

Story Collection



By

Masumi T. Childers

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It happened in the dead of night. I was only a hundred yards away from my house. I was waiting at a stop light. The light turned green and I went. A white car speed in front of me, if I didn't stop, I could of died.

Maybe it was because I was so scared, or maybe it was always in me but only now shaken lose. But, in any case I discovered that I could see car accidents, as they happen, in my dreams.

And that night I dreamed that my friend Donald hit a parked car. Which he did in a drunken stoop-er as always.

It didn't take me long to find a News Photographer, that would pay me ten percent for my information.

Elsewhere in a high rise apartment, the New Photographer got up from his bed and answered his ringing phone.

"Yeah" He Said.

"Get up," The dark voice on the other end said. "There's a wreck in the cane fields next to the river. Some kids where drinking and their missing their arms and legs."

I take a 5th of the money that this "News Man" gives me, so that I can live and pay the rent. The rest I mail to my sister she want's to go to some big fancy art school, and become an Artist. Maybe if she saves the money I give her, she just might make it.

By the way, I just had another dream I left my apartment and found a nice bench in the park, and so what if it was 1:00 at night. As I lost conciseness and dreamed up a bunch of drunken kids crashing into a tree. Why do kids have to drink why can't they just smoke about 5 packs of cigarettes a day and die of cancer, like what's probably going to happen to me.

Anyway, I'm going to call that "News Man" again.

The News Man's Answering machine took a message.

The voice on the other end said.

"Get up there s a wreck on the Highway on exit 26."

At exit 26 on the Highway the News Photographer Walked around with a video camera as he video taped the crash he saw an out line of a man. This image said.

"Hey I thought I'd meet you here this time."

"Hey what s up! Said the News Photographer at the same time, he goes to pat the shadowy image on the shoulder."

But the image doggies his hand.

"Do you know that this car just crashed. Said the News Man. but you called 20 min ago it like you know these thing before they happen."

"Pigs!" Said the image looking up.

The News man looked to sees what the Image was looking at. When he turned back to the image it was gone.

I hate pigs no good can come from a cop. Well maybe some of them are okay but there was this one that beat my Dad retarded.

At the News Photographer's high rise apartment. He looked over the footage that he just shot. When a cop knocked at his door.

"Come on in lieutenant." The News Photographer said.

"You're a tricky news man. You know, that don't you?"

"I'm smarter than most of em."

"Yes and some people have been saying that you are causing these car accidents, you re making them happen."

"These things just happen. I'm lucky I guess, to capture them on tape."

"Yes, Yes, I'm not here to talk about that. I am here to talk about a specific accident about three months ago. It's about when the rain storms came in."

"Yes. the Morgan case."

"Well I tried to cover it up, but they found a beer can with you re finger prints on it. I'll have to bring you in."

"You bring me in and I'll air that tape of you beating that suspect. You knew that he was innocent. But I know you, you like to torture people."

"You better not!" said the cop.

"Well how could I know about that beer can! How could do anything I was hammered and sleepy. You're suppose to cover things like this up."

"Look Let's go down to the station, and later on. In court, the evidence can somehow disappear."

"It better. If it doesn't, you're going to get it! I going to exposed you!"

"It will."

They both walked out the door moments later a call came in on the Answering machine.

"A, get up. Some cop overturned his pig mobile on the highway bringing in some thug there both dead."

Later a letter addressed to the Morgan's. Is picked up by a young lady, bouncy and full of life she takes it as well as the morning paper into her house. Her mother's cooking some-type of stew on the stove as her father in a wheel chair. Look out of the sliding glass window, of there small house.

The young lady walks to her father and reads a passage out of the paper to him.

"Last night Lieutenant, Ron H. Sorensen crashed his police car into the cement support beam of an highway over pass. After what I eyewitness's said was a struggle, with the News Reporter Guy Gilmore, who is believed to have caused the traffic fatalities of countless people. Gilmore died instantaneously in the crash and Sorensen died on the way to the hospital. See dad, that cop that beat you is dead, he died in a car crash last night." The young lady said with a smirk.

The middle aged man smiled as a stream of spittle, dropped in streams from his mouth. Thought he can no longer speak, and almost every bone in his body has been broken His minds is still keen and sharp, he is alive and aware, and knows what s going on.

"Ma, I got another one of those letters today, it looks like it might be the last one."

"That's good maybe now you can go to that collage you want too go to." Her mother said.

"Yeah. I have more than enough, now."

"Too bad you re brother isn't here to see this."

"I think he knows ma, I think somehow, he knows."

It happened in the dead of night I was only a hundred yards away from my house. I was waiting at a stop light, the light turned green, and I went. A white car speed in front of me, if I

didn't stop, I could of died.

If I didn't Stop.

I didn't stop.

And that was the Point of Incident. But now I have no more dreams, all I do now is rest.

I have rest full sleep.

And the man, the man that hit me....

But No, The News Man stepped out of his car. And I, I was dead under it.

It was a hit and run. And the only evidence was an empty beer can.

End.

Heavens Dice

Man dies, and must roll a perfect dice; to get into heaven.

A scene opens to a line that is so long that it seems to stretch on forever. At the end of which two men talk, one stands and the other sits.

SCIENTIST: I played this game before, I played it before! It s like A D&D. (Pause) Just watch me beat this.

(The scientist rolls some dice on the table, then looks at them.)

ANGEL: Looks like you're one off.

SCIENTIST: But I'm a scientist I found the cure for Anthrax! Anthrax!

ANGEL: Yes, and many have benefitted, But there is one thing that bars you from Heaven. And I think you know what it is.

(There is a pause.)

SCIENTIST: Yeah, I know.

(Scientist walks to, then enters the door Going down.)

ANGEL: I hate Pretension (The Angel calls to the next in line.) Next!

(A Bishop type Appears.)

ANGEL: You saw, him you know how this works.

BISHOP: Yes.

ANGEL: All right, roll.

(He roles.)

BISHOP: Only one! But how could this be! I am a man of god.

ANGEL: Allot of good men go down there. Some dead calm some so scared...

BISHOP: This isn't god's plan, this isn't suppose to happen to me. You're wrong, I'll have it again and again, until I get them sevens and that's all there is to it.

ANGEL: No you re not.

BISHOP: What kind of an angel are you! Let me pass.

ANGEL: Heaven is made for Souls of a different caliber, than yours. What you have to ask you're self, is did you really do what you needed to do with you re life? When you got what you wanted, were you really happy with it. Or was it simply momentary excitement. An other, way to pass time?

BISHOP: No. (Pause) No, I see. The little tikes didn't want that. You know.

(The Bishop walks down the steps sad and broken.) (The angle calls to the next in line.)

ANGEL: Next.

(A gambler type walks through the door and says.)

GAMBLER: Where am I?

ANGEL: You re at the Gates of Heaven.

GAMBLER: You re kidding!

ANGEL: No, Mr. Morrison this is no joke.

GAMBLER: I tell ya, I expected something different this is looking kind of run down to me! (There is a small pause as the Gambler thinks of what to say next.) Well, if these are really the Heavily gates, then where's your harp and white robes.

ANGEL: I don't, I don t like them.

GAMBLER: (The Gambler looks down.) I see Dice of some type. What's this all about, how do you play this game?

ANGEL: It's very simple, You must roll a perfect 7. You can use the cup, you can use you're hands, you can roll one at a time or you can roll them in tandem. It doesn't matter, but they must all land on 7.

GAMBLER: 7 on 7?

ANGEL: Right. With a perfect roll you go to heaven, with anything less you go straight to hell.

GAMBLER: Oh Boy, Sorry I asked, that's like. One in a million!

ANGEL: That's about right. I guess, well to be honest I really don't know.

GAMBLER: Not that it matters, but what if one rolls off the table!

ANGEL: If one falls off the table you have the option to disregard it and you will be given one chance to roll it again.

GAMBLER: These must be trick dice then. Trick dice right, every time landing on seven.

ANGEL: There's no trick. Here before you are 7, ten sided dice Seven Like in 7 days in the week or lucky 7, so to speak. These Dice go back to beginning of creation before Adam and Eve and before the earth existed. These dice are one of the first things god made 7 perfectly balanced dice. Einstein said that God doesn't roll dice, but here at the gates of heaven that's all we do. You can try to roll one and see if it's fake. (The Angel picks up a die and puts it in front of the Gambler.) I won't hold it against you.

GAMBLER: No, no, I take your word for it. (The gambler giggles a little out of pure nerves tension then he says.) You know what I'm going to miss about life the most, the tables. I use to gamble, you know?

ANGEL: I know.

GAMBLER: Yeah, at the card tables, with a whole list of people I didn't know. I didn't even need to have a winning hand, as long as there was a beautiful lady holding on to my arm.

ANGEL: Roll the Dice.

GAMBLER: I wonder how the devil looks like?

ANGEL: I think you'll soon know.

GAMBLER: I think the devil's a lady don't you. I mean my X-wife she seemed like the devil... always wanting me ta,.....

ANGEL: You should roll the dice now, It's less painful that way.

GAMBLER: You're right.

(Without thinking the Gambler scoops up the seven Dice into the cup and flips it over. lifting it up they can both see that all of them are 7's Drained of all life the man covers the dice up again and Says.)

GAMBLER: Tell me again about Einstein.

ANGEL: As I said God doesn't roll dice, but he can pick a worthy soul. And there is a little bit of him in all of us. Go on Mr. Morrison, I think there's an empty seat at a card table up there, waiting for you.

(Mr. Morrison walks into Heaven there is just a glimmer of an beautiful lady taking his arm as the Angel calls out.)

ANGEL: Next.

End.

Apocalypse Blues

ENTER THE WASTELAND

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DRAFT TWO
September 11, 2002

Eddie the drifter, finds himself traveling the expanse and width of a vast dusty wasteland.

He has no home and no real memories of the past.

All that enters his mind are fragmented images of broken dreams.

How he came to this point is unknown.

Eddie walks,...

As he travels he comes upon a tent.

INT. CANVAS COVERING - DAY

In it, is an American Indian of some kind; smoking a very long peace pipe.

CHIEF

I've had a vision.

EDDIE

Another one of you re visions, Great. I can't make heads or tails of
you're visions, I think you've been out here in the sun too long.

CHIEF

(The Indian picks up a hand full of dirt and lets it slowly fall out of his
hand on to the ground.) The earth is a very special place.
It is where our spirits lie.

EDDIE

Look, I'm sorry Chief, what did you see in your vision?

CHIEF

I saw a sky snake, curved high. And on the earth, were two silver
veins raised from deep below. Near them a thing recognized...
But then you'll know what it means Eddie, When you get there.

EDDIE

And find some answers?

CHIEF

Answers are easy it's asking the right questions that are hard.
You're here now, that is the answer. How you got here
is the question.

Eddie thinking.

CUT too.

EXT. WASTELAND - (Near by camp site) - DAY

Chief and Eddie walking outside. While Eddie stretches his arm and yawns.

CHIEF

Peace be with you Eddie.

EDDIE

Later's Chief.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Eddie begins his walk waves of heat trail behind him.

Finding an open spot

Eddie takes out his canteen and he drinks some water.

Then puts some water on this face as the sun blazes down on him.

Looking around with his eyes half open he sees a cardboard box next to him

Walking over to the box he opens it.

In the box is a can of spray paint.

By it's weight and sound, Eddie can tell that it's almost full.

He sprays some paint out of the can.

EDDIE

Hey, Finally something that works around here.

Eddie places the can in his pocket.

(Kiss to white.)

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

In the dark, Eddie lights his lighter. He walks around as if he's looking for something.

EDDIE

Five feet to the right, 30 forward Oh, here it is.

Eddie opens some kind of door in the darkness.

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

In a small coffin like room Eddie tries to get some sleep.

EDDIE

Well, time to get some shut eye.

But.. In the middle of the night something scurries by Eddie's face.

Waking, Eddie turns on his lighter.

But sees nothing.

Trying to sleep again.

He hears a squeaking.

Lighting his lighter

A fast moving mutated black slug runs by,

Taking the can of spray paint he turns his lighter into a flame thrower.

EDDIE

BURN. CRISPY CRITTER.!!

As the one burns, more can be heard.

CUT too outside

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Out in the wasteland it had turned to day the sun beats down on everything as hard as ever. into this a wild sound can be heard. Then a small door in the ground flies opens, and Eddie comes running out with black leaches on his face.

brushing them off,

he sees one of the black slugs running under a near by plant for shade.

EDDIE

So you don't like sunlight hu, WELL ME EITHER.!!! (pause)

Eddie looks to the wide wasteland all around him.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Dissolve too Eddie walking Suddenly he stops.

Looking at his map he turns it to the side, then he puts it down and scratches his head.

EDDIE

Well, Looks like this is the spot. Alright Eddie
what did he say a sky snake, curved high. Sky snake up high.

Eddie trips on an object and falls to the ground.

EDDIE

So I should look up.

Eddie looks up, above him is a conveyor belt.

He walks a little more and before him are two shiny metal pipes.

Eddie lights up a cigarette and starts thinking

EDDIE

Two silver veins near them a thing recognized...

As Eddie says this he drops his cigarette and steps on it. CUT - too.

EXT. SHORE LINE IN CAS SPA - LATE NOON.

Chief stands looking at the sea as Eddie walks up to him.

CHIEF

So how was your journey, did you find the answers you
were looking for?

EDDIE
(Scratching head)

Listen Chief I don't know about your snakes, fires, and demons;
but this is what I found.

Eddie holds up a DVD with no label.

EDDIE
You see chief it's a disc.

The chief looks at him but says nothing then looks back to the sea. There is a long silence.
Eddie may choose to light a cigarette at this time.

EDDIE
So Chief what are you looking at? any visions? any snakes on the ocean?
(Pause) It's a nice view anyway.

CHIEF
Yes, it is.

The two stand at the edge of the sea as the camera dollies out, and the Music beds up..

End.

Illustrated Section

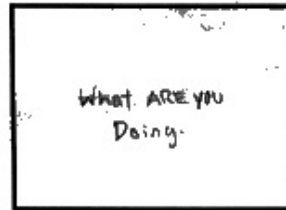
Stories based on the short lived "Lead and Ink" series,
started in 2003 - 2004.

