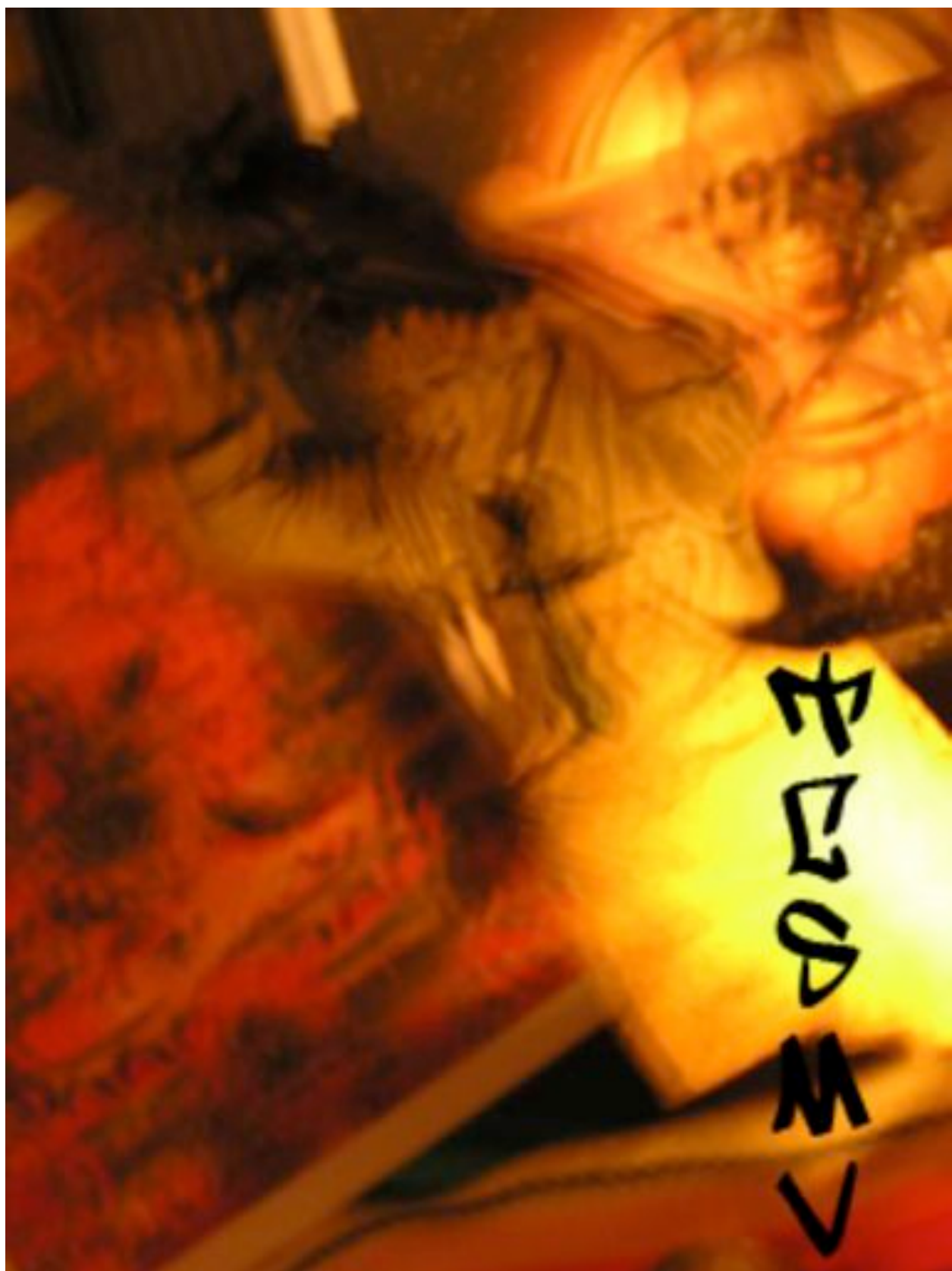






:: TEMPORAL COINCIDENCE SYNCHRONIZING MACHINE V ::

“ALWAYS”

Screenplay Draft #3 (1st edition)
is hereby © by: Jonathan Barlow Gee
this: January 25, 2016.
www.benpadiah.com

CHARACTERS:

OLD MAN
YOUNG WOMAN
YOUNG HITLER
VARIOUS CHILDREN
MIB #1
MIB #2
VOICE #3
VOICE #4
VOICE #5
VOICE #6
VOICE #7
QATSIMONGO
TIM TRUMAN
TESS TRUMAN
TOM TRUMAN
RON DUNAJEW
KIM DUNAJEW
MRS. SUSIE
PRINCIPAL
NURSE
VIV DUNAJEW
JESUS (THE TRUMAN FAMILY DOG)
YOUNG PRINCIPAL
YOUNG LIMO MAN
YOUNG MANSON
CLASSIC WIZARD
WHITE CLOUD
TOM'S REFLECTION

FRANZ KLIMT
EMMET GEIN
COUSIN SALLY
POLICE OFFICER
FLO MITERS
3 DENIZENS OF DINER
OLD PRINCIPAL
4 RESIDENTS OF ANDREWS
PEE WEE GASKINS
FLIPPER DAHMER (DOG-MAYOR OF ANDREWS)
YOUNG GRANDPA
VARIOUS ADULTS (IMMIGRANTS AND POLICE)
FOREIGN GIRL
NY PASSERBY
THE SLAUGHTERER
NIKOLA TESLA
YOUNG TOM
YOUNG TESS
YOUNG QATSIMONGO
GRANDPA
HUMBABA
YOUNG JFK
YOUNG JACKIE BOUVIERE
JOE KENNEDY
JACKIE KENNEDY-ONASSIS
ARISTOTLE ONASSIS
VARIOUS ADULTS (BUSINESS MEN AND SCIENTISTS)
YOUNG TESLA
THOUSANDS OF AZTECS

insanity clause #23:

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"Tesla's Cosmic Scale Metaform V: Always"

INT. LIMOUSINE - MORNING

An OLD MAN in an expensive suit and a YOUNG WOMAN in torn t-shirt and jeans, breathing heavily, sit facing one another.

OLD MAN
You may begin.

YOUNG WOMAN
What do you want?

OLD MAN
My wish? To Become Otherness.

YOUNG WOMAN
So then, why us? Why me?

OLD MAN

Soon you shall see, then always agree. Let me tell you a story...

TITLE-CARD:

Braunau on the Inn, Pan-German Austria.
1893.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - SEPIA

YOUNG HITLER is playing with VARIOUS CHILDREN. 2 MEN IN BLACK swoop him away.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

YOUNG HITLER is tied to a tree and blind-folded. He is weeping but we cannot hear him. The MIBs, now wearing red robes with hoods and masks, circle around him, poking at him with instruments of agitation. We hear their taunts and jibes; they speak with a thick Slavic accent. They speak faster and faster, until, without their pitch increasing, they are talking almost too fast for their words to be distinguishable. A constant chant of "Parsival" is also present, though low down in the mix.

MAN #1

No one can hear you screaming like a little girl, little bitch.

MAN #2

You belong to us now, Adolf.

MAN #1

Nobody loves you but us, Schickelgrueber. Sad fact.

MAN #2

To us the words 'to love' mean 'to use.'

MAN #1

We want to teach you all we know.

MAN #2

We're here to protect you from the unknown.

MAN #1

We just want you to think that we're real.

MAN #2

If you doubt us your dingling dangler will fall off.

MAN #1

Just like the Jews in the desert.

MAN #2

We even got to the Jews way out in the desert.

The 2 MIBs pull down the BOY'S TROUSERS. They rub DIRT on his GROIN, wave FLAME near it, etc.

MAN #1
Politics is just a game of chess, little mensch.

MAN #2
Stimulus and response, Son.

MAN #1
The white pieces move.

MAN #2
The genitals love rape.

MAN #1
The black pieces move.

MAN #2
They can't help it.

MAN #1
One side is played against the other.

MAN #2
It's not psychological.

MAN #1
The rules of their movements belong to the board.

MAN #2
It's biological.

MAN #1
Any movements of the pudendum yet?

MAN #2
If you control the stimulus, then...

MAN #1
The only way to win is if...

MAN #2
You control the response.

MAN #1
You control the whole board itself.

MAN #1 begins stroking YOUNG HITLER'S GROIN while MAN #2 intermittently brings FLAME near it. A THIRD MAN seems to be present, but the CAMERA work makes the true number present impossible to calculate. It spins and circulates and is ever in motion, showing only a dizzying, vertiginous blur. Other VOICES begin joining. With each new VOICE another pair of hands is laid on the YOUNG HITLER. He squirms in his powerlessness, gagging on his tears of helpless grief in bitter, empty rage.

VOICE #3
God denies no action.

MAN #1
All things are allowed.

MAN #2
Anyone can get away with anything.

VOICE #3
God is responsible in the end for us all.

MAN #1
God loves us all.

MAN #2
God uses us all.

VOICE #3
He who uses us all is God.

MAN #1
It's all a matter of time.

MAN #2
Time is the power of God.

VOICE #3
With time God uses us all.

MAN #1
With time we become like God.

MAN #2
We use more and more.

VOICE #3
All of us are used.

MAN #1
Don't be used.

MAN #2
Use.

VOICE #3
Find all.

MAN #1
Use all.

VOICE #3
(whispering)

No one can hide from us.

A FOURTH VOICE enters.

VOICE #4

You thought you could hide from us.

MAN #1

Even the Jews couldn't hide from us.

MAN #2

We got to the Jews way out in the desert.

VOICE #3

We are the Juwes, inside the Jews.

A FIFTH VOICE enters.

VOICE #5

We were amongst them all along, even then.

VOICE #4

We are the Juwes, Adolf. All of us are descended from the Jews.

VOICE #3

Why don't you do something about it? Cut off the root?

MAN #2

We're all just Jews here, Adolf.

MAN #1

We're all Jews. And you're a Jew, too.

A SIXTH VOICE enters.

VOICE #6

All of us, Juwes. All of us, Jews.

VOICE #5

Naughty, so very naughty.

VOICE #4

Why don't you do something nice about it? Like Bonsai pruning?

VOICE #3

A Jew knows how to keep so many secrets.

MAN #2

That's why Jews feel naughty all the time.

MAN #1

All Jews know we are all naked under our clothes.

A SEVENTH VOICE enters.

VOICE #7

All Jews wish they were touching you, here.

VOICE #6

We are the Juwes inside the Jews and they'll kill you if you ever reveal us.

VOICE #5

A Jew like you keeps lots of secrets, Adolf.

VOICE #4

I bet we would have a lot of fun opening up that head, Hitler.

VOICE #3

That's what his mother, Elois, said to the doctor.

MAN #2

It's a boy!

MAN #1

A bastard.

MAN #2

His father, we killed.

VOICE #3

His mother, we raped.

VOICE #4

He's ours now. We own him.

VOICE #5

You're our special boy, Adolf.

VOICE #6

Our boy in Berlin.

VOICE #7

Don't ever disobey us.

VOICE #6

Don't ever disappoint us.

VOICE #5

Little Jew boy, Adi.

VOICE #4

This is what it feels like constantly being a Jew.

VOICE #3

Simultaneous pleasure and pain.

MAN #2

We cut off his little wiggler!

MAN #1

In this sign you shall conquer!

They whisk the BLIND-FOLD off suddenly. In a POV shot we see QATSIMONGO, standing above YOUNG HITLER, back-lit and triumphant. He is dressed in a ladies' summer dress and a black, rubber apron under a long, white lab-coat. On his head is a crown of electrodes. Sound FX of chainsaws, babies crying and doors opening and closing. The swirling graphic of a NAZI SWAZTIKA whirls up from QATSIMONGO'S CHAINSAW to fill the SCREEN and the TITLE blazes out in patient, dripping crimson across the famous graphic.

TITLE-CARD:

"TCSM:V"
ALWAYS!

FADE TO BLACK - FADE IN:

INT. TRUMAN BREAKFAST NOOK - DAWN

Father TOM, Mother TESS and TIM Jr. all sit around the breakfast TABLE behaving NORMALLY.

TIM

And so space-ships aren't just space-ships, but they travel through time in a way, because time and space are one.

TESS

My, my. They taught you all that on your first day?

TIM

Well they were trying to overdo it to earn our attention.

TESS

I just don't see what good it does feeding our children all this mumbo-jumbo about how space is just one big empty vacuum, where anti-gravity mother-ships can beam us home to Nibiru near the dark sun, Nemesis, but how some people can't be trusted, as they might turn out to be shapeshifting chameleoid reptilian aliens...

TOM

Oh, you know, Hon. They just need a new generation of atomic engineers to keep our country competitive with that other country, plus, it justifies those darned over-inflated government black-budgets. And besides, better Junior get hooked on science fantasy than hooked on 'Cloud 9' bath salt, right?

TESS

Well, I guess so, but it just seems like science doesn't really get us anywhere that's so special.

TOM

What do you want, Honey? Quantum Tunneling from Earth to underground Lunar Bases? You've got your microwave oven and your television programming and I've got my smart-pad and my cell-phone. Have a little faith that we're building for a much better tomorrow. Isn't that right, Son?

TIM

Right, Dad.

TOM

There, you see? It can't be wrong yet if they're still teaching it in schools already.

TESS

I guess you're right, Tom. Well, off to work, boys.

TIM

Bye, Mom! Thanks for packing my lunch!

TIM runs outside.

TOM

Goodbye. I think it went over especially well this morning.

TESS

So you think he's buying it?

TOM

He has no idea.

TESS

Good. See you then. Have everything prepared.

TOM

Goddamnit, I will. I told you, leave it all up to me.

TIM pokes his head back through the DOOR.

TIM

Hurry up, Dad, or I'm gonna be late. I have to practice flute for band before home-room starts.

TOM

Just a fucking minute son. I'm saying goodbye to your mother.

TIM exits the ROOM once more.

TOM

(hushed)

Is he watching? Can he see us?

TESS

Yes. Look natural.

TOM
Kiss me. For the boy.

TESS
I told you how I feel about this.

TOM
Shut up and do as I say. I'm in charge here.

They kiss.

TOM
(loudly)
I'll miss you at work, Dear.

TESS
(loudly)
I'll have dinner ready and waiting. Don't be late.

TOM exits through the DOOR. As his silhouette fades with TIM, TESS looks after them.

TESS
(calling after them)
Have a good day!

TESS waits until they are gone and then hurriedly whips out a CIGARETTE as if from NOWHERE (this effect should be subtle yet distinct) and, as she begins smoking shiftily, heads for TIM'S COMPUTER. The white furred FAMILY DOG gets in the way for a moment, trying to show her its affection.

TESS
(mumbling to herself)
No Great Work is worth this.

Her NOSE begins to bleed immediately.

INT. TRUMAN 4X4 - DAY

For a long while the shot is through the passenger WINDOW. TIM's face is up against the GLASS, looking sullenly out as the REFLECTIONS drift by. They are crossing a BRIDGE. TOM says nothing. There is no music. Finally, TOM speaks.

TOM
Tim, do you ever feel that everyone is just fucking with you and that no one on the entire surface of the planet exists who either can or wants to understand the person you really are?

TIM
No, Dad, not at all. I'm far too young for such concerns; that is, I

recognize them, but feel no need to internalize them as part of my personality yet. I understand my role and I know my lines, Dad. You're just way too paranoid.

TOM'S EYES well up almost to overflowing with TEARS of pride as he pulls up to TIM'S PRIVATE PRESCHOOL, which has 3, red-and-white striped chimneys above it. They are spewing out grey smoke, perhaps ashes. The sign in front of the SCHOOL reads: "DR. LOUIS 'JOLLY' WEST SCHOOL FOR GIFTED CHILDREN. EST. 1977."

TOM

Have a good day, today, Son. Keep it together. You're doing well.

TIM

I know Dad. You know how hard I'm trying.

TOM

Remind Aunt Susie to give you your meds. Tell her I said it was okay if you had two, today, okay, Boy?

TIM

Okay, Dad.

TOM

That's a good boy.

TIM runs along to mingle with the VARIOUS CHILDREN on the PRESCHOOL'S PLAYGROUND. His father pauses for a moment to watch this, then pulls the TRUMAN 4X4 off and drives away. Extreme CLOSEUP of TIM'S EYES watching his father leave.

INT. FLOOR 123, DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

TOM walks in and sets down his BRIEFCASE on his DESK. Almost immediately, the head of his co-worker in the CUBICLE next to TOM'S pops over the DIVIDER. It is RON, TOM's friend from work. RON is of another ethnicity but of about the same age as TOM (35).

RON

Ready for the big weekend, neighbor?

TOM

Sure am, Pal. It's gonna be super-great.

