

Surrender Dorothy

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:

Moore OK. May 3rd, 1999.

A 6 year old JESSE and her FATHER (40's) watch a developing THUNDERSTORM through the living room window of their small suburban house with worried looks.

Intensifying RAIN and WIND pelt the outside walls. LIGHTNING, (with THUNDER booming close on its heels) lashes at the Earth, mere blocks from the house.

Jesse's father DIALS a number on an old flip-phone, glances at her, and winks.

JESSE'S FATHER

It's going to be fine, honey.

YOUNG JESSE

But dad. It's not just a watch. They said warning.

The phone rings. As he waits for it to be answered, he tells her:

JESSE'S FATHER

Baby, did you know that wherever you are in the American midwest, that little piece of the Earth will get hit an average of once in a thousand years?

Jesse's MOTHER answers the call.

JESSE'S MOTHER (V.O)

Hey papa bear! We're almost home.

JESSE'S FATHER

Well hurry it up. We got-

JESSE'S MOTHER (V.O)

-A warning, I know. Just heard on the radio.

JESSE'S FATHER

And I can't see but fifty feet in all this-Mother of Saints, now it's starting to hail!

As the CLACKING cacophony of impacting hailstones begins to cover the house, and Jesse's father continues to talk on his phone, the voice of an adult Jesse tells us:

JESSE (V.O)

A tornado has an eye, just like a hurricane. A strangely calm and quiet realm, full of things science can't explain. A place of which only two eye witness accounts exist.

JESSE'S MOTHER (V.O)

We're just now turning out onto to our street.. you got Jesse there?

JESSE'S FATHER

She's right here. Just come straight inside we'll go to the cellar.

Dad hangs up and gives Jesse a reassuring glance.

JESSE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

It's alright sweetie. Nothing bad's gonna happen. Not for a thousand years.

This does little to calm her. The rain, and hail against the house gets louder.

YOUNG JESSE

I can feel it again dad. It really stings.

Jesse's father gives her a troubled glance.

OUTSIDE, the family's SUV pulls up to the curb.

JESSE (V.O) CONT'D

I'm survivor number three. Only I've never told anyone what I saw in the eye of the storm,. Because what I saw defies description, and belief.

The wind velocity comes to a ROAR, emerging from the rush and crackle of pelting precipitation.

Sheets of rain and hail, at ever sharper angles, blur the view of Jesse's MOM and two BROTHERS exit the vehicle.

The roaring wind becomes DEAFENING, and now buffets mom and the brothers, as they clutch onto various parts of the vehicle to remain standing.

Jesse's father pounds on the window as he shouts:

JESSE'S FATHER

Get back in the car! Get back in the car!!

But the rush is deafening now, as the dark wall of the TORNADO itself tears through the woods across the street.

Mom and the brothers see the thing too late. Before they can even scramble back onto the car they are SWEPT away in the wall of wind and increasingly large debris.

Which now APPROACHES the house.

Jesse SCREAMS.

Her father scoops her up and bolts for the basement door,

But a flying, shredded TREE trunk crashes through the living room window, and impales the basement door, blocking it entirely.

He stumbles UPSTAIRS, still clutching Jesse, and KICKS open the door of:

INT/EXT BATHROOM - DAY

He puts her down in the BATHTUB, and plants her hands onto the faucet knobs, as the sound of the house disintegrating surrounds them, and the room begins to QUAKE

JESSE'S FATHER

Grab onto the faucets baby!

The walls around them SHRED away, torn into the streaming winds of the cyclone.

OUTSIDE now. Un-sheltered. In the thick of the storm, as dad looks around in horror, he tries to climb into the tub with Jesse,

JESSE'S FATHER

Keep your head down Jess! You're gonna make it if you just-

A massive chunk of DEBRIS smacks into dad, launches him away in the dark currents of the storm.

Jesse SCREAMS, as she clings to the faucet knobs, the pipes of which now hold the tub aloft, in this shredded carcass of a home - little more than a jagged forest of wood splinters and support beams.

And it's then that the racing nebula of the debris and carnage suddenly:

Becomes a SLOW-motion crawl.

Chunks of trees, houses, shredded civilization, and dismembered human wreckage, all drift and tumble at the unnatural pace of Matrix-Bullets.

Jesse, in her barely anchored bathtub, now something like a kite in a dark, savage wind, views each passing nanosecond in achingly slow "tornado-time"

JESSE (V.O) CONT'D
 time slows down on the inside.
 Because inside, where no one lives
 to tell, a tornado isn't science;
 it's supernatural.

Great chunks of houses. Furniture. Clothing Body parts.

Entire PEOPLE, some still alive, DRIFTING frozen in mid-scream.

A battered MINIVAN drifts past. A FAMILY is alive inside, their faces are masks of slowly tumbling terror.

One of them, a young GIRL about Jesse's age, seems to lock eyes with her for the briefest moment.

JESSE (V.O)
 It becomes hauntingly silent. Air so thin, you struggle to breathe. And somehow, you see everything - and everyone - taken by the storm.

As Jesse's world becomes:

EXT. THE EYE - DAY

The slow, dark currents of destruction now swirl around an acre or two of empty SPACE, where The air is FOGGY, with a slight emerald green tint.

Sideways barbs of LIGHTNING zig-zag overhead lashing sideways across the storm's eye.

Several small, intermittent breakaway TORNADOES writhe and lash through the eye, tethered to the storm's inner walls, but moving much FASTER.

Two of them ENTWINE at the center, braiding, then branching to form a HUMANOID shape - small cyclones for legs and ARMS.

One of which lashes to the drifting minivan, SHREDS into it, and sucks the family into its giant swirling form.

JESSE (V.O) CONT'D

|...And if you live long enough to reach the eye of the storm. That's where you meet the Man Behind the Curtain.

The Man's cyclonic currents are the only thing fast in this slow world. It DRIFTS more than it walks, and SHREDS everything it touches into its body mass.

And along its smokey surface, emerging vaguely human FACES swirl rapidly into and out of form.

Each face with a mouth that emits a howling SOUND: An amalgamation of TORNADO SIRENS and human SCREAMS.

It reaches out and plucks an occasional battered, but living, HUMAN being from the storm's eye-wall, shredding bloody mist into it's form with every grab.

Young Jesse, in the ruins of her house clings to she sides of the tub and SCREAMS.

It hears her, and plants its arms on the remaining walls of Jesse's house, SHREDDING and, sucking them into it.

But as the rear eye-WALL of the tornado approaches, the wind becomes faster, and LOUDER.

The Man thrusts its head into the skeletal remains of Jesse's house like it's bobbing for apples.

Its swirling face of a thousand howling faces a few feet from the cowering Jesse.

JESSE (V.O)

It feeds and grows on the life it takes. But it sensed something different in me, something It both wanted, and feared.

It REACHES for her. A tornadic arm with dust-devil fingers, as time, and the approaching rear WALL of the storm ACCELERATE.

But it's SWALLOWED up by the storm before it can touch her.

The pipes, and remains of the house beneath that hold the tub SNAP.

Jesse and the tub TUMBLE to the ruined ground. The impact pitches her sideways, and down what's left of the BASEMENT stairs.

INT. RUINED BASEMENT - DAY

Jesse is blown across the floor, smacks into the far wall, and is IMPALED through the fore-arm by a jagged splint of steel pipe in the wall.

pinned, as the-EYE-WALL of the storm passes overhead, shredding away most of the ceiling.

EXT. AFTERMATH OF TWISTER - DAY

Time ELAPSES as Jesse remains pinned, and stares catatonically. The storm's wind, rain, and lightning dissipate.

JESSE(V.O.) CONT'D

What it looked at me with weren't eyes, but portals to some vast prison of souls on the other side of ...everything.

First responders find her. A FIREMAN frees her, and the chunk of plumbing impaling her with a Saws-all, and two PARAMEDICS carry her away.

JESSE(V.O.) CONT'D

Native Americans knew it as the Dead Man Walking. To the Kiowa, it was Red Horse, the Storm Maker. And I'm reminded, every time the skies darken, and the thunder rolls...It's hunting for me.

INT. JESSE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesse in her mid twenties. Looking strung out, sleep deprived, beaten down, but with an all-American beauty that shines thru all of it.

Even now, as s MELTS a time-release oxyxcodoone pill on the the surface of a naked, glowing light-bulb (a technique used by my many opiod addicts to quickly extract the active ingredient.)

In a corner of the room, a TV is on, running a news story with the banner headline:

"TIN MAN" KILLER STILL AT LARGE. 2 MORE VICTIMS DISCOVERED OVERNIGHT.

Footage of a CRIME SCENE on the TV screen: a house cordoned off with yellow tape. As COPS and investigators mill about.

INSIDE: A living room with dead BODIES, bloody portions of their torso pixelated all to blurry hell and gone.

With the narrating newscaster in mid-sentence:

TV NEWSCASTER/V.O.

...The M.O. Of the subject, who leaves behind no forensic trace of his identity, is the removal of the victims' hearts, apparently by hand...

The active goo on the light bulb dries into a dirty paste. Jesse scrapes it off the bulb and onto a Pyrex plate with a razor blade.

Then she uses the blade to chop it up into a fine dust.

Which a strange BREEZE thru the nearby open window wisks away, in a briefly, tiny, tornadic funnel.

She watches this, puzzled, saddened by the loss of her latest fix.

She FLINCHES, as if suddenly stung by something.

She looks to the open window, where we see that tumultuous STORM CLOUDS are gathering in the skies outside.

All these things add up, in a way that speaks to her, as she whispers:

JESSE

Gavin...

Her thoughts of addiction maintenance evaporate, as she rushes from the room.

EXT. FIELD BEHIND WAREHOUSE - DAY

As storm clouds gather, and distant lightning flashes on the horizons, GAVIN (8 years old, ADHD as hell) in dire need of a haircut, has to brush his bangs aside to look look through his infrared binoculars.

and his friend LEON, who looks about as fearful as Gavin is excited, as they HIDE behind a rough row of hedged and witness the goings on at the rear entrance of the warehouse.

LEON

There's nobody here, man. It's
sunday.

GAVIN

This is the place. I'm sure of it.
Just wait a sec.

Through Gavin's BINOCULAR P.O.V: a close angle of a rough steel door by by loading dock, in the rear of the building.