Program LEAD & INK Page

Shot ①



Shot ②



of

Shot ④



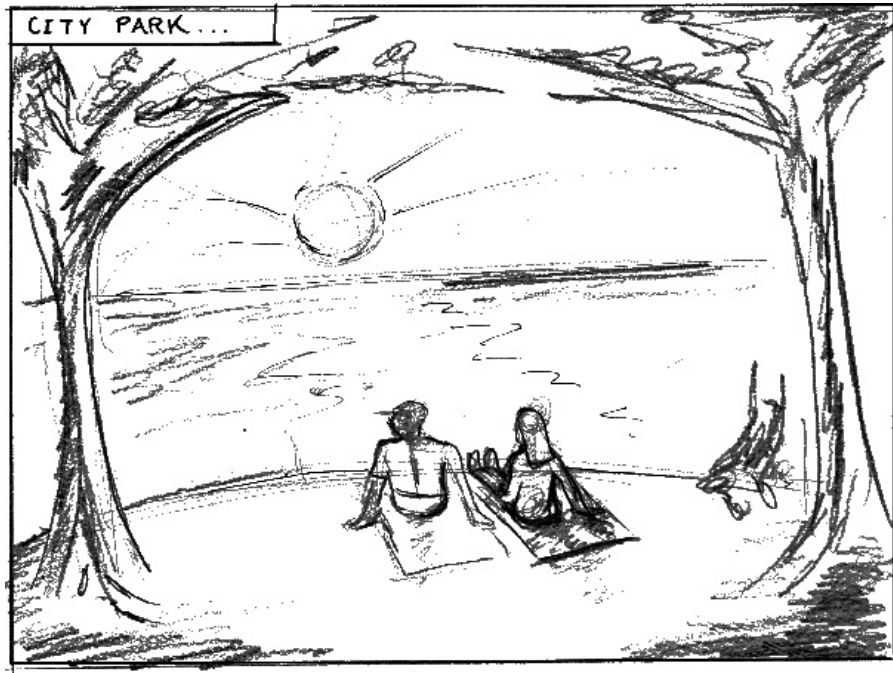
Shot ③



STORYBOARD

Loser Larry

A day at the park.



The scene opens to Larry and Jennifer sitting at the park

LARRY

“Thanks for coming out here with me, Jennifer.”

JENNIFER

“No problem Larry.”

LARRY

“I asked you here because...”

JENNIFER

“Well?”

LARRY

“I..... “

JENNIFER

“Yeah?!”

LARRY

"I... I was wondering if you would go out with me?"

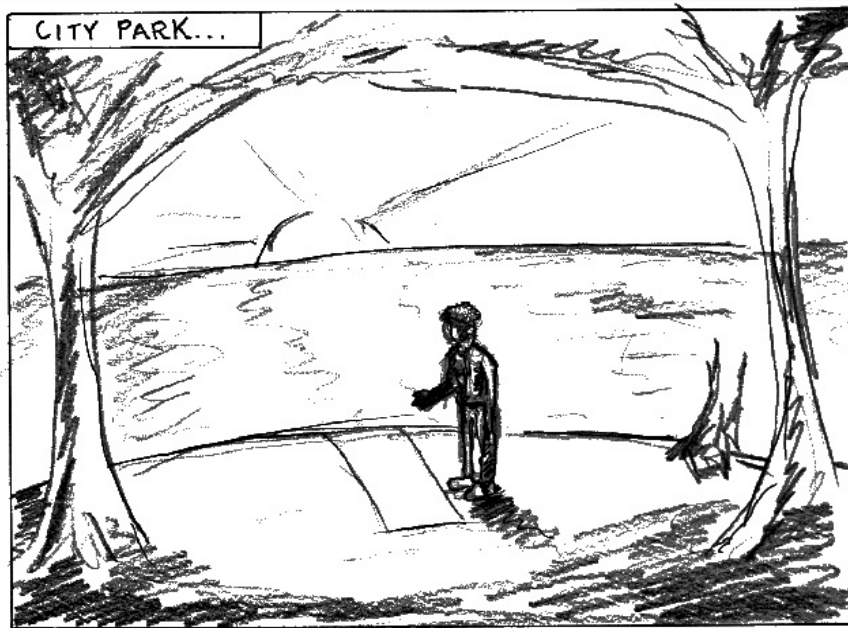
JENNIFER

"No, I'm sorry. But I value Our friendship to much to go out on a date with you, Larry.
Good-bye"

Exit Jennifer.

LARRY

"But Jennifer... Wait!"



Larry is left standing alone.

Elsewhere, in the park two girls stand talking.

LARRY

"Pardon me, but would any of you girls like to go out with me?"

GIRL # ONE

“No way! You are like too uncool!”

GIRL # TWO

“What a loser!”

In yet another place in the park.

LARRY

“Hey Delroy.”

DELROY

“Yo, word up.”



LARRY

“I need a girlfriend.”

DELROY

“If you want’a pick up chicks you came the right place.”

LARRY

“How do you do it?”

DELROY

“Three things.”

LARRY

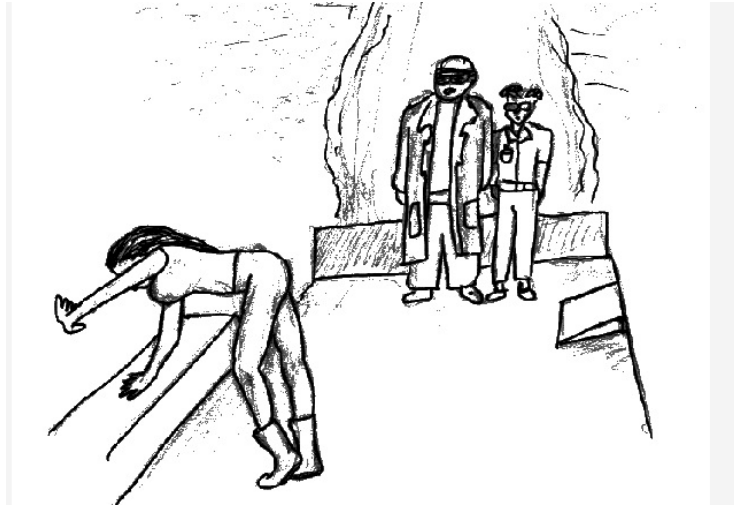
“And they are?”

DELROY

“First you got’a observe a girls cloths can tell you about her.”

DELROY

“You see, that girl’s fine... I can tell just by looking at her.”



DELROY

“Then you got’s to complement.”

DELROY
(Too Lady)

“Hey baby, you’re looking fine!”

LADY

“Get away!”

DELROY
“Last you got’s suggest you
could make a date.”

DELROY
“How about you and me....?”

LADY
“Get a life!”

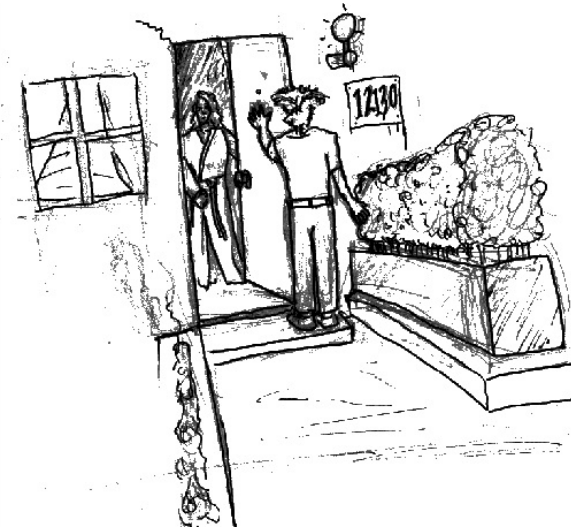


Reissa's house.

Larry's long time friend.

REISSA
"Larry what are
you doing here?"

LARRY
"I have no girlfriend
Reissa and no where
else to go. Will you
go out with me?"



REISSA
"No, But I'll tell you what. Take this."

LARRY
"What is it?"

LARRY
"Hey it's "The Backwards" This is my favorite 80's band."

REISSA
"Take it and make you're way to the front of the stage."



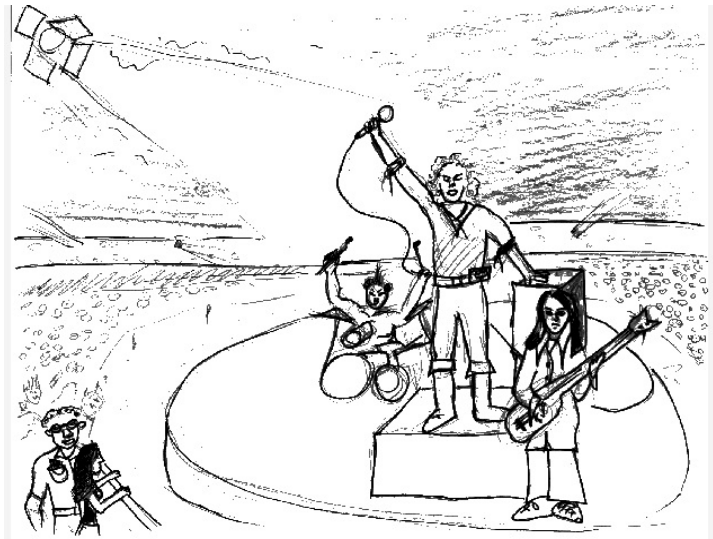
LARRY
"What for."

REISSA
"You may find, something you need."

LARRY
"But why?"

REISSA
"Trust me, sometimes it's good to
have foxy girls for friends."

Night of the concert.



LARRY

“Pardon me, but would you like to go out with me?”

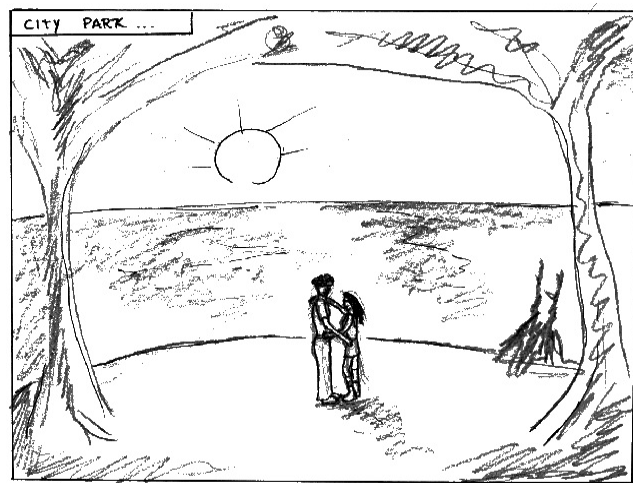
GIRL

“Okay.”

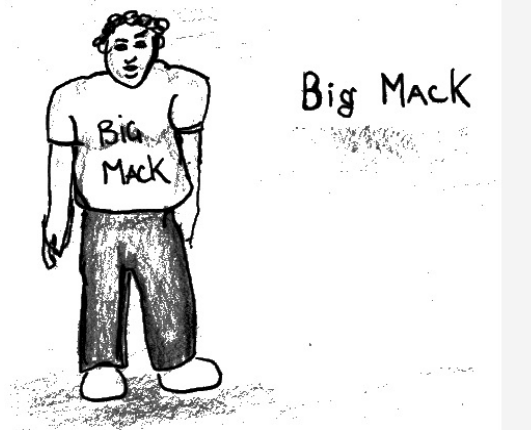


Walking away they hold hands.

Back at the park.



Big Mack: in, "Look at me, I look great!"



Establishing shot Big Mack's House: Zoom out to his apartment: "The Weekend Lofts."

Car drives up.

Two men get out.

One long hair thin, (named Vino)

other fat and round.(named Will)

Getting out of their car, they walk forward into the building.

WILL

"So, who's this Big Mack anyway?"

VINO

"Oh, he was a big football and Piano Star back in the early to mid 80's."



CUT TOO:

Big Mack in his apartment. Moving in the shadows.

CUT BACK: Vino & Will

VINO

“His nick name was Speedball and he was the man’s man, strong and tough, and rugged, no one would dare to stand up to him, because he was so manly.”



WILL

“So do you think that we can revive his career?”

VINO

“Well, I don t know? The 80's are making a bit of a come back, and you can never know about these things. The sooner we met him the sooner we’ll know, if he’s up to it.”

CUT BACK: To Big Mack in his apartment.

In the dark of his room the large figure of Big Mack puts on woman’s stockings, and lip stick. With way to much make up and eye shadow. In his hands he holds a bar and cresses it gently, Almost whispering he says.

BIG MACK

“Oh, oh, I would put you on, if only those people from the TV station weren’t coming over later on today.”



Big Mack Nods “yes” as if to reassure him self.

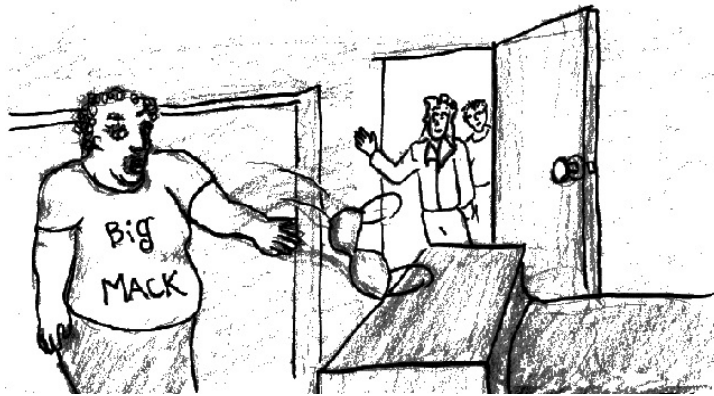
The door bell rings. Big Mack looks around scared and shocked.

CUT TOO: Outside of Big Mack s door.

VINO

“This is it, I hope he’s ready for us.”

Door Opens.



They open the door in just enough time to see Big Mack throwing this Bar on the his bed.

BIG MACK

“My girl friend always leaving her stuff around here! (Walking to them he shakes their hands and says.) Hey, come in. So you two are from the TV station?”

VINO

“Yes, We’re here to see if you are available to do a come back special.”

BIG MACK

“Sounds good, I m ready for anything.”

It’s only now that Will singles to the VINO that there’s something strange on Big Mack s face. Although both of then have known it for the moment they stepped in the door.

VINO

“A-hum, Big Mack there something on your face.”

BIG MACK

“What?” (Touching his face.)