RON

I've got every detail taken care of.

TOM

You've got all four of our tickets?

RON

Arranged with the higher-up's. Let's just say, I cut a 'special deal.'

TOM and RON wink and laugh at the obscure in-joke.

TOM
How's Viv?

RON
(looking at his watch)
On the rag right now. Your little slut still wrapped around your
finger?

TOM
Tess couldn't be more thrilled about this trip, Ron. Let me tell you
something perhaps I shouldn't - she can't wait to get away!

RON
Stop it!

TOM
Nope; it's God's honest truth.

RON
From that ranch up there in Northwoods Hills?

TOM
Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned for work, my friend.

RON
Ain't that the truth? Had about enough ribbing for the morning?

TOM
Yes, I still haven't had any of the Temps' office coffee yet. Let's
get to work. Thanks for understanding, Buddy.

RON
Fuck you, you racist ass hater.

INT. PRIVATE PRESCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

As TIM'S CLASS of VARIOUS CHILDREN finishes watching a film about atomic energy, just after the movie makes a cryptic reference regarding preparation for a global nuclear winter, a GIRL a few seats up in the next row turns to look back at TIM. As the final shot of the film (a long shot of an atomic explosion) plays, their EYES meet, and both KIDS blush.

INT. TIM TRUMAN'S ROOM - DAY

TESS double-clicks a FOLDER and it flashes open on-screen. It contains several TEXT files marked DIARY, and several IMAGE files marked KIM. TESS clicks on one marked DIARY and quickly skims it.

INT. PRIVATE PRESCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The LIGHTS come on in the ROOM. MRS. SUSIE, the teacher, walks to the front and middle of the room and loudly blows a WHISTLE to collect the VARIOUS CHILDREN'S attention.

INT. TIM TRUMAN'S ROOM - DAY

TESS grows bored with the DIARY entries and instead opens a pic labeled "KIM: BESIDE NATURE". It displays the GIRL who had made EYE contact with TIM reclining in a wide, flat field of green grass beside a large, gnarled brown tree trunk, apparently attached to this by a black, leather collar and length of shiny metal chain.

INT. PRIVATE PRESCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

KIM, the girl of TIM'S dreams, immediately raises her hand.

MRS. SUSIE
Yes, Kim?

KIM
What did the film have to do with what we are studying?

INT. TIM TRUMAN'S ROOM - DAY

TESS opens another FILE labeled "KIM: AFTER BOMB." This file is a PICTURE in which KIM is displayed murdered gruesomely with her BLOOD, ENTRAILS, various ORGANS, and severed or dangling LIMBS, scattered about in all directions.

MRS. SUSIE
(voice-over, sighing)
Oh, Kim. Someday you're just going to have to learn it's all connected.

TESS switches the COMPUTER off and extinguishes her CIGARETTE.

INT. PRIVATE PRESCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The VARIOUS CHILDREN have already begun to become distracted again. MRS. SUSIE signals the alert and they fall into compliance.

MRS. SUSIE
For today's golden-star citizenship-award... who can tell me the two names of the scientists who co-discovered the molecular structure of DNA?

HANDS go up around the room. TIM raises his hand, looking around groggily.

MRS. SUSIE
Tim. You.

TIM
(obviously on drugs)

J.D. Watson and Francis... Prick.

The VARIOUS CHILDREN giggle and TIM looks around, confused, mesmerized and hallucinating.

MRS. SUSIE

Have you ever heard the expression, 'you're twice as smart as you fear you are, but only half as smart as you believe you are'?

TIM continues looking around groggily. He sees the look of obvious horror on KIM'S FACE. The wet, muffled sound of his HEART-BEAT fills his EARS. MRS. SUSIE obviously intends on waiting for his answer. This frightens TIM. He shakes his head, trying to clear his focus. She glares at him, her lips parted slightly, and TIM can see the tips of her canines, which appear to be as sharp as fangs.

MRS. SUSIE

Do you have any idea what this means for you, Junior?

TIM is shaking his head and TEARS have begun to roll from his eyes. MRS. SUSIE grabs TIM by the HAIR very roughly and, despite his wails of attempted protest, drags him from the ROOM. The KIDS continue laughing. Now they are laughing at TIM. KIM alone does not laugh. She sits in the middle of the ROOM looking concerned for a moment, then takes out and, as if mechanically, opens up her TEXTBOOK.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

TIM is watching the VARIOUS CHILDREN through the WINDOW playing on the PLAYGROUND outside. MRS. SUSIE relates his behavior to the PRINCIPAL in voice-over as we watch TIM'S melancholy face and see the VARIOUS CHILDREN playing in POV.

MRS. SUSIE (V.O.)

His father was so proud, he wanted double meds. And now this. It's as if this boy has no understanding of nor appreciation for what's being done for him. We all go out of our way for him. He's every teacher's special boy. But the fact is, if he won't play the game, I just don't think he's worth our effort. What do you think we should do, Mr. Principal?

THE PRINCIPAL swirls around suddenly in his chair behind the desk. It is, of course, QATSIMONGO (a great audience shocker). TIM recoils in panicked terror, shrinking back into the seat, cowering before the CHAINSAW, which he hallucinates as QATSIMONGO'S mouth, seeing the teeth whirling around behind zipper-lips like a shark's multiple rows of fanged incisors. Naturally, it is only a POV, and instantly we see MRS. SUSIE grabbing TIM'S upper-TORSO.

MRS. SUSIE

He's having another one of his fits!

The real PRINCIPAL attaches himself to TIM'S lower-TORSO and, as he pulls down TIM'S TROUSERS, we see that he is a short, fatter, middle-aged bald man.

PRINCIPAL
Call for medication.

MRS. SUSIE
Nurse, Nurse! Medication in here, please!

TIM is still in convulsions. The CAMERA is HAND-HELD and shaking violently as it wanders towards TIM'S lower-TORSO. A NURSE enters with a large JUG of a blue liquid which looks like FLUORIDE in one HAND and an ENEMA BAG in the OTHER.

PRINCIPAL
No, better use the needles. Don't you die on me, kid!

A CLOSE-UP as his HAND slaps across TIM'S BUTTOCKS. The cheeks on either side of the crevice redden. TIM screams out in pain. Another swift crack of the palm. MATCH-ON-ACTION - CUT TO:

CHOKER CLOSE-UP of a PHONE ringing.

INT. TRUMAN HOUSEHOLD - DAY

TESS picks up the PHONE. She is wearing only an apron labeled "KISS THE COOK" and holds a feather duster in one hand. The DOG is following her close by.

TESS
Hello?

MRS. SUSIE (V.O.)
It's happened again. Come quickly.

TESS
I'm on my way right now.

INT. FLOOR 123, DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

TOM answers the PHONE on his HEADSET.

TOM
Fidayeen Del-ei-Kebir.

INT. TRUMAN CAR - DAY

TESS is talking on the CELL PHONE. She is driving recklessly wearing only an overcoat and an apron.

TESS
Ali Bhai Salam, goddamnit!

TOM (V.O.)
We're clear. What is it, Tess?

TESS
Number 418.

INT. OFFICES - DAY

TOM leans back, angered.

TOM
What did he do this time?

TESS (V.O.)
Mocked Francis Crick.

TOM
Of all people.

INT. TRUMAN CAR - DAY

TESS swerves in and out of TRAFFIC, driving insanely fast.

TESS
I don't think this is a laughing matter at all, Tom.

TOM (V.O.)
I don't either. It's my fault. I told her double meds.

TESS
Well, he's not like the others.

TOM (V.O.)
So it would seem. I have to go. Call again when you get him home.

TESS
Of course.

We see the PRIVATE PRESCHOOL screech up to the front windshield of the CAR. TESS storms out and, in the cinema-verite style of COPS, the CAMERA follows, HAND-HELD.

EXT. PRIVATE PRESCHOOL - DAY

As TESS approaches MRS. SUSIE, who is waiting outside and glancing around nervously, TESS raises her arms in the Masonic Hailing Sign of Distress.

TESS
Oh, Lord, My God; Is There No One To Help The Widow's Son?

MRS. SUSIE
This has to quit happening.

TESS
Everything's on the up and up.

MRS. SUSIE
People have been getting suspicious.

TESS stops dead in her tracks and grabs MRS. SUSIE by the shoulders, shaking her violently and glaring at her in the EYES.

TESS
What people?

MRS. SUSIE
Well, nobody yet. Nobody's saying anything. But they've been casting glances.

TESS
The operation is off. You'll be transferred.

MRS. SUSIE
I don't think it's *that* serious.

TESS
You're just a fucking teacher. Where do you get off thinking?

MRS. SUSIE
You're absolutely right, Ma'am.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

TESS and MRS. SUSIE enter THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. The PRINCIPAL is seated behind a DESK, his pants hung on a HAT-RACK behind him. The school NURSE, a frightful looking person, stands at the ready with a PUSH-CART of MEDICAL ACCESSORIES.

TESS
Where is the child?

PRINCIPAL
He is under the desk. He will not come out.

TESS
Timothy? Timothy can you hear me? It's Mommy.

TIM (V.O. muffled)
Mama?

PRINCIPAL
We didn't know how long you might be, so I thought I'd give him something to do. He's very highly medicated of course.

TESS
No need to explain. All is in order. Junior, we are going home.

MRS. SUSIE

Oh, do you really have to go so soon?

MRS. SUSIE, eyeing the PRINCIPAL, reaches under TESS'S COAT and fondles her BREAST. TESS glares at her, but looks at the PRINCIPAL to direct her next move.

PRINCIPAL

Yes, why not stay? I'll only be a *little* longer.

When he says "little" he holds his fingers up to indicate a short length. He motions for the NURSE to go to TESS. The NURSE moves over silently and puts her head underneath TESS'S COAT at waste-level, while MRS. SUSIE begins licking and sucking TESS'S BREAST. Suddenly the PRINCIPAL appears very close to her face. She is obviously displeased to be breathing his breath. He grins and his teeth are hideous.

PRINCIPAL

You have to time to play just a *little* don't you?

He puts out his HAND and from NOWHERE a PADDLE is placed into it. Underneath the DESK, in CLOSEUP, we see TIM'S face as the sound FX of the PADDLE cracks and short, controlled female cries ring out in the background. Sound FX of a TELEPHONE ringing.

TOM (V.O.)

Timothy? Timothy, this is Dad. I'm making a phone call directly to your head, okay? I just want you to know that I'm not angry with you. You failed us, Son, but I'm going to reserve my judgment. But let me say this. When you get home, I want you downstairs in that cage.

A visible reaction of aversion by TIM.

TIM

With the goat?

TOM (V.O.)

Yes, with the goddamn goat, Son! Where else?

TIM

But, Daddy, I'm afraid of the goat.

TOM (V.O.)

Well, so what? I don't care about how you feel at all. All I have to say to you is you better be in that cage, with that goat, doing you know what with the goat, by the time I get home, or I really will be mad. Now I don't want to hear a word of complaint from you, Son. You've already let everybody who loves you down today and it's not even lunchtime. Are we clear, Timothy?

The crack of the PADDLE and TESS'S outcry.

TIM
Sir, yes, sir.

TIM grasps his head as his nose begins to bleed. The beating beyond the alcove beneath the DESK is speeding up to a climax.

INT. TRUMAN CAMPER - DAY

TOM, RON, TESS, VIV, TIM and KIM (RON and VIV's daughter) all ride along singing merrily. The Truman FAMILY DOG is there as well, howling happily along with the singing.

ALL
... Build him an Arky, Arky...

EXT. TRUMAN CAMPER - DAY

The CAMPER rolls along a long, sweltering, endlessly horizontal NORTH-TEXAS HIGHWAY, CARS going past here and there. A LIMO passes the CAMPER going in the opposite direction.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MORNING

YOUNG WOMAN
For our future?

OLD MAN
And your past.

YOUNG WOMAN
I don't understand...

OLD MAN
As it must be, so it is. For us, soon it will become so too.

He begins to fill up a glass with a blue beverage, resembling FLUORIDE.

INT. TRUMAN CAMPER - DAY

VIV
Who wants a lollipop?

TOM
(voice-over, mumbling)
This trip isn't happening.

KIDS
Oh, me, me!

RON
(voice-over, mumbling)
None of this is real.

VIV
You remember our game, right?

TIM
Try to eat...

VIV
I want to hear it from Kimberly, Tim.

TESS
(voice-over, mumbling)
Mommy and I are one.

KIM
Try to eat the lollipop as fast as we can.

RON
(voice-over, mumbling)
It's okay to do better than Daddy.

VIV
That's right. Here you go.

VIV hands the children 1 blue fluoride LOLLIPOP each. They take them and dig in. The adults exchange glances with one another in the front seat. TESS glances at VIV, who smirks. The KIDS begin to look tired almost immediately.

CLOSE-UP of KIM's face as she drifts to sleep.

INT. 1940 GERMAN GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY (SEPIA)

A SMALL MAN is hunched over his DESK writing; he appears to be a YOUNG version of the PRINCIPAL from TIM'S preschool. Another MAN, very TALL and strange looking, appearing to be a YOUNG version of the OLD MAN in the limousine, comes in. Both are wearing the black uniforms of the NAZI SS. The YOUNG LIMO MAN hands the YOUNG PRINCIPAL a manilla FOLDER. He stands at attention while the YOUNG PRINCIPAL flips through it. Finally the YOUNG PRINCIPAL looks up and addresses his visitor.

YOUNG PRINCIPAL
And Alcoa is certain these calculations are correct?

YOUNG LIMO MAN
They have been using the indicated technologies at maximum projected levels for some time already.

YOUNG PRINCIPAL
The success rate continues favorably?

YOUNG LIMO MAN
Just as indicated.

YOUNG PRINCIPAL

I will notify the Reich's High Command. They will brief IHO
Crowley. All will be most pleased. Heil Hitler.

YOUNG LIMO MAN

Heil Hitler.

The YOUNG LIMO MAN exits the room and for a moment we remain
with the YOUNG PRINCIPAL, who returns to examining the FILE.

YOUNG PRINCIPAL

Not long... not long. Soon, soon and then, always.

A CLOSE-UP of the CONTENTS of the FILE reveals various PICTURES.
Among the first few are "big foot," the "abominable snowman,"
the "yeti," the "Lucy Hominid" and the "missing link," followed
by schematic blue-prints of how to construct a human mask from
severed flesh, the diagram of which resembles QATSIMONGO. Next
is a DIAGRAM of a glass of water, showing ratio of fluoride
(portrayed in silver) to clear water (portrayed in sky-blue).
There is also a SECOND DIAGRAM showing that, with the addition
of saccharine, the amount of fluoride increases greatly; this
DIAGRAM is labeled in the upper-corner with the LOGO of the
Cocoa-Cola Corporation. Further PICTURES are brain-shaped pie-
charts showing the increased ratio of aluminum (silver) from
fluoride to soft-tissue (dull gray) over a period of decades. These
are followed by a diagram of satellites projecting beams down at a
crowd of silver human heads. This diagram is labeled "CROWD
CONTROL." Following these are some surface PHOTOS and crystal
clear aerials of Earth's moon and of Mars, far too advanced to
have been generated at that time. There are also PICTURES of
FLYING SAUCERS inside and outside HANGARS with TECHNICIANS
standing beside them. The FINAL IMAGE is of the Cydonia "face on
Mars" over which there is a considerable pause and the music,
imitating "Schindler's List," builds to a crescendo.

INT. TRUMAN CAMPER - DAY

VIV

They're sleeping peacefully.

TOM

I hate children.

TESS

Thank God for Eugenics, or they'd all be twice as dumb and ugly.

TOM

I thought we'd been over the penalty for use of His name, Tess.

TOM jabs the air with his FINGER, indicating God.

TESS

I apologize. I'm sorry if I offended anyone.

TESS looks around. RON and VIV avoid eye-contact.

TOM

There, you see?

VIV

(quietly, as if to herself)

Actually, I'm slightly inclined to agree with Tess.

TOM and RON exchange glances that convey their shared fury at this effeminate display of compassion.

VIV

No, it's just... the amount of work we are required to do. I can't help but think we could be of more efficient use if the majority of our time weren't spent brain-washing these silly little shits.

TESS

They aren't born like us, Viv.

TOM

If it weren't for what we do to them, they would end up like the rest of the kids. Less informed, more opinionated, and terrified of all which they do not understand.

RON

It is the duty of all parents to abuse their children in at least some small way. How else can we expect them to adopt and conform to the precepts of our society? They must learn sacrifice, they must learn shame in the name of service. And regardless of the proven effectiveness of television irradiation, for my gold, there's nothing like a good old fashioned ritual skinning alive.

