too much. *(Pauses, looks around.)* Now, I can't exactly say what caused it; official reports all point to dust and damp conditions. But if you read between the lines, the symptoms match stories from the Hollow King's curse. Townsfolk whispered for decades that the mines themselves were... well, alive. That the spores weren't just spores. That they were...claiming... the miners for something else.

**(GUESTS WALK FURTHER DOWN IN SILENCE. THEY FEEL WATER DRIPPING ON THEIR HEAD. THE TOUR GUIDE STOPS AND LOOKS UP WITH THEIR FLASHLIGHTS. A CREAKING SOUND OCCURS. THEN A BEAM BEGINS TO FALL, RIGHT ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE GUESTS. THE GUESTS ARE ENGULFED IN A CLOUD OF DUST.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Whoa! Is everyone okay? *(Holding the beam above.)* That's... perfectly normal. These old mines have a mind of their own. *(Slowly, let's go; it holds in place.)* Nothing to worry about, but do keep your lights on. You never know what might try to greet you from above.

**(TOUR GUIDE STEPS TO THE LEFT GESTURING TO GREEN CRACKS IN THE ROCK.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Notice the walls here. This green, this same green, appears every blood moon; it calls the monsters, I'm sure of it. I heard tonight may be a blood moon. Anyway, it's just a theory. I can't promise we'll see anything supernatural today. But if you pay attention, you might see some of what I'm saying. Let's keep going, we're almost at the caverns, and don't touch anything. These old beams tend to have a mind of their own.

**ACT 3: PHASE 2**

**SCENE 1: THE CAVERNS**

**SETTING:** Guests enter a massive cavern that stretches high above their heads. Stalactites hang down at varying lengths, some ending near walkways. The walkways are narrow and slightly elevated over dark pools of water. The cavern is largely dark, but the moonlight is peering in through cracks, revealing towering ceilings, deep shadows, and hidden corners.

**(AMBIENT SOUNDSCAPE) FAINT SCRATCHING, WATER TRICKLING, WATER SPLASHING, ROCKS TUMBLING.**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Alright, everyone, welcome to the heart of the Crowe Caverns. Keep your lights steady, and watch your step. These walkways weren't meant for the likes of us. Miners spent hours on these paths, hauling ore, and well... (*gestures to claw marks on the walls*). See these? Not all miners survived the conditions down here. Some... well, they didn't survive in the usual sense. Survivors whispered that a few... changed. Slowly, painfully, into creatures perfectly suited for the darkness.

**(THE TOUR GUIDE FLASHES THEIR LIGHT OVER STRANGE LOOKING PRINTS ON THE FLOOR.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Molemen. Sensitive to sunlight, hunting only in the shadows. They are said to have strange tentacles growing from their faces. Bigger than me and you combined. They can tunnel through the ground and erupt like earthquakes. I've never seen one, but that kid Jesse down at the circus, he's got a whole page on them. Researches the hell out of those things.

**(AS GUESTS WALK PAST THE OPEN WATER, THEY FEEL A SPLASH, CAUSING THEM TO LOOK TO THE WATER. SEEING NOTHING.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** (*laughing*) Probably just a rat. These pools here are some of the deeper veins. Officially, they're harmless, but according to locals, they've seen serpent-like creatures in the water. Watch your step as we continue forward; up ahead are the old mine shafts. (*smirking*) Some say the Hollow Hole lies further ahead. Lucky for you guys, I know how to get in.

## ACT 4: HOLLOW HOLE

### SCENE 1: THE DIVIDE

**SETTING:** The caverns begin tightening again as the group follows a narrowing ledge. A wooden track spur emerges, clearly abandoned, with a rusting lever labeled “DERAIL SWITCH. DO NOT USE”. Old warning signage is mostly clawed out. A partially collapsed tunnel shows faint traces of glowing green veins along the floor. They pulse faintly, responding to the lanterns.

**TOUR GUIDE:** (*whispering, excited*) Alright... this is it! This is the spur Jesse told me about. Not on any map. He said the miners sealed it over after... well, you'll see.

**(TOUR GUIDE STEPS TOWARDS THE DERAIL SWITCH, CHECKING BEHIND TO MAKE SURE NO OTHER GROUPS HAVE FOLLOWED.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Jesse said if we pulled this lever, but only with witnesses, we could prove the Hollow Hole is real. So congratulations, folks...(*chuckles nervously*)...you're the witnesses.