WILL

“Yeah, It kind of looks like Woman’s make up to me.”

Seeing that there's make up on his hands, He just remembered that he forgot to wash off his girly wear. But that's okay he's so manly that he'll just make up a lie, and they'll have to believe him.

BIG MACK

"Na! Naha! It's Hard Core football Face paint! I was trying it on earlier you know for my come back special."

Taking his hands Big Mack attempts to wipe the make up off his face. Rubbing his hands on his sturdy mug he simply ends up smearing his make-up even more. To the point where he now look like some type of full-sized clown.

BIG MACK

"Now, Lets Go!"

CUT TOO: Mobile ENG Filed unit and Studio 7.

With One line producer who act's more as an accountant than anything else. The camera operator, Will, the D.P. (Director of photography) and VINO who's the Mobile field Director.

In the Middle of this is Big Mack, he now has on a very sensible sweater but his face is still messed up. Big Mack begins with a monolog to the camera.

BIG MACK

Hey, I name's Big Mack Some of you might know me as "Speedball" Profession football and piano star. My career took a nose dive back in the late 80's due to a slight addition to proscription pain killers. But I'm alright now, really; and I m ready...."



VINO

"CUT! Just hold on Big Mack, we're having a slight technical problem over here."

BIG MACK

"Okay, I got ya!" (Giving a big Thumps up.)

VINO
(Too Will)

"That Make-up smeared pretty bad."



WILL

"You want me to tell Him?"

VINO

No, No, I got another Idea."

CUT TOO: Studio 7's Video Library.



VINO

“This is the tape Library we have stock footage going back too the late 50's”

WILL

“So we’re going to use this old stuff”

VINO

“Yes.”

TWO WEEKS PASS.

Cheep looking Special effect, With a Hard Core Beats. Text graphics Open to a black screen and dark voiced,

Announcer

“The Are heroes in football, then there are legends. But this man is no myth.”

“He s Back!, Big Mack, is “Speedball” Profession football Star!”

Shot’s of Big Mack pummeling some guy on the Football battlefield, in slow motion.

Announcer

“But “Big Mack” has a sensitive side too, and sometimes there’s only one way for him to express his compassionate feeling, and unfulfilled desires. And that’s with the piano.”

Shot of Big Mack playing the grand piano slightly off key. Mostly because of the big rings he wears on his fingers.

CUT TOO:

Screening room with a big cigar in Big Mack’s mouth.

BIG MACK

I look great, Look at Me! I look great!

Vino and Will enter the room and turn on the lights. Just in time to see Big Mack applauds him self.

BIG MACK

“You know I haven’t felt this excited in a long time.”

VINO

“That’s good, that’s Good Big Mack. I think that people will want to see you also.”

BIG MACK

“Very Good! Hey do you guys know if the food court s still open?”

WILL

Yeah, help your self.

Big Mack gets up out of his chair and walks to the door. He whistles out of the doorway. After he’s gone.

WILL

“Do you think his show will do well?”

VINO

“Well, stranger things have happened. Besides Big Mack said it him self he looks great.”



CUT TOO:

Food Court Big Mack’s sitting down at a table alone, wolfing down a bucket of super crispy.

Just the a Pretty Boy and some meaningless girl come along.

GIRL

“Hello Big Mack, ?”

Big Mack nods “Yes” with a whole chicken still in his mouth. He doesn’t even have the common courtesy to take the chicken out of his mouth to speak to them.

BIG MACK

“Uhhmmhmmm!”

PRETTY BOY

“I hope we’re not disturbing you.”

Big Mack grunts “No” and invites then to sit down. With a wave of his hand.

BIG MACK

“Belch!”

GIRL

“Yes, well we are the Executive Producers Producing your come back special.”

Big Mack Nods “Yes” Still chomping away.

PRETTY BOY

“Yeah, well if everything goes well then we would like to expand your special into a regular show, kind of like the one you had back in the 80's.



Big Mack says, “Yeah” spiting out a chuck of food.

BIG MACK

“Yeeahh! Sounds good!”

GIRL

“That’s good, So what do you think of the director?”

Looking for an other place to bite down on his half eaten bird. He give an OK sing and nod “Hell Yeah, this director is excellently” With his sweat covered lumpy face.

PRETTY BOY

“You see I told you, it was a good idea to go with the best.”

GIRL

“All right, you where right, But Big Mack how do you think you look? You look good for the special don’t you?

Big Mack chomps Down on some more tender chicken flesh.

BIG MACK

I look! (spewing out a rainbow of chicken parts.)



Chewing some more for a second try.

BIG MACK

Yeeahh! I Look! (Chough, this time almost choking on a chicken bone. All the while making a mess of him self.)

Simply breathing in, to hopefully clear his air way enough to make a 3ed try at it.

BIG MACK

I Loooo...!

Holding his hand in he air, he signals for one minute of time.

Still grinding on what at this point is nothing but chicken bones. He manages to pull it away from his face just long enough to say.



BIG MACK

Yeah! Look at me, I look great!!!

All of this as Big Mack sits, sweaty and bloated, like some kind of huge beached whale unable to move. A trickle of saliva mixed with grease and a slime stewed in half eaten chicken parts fall from his mouth to his damp cotton shirt. He is truly a mess, but all anyone is interested in is the image that Big Mack projects. So when Big Mack says that he looks great they have no choice but to they believe him.

End.

The North American Psychopath



A line forms outside of the local “Honky-Mart” for the ARGO- Action Dino-man Action figure. In the middle of the crowd there is one person that is not normal. Because his name’s Bill and he’s a Psychopath.

Making his way to the front of the line Bill, talks to his friend Security Chief Delroy.

DELROY
“Yo, What’s up.”

BILL
“Hey Delroy, Admits your drudgery
have you come upon the ARGO -
Dino man, This Evening?”

DELROY
“Sure, it’s in the back.”



Toy department



BILL

“You know, the Dino-man is an action figure, it’s not a toy.”

Just then an old lady takes the last Dino-man off the shelf.

BIILL

“Did you see that, that old mare stole my Dino-man! That was the last Dino-man!”

DELROY

“Calm down bill. I’ll find you another one. Just hold on, wait here.”



BILL
“Excuse me, aged genteel
patron but in your haste you
mistakenly took my ARGO-
Action Dino man.”

OLD LADY
“Get lost! This is for my
grandson.”

BILL
“Why, you!” (Bill winds up for a,..)



Punch!!!



DELROY
“BILL!”

MANAGER
“Delroy, do you know this psycho!”





Outside of the local “Honky-Mart”.

DELROY

“I’m sorry Bill, But I got’a do this.”

BILL

“It’s all right man, I understand.”

Meanwhile At the Hospital.

DOCTOR#1

“What kind of a monster, would do this to a poor old lady!”

DOCTOR #2

“Take it easy Doc.”

DOCTOR#1

“You know, Whenever something like this happens. It makes me so mad!”

The next day: At the bus stop.

Bill walks up to Mary
waiting at the bus stop.



BILL
“Hi Mary, do you want some
Chips?”

MARY
“No.”

BILL
“But why not?”

MARRY
“Bill, I don’t like you, you are to
way to creepy.”



BILL
“BALHHH!”



MARRY

“Gross freak!”

MARRY

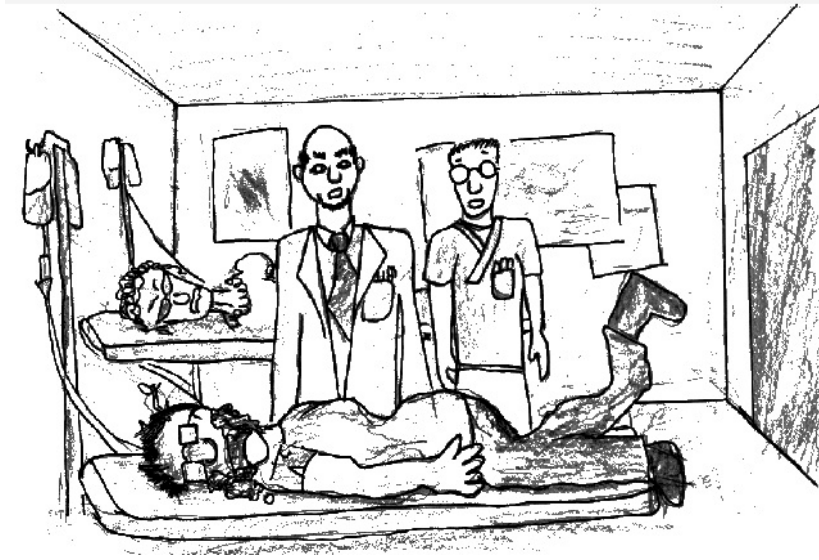
“Whack!”

BILL
“WHRR AHHRRR HAR!!!”



Bill fall down an embankment behind the bus stop.

At the Hospital.



OLD LADY

“He’s the one! He did this to me!”

DOCTOR #1

“I see, get her out of here! (Pause) And you too!”

DOCTOR#2

“Ok, Doc, I sure hope you know what you’re doing.”

Exit Doctor #2 and the old Lady.

DOCTOR#1

“I took an oath to do no harm! But, in this case I’m about to brake it!”

An Bitter Adventure. II : The room of Gold.

In Graph text and voice over. And wind sounds over a vast expanse.

Announcer

“After many terror attacks. Nuclear stock piles were breached, unleashing World War III.

“The earth was turned into a barren and hostile wasteland. Only small pockets of humanity survived.”



“Into this enter Bitter,”



“and Rock~o this is their story.”

Music beds up into a stings.

Walking across the earth’s wastes, of unbroken sands and scorched rocks. Rock~o asks Bitter a question in this cursed land.



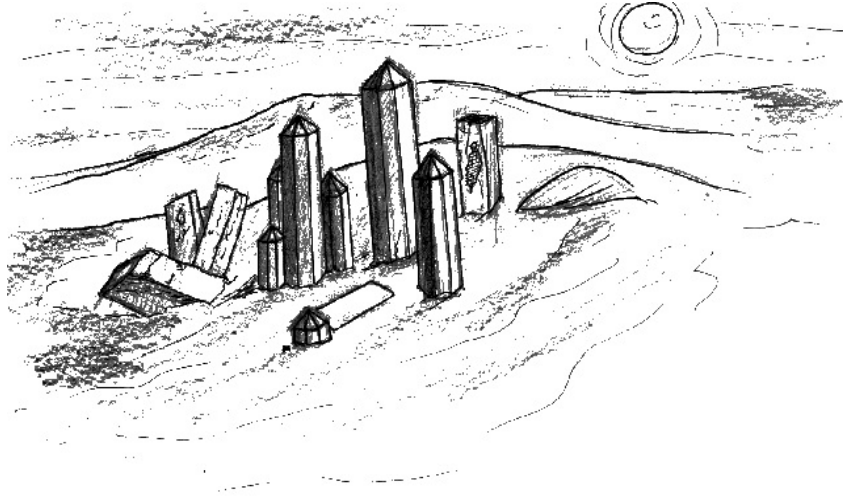
ROCK~O

“Bitter, where are we going?”

BITTER

“Shut up, It’s not far.”

TIME ELAPSE



BITTER

“We are here. Now Rock~o, I want you to listen up.”

ROCK~O

“All right.”

BITTER

“Long ago before the war, two grand building stood here. They held the world’s gold and treasures.”

ROCK~O

“So what?”

BITTER

“These 7 crystal towers were made upon the rubble of those buildings.”

ROCK~O

“So the legend is correct. A lost vault filled with riches.”

BITTER

“Yeah, I guess so?”

BITTER

“It’s strange, how this is where everything started. Now it’s the only thing left.”

UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

Bitter and Rock~o make their way into a deep underground moist and dark, it seem to be a labyrinth of halls and doors.

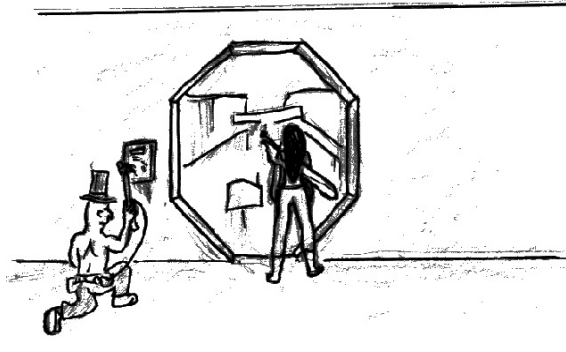
BITTER

“Here’s the door can you open it?”

ROCK~O

“Yes, I think so.”

TIME PASSES.



ROCK~O

“All right, it’s unlocked. (Rock~o points to a button.) Push this button to open the door.”

BITTER

“Okay, this is it. Half for you, half for me.”

DOOR OPENS...

BITTER

“It’s Empty! I can’t believe this! Sorry about that Rock~o.”

ROCK~O

“It’s all Right.”

BITTER

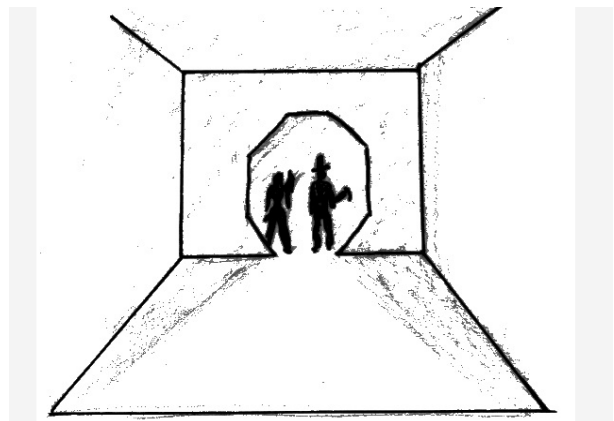
“ALL RIGHT!? If I were you I’d be pissed!

ROCK~O

“Well, people have a strange way of getting dead around you.”

BITTER

“So what?”