VIV

But it seems unjust. To rob little kids of the imagination that fuels their joy in living; to beat it out of them, to sugar-coat it into a chemical dependency; to drain it from them with conformity to boredom? It's just...

VIV'S NOSE runs a river of BLOOD, her EYES cloud over and her HEAD slumps against the WINDOW.

TESS

Thank God. I thought she'd never shut up.

(beat)

Was it inappropriate that time?

TESS makes doe-eyes at TOM.

TOM

No, I think that was a more accurate application.

RON

Well, let's get to singing his almighty praises!

The remainder of the FAMILY CLAN begin singing a Gospel song ("you are my sunshine") loudly. CLOSE-UP of KIM, who has 1 EYE slightly open. She has been listening to the conversation, but is drugged. The FAMILY DOG sits over her, watching her. It speaks to her in a caring, maternal tone.

FAMILY DOG

Don't be frightened. I'll take care of you. I'm your guardian angel.

An extreme CLOSE-UP of the DOG'S TAG reads "JESUS." With fluttering, weakening EYES, KIM glances over at TIM, who is fast asleep. As we watch a CLOSE-UP of his face in silent slumber we LAP-DISSOLVE to enter into his dream.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (SEPIA)

CHARLES MANSON, at 12 years of age, is lying in the WOODS beneath a TREE and smoking a pinner JOINT. He looks up at the stars and sighs. Perhaps he is in love.

MANSON

(to himself, in satisfaction)

This is the way it was for our oldest ancestors. This is the way it was meant to be.

CLASSIC WIZARD (V.O.)

Charles.

MANSON freaks out. He uprights himself halfway and looks around frantically.

MANSON

Who is it? Where are you?

(beat, then tentatively)

Is that you, God?

CLASSIC WIZARD

Wake up, Charles.

The GROUND beneath MANSON trembles slightly.

MANSON

Where are you?

CLASSIC WIZARD

In the stars that we have made.

MANSON

(half-joking)

You mean like satellites, man? So, you're in Sputnik, dude?

A JOLT of voltage, which appears from the CLEAR SKY like a bolt of lightning, tears through MANSON and his body convulses.

MANSON
(to himself, panicked)
Okay, I guess I'm not hallucinating.

He frantically digs into his NAP-SACK and retrieves a large mass of aluminum FOIL.

CLASSIC WIZARD
All reality other than this is a hallucination which we produce for you.

MANSON struggles to wrap the FOIL around his HEAD.

MANSON
Show me the highest reality then, man!

CLASSIC WIZARD
We owe you no such thing, Neophyte.

Another JOLT shocks MANSON and he convulses horribly. The FOIL falls away. He seems to hover up slightly off the ground. A few frames show an atomic bomb exploding and an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the pupil of MANSON'S EYE expanding. MANSON'S environment appears to rip open in a streak of pink energy. As the curtain of reality slowly draws apart, he can see a world behind reality. Bright white light pours out and bleaches the night. We cannot see in. BEATLES orchestral music begins to play quietly, several songs at once, only lasting a few seconds each.

CLASSIC WIZARD
A land with no niggers. Pure, white. Pure.

MANSON
No! No! I believe that God is black!

CLASSIC WIZARD
You are wrong. The white man is God. He made the black man to serve him. Anyone who told you differently was lying.

MANSON
Our oldest ancestors, even Jesus himself, they were black! God made man in his own image, and the first men were black men!

CLASSIC WIZARD
Jesus was white like you. He was no different from you at all.

MANSON
I refuse to accept it.

CLASSIC WIZARD

You are afraid of who you are.

MANSON turns his HEAD away and hides his EYES from the pink crevice and the bright white light. A VOICE from OUTSIDE reality speaks. As the 2 VOICES speak to MANSON, their gender seems to fluctuate at a steady rate; first the pitch of each climbs until it is female, then it descends until it is the deep, booming tone of a male; this alternates so that, while one is female, the other is male, etc. shifting through phases of waxing and waning.

WHITE CLOUD
I can see the head.

CLASSIC WIZARD
They're coming for you, Charles.

MANSON
Who?

WHITE CLOUD
The future.

MANSON
What about the past too I suppose?

CLASSIC WIZARD
Always. Always.

WHITE CLOUD
One man's past is another man's future, and vice versa.

CLASSIC WIZARD
We know all time. We have come from outside of all time. Outside of the Empty Void, Beyond the Veil of the Real, Beyond the Abyss.

MANSON
Why me? Why here, now?

MANSON turns around partially, TEARS rolling down his cheeks. He has his HANDS tightly covering his EARS, but BLOOD flows freely from between his FINGERS.

WHITE CLOUD
You *are* the Son of Man.

CLASSIC WIZARD
It's *all* about music, Son of Man.

WHITE CLOUD
Culture and Society are half-brothers.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Music is the most primal aspect of Culture.

WHITE CLOUD
Culture was born to a lesser father.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Art is the Proletarianization of Logic.

WHITE CLOUD
Culture leaches onto its big brother, Society.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Society is controlled by the rich, the strong.

WHITE CLOUD
Culture controls the weak, the poor.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Niggers love music.

WHITE CLOUD
They love to dance to music.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Africans invented music.

WHITE CLOUD
Africans invented dance.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Africans invented Culture.

WHITE CLOUD
Now Society supports it.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Culture is the waste all Society becomes.

WHITE CLOUD
Society vomits poison Culture for its Slaves to Consume.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Culture is only Society's dung.

WHITE CLOUD
And what kind of bug crawls on excreted feces from any
organism fixated only on consumption for survival?

Somewhere, very low down in the MIX, a DEEP VOICE says, "Scarab
Beetles." For a few moments, "Helter Skelter" takes precedence in
the lower mix of songs.

CLASSIC WIZARD
America's blacks are too poor to even be educated proles.

WHITE CLOUD

Why do people allow themselves to be slaves?

CLASSIC WIZARD

Look to the ancient parchments for answers.

WHITE CLOUD

They are the writings of mad men you know, like yourself.

CLASSIC WIZARD

Do you really think you can hear the voices of angels, Charles?

WHITE CLOUD

You don't know what to think unless we tell you, Son of Man.

CLASSIC WIZARD

Modern angels are doctors.

WHITE CLOUD

They tell you what is best.

CLASSIC WIZARD

We are your fairy-god doctors, Charles.

WHITE CLOUD

We want to help you. Up until now you have been insane.

CLASSIC WIZARD

A **very** troubled young man.

WHITE CLOUD

We saw what you did to that dog, Charles.

CLASSIC WIZARD

But now we just want to help you to save your soul.

WHITE CLOUD

Step through this portal and into the light and you will be born again.

CLASSIC WIZARD

You have no other choice, really.

WHITE CLOUD

We want you to be our Prophet, Charles.

CLASSIC WIZARD

Only you really understand us, Charles.

WHITE CLOUD

Not everyone can hear angels speaking to them.

CLASSIC WIZARD

And even fewer understand.

WHITE CLOUD
Come into the light, Charles.

CLASSIC WIZARD
You've been in the darkness of the flesh too long.

WHITE CLOUD
It's time to wake up, Charles.

CLASSIC WIZARD
You've been asleep and dreaming reality far too long.

WHITE CLOUD
You've got to wake up right now, Charles.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Wake up now, Charles. We can't get there without you.

WHITE CLOUD
Wake up, Charles.

CLASSIC WIZARD
Wake up!

EXT. MASTER BATES' MOTEL - NIGHT

A motel's neon SIGN flashing on and off reads: "Master Bates' Moto-Lodge" (with the letter "R" in "Motor" missing and the word "Lodge" spelled out in RED letters) and the constant-lit marquee below it reads "MASTER B/R RATES LOW AS \$40 / NIGHT. Next Exit, the Middle of Nowhere (Hell on Ice)!"

TESS (V.O.)
Wake up, Kids. We're almost home.

INT. MASTER BATES' MOTEL ROOM #9 - NIGHT

The FURNITURE is absent aside from TWO CHAIRS. KIM sits in one and TIM in the other. Across from them is a large MIRROR. RON is at the WINDOW, nervously looking out through the slightly parted DRAPES. He keeps looking up. The FAMILY DOG sits between TIM and KIM. At its feet are four tickets reading "HELL." TIM sees the tickets and begins trembling. TESS and VIV stand behind their wards and TOM stands between them and the MIRROR, smoking a CIGARETTE in a long-stem HOLDER.

TIM
What did I do?

TESS
Keep quiet.

KIM
It isn't us, it's them.

VIV
You too. Shut up.

RON
They're here.

FAMILY DOG
(now gruff and masculine)
It's about *fucking* time.

TOM
(to his reflection)
Is all prepared?

TOM'S REFLECTION
Yes. You are cleared through the 9th Gate.

TESS and VIV stick needles into the arms of their wards, injecting them with blue liquid. TIM squirms but KIM looks at the injection as it it arouses her sexually. Between them, the TICKETS catch FIRE. The MIRROR begins to CLOUD with pixelated STATIC. The fuzzy white-noise begins to take shape as a hidden 3d image forming stereoscopically as digital pink-noise in phase. The CAMERA slowly ZOOMS in on this gradient field of moving pixels. The sound of a dead channel on TELEVISION reception and the soft static of a disconnected PHONE receiver blur in the sound FX mix.

TESS
(soothingly)
You're going to have a bad dream now. But don't worry.

FAMILY DOG
(also soothing and maternal, FADES OUT as shot FADES to BLACK)
If you don't remember, it won't be real. If you don't remember, it won't be real. If you don't remember, it won't be real.

EXT. ABSOLUTE BLACKNESS

Through the ink black NIGHT of Texas, a lone CAR drives by in the direction of the middle of nowhere.

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

FRANZ KLIMT sits behind the WHEEL, dimly lit by the dashboard DISPLAY. One HAND is on the steering WHEEL, the OTHER holds a small MICROPHONE, into which he is dictating. The MICROPHONE is connected to a bulky reel-to-reel TAPE DECK which sits in the passenger SEAT. In the BACK SEAT is a large amount of LUGGAGE. KLIMT speaks with a thick Slavic accent. He is 30-something, uncleanly shaven, wears thick lensed EYE-GLASSES and a dirty beige corduroy COAT.

KLIMT

I have been driving for almost an hour now without having seen another car nor any houses. It is pure darkness, the darkness of night in the country. The darkness that scared people into building huge cities where they could all cling onto one another inside sky-scraping electric candles trying to survive before a big wind puffs them out. This is the true dark of the land itself.

KLIMT pauses to light a CIGARETTE. He makes the process comically awkward, juggling the MICROPHONE, WHEEL, LIGHTER and CIG. Once it is lit, he resumes.

KLIMT

This is where true monsters lurk. They sneak up to the fringes of townships, snatch children away from their cribs, take them out into the woods, maul and maim them with unspeakable ferocity.

(beat)

Monsters do still exist. I am tracking one right now. A brute of modern American legend. A rumor too gruesome for most Americans to even believe could be true. They are too content, living their lives in their modular, suburban, styrofoam catacombs, to imagine such a creature could be lurking so close by in plain sight. They talk about the media, television, movies, video games; worthless, inane chatter; trying to find someone or something to blame; pondering how a culture of passive consumerism could bring into being such a beast from somewhere so far beyond human reckoning.

KLIMT drives by a ROAD SIGN that reads: "ENTERING BUSH COUNTY, MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. POPULATION: YOU."

KLIMT

When in fact, it is evil such as this which is the true human condition. Inside us such monsters as this still thrive in our most secret desires. We repress them and try to hide from them inside a flimsy shell called polite society. We make ourselves sick with fear of ourselves, when what we must truly do, if we are to evolve, is to confront such monstrosities of the will head-on. We must seek them out, study them, try to understand their cause.

(beat)

I have come to this country on the trail of a mass murdering maniac. An American myth alike the minotaur in stature, who lives in this maze without walls, this pure darkness of the country by night, this still and silent, unborn void. He is close to me all the time while I drive here alone, far away from every other human. I hear his faint howl from within, summoning me ever onward into the darkness. They call him, Qatsimongo.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Suddenly a big white pickup TRUCK, streaked in mud, careens up from off-road. KLIMT swerves to avoid hitting it and his car digs into the ditch. A TAPE of previously recorded dictations by KLIMT slips into the CAR'S TAPE-DECK and begins squawking. The pickup TRUCK screeches to a stop in the road about ten feet

behind KLIMT'S CAR. Loud heavy metal music by Megadeth blares from it.

KLIMIT (V.O.)

If there were going to be a violent uprising against American Democracy, I would expect it to start in Texas.

Near the TRUCK, the CAMERA BOOMS UP from the asphalt. A dirty, white ARM hangs out the window, holding a can of cheap, domestic BEER.

KLIMIT (V.O.)

There is something about it that reminds one of the ravaged Holy Lands of the Middle East, that now nuclear powder keg, indefinitely waiting for the fuse to blow.

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

For a while, KLIMT sits rubbing the back of his neck, looking indignantly at the TRUCK in his rear-view MIRROR.

KLIMIT (V.O.)

Perhaps it is due to the heat, perhaps to their breeding, but to the people of this region it is quite clear...

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

The CAMERA follows the BEER upward and into the TRUCK as the HAND holding it withdraws into the CABIN. A particularly ugly Texas gentleman, EMMET, chugs it down. He is wearing a dirty white sleeveless t-shirt and faded blue jeans. He is a still YOUNGER version of the tall and skinny OLD LIMO MAN. His girlfriend, COUSIN SALLY, a fat, curly haired blonde, sits next to him. She wears tight, torn-off blue jeans shorts and an ugly pink shirt reading in sparkles "God don't make no trash!" She smacks on pink GUM and blows a big pink bubble that makes a loud "pop" sound FX in the brief, sudden silence.

KLIMIT (V.O.)

These are still the Biblical Times.

EMMETT passes SALLY the BEER and she chugs it and belches into a GUM bubble.

SALLY

Well, Emmett. What do you reckon us Patriotic Christians should do about this Freedom hating Lib-tard?

KLIMIT (V.O. overlapping)

The class difference in the US is distinct in terms of education...

EMMETT

Well, Sally. It seems we done come across one stone cold dead dumb mother fucker.

KLIMT (V.O. overlapping)
Being divided between the city and country financially,...

EMMETT guns the ENGINE.

EMMETT
Let's show him what you get when you mess with the real Texas.

KLIMT (V.O. overlapping)
One of the only places in the first world where such a steep gap
still exists.

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

KLIMT hears the gunning ENGINE and struggles to throw his own
CAR in GEAR, looking panicked. He revs the IGNITION and the CAR
lurches into motion down the HIGHWAY.

KLIMT (V.O.)
Here the country poor and the city rich are more different than
in almost any other region; here in this vast ocean of sand.

KLIMT glances insanely in the rearview MIRROR. The TRUCK is
following him. His CAR picks up speed. The TRUCK picks up speed
behind him. It switches on its BRIGHTS and KC SWAMP-LIGHTS.

KLIMT (V.O.)
Yet here, their frontier culture keeps them in symbiotic
dynamically equilibrated stasis.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

EMMETT
Come on! Drive like you've got some fucking *balls*!

SALLY
(overlapping)
Whoo Hoo!

KLIMT (V.O. overlapping)
As if the poor believe they deserve their poverty...

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

KLIMT'S SPEEDOMETER is showing around 100 to 110 MPH.

KLIMT (V.O.)
For not being able to emulate the pride of the rich.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The pickup TRUCK'S front BUMPER slams into KLIMT'S CAR'S
REAR end.

KLIMT (V.O.)

If it weren't for the defeatism of country and western music...

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

KLIMT is shaken in his seat. He begins trying to swerve his CAR around to avoid further collisions.

KLIMT (V.O.)

Surely these proud civil-libertarians would arise as one big union.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

In the distance, the head-lights of a SEMI-TRUCK can be seen approaching. As it nears it brings with it the loud sound FX noise of a FREIGHT TRAIN.

KLIMT (V.O.)

But against who...

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

EMMETT

Yahoo!

KLIMT (V.O. overlapping)

that is a different nature beast altogether.

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

KLIMT

Leave me alone!

KLIMT (V.O. overlapping)

In fact in this desert, all matter is now different from nature.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SEMI-TRUCK is nearing. Its NOISE is much louder.

KLIMT (V.O.)

This is due to the atomic bomb.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

SALLY pours the BEER on her FACE and down her CHEST. EMMETT ROARS and it sounds like a lion. They both appear to have small HORNS and SCALES on their skin.

KLIMT (V.O.)

The test-explosions of nuclear weapons near here has increased radiation world-wide...

INT. KLIMT'S CAR

KLIMT screams.

KLIMT (V.O.)
Affecting all cellular growth...

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SEMI-TRUCK is only now about a car-length away from head-on collision with KLIMT'S CAR. The HIGHWAY is black on both sides. The locomotive SOUND of the SEMI is deafening and constant. The collision begins in SLOW-MOTION.