Nothing for a few beats, and then:

A BIKER type -, long-haired, leather clad, looking mean and tweaky - knock on the door.

The door OPENS, a VERY plus-sized GATEKEEPER fills the entrance, and stands with tree trunk arms folded. A few words and some cash are exchanged.

Plus-Size steps ASIDE. And Biker, With a final, panning, paranoid glance around, hurries in. The door slams quickly behind him.

Back behind the BUSHES, Gavin turns his attention to two neighboring parking LOTS, both with a few dozen cars and motorcycles parked there. And a small office BUILDING that also appears to be closed, and empty.

STEVE

Look man, you see those hogs over there? You see that throwback just went inside. You know what happens when you mess with bikers? You get cut into little haman Mc nuggets and fed to pigs!!

GAVIN

That's the mob, douche-house. Bikers usually dunk you in battery acid then pour you down the drain. Now do you wanna save some dogs or not?

STEVE

How? You're piss-tard of a stepdad's one of the cops, and he's part of the ring.

GAVIN

We get close enough to the fight,
close enough to get some pictures on
our phones.

STEVE

Fuck this noise. I'm saving me.

Steve gets up and walks away

GAVIN

Don't let the door hit you in the
vagina on the way out.

STEVE

We are out! Ass!

Gavin pulls his smart phone out and gives it a command

GAVIN

Call Oklahoma State Police.

Angle on the phone screen, a simple enough message:

Low battery. Shutting down.

Gavin scoffs, pockets the thing. He slowly, nervously starts
for the warehouse.

Behind him, on one of the darkest most tumultuous horizons, a
pendulous cloud begins to drop into the beginnings of a
menacing FUNNEL.

INT N.O.A.A. HEADQUARTERS, SATELLITE ROOM - DAY

Two NO.A.A. techs looking at a Doppler radar image of the
gathering storms over central Oklahoma on a large desktop
computer.

The image plays on a loop, cycling rapidly through the last
fifteen minutes of tellemetry, blossoming considerably,
repeatedly:

Three STORM CELLS on a collision course, two already have the
haunting symmetry of super-cells.

One is seated at the terminal, the other stands behind him.

Both study the image with troubled looks.

TECH #1

I've never seen anything like this.

TECH #2
Two supercells and a third
developing front.

TECH #1
And they're all on a collision
course.

TECH #2
What happens when they hit?

Tech#1 points to two Doppler-rendered HOOK formations in each
storm.

TECH #1
We'll find out when it does, right
now we've got problems here, and
here

He points to a number of blossoming HOOK FORMATIONS along the
leading edge of the two super-cells.

TECH #1
Hook formations. Two of them.

TECH #2
(points.)
And there's another one forming
along the third front, here.

TECH #1
This is a Goddamn pitri dish for
cyclones.

TECH #2
And it's about to get a whole lot
bigger.

TECH #1
Notify the national Weather Service,
the E.A.S. For central Oklahoma, and
the State Police.

TECH #2
How do we even call this in?

TECH #1
As of now, we've got two warning and
a watch. Converging storm tracks.

TECH #2
Jesus. Look what's right in the
middle of them.

TECH #1
That's Moore Oklahoma.

TECH #2
You know how many twisters have hit
that town since nineteen ninety one?
It's a world Goddamn record.

We part with a last look at the radar IMAGE, playing on it's
loop: The developed hooks closing in east and west,

And the rapidly blossoming one speeding up from the south.

Closing in on Moore, repeatedly.

EXT. WINDOW BEHIND WAREHOUSE - DAY

Gavin tries the large window along the back of the warehouse.
He finds it closed and latched.

Producing a old scraped up debit CARD, he slides it along a
crack in the window, and succeeds in DISLODGING the latch
inside.

No sooner does he reach for the window's handle, than the
tree trunk ARMS of Plus Size grab Gavin, and YANK him up off
the ground.

Gavin is slung roughly over one of the man's massive
shoulders, and carried toward the back door. He KICKS and
punches to no avail.

GAVIN
Get off me!! Get off, you plus size
prick!!

But he CEASES his struggle as something quite sobering
catches his eye:

The first TORNADO, fully connected with mother Earth on the
western horizon behind them.

And then, a SECOND funnel begins to drop, along the horizon
to the south.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, BENEATH TORNADO SIREN - DAY

The storms clouds loom closer, and darker.

ADRIAN TULANE (He's in his 40s. A tall, lean figure in a long worn trenchcoat, shoulder length hair) has a panel from the main circuit box for the town's siren network ripped completely, off.

The siren begins to sound its escalating WHINE (as do the others in the unseen distance,) as Adrian with his head inside the box, and a half eaten human HEART clutched in his teeth, pulls out an entire bundle of wires with one superhuman TUG.

He stands, as the pitch of the whining siren REVERSES, and dips to total silence again, after broadcasting mere seconds of audible warning.

He drops the wires, takes the chunk of heart in his hand for a tick, and looks to the west and south, taking note of the two fully formed TWISTERS, both closer now.

As he takes a BITE out of the heart.

It sprays blood across his face, which he absent-mindedly wipes away with his sleeve.

As he turns to the east, watching, and chewing, as a THIRD, cyclone, (this one a multi-vortex) drops from the sky, and it's many writhing tendrils begin to lash at the earth.

INT. WAREHOUSE, PITBULL FIGHT - DAY

A large CROWD of spectators, waiting for a fight between two Pits to begin. Some of them lay cash down on a card TABLE in front of GONZOLEZ the muscular, Hispanic fight coordinator, who with arms folded, watches the cash and hand-written betting notes accumulate on the table with a look of sullen satisfaction.

A large bloody pile of dead PIT bulls lies in a far off corner. As one more, still twitching, is HEAVED onto the pile by one of Gonzolez's men.

Gavin is CARRIED in by Plus size, once again kicking and struggling, as some of the spectators turn to watch the spectacle.

Plus deposits Gavin roughly in front of Gonzolez.

PLUS SIZE

Found him outside. Snoopin' around
an' shit.

Gonzalez looks most annoyed at first Gavin, then Plus, who, being the man of few words he is, simply shrugs, and walks away to continue guarding his post.

A HUSH, and wave of whispers through the crowd. Then one of Gonzalez's partners in crime, with a glimmer of recognition, observes:

GONZOLEZ'S PARTNER
Yo boss. That's Tilden's kid.

And from one of the spectators:

SPECTATOR#1
Step-kid, man.

GONZOLEZ
Da' fuck you snoopin' around here
for?

And Gavin, fearless and full of fire in the face of all this:

GAVIN
You people. You're not just
assholes. You're evil. I can smell
it on you.

GONZOLEZ'S ASSISTANT
What the fuck is he talkin' about?

SPECTATOR#1
Word on the playground. Kid ain't
right.

GAVIN
You're all gonna die today. I can
smell that too.

Mockingly, gonzalez pretends to take a whiff of his armpit, as he approaches.

GONZOLEZ
I'm smellin' like a Rose, Vato...So
how's your moms doin'? You know,
she's a hot little number. Mamma
fuckin' cita!

GAVIN
Fuck you, man.

GONZOLEZ
Sure wish i hadn't missed that
little phase of hers.

You know, when she kinda turned into a high-rise parking garage for every dick in town.

Furious, Gavin LUNGES at Gonzolez, but is quickly held back by another one of Gonzolez's men, the jowly, creepy RON, who right away, seems to enjoy clutching Gavin a bit too much.

GAVIN

Smell yourselves! all of you! That's the fucking smell of death!

Gonzolez has a briefly visceral reaction to this, as if it rings of Draconian truth somehow.

It melts into conventional irritation, as he gets right in Gavin's face, pointing to the pile of dead dogs in the faraway corner.

GONZOLEZ

Naw kid, that's what death smells like! And since you want to talk a trip, I think now you're gonna stick around, and see whatit looks like...then we'll see how much you care about these dogs when a sic a bunch of 'em to tear you into Honkie-Mc'Nuggets!

A last look at Gavin's reaction to this: Silent. Scared

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

As a downpouring STORM rages overhead, Jesse drives, lights and sirens ablaze, along a nearly deserted stretch of downtown city street, trying Gavin again of her phone to no avail.

As she pockets the phone with a look of frustration, the winds outside INCREASE abruptly, and buffet the vehicle.

Then harder, making Jesse SWERVE.

Looking around,, she sees nothing but the storm. Then a acquires a look of foreboding.

She slams on the brakes. As the winds outside now rock the car violently.

She opens the window and looks straight up

The funnel cloud of a wide wedge TORNADO is bearing straight down on her.

Frantically looking around for shelter, her eyes come to rest on a sign in front of a factory:

EDGE: Industrial Blade Solutions.

On Jesse's face, a look of brief sadness bleeds through the one of panic

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BLADE FACTORY - DAY

Superimpose: 6 years ago

Gavin's dad, looks fresh out of high school. At his first day working on the floor, the FOREMAN councils him

FOREMAN

Now before any of them defective blades comes out, make sure this guard's always in place.

The foreman wiggles a metal guard-arm on the side of the assembly line, demonstrating how it opens and closes.

FOREMAN

They come out so sharp they'll cut yer leg wide open, and you won't even feel it for ten seconds. Had a feller once bleed to death that way.

FLASH FORWARD
TO:

INT. BLADE FACTORY, MONTHS LATER - DAY

Kevin mans his station as the loud machine starts up in a chorus of whines and whoops.

Kevin raises his hand to put the guard in place, but is distracted, but a blining red light on his computer panel.

He hits a shut-off button, the machine keeps going.

Annoyed, he shouts to a worker manning a station atop the machine.

KEVIN

Hey! The axle's off on the grinder again! Shut it-

WHSSS!!

Kevin stops, looking distracted, as half a dozen mangled
BLADES are ejected into the waiting scrap cart.

The machine is disengaged now, and its internal rumblings
slowly wane. As Kevin slowly looks down at his leg

Which BLEEDS profusely through jeans with several large
slashes.

SPENCE

Oh fuck, that's the artery! Nine one
one! Dee call nine one one! Kevin
got cut, and it's bad!

Fading fast, a look of sadness, as Kevin takes out his PHONE
and calls Jesse. She picks up of the first ring.

JESSE/V.O.

Hey baby!

KEVIN

Jess listen carefully, i don't have
much time.

JESSE/V.O.