ROCK~O

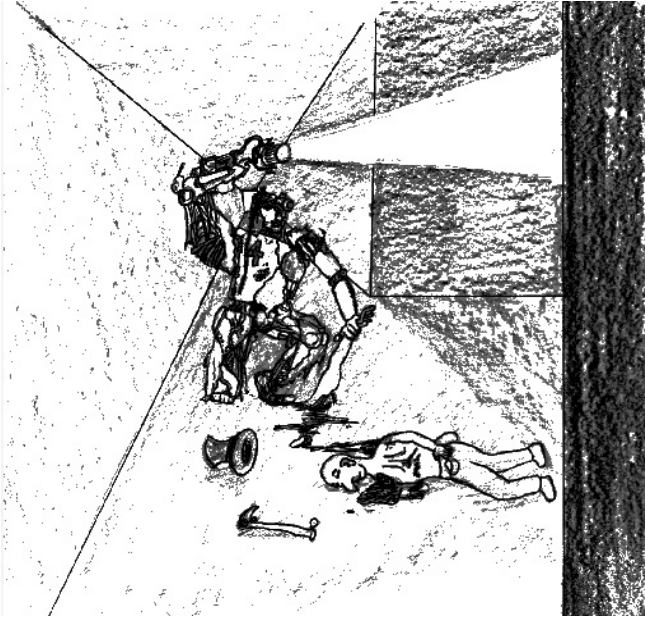
"I'm glad to be leaving with my life. Hey bitter, What's that rotten smell?"

"AHGGK HURR SPLUTER!!..

BITTER

"ROCK~O! You better NOT be double crossing me!"

Bitter makes her way out of the room and turns down the hall.



BITTER

"What the Hell!"

CYBORG

"I need his parts. I think he's dead. I can't use dead parts. You girl, you're alive!"

CYBORG

"Come back here! It won't hurt to much!"

Running blindly, down the blacken halls; bitter can heard the crackling robot voice of the cyborg ringing clear in her ears, rumbling down the dusty wall.

CYBORG

"I see you."

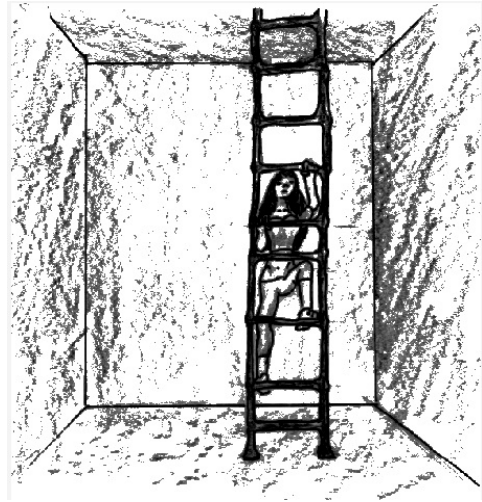
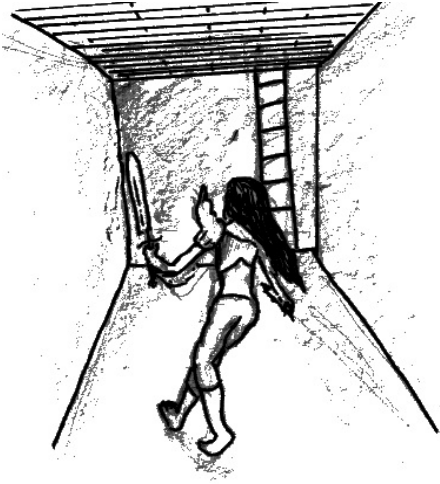
BITTER

"Damn Cyborg."



CYBORG

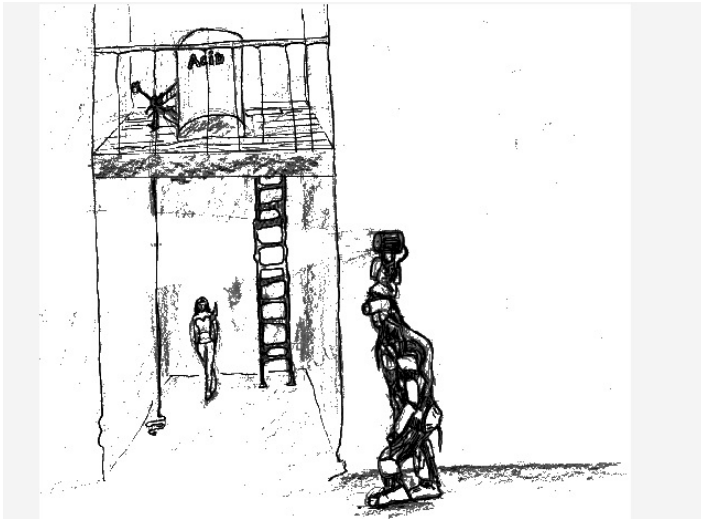
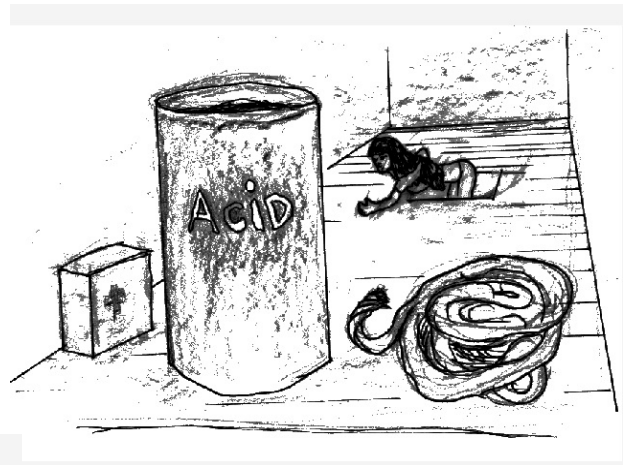
“You came for the room. I know because, I made up a rumor, about a room of gold. So I could have fresh body parts.”



Bitter's eye's have slowly adjusted to the darkness. and she begins to see shape's in the dark. Above her there's seems to be a supply alcove.

She looks around

And finds something very covenant.



Bitter walks slowly around the corner to a rope hanging over the head of her cyborg pursuer.



CYBORG

“You can’t fight me, because you’ll be part of me little girl.

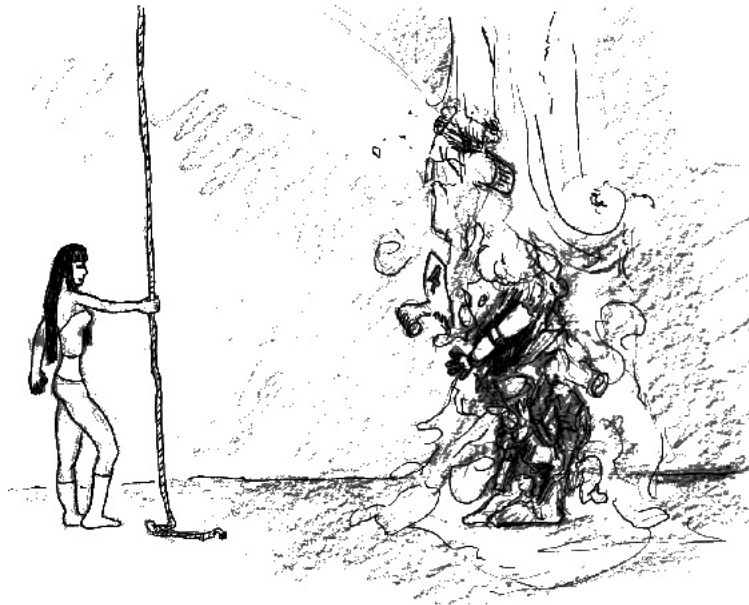
CYBORG

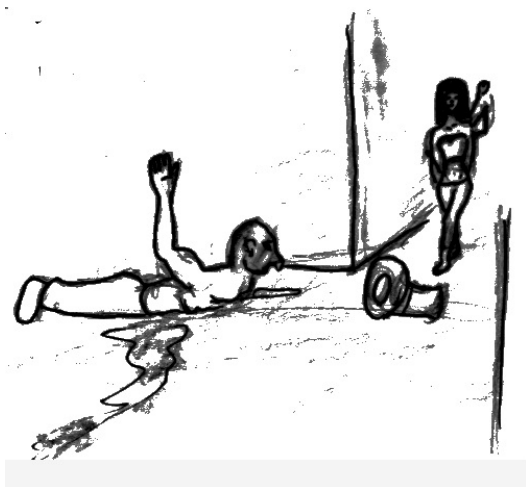
“What do you have behind your back?
Some knives for me?”



BITTER

“Try, Acid.”





ROCK~O
(Weak.) "Bitter, bitter."

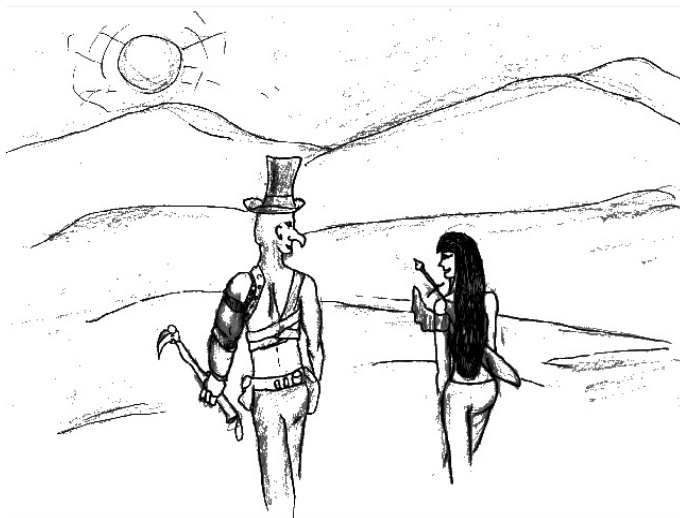
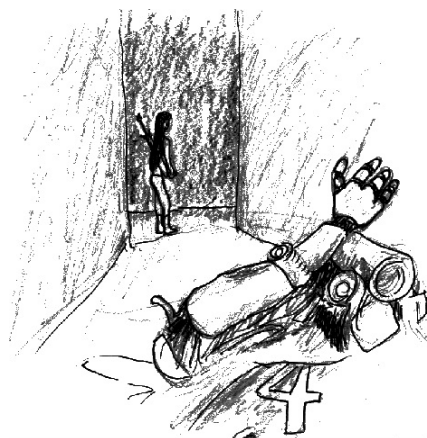
BITTER
"Rock~o, are you still alive?"

ROCK~O
"Yes, but I'm hurt very badly, I must of passes out when that thing ripped off my arm."

BITTER
"Hold on, I got an Idea!"

CUT BACK TOO: The wastes.

ROCK~O
"I didn't know that a cybernetic arm could instantly attach, like that."



BITTER
"Yeah, and you don't stink like that other guy."

BITTER
"Well, you're not that bad your self."

End.

First Date

Scene opens onto a cemetery, at dusk. Jennifer and Larry walk on a path, flanked by the grave stones. As they move past old dead looking trees and over grown dried brush. Jennifer decides to make a statement about the odd spot they've found them selves in.



JENNIFER

"Isn't this place cool, Larry?"

LARRY

"I don't know, It seems kind of spooky to me."

Jennifer Looks at Larry, as if something in his voice, has just given a little feel, away.

JENNIFER

"I bet this is your First date ... (Pause)
And I think you ve have had;
thoughts, of all the nasty little things
you could do to me."



Larry shocked at what sweet innocent Jennifer has just said.

LARRY

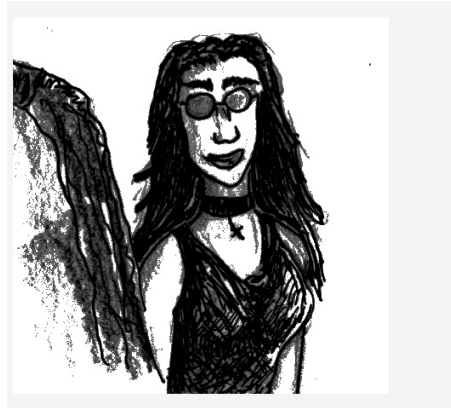
“No, I mean Yes.. I mean, No I haven’t...”

There is a silence as both of them come up upon a clearing.

Jennifer, Leans up against Larry. Whispering in his ear she says,

JENNIFER

“I bet you like it Dirty.”



Larry smiles but says nothing. This is mostly because he doesn't know what to say. And partly because it's true, and he doesn't what to mess things up, by talking.

Walking a bit more they find a place to sit.

Jennifer, takes off her glasses and rubs her eyes. Then she looks at Larry with blurred vision.



LARRY

“What are you doing?”

JENNIFER

“I’m taking off my glasses.
What dose it look like?”

With that she throws her arms around him and says.

JENNIFER

Hold Me.



Larry, follows her command and slowly puts his arms around her.

With is head on her shoulder he looks behind her. Off on to the rolls and rolls of gravestones and head markers all around.

Before his eyes a ghostly image appears. It looks kind of like a nun reading a bible. Larry Yells.

AHHH!!!

JENNIFER

What is it?

Jennifer turns too see what all the yelling is about.

But when Larry looks again there is nothing there. He can't stop shaking, after he calms down a little he says,

LARRY

"I thought I saw some Lady, reading a book."

Jennifer Looks at him and says, rather coldly.

JENNIFER

"That s so Lame."

LARRY

"Why?"

Larry asks.

JENNIFER

"You should of said that you saw a Vampire, that would of really turned me on."

LARRY

"Really, well then, I saw a Vampire."

JENNIFER

"You're just saying that; but I ll believe you anyway."

Jennifer slides up against him and starts kiss him all over,

Larry naturally begins to look up. Before his eyes an vampire appears. And seems to grab for him out of a tree.



“AHHHH! It’s up in the trees!”

JENNIFER

“All right, what did you see this time?!!”

LARRY

“Uhah, Nothing.”

JENNIFER

“Just say it Larry.”

LARRY



“No, your going to be mad at me.”

JENNIFER

“LARRY!”

LARRY

“Okay, I saw a Vampire in a tree.”

JENNIFER

“Your right, I am mad at you. Listen Larry, I m as horny as hell and I’m not going to take it anymore.”

LARRY

“But...”

JENNIFER

“But nothing! You’d better start putting out! Or I’m going to start to think that you don’t like girls.”

JENNIFER

“That’s it, I m taking this off.”

Jennifer removes her outer shirt. But of course she has another shirt on underneath.

Larry walks up to her, very slowly to her.

Jennifer and Larry, embrace.

End.

The North American Psychopath # 2

Shape outline in the trees



WILL

“Why do we have to go on this nature hike anyway? I’m too fat for this.”