KLIMT (V.O.)
Altering all evolution...

INT. SEMI-TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

QATSIMONGO is driving and pulling the chord to blare the HORN.

KLIMT (V.O.)
The increased occurrence rate of cancer...

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

KLIMT screams like a lunatic.

KLIMT (V.O.)
Is merely the first symptom...

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SEMI-TRUCK and KLIMT'S CAR, pushed along by the PICKUP, approach collision in SUPER SLOW MOTION.

KLIMT (V.O.)
Of motion sickness...

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - NIGHT

KLIMT releases the WHEEL and throws his ARMS up to protect his FACE.

KLIMT (V.O.)
From traveling through time itself.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

In SLOW MOTION we see KLIMT'S CAR pass through and into the SEMI-TRUCK.

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - DARKNESS OUTSIDE

With the sound of a vacuum of air being filled through a small aperture, the sound FX of the locomotive changes into ambient noise from an industrial factory. KLIMT slowly disentangles himself from crash position and looks around, confused.

KLIMT (V.O. muffled, echoing)
Our bodies are beginning to change...

A low rumbling NOISE begins to build up behind KLIMT. As he slowly turns around with a horrified expression, the CAMERA quickly DOLLIES into CHOKER CLOSE-UP on his face.

KLIMT (V.O. muffled, echoing)
into something terrifying and new.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

In SLOW MOTION, from KLIMT'S POV, inside the matter of the SEMI-TRUCK, we see the PICKUP TRUCK collide with the front of the SEMI-TRUCK CAB. The CAB appears transparent behind KLIMT, visible only as vague planes of color. The PICKUP TRUCK crumples up like a cheap aluminum can and silently ruptures into FLAMES. We hear the screech of the BRAKES and then every fold of METAL. Sound FX of white-noise behind the EXPLOSION.

INT. KLIMT'S CAR - DAWN

A NIGHTSTICK raps against KLIMT'S passenger WINDOW and KLIMT sits bolt upright from his reclined drivers' SEAT in terror. Outside KLIMT'S CAR is a POLICE OFFICER. We see him only in CLOSE-UPS, his EYES concealed by mirror-reflective SUNGLASSES.

OFFICER
Sir, are you all right in there?

KLIMT
(rolling the window down)
Yes, yes. I was just sleeping.

OFFICER
Are you aware that you are illegally parked on the shoulder of a highway off-ramp?

KLIMT
Ya, ya, I am. I was driving last night, I had been driving all night and the entire day before, and I had had not enough sleep. Finally, I almost got into an accident so I swerved off here. I decided it would be safest for me to get rested before trying driving again.

OFFICER
Are you aware there's a motel at this exit?

He points, indicating the MASTER BATES' MOTOR-LODGE parking lot entrance some 30 feet further in the direction where KLIMT was headed.

KLIMT

Ya, well, if only I had known that last night.

OFFICER

I need to see your license and registration, please, Sir.

KLIMT

Certainly, certainly. I am not an American citizen, but I am recognized to drive in your country by the state of Texas department of motor vehicles. This is of course my rental car.

KLIMT meekly hands over his documentation to the OFFICER. The OFFICER takes it and walks casually back to his PROWLER to run a check on it with his on-board computer terminal. KLIMT sits there, watching the OFFICER in his rearview MIRROR and pretending to fidget with the buttons on his CAR'S empty TAPE-DECK.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE'S HAPPY FUN-TIME PALACE DINER - DAWN

KLIMT'S CAR pulls up and KLIMT gets out and stretches, rubbing his EYES. He is unkempt, has not shaven nor bathed in days. As he walks toward the diner he looks around a lot, nervously.

INT. JOHN WAYNE'S HAPPY FUN-TIME PALACE DINER - DAWN

KLIMT lowers a MENU and is confronted by the FACE of a large, dust-covered woman, waiting to take his order. She is rotund, wears a yellow uniform and white apron and has thinning, long, fluoride-bleached pink hair. Her name tag says "FLORENCE IDA MITERS" She is an OLDER version of COUSIN SALLY. KLIMT is visibly startled by her, but quickly regains his composure. He is sitting at the COUNTER and she stands behind it with a NOTE-PAD.

KLIMT

What is your special today?

FLO

It's about \$3.50. Other than that, nothing's special about it, today.

KLIMT

I would have one special, please.

FLO

What to drink?

KLIMT

Excuse me. Please, come again?

FLO

Drink, Mister, what'll you *have* to?

KLIMT

Oh, I'm sorry. I seem to be having a little difficulty understanding you. I've been driving all night and I think I experienced that phenomenon of sensory deprivation that truckers talk about, when the mind begins to create an illusory reality to cope with lack of stimulus.

KLIMT looks FLO in the EYES. They are dead to him, bored and bitter.

KLIMT

I'll just have tap water, please, Ma'am.

FLO turns her back and walks off toward the KITCHEN in disgust, pocketing the un-written on NOTE-PAD.

KLIMT

(to himself)

Well, she's obviously long since given up on living off of tips.

KLIMT looks over at a MAN seated near him along the COUNTER. It is EMMETT. KLIMT does not appear overly alarmed, but becomes slightly more fidgety. EMMETT is talking on a PHONE which has been given to him from behind the COUNTER.

EMMETT

Sally, calm down.

(beat)

Sally, just.

(beat)

Sally, just calm down. Calm down.

(beat)

Well if you can't stand to be with me then why did you marry...

(beat)

Well I'm sorry to hear you feel that way.

(beat)

The truck? And the dog? What about Junior?

(beat)

Well now you know I can't let you do that.

(beat)

No, you know I can't let you do that.

(beat)

There are just some things...

(beat)

No. Now there are just some thing that are too important. There are just some things you don't do to a man.

(beat)

I see, well, if that's what you think you're a... Hello? Hello?

(beat)

Goddamnit.

EMMETT hangs up and pauses for a moment, then picks the PHONE

up and dials a long distance number. It rings for a long while.

EMMETT

All Bon-Bon and Salami. Yeah, just got the green for Go code.
Initiate Level Ten. We need a clean mental break from reality on
this one. That's right, Level Ten. All the way. Sir, yes, sir.

EMMETT hangs up the PHONE and immediately walks out of the DINER. KLIMT looks after him. His impulses are at odds. He wants to follow EMMETT, but also wants to stick to the QATSIMONGO case. He takes a micro-tape RECORDER from his jacket POCKET and, watching through the WINDOW as EMMETT gets into his big, white PICKUP and drives away, KLIMT begins to dictate.

KLIMT

No one can say any longer that unintended consequences of
collective human society's actions do not occur 'in their own
back-yard.' Blow-back is everywhere and in everyone by now.
All that can be done for people to remain calm is to obey and
ignore the obvious. It is the elephant in the living room that no
one dares to talk about.

Behind him, FLO drops KLIMT'S PLATE on the COUNTER. KLIMT
turns around, pocketing his tape RECORDER and looks down at the
PLATE. On it is a pile of raw, cold TRIPE, buzzing with FLIES.
KLIMT looks very slowly up at FLO.

FLO

You see? I told you it weren't nothing special.

She begins to walk away again.

KLIMT

Wait, wait! I was wondering if you could help me with something.

FLO

What is it, Sugar, you need some hot-sauce? This is the rush hour.

KLIMT looks around at the sparsely populated DINER. There are 3
other DENIZENS OF THE DINER. 2 appear to be either truck drivers
or farmers and at least 1 appears to be homeless. The sound of
buzzing FLIES overwhelms the scene. Everything seems stale as
though seen through a grimy yellow glass pane, like an old,
unclean aquarium.

KLIMT

I was hoping you could assist me with a couple of inquiries into
local gossip.

FLO

I got everything on everybody, Honey. Ain't no one done a damn
thing around this stop in 44 years, 11 months and 28 odd days.

KLIMT

Really! And what happened then?

FLO

A bison borned a human child at a farm down the road a piece.

KLIMT

Fascinating! Is there any documentation or evidence? Old newspaper clippings you might have or a...

FLO

You're a lookin' at it, Mister. Anything else I can help you for?

KLIMT

Actually, yes. I was hoping to find some information regarding the Qatsi mass-murders?

FLO

Well, I don't know nothing about no leather face-masks, Mister.

I'm a good Christian woman. I don't go in for no kinky perversions or homo-sin-uality. In my house, we pray to the Good Lord, and that's Jesus Christ. And I would pray that you would ask yourself, 'what would Jesus do?' if he were you. And I pray you find your way in Christ. Or you could try Andrews. It's only a couple miles from here.

KLIMT

Really? Thank you! Which way?

FLO

Either way. You won't find anything Good in Andrews.

FLO walks away. KLIMT looks down in dismal discontent at his PLATE.

KLIMT

(to himself)

As long as no one admits there is a problem, no one will have to take responsibility for initiating the drastic necessary changes.

EXT. GACY AND GEIN'S FRIENDLY GAS DEPOT - DAY

KLIMT is standing beside his CAR while an OLD version of the PRINCIPAL fills up the tank. The OLD PRINCIPAL wears cover-alls and a flannel, is small and withered, and gnaws on a TOOTH-PICK.

KLIMT

Excuse me, please. May I ask you which way to Andrews?

OLD PRINCIPAL

Why you want to go to Andrews? Andrews is a ghost town.

KLIMT

Perhaps I'm in search of some ghosts.

OLD PRINCIPAL

Andrews is just to the southwest of here. You take this highway right here going west to the next state road bypass. Take the state road bypass exit and turn left, headed south. Andrews will be the three exits, numbered 376, 375 and 374 that turn off to that new fly-over and round-about they just built up. You turn there and you're in Andrews. You can't miss it.

KLIMT

Have you heard anything about the Qatsimongo mass-murders?

OLD PRINCIPAL

Only what my wife reads in the tabloids. Say, you looking to dig up that old case?

KLIMT

I have some interest in it.

OLD PRINCIPAL

And you think you're gonna find him in Andrews, huh?

KLIMT

I believe he moves about from time to time.

OLD PRINCIPAL

That isn't what my wife told me. Last she read he was stationary... somewhere... Why can't I remember the name of where it said he was now? I know it started with an 'A.'

KLIMT

I'm familiar with the facts from the time of the article, but I have reason to believe the situation might change soon, and I mean to 'cut him off at the pass,' so to speak.

OLD PRINCIPAL

You got new information? You reckoning to make a new story?

KLIMT

I intend to seek the man out and conduct an interview with him.

OLD PRINCIPAL

Fuck me, you're even crazier than *he* is. You know - the fella who wrote the last story? They say *he* went insane, too. Got fired off the staff for some disagreement over his gay rights or something. Say he went crazy and hung himself, and that's how come the rags won't cover those 'Mass Murdering Monster' stories no more. You know who I'm talking about, right? What's his name?

KLIMT

Actually, I'm him. How much is what I will owe you?

OLD PRINCIPAL

Call it Fifty even.

KLIMT
Traveler's Checks will suffice, I would hope?

OLD PRINCIPAL
I'd prefer it only be all in gold coins if you got any... But I guess I
still gotta settle for it in that there fifty dollar bill of paper cash I
see in your wallet for right now, don't I?

EXT. STATE-ROAD BYPASS - DAY

KLIMT'S CAR rushes by in a LOW-ANGLE shot past a sign reading:
"NOW ENTERING ANDREWS, MAYOR FLIPPER DAHMER WELCOMES
OUR POPULATION TO ADD YOU!"

EXT. ANDREWS - DAY

Scenes of Andrews life. 2 OLD WOMEN out hanging their
LAUNDRY on the LINE give the EVIL-EYE to the slowly passing
CAMERA suspiciously; they are Siamese twins with 2 torsos over 2
legs. More suspicious looks derive from a 1-armed MAN mowing
his LAWN, which is entirely SAND, into a huge spiral. 5 CHILDREN
playing glowing frisbee stop to watch the passing CAMERA; they
wear identical red jump-suits and are all red-haired identical
TWINS. Their EYES have no sclera and no irises. A naked BABY
wanders alone along the ROAD, seeming to have a small HORN.
DOGS run in a pack along a dirt STREET in SLOW MOTION.
Tumbleweeds blow in dusty cyclones. Deserted downtown brown-
stone BUILDINGS with broken glass panes in their WINDOWS, like
a smile with missing teeth.

KLIMT steps out of his CAR and mops his BROW. The center of
ANDREWS is nothing but abandoned buildings. KLIMT squints as
he looks around. It is very hot. Sound FX of insects HUMMING is
deafening.

EXT. GUS GASKINS GENUINE GOOD GAS STATION, ANDREWS - DAY

Silence. KLIMT pulls up. His gas GAUGE reads EMPTY, which seems
strange to KLIMT because he just filled it up no more than an
hour before. He gets out and looks around. The STATION seems to
be as abandoned as the rest of the town. Across the street KLIMT
sees a deserted SCHOOL. The sign in front is still up, though some
letters are missing. "John Galt's 'Motor of the World' Infant to
Preschool Daycare Center." The word "WHO?" and the Anarchy
logo are spray-painted across the front of the abandoned
building. In the desolate PLAYGROUND rusted childrens' swings
creak slowly back and forth. Sand is pervasive, blowing into
KLIMT'S mouth, dusting over his glasses. Annoyed, KLIMT takes
his GLASSES off and wipes at them with his dirty shirt tail. As he
is doing this, a HAND clasps down on his SHOULDER. KLIMT spins
around, startled. A disheveled MAN is standing there in a dirty
grey jump-suit. His face is filthy with axle-grease and he wears a
filthy orange baseball CAP. He is an OLDER version of EMMETT.

KLIMT
My God, you startled me.

PEE WEE
Mister, I ain't no God of yours.

KLIMT
Are you Gus?

PEE WEE
Who?

KLIMT
(pointing at the sign)
Gus?

PEE WEE
Oh. Gus. Hell no, I ain't that dumb motherfucker. That son of a bitch went off on vacation and never came back. I'm Pee Wee. Gus owes me \$250, so if you see his ass tell him he better pay me!

KLIMT
So you do work here?

PEE WEE
Yep.

KLIMT
I need gas.

PEE WEE
Ain't got none.

KLIMT
But it says on your sign...

KLIMT indicates the sign, which proclaims boldly: "GASKIN'S GAS! CANS AND CANS OF GAS!" beneath which it reads: "OH YEAH, WE GOT YER GAS. WE GOT YER GAS RIGHT HERE."

PEE WEE
Well, I've been meaning to fix that. So let me just get right on it.

KLIMT
Do you know where I can go to get some gas around this town?
Everywhere around here seems to be pretty much, well...

PEE WEE
Dead?

KLIMT
Neglected is the term I would prefer to use, if I had the choice.

PEE WEE

Well, I'll tell ya what. We got a gas truck coming along now any old minute. If you don't mind waiting a stitch it oughta be along before you know what.

KLIMT

But I thought...

PEE WEE

Hey. You're from outta town, ain't ya?

KLIMT

Yes.

PEE WEE

Well, when you're in a town what ain't your home, you're likely to not know what to believe. If you'd like to wait inside we got air conditioning. Get us both outta this unseasonable heat.

KLIMT

Um... sure, sure, of course.

PEE WEE

Mind if I ask ya what you're doing around these parts? Ain't a soul blown through here now in nearly a year. Maybe more. What's your business if you don't mind my asking? You're not selling in-cyclop-eat-up-eyes are you?

PEE WEE mispronounces "encyclopediae" as if the word derived from the term "cyclops." This constitutes a dirty joke to dirty PEE WEE. He laughs at it, or rather, at KLIMT, who bites his tongue to not correct his interlocutor's mispronunciation.

KLIMT

Um, no. Actually, I'm *investigating* something. A mass-murderer in fact. A case of some scope and consequence to be honest. Hopefully it will be a major turning point for my career.

PEE WEE

You with the Federal Bee of Hives?

KLIMT

No, I'm a journalist. Freelance, at present.

They are at the DOOR of the STATION. They enter. HIGH-ANGLE, CANTED shot as they cross through to the inside.

INT. GUS GASKIN'S GENUINE GOOD GAS STATION - DAY

PEE WEE gestures for KLIMT to sit in a chair stuck in the middle of the SHOP. There are various TOOLS and PACKAGED PRODUCTS hung around, covered in DUST. A large COOLER rattles in the corner. The store appears trustworthy, although impoverished. A black-furred DOG very similar to the Truman FAMILY DOG, lounges

lazily below the COUNTER near the CASH REGISTER, lifting its head up only briefly to acknowledge their entrance.

PEE WEE

Big money in man-hunting these days?

KLIMT

I'm not a 'man-hunter.' I told you. I'm a journalist. A writer.