Kevin, what's wrong?

He fights the growing heaviness as he continues:

KEVIN

I love you Jesse. Never forget that.
And I love Gavin too. You take care
of him. Not just cuz he's our boy.
But because he's special. He's meant
for somethin' Jess. You understand
me?

Her crying is audible now as she talks

JESSE/V.O.

Baby you're scaring me! What's going
on?

Kevin drops the phone.

It hits the floor, becoming an island in a spreading sea of
blood. An island from which Jesse's frantic voice continues
to call for Kevin.

As he drops to his knees, kneeling in the spreading pool as
his eyes gain the blank peace of open death.

And coworkers begin to gather gesturing and talking
frantically on phones as we return to:

EXT OUTSIDE BLADE FACTORY - DAY.

The wedge tornado SLAMS down right on top of Jesse's cruiser. At first in a rushing jungle of flying debris, some of which knocks the lights and siren off the roof of the car, their whining and flashing suddenly sucked into the storm.

The rotating winds spin the vehicle a quarter turn to the left before withdrawing, widening into a well formed eye that encompasses the vehicle, the factory's mostly empty parking lot, and the front wall of the factory.

Jesse's vehicle now points directly toward the front lobby, as she hits the gas and drives the vehicle straight through the glass doors and windows.

INT. LOBBY OF FACTORY - DAY

She gets out of the vehicle, and looks through the gaping hole she left on the way in:

The far eye-wall of the storm is a couple of hundred feet away. And APPROACHING

It SLOWS to a crawl, like the first one. The silence and FLASHES of bizarre lightning return.

Several breakaway tornadoes touch down, much smaller and faster. They INTERTWINE, and quickly form THE MAN

Who's larger this time. and brings with it once again overlaid whine of screams and tornado sirens.

JESSE

Jesus Christ and a half!!

She pulls open a battered door and rushes into:

INT BLADE FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Closed and empty, as the roaring and rattling builds on every outer surface of the building.

Jesse scans the floor for the most promising corner to shelter in, and finds nothing but a low, jagged wilderness of steel machines and assembly lines.

Blades of every type and size - for everything from the kitchen to the farm, stacked on pallets, stalled on dormant lines. Packed in towering rows of crates beside loading dock entrance

Jesse spies the employee RESTROOMS on the other side of the factory; the only thing that looks even remotely safe.

Behind her, toward the front of the building, the Man pours into the room from every crevice and opening, in narrow, smokey cyclones, fast intertwining, bringing with it the howl of siren/screams.

The cyclones form first into a human-like mass, two arms, two legs tortured faces swirling in and out of form.

And the empty, glowing eye sockets,

Which quickly turn their attention from Jesse, to the towering CRATES of blades to the side.

The beast disembodies, un-braids itself into an undulating tangle of tiny, unearthly fast cyclones, all of which WRAP around and plunge into, the towering rows of crated BLADES.

The man swirls back into human form now, a body of screaming sirens and glinting blades, shredding most everything it touches.

As if slowly drifts toward Jesse.

It changes shape again, this time becoming like a SPIDER, with an elephant sized body mass, and eight thrashing LEGS, rendered entirely in storming metal blades.

Jesse BOLTS for the restrooms. The Spider behind the Curtain CHASES, drawing more slicing, glinting metal into its form as it drifts after her.

INT. EMPLOYEE RESTROOM -

DARKNESS, until Jesse scrambles in, bringing with her a meager shaft of daylight, and the HOWLING chorus of The Man at her heels.

She races to an emergency EXIT in the back of the room, just as the wall around the front door it eviscerated, by The Man, and its' face and glowing eyes plunge into - and absorb - the rooms,

Jesse flings the exit door open. It sets off an ALARM that becomes lost in the ocean of answering sirens from the approaching demon.

EXT. SCRAP YARD, IN THE EYE - DAY

Back in the emerald green world, surrounded by walls of slow swirling black, which now SWALLOW up the last of the factory.

Jesse looks around frantically, finding nothing that would pass for shelter from this thing, but perhaps a weapon:

A large crawler CRANE, a short distance away, with a massive scrap metal-lifting electro-MAGNET.

She runs and climbs into the cab.

INT LARGE CRAWLER CRANE CAB - DAY

She looks at an ocean of buttons and knobs. Greek salad. But she figures out how to turn the console ON.

A small orchestra of indicator lights illuminate the console

Jesse looks thru the windshield as the screaming and roaring increases in volume.

The MAN fast approaches, with the approaching eyewall of the larger storm closing in (and speeding up) right behind it.

She begins pounding groups of buttons with her fists. Occasionally, the vehicle, and crane attachment lurch in response. But nothing turns the magnet on.

The Man reaches the machine now, swirls from giant human form to that of a spider again, with many MORE legs this time, all of which wrap themselves around the crane, and begin hacking through chains, and cables.

Finally, as the worlds around her darkens in a clanking, glinting cacophony, that she catches sight of a dial with the highest setting:

Max load: 10,000 pounds.

She cranks the dial up to ten.

The many bladed tendrils of The Man, are sucked away, and out of form.

The cable and magnet are whipped this way and that, as the things appears to fish for-and catch, blades by the thousands.

A mountainous CLUSTER of them builds up on the magnet, finally bringing the beast to the ground as a van sized frozen chunk of blades that form a swirling, glinting helix.

And The wedge tornado around them DISSIPATES quite suddenly, leaving Jesse in a battered warped vehicle, and revealing a larger horror in the larger world around her now, and all before she can even catch her breath:

Every horizon, which now does not stretch far beyond this downtown neighborhood, is bordered by multi-vortex TORNADOES,

Which are slowly , but certainly COALESCING into a supermassive TORNADO all around her.

INT. BACKDOOR/HALLWAY OF WAREHOUSE - DAY

A knock on the steel door. The plus sized gatekeeper slides open the rusty peephole.

No sooner does he peer through, than a pair of inhumanly thin arms reaches through it. They bloom into thicker more muscular ones, grasp Plus Size by the head,

and YANK him into the cold metal with a loud, wet clank that caves in his skull, and paints the door with a spattering, cascading sheet of BLOOD.

Plus drops dead. And one of the arms reaches down, stretching inhumanly as it does, and unlocks the door.

INT WAREHOUSE/PIT BULL FIGHT - DAY

Dark, greenish daylight through the dingy windows.

The pile of dead, bloodied PIT BULLS in the far corner is larger now, and a cheering, jeering crowd of spectators watches two Pits fight to the death.

GONZOLEZ, the muscular hispanic fight coordinator in a dingy wife beater, arms folded behind a card table full of cash hand-scrawled ledgers.

The dog with the upper hand, drags his more punctured and bloody opponent across the floor in savage, growling tugs.

As Gavin looks on. Furious, struggling vainly against the restraining arms of RON: a greasy, jowly creature, who seems to enjoy his contact with Gavin way too much.

Who leans forward now, speaking into Gavin's ear:

RON

You know what kid? I always had a thing for yer mom too.

And I'll tell you what; if I don't
get to do her, I'll settle for you.

Ron casts a guilty glance around him, then briefly GRINDS up
against Gavin, whose expression goes from anger to revulsion.

RON

Feel that kid? I'm gonna put that
shit in yer no-no place. Maybe
Ritalin can't get you right, but
this dick will.

The dogs hear it first. Abruptly, they CEASE their melee. The
battered one gets to his feet. And with ears perked, they
both look expectantly toward the back hallway.

Silence

Looks of chegrin and confusion from every spectator.

Then they begin to hear it too: the sound of someone
WHISTLING in the hallway. Getting closer. Louder. The
tune audible now as "The Gonk" (familiar to most as the
clucking melody from Robot Chicken.)

ADRIAN strolls in, as cool as the other side of the pillow.
a large backpack slung over one shoulder-

One that RIPPLES and twitches slightly, as if numerous small
things are alive inside it.

Adrian ceases his whistling rendition. Stops. He puts his
fingers to his lips, and whistles in a single shrill tone
meant just for the dogs.

Who race over to him (the battered one slower, limping) until
they stand still before him, looking up anxiously.

Adrian's voice fills the room, with a lingering, supernatural
kind of ECHO:

ADRIAN

Sit!

The dogs SIT. Tulane gets down on one knee, pets each with
one hand as he speaks to them.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Now, you guys know - you know this
isn't right.

The dogs whimper quietly, as if in acknowledgement.

ADRIAN

You two lie down for a tick. I gotta go have a talk with the skin monkeys.

The dogs OBEY. Adrian stands, regards his one blood smeared hand with a look of dissatisfaction, sadness even, as the less injured dog begins to lick the wounds of the bloodier one.

GONZOLEZ

Who da' fuck are you, man?!

Adrien's attention turns to Gonzolez. He slowly walks toward him, through the gawking crowd.

ADRIAN

(mockingly)

Who da' fuck am I? Adrian Tulane! Eleven thousand year old, shape-shifting, triad slaying, great white hunter, magical negro, dark brooding anti-hero, rock-star motherfucker, at your service!

And, with even greater mocking emphasis:

ADRIAN

That's who da' fuck am I! But you might know me as local celebrity, the Tin Man.

Gonzolez pulls out a PISTOL stuffed in his pants, lets it drop to his side as he glances around with a nervous laugh.

GONZOLEZ

Sure, Esse. You're da' Tin Man. And I'm Jack the motherfuckin' Ripper.

ADRIAN

Oh no?

Adrian unslings his backpack, and dumps a bloody pile of still beating HEARTS onto the floor.

The crowd RECOILS, and gasps.

ADRIAN

Where you think I picked those up? Tom Savini's garage sale?

He pauses to let this sink in for a tick or two

ADRIAN

...And you ain't no ripper, Esse. I should know. I killed all three of 'em.

GONZOLEZ

Da' fuck are you doin' here?!

Adrian, all smiles and sardonia:

ADRIAN

Well, I heard that dancing was illegal in this town.

He moonwalks for effect

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

So I came to start a groove revolution...in your mamma's ass!

One of the burlier spectators looks to Gonzolez with irritation.

BURLY SPECTATOR

What is this shit? Open mic night?

ADRIAN

Yeah, I had an open mic night...in your mamma's-

Wham!

Gonzolez SLAMS down a rubber banded wad of CASH on onto the card table before him.

GONZOLEZ

That's it! Five large to the first motherfucker to grease this three ring meat circus!