VINO

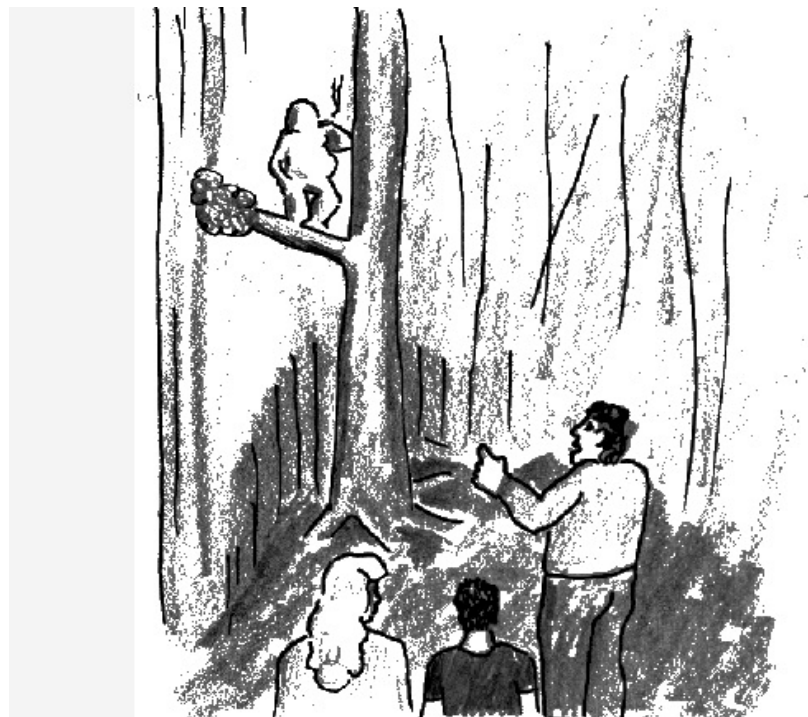
“Big Mack thought that it might be a good idea if he got back into shape.”

WILL

“Where is he anyway?”

Walking around a bunch of trees they see, Big Mack terrified looking up at something.

BIG MACK
“It’s up in the trees.”





BILL

“WHARRR HAR WHAHH!!”

BIG MACK

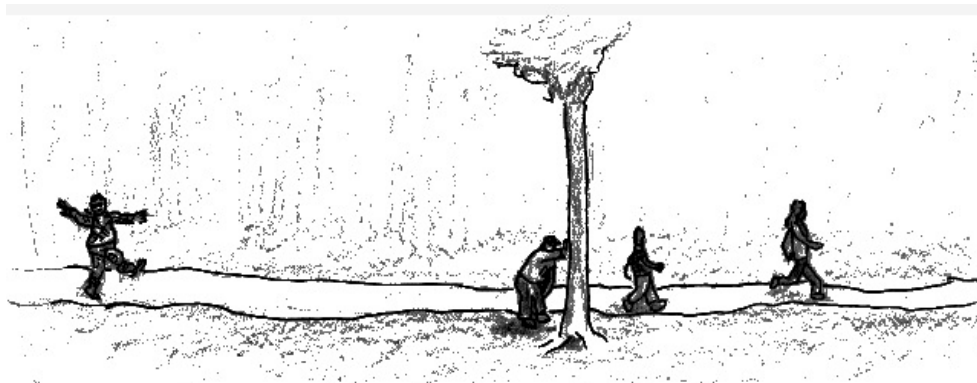
“Dear God!”

WILL

“What is it!”

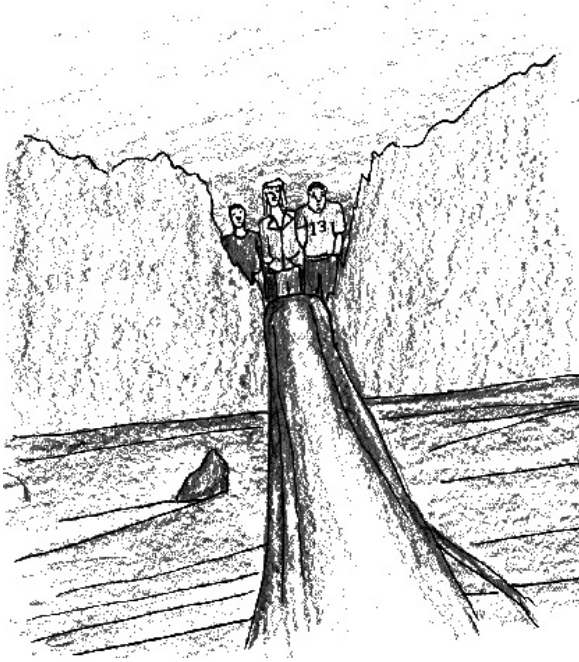
VINO

“Run for it!”



WILL

“Hey, Big Mack when that thing jumped out of the trees you seemed too pop out of you shirt, and I saw that you had a bra on underneath.”



BIG MACK

“No, No way this is called an athletic support it’s for my bad back.”

VINO

“Look you two, there’s a fallen tree it has made a natural bridge across the river.”

BIG MACK

“Wait, I can’t swim.....”

BIG MACK

“What if I fall in!”

VINO

“Just go!”

Vino kicks him off the log into the water.

BIG MACK

“Ka ~ boom!” (Splash!)

BIG MACK

“Hey, You guys I’m hung-up on this rock.”





VINO

“Will, Don’t look at it!”

BIG MACK

“Save your self Vino, I’m a goner...”

VINO

“I will!”

Bill walks up to Willy and with him under his spell, says.

BILL

“So your name’s Will. Kind of sounds like my name, Bill. So you say you’re into movies?”

WILL

“Yeah...” (Brainwashed.)

BILL

“My dad has an old 16mm. Movie camera at our house I could let you see it, if you want. After that, I could show you some take down maneuvers.”

CUT TOO:

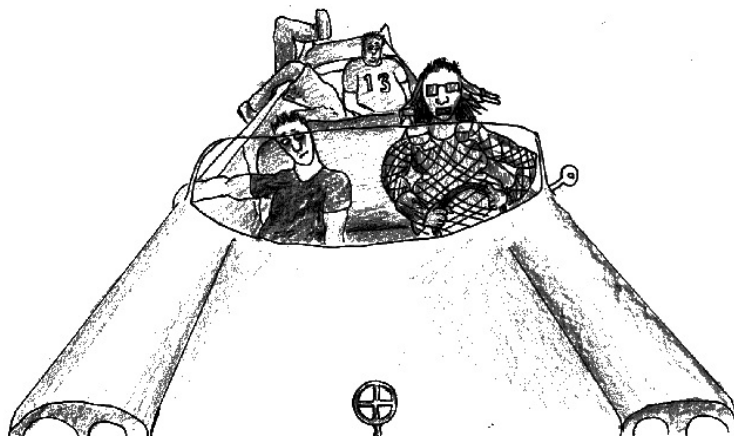
VINO
“That thing won’t get me.”

VINO
“Ah, Ahhh!”



Flying down an embankment. And landing in
Bill’s car bellow.

BILL
“Oh, this is Excellent! I have all three of them now. Now, I can take them back home
and we can play role playing games! In my mother’s basement. But we can’t make to
much noise, or we might disturb her.”



The same old lady from before is taking a nice relaxing drive in the country,



She’s horrified.

When she sees bill’s angry face in front of her.



Bill speeds up and comes right at her.

After running her off the road. Bill sees that an rainbow has formed in front of him.

BILL

“What the Huuu?”

A slender man in a white robe, long hair, and feathers flies down on a rainbow blocking Bill’s path.

BILL

“What are you?”

MANA

“My name is Mana I am the sprit of the forest... and you are?”

DOCTOR

“Mr. Mr. Bill.. Hum, you’re in the hospital. Can you hear me?”



BILL

“Yes doctor?”

DOCTOR

“Yes well, apparently a doctor here went mad and doped you up pretty good.”

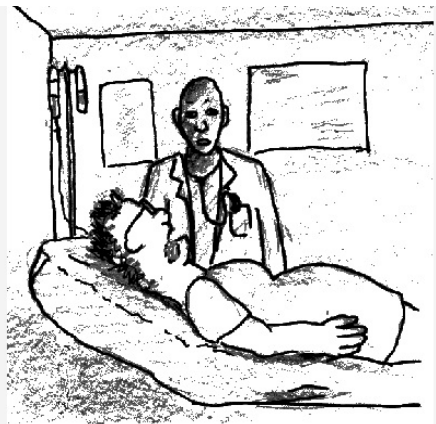


BILL

“So, It was all a dream?”

DOCTOR

“Evidently so.



End.

More Stories

The following are some of the stories from a T.V. show called “Stolen Reel” that I helped out on.

The concept for the show was that: The host of the show, who thinks he’s being chased by spies; goes to a hidden vault in the forbidden land, to retrieve films to show us his audience.

DARK-ARTS

By

Masumi T. Childers

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Fade in. To a Young Man meditating in his small room.

YOUNG MAN

(Voice Over)

"I can't say when I noticed it. I mean that is to say, when other people couldn't feel things; and I could.

I guess you could say that I'm a mystic or a psychic. I can't see into the future or anything like that. The only thing I can do is talk to the dead. If they're still hanging around. Most of them don't stick around very long.

The ones that do seem to have the most problems, And somehow they always need my help to solve them.

But mostly, I will get calls from the living; asking me to talk to their long dead loved ones. But I don't know what to say, It's very hard to find one ghost out of so many. There are times when I can't tell the difference between a ghost and a real person. Some spirits are really strong and can push you out of the way just like a real person can.

And that's what I do, I practice the dark-arts and I can't stop."

Stinger.

Title: *DARK-ARTS*

The young man gets geared up and ready to go. (Using mostly dissolves.)

Shots of him putting out candles.

putting on various rings.

and chains around his neck and covering it with a second T-shirt.

lacing up his shoes.

He kneels and sprays a blessing into the air.

Last he puts on his black jacket, and slips a charm of some type into its front pocket.

Young Man about to step out of his front door.

YOUNG MAN

(Voice Over)

"It seems like the second you step out of the door your mixed up into someone else's business. and I guessed that today would be no different."

Exit.

EXT. DRIVING THE STREETS - DAY

Shots of him driving, slamming his fist against his head and looking mean.

His Voice over.

"It was about two days ago I could feel something different in the air as if something had changed or shifted. And it was around this spot, but I couldn't stop driving to check it out so I when on, and ignored it. But it's been on my mind and now I must see what it is."

Stepping out of his parked car and surveying the grounds he sees many bit's of garbage, in this grassy filed. Within the trash, he finds a old piece of lined paper.

YOUNG MAN

(Voice Over)

"It was a old piece of paper, The feeling I must of felt the other day was when it was blown in, on the winds."

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

The young man examines the paper on his work table.

Voice over continues

"I could feel that this was a very old thing, and that it was somehow it was touched by a ghost and it had an address on it that I couldn't read."

Ghost hunter Finding and pulling out something from his shelf.

"This was a riddle that neither water nor flame could solve. I would have to ask an ghost friend I know. And for this I would need the board. Although, I use it from time to time it's not my preferred way of speaking to the dead. and I would not advise anyone to use it. It's because any ghost that won't confront you or talk to you in a dream or vision, is going to be hiding something and let s face it, it's easy to lie threw a board. But the one I'll be talking to is okay. I trust it well enough."

Young man attempts to contact ghost on his ouija board.

Time passes and nothing happens.

CUT TOO: him putting his things away.

YOUNG MAN
(Voice Over)

“It was Late in the night and I was putting everything away when my Ghost friend finally decided to contact me. I can say that I got a location and I was nice to speak to my spirit buddy again. But it did warn me to be carefully, that who ever sent the paper to me, was somewhat estranged or divided in someway.”

CUT TOO:

EXT. OLDER House - Day

Young man walks down a narrow alley, to the front door of this house.

Finding that the door is locked he kicks down the door.

INT. OLDER House - Day

The Young Man enters. A long haired woman huddled facing the corner.

YOUNG MAN
(In Voice Over)

“I think this is the ghost that set the paper. I don’t think that she knows, that I can see her. I’m going to ask her some questions and maybe she might, answer back.

Q. Man “Too the Sprit in the corner. Did you send out this page.”
(Holding the paper in his hand.)

A. Ghost (Ghost Turns, and looks at the ghost hunter.) “Yes.”

The Ghost answers. Her voice is clear and pleasant-sounding, but deeper than most woman’s voices.

Q. Man “Did you mean for it, to come to me.”

A. Ghost “Maybe, Can you help me?”

Q. Man “Perhaps, what do you want me to do?”

A. Ghost “What, What, would you like to do?”

Ghost moves rather suddenly from the corner to right in front of the young man.

GHOST

“Can You help me..? Would you like to know who I am?”

YOUNG MAN

“Okay.”

GHOST

“Okay? I need, I need a thing that wraps around my chest.”

YOUNG MAN

“A Bra? You Need a Bra.”

GHOST

“No, It was silver with Lines, Links in it.”

YOUNG MAN

“A chain?”

GHOST

“Yes, It was. . It was where.” (Ghost vanishes out of frame.)

Suddenly the Young Man moans, then fall to the ground. The ghost glides away in one smooth movement in a near straight line. She dissolves then reappears then dissolves again.

CUT TOO:

Ghost hunter Laying down the camera zooms out from his eye.

He finds him self in a small room. It some how seems very hazy in the room. The door to this room flies opens and the half formed spirit comes froth from a mist.

GHOST

“You will find my chain or here your stay here forever, I will keep you here and you will never get out.”

YOUNG MAN

“Sounds fine to me. I like to be kept, by female Ghost.”

GHOST

“Hum! You want to know who I was, who I am. I can’t remember these things.
Find my chains.”

The Ghost nears seemingly trying too hold the man’s hands. So that she can somehow feel reassured that he will do as she commands.

YOUNG MAN

“So there’s more that one chain?”

GHOST

“Yes, There is.”

YOUNG MAN

“Where do you think they are.”

GHOST

“Some where around here, I ll help you look. Come to Me. Follow.”

The young man stands from his seated position. And walks outside following behind the Ghost.

After walking around some of the hallways and passages.

He starts to look at the ghost’s body, as any good pervert would do.

All at once the Ghost stops and turns to the Young Man.

Her eyes just peeking out of her long black hair.