PEE WEE

My apologies. How's the pay in the scribbling biz?

KLIMT

A bit less than I'd like, what with the way the economy is.

PEE WEE

I'd offer you something cool to sip on, but my fridge is stock out right at the moment.

KLIMT

You have nothing?

PEE WEE

Same truck brings the gas brings some cola-soda-pops.

KLIMT

If you don't mind an inquiry, how do you keep this place running? Andrews doesn't seem to be a very busy town.

PEE WEE

Yeah, not much since the factory shut down. Most folks fled I guess. I got a couple odds and ends is all. Nothing worth bragging about, though.

KLIMT

What was the factory?

PEE WEE

Well, they say they was producing ball-bearings and cotton-candy, but that was some 'yellow cake' level bull-shit.

KLIMT

What was really being manufactured here?

PEE WEE

Solid fuel rocket propulsion systems and weapons-grade biochemicals. That's what made that dust cloud I reckon.

KLIMT

Dust cloud?

PEE WEE

A dust cloud so big it done choked the life right outta this town like in the Bible when God toasted Babylon and Ur. One day, this

huge orange cloud came up, mushrooming out of the plant. First there was this boom, and the next thing you know, by the time people got up to go to their windows and their front doors to see what was the clatter, here comes this big cloud of toxic nerve gasses, all kind's of colors, all flavors too, I guess. Killed thirteen or so children at that there school right there. Made a bunch of townsfolk real sick. Plant was shut down right quick after that.

KLIMT

An industrial accident is responsible for this town's deterioration?

PEE WEE

Accident, ha! Yeah, right. Hell, there's some nancy-pants environmentalist types say it still ain't safe to be living 'round here. But shit, what do they know? One day they say a kind of fish is poison, so never eat it, the next they say it cures colon cancer, so now the same fucking fish is man's new best friend. All I know is I been living here long enough and I don't feel a damn thing.

KLIMT

Were there any specific physiological after-affects on residents?

PEE WEE

What, like, from that smoke?

KLIMT

After-affects, yes, I believe that is how you say it. Blowback and wind-fall also. I imagine there would have quite a pay-off to the residents. Diseases caused by HAZMAT causing townspeople to continue to leave? Contamination of the environment, the eco-sphere, the aquifer? Just keeping the national quiet alone must have cost them a fortune. It is quite how you might say in the legalese a 'cluster-fuck.'

PEE WEE

Oh, you mean any mutants in specifically, though? Well, let me see. Flipper here caught himself a three eye'd rat not but just yesterday.

KLIMT winces.

PEE WEE

Well it tastes the same as a regular old rat. Don't it, Flip?

FLIPPER, the black-furred DOG, does not respond. KLIMT looks out the greasy window for the gas TRUCK.

PEE WEE

Oh you think that gas truck's a coming don't you?

KLIMT

I was under the impression that you...

PEE WEE

See, that's your problem. You goddamned outta-townners are all the same. You think just 'cause you find your way into the web, that means yer smarter than all the flies who're stuck there.

KLIMT does not know how to react. He stammers and takes a step back.

KLIMT

I, I... what?

PEE WEE

This is the fucking part I hate. Having to talk to you goddamned outta-townners.

PEE WEE casually walks over to KLIMT, picking up a WRENCH as he does.

PEE WEE

Everybody knows it weren't no freak accident at no fucking candy factory what ruined this town. It was the goddamned atomic bomb.

PEE WEE hits KLIMT swiftly across the SKULL in a dramatically CANTED ANGLE. KLIMT and his chair topple to the FLOOR. Inter-cut a handful of frames of the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. But he is not unconscious yet.

PEE WEE

Oh, so now you're a fighter, huh? Writing man? Big shot pencil pusher? You some fancy-ass desk-jockey? This your first time in the country-side, Pal? I bet you got a number 2 for a dick.

PEE WEE hits KLIMT again, knocking off his GLASSES, which go sliding off across the floor, coming to a stop against the DOG'S PAW. The DOG lifts its head up wearily, taking in the scene.

FLIPPER

'And when the lamb opened the seventh seal, there was silence in the heavens for about a half an hour.'

KLIMT is pushing himself along backwards, his EYES wide with fear and confusion. PEE WEE strikes him again, and then again, and then again. Finally, PEE WEE stands up in CANTED FRAME, KLIMT'S BLOOD dripping off the WRENCH. He seems satisfied. KLIMT'S FOOT spasms into frame. FADE TO BLACK.

PEE WEE (V.O.)

See you in Hell, Mr. Big Brains. Real soon...

INT. GUS GASKIN'S GENUINE GOOD GAS STATION - DUSK

The COOLER in the corner of the shop rattles violently. Muffled groans can be heard coming from inside of it. Outside, through

the front WINDOW, we see KLIMT'S CAR being pushed in neutral away from the PUMPS. The CAMERA follows until finally, through an open DOOR in the back ROOM of the STATION, we see the CAR go over the ledge of a steep embankment. There appears to be a pile of rusting old cars at the bottom. PEE WEE walks through the back DOOR, mopping SWEAT from his BROW.

PEE WEE.

Man, it's hotter than a big piggy's bigger titties out there!

He walks toward the CAMERA and produces a soda from the machine in the garage. Walking past the COOLER he hits it with the heel of his HAND; shot FADES TO BLACK.

PEE WEE

Shut your snout, big city swine! You think you've got it tough?

EXT. IMMIGRATION BARGE PROW'S DECK- DAY (SEPIA)

From the style of dress we can see that it is sometime around the 1880's or 1890's. YOUNG GRANDPA is huddled amongst the MASSES as the SHIP pulls up and docks. He is dressed in the clothes of a street URCHIN, yet something is amiss about his veneer, as if his appearance of degeneration is being deliberately cultivated as a disguise, and he carries himself with a greater degree of social stature than his clothing alone it seems could afford him. He observes a young FOREIGN GIRL near him, whom has apparently lost her way, for she is unguided and around his same age, a teen.

As the SHIP docks it lurches slightly and the FOREIGN GIRL stumbles. YOUNG GRANDPA catches her as she falls. She smiles at him and he looks with fond contempt down on her. As IMMIGRATIONS OFFICERS crowd VARIOUS ADULTS (IMMIGRANTS) into lines for disembarkation, YOUNG GRANDPA and the FOREIGN GIRL stand together. Sound FX of the bustling herd.

EXT. ELLIS ISLAND - EVENING

Sudden silence. YOUNG GRANDPA and the FOREIGN GIRL stand looking up at the Statue of Liberty, whose back is now turned toward them.

FOREIGN GIRL

Are we Americans now, Fritz?

YOUNG GRANDPA

We are always whatever we would wish to be.

FOREIGN GIRL

Then I have always been an American.

YOUNG GRANDPA

Always?

FOREIGN GIRL
Always. How long for you?

YOUNG GRANDPA
Not long. Soon, though and after then, forever and always.

FOREIGN GIRL
My parents own a house in the Texas. I have come to this country to be a medicine nurse. I want to help sick children. My brother died of the polio fevers and no one could do anything for helping.

The FOREIGN GIRL looks over at YOUNG GRANDPA, seeking out his concern and affection, like a dog looking for protection from its master in a strange land. YOUNG GRANDPA is consumed in his own thoughts, staring off at the NY City SKYLINE. The FOREIGN GIRL realizes she has overstepped her bounds and is threatening to turn into an annoyance to the only person whom has sought to shelter her, yet her irritated curiosity is once again projected at her new and presently only friend.

FOREIGN GIRL
So, what make you come? Why to America?

YOUNG GRANDPA looks at her only briefly, giving her the once-over as if figuring out whether or not she looks harmless enough to be informed.

YOUNG GRANDPA
Holmes summoned me to assist White in ruining the Gibson Girl.
(beat)
From now on you should call me Albert. That will be my new, American name.

YOUNG GRANDPA turns and looks away again. A moment passes. The FOREIGN GIRL feels awkward. Suddenly, YOUNG GRANDPA spots a particular fishing BARGE. He puts one ARM around the FOREIGN GIRL and with the other POINTS out at it.

YOUNG GRANDPA
There! That one will take us to the land of freedom!

EXT. AFT DECK OF FISHING BARGE - NIGHT

YOUNG GRANDPA and the FOREIGN GIRL are huddled near the MOTOR, wrapped up together in a blanket. They must shout to be heard above the sound FX of the gale winds and rough surf.

FOREIGN GIRL
This is not the only reason for you to leave Old Country is it? Just for job?

YOUNG GRANDPA
No. You're right. I too have family concerns. But my family members are not alive.

FOREIGN GIRL
(looking sad)
I'm sorry.

YOUNG GRANDPA
Oh, it isn't what you think. My beloved family simply have yet to
be born.

FOREIGN GIRL
(blushing)
Oh!

YOUNG GRANDPA
Would you like to see a picture of my grandson?

From his COAT POCKET, YOUNG GRANDPA withdraws a small
PHOTOGRAPH portrait of the type popular at the time. It shows
QATSIMONGO, standing in a nonchalant pose beside a potted fern
and before a draped backdrop, wearing a fashionable turn of the
20th century era tuxedo suit with tails and a top-hat.

The FOREIGN GIRL squints at it, then looks at him with an
apologetic bliss and points upward at the opaline moon.

FOREIGN GIRL
It's too much dark!

SHE snuggles closer to YOUNG GRANDPA as they ride into the NYC
PORT DOCKS.

EXT. NY CITY PORT DOCKS - NIGHT

The FISHING BARGE collides with the DOCK abruptly. YOUNG
GRANDPA and the FOREIGN GIRL step off the BOAT which has
smuggled them into NY City. The FOREIGN GIRL looks at YOUNG
GRANDPA with a sparkle in her EYES, awed at the ease of their
journey and the implied authority of her new friend. They walk a
short ways near BARGES past a huge pile of FISH being unloaded.
Musical theme imitates "the Godfather."

FOREIGN GIRL
Are we Americans now yet, Albert?

YOUNG GRANDPA
No. No, we are not. Very far from it.

FOREIGN GIRL
But we have entered the America?

YOUNG GRANDPA
Illegally, without papers. And without papers you cannot become
a citizen, get a job nor survive here longer than a 'New York
minute.'

FOREIGN GIRL
But I thought... Well, so then, what are we?

YOUNG GRANDPA
You're as good as dead, you whore. And I am starving hungry.

They have wandered down a darkened ALLEY. Now the music imitates "Interview with a Vampire." In silhouette we see YOUNG GRANDPA bite the FOREIGN GIRL'S NECK and we hear wet crunching sound FX. As her body begins to go limp, her arms struggling but already weakening, YOUNG GRANDPA spreads huge, bat-like, black, leathery wings and lifts gracefully up into the air to ascend to the level of the ROOFTOPS, still holding on to her with his fangs. Music builds to a crescendo.

EXT. NY CITY STREET - NIGHT

YOUNG GRANDPA steps out from the dark alleyway wiping his MOUTH with his SLEEVE. He looks around, invigorated, then grabs a PASSERBY by their upper ARM. In CANTED CHOKER CLOSE-UP, he speaks and as he does his elongated canines are visible.

YOUNG GRANDPA
Which way to Fifth Avenue, my very good friend indeed?

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

PEE WEE
Hey, Mongo! Mongo, I got one for ya!

PEE WEE stands in the middle of a Victorian style LIVING ROOM. There are stained blood trails leading to the KITCHEN DOOR, which is closed. Bones and tanned human skins decorate the LIVING-ROOM. From the KITCHEN the sounds of a CHAINSAW and SCREAMING are heard.

PEE WEE
Face! I can't be waiting here all night! I gotta call Vilmer! We're supposed to grab a beer, damnit! Face!

THE SLAUGHTERER walks calmly out of the DOOR from the KITCHEN, wearing a black plastic apron and matching rubber gloves beneath a long white lab-coat, drenched in BLOOD. He is a YOUNGER version of the LIMO MAN and the TALL MAN.

SLAUGHTERER
Perhaps this thought had not occurred to you, Pee Wee: 'they are trying to conduct a slaughtering. I'd better not interrupt them. What they're doing is infinitely more important to the Gods than anything I could ever have to say.'

PEE WEE
I'm sorry. I didn't realize.

(beat)
I got you another man. This one's real good. From outta town, not
Feds or nothing. Just came wandering into the front like...

SLAUGHTERER
Shut up and put out your hand.

PEE WEE begins to tremble.

SLAUGHTERER
You know you need to learn. Don't make this harder than it is.

Still shaking, slowly, reluctantly, PEE WEE pulls his left HAND up
by the wrist using all the strength in his RIGHT. Only then do we
see that his LEFT hand is 3 fingered.

SLAUGHTERER
Do you know how many times you've interrupted us before
tonight, Pee Wee?

PEE WEE is quaking, bent slightly over, his face dripping sweat
and tears welling up. In moments he has been reduced to
cowardly quivering like gelatin.

PEE WEE
T-t-t-

SLAUGHTERER
Two?

PEE WEE
T-t-t-

SLAUGHTERER
It's two. You can say two, can't you? Say two, Pee Wee. Say it.
C'mon.

PEE WEE
T-t-t, two. Two times. Two, Sir!

SLAUGHTERER
2 times, you say? Well then I guess, 3 will have to be a charm.

PEE WEE
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'll never, ever let it happen again. Look,
if I'd known it was gonna be tonight I'd...

SLAUGHTERER
You didn't need to know. You weren't told. Only Grandpa needed
to know. He didn't tell you. So you must not have needed to know.

PEE WEE
That's right, that's right. I didn't need to know.

SLAUGHTERER
So you shouldn't have come here.

PEE WEE falls to his KNEES.

PEE WEE
No, please, please! Please!

SLAUGHTERER
Stop this groveling nonsense. QATSIMONGO!

The SLAUGHTERER grabs PEE WEE by the hair and pulls him roughly into the KITCHEN. PEE WEE is still holding his bent and contorted, mutilated left HAND.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The SLAUGHTERER bursts through the DOOR, dragging PEE WEE inside. Live GOATS are hanging from the ceiling by their legs and horns, some with various parts cut away and bleeding. There are also a wide collection of TOOLS used in butchery and dissection. QATSIMONGO stands in the middle of the ROOM, his CHAINSAW silent by his feet, holding a COOK BOOK in one hand and a GRATER in the other. Before him, VIV is hung up, wearing only underwear, from the ceiling. Her ankles are tied behind her back to her elbows, her wrists tied to her knees. 1 ROPE holds this bundle of limbs from the ceiling, so that her knees are spread wide apart and dangle some 4 feet above the BLOOD splattered FLOOR. The other end of the ROPE is tied over a pulley in the ceiling to her hair, so that the weight of her upper body is suspended by it. She appears to be exhausted. Superficial WOUNDS have been inflicted on her CHEST, apparently by the GRATER. QATSIMONGO is looking at a passage in the BOOK and scratching his HEAD. When VIV and PEE WEE make EYE contact, they recognize one another.

PEE WEE
Aw, no! Not her. Not Humbaba! Tonight? That was for tonight?

The SLAUGHTERER drops PEE WEE down on his wide-spread knees before VIV. PEE WEE vomits immediately. The VOMIT splatters across the cool tile FLOOR. The SLAUGHTERER shows no reaction. He is so pale.

PEE WEE
Not my fingers, please! Not my fingers, not my fingers!

The SLAUGHTERER holds out his right HAND. QATSIMONGO removes the rubber GLOVE from it for him. The SLAUGHTERER'S right HAND is a crab-like CLAW. In place of FINGERS are 2 PINCERS. The TEETH between them are jagged and jut in all directions, a dull, freckled, pastel salmon color. They begin to crawl around slowly. VIV begins screaming again. The rubber GLOVE falls on the FLOOR like a fish.

PEE WEE

Not my fingers, please, not my fingers, please, not my fingers,
please, not my fingers!

The SLAUGHTERER grabs PEE WEE's left wrist with his other hand, still sheathed in the black rubber GLOVE. With some effort, he draws it upward, toward the single exposed light BULB in the middle of the CEILING. FLIES buzz about and land on the surface of the BULB. LEATHERFACE throws the book over his shoulder and pulls a large tin basin up beneath VIV. VIV's screams are shrill and ceaseless. A CLOSE-UP of the BOOK cover shows the title "HOW TO SERVE HUMANITY." The SLAUGHTERER'S CLAW draws near to PEE WEE'S HAND. He has separated out the middle finger for special attention. PEE WEE continues his mantra, shriveling away in CANTED ANGLE from the sight of what is to come. The teeth of the claw undulate dizzyingly. QATSIMONGO picks up his CHAINSAW and revs the RIP-CORD to ignite it, and as he does this his elbow contacts the light BULB and sets it swinging.