Gonzolez cocks the hammer back on his weapon, waving it back and forth at the crowd.

GONZOLEZ

Last place gets shot in the motherfuckin' dome!

As the crowd exchanges uncertain glances at this proposition, Adrian slowly turns, addressing all as he goes,

And slowly, through the course of his dialogue, as he pivots 360, his face and voice slowly MORPH into that of Donald Trump

As GUNS are drawn and pointed at the slowly turning, morphing spectacle before them

ADRIAN

Friends! Romans! Psychopaths! A few last words if I may! You see, the American Dream, it turns out, is a wet dream, that upon awakening, amounts to little more than an ideological stain on your jammy-jams! So welcome to day one of the American nightmare! And let me assure you-

Approaching full circle now, face and voice fully Trumpified, Adrian now makes the man's trademark bobbling "OK" gesture with thumb and forefinger as he once again faces Gonzolez, paraphrasing a certain inaugural speech:

ADRIAN

-That this American carnage begins right here, and right now!

His face morphs back, as SHOTS ring out, and bullets fly hither and yon. Fired by nervous, untrained hands, many of them drop other shooters and spectators in the crowd.

Still more are felled by Gonzolez, callously emptying his clip in an effort to make good on his latest threat.

Not a single round hits Adrian. He DUCKS, dodge, and CONTORTS himself into a donzen humanly impossible positions.

And all with a speed that matches that of the bullets. The only lingering evidence of his trajectory are ghostly TRAILS and after-images his body and limbs leave in their speeding wake.

Magezines click EMPTY, one at a time. Shell casings hit the floor in a CLINKING cacophony. Those still standing and firing now CEASE, to gawk at the speed of their target, and futility of their efforts.

Gawking for a beat or two himself, Gonzolez now SWAPS his empty clip for a fresh one, as he demands of the crowd:

GONZOLEZ

Which part of kill this motherfucker?!

Adrian once again still, calm, and smug wags an admonishing finger at him.

ADRIAN

Grease. You said Grease this three ring meat-circus, which I like by the way. I'm gonna steal that.

To spur on the thinner, more reluctant crowd, Gonzolez DROPS another one of them with a single SHOT.

Attackers now RUSH Adrian, and take him on hand to hand, from all directions.

And he THROWS them this way and that, Aikido style, in fast forward. It all looks like Steven Seagall squared. Misty echoes of Adrian's movements trail behind him as bones CRUNCH, bodies fly, and opponents groan and squeal in PAIN.

Gonzolez points his pistol at everyone and everything that moves, looking indecisive about whom to shoot, or if it's even worth the effort.

One by one, failed contenders scramble to their feet, and try to cut and RUN, but something of horror stops them dead cold:

The far-off mountain of dead PIT BULLS has re-animated, and now forms a bloody, growling WALL around the spectators.

There's nothing for the survivors to do now but watch nervously the exchange between Adrian and Gonzolez:

Adrian kicks several hearts aside as he slowly approaches Gonzolez (who looks awful scared for a thug pointing a loaded gun.)

Adrian first addresses the room in general:

ADRIAN

Everyone here is a triad! What that means is hardly important! You're all on my list of targets! My shit parade! And it's no accident you wound up here today!

He lowers his voice, as he points at Gonzolez, and fixes him with a laser beam stare.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

But you Gonzolez Ramirez, you're kinda special, and I'll tell you why: Because in your best moments, you don't deserve the loyalty of these animals that surround you now.

And in all the centuries I have
 walked this Earth, I have found the
 symbiosis between Humans and canines
 to be one of the few things about
 your species that is truly,
 elegantly, beautiful...and to see it
 perverted in this way, kind of makes
 my eleven thousand year old-
 (louder, to all.)
 Though still hard as a rock! -
 (back to gonzolez.)
 ass twitch!

GONZOLEZ

What the fuck are you, man?

ADRIAN

I like to think of myself as a
 dyslexic nihilist...I wanna kill 'em
 all and let Dog sort it out!

He erupts in peels of LAUGHTER for a moment, then regains his
 composure.

ADRIAN

But like I said, Gonzo: You're
 special. So I think I'll suspend my
 signature heart move, and let your
 people decide which one of your
 internal organs I rip out and show
 them.

Adrian continues toward Gonzolez, walking backward for a tick
 now, as he cups a hand behind one ear.

ADRIAN

Nothin? Somebody make a choice, or
 I'm going with spleen!

He turns to meet Gonzolez face to face, the man's weapon now
 almost touches Adrian's forehead. For a man who appears to
 have the upper hand, his expression and voice betray nothing
 of the sort.

GONZOLEZ

Spleen? Da' fuck you talkin 'bout?

ADRIAN

Your spleen? Part of your immune
 system? Manufactures white blood
 cells? Here, let me show you.

Adrian PLUNGES his hand through Gonzolez's shirt and guts. Looking away and feeling around blindly as BLOOD pours first from the wound, then TRICKLES from the man's mouth as he SHUDDERS and gasps.

ADRIAN

Let's see...nope, that's a gall bladder...um, no, there's your adrenal gland.

(glances at Gonzolez)

Boy I'll bet that thing's in overdrive right now...Ah, here we go!

Adrian savagely RIPS out Gonzolez's SPEEN, flinging blood on nearby watchers, and leaving a gaping HOLE in his stomach, through which some of his INTESTINES pour before he hits the floor very, very DEAD.

Adrian holds up the dripping organ for all to see.

ADRIAN

Behold the spleen, gentlemen! One of nature's true miracles!

The crowd FREAKS. They BOLT for all available exits, jumping over, and stumbling through the line of GNASHING lunging zombie pit bulls - who after short bursts of biting of giving chase, let the fleeing humans depart un-pursued.

Adrian shouts after them in mock awkwardness:

ADRIAN

OK, so like...science is fun!

Then louder, to a room now empty, but for a horrified Gavin.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

...There's more information at your local library!!

Adrian turns, and strolls toward Gavin, casually tossing the spleen over his shoulder.

ADRIAN

But after today, that information will be hemorrhaging relevance... which brings me to why I'm here.

GAVIN

(timidly)

Are you going to hurt me?

ADRIAN

Kid, I don't hurt, I kill. And you're the last one I'll let that happen to.

The attending dogs move in slowly, FLANKING Adrian now in a loose semi-circle. Their wounds now HEAL, and blood evaporates, at a visible rate.

GAVIN

How did you bring those dogs back?

ADRIAN

Raising the dead? Old buddy of mine taught me that. But let's talk about you. Let's talk about what's really going on here.

GAVIN

You changed your face.

And Adrian, almost lamentingly:

ADRIAN

Used to be a head to toe shapeshifter. These days, about all I can do without crapping myself is faces.

GAVIN

What are you?

Adrian looks briefly troubled by the question, but balks entirely

ADRIAN

Kid, have you taken a look outside recently? Look out that window.

Angle on one of the warehouse WINDOWS: Dusky greenish daylight is all that shines through.

ADRIAN

It's dark and green outside. Not normal for an April afternoon. You notice how it's harder to breathe? Noises seem further away?

GAVIN

(thinks))
Yeah...what's happening?

ADRIAN

Let's take a walk. There's something
you need to see.

The two walk across the blood, gore-strewn floor of the warehouse toward the front door. As Adrian once again begins cheerfully whistling "The Gonk."

Slowly, the pit bulls, now fully healed, fall into step behind them.

And as they do, groups of two dogs MERGE, and morph into single dogs.

And groups of two among those merge likewise, in a walking, narrowing stream of ever fewer canines.

And every joining of two produces a single large dog of a DIFFERENT breed.

Retrievers. Collies. Shepherds. Dobermans. St. Barnards. Not one with a speck of blood or injury upon them.

EXT OUTSIDE OF WAREHOUSE - DAY

Adrian and Gavin exit the warehouse to find themselves in a downtown neighborhood that is fully encompassed in the half mile wide eye of a super-massive tornado.

It all drifts with supernatural slowness, and carries within it houses, trees cars, people, the works.

EXT DOWNTOWN STOREFRONT, IN THE EYE - DAY

Jesse walks down a heavily damaged city street as the storms eye-wall slowly drifts around. debris is scattered about, and impales various walls, windows and doors

She calls for Gavin, but she is truly alone.

JESSE

Gav!!...Gavin!!

She takes out her phone to try the call again, but notices that the ICONS on all the phone's apps have changed into various supernatural and mystical things:

There's a pentagram, a flaming pentagram, a Celtic squared circle, a yin-yang, a pyramid with an eye, an infinity symbol, and a flaming variation of it. And so on.

She gives the phone a disturbed look, and TAPS one of the icons: it plays a video of what looks like some endless pit of SNAKES. Of every species, slithering across each other.

Then it stops, goes back to the desktop full of strange icons.

She looks around, and sees that one of the few buildings with an unobstructed entrance is an empty PHARMACY.

She wipes her nose roughly, and sniffs. She's dope-sick, and it's getting worse.

She ENTERS the pharmacy.

A beat or two after she disappears inside, a flying, battered MATTRESS from the storm's nearest wall, is flung into the eye, accelerating into real time as it hurtles this way,

And is impaled on the broken branch of a nearby TREE

A swarm of BEDBUGS crawls out through the wound in the mattress. As they descend the mattress in branching, twining currents they slowly ENLARGE, from the size of ticks, to spiders,

To mice, by the time they reach the ground

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Adrian and Gavin stand face to face in the eye of history's largest tornado.

Gavin is alarmed by the silently swirling realm around him.

GAVIN

what is that?! What the shit is that.

ADRIAN

Kid, shit is exactly that. We're caught in the eye of a monster tornado that if good old Mister Fujita were here, he'd score about an E.F.-8.

GAVIN

My mom?! We have to find-

He tries to take off in a sprint. Adrian snatches him right out of the gate and holds him fast.

ADRIAN
Relax, I got that covered!

As Gavin struggles veinly to break free of Adrian's seemingly effortless grasp:

GAVIN
Where is she?! Is she in here with us?!

Adrian gets his attention with a shout:

ADRIAN
Hey. Hey! Kid!

GAVIN
What?!

ADRIAN
did you know that every breed of domestic canine is descended from-

GAVIN
-Grey wolves! What's your point, man?!

A Chocolate LABRADOR Retriever, the product of all the coalescing canines, exits the warehouse, and trots happily up to the two.