GHOST

“I can feel your eyes on me. Look here. (With that she vanishes.)

Looking around it doesn’t take him long to find a section of old rusty chain wrapped a round a bone of some kind.

After taking the Chain off the bone he finds to his shock that the Ghost has reappeared very unexpectedly and rapidly.

Grabbing his hand she throw the chain far away and drops the bone on the ground.
Suddenly he finds him self on the ground and the Ghost is on top of him. Punching him in the face.

The Ghost Hunter starts to bleed from his nose.

GHOST

“You Stupid FOOL! Your going to Die, Then I could really start to hurt you!
If you like to be kept by Ghosts! I’ll keep you for an eternity! (As she kicks the young man in the face. It the blink of the eye, she now has a small knife Blade. And she s coming at him.)

GHOST

I’ll have you’re eyes, for looking at me!!!

Pulling the charm out of his jacket he holds it and slashes it up ward towards the ghost. she falls back, he stands up and looks down at her. Then with on quick step he stomps the bone that he found onto dust.

looking at him with anger she vanishes into the walls.

The young man looks around.

He makes his way back to the front door. Looking like a beat up mess.

Walking out in to the sun.

YOUNG MAN

(Voice Over)

“I doubt that she’ll come looking for me again, but I guess that’s the dangers of practicing the dark-arts You just never know who’s good or Bad, most of the time their no good, or indifferent but sometime thing work out okay. You just need you know your self and know your own limitations, And you’ll find that most of the time fate puts you in the position not to help your self, but so that you can help other people, and it s horrible. I don’t know why I continue to do it. I guess it s just something in me that tells me to keep on going,

And I know that won’t ever stop.”

End.

Vigilante

By

Masumi T. Childers

Voice over of the Vigilante

VIGILANTE

“You tell me, what is a Vigilante some may think that he’s one that maintains order by the summary punishment of an offense or crime.
But to me a Vigilante is something bigger better he is the voice of the little guy that’s tired of being pushed around by the society's norms and fears.
He’s someone that’s a little against the grain that can do what others can’t.
and lastly. He will always treat others as they treat him. Met with kindness, good actions will be given, but meet with hate; those will be, commemorate.

So then, I started my watch, late into the night.”

Small robbery scene perpetrated by two thugs to a defenseless young guy.
Ending in the defenseless guy running away and the perpetrators laughing.

Voice over of the Vigilante

VIGILANTE

“I’ve seen these two before they been doing this off and on for the last month or so, but it’s gon’a end tonight, one way or another.

Two large feet stomp down onto the pavement.

The two thefts talk in whispers to one another.

THEFT 2#

“This guy looks kind of big.”

THEFT 1#

“Size ain’t nothing, you got the gun, flash it if he don’t give it up.

Walking up we can see that the Vigilante is dressed all in black. It looks like he has on something like torn and tattered black robes. His hair is long and black and covers his face. He is an extremely large man and seems like a dark looming death, over his unaware prey .

THEFT 1#

“Give us your money.”

THEFT 2#

“Yeah!”

Theft two pulls out the gun and holds it in both hands waving it in the crisp night air.

THEFT 2#

“You better give it to us before I shot you man.”

As he says this a thick metal Chain flops down from the Vigilante left robe hand.

The Vigilante looks up through a parted strand of black hair, at theft #1

Over the shoulder shot theft #1 looking at Vigilante and theft #2 also framed in the shot.

In one swift move the Vigilante back hands theft #1, with his thick heavy chain and the sound of a head popping open like a watermelon splits the silences of the night, as theft s #1 head goes down out of frame.

Theft number two is frozen he mumbles with he gun still in his hands.

THEFT #2

“Mummhu.”

Using a smaller longer Cain like a whip. This time coming out of his right hand he wraps it around theft number two’s hands and pulls him into his chess.

Putting his right arm around the theft’s neck he says..

Vigilante

“I don’t want to see you here again. I don’t want you taking anything that’s not yours.”

THEFT #2

“I won’t! I wont’t! I let me go!”

Pause

Vigilante

“I don’t know. You might rob somebody again.”

THEFT #2

“No, I won’t I m telling you the truth, I won’t!”

In one swift move the Vigilante snaps the Theft’s neck.

Vigilante
(Sarcastically)

“Yeah, I believe ya.”

CUT TOO:

Vigilante walking down the hallways.

Vigilante
“I really didn’t Believe em, but what else could I say. that punk was a coward,
I hate cowards!”

“Now it’s time to find that guy, and return his wallet.”

Vigilante knocks at a door.

Door opens. The woman who answers is talking on the phone and she is immediately fearful of the Vigilante but she covers this fear, with lots of attitude. But it doesn’t last for long.

WOMAN
“Yeah! What do you want.”

Vigilante
“Do you know Him?”

Vigilante holds up the open wallet and shows her the photo I.D. inside.

WOMAN
“Yeah.”

With this she suddenly becomes very afraid of the Vigilante, and can t help but show it a little.

Vigilante
“Some sleazy stole it from him, about an hour ago.

WOMAN
“Yeah, he told me about it he went down to the police station to write out a report.
Uh, yeah I’m his room mate. I ll make sure he gets it’s.”

Vigilante holds out the wallet, the woman takes it.

The Vigilante turns around and walks away.

feeling uneasy, the room mate shuts the door.

Voice Over Vigilante

“You see how quick that lady took her boyfriend's wallet
I bet she s going to pocket some cash.
It seems like every wants something for nothing, it just
make me sick.
So what if she was a real jerk to me, what do I care
I did the right thing and sometime that s all that really
matters.

End.

An Bitter Adventure, one : My audience with the Death Lord.

In Graph text and voice over. And wind sounds over a vast expanse.

Announcer

“After many terror attacks. Nuclear stock piles were breached, unleashing World War III., The earth was turned into a barren and hostile wasteland. Only small pockets of humanity survived.”

“Into this enter Bitter and Rock~o this is their story.”

Music stings.

POST F/X TOO.

Walking alone, about the dry ground of the scorched wasteland. Bitter a young woman in her late 20's, clad in tight fitting battle gear. Looks at the ground thinking of a past life she once had.

Walking passed dead and fallen tress she extends her hand out barely touching dried stocks of tall withered grass, with the tips of her fingers.

Her voice over

BITTER

“I can t remember when it happened in May or June some time like that. I seemed to stretch on for such along time I can t be sure.”

“But one thing I know. It all ended a year ago. The big cities are gone, no more money or clean things. All that matter now are goods and gold, and of course sparkles.”

“Sometimes I can remember a “Past Life” I once had, ...

Cut from the wasteland to the city scape, as bitter continues her voice over monolog.

I remember when I lived in the city with tall building
I walked down the streets and saw cars and traffic jams
and I thought nothing of it, it was a normal a everyday thing.”

After walking around or going to a bookstore.
I would travel to my favorite restaurant.
It was warm and nice and the prices were very good.

Just thinking about it makes me hungry...”

Cut Back to wasteland.

BITTER

“Then there was T.V. and fast food
And chicken nuggets...”

The voice over ends and she says aloud.

BITTER

“Muumm! nuggets!”

Cut to Bitter who continues to walk across the wasteland.

BITTER’s

(Voice Over)

“Then I felt something looking at me.” (Bitter turns and prepares to attack.)

In the dry grass a man swatting down, with his eyes fixed on her.

Bitter turns from him and walks forward. The man follows behind her then initiates conversation.

MAN

“I know you, I’ve heard of you. You’re Bitter.
You kill the great Temple hill emperor.

BITTER

“He was dead when I found him. Besides he
wasn’t that great, more ordinary.”

MAN

“You better go little lady, we’re in the death lands.”

BITTER

“You should take your own advice, since I’ve never
heard of you.”

Close up Rock~o

ROCK~O

“I’m Rock~O, And the lord of the death lands
has agreed, to let me pass.”

Side CU Bitter.

BITTER

“Well, Rock~o we’ll soon know, the lord of death is on his way.

In the distance, a dust cloud is kicked up. (Stinger.)

CUT TOO:

EXT. DEATH LANDS - DAY

The lord of death sits height on his throne, with his black and red robs. Above him is a blue tarp offering shade, on this hot dusty day.

His small party sit’s close around him. To his side a larger man named Bolt he wears welting glasses, a black leather mask, and big steel toed boots. Bolt cools the death lord down with the aid of a giant piece of cardboard, which he has covered into a makeshift fan. At the lord’s feet chained like dogs, lay two slave girls, and on Bitter and Rock~O are 4 guards.

Before speaking another mysterious male figure wearing a very theatrical mask, and white gloves whispers into the death lord’s ear. With a nod the silence is broken and the lord of these lands speaks.

DEATH LORD

“So lets take this one at a time. First you Bitter. Rock~O’s discussions will be last, one on one so to speak.”

ROCK~O

That sounds good to me. Do you mind if I have a soda?

DEATH LORD

“You may.”

Rock~o opens the cooler and pulls out a drink.

ROCK~O

“Bitter, you want a drink.”

Offering her a soda from Kwon’s cooler.

BITTER

“No. Maybe later.”

DEATH LORD

“Bitter, Bitter, Bitter, You haven’t changed one bit.

DEATH LORD

“Even on this hot day you would still refuse a cold drink from me.”

BITTER

(Too Death Lord)

“Maybe I’m not thirsty, did you ever think about that?”

DEATH LORD

“Well Bitter, I’m the lord of the death lands, now As you can see. I could force you to drink.”

BITTER

“Now that you mention it I am a little thirsty. Rock~o!

Rock~o pulls a can out of the cooler, and snaps it open for Bitter she begins to slurp down the frothy drink that just happens to be a generic Root Beer brand. Not even realizing how thirsty she is, Bitter feels about a whole lot better than she did before.

DEATH LORD

“See, Bitter you haven’t changed.”

Looking up at the Dark Lord.

BITTER

“How about you. You use to be a big Geek!”

ROCK~O

“You two seem to know each other real well.”

DEATH LORD

“Yes! We go way back, I was there when she first got her name.”

In voice over the Death Lord recounts an alive action story.

Cut too both of them walking.

DEATH LORD

(Voice Over)

“It was just days after the apocalypse. It was the German, her first kill.”

They find a car with dried blood on the drivers side door.

“We found a bloody car.”

Walking some more they find a man holding his stomach in.

“I guessed that his car had over turned on him and he had been slowing dying for days. Well, when we got to him.”

Standing over him, the German hold the butt end of his gun out to Bitter.

DEATH LORD

(Voice Over)

“She took his gun, it was a mercy kill, and he kept saying please. Bitter. Bitter.. Bitter... Because he was in to much pain.”

The German helping hold the gun to his head looks into Bitters eyes.

There s a flash as the gun is fires.

Bitter pulls open the chamber of the gun letting an empty shell fall where it may. Looking over to where the death lord might be, her face is show to have a light spray of blood.

DEATH LORD

(Too Bitter)

“So what brings you to the death lands?”

BITTER

“Just passing through.”

DEATH LORD

“No, one just passes through, you least of all. But I m not push-e, Your business is your own.”

The Death Lord looks at Bitter.

Bitter looks back then drops her head as if she, Had lost something very meaningful to her.

Suddenly, the dark lord knows precisely what that thing is, and there by deducting the reason she would past by the death lands.

DEATH LORD

“Well then, good luck with your search for The Room of Gold.”

Siting in his chair, the lord seemed very proud of him self. By making the right assessments of the looks, that he saw in Bitter’s eyes.

Bitter’s Voice Over with cut ins.

BITTER

“On the last day of the old world. The record player was on. And the needle had skipped.

On her living room couch the body of her brother rots away.

“That morning there were maggots on the floor my brother, had kill him self, early at dawn.

He had patches on his arms and a bag over his head. He was a doctor, The Apocalypse needs people. He could of done very well here.

There was a letter, but I knew why: fallout. And for the life of me, I don’t know why. I didn’t join him.

BITTER

And from that point on, I can’t remember what happen the rest of that day; but we all knew what was going to happen. and that the world would end.”

Bitter stands in front of many car head lights, looking at them she thinks.

BITTER

“Then it was night, and all the cars seemed to have piled down at the bottom of the hill, there drivers dead, all dead.

Then, when the E.M.-pulse came, every light went out.

Street lamps go dark.

And I stood with only the light of the moon, reflecting off the oceans of the world, with there still dark waters.

And I thought to my self, “nothing matters.”

Bitter stand on a sand dune on the shore line wearing a white robe and double long scarf. Looking out to the sea.

EXT. DEATH LANDS - DAY

Bitter stand in a paved area, with a two thousand yard stare.

Just then Rock~o walks up to her

ROCK~O

“You headed out?”

BITTER

“No, the Death Lord said it, I’m on my way to the room of gold.”

ROCK~O

“Well I’m pretty good with locks and old word technologies.”

BITTER

“You, what in, (pause) Sure thing.”

ROCK~O

“Hey Bitter, Catch!”

Rock~o throws a small box at Bitter. She catches it in her hands. looking at it she says

BITTER

“Chicken nuggets! (Holding the box in her hands she can feel that it is at a very low temperature.) It’s cold?”

ROCK~O

“Yeah, I took them out of Kwon cooler.”

BITTER

“Hey Rock~o…”

ROCK~O

“Yeah.”

BITTER

“You’re all right.”

The both of them walk into the sunset. Onto the room of gold.

BITTER

(Voice Over)

“Hummm. Nuggets. You know in the old world, these nuggets would, be damp and stale. But somehow in this time and place they taste better, than I could of ever known.”

End.

An Bitter Adventure III : The Replcant

In Graph text and voice over. And wind sounds over a vast expanse.

Announcer

“After many terror attacks. Nuclear stock piles were breached, unleashing World War III., The earth was turned into a barren and hostile wasteland. Only small pockets of humanity survived.”

“Into this enter Bitter and Rock~o, this is their story.”

Music stings.

POST F/X TOO.

Bitter and Rock~o walk across a small pathway, in the middle of tall dead grasses.

BITTER

(Voice over)

“It’s had been three weeks since Rock~o and I, had encounter our last problem in the room of gold. Before going to Shanty Town, Rock~o thought that it might be a good idea to do some scavenging, and find some handwear to trade or sale.”

In the middle of toppled building and broken towers. Bitter and Rock~o climb over huge boulders and seemly unpassable places, onto a clearing. Walking down into a platform under there feet are smooth slabs of stone, opening up to a dead garden, and an untouched dry fountain full of dust that seem to sparkle in the sun, behind which are tall buildings.