SLAUGHTERER

May you never manifest mind into matter. You will never cross
over from this material Abyss. I close this Veil on your third eye.

As the SLAUGHTERER'S CLAW digs into PEE WEE's finger with a crunch, QATSIMONGO wields the CHAINSAW, eviscerating VIV from groin to chest. Her innards fall out in a single clump and fill the basin with a heavy SPLASH. Music and sound FX build to a crescendo. PEE WEE pisses his greasy jump-suit and feints.

INT. COUNTRY BARN - NIGHT

TOM and RON are dressed in red robes. HAY-BAILS have been stacked to mimic the decorations of a CHURCH. A huge inverted CROSS hangs behind the men, and on it is tied upside down TESS.

RON

Some say forever.

TOM

We have to keep killing him again and again.

RON

Drinking his blood.

TOM

Seeking him out.

RON

Eating his flesh.

TOM

We are the Finders.

TOM, in CHOKER CLOSE-UP, opens a THIRD EYE in the middle of his forehead. It has no sclera nor iris, only a single dark pupil. It emits a throbbing static tone. RON licks TESS'S cheek with a long, forked tongue and wags his spiky tail. TESS weeps in paralyzed defeat.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK FLATBED - NIGHT

The COOLER from GASKIN'S GAS STATION is tied down with rubber cords. It is rocking back and forth. It disjoints itself from its moorings and collapses down onto the dirt, bursting open. FRANZ KLIMT, disheveled and covered in a thick frost, rolls out. Through a badly broken nose, he immediately begins narrating.

KLIMT
I've escaped! I'm alive! I'm free!

PEE WEE
Not for long.

In a CANTED shot, PEE WEE, his left hand bandaged, smacks KLIMT across the jaw with a WRENCH.

INT. LABORATORY (SEPIA)

Teeth are everywhere. Teeth, skulls of all variety of skeletons, including humans, wall-charts on phrenology, impressions of jaws, etc. adorn the walls, sit atop metal filing cabinets and shelves, etc. In the BACKGROUND there is a caduceus staff that appears to be authentically antiquarian. NIKOLA TESLA in a white lab-coat is seated at a COUNTER, peering through a MICROSCOPE, with his back to the CAMERA. Ambient industrial sound FX. YOUNG TOM and YOUNG TESS enter from screen-left, escorted by THE SLAUGHTERER wearing US military dress uniform with full regalia. TESLA looks the KIDS over. They are dressed like it is the late 1950's or early 1960's. When TESLA turns around, he speaks to the KIDS with a thick Slavic accent.

TESLA
I am Hermes Trismegistos, the Thrice Greatest times three, scribe
of all humanity's history on the ever unfurling scroll of the
eternal heavens. I am known as the expander and the multiplier,
but you may call me, simply, Merlin. I can show you a thing you
could never imagine.

YOUNG TOM
(frightened)
I don't want to see it. I choose not to know.

TESLA
And how about you, little Romanov Princess?

TESS looks at TOM sympathetically, then plaintively at TESLA. It is clear she wants to see, but does not want to disturb TOM. TESLA

turns back to his WORK, as if disappointed.

TESLA

I see.

(beat, speaking over his shoulder)

You know, the majority of America's population still lives in the country? I hear that's where the two of you are from. Different parts of the country, of course, but then again, the country is the country, nevertheless.

(beat)

The country is just what will become the city someday, right? Evolution forced this change and now the city is ever-expanding outwards, reclaiming the countryside by urban-sprawl.

TESLA turns to look at the KIDS again.

TESLA

In many ways, its evil is already there. Its roots are in the country. All it is doing is unearthing its origins. The country folk barely suspect. They know they are afraid of something - some strange influence, sometimes they see it as aliens, sometimes it is the government they think they are afraid of - when really all they truly fear is their own future. They vaguely comprehend that it is out of their control. But they still imagine incorrectly that they may have some say in what will be. They think if they do this, or perhaps that, things will work out differently for them. But they are mistaken. None can alter our universal fate being death by one iota,

TESLA dismounts from his perch and kneels before the KIDS, looking them in the EYES. The KIDS are frightened, but cannot look away.

TESLA

I'm going to tell you a secret about the countryside, but you have to promise never to tell another living soul, not even your own mommy and daddy, okay?

Mesmerized, the KIDS both nod. TESLA leans in close to them and whispers.

TESLA

Obviously there are things we all know. For example, you will doubtless agree that the cities already own the country. They have ever since the industrial revolution; ever since Lincoln emancipated the African race in America and invited them to become 'wage slaves' in the northern Union, making them into factory 'proles,' the modern 'labor force.' The freedoms the country thinks it enjoys are the illusions given them by the city. Alcohol? Drugs? Television? Computers? All were the inventions of our Masters, designed to enslave us with new ways to stultify dissent and make men stupider, better servants. The Smoking Rebel, the One Good Cop, the Hooker with the Heart of Gold, all these are just conditioned symbols of choice, tempting self-

expressions of a non-existent freedom to think independently as a unique individual. The city has always owned the country, even since before there were cities. Cities grew because of a fear of monsters, a fear of the naked freedom of the human will. But there is something no one knows about these monsters.

TESLA walks abruptly over to a large bare metal WALL and depresses a LEVER. The WALL slides away and behind it there are two rows of large, vertical-cylindrical aquarium-like tanks of blue liquid FLUORIDE. Inside the tanks, CLONES are floating. Many are deformed. Several are cross-bred with animals. A few have small HORNS. All are unconscious and breathing through respirators attached to their faces. To be heard TESLA must yell over the HUM of all their life-support systems.

TESLA

The city invented the monster, and exported it back through time to the country. It still does this, Children. There are still monsters. We give them names and home address numbers, just like we did for you. They know nothing of who and what they are, how they came into being. Then one day, perhaps, a normal looking man will be triggered and become a serial-killer. My favorites are those that live far out in the country, in houses blind vermin would call 'haunted.' People are such fools they will believe they have control over their senses, even while their senses are being overloaded with false, artificial stimuli. We have destroyed God only knows how many souls by use of these abominations. They become legends, a necessary part of the collective unconscious. Whether you believe in them or not, one cannot slip through life without coming across reports of such creatures. And they are real, very real. We've got receipts for their genomes to prove it.

In the CLONE-VAT at the end of the line of FLUORIDE TANKS floats a BOY, about the KIDS' own age (early teens). The KIDS stop and stare. He is deformed, his face curled up like a fist. He twists unhappily in his sleep.

TESLA

Do you like him? He will be our finest operative yet. We are going to send him to create more like himself in various ages. Such second generation creations are even more useful than these first, for the second generation have no hope of tracing the origin for their distress back to its true source as we ourselves.

TESLA'S voice is barely audible above the constant, hypnotizing HUM. The KIDS are entranced by the sight of someone their own age in such a condition. Another TESLA, identical to the first, steps out from behind the TANK. The two speak in unison.

TESLAS

He is dreaming of new ways to kill you, My Children. His dreams are of all of our perpetual death.

In CHOKER CLOSE-UP, YOUNG QATSIMONGO opens his EYES. They

are engulfed by pupils. In identical CHOKER CLOSE-UP, ADULT QATSIMONGO enters the frame, looking deranged and furious.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

FRANZ KLIMT hangs in the same position as VIV did earlier, water dripping from his face as he was just doused to be awakened. He is mortified, and immediately begins screaming. QATSIMONGO screams back at him, aping his helpless horror. FLIES buzz everywhere. In the corner of the KITCHEN, PEE WEE is hunched over something. He turns around and also apes KLIMT'S cries. BLOOD is dripping down PEE WEE'S chin. He had been sucking on his own severed finger.

PEE WEE

Here's your interview time, Mr. Big Brains. What's your first question?

KLIMT

Please, just let me go. I can keep my mouth shut, please. I'm just a reporter.

QATSIMONGO looks perplexed. He turns around to PEE WEE, searching for an explanation.

PEE WEE

Shit, Face. That just means he thinks he knows more than we do about shit he can't control.

QATSIMONGO turns around and, producing a concealed HACK-SAW, grabs KLIMT'S right ANKLE. KLIMT shrieks and struggles and kicks. Finally, TOM and TESS enter from the LIVING ROOM. They appear blank and bored, dead inside.

KLIMT

Oh, thank God, normal people! Please, you've got to help me!

TOM

Why would we want to do that?

KLIMT

I can get you things. Anything you want. Boats, cars, guns, gold! A house on any beach, really fine quality uncut drugs, little kids, anything! Whatever your fetish is, just let me know! Please, I can get it for you. I've got connections to very important people. I once got to meet the President!

TOM kneels down and draws close to KLIMT'S EAR. TESS kneels down on KLIMT'S opposite side. Both begin to whisper to KLIMT.

TOM

They've promised to give us infinite God-like powers.

TESS

To evolve us aeons beyond your present mortal imagining.

TOM

To release the full potential of our DNA.

TESS

To make us the true 'uber menschen.'

TOM

We have nothing to fear from monsters.

TESS

Monsters are our pets.

TOM

And you have nothing that we value.

TESS

Except your life. So we accept your life.

KLIMT

(voice cracking)

You think you're going to be like God? God has some *fucking* mercy! You're nothing like God!

TOM

God kills.

TESS

All deaths are the totality of God's 'mercy.'

TOM

Even violent ones.

TESS

Even undeserving ones.

TOM

Even the deaths of the innocent.

TESS

In a way, those are the most Godly types of death.

TOM

They show us that God, in his mercy, violently kills innocents.

TESS

There is no devil, Mr. Klimt.

TOM

Only another, occult side of God.

TESS

A side upon which most religions to God base the guilt of man.

TOM

But all death is Godly, Mr. Klimt. Even murder.

TESS

That's why the Jews said man shouldn't be allowed to do it.

TOM

So that their God would have a monopoly on fear unto death.

TESS

You see, life is only an illusion, Mr. Klimt.

TOM

Death is a re-awakening, just as was birth.

TESS

Through this pain you may be born into a New Worldly Order of the Ages.

TOM

And who knows how you will be greeted there?

TESS

God in his wisdom spares us from such foresight.

TOM

For it is too horrific, too unlike all we value here in this world, for anyone to view without first going insane.

TESS

The kingdom of God to come is one of massive violent retribution.

TOM

He punishes all who, in life, fail to accept Him for all that He is.

TESS

He tortures all who fail to love Him for what He is, who love Him only for what they wish He would be.

TOM

Now you no longer have a life to cherish, Mr. Klimt.

TESS

You only have what God has given us all left for you.

TOM

God has taken your individual existence away from you now.

TESS

So now, you have only your own pain to barter with.

TOM

Your suffering in these last short moments of your life.

TESS

Do not waste them wishing things were different. That is futile.

TOM

And spare God the nuisance of your putrid, useless cowardice.

TESS

Cherish the pain, for that is all that remains of what was once your whole plan for your future, for now all that could have been is gone.

TOM

Get as much from this suffering as you can, Mr. Klimt.

TESS

Do not waste your last earthly moments judging others for your own faults.

TOM

Feeling superior will not save your life. Now, nothing can.

TESS

You must let yourself feel this pain now, without limitations.

TOM

Open yourself up to the pain, Franz.

TESS

Who says there are no living Gods?

TOM

They are just the Masters over and above us all.

TESS

They are the real monsters behind all invisible walls.

TOM

No one may disobey the fates they dictate for each of us.

TOM and TESS stand up and step back. BLOOD begins squirting down from where QATSIMONGO starts sawing away. KLIMT screams some more. The TRUMANS watch him sedately, emotionlessly. KLIMT'S right FOOT comes off at the ANKLE. QATSIMONGO giggles and teases KLIMT with his own severed FOOT. He hands it to PEE WEE, who makes KLIMT suck his own toes.

PEE WEE

People are so frightened. They think even the most common abnormalities are unspeakable. They abandon anyone who dares admit to them. They are united only in their flight away from those adaptations which could make them each even stronger individuals.

In EXTREME CLOSE-UP, we see a NEEDLE drop onto a RECORD. "In the Hall of the Mountain King" begins. TOM and TESS casually exit the ROOM.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

The MUSIC and sound FX can still be heard, though muffled somewhat by the wall.

TOM

This really isn't as much fun as I'd hoped.

TESS

Re-writing a human mind is almost no fun if you completely control every source of the subject's stimulation.

TOM

Well, I suppose we must think of the Children.

TESS

Yes, of course. Those pathetic little fools.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE VIEWING CHAMBER - NIGHT

RON stands behind TIM and KIM, who are tied to chairs with their EYES taped open. In front of them is a 2-way MIRROR hung in the KITCHEN. They are watching everything being done to KLIMT. RON makes certain they don't miss a detail. "The Mountain King" is building toward crescendo.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

PEE WEE

You know what makes a reporter a reporter? His enormous fucking nose. He always goes shoving it up holes where it don't belong. And he always wants to dig deeper and deeper to sniff out the source. Well, how about I chop that fat nose off for you, just to spite your ugly face? How would you like that, Mr. Big Brains?

KLIMT'S MOUTH has been gagged by his own severed foot.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

RON

You Kids seeing all this? Don't miss a thing, now. You've got to learn from *everything* you see.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

PEE WEE

Face, circumcise this little wiener's schnoz for us all, please!

QATSIMONGO steps over to KLIMT. In his HAND is a butcher KNIFE. KLIMT has given up pleading. He simply watches in terror what

is coming. EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the KNIFE reflected in his EYE and of his EYE reflected in the KNIFE's shiny metal blade. BLOOD spurts up in a gushing fountain. KLIMT'S NOSE drops into QATSIMONGO'S left HAND. "The Mountain King" crescendos. Although his MOUTH is still muffled by his FOOT, KLIMT cries out for a prolonged duration in the silence that follows.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

TOM and TESS sit side by side in an old style porch SWING. In the background are KLIMT'S muffled screams.

TOM
Are you happy, Tess?

TESS
You know I would rather be called 156.

TOM
How long have we known each other?

TESS
It seems like we've always known each other.

TOM
And yet, I'm still nowhere close to getting you.

TESS
Perhaps you were given the gift, but don't want to accept what you received.

TOM
Perhaps you only reveal to me what you want me to think is true.

TESS
And you're so stupid, even that is too much.
(beat)
You really are stupid, you know. I still don't know why they chose you for active mission duty status in the first place, let alone operative command functionality multi-database coordinations. You can't even hang the toilet-paper facing the proper direction in the bathroom.

TOM
I was appointed and assigned for my mental acumen. I have a photographic memory and an IQ, adjusted for processing multiple simultaneous applications, of 216. I can out-think the fastest models of micro-processors currently being manufactured on planet Earth in both speed and accuracy. And I...

TESS
You've got no *balls*. Didn't anyone ever warn you that all brains and no balls makes you a very dull boy, Tom Truman.

TOM

You want to see balls, 156? Well, I'm sick of being teased by you!

TOM stands up quickly and, reeling around, draws a GUN on TESS. TESS yawns, unaroused. TOM is only doing his impression of a gangster. She didn't allow herself to be stationed with just some gangster. She allowed herself to be pretend married to TOM.

TESS

Sit down before you shoot off your own toe, 216.

TOM

Shut up, 156. I've had enough from you. Ever since we were kids it's been like this. You think I don't have the guts to do anything. Well I can do anything I fucking want.

He fires the GUN and the bullet strikes TESS in the STOMACH. She seems genuinely surprised, in a pleased and impressed way. As if TOM did something cute.

TOM

I know you've been asking for this. It's not really my idea. But it's something I've wanted to do for a long time.

TESS

It's only because we're on vacation.

TOM

It's only because I'm bored of you always nagging me. I'm even bored of myself putting up with you too, just so now you know.

TESS lights a CIGARETTE in a long-stemmed HOLDER. She smiles, playing along with the cliché film noir banter.

TESS

Tom?

TOM has reseated himself beside her. He leans far forward, perched on the edge of the SWING, with his shoulders slumped, his chin in his hands, sulking, as if somehow what he just did was not as satisfying as he'd hoped, and he feels let down by this anti-climax.

TOM

What?

TESS

Why don't you fuck me, Tom?

TOM

What, right here?

TESS

(seductively pointing at the gunshot wound)

No, Tom. Right here.

TOM looks around as if someone might be watching.

TESS

Are you afraid of being caught guilty, Tommy? You know they never take their eyes off either of us even for a single second. They don't even blink. You must have known that from the start. Being watched is no excuse to not do what you want.

TOM turns slowly and glares at her.

TOM

You want to be fucked in your brand new hole? Fine. I'll fuck you there. Lie down.

Awkwardly, TOM manages to mount TESS there on the bench SWING. He penetrates her WOUND and she groans. The pain of being probed this way is excruciating, worse than any physical pain TESS has ever suffered before. From her POV, we see a memory of crows flying overhead across a gray sky.