**(TOUR GUIDE GRABS THE RUSTED LEVER. IT GROANS LOUDLY AS THEY FORCE IT DOWNWARD. A DEEP RUMBLE SPREADS BENEATH THE FLOOR. THE WALL AHEAD CRACKS, THEN SPLITS, REVEALING A HIDDEN ENTRANCE MADE OF TWISTED ROCK AND OLD MINING BRACES. A SUDDEN GREEN LUMINESCENT BURST TRAVELS UP THE FLOOR VEINS. DUST FALLS FROM THE CEILING. THE GROUP HEADS INTO THE NEXT ROOM.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** That... shouldn't have worked. Okay, okay. Lanterns up. If your lantern glows your color, step forward toward the markers on the floor. Looks like: blue, red, and yellow today.

**(THE LANTERNS SLOWLY PULSATE TO A DIFFERENT COLOR, SEPARATING FAMILIES UP INTO DIFFERENT GROUPS. ON THE FLOOR ARE THREE SEPARATE PRESSURE PLATES, EACH WITH A COLORED LANTERN POSTED NEXT TO IT.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Perfect! You three groups, one color each. Safety protocol. That opening is unstable, so we can't overcrowd it. The pressure sensors down here won't trigger unless everyone is evenly spaced. Families, friends, sorry, but you're gonna get split up a minute. The system has to balance your weights. Just stick to your group color, and you'll all meet up right inside.

**(SHAPED BY THE SURROUNDING ROCK, EACH SECTION IS CORNERED OFF WITH THE PRESSURE PLATE IN THE CENTER. EACH GROUP ENTERS THE HOLDING ZONE, GREEN COLORED SIGILS START GLOWING IN THE CARVED ROCKS. GUESTS CAN NOW SEE A LARGE RUSTY LEVER ON EACH WALL. THE TOUR GUIDE STANDS AT THE CENTER OF ALL THREE. ON AN ELEVATED ROCK PLATFORM IN FRONT OF THE MAIN**

**DOOR. ALL GUEST SECTIONS HAVE A CLEAR VIEW OF THE TOUR GUIDE ON THEIR PLATFORM.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** Alright! Jesse said these levers were used to stabilize the pressure plates in the old survey room. All three levers have to be pulled at the same time. Easy! (*gesturing towards the levers*) On my count... three....two...one. PULL!

**(GUESTS PULL THE LEVER, A HOLLOW METAL CLUNK ECHOES, BROKEN.)**

**TOUR GUIDE:** That's weird. Jesse said... (*they step forward, leaning toward the mechanism, then, a violent crack of air whips by. Their lantern turns green, and they are sucked upwards, vanishing past the top beam as if pulled by something.*)

**TOUR GUIDE:** RRRRUUU... (*their scream is cut short. A rapid scraping like claws on metal echoes. Silence. Their lantern drops to the floor.*)

**(THE GUESTS' LANTERN IN EACH GROUP BEGINS TO FLICKER VIOLENTLY, THEN POP, DARKNESS. A LONG GUST OF WIND WHOOSSES ABOVE THE HEADS OF GUESTS. AS THE BLACKOUT OCCURS, ENTRANCES ARE CARVED IN THE ROCK AT EACH SECTION. GREEN VEINS BEGIN TO IGNITE SLOWLY ACROSS THE FLOOR, PULSING A TRAIL FOR EACH GROUP. ROCKS BEGIN TO CRUMBLE AROUND THEM, SEALING OFF THE INITIAL PATH.)**

## **SCENE 2: THE RED PATH**

**SETTING:** A tall cathedral-like cavern with long vertical shafts. Dripping stalactites cut the ceiling into razor silhouettes. Glittering silver dust hangs in the area; the veins glow faintly overhead, higher and more chaotic than in the other paths. Guests walk a narrow wooden platform bolted to the stone wall. Below is a deep, endless drop. Their lanterns flare weakly, and a warm drip hits a guest's shoulder. The lantern reveals fresh blood. (The blood would be a water-soluble red ink, similar to how disappearing ink works.) A shadow glides silently overhead, then another, then...

**ZIPLINE PERFORMER (FLESHWING):** (*A pale, bat-human hybrid with stretched skin-wings passes overhead, hissing. A loud shriek is heard.*)

**(GUESTS QUICKLY PILE INTO THE NEXT ROOM, DUCKING FOR COVER. THE PATH WIDENS INTO A BALCONY, OVERLOOKING SOMETHING VAST. A FLESHWING ROOST. BODIES HANG UPSIDE DOWN, EYES GLINT DIM RED. SOFT CHITTERS ARE HEARD. THEN CHAOS ENSUES.)**

**ZIPLINE PERFORMER (FLESHWING):** (*Three Fleshwings swoop across the room in a staggered formation. As loud screeches echo through the tunnel, guests can feel the flapping of the wings on their backs as they follow the pulsing veins to the mine shaft.*)