As it MORPHS into the hair and bone structure of a Rottweiler.

Gavin looks on in wonder.

ADRIAN
Now Firmly grasp the applicator string and remove your soiled tampon. Ya good?

Gavin slowly reaches out to touch the transmuting dog, who now slowly blooms into a Doberman.

GAVIN
What is he?

ADRIAN
He 's every breed of dog you want in your corner when the poop gets real.

And here's a bit of trivia you didn't know: there's a deleted scene in the Wizard Of Oz. They all get attacked by these giant things called Jitterbugs.

Gavin cautiously pets the dog now, who seems receptive enough to this attention.

GAVIN

What's your point?

ADRIAN

Your mom's in here with us, and so are several hundred very bad people, and some more shit. But chilax, because Total, here, has got her back. mean-time you and I have work to do.

suddenly, as if he's caught the scent of something, Total TAKES OFF, running in ever changing form.

Adrian unslings his backpack, which seems to be once again, mostly full.

He pulls out a semi automatic pistol, and hands it to Gavin

ADRIAN

Take it apart. Slide, bolt, stock, magazine. Take down lever's on the side above the trigger.

Gavin looks at the weapon in confusion.

GAVIN

I can't. I don't know how.

ADRIAN

don't look. Don't think. Those aren't your gifts.

Adrian gets down on one knee. At Gavin's eye level now, he continues:

ADRIAN

But you know what is, Don't you?

As Gavin looks faraway and thoughtful, we flash BACK to:

INT GAVIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

As several of Gavin's FRIENDS (including Steve) busy themselves making snacks in the adjacent kitchen, Gavin holds a video game controller in each hand.

His fingers work the controls with superhuman SWIFTNESS and dexterity as he plays games on two separate consoles, staring ahead absently, not looking at either of the two screens off to each side.

GAVIN

Hey fellas, get in here! Check out this shit!

Steve, and another kid enter the room with their mouths full, and glance at the two game screens.

STEVE

Dude, no way you're playing both games. You're not even looking at the screens.

GAVIN

Breaks my concentration when I look. Pattern recognition, man. Just see the program. The game's all smoke and mirrors.

FRIEND#1

You're a freak dude. Did you skip your meds today?

Suddenly bored, Gavin drops both controllers, as runs full speed toward the living room wall.

He jumps, and springs away from the wall in a perfect BACKFLIP.

He turns to the other two.

GAVIN

What, my Fuckalar?

STEVE

Focular, man.

Gavin brushes his bangs out of his eyes.

GAVIN

Shit doesn't let me be me.

Back to:

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Gavin's still lost in thought while Adrian, still on one knee makes it clear with intense stare.

ADRIAN
Ready to be you today?

Adrian stands,

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
And I'm talking about the you you
haven't begun to know.

this strikes an awesome chord with Gavin

GAVIN
Yeah..

ADRIAN
Good. Then don't think. Feel. And
take the gun apart.

Gavin looks away in silence for a tick. His expression goes from confusion, to the calm, distant stare he had with the two video games.

In a sudden, and decisive BLUR, gavin disassembles the handgun. In a superhuman blink, he's clutching the four metal pieces. Still staring ahead, the look of confusion returning.

ADRIAN
Now juggle 'em.

Gavin looks down, at the dismembered pistol parts.

GAVIN
But I can only juggle three-

ADRIAN
-At-at-at! No lookie, no thinkie!

Another thoughtful pause from Gavin. Then he shrugs in resignation, and begins flawlessly JUGGLING the four pieces

Adrian smiles like a proud parent.

ADRIAN
Good. Don't stop. Just feel it. Feel
everything, including my words.

Gavin continues juggling, staring THROUGH the tossing vortex of dark metal

GAVIN

OK.

ADRIAN

There's a man with a rifle. Drawing a bead on you in a second story window on this block...put the gun back together. Shoot him. And do not use your eyes.

Gavin looks briefly horrified, but steels himself, staring distractedly as he appears to juggle the gun back together, grabbing each part out of the air as it drops.

Sight unseen, he points the gun to the side, and at a slight incline.

And fires a single SHOT.

Nothing for a tick or two, as both look toward a second story landing a block away

Then a GUNMAN falls out of the window, grappling feebly at the wall as he falls to the street below.

Gavin, in a state of shock and awe, looks first at the gun he holds, then at the man he shot:

Who squirms and struggles as he lies, not dead yet.

ADRIAN

Could be be worse, kiddo...

without even a glance, Adrian draws and fires three more SHOTS at the man, putting him down for good.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

This tornado could have, like...sharks in it or something.

INT. N.S.A. COMMAND CENTER -

In a lake of desktop computer terminals, with sheer banks of view-screens, alive with racing images, plodding data.

Where two NSA BIGWIGS stand with arms folded around a computer manned by a TECH who looks a lot less important - but a little more worried, than the other two

BIGWIG#1

Does it match Tulane's algorithm?

BIGWIG#2

Right down to the crazy, crazy numbers.

BIGWIG#1

Notify the pentagon and F.E.M.A. Tell them Coriolis directives are in effect, and brief anyone who doesn't know on exactly what in the lime green polka-dot hell those are.

TECH

Sir...um-

BIGWIG#2

Spit it out son.

TECH

Exactly what are those directives, sir?

BIGWIG#2

As of now, the N.O.A.A. Is under our jurisdiction. all command decisions come through us. All orders to national guard and first responders now come from us, through them.

BIGWIG#1

And damned if we even know what those'll be.

The tech picks up a phone, commences dialing and talking, as the two upper echelons walk away, and continue their conversation.

BIGWIG#2

So...Tulane. Who was this guy?

BIGWIG#1

Who was he, what was he? Theories abound. He came to the agency in the early two thousands with half a dozen PHD's special ops military, black belts in everything. Untestable on the Wechsler scale.

BIGWIG#2

Stinks right off the top.

BIGWIG#1

That's what everyone thought. He said he had some crazy algorithm derived from chaos theory that could predict world events. We thought he was a kook, but a kook with mad credentials, so we brought him on as an analyst.

BIGWIG#2

How'd that work out?

BIGWIG#1

He was on our listening post for the Middle East when several terrorist attacks went down - shit he predicted down to the letter.

BIGWIG#2

I'd have figured him a mole for a foreign power.

BIGWIG#1

So did the agency, and for about a year we were so far up his ass he could taste us. Found Nothing. After that, I never saw the guy again. But I've been told you'd befoul your fruit of the looms if you knew how many new and different nine-elevens he spared us.

BIGWIG#2

And he predicted what's happening now?

BIGWIG#1

Multiply metavortex he called it. Concentric converging supercells, forming a cell so powerful the jet stream itself would wrap around it, hold it in place.

BIGWIG#2

But if it's stationary, what's the danger? Why raise so many alarms?

BIGWIG#1

He said there would be something in the storm. Something dangerous. He did not elaborate on this.

BIGWIG#2

Remember when Donald Trump wanted to nuke hurricanes?

A Raised eyebrow from bigwig#1

BIGWIG#2 (CONT'D)

So what happened to him?

BIGWIG#1

He vanished.

BIGWIG#2

This the N.S-Goddamn-A. nobody vanishes here.

BIGWIG#1

Tell that to whoever...whatever he is.

EXT/INT.HOTEL ENTRANCE, LOBBY, HALLWAY - DAY

Adrian and Gavin walk across the street from the warehouse into a hotel the surreal storm and its slow currents massive debris continue to swirl around them

GAVIN

You called those people in there Triads. What does that mean?

ADRIAN

Kid, do you you know what a psychopath is? No, you don't. And neither do your doctors. The ones who told you you have ADH-fucking-D.

GAVIN

Well I do.

ADRIAN

No, you don't, you have a gift, that being my genetic traits, which have had a difficult time acclimating themselves to life on the old double helix.

GAVIN

So, I'm...you? Then what is a-

ADRIAN

-Psychopath, sociopath, machiavellian, Dark Triad. They can't make up their minds what they're looking at. Because they're scientists. And what they're looking at is supernatural. Call it evil, chaos, Bad people.. You can smell them. Cant you?

They open the doors, and walk into a deserted hotel LOBBY.

GAVIN

Yeah. Only it's not really a smell.

ADRIAN

Of course not. Smell is natural, smell is science. And right now, in the outside world, the physical laws you've lived by for thousands of years are breaking down. An age of magic is dawning. And it's my job to prepare you for it. starting now.

They come to a long hallway then, lined with hotel room doors on both sides.

Adrian unshoulders his BAG of ever changing tricks, and SLINGS its contents, a pile of ammunition CLIPS, down the length of the hallway.

He draws and two compact sub-machine GUNS from his underarm holsters, and holds them in forward firing position as he remarks:

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Now check this out. Ambush with sixteen shooters. Tin-Man style.

Adrian starts down the hallway.

Doors OPEN left and right, GUNMEN step in and commence a thundering LEADSTORM.

Adrian FIRES back and DODGES, all with superhuman dexterity. And every time a clip empties and drops, a new one from the floor, LEAPS up into the magazine,

Which lock and load themselves, as Adrian continues to mow down his targets with ease,

Until the hallway is littered with dead psychos, and a savage graffiti of blood.

ADRIAN

Whooh! The Grim Reaper's exploding in his pants right now, friends and neighbors!

Adrian holsters his guns as he walks back toward the gawking Gavin, gesturing at the carnage.

ADRIAN

This - this is his version of a coke-feuled orgy with supermodels. Time for a snack!

He swiftly tears the HEART out of one of the dead shooters, takes a bite, SPITS it out with a yuck face.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Aw, yuk! Smoker's heart! I hate that!

He tosses the remainder of there organ over his shoulder.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You can really taste the cancer.

He stands before Gavin now, who, still in a state of awe, asks:

GAVIN

Why do you eat people's hearts?

ADRIAN

It's the only kind of protein I can digest. Has something to do with my symbiosis.

GAVIN

Symbiosis with what?

ADRIAN

I'm not human.

GAVIN
What are you?

Adrian looks almost sad for a beat.

I know nothing of where i come from. When i got here. Or anything further back than about ten thousand years. Only instincts. Genetic memories, and awarenenses.

Suffice it to say. Humanoid species are a rather common, and problematic thing across this galaxy. Hence the need for this symbiosis between us. I stabilizes the galactic ecosystem.