TESS

Harder, daddy, harder.

TOM

You're my special little girl.

TESS

Oh, cum in me, Tommy 216. Let's make a baby.

TOM

You can't make a baby like this.

TESS

Let's find a new way to make a baby then. Let's make a new kind of baby. I want to have a child they can't control. I want to have a child no one can ever control. A child who brings others hope, not fear. Only by our demise can something like this be accomplished. Only from the death of evil can good be born, Tom!

TOM

It's going to happen, futile or not!

They spasm in a mutual necro-gasm. Immediately, TESS'S facial expression slackens. The pupils of her EYES widen and gloss dully. Dark BLOOD runs from her ears and nostrils. Her forehead turns to embers and begins to catch FIRE. Her HANDS and FEET catch FIRE. TOM retreats in horror. Within moments her entire body is being consumed in flames. With only the hushed crackling of fire and its flickering glow on his face, TOM stands a few feet away, assaulted by the heat, astonished and in disbelief. A HAND clasps TOM'S SHOULDER. TOM winces, startled almost out of his mind. He reels around and is face to face with The

SLAUGHTERER, who is wearing a long, red robe.

SLAUGHTERER

It was for the best of all involved. The timing couldn't have been more perfect.

TOM

I don't understand.

SLAUGHTERER

You don't need to. It would not be better if things happened to people just as they wish. Why don't you come inside now? It's time for a good old fashioned country dinner. Tonight, Humbaba rises from Cauda Draconis.

TOM

Just give me a moment.

The SLAUGHTERER goes back into the COUNTRY HOUSE. Trembling and pale, TOM lights a CIGARETTE.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

QATSIMONGO, PEE WEE and The SLAUGHTERER all stand around the TABLE. GRANDPA sits at the end closest to the KITCHEN. All of them except QATSIMONGO wear long red robes. QATSIMONGO is dressed as a French maid. GRANDPA wears a tall, dunce-like conical CAP. The SLAUGHTERER pulls down a short MASK from the brim of the CAP, and GRANDPA'S EYES are concealed. The SLAUGHTERER and PEE WEE pull hoods over their faces similar to Druids or the KKK. The SPREAD consists of what remains of KLIMT, whose TORSO has been divided from all its LIMBS. He lies there, chest down, alive but immobile. VIV's ENTRAILS and other internal ORGANS have been arranged decoratively atop KLIMT'S TORSO as garnishes. The ROOM is lit only by CANDLES. From ABOVE the position of GRANDPA, whom sits ready to eat the sweet meats of KLIMT'S GENITALS, we see the vague contours of a face in the arrangement of VIV'S strewn ENTRAILS. In the dim CANDLE light, the FACE seems to shift as if alive.

GRANDPA

(struggling to speak)

Oh, wise Humbaba! When?

HUMBABA

(deep gravelly voice)

Not long, not long.

SLAUGHTERER

How many?

HUMBABA

All.

PEE WEE
How can we thank thee, oh wise Prophet?

KLIMT
(choking on blood)
Kill me.

QATSIMONGO abruptly brings a meat CLEAVER down across KLIMT'S NECK. The CLEAVER digs into the wood of the TABLE and KLIMT'S HEAD rolls off the edge and onto the FLOOR. Immediately, it is beset upon by 2 savage DOGS, one white, one black, which scramble out from under the TABLE. They ravenously snarl and tear at their new treat, attacking each other when either tries to monopolize it.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

TOM has forgotten he is still smoking his CIGARETTE. RON comes through the front door and puts his ARM around TOM'S SHOULDERS, as if to comfort him.

RON
You know she knew it was going to happen. Just like Kennedy.

TOM
Then why did she allow it? Why do they always choose the same?

RON
The future is as delicate to control as is the past. We're both only necessary to preserve the Plan for our reality as it should be here and now.

TOM
(gesturing at TESS'S ashes)
That was how it **should** be?

RON
You'll understand soon, I'm sure. But even if you don't, it's not really your place to understand all that must occur.

TOM
(gesturing at the surroundings)
Do you think all this is as it **should** be, too?

RON
The plan must seem like chaos so that none but the initiated may understand its logic.

TOM
But even we don't always understand its logic.

RON
That's when faith comes in. Are you going to be coming inside?

TOM
You won't wait with me out here?

RON
For what?

TOM
For a sign.

RON
I've seen enough shit for one night. I'm going up to bed.
(beat)
Have you had anything to eat, yet? Might help calm you down a
little. That reporter is delicious. Seasoned with cold tripe.

TOM
What about Viv?

RON
I haven't tried any of her yet, she's for desert.

TOM
I'll be up in a minute. I'm not going to eat anyone. I don't have
an appetite anymore.

RON
How did Tess go?

TOM
I was still inside her.

RON
The Gods work in mysterious ways.

RON goes back INSIDE and TOM stares up at the beautiful, star-saturated COUNTRY SKY. Dark, thundering CLOUDS begin to blow up with unnatural speed from the south-western HORIZON. A WIND gushes over TOM, blowing away some of TESS'S ASHES.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE FRONT HALL - NIGHT

RON ascends the STAIRS, headed up to BED.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE GUEST BED-ROOM - NIGHT

RON enters. The ROOM is dark, he casts a long SHADOW across the BED from the light of the HALLWAY outside. The FLOOR appears to be glass. He flicks the light SWITCH and the ROOM is illuminated by a single bare light BULB hung from the middle of the ceiling. There is 1 bed in the middle of the ROOM, with an antique headboard and HAND-CUFFS dangling from each corner POST. The glass floor reveals the room beneath to be the KITCHEN. There is one WINDOW, opposite the DOOR, with white curtains, partially OPEN and with a gentle WIND blowing in. Across from the foot of

the BED is a DRESSER with a MIRROR mounted on it. As RON takes off all his clothing in front of this DRESSER, from a LOW-ANGLE vantage shot looking upward, we see TIM and KIM strapped tight against the ceiling over RON's head reflected in the DRESSER MIRROR. KIM is hung up closer to the WINDOW, and tinted BLUE from the moonlight outside, while TIM is closer to the DOOR, and tinted YELLOW from the HALLWAY light.

TIM
Uncle Ron?

RON
What, 418?

TIM
I have a question about the floor.

RON
What is it?

TIM
I thought the kitchen had a wooden ceiling. How can we see through it?

RON
That's simple, Junior. It's a hologram.

TIM
A hologram?

RON
This whole house is a hologram.

TIM
But how can that be? We've been standing on it, touching it...

RON
All matter is just a kind of hologram. The slower it is projected, the more stable it is. We can walk on this floor, touch these walls; but only because we know how to control the matter-energy of this hologram. We can make the floor invisible, even walk through the walls if we like. The purpose of this house being a hologram, in addition to personal convenience, is so that, in a pinch, we could disassemble it in such a way that it would have never even existed. No one would be able to find any trace of it, or us if we remained inside it, and it would be impossible to prove it was ever real, even if they were standing right inside it, because those people not in phase with the hologram would simply pass right through it, and us inside of it, without even knowing we were there. We would be like holograms to them, but projected so quickly we wouldn't be able to be seen by their naked eyes, or felt by their naked flesh; we would be manifested as wave-forms of pure, sub-quantum anti-energy. It's like how your mind can dream up an imaginary world, but your body remains rooted

inside this core, consensus reality. Essentially, we would be 'ghosts.' That's why they call these 'ghost houses,' not because ghosts necessarily dwell in them, but because the houses themselves are a kind of 'ghost.' You're a pretty smart kid, 418.

By now RON has stripped totally nude. He shuts off the light BULB by the SWITCH next to the DOOR and the ROOM is lit only from the glow of the HALLWAY, the WINDOW, and from the KITCHEN below.

KIM
Father Ron?

RON
What is it, 93?

KIM
I have a question about the ceiling.

RON
Well, what is it?

KIM
Why must we be chained to the ceiling?

RON becomes irate at the question.

RON
You don't deserve to know an answer to that you dirty, scabby little butt slut! I don't have to tell you anything!

KIM
I'm sorry, Daddy!

RON
(calming down)
No, no, it's all right. You don't know any better than to ask. You're only a little piece of 7 year old ass. But let me tell you something. You can't go through life asking questions. If there's something you don't understand, it is better to just accept that. There's nothing you can do to ever change it, anyway. You're powerless, and so you're always going to have a boss. Maybe one day, that will be Tim, here.

KIM looks at TIM and blushes. TIM looks ashamedly at his female friend, who is wearing only her BLOOD-caked underwear.

RON
I'll answer this one question for you, Kim. But you have to promise to learn from my doing so, not to ask questions, just wait to be told, without expecting to ever find out. Now, what did you ask? Oh yes, why are you strapped all the way up there against the ceiling. Well, the answer is: if you weren't tied up high where QATSIMONGO can't reach you, he would come in here in the middle of the night while you were sleeping and kill you,

then cook you and eat you. And nobody would stop him, because none of us even like you, so why would we ever care? Is that a good enough answer, you stupid little not even ripe yet slice of tail?

KIM looks pleadingly for a moment at TIM.

TIM

Why would Qatsimongo try to kill us and not you? Doesn't he like children?

RON

Qatsimongo loves children. He loves the way they taste. Now, no more questions. Go to sleep. Remember to forget. This still isn't happening, remember. None of this is real.

RON climbs into the BED. It has no sheets. He lies there on his side, while below them, in the KITCHEN, VIV'S empty CARCASS is still visible piled in the corner. QATSIMONGO enters with The SLAUGHTERER. KIM and TIM look at one another in fear. Seen from ABOVE, the monsters' conversation cannot be overheard, though their voices seem to ECHO. The SLAUGHTERER puts his finger to his forehead and an ALTAR of human bones slides out from the KITCHEN PANTRY. QATSIMONGO puts VIV's CORPSE on the ALTAR. KIM looks pleadingly at TIM but his attention is concentrated on the actions below, as though they seem somehow familiar to him. At this point, TOM enters the BEDROOM and begins to undress. He climbs into BED with RON and goes to sleep curled up into a dominant spooning position with him.

KIM

Well, what are they going to do?

TIM

I think they're going to try to see the future, I'm not sure. Shh.

SLAUGHTERER

This is the way it has always been and this is the way it will always be. We who understand may do as we wish, for our goal is the will of the Gods. In the name of the Great Black Brotherhood of Mu, I invoke thee, mighty Humbaba. Come again to this place at this time, else I promise you incalculable suffering.

The SLAUGHTERER slices open his hand to sprinkle BLOOD across the FACE of VIV's hollowed out carcass. In the corner QATSIMONGO waves around a BRUSH of lit leaves to spread about SMOKE in the KITCHEN.

TIM

Oh, my God.

SLAUGHTERER

I bind thee by Set and by Ra-Hoor-Khuit. I absolve thy distractions in the name of Hassan Bin Sabbah. Now speak to me,

oh Humbaba, humble servant of the Workings.

KIM

What's happening? I feel all... tingly.

TIM

It's ionization. They might even summon lightning.

SLAUGHTERER (channeling HUMBABA)

On the Day of the Dead... the conjuration, all as planned... the invisible war will come to its end... then it shall all begin again...

(beat, no longer channeling)

Humbaba, whom shall finally be victorious?

HUMBABA (V.O.)

Your child is your future self whom you shall become.

Suddenly the high-pitch shriek of KIM screaming pierces everyone's ears. KIM then breaks down into tears.

KIM

(sobbing)

I saw my Mommy, I want my Mommy.

TIM looks back down into the KITCHEN, but now the ROOM is empty, the bone ALTAR abandoned. TIM and KIM look at each other in grim reserve, each sharing stoic solace with the other. They hear creaking and the clump of FOOTSTEPS coming up the STAIRS. KIM visibly wets herself. The STEPS stop just outside the DOOR. There is a gasp of SILENCE. Then QATSIMONGO bursts through the DOOR and in one motion revs his CHAINSAW. KIM and TIM scream. TOM and RON are both asleep in the BED, curled up together, and do not awaken from the sound FX. After leaping around a while to prove the KIDS are just outside the reach of the CHAINSAW, QATSIMONGO cranks its motor OFF and stands there silently in the shadows, looking up at them like a begging dog.

TIM

(angrily)

Qatsimongo, goddamnit! Can't you control yourself? Why do you do what you do?

QATSIMONGO cocks his head, then jumps up and down and dances in a circle, apparently happy and eager to answer. He assumes a somber posture and clears his throat, then points at his FOREHEAD. He speaks in 1 dull grunt.

QATSIMONGO

Voice.

TIM understands and his expression acknowledges this to QATSIMONGO. TIM relaxes slightly, and QATSIMONGO immediately spins on his heel and revs his CHAINSAW again, leaping up at TIM with reinvigorated rage. Finally, giving up on his tantrum,

QATSIMONGO shrieks in frustration and flees from the ROOM, kicking the DOOR open and running down the HALLWAY to the left. TOM and RON remain sleeping soundly.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE GRANDPA'S BED-ROOM - NIGHT

GRANDPA sits in a WHEEL-CHAIR in the middle of the ROOM, motionless. The ROOM is lit by only 1, small, antique desk LAMP in the corner. There is no BED, although there is a pile of decaying CORPSES near the LAMP that looks slept on. OFF CAMERA, the sound of a DOOR slamming. QATSIMONGO enters from the RIGHT and kneels beside GRANDPA, throwing his massive ARMS lovingly around the pickled corpse in the WHEEL-CHAIR. As TIM'S monologue voices over, the CAMERA DOLLIES into CHOKER CLOSE-UP of QATSIMONGO resting his head in GRANDPA'S LAP. He produces PEE WEE'S severed middle FINGER and sucks it for comfort. GRANDPA pats him on his HEAD.

TIM (V.O.)

In a way, I just can't help but feel sorry for QATSIMONGO. He's only able to do what he's told to do. He just can't understand any better. The real tragedy of his existence is that he can never know whether it is the sound of his own mind talking to him, driving him to commit insane acts of violence, or if it is the voice of another, projected from some external source too distant, too complex and alien for him to be able to even imagine.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE GUEST BED-ROOM - NIGHT

In silence, the CAMERA DOLLIES into a CHOKER CLOSE-UP of TOM, sleeping. The shot FADES TO BLACK as the audience enters his dream.

INT. BLACK ROOM - SEPIA

The BLACKNESS turns out to be a solid BLACK ROOM. A MAN in a red robe, bent over slightly, his face shrouded in darkness, grasping a short rope LEASH, leads a GOAT into frame from the right. A SECOND MAN in a red robe, standing fully erect, his hood thrown back to reveal short-white hair, his hands held lightly against them, leads two KIDS in from the left. We see the KIDS. It is a YOUNG JFK and YOUNG JACKIE BOUIVERE. They are trembling slightly. The GOAT is led into a spot LIGHT where it brays with a meek displeasure. The SECOND MAN, standing behind the KIDS, kneels down so that his face enters the frame between theirs. It is JOE KENNEDY. He speaks neutrally to the KIDS and during his monologue, behind him in the background, the first MAN prepares the GOAT for slaughter.

JOE

Children, you must never fear violence. It is simply a part of the nature of this world. Nothing anyone can ever do could change this. But if it you are not afraid of it, it will serve you. There is nothing to fear but fear of yourself. True power is making

everyone alive too scared to look you in the eye.

In the background, the MAN slaughters the GOAT, and in the foreground, YOUNG JFK bursts into tears. JOE turns on YOUNG JACKIE, who stares blankly, and yells at her, while pointing at the slaughtered GOAT behind him.

JOE

That is what happens to people who fall in love!

The MAN who slaughtered the GOAT steps backward and disappears into the DARK. JOE parts his red robe and produces an ornate KNIFE. Holding the KNIFE up before himself as an offering to them, JOE kneels before the KIDS.

JOE

Go on, Son. Take it. Take the knife, Jackie.

JACKIE reaches out and takes the KNIFE. She walks over to the GOAT that is still alive, but bleeding to death. She stabs the creature in its side and reaches into its pregnant belly with her bare hands, feeling around for the mare's precious cargo.

JOE (V.O.)

You must search for what is inside her. What is inside her that makes her refuse to die? Why does she struggle to continue life?

JACKIE begins removing a FETAL KID from within the WOMB inside the mother NAG.

JOE (V.O.)

The more you see, the more you will know fear. But understanding fear allows us to control it. And control is the underlying principle of all that you will ever know. Controlling fear is the route to ultimate power. Fear is simply a lack of conditioning to that which remains, for most, unexpected.

YOUNG JFK

Papa, Papa, stop her, please! I can't stand it another second!

JOE

What are you so frightened of, Son?

YOUNG JFK

I feel that I am that goat!