**(GUESTS PASS THROUGH A CRACKED STEEL DOOR WITH AN OLD CROWE MINING PLACARD. A PINNED MAP SHOWS THE CAVERNOUS TUNNELS LEADING TO THE SURFACE, RIGHT UNDER TOWN. A BROKEN LANTERN IS ON THE FLOOR, WITH A MINER'S TORN SHIRT, CLAW MARKS, AND TEETH MARKS. GUESTS ENTER THE SHAFT, AND PULL THE LEVER, SENDING THEM DOWNWARDS 'FALSE ELEVATOR'. HALFWAY DOWN A SCREEN ABOVE DISPLAYS A FLESHWING LANDING ON THE MESH OVERHEAD, SCREECHING AND WRENCHING IT. LANTERNS FLICKER VIOLENTLY, GREEN VEINS PULSE. SENDING THEM INTO SCENE 5.)**

### **SCENE 3: THE YELLOW PATH**

**SETTING: A low, hot chamber. Dry air. The stone looks almost melted, like something breathing heat across it. Claw marks scorch the walls. The green veins here are sparse, interrupted, as if something kept breaking them. As guests enter, the lights dim to embers. A giant silhouette crosses a narrow shaft behind them, stalking and growing larger.**

**(THE GROUP HEARS THREE, MAYBE FOUR, MAYBE SIX DIFFERENT CREATURES PACING IN THE DARK AROUND THE TUNNEL. EVERY FEW SECONDS SOMETHING LARGE KNOCKS PEBBLES LOOSE FROM ABOVE. A HOT GUSH OF AIR IS SENT DOWN THE GUEST'S BACK. AND THEN A HEAVY THUMP BEHIND THEM, LIKE SOMETHING HAS JUST LANDED. A GROWING HISS SENDS THEM FLEEING THE ROOM.)**

**(A LARGE CAVERN OPENS, FROM THE SHADOW A RIDGEBACK PUPPET LUNGES FORWARD, JAWS SNAPPING INCHES FROM GUESTS. FROM BEHIND ANOTHER RIDGEBACK APPEARS, EYES GLOWING RED. THE LIGHTS BEGAN TO FLASH, AND WITH EVERY FLASH, THE RIDGEBACKS ARE IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS AS IF MOVING DURING THE BLACKOUT. THE GROUP IS FUNNELED INTO A CIRCULAR STONE ROOM WITH MULTIPLE DARK VENTS. GUESTS HEAR SNARLS, SCRATCHING, MULTIPLE SETS OF CLAWS TAPPING SLOWLY. THEN A SINGLE PAIR OF RED EYEDS APPEAR, THEN SIX PAIRS, THEN ELEVEN, THEN UTTER SILENCE. A BRIGHT SHADE OF GREEN FOG ERUPTS FROM THE FLOOR AS A RIDGEBACK ROARS AND LUNGES DIRECTLY AT THEM, FORCING THE GROUP FORWARD INTO A COLLAPSED TUNNEL. PUSHING THEM INTO SCENE 5.)**

### **SCENE 4: THE BLUE PATH**

**SETTING: A maze of reflective crystals and wet stones. The green veins are bright here, refracting until shadows multiply. A faint glow comes from a crack in the caverns, emitting light from the blood moon above. A faint howl can be heard.**

**(AS GUESTS MOVE FORWARD, CRYSTALS EMIT FAINT HARMONIC TONES. SOME SOUNDS LIKE WHISPERS. SOME LIKE VOICES CALLING TO THEM. THIS IS HOW**

LIGHTHOWLERS HUNT. THEY DISORIENT THEIR PREY. THE LANTERNS FLICKER. GUESTS SEE THEIR SHADOWS STRETCHING, ELONGATED, MORPHED. THEN A SECOND SHADOW APPEARS. THEN A THIRD. THE LIGHTHOWLERS BEGIN TO REFLECT IN THE CRYSTALS, LEAVING GUESTS WONDERING WHERE THEY ARE. THEY APPEAR TO BE GETTING CLOSER, THEN GONE. BUT THEY CAN SEE BREATHS OF WARM AIR.)

(THE GROUP ENTERS A TIGHT CORRIDOR. DEAD SILENCE. THEN A SINGLE DISTANT HOWL, THEN HOWLS BEGIN TO ERUPT EVERYWHERE BEHIND THEM. A LIGHTHOWLER THEN SLAMS ITS HANDS AGAINST A BARRED WINDOW INCHES FROM THE GROUP, SHRIEKING. A PITCH SO HIGH IT'S DISORIENTING. THE CRYSTALS BEGIN TO CRACK WITH GREEN VEINS PULSATING WITH THEM. BLACKOUT. MERGE INTO SCENE 5.)