I seem to recall that what you'd call the human condition is a widely known and accepted bug in the programming of bipedel creatures like yourselves. It goes by many names i don't recall. I believe the closest human translation would be Hunter Gatherer Syndrome.

ADRIAN
I don't know anymore. I use to remember. But it's all slipping away. I seem to recall, there are many humanoid species with whom mine are joined.

GAVIN
Why?

ADRIAN
It has to do with a phenomenon that I think causes much trouble in this galaxy. I believe the closest English translation would be, Hunter gatherer syndrome

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

The place is deserted but for Jesse, who peruses the prescription meds behind the counter, and soon finds a brand of the opiod she's looking for.

She pours a handful of pills into her palm, and begins to walk toward the beverage cooler, when she hears a THUMP and a clattering of something knocked over, from the front of the store.

She stops dead, listens, then cautiously announces:

JESSE

Hello? Is anybody in here?

Silence.

She turns again toward the beverages, but is STARTLED by the appearance of a monstrous BEDBUG the size of a cat on the floor ahead.

The bug stabs at the floor with it's proboscis, in a series of whacks. Sniffing for blood.

She YELPS, and flings the pills away.

This gets the bug's attention, it begins CRAWLING and stabbing in her direction.

She turns to run the other way, but is confronted by a LARGER bedbug, this one the size of a small dog.

It stabs at the ground in harder, louder thumps as it closes in.

A third equally sized one appears at her side.

JESSE

Holy shit and a half!

She picks up a TURNSTILE of reading glasses, and with it, smashes two of the smallest ones.

They take several whacks apiece before they CRACK, and their guts explode in monsoons of BLOOD.

Two bigger ones are close now, stabbing the floor right at her feet.

She tries to fend them off, but they're too big to be crushed by the turnstile, so she uses it to PUSH them away, and it takes all of her strength to move them.

TOTAL races in, currently as a Golden Retriever, and makes short work of a shoebox sized BUG in the front of the room, shaking the thing to pieces in his jaws.

He turns his attention to the three bugs attacking Jesse. He runs and POUNCES on the largest bug, clawing and biting into it's back as he morphs slowly into a Doberman.

Jesse DROPS the turnstile, and SCREAMS. Completely freaked out now.

Total rips and CLAWS out bug guts and showers of blood, then leaps onto the next one, growling and shredding likewise.

More bedbugs appear, bugs of all sizes, from all directions,
And Total SPLITS off into two, then, four, then EIGHT dogs of
separate breeds

who in fits of growls and barks, ATTACK and eviscerate every
bug in the store, making a mess of the whole pharmacy in the
process.

But before it's over, Several smaller ones still approach
Jesse, backing her up against the pharmacy counter,

Where another one crawls onto her shoulder begins trying to
stab its proboscis through her shirt.

She screams, flings the thing away. But several more are
trying to crawl up her legs.

In her frantic search for anything that could be weaponized,
she spies bottles of rubbing ALCOHOL on the shelf next to
her,

As she writhes and kicks the climbing bugs off of her she
grabs a bottle, pours it onto the bugs and floor space around
her, pulls a lighter from her pocket, and IGNITES the last of
them.

A small wilderness of flames sprouts up around her, the
burning bugs continue to crawl toward her for a moment, as
she CLIMBS up and over the pharmacy counter.

All eight Totals have done their work, as squirming
dismembered bug parts litter the store, and the fires around
the counter burn down, the dogs COALESCE back into a single
Great Dane,

Who after sniffing around for a beat or two, makes his way
behind the counter where Jesse HUDDLES, brandishing an
umbrella for a weapon,

She jolts at first, and Total hesitates, and whimpers in
response.

But she drops the umbrella, and slowly reaches out to the
dog.

Total walks closer, sits, expectantly, and begins panting as
Jesse pets and scratches him, mesmerized.

JESSE

Hey pal. Hey buddy. Where did you
come from?

Total's considered reply to this is a round of face licking, which Jesse grudgingly accepts.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Ok. That's, I'm glad to meet you too. But I could have sworn there were seven other dogs here.

She stands up from behind the counter, finding, a ruined pharmacy full of massacred giant bugs, but no dogs.

She looks back down at Total, who is now an Irish WOLFHOUND.

Still catching her breath, head spinning with all this, she slowly pets the dog again.

JESSE

What...in God's name is happening?

ALEC(O/S)

Good fucking question!

Jesse turns to find her husband, ALEC

, a cop, mean, muscular, 30's, and sauntering up to Jesse, looking pissed.

Total, as he morphs slowly into a sheepdog, growls, and LUNGES at Alec, who

Quickly knocks him out with his TAZER.

Jesse looks mortified. She is not happy to see this man. She fears and hates him.

JESSE

Oh, Alec, you mother of all fuckers. I suppose I'm suppose I'm gettin' my ass kicked.

ALEC

You steal my patrol car. Now you're looting a goddamn pharmacy in the middle of, whatever the fuck this is. Well You won't be riding the rolling waves of dopamine today, bitch.

He pushes her slightly, back against the counter, and she shivers with fear.

He puts his arms around her, and on the counter, as to hug her, but pauses, as his anger comes to a boil.

Wham! He hits the counter, making her flinch.

ALEC

You know, Jess, I've always felt like I was part of some weird, wild club. You see, there are two kinds of people in this world-

ADRIAN (O/S)

I hate people who start a sentence with those words!

Jesse and Alec both turn to find Adrian and Gavin walking in, as Total stirs back to life, now growing the hair and bone features of a German Shepherd.

ADRIAN

It's so...myopic!

Alec draws his sidearm and points it at Adrian, as Jesse squirms away from Alec and runs to hug Gavin

JESSE

Gavin! Baby!

Alec regards all three of them with disgust now

ALEC

Just who the fuck are you?!

Adrian continues to approach slowly

ADRIAN

C'mon, man. Don't make me go into my whole schtick again. I'm the Tin Man, and I'm here to turn myself in.

ALEC

The tin man? The serial killer who pull his victim's hearts out? Are you serious?!

ADRIAN

We'll these days, mostly sarcastic. Seems for me, it's one of the symptoms of senile dementia.

With a callous look, Alec fires a single shot at Adrian,

Who CATCHES the bullet in his hand, and closes his fist around it

ADRIAN

You like magic tricks?

He opens his hand, revealing but a wisp of smoke.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Where did the bullet go? Oh, wait a tick!

He pretends to be coughing something up for a moment, then SPITS out the bullet with such force that it shatters the AQUARIUM built into the wall beside Alec

Adrian moves so fast he leaves trails again, as the water and fish spill out, he grabs a tupperware container off a nearby wall and uses it to catch every last FISH - and plenty of water - in it.

Not a half second later, He's right up in Alec's face, all smiles as he sets the container gently on the counter.

Alec, who hasn't had time to adjust his aim at his target, tries to pivot and fire a shot now.

Adrian SNAPS his arm in a wicked Jujitsu style arm-bar.

Alec drops the gun and drops to his knees, HOWLING in pain.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You're a triad. A dark mind. All these years, certain people you listened to, others you manipulated.

Alec, cradling his shattered arm, slowly looks up at Adrian a knowing, guilty look

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

The mid level machiavellians, and higher psychopaths, they have a greater sense of the command structure. But you're just a narcissistic grunt. They play into your ego. You just listen, and obey. And you never quite knew why.

Adrian turns to Jesse and Gavin, still holding each other.

ADRIAN

All those years Jesse. Everyone in this town. They hated you, but they never let you out of their sight. The cop husband who beat you, and made it impossible to find justice. The doctor who sewed you up. Then got you hooked on pain killers. Then the dealer who kept you supplied, and somehow never went to jail.

Brief SERIES OF SHOTS: Alec at her front door, delivering news of Kevin's death.

ALEC

I'm sorry for your loss, ma'am. If there's ever someone you want to talk to...

He hands her a business card with Moore P.D. Logo on it.

Jesse at various events around town. Gavin's baseball game. A reading given by him at the crowded school auditorium.

Jesse in her living room, leans on Alec's shoulder and cries as he pets her with a cold stare.

At a Rodeo. At the lakefront. At a diner. All the while getting icy looks from various townspeople.

BACK to the PHARMACY, where these words hit home with Jesse. But she's scared and unsure.

JESSE

What the fuck are you saying right now, man?

ADRIAN

And how about that time you and Gavin tried to blow town?

EXT ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

Jesse and Gavin in her car, with overstuffed duffel bags in the back seat, have been pulled over by 2 Moore P.D. COPS. One of whom taps on the driver's side window with his Billy-club, as he says:

COP#1

Hey there darlin'!

Reluctantly, and after an angry pause, Jesse opens her window.

JESSE

What?

COP#1

Where you headed? Looks like you got your bags packed for a road trip.

JESSE

So what the fuck if I do? Am I breaking a law?

Cop#2, on the passenger side, says to Gavin through the open window:

COP#2

Had reports of some bikes stolen in the neighborhood. Know anything about that, son?

GAVIN

Here's some important information for you officer: You're a prick.

COP#1

Why don't you two go on and step out of the vehicle for us.

Jesse and Gavin open their doors and get out of the car. Cop#1 holsters his Billy-club, then draws a TAZER.

COP#1

Now how should we go about this?

COP#2

You can't Taze her, man. Alec says she soaks up current like a sponge.

COP#1

Fuck what Alec says!

He fires a Tazer dart into her shoulder. The current buzzing, and high speed snapping sound commences for several seconds without a trace the desired effect on Jesse,

Who instead, wincing from only the minor stab of the dart, PULLS the thing out and throws it to the ground.

JESSE

You'll have to do better than that, asshole?!

Cop#1 RECOILS the the Tazer line with a disgruntled look.

COP#2

Told you, man.

Cop#1 draws his Billy-club again.

COP#1

Still, we gotta send a message. Let's do it old school.

He WHACKS Jesse repeatedly with his club, as Gavin tries to run to her, but is held back and struggles against the clutches of cop#2 as we come back to:

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Alec makes use of this moment of distraction. He draws his Billy-club with his good arm, STANDS, and reels back for a swing at Adrian's head,

But the club is CAUGHT in Jesse's hand.

She KICKS him the sack. HE howls in pain again, and drops back to his knees as Jesse SNATCHES the Billy-club out of his hand.