JOE

One day, you will be King of the most splendid land upon Earth.

YOUNG JFK

But I don't want to.

JOE

Jackie will be your bride, your Queen.

YOUNG JFK

Isn't there anything I can do to make all this just stop?

JOE suddenly kneels and hugs his son tightly. As he speaks, his manner becomes increasingly colder and more remote.

JOE

Son, oh, Son! I'm sorry everything has to be this way! I'm sorry about the goat and Jackie and even for poor Norma Jeane. But it's too late. Son, you see. Son, Montauk has already come to pass, so Project Montauk must also be made to come to pass. I'm sorry, Son.

I'm just so sorry.

(beat)

You know, Judas was Jesus' most loyal apostle? Judas loved Jesus so much, when Jesus told Judas to turn Jesus over to the Roman Jews to be killed, Judas obeyed and did as Jesus told him to. Judas just loved God so *much*, you see. He knew God wanted Jesus killed, just as Jesus knew it as well. It was so hot that day... and the wood felt... so dry. I'm sorry, Son, but there are just some things that have to be the way they are.

(facing camera)

This is what we mean when we say, 'family values.'

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

In silence, the CAMERA DOLLIES into a CHOKER CLOSE-UP of RON, sleeping. The shot FADES TO BLACK as the audience enters his dream.

EXT. DECK OF A YACHT ON A GREEK LAKE - SEPIA

ARISTOTLE ONASSIS and JACKIE BOUVIERE-KENNEDY-ONASSIS are drinking red WINE and arguing. JACKIE cries with her head on ONASSIS'S lap, trying to scrub out a red wine STAIN on the thigh of his white cargo crew pants.

JACKIE

Oh, Ary, it's so awful! It's just *so* awful!

ONASSIS

Have no fear, my dear. It's only wine this time. So, don't fret. By now you must know there is nothing that won't wash out.

JACKIE

Ary, how could he have let it happen?

ONASSIS

Jack was always a stubborn boy. Stubborn in his weaknesses. Stubborn in his blinding pity. Stubborn in his blinding fear.

JACKIE

But how could he? I knew, Ary. They came and they told me. They were wearing black suits and sunglasses. Why couldn't I have

remembered them sooner? Why did he let it happen, Ary? He must have known too. He always knew more than he told me about. And if they came and told me, just imagine what he knew.
Oh, God!

ONASSIS
You really loved him didn't you?

JACKIE
(choking on her guilt)
Yes, very much.

ONASSIS
(petting her on the fore-head)
Ha, love. That fatal flaw deflowering youth's beautiful ignorance.

JACKIE
But I thought he was different from any man alive. I thought, just for a second, a single brief second, I thought maybe we really could change the world. It felt like the end of a movie, like the end of the 'Graduate,' where the two kids just run away from it all. It doesn't even matter if they're really in love, or if it will last, all that matters is they think they're doing what's right. It feels so good to share a feeling like that with someone else who feels it too. A feeling like being intentionally different. Maybe Jack's stubborn hubris did blind him to his own fatal flaws, but he always had the best intentions at heart. Did they really have to kill him just for that?

ONASSIS
His assassination was not personal. It was all part of a grander scheme, Jackie, you know that. You're letting your grief on this anniversary cloud your reason. The Jackie here now is not KGB Double-Agent 666 whom I saw take that knife and slaughter that kid so many years ago. Where did that strong Jackie go? You can't tell me she died when 777's brains just happened to get splattered on you. I know you've often bathed in blood, so it couldn't have been all that bad.

(beat)
There now, that's a good girl. Your husband was only a scapegoat. The sacrificial lamb whose death absolved our crimes of the prior Aeon and re-established our empire in the next. But creatures like you and I should have no fear of such a death, for death itself is only a release of energy from plasticity to ecstatically. Jack understood his own death all too well. Not to make myself sound like St. Paul, but your husband was a great man and a great President *because* he died.

JACKIE
I know all that. But it still hurts.

ONASSIS
Women. Let me ask you a question, you whore of a bitch. Did you ever help your husband dismount from a horse?

JACKIE
He usually helped me. But I would have helped him, if he'd ever
needed it.

ONASSIS
You see? That's just the sort of girl you really are at heart. Come
close. You're mine, now.

JACKIE
No different from this boat, or this lake?

ONASSIS
No different from my boat, no different from my lake. You're
only my favorite object. My sweet, priceless pearl.

They kiss.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAWN

YOUNG WOMAN
Where are we?

OLD MAN
Where we last left off.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAWN

TOM and RON approach from the HOUSE as the OLD MAN and
YOUNG WOMAN get out of the LIMOUSINE.

TOM
Fidayeen Del-ei-Kebir, 5.

OLD MAN
Ali Bhai Salam, 216 and 137. How have things been progressing?

TOM
No one knows what is about to happen. Everyone's getting crazy.

OLD MAN
Then the mutations are accelerating apace.

YOUNG WOMAN
Would somebody please just tell me what the *fuck* is going on
around here?

OLD MAN
(glancing at his watch)
Patience.

A fleet of MORE LIMOS begins to arrive. As they park, VARIOUS
ADULTS (BUSINESSMEN AND SCIENTISTS) exit the cars and gather
into a crowd around the PORCH, where GRANDPA, wearing ornate

magician robes, exits the front DOOR onto the top-step to address them.

GRANDPA

You are all about to die. You will all be born anew, given a second skin, a life without anymore pain or fears. You will be made immortal through new technology. You are the chosen few. You have passed the test. You will be born into perfect form, a hybrid species, Homo-Superior. You will understand more soon, but you will still not know all there is. That is only for we, the living Gods.

A lenticular UFO descends from the clouds and hovers over the COUNTRY HOUSE. It emits a beam of bright, white LIGHT across the VARIOUS ADULTS of the crowd. GRANDPA steps forward and down onto the second STEP of the COUNTRY HOUSE PORCH. TOM and RON flank him on either side, but appear to be transforming in the LIGHT. They assume the visages of all their other VARIOUS AGE counter-parts throughout the prior flash-backs. Finally they, as well as the rest of the crowd, appear as skinny, grey ALIENS. FADE TO WHITE.

INT. LABORATORY - SEPIA

A YOUNG NIKOLA TESLA stands before a large group of VARIOUS ADULTS (BUSINESSMEN and SCIENTISTS). The time-period is around 1914 - 1916.

YOUNG TESLA

Ladies and Gentlemen. You're probably wondering why you, the brightest minds ever alive, have been asked to assemble here today. As you all know, we are entering the age of Horus, the Crowned and Conquering Child, as foretold to us by Aiwaz. During the coming century, the face of civilization will change expression many times. Let me show you a few of God's masks.

(beginning to reveal machines from beneath curtains)

While the Wright Brothers were flying model airplanes, I was testing lenticular anti-gravity vessels hyperspace navigation. When Admiral Byrd was traveling to the North Pole, I destroyed Tunguska, Russia with a Death Ray. I have built microwave electromagnetic radiation harnessing devices capable of space-based (over-the-horizon) mind-control, and conducted tests of these on prisons, mental asylums and orphanages. I have built mobile airborne radio-antennae satellite-dishes that can remote control even a missile or rocket already launched and propelled by solely solid-state fossil-fuels. I have created radiowave towers and been contacted by beings from off-world, beings many of you may call 'the greys.' I have tracked down the molecular structure of DNA and begun manipulation of the genes which define our divinely cloned form. I have built a microchip to long-range track and fully tactically control through microwave emission the nervous system of any human being into which it may be secretly implanted. This remote-scannable data-base chip

has been tested on bovines, on humans, and is in use in some of you even already right now. My most recent inventions have allowed me to successfully experiment with gravitational distortions to the spacetime continuum which comprises what we call the fabric of 'reality' by altering the ether field of sub-quantum microwave foam in certain key locations of space and time, and then using these as base-camps to send expeditions of human explorers through time itself. Now the time has come for more people to cross this Veil of the Abyss. When nothing is true, all things are permitted. Such has been communicated to me through divine providence, and I have confirmed its source using my own technologies. This is not only in accordance with the helix of the Great Work, but a summation of its pattern so far, containing the key to elevation above even wholly natural law. By making my interests your own, you earn your authority over time, but to deny me, or reveal up-line directives directly to down-line inferiors, is to incur the full wrath of all the living Gods. I will be your personal guardian angel, and all it will be necessary for you to do for me is to find for me and feed to me children. In this you shall become my royal guard, known for eternity as the Finders of the Gates and the Keepers of the Keys. I will not only aid you financially, but evolve you genetically. You will have limited access to many of my inventions. Exposure to gravitational distortion in spacetime results in certain genetic mutations. In short, your evolution will be triggered and you will become immortal Gods. You will evolve by mutation. Mutation is just biological changes over time. Imagine evolving ten thousand light years in the span of ten minutes. The techniques you will be using to indoctrinate the children are based on the most statistically effective methods of mind-control. They will naturally all seem very familiar to you, as I have established various schools to promote them at various eras throughout our shared human history. Mind you, I am only *asking* you to join me. I hope you understand that, with the power I have in my hands, I have no obligation to do so. But I am going to give you all a choice, the last free choice any humans will ever have anywhere. This is a historic occasion, Ladies and Gentlemen. Please, take your time deciding. Of course, as I have tried to illuminate, all time is already mine. And it always has been.

EXT. AZTEC TEMPLE - DAY

THOUSANDS OF AZTECS crowd at the foot of the pyramid TEMPLE at the top of which is a sacrificial ritual being performed to induce rain. We see TESS, strapped upside down on an inverse ALTAR. QATSIMONGO brandishes an ornate jade KNIFE. As he eviscerates her, a drop of rain falls from the SKY and the crowd surges and cheers.

FADE TO BLACK - ROLL CREDITS

~GOD~ :: TCSMV

	Name	Time	Artist	Album
1	☒ electrobaby Fanfare	0:45	~GOD~	DIE
2	☒ Adversary	5:34	~GOD~	EYE
3	☒ BurkittesvilleBlues	4:34	~GOD~	EYE
4	☒ CommonMan4A1	3:07	~GOD~	SPY
5	☒ CommonMan4A2	5:19	~GOD~	SPY
6	☒ harmonica exodus	3:21	~GOD~	Why
7	☒ mescaline	1:05	~GOD~	New
8	☒ cellar1	3:11	~GOD~	LIE
9	☒ mary2	6:12	~GOD~	LIE
10	☒ Closerbenmix	7:17	~GOD~	New
11	☒ MySweetSatan	8:04	~GOD~	ORB
12	☒ Saturn's Sermon	1:56	~GOD~	Con
13	☒ Disgustipation Cured By Kinky ...	4:15	~GOD~	Con
14	☒ apocalypso2A (uncut)	5:24	~GOD~	SPY
15	☒ the Gnostic Pentagram of Dee ...	4:53	~GOD~	KEY
16	☒ The End	11:41	~GOD~	LIE



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TCSMV “OST”

download full album on 4shared:

<http://www.4shared.com/file/175821578/f21df89b/18OST.html>

~GOD~



TCSMV

Texas Chainsaw Massacre 5: Always

"We fully endorse the
world-view expressed in
this movie."
- the Illuminati

"Finally the truth will
be told!"
- Nikola Tesla

"Oh, the humanity!"
- Edward R. Murrow

"Who green-lighted
Coupon The Movie?"
- Executives of our
Competitors' Studios



"Fiat justitia ruat
caelum!"
Pope Clement I AKA
Lucis Caipernius Piso

"מלשן"
- Yeshua Ben-Padiah

"This movie is not with
us. It is with the
terrorists."
- George W. Bush

The reviews are in! Come
and out what they're all
talking about. *

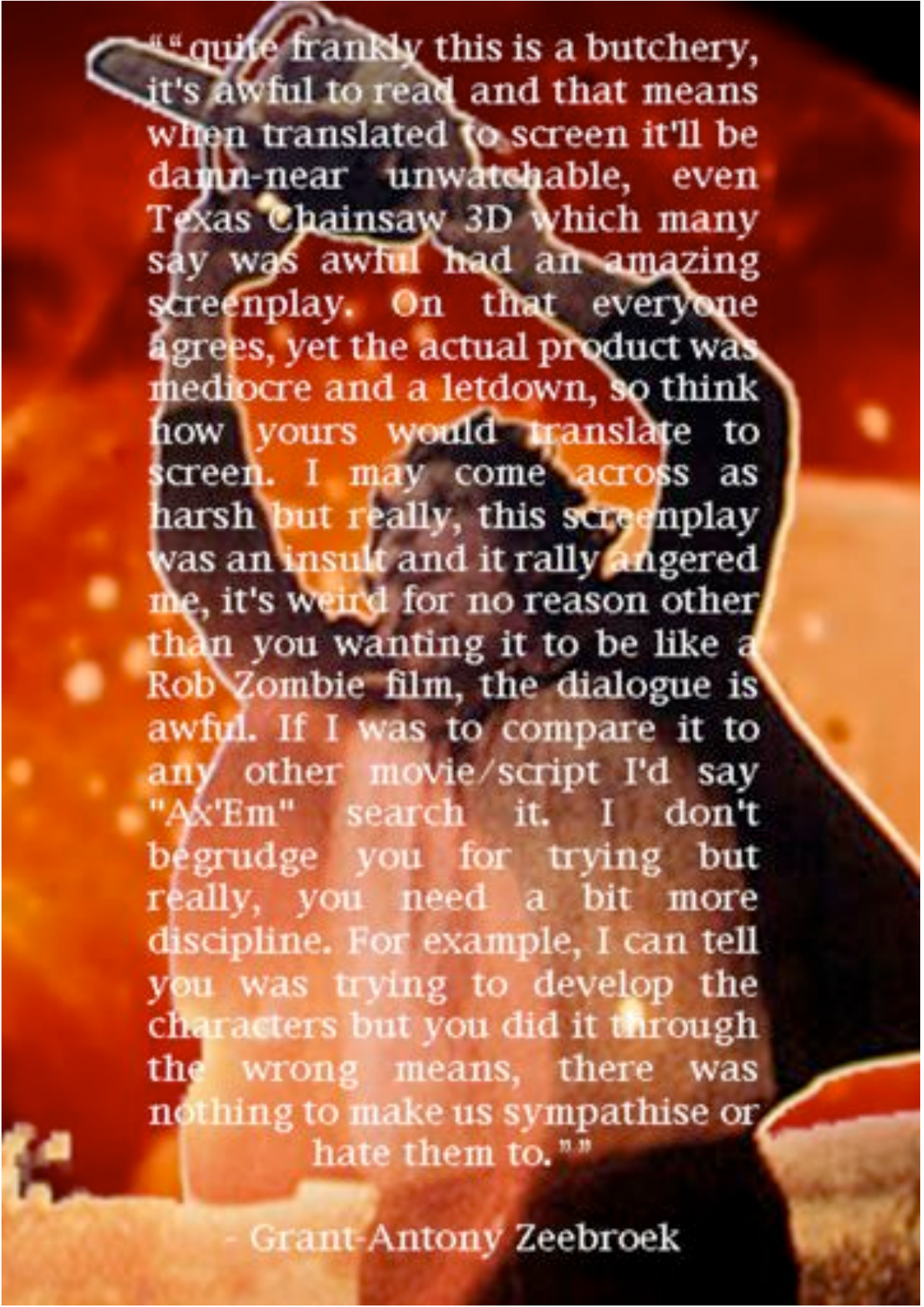


EVERYTHING LOOKS
OFFICIAL
WITH TINY LEAVES AROUND IT



**THE PRODUCERS
HAVE MADE THIS MOTION PICTURE
TO EXPRESS THEIR STRONG BELIEF
IN THE EXISTENCE OF THE
SUPERNATURAL AND IN THE
REALITY OF OTHER DIMENSIONS
AND UNSEEN REALMS.**

* This movie has not yet been made.

A close-up photograph of a hand gripping a chainsaw handle. The background is a bright, fiery orange-red, suggesting a fire or a very hot environment. The chainsaw handle is dark and textured. The text is overlaid on the image, following the curve of the handle and the hand.

"quite frankly this is a butchery, it's awful to read and that means when translated to screen it'll be damn-near unwatchable, even Texas Chainsaw 3D which many say was awful had an amazing screenplay. On that everyone agrees, yet the actual product was mediocre and a letdown, so think how yours would translate to screen. I may come across as harsh but really, this screenplay was an insult and it really angered me, it's weird for no reason other than you wanting it to be like a Rob Zombie film, the dialogue is awful. If I was to compare it to any other movie/script I'd say "A&Em" search it. I don't begrudge you for trying but really, you need a bit more discipline. For example, I can tell you was trying to develop the characters but you did it through the wrong means, there was nothing to make us sympathise or hate them to."

- Grant-Antony Zeebroek