From broken window glass, high above them; an unknown man watches, from afar.

BITTER

(Trying to catch her breath.) “What do you know about this place?”

ROCK~O

“It use to be a technology sector. So there still might be valuable parts from the old world lying around. (Pause) So keep your eyes peeled.”

An they make there way across the charred ground. They pass a batch of bones colored black, green, and white cracking in the dry heat, they must be the bones of some of the people who died here the day the world ended. Rock~o and Bitter go on with out saying a word. To them the bones of the death are little more than sticks in the road, more trash that could get in their way.

Tracking them from a distance across the field of bones, that same man watches them then disappears behind a broken wall.

BITTER

“Hey Rock~o (Pause) we’re being followed.”

ROCK~O

“We are?”

Off in the distance forming out of the waves of heat the man Appears. He walks up to Bitter and Rock~o.

BITTER

“What are you doing here!”

The man is trim and hansom, and speaks very thoughtfully and well, other than the fact that he looks like an Abercrombe and Finch model with blue eyes and dark hair. There is nothing funny or unusual about him, other than the fact that he is in the old technology sector.

MAN

“ I’m looking for parts, you what to look with me.”

Bitter is a little suspicious, so she says nothing.

ROCK~O

“Sure, there’s safety in numbers.”

And with that they all start looking around: Bitter searches the ground and over turns huge rocks using her blades as levers, which she always wears on her back.

Rock~o uses his hooked walking stick, and his electronic gizmos, that he keeps in a pouch on this belt, plugging it into a door panel the door resists at first, then opens up half way.

The man walks up to a sizeable stainless steel sub-zero freezer and with little effort over turns it. Then he stand and looks one way, then the other in typical male model fashion.

All three of them search, in relatively the same area bitter bent over feeling the ground. Rock~o walking around the small bomb shelter that the has found and unlocking the side bars. The man ripping up and throwing down large scraps of rusting steel.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

Finally muscling the door open, with a horrible creek. Rock~o enter and find that the room he’s open is full of with trash. There is one interesting thing the catches his eye, it’s small and blinking. It’s a power source. Taking it in his hand, he walks over to Bitter.

ROCK~O

“Hey Bitter come here, I think I found something.”

BITTER

“Yeah, It looks good.

ROCK~O

“I think it’s a power source, of some kind.”

Just then the man walks up to them.

MAN

“Give it to me.”

BITTER

“We will split the profit with you, but.....”

MAN

“Give me the power source or be exterminated.”

BITTER

“You mean like, bugs.”

MAN

“That is correct.”

ROCK~O

“No sweat bitter, I’ll take care of this fool.”

With that Rock~o takes a swing at the man, he effortlessly moves out of the way of Rock~o clenched fist.

Swing again the man moves out of Rock~o’s kicks and punches so simply that it seems like rock~o doing some kind of dance and not even trying to hit this guy.

BITTER

“ROCK~O?”

This of course angers Rock~o, so he comes at the man full force.

ROCK~O

“AHHHHH!!”

Taking out his hooked walking stick he sweeps it just a inch away from the man’s chest. Pulling

up, the blunt end slams the man in the jaw. There is the unmistakable sound of scraping metal against metal.

In an instant the man grabs the sharpened hook end of Rock~o cane, as it comes flying at his face.

ROCK~O

“What is this guy a robot!”

With a single strike to his chest, the man knocks the wind out of Rock~O. Letting go of this cane Rock~o falls. On the ground and unable to breathe Rock~o knows that this hit was only a warning. And that he is no match for this powerful opponent.

REPLCANT

“I am a series A-9 replcant, give me the power source, or be exterminated.”

With this Rock~o decides that he can't fight a robot, so he backs down by rolling away. And at the same time the Replcant. Drops Rock~o hook cane.

In the moment the ring of Bitter's sharpen blade come down upon this unsuspecting android man.

Moving faster than the eyes can see Bitter chops at him, without mercy. If the man was not a super charged Replcant, then by this time in the fight: Bitter would of shredded him into small pieces. But as it is all that Bitter had done is work up a sweat, kick up some dust, and cut up the Replcant's shirt and pants.

In the dusty air all that is heard is the heavy heaving breathing of Bitter, before her standing perfectly still is the replcant with one small cut on this head above this right eye. With his hand he puts it to the wound. Pulling his hand away he sees that she has drawn his blood and yet he has not been able to strike her. Bitter throws her blades down and she runs away..

Too Rock~o hunched over recuperating.

BITTER

“Run for it!”

Running up a small hill Rock~o takes the lead.

When suddenly Bitter realizes that she is being lifted up of the ground. In one second she is thrown to the down. Rock~o turns and is grabbed by the neck.

Bitter is helpless all she can do is watch and the Replcant takes Rock~o apart. Then something very unexpected happens.

REPLCANT

“Replcant, running.. low, on, po..we. rrr....r”

Dust is kicked up as the robot falls down the small slope.

ROCK~O

(Massaging his aching neck) “Did you see that, he tried to kill me.”

BITTER

“You mean us. (Rubbing her sore body.) Beside, I think he was only trying to scare us.”

ROCK~O

“Well I think it worked, I was terrified. So what do you what too do with him now, just let him die.”

BITTER

“He’s a robot he can’t die.”

ROCK~O

“Older models, they run on tube current; once they power down, that’s it.”

BITTER

“You mean he’ll be brain dead.”

ROCK~O

“Something like that. Got any Ideas?”

BITTER

“Give it to me.”

Rock~o hands Bitter the power source.

ROCK~O

“What are you going to do with that?”

BITTER

“We’ll have to take our chance.”

Walks down to the low powered Replcant. All that he can really do now is blink is eyes and watch as he powers down. Bitter slides the power source into the replcanrs power port.

POWER UP Sequence.

Before their eyes he powers up to 100%.

BITTER
(Voice Over)

“We found out that the replcant had lost all memory of his life before the apocalypse. He was on “Stand By Mode” until he was activated by Rock~o and my presence in this sector.”

EXT. SHORE LINE - DUSK

Later they all sit at the shore line, looking out to the sea.

REPLCANT
“Once again I apologize for my behavior earlier, I was desperate for a Power Pack.”

ROCK~O
“How long can one of those things last anyway?”

REPLCANT
“About a hundred years or so.”

REPLCANT
“Thank you, if are paths should meet again. I will be sure to return the favor.”

BITTER
“You can come to shanty town with us, if you like.”

REPLCANT
“No.”

BITTER
“But, where will you go?”

REPLCANT
“Wherever the road takes me.”

With that the Replacat walks down the shore line, and is quickly of out of view. Bitter and Rock~o look at one and other, then stand up from their sits and walk in the other direction form where the Replacant went. This is all timed just as the sun sets on the sea.

End.

The Chasm of Delusion

By

Masumi T. Childers

DRAFT ONE
July 26, 2004

EXT. PARK - DAY

A man decked out with rings and gold, and straw hat on his head. Sits at a park bench.

As a woman approaches him, However, she is not an ordinary woman. She is an Assassin and the man sitting at the park bench is no regular gentleman, but he is her contact.

ASSASSIN

“Nice disguise.”

COMMISSIONER

“Thanks.”

ASSASSIN

“So Commissioner why did you call me, are you going to waste my time again.”

Sitting next to him.

COMMISSIONER

“No, not really. It s The Destroyer.”

ASSASSIN

“The Destroyer, Well, sent Tommy, or The Jackal out.”

COMMISSIONER

“We have, and they both went missing, they're presumed dead.”

ASSASSIN

“Why me?”

COMMISSIONER

“We fell that you might have a better chance; due to your past histories, together.”

ASSASSIN

“Should I know why?”

COMMISSIONER

“No, you should not.”

Assassin stands up.

ASSASSIN

“Well, if you want The Destroyer dead, your going to have to pay me more money.”

COMMISSIONER

“But.. But.. Well, all right.”

CUT TOO:

INT. MOVING CAR - The Assassin drives, with voice over - DAY

ASSASSIN

(Voice Over)

“The Destroyer and I, were once good friends; but I guess as the years passed, We’ve stopped talking to each other. I have nothing against The Destroyer, in fact I still kind of have warm feels, and that’s what’s going to make this mission twice as hard.”

EXT. HILL PATH - DAY

The assassin walks down an wooded path with the sun outlining the shape of her body for all to see, as her voice over continues.

“I mean, I’ve had dealing with all types of slime, and have killed all kinds of people. But all of them did something really bad to deserve it. If The Destroyer did kill Tommy and The Jackal: Then I would have no better chance than them; other than the fact that, their them and I’m me.”

EXT. ROCK FACE - DAY

She comes upon a rocky outcrop in the middle of the woods. Looking up, she begins to ascend the craggy sides; pulling and stretching her self up, like a cat.

“The Destroyer would kill out of self prevention, but it’s not right, it’s not The Destroyer’s style. Still, Something’s wrong here; and like it or not, I’m going to find out what it is.”

MATCH CUT TOO:

EXT. ABANDONED LOCATION - DAY

The assassin walks down an old withered step, onto a clearing hedged with haggard trees. Far in the distance a group of men dressed in tattered clothes work in a field. They seem to be aware of her but take no action other than look at her.

ASSASSIN
(Voice Over)

“Well, this is it. It s where the Commissioner, said The Destroyer would be....”

With that a wrecked soul, pops out of the ground, It is a hooded man pulling a cart of some kind, with smoldering earth held with in it. To the assassin, it looked as if it were a bum emerging into the light of day, from an self induced all night bong party.

The Assassin walks to this twisted cart puller and states that.

ASSASSIN
“I’m here to see The Destroyer.”

THE WRETCH
“Oh, you wish to see the Care Giver, Yes we have been expecting you? Follow me”

The pitiful hunched creature, leads the woman Assassin to a whole in the wall. Walking in they make there way into an underground world.

THE WRETCH
“You wish to kill the Care Giver, Don t you?”

The Assassin glances at the tattered wreck with annoyance.

THE WRETCH
“Well, I see you do.. but know this.. All who have tried have died and failed, and found that they could not.”

ASSASSIN
“So Tommy and The Jackal they came here, and tried to kill The Destroyer?”

THE WRETCH
(With a toothless smile.)
“They tried.”

Just then another hooded figure pops out of no where.

2nd WRETCH
“Quickly. Quickly. If she’s not there Quickly enough, The Care Giver will be very angry.”

Walking down, and down, ancient steps and empty halls the two wretches and the assassin make their way into a vast underground compound. Everyone that dwells and toils within these enormous chambers is a man wretch one more foul than the other. Hundreds of them each with

purpose and absolutely driven to complete there task.

INT. CARE GIVER'S CHAMBER - UNDERGROUND

We find that "The Destroyer" is a Woman, she sits on a elevated chair with the husks of broken wretch stacked like lit lamps around her.

When the Assassin walks into the room she looks and The Destroyer.

ASSASSIN

"So Nancy, I see you got a little cult going on here."

2nd WRETCH

"She knows the Care Givers, true name."

THE DESTROYER
(Too her Minions)

"You two, Stand Away."

THE WRETCH

"Yes mistress."

2nd WRETCH

"Yes, Yes."

ASSASSIN

"So what made you snap."

THE DESTROYER

"Oh, It s because people like us, can never really be happy."

ASSASSIN

"What are you talking about."

THE DESTROYER

"Do you remember how I always wanted, to forget. Too forget all the pain and hurt that my heart has ever gone through?"

ASSASSIN

"Yeah, in fact that's all you ever talked about."

THE DESTROYER

"Well, It was on a trip to Kingston Town, A Voodoo spell, as near as I can tell.

I asked for something, to forget all the pain, but that wasn't enough. I wanted too to feel happiness true clarity and peace. Well, I guess something was lost in the translation, or maybe I got exactly what I asked for."

ASSASSIN

"So you asked for, These zombies freaks."

THE DESTROYER

"NO, They were people once, who suffered far to much. Some very little, others a lot. All of them wanted no pain. So I waved my hands and gave them what they wished."

ASSASSIN

"So you can cast spells."

THE DESTROYER

"Only one, too forget."

ASSASSIN

"I thought you were the one that wanted to forget."

THE DESTROYER

"I have. The pain of caring for these poor souls has out weighted the pain of those past memories and that's what I am to them, they call me Mistress Or Care Giver, and it makes me happy. So you may kill me if you like, but they (Pointing at her Minions) will most surely kill you in return. Or you can join us, that's what the other agents did. But I can't let you go."

ASSASSIN

"Tommy and The Jackal, joined you!!?"

THE DESTROYER

"Yes, there here would you like to see them.. Of course you would."

The Destroyer claps her hands and two more wretches appear.

TOMMY

"Join us."

THE JACKAL

"Join us. It's unbelievable."

TOMMY

“The Care Giver is warmth, and light; with a better hope for tomorrow.”

THE JACKAL

“The Care Giver is more to us than a person, is forgiveness, is dreams, is happiness. all than we ever want or need.”

TOMMY

“If you join us, you will forget all the bad things... only good.”

The last two line seem to over lap halfway through, mostly because Tommy and The Jackal are so excited to talk about their Care Giver.

The Assassin can hardly believe what has happened, but she tries to play along so that she can come to a decisive decision of what too do next. In handing this unstable situation.

ASSASSIN

“I can’t say that the thought hasn’t crossed my mind.”

THE DESTROYER

“So you will join us.”

Pulling out a gun she points it at The Destroyer and says,

ASSASSIN

No.

Pulling the trigger in one shot, she shoots The Destroyer dead.

Running to his leader 2nd Wretch yells.

2nd WRETCH

She has killed the Care Giver.

With that The Assassin shoots 2nd Wretch, and he falls dead on top of the Care Giver.

TOMMY

Kill her.

As an angry face leaps upon her.

She fights her way out she kills or disables all in her way.

Moving up stairs she stops to the top of a plat form. Looking back she find that the chamber has filled with Wretches all looking up to her. The first wretch that she that met says aloud,

WRETCH

“The new Care Giver! The new Care Giver!

With that he runs up to the top of the steps, and grovels at her feet,

WRETCH

“The new care giver the warmth, and the light!”

Grabbing on to her pants, he looks up to her.

Looking down, she says.

ASSASSIN

“You’re pathetic!”