ADRIAN

Rut-ro! Looks like you got ninety nine problems, and just now a bitch is about ninety six of 'em!

JESSE

Also, there's the compulsive gambling, the addiction to coke stolen from the evidence locker, and the tiny dick...Wow, that really is ninety nine!

Abruptly focused, She BEATS Alec mercilessly with his Billy-club. Venting years of anger, and leaving him broken and bleeding.

Adrian mocks a slow swaying dance as he sings, in the melody of "Night Shift" by the Commodores, improvising the lyrics:

ADRIAN

Gonna be some sweet sounds! Beat you down! With the night-stick!

Breathless now, Jesse stops, and regards Adrian with growing annoyance, as he continues

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Looks like you're fallin' down! You look like fuckin' Hell-

JESSE

Dude!
(beat, catches a few breaths)
Stop!

Adrian CEASES. In a blink, he's serious again.

He picks up Alec's gun with one hand, and with the other grabs Alec by his shirt, and LIFTS him into a standing position as if he weighed only a few pounds.

ADRIAN

Ego is the anesthetic that deadens
the pain of stupidity. You must be
numb from head to toe

Alec's demeanor changes to one of fearful revelation.

ALEC

Jesus, you are the Tin Man...No
human being could pull a man's heart
out with his bear hands

ADRIAN

So what does that tell you?

Alec's face reveals an overwhelming FEAR of God

ALEC

What...what are you?

Adrian places the Gun in Alec's hands, to which Jesse and
Gavin react in fear, (and she takes several steps back.)

ADRIAN

The higher-ups won't be happy with
your failure here. It's time to do
the right thing buddy. For once.

Alec's hand shakes as he slowly points the gun at Adrian,
then hesitates, and a faraway sadness blooms on his face.

Then he puts the gun to his own head, and SHOOTs himself
dead.

He collapses in a bloody heap at Adrian's feet, as Jesse
shuts her eyes, but Gavin watches the full horror go down.

Jesse, still breathless and ragged from both the trauma and
her chemical sickness, sits on the floor with her face in her
hands. Gavin kneels and hugs her, but she hardly seems to
notice even that

Adrian approaches her. By the time she looks up, he stands
before with an appraising look.

ADRIAN

Stand up.

She stands, looking worried and sick. She wipes her nose,
coughs.

JESSE

Who are you

Ignoring the question, Adrian says to Gavin:

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm about to help your mom, kid. As bad as it looks, you have to hang back and let me do this.

JESSE

Do what?

ADRIAN

You're in withdrawl, and I don't have time for you to be dope-sick this afternoon.

Gavin takes a step back as Adrian puts his hands on the sides of her head.

JESSE

What are you doing?!

ADRIAN

I'm down-regulating your opioid receptors back to normal levels. This is going to be like rapid detox without the anesthesia. In other words: this is gonna suck for you.

Adrian squints. Some unseen force passing through his fingers causes Jesse to CONVULSE and gasp for air.

The shaking intensifies, and she CRIES out in pain.

Gavin moves toward her, alarmed.

GAVIN

Mom!!

ADRIAN

Kid! Let me do this!

Jesse PUKES, and Adrian, fast though he is, barely dodges the slimy projectile in time.

ADRIAN

Oh good times! What was that, chicken cacciatore?

She sinks to her knees, and Adrian kneels with her, holding fast. She's racked with finer tremors now. her eyes roll back into her head.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Breathe Jesse. Go with it. We're almost there.

Slowly it subsides. She becomes still. Kneeling, breathless and sweating like she just ran a marathon.

Adrian stands, arms folded, and waits for her to catch her breath.

Gavin comes to her side, puts his hand on her shoulder, looking unsure, helpless.

GAVIN

Mom? Are you OK?

The crisis passed, the breath back in her lungs, she suddenly grabs Gavin and HUGS him. Holds on for a long stretch, crying a little.

JESSE

I'm alright buddy...for the first time in...

Her attention turns to Adrian. Slowly she gets to her feet. Wipes sweat from her brow.

JESSE

I don't feel it. I don't want it. How did you-

ADRIAN

Later. Right now there are some things you need to understand real fast: Your son has abilities that go beyond anything I could make you understand. There's a new sword in a stone out there, and he's the one to pull it out.

JESSE

What does that even mean?

ADRIAN

This'll be hard to wrap your head around, but he's kind of like my great, great, a bunch of greats - grandson.

JESSE

You're right. That's utter nonsense.

ADRIAN

He has to learn to hone his abilities. And once he does, he's going to make America, the planet, For all I know the galaxy - great again. But you, Jesse, you have a gift as well...don't you?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT JESSE'S CAR - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: two years ago

Jesse drives, Gavin sits in the passenger seat, giving his dormant TABLET a disgruntled look.

GAVIN

Mom. My tablet's dead.

JESSE

Then Charge it up, dumb ass.

Gavin looks frustrated as he admits:

GAVIN

I can't.

JESSE

Don't tell me. You lost another one.

GAVIN

I left it at...I don't know, Leon's house maybe. Shit mom, I just forgot! I forget shit!

JESSE

Stop cussing!

Gavin takes a breath, and calms.

JESSE

how many chargers have I bought you this month?

GAVIN

Mom, I need you to do the thing.

As they pull up to a red stoplight, Jesse rolls her eyes. Looks at the dead tablet, at Gavin's wanting gaze...

Then at the port for the cigarette lighter below her dashboard

JESSE

You know this hurts every time,
right?

GAVIN

Please, mom. You don't want me to
flunk out of American history, do
you?

JESSE

Seriously, I get migraines, and
earaches, and it's just, weird.

GAVIN

I'll make it up to you.

JESSE

Yeah, how?

GAVIN

(shrugs)

I'll grow up to be a doctor, or
a lawyer, or some shit.

JESSE

Stop cussing!

Jesse's admonishing gaze melts into a brief smile,

Which fades, as she picks up Gavin's table in one hand... And
with her other, sticks her finger into the cigarette lighter
port

Angle on the tablet screen: The screen comes to life, and
power bar rapidly swells to 100 percent.

Jesse winces in a brief moment of pain. Gavin notices. His
guilt shows.

GAVIN

Sorry, mom.

Jesse hands the tablet to Gavin. With a more lingering smile
this time, she strokes his hair affectionately. And he seems
vaguely uncomfortable at first, but it passes

She HUGS .Gavin. Holds him tight, as the
STOPLIGHT turns green, and the traffic ahead of her begins to
move.

JESSE

Hey.

GAVIN

What?

JESSE

Who loves you?

Gavin Scoffs,

GAVIN

Like, most of the chicks
at school. Cuz I rock.

Another admonishing glance from Jesse.

Gavin rolls his eyes.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

And you, mom.

JESSE

Sure as shit. And don't you
forget it.

GAVIN

Stop cussing.

Jesse , still holding Gavin, hardly a care in the world just
now, smiles again.

As cars behind them begin blaring their HORNS, and Jesse's
and Gavin's attention are redirected ahead, where the traffic
has departed, and an empty road remains.

They LAUGH.

She puts her foot on the gas, as we come BACK to:

INT. RUINED PHARMACY - DAY

Adrian unslings his bottomless bag. Pulls out GUNS and ammo
clips. Commences another round of locking and loading as he
explains:

ADRIAN

You're a human lightning rod Jess.
No limit to the voltage you can
absorb. And since the laws of
thermodynamics are breaking down
along with the rest of physics, you
can convert that to any form of
energy you choose - a skill you need
to develop rapidly.

She looks trepidated now

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

And yeah...It's gonna hurt.

JESSE

What's happening out there?

ADRIAN

The Cliff-notes? Um, big paradigm shift. Starting here and now. And The shit's about to get about as hairy as a nineteen seventies Greek porno.

Jesse

Who are you?

Adrian

Not who. What. I'm a symbiont. I have a two-pronged mission on this Earth. Plan B has been hunting down psychos and doing my best to keep dark magic out of this world.

JESSE

And plan A? Do I even want to know?

ADRIAN

Interbreed with your species; try to introduce my genetic bells and whistles into the human recipe. Gavin here is the first one to get all my eleven herbs and spices..

JESSE

Which are what exactly?

ADRIAN

We'll get to that. Problem is, i could only ever mate with a female who had an extensive connection to the supernatural.

JESSE

So like, what? Witches?

ADRIAN

Witch. Socceress, shamaness, Voodoo priestess. Thirty one flavors of Ess. Point is, Ordinary human females could never seem to survive a sexual encounter with me?

JESSE

Why not?

ADRIAN

Let's just say i'm that good in the sack.

Jesse rolls her eyes a bit

JESSE

Says you.

Adrian looks genuinely offended.

ADRIAN

Hey! Eleven thousand year old shapeshifter! I got the experience. I got the moves.

(gestures at his crotch)

Oh, and just Email me your preferred size and shape, I'll have that for you by date night!

JESSE

Dude, are you OK? Like, mentally?

ADRIAN

Here's the upshot. One of them. Met her several thousand years ago. We had kind of an on and off, Pamela-Tommy Lee thing going on. She left feeling quite jilted. Her magic is of the dark persuasion, and quite powerful.

JESSE

(confused)

Um...OK

ADRIAN

I can sense her presence here now. She's close. And we're in for a fight. You've seen all that sideways lightning out there, yes?

JESSE

Yeah.

ADRIAN

Draw it in. Redirect it. Make it your weapon.

JESSE

And How the hell do I do that?

Finished with his locking and loading, Adrian puts his weapons back in his bag, except his two comp[act-sub], which he places in his underarm holsters

ADRIAN

This is not something i can teach you. You have to feel it. And when the time comes, you will.

JESSE

Ok that's it. I don't know what the fuck this is all is, but Gavin and I are getting out of here. We're done!

She grabs Gavin be the hand and pulls him roughly past adrian and toward the front of the store...

Only to look up and find that Adrian has swiftly, silently transported himself in their path, where he regards them with a stern look. Now wearing a large pair of GLASSES.

As she reacts to this uncanny speed and stealth, his face MORPHS again. His long hair recedes into his head, leaving him bald as he acquires the countenance of WALTER WHITE.

He quotes walter, in his voice, aping the intense line from season five:

ADRIAN/WALTER

We're done...when I say we're done.