### SCENE 5: THE MERGE

**SETTING:** Each path funnels to a narrow descending tunnel. They reach a cavern filled with blood-painted symbols. A massive mural of the Hollow King, the congregation's masks and robes, notes, prayers, diagrams, maps, and many human bones. A central altar bears the inscription: *Ex sanguine, ex cinere, surge et ambula*. Lanterns begin glowing again, this time with a green color. The ground begins to tremble, dust begins to fall, and the floor seems to be unearthing itself.

(A MASSIVE BURST OF GREEN FOG AND REFRACTING LIGHT BEGINS TO ERUPT FROM THE GROUND. THREE MOLEMEN ERUPT FROM THE CAVERN FLOOR: FERAL, TWISTED, MUTATED. A FOURTH ONE ERUPTS, HALF MORPHED, STILL PARTLY HUMAN.)

**MOLEMAN:** Hurry, before he wakes...

(THE MOLEMEN SURROUND HIM, SINKING HIM BACK INTO THE GROUND, GREEN STARTS TO ERUPT EVERYWHERE, STROBING VIOLENTLY.)

**CONGREGATION V.O.:** (*chanting violently, growing louder*) In the dark he rises... in the vein he hungers... blood for the Hollow King... BLOOD FOR THE HOLLOW KING!

**HOLLOW KING V.O.:** (*laughing maniacally*) Old Crowe thought he could hide me here... lock me in a prison... keep all of my friends down with me... but now... you're here. And on a Blood Moon no less. You travel from your sleepy little towns to find me here, you pathetic invalids.

(A RUMBLE OCCURS WITH FIRE FROM TORCHES BLAZING SYNCHRONOUSLY)

**HOLLOW KING V.O.:** You come so far... just to feed me yourselves.

**(CAVERN GOES SILENT, BLACKOUT, AN ENORMOUS EYE CRACKS FROM THE ROCK, GLOWING GREEN)**

**HOLLOW KING V.O.:** Well...sacrifice accepted.

**(THE FLOOR BEGINS TO CRACK WITH GREEN VEINS SPLITTING AROUND THEM.)**

**MOLEMAN:** (*shoving rock aside*) GO! BEFORE HE FILLS THE VEIN... RUN!

**(AROUND GUESTS, THE FLOOR BEGINS SWIRLING GREEN VEINS IN A RHYTHMIC PATTERN AROUND THEM.)**

**CONGREGATION V.O.:** THE VEIN OPENS! THE VEIN OPENS! THE VEIN OPENS!

**(ONE LAST MANIACAL LAUGH FROM THE HOLLOW KING ERUPTS. THE LANTERNS BEGIN TO SHORT OUT. THE MOLEMAN SCREAMS IN AGONY AS HIS BODY TURNS TO GREEN SPORES. GUESTS RUN OUT OF THE EXIT, WITH THE PATH CRUMBLING BEHIND THEM. A FOGGED VEIL APPEARS WITH THE HOLLOW KING'S FACE PROJECTED ON IT.)**

**HOLLOW KING V.O.:** Fools... I'll find you again... when the next Blood Moon rises... your soul shall be mine...

**ACT 5: THE EXIT**

**SCENE 1: THE ETERNAL WAKE**

**SETTING:** A tight, slanted tunnel carved through rough stone. The green veins that once pulsed now glow dim and steady, guiding the way like emergency lights. The tunnel vibrates occasionally, as if something enormous behind them is shifting its weight. Heavy bass music with drum beats echoes as they walk out. Faint laughing from the HOLLOW KING can be heard echoing through the tunnel.

**(AS GUESTS WALK THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, PROPPED AGAINST THE WALL, IS A TOUR GUIDE'S FLASHLIGHT, BROKEN, BARELY FLICKERING. THE GUIDE'S BADGE, AND DEEP CLAW MARKS IN THE FLOOR DRAGGED IN A PARALLEL DIRECTION.)**

**(THE TUNNEL OPENS TO AN OLDER SHAFT, WITH OLD LANTERN HOOKS ON THE WALL AND A BIN TO RETURN THE GUESTS' LANTERNS. THE GREEN VEINS END HERE, TURNING BACK INTO SILVER, AS GUESTS STEP FORWARD, A RUSTY SPEAKER CRACKLES TO LIFE OVERHEAD.)**

**HARLAN GRAVES V.O.:** Uh... this is Harlan Graves, station manager. Looks like y'all took a wrong turn down there. We, uh... we tell folks not to venture past the Hollow Hole for a reason. *(chuckles nervously)* Crowe Mining Company apologizes for any... distress, psychological damage, or impendin' doom you may be experiencing. Please proceed forward to the company store for fresh air, refreshments, and a complimentary "I Survived the Scarred Vein" pamphlet. *(chuckles nervously)* Hope to see you guys again soon!