He MORPHS back to his old self, as Jesse, truly unnerved backs up, looking frantically around her for something.

ADRIAN

Yeah...shit's like that.

She spies a basket full of of umbrellas beside her, grabs one, and BRANDISHES it.

HERE'S WHERE IT GETS REAL CHOPPY KIDS. BITS AND DISCONNECTED PIECES OF UPCOMING SCENES, NOT YET STITCHED TOGETHER. FORMAT AND CONTINUITY GO TO THE NINTH PLANE OF HELL. YOU'LL HAVE AT BEST THE VAGUEST IDEA OF WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT THE CLEAR IMPRESSION THAT I AM IN FACT A RAVING MOTHER-EFFING LUNATIC. ...WHICH IS IN FACT THE CASE. SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK....

Why does it move so slowly?

Time dilation. Tornadoes are vorticies, and vortices are gateways. time machines. Kind of a universal rule.

I sent some creepy crawlies ahead of me to take the fight out of you.

You didn't send enough!

Well, i guess if you want something done right...

Yeah, but giant Bedbugs? Really? You couldn't just go with flying monkeys or something?

It's been done...but this hasn't

What the fuck are those?

Ordinary misquitos, until i tinkered with their DNA. Now i don't know what to call them

(giant flying somethings)

And que the army of giant flying bloodsuckers.you know, i am having a really rough day day at the office here!!

Adrian only gets halfway through drawing his compact subs before:

You always liked it rough!

Sends tulane flying.

JESSE

Who are you?

You have reached the offices of an angry, powerful bitch...

With a wave of her hand, she telekinetically rips a nearby CAR DOOR off it's hinges, leaves it hovering over the vehicle.

A wave of her other hand sends Gavin SAILING half a block, into the vehicle.

No sooner does Gavin smack roughly into the passenger side door than she waves both arms, the floating door whipss back onto it's hinges, and every door to the vehicle somehow WELD themselves shut; as the seams around each door briefly heat up a glowing orange.

Please listen carefully, because your menu options have fucking changed.

(scoffs) fucking Amateur night! What's next, bitch, drunken karioki

She makes Adrian's guns shoot him. He has to puke up the bullets

ADRIAN

We don't have much time, so here's the Cliff-notes. This universe alternates between periods when either physical, or metaphysical laws predominate. Science, and magic play this eternal game of leap-frog. Whenever the scientific paradigm prevails, you get the same laws, matter, and energy. But every time an age of magic dawns, it looks different. So you can forget about Elves and unicorns and all that middle earth bullshit. No one - even me - has any clue what this one's going to look like.

Montage. Tulane in the stone age, wearing animal skins, with a hairier, Cro-Magnon look. He sits in the middle of a forest clearing on a rock.

Several Sabre Tooth TIGERS enter the clearing, flanking him on three sides.

He STANDS, and with a wave of his hands, all but one of them abruptly DEPART.

He MORPHS into a larger specimen of the same species. And the two run and LEAP at each other.

Minutes LATER: The smaller one, defeated, mauled and breathing lies on its side, breathing its last. Adrian MORPHS back into human form.

He pets the animal, looking stoic, a hint of sadness.

A single TEAR falls from his eye, hits the animal and DISSOLVES it. All but the skeleton.

A Morning Glory vine rapidly around and through the bones, as if it were a trellis.

Standing now, he holds both sabre teeth like Daggers, as half a dozen NEANDERTHALS armed with spears and stone blade enter the clearing and surround him.

They attack. With lightning swiftness, Adrian SLAYS them all. He pops up suddenly behind the last survivor, plunges his hand through his back, and out his chest.

Adrian's bloody hand clutching the opponent's still beating hard looms large in the foreground.

The trogladyte DROPS. And as Adrian holds the heart, gazing ponderously at it, the world around him becomes a spinning (yes) cyclonic BLUR. And when it comes to abruptly still again, Adrian finds himself standing inside:

STONEHENGE. An ancient Stonehenge: still a fully intact ring of standing, stone trilithons. And a large stone ALTER at the center.

And the heart he was holding has become a majestic looking SWORD. The two sabre teeth, now whiddled into sharp blades with handle grips, now hang around his neck on a cord of rawhide, and he wears them from here on out.

He's surrounded by druidic priests in dark robes, and numerous Celtic WARRIORS, most of whom he rapidly KILLS with the weapon.

With the surrounding stones now spattered in blood, he plunges the sword into the stone alter, around which several frightened looking Druids stand.

He takes the hand on one of them, places it on the hilt of the buried sword. He WINKS at the man, and DEPARTS with that a sudden, blurry swiftness of his.

In ancient SUMARIA now. Adrian is in a room full of Sumarians, and dressed as they are. He rapidly chisels Cuneiform pictographs into stone tablets as his audience watches.

He chisels a pictograph of the SUN. Points to it, then to the sky.

A close look at the stone tablets gives us a parting glance of another pictograph that looks a hell of a lot like a U.F.O.

In ancient Egypt now. Adrian is one in a mass of Hebrew SLAVES harvesting grain in a Wheat FIELD. As a number of slave drivers with large WHIPS walk amongst them. Glaring, shouting.

One of them reels back his arm to whip an exhausted slave who has collapsed, and brings it down only to find his arm severed at the elbow and spouting blood.

Moments later, with the slave drivers all dead (some strangled with their own whips) the slaves have ceased their labor, and stare at Adrian as Adrian MORPHS into the grey, bearded countenance of MOSES.

He gestures for them to follow him, turns and begins walking out of the wheat field.

In ancient ROME now. Adrian stands in a packed, roaring COLOSSEUM, dressed as a Gladiator, amidst a shallow sea of dead, bloody opponents.

In the SEATS, amongst a crowd of V.I.P'S, a furious EMPEROR barks an order to a subordinate.

Iron GATES lining the walls of the arena open. Hungry LIONS emerge and rapidly close in on Adrian from all sides.

A wave of his hand, and they all STOP, and sit.

Adrian points to the emperor and his patrician's in the seats. Looks of apprehension bloom on every face in the box.

Adrian draws a blood painted sword, as he and The lions RUSH the V.I.P's, leaping up and through the rows of seating toward them.

The CRUSADES: One army of Christian fighters, another of muslims, both numbering in the thousands, (many on horseback) ADVANCE toward each other on a BATTLEFIELD.

In the last hundred, shrinking space between them, Adrian RUSHES in with that blurry, supersonic swiftness of his.

Both armies STOP. Holding both hands up, as if in supplication, Adrian commands all the horses to REAR UP, throwing their riders, and all the metal (weapons, armor, etc) to MAGNETIZE. They collide, clanking and sparking in midair, growing to a house size glinting chunk that then falls to the Earth with an earth shaking THUD.

Mass hysteria, AS scrambling fleeing soldiers abandon the war and FLEE in all directions.

On the filthy cobblestone streets of a MIDIEVAL TOWN. Adrian pushes a CART piled high with plague ravaged CADAVERS, as a MAN walks beside the cart, ringing a handheld bell, shouting to all to bring out their dead.

Lightning swift, Adrian sets the cart down, rushes into one HOVEL,

Where he finds a mean, drunk looking FATHER beating two of his screaming CHILDREN mercilessly with a bloody length of rope.

As the man reels back for another strike, Adrian SNATCHES the rope, and as the man turns around, Adrian SNAPS his neck with such speed and force that his dead face, frozen in a look of confusion faces the cowering kids.

OUTSIDE in the street again,

This is a stupid post i deleted off of facebook. I don't even know what it's doing here...did I mention I'm a raving lunatic?

Here's my monkey ass on a game show, which is most certainly more than I deserve...

THIS...IS...JEOPARDY!!!
 (not affiliated with
 Jeopardy or Merv Griffin
 Enterprises (R) (C) (TM)
 (KFC), (HBO), and (MSNBC)
 here are my five categories:

- 1) All things "IZ"
- 2) Getting a job
- 3) Having a life
- 4) Not spending all your time making stupid jokes on Facebook, you pathetic ass-tard.
- 5) American Authors.

ME: "HMMM. Well just out of curiosity, Alex, I'll take all things IZ for \$100"

Q: these two words must be the first in any Jeopardy answer.

ME: "what is what iz?"

That is correct! Ding ding ding ding ding!!

ME: "Nice. Let's try all thing IZ for \$200.

Q: This common cliché is often considered the most redundant in the English language.

ME: "What is: it iz what it iz?"

Ding ding ding ding ding!!

ME: "good deal! All things IZ for \$300"

Q: The following is an adequate description of the physical properties of root beer

ME: "What is It iz mostly fizz?"

Ding ding ding ding ding!!

ME : "man, I'm on a roll here! All things IZ for \$400

Q: This is a common reaction to seeing a Peter North movie.

ME: What is That's a whole lot of jizz?"

Ding ding ding ding ding!!

ME: "Let's run that whole board, Alex! All things IZ for \$500!

Q: A hypoglycemic gang member might say this if he encountered inclement weather upon exiting a theatre, after seeing one of two Broadway musicals

MY DUMB ASS: "Oh, man, that's tough! Hold on. Let me think...um...I'm gonna say...What is...Cloudy with drizz, at the end of The Wiz or Le Miz, and damn I feel dizz, fo-schizz!

Ding ding ding ding motherfucking ding!!

"Ran the board, I did! Boom! Drop THAT mic!!!"

(microphone hits the floor and shatters)

"oh fuck-nuts i just broke my Dollar General-

(R) (C) (TM) (PTSD) cuz I was tortured by the VC when I was a POW)

-Microphone! Hold on, Let me read the box. Maybe it's still under warranty.....damn! Fuckin' figures. Check this out:

WARNING: DO NOT DROP THIS MICROPHONE! NOT APPROVED FOR RAP BATTLES, DRUNKEN KARIOKE, OR STUPID JOKES ON FACEBOOK..... OH, AND, P.S: .IT'S CALLED A JOB, DICK-PIC! IT'S CALLED GETTING LAID! IT'S CALLED ANYTHING BUT THIS, YOU PATHETIC FRICK-STAIN ON THE BEDSHEETS OF LIFE! THIS IS 48 SECONDS THE SIX PEOPLE WHO WILL READ THIS CAN NEVER HAVE BACK! FEEL GOOD ABOUT YOURSELF?!

(not affiliated with steady employment, sexual intercourse, or anything dignified and non pathetic)