Kicking him in the face he tumbles down the steps, Ripping a strip of cloth from her pants when he hits the bottom he starts licking strip of fabric. Only seconds before it’s torn away from him by the other wretches.

Walking back up the immense labyrinth of passage ways, the Assassin finds her way out and steps into the noon day sun.

ASSASSIN

(Voice Over)

“I think that pain is around for a reason, the past is something that has it’s own place in mind. And it s true, she wasn’t never very happy. I always knew that about Nancy The Destroyer. It’s funny how the years pass and certain aspects about a persons personally will show through. The way I see it is that, I just survived a chasm full of nothing but deluded fools. If I grow old, and my body withers weak and frail, at least I ll know the lines and wrinkles on my face, stand for something; and that I have worried, or cared a little in my life. For when it all comes down to the end, that’s all we have, memories good and bad.”

END.

2ND ENDING FOR THE CHASM OF DELUSION.

The Destroyer claps her hands and two more wretches appear.

TOMMY

“Join us.”

THE JACKAL

“Join us. It’s unbelievable.”

TOMMY

“The Care Giver is warmth, and light; with a better hope for tomorrow.”

THE JACKAL

“The Care Giver is more to us than a person, is forgiveness, is dreams, is happiness. all than we ever want or need.”

TOMMY

“If you join us, you will forget all the bad things... only good.”

The last two line seem to over lap halfway through, mostly because Tommy and The Jackal are so excited to talk about their Care Giver.

The Assassin can hardly believe what has happened, but she tries to play along so that she can come to a decisive decision of what too do next. In handing this unstable situation.

ASSASSIN

“I can’t say that the thought hasn’t crossed my mind.”

THE DESTROYER

“So you will join us.”

Pulling out a gun she points it at The Destroyer and says,

ASSASSIN

“No.”

Pulling the trigger in one shot, she shoots The Destroyer dead.

Running to his leader 2nd Wretch yells.

2nd WRETCH

“She has killed the Care Giver.”

The assassin is about to shoot then she stops.

2nd WRETCH

“Hail, to the new Care Giver.”

ASSASSIN

“You’re pathetic!”

2nd WRETCH

“Yes I am.”

WRETCHES

(Crying with feeling.)

“Help us. Don’t go! We need you!”

ASSASSIN

“Forget it, your on your own.”

The Assassin is about to walks up some steps on to a plat form, when she thinks about what she is passing up. Turning around to address the mass of Wretches that have assemble in the large room by this time.

ASSASSIN

(Smiling)

“Care giver, you say?”

2nd WRETCH

(HAPPY)

“Yes, Yes, Mistress Yes.”

ASSASSIN

“And you would do whatever I say?”

2nd WRETCH

“Without Question.”

WRETCHES

“Yes, yes, What whatever, Whenever.”

ASSASSIN

“Good, throw out this body.”

The Assassin points at the Destroyers dead body. Her orders are followed so quickly that by the time that she walks to the chair all is cleared. Then she sits in the Destroyers place.

ASSASSIN
(Voice Over)

“So I killed the destroyer, but I took her place.
And as for the pain, it’s gone away.
I guess that sometime it’s good to find some people
that will do anything for you; and you know what, I’m happy.”

END.

The Nerd Mantra

By

Masumi T. Childers

October 4, 2004

MARK

“Hey, my name s Mark....

And I m a Nerd, or a Geek or whatever you want' a call it. I m 26 years old,
I ve never liked sports, I can never hold any real job, I live at home with my parents,
and I have two cats that I care for, and I have an IQ of one hundred and sixty.”

Light Fades to black.

“I like to spend my time researching stuff on my computer, and taking long walks inside
of book stores and as for woman I never had one.. that is not until recently.”

Cut to close up.

“And well maybe only I can see her, but she s real to me.”

CUT OF ACTON. Mark puts a Tin foil hat on his head, then he sits on his bed.

MARK
(VOICE OVER)

“It was in the annals of the past, is where I learned it; The Nerd mantra is what,
I have acquired:

“From the kingdom of mankind.
Fourth stage, turn my mind.
In the Garden of dysfunction,
Without reason, all production.
knowledge of old, since forgotten.
Old, weak, foolish, sick. That is I, this is it.
Whispered thoughts can not function.
in the Garden of Destruction.”

Passing in to his World, we see a young Girl dancing in shadow, and water dripping, with Mark
walking on the streets. Cutting back to the girl he tries to reach out to her.

MARK
(VOICE OVER)

“And then I was there. I could see her She holds out her hand, but she s not there.”

Her hand is held out as Mark s hand goes through hers.

Before he can go on, he is disturbed by a friend of his, named Ken.

KEN

“MARK!? MARK, Hey Your Mom said you'd be in here.”

MARK

“I can see her, Ken.”

Marks hat is somehow off his head.

KEN

“Not again Mark, not again. Don't you see that this isn't healthy.”

MARK

(CUT IN as speaking)

“But I can see her. This time there was a Landscapes it pass by. Streets at night without cars. Slowed drops of water fell ripping as they strikes, and from the mist she formed, and I can almost touch her. then she s gone and I m alone again, naturally.”

KEN

“Mark, I think you got something wrong with your brain: and you need some professional help.”

MARK

“What, wrong with it? Is it wrong to feel! Is it wrong to want what the impossible, or to dream of the finite, and the mysteries, and the unattainable. Am I crazy because I am a human being with thoughts and feeling like any other one.”

KEN

“No, you're not crazy because of that, you re nuts because you re going after something that only exists in your own deluded mind.”

MARK

“That maybe, but I know she is real.”

KEN

“What makes you think that?”

MARK

“I ve been doing some research on this subject...”

KEN

“Of course, what else?”

MARK

“Be that as it may, they say that thought in a human mind can travel faster than light. And if thought can go faster than light then they can be redirected elsewhere, like in time travel or I could preview my self into another dimension.”

KEN

“So you think that this girl you ve been seeing in your hallucinations, inhabits a real place somewhere?”

MARK

“I don t only think that she exists some place, I think that she s a ghost and that I will have to die in order to truly be with her. I have this hat to help focus my thoughts and I ve been mixing drinks and sitting in my room day after day.”

Placing his hat on his head Mark wears it, and sit as he dose whenever he has his visions.

KEN

“All man you lost it, if you weren’t so psycho this might be laughable”.

MARK

“Be that as it may, at least I have someone, that keeps me strong and gives me meaning.”

KEN

“But Mark she’s imaginary.”

MARK

“She real to me, Ken.”

KEN

“Okay, I m not going to argue with you. Because I got ta go. But I will be back here in two days don t do anything all right, nothing stupid all right”

MARK

“I never do.”

KEN

“All right Mark, bye.”

MARK

“See ya.”

When Ken leaves Mark first close his door. Then he drinks is drink and puts on his thinking cap. He sees some scattered imagines, then he sees Ken with and another friend of theirs named Melvin. They stand against a white wall.

KEN

"I'm telling you Mark lost it, He s as batty as hell."

MELVIN

"Well, he was always going in that direction."

KEN

"Hey Melvin I got ta go."

MELVIN

"That girl again."

KEN

"Yeah."

MELVIN

"Later."

Later, Ken Walks up and stands at an doorway he takes out his keys and looks at the door.

Mark opens his eyes.

And somehow Ken is in his room.

KEN

"What are you doing?"

MARK

"Shorting my life. What! It s just sugar water mixed with some pain killers, and alcohol. Hey Ken, I ve noticed that you have been busy allot recently."

KEN

"Yeah I ve been working."

MARK

"But that s not what s been taking up your time. I saw you, and you've been going. I saw you with my thinking cap."

KEN

"Oh god, it's just another one of your delusions."

MARK

"No, You have an job and you have a girlfriend... (Ken is about to say something in his

defense) Yes, I know, I know, no madder how much you tried to hide it, and try to tell me that I should be happy because I m single. I know, I can smell it on you. and you try to hide it, but I know.”

KEN

“If you were me, you’d do the same.”

MARK

“Maybe I would, but I m not you, and I ve told you everything about my... friend, (Pause) girl. And you haven t even mentioned anything about the girl you ve been seeing.”

KEN

“What can I do, if I told you, it might make you more crazy.”

MARK

“And your lies don’t?! That’s Okay. Because you were never really a Geek, you lacked the sensitively.”

KEN

“But I care.”

MARK

“You ant- a geek, you ant- a nerd, you ant- noting, you ant- nothing! But what you are! I saw you outside next to the wall talking to Melvin, You know it’s true, I saw you at the steps to her door, the keys she gave you, so you can come and go as you please. Sometimes thoughts are stronger than words, You will marry her and with it’s ups and downs, your life will be full of joy. With little Banyan and Christopher and Tiff-e toes. Because you love her, you should tell her you know.”

KEN

“All right, now I know your nuts, for sure! I m gone! You know, it takes a real twisted head case to spy on his friend like that! With Tin foil in his brain or Whatever!”

Ken goes to walk out the door.

MARK

(With eyes closed)

“Bye, Ken.”

Ken sickened he walks out the door under his breath he mumbles “Yeah,Good Luck, Freak!”

Driving his car at night

KEN

“Twisted sick jurk!”

He remembers standing at her doorway taking out his keys and looking at the door.

MARK

(Words from earlier)

“I saw you at the steps to her door, the keys she gave you, so you can come and go as you please. Sometimes thoughts are stronger than words, You will marry her and with it s ups and downs, your life will be full of joy. With little Banyan and Christopher and Tiff-e toes. Because you love her, you should tell her you know.”

KEN

“Because you love her, you should tell her you know.”

Said at the same time.

KEN

(Whisper Voice Over)

“But I never said it to her, I only thought it. MARK!”

Taking his last drink, Mark’s in bad shape.

Foaming mouth, he staggers into the bathroom. Getting water from the sink he passes out and sees the drip fall from the sinks stout. With the water swirling he closes his eyes, and sleeps forever.

LATER: Ken Finds Mark’s body

KEN

“Mark you were right, I hope you found her. Because you love her, you should tell her you know.”

CUT TOO: Marks minds eye - His girl turns to him and smiles gently. Walking up to her he holds out his hand and in a long shot she grabs it and they embrace and pass into a lovely garden.

END.

Stories Under Development

Title: BOLT ACTION

Back Story:

When the world was young, the three were formed:
The class of rats that now cover one 3th of the earth.
The race of surface Dweller; people, animal, plant
and so forth.
Last were the Denizens of the Earth who work
and toil beneath the ground.
but all of them must make way for the
4th ruler of the Earth the half-breed Bolt

Born under the presser of all of the worlds hatred, rage and depravity.
Bolt arose half ground dweller, half god, and all man.
Able to live in the ground, on the surface, and with the rats.
He sets his sites on the surface world to breed and return specimens
to his rat minions.
Bolt can not die unless he is placed in extremely cold conditions,
and with it his power.
Setting his sites too the hot places of the earth.
He set out for the surface, on a scientific mission of discover.
Using only his hands
on the first day he bashed stone and
moved rock.
Soil moved easily before him
and on the 6 th day he reached the crust.
and on the 7th he rested.

Organizing his equipment, Smelted and forged hot
in the atomic furnaces deep within earth's core
the metal can not lose it's heat and can remain
hot even on the cold surface.

And he told his rat friends to be prepared.
And some gave there lives too
produce the rugged and tough
rat leather needed to protect him from the surface world.
So thick and strong that not even that sharpest
nail could be driven into it.

cracking the surface...

There was a lovely green meadow, fresh a sweet
as bolt widened his gateway, the stench of the earth,
was lifted too the air.
and in the blink of the eye tall green greases,
died before him.
Spreading along the fields in every direction.
Wildlife ran as the ground turned barren.
he dragged him self up and made his way forward.
In his left hand there was a worn leather bag
holding his surgical tools of torture.
and in his right was a heavy metal chain
with many bolts assorted and rusting, sticking out of its links.
Heaving it along the dry and withered weeds
his heavy chain sway brushing the parched bushes igniting them to flame.
the fire spread to every end of the once green field.
walking from the Raging inferno that he had made.
Bolt had announced his presence, as an unparalleled lord,
hot from hell.

Bolts first victim:

An arrogant man spouting out orders
too all around him.
bolt wraps a mighty rope a round his
neck dragging him still alive and kicking to the
hole in the ground, he holds him over it
then drops him.

Screams, then Dry hollow thuds echo form
the rank chasm. As the man's body
tumbled down the ungodly shaft.

By the time he hit the bottom his body was a bloody bundle.
with nothing intelligible.
except for that odd arm or leg flowing after the main bundle.

Stopped...

Dirty Dean and his Thunder Chicks

Theme Song

Taking the AC / DC song, Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap and by changing only the words and keeping the beat and tempo of the song exactly the same. You would replace “Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap” with “Dirty Dean and his Thunder Chicks.”

Back Story

Dirty Dean is an old biker. He has seen many things as he’s traveled the road. Many injustices, now in his early fifties he has decided to accessible a group of very sexy and externally lethal fighters, known as “Thunder Chicks” to combat the forces of evil.

The Look of: Dirty Dean

is a 300 pound biker, he drives a Trike and has a deep scar over the left side of his face. He wears a black leather eye patch over his left eye. Over his hands are slightly worn black leather gloves the type cut off at the ends to expose his fingers and thumbs. On his feet are old worn cowboy boots. And wear a dark brown duster with extra long tails.

Thunder Chick Row Call

- | | |
|----------|---|
| Safari | has shining red hair and dark blue eyes. She was raised in England to be the perfect lady, she is the smartest out of all the Thunder Chicks and is also their leader. |
| Kay-how | has jet black hair cut Egyptian style. Her eyes are a Burnt Umber and she is known to get into a lot of fights, as she says “I can Scrap,” Growing up in the urban streets of down town Honolulu, she is the most clever of all the Thunder Chicks and doesn’t mind getting dirty, to get what she wants. |
| Wildcard | is a wildcard, no one can know what she s thinking, her point of origin is unknown. Out of all of the thunder Chicks she is the most quite and unpredictable. The most notable thing about her is that she is a small girl thought the same age as the other Thunder Chicks she looks and seems younger, and thought she may seem very sweet, innocent and unassuming at times. She can be very vicious and savage towards strangers and friends. |

The Carl Show

This is a story line that my friend, and I have developed. It's a scripted show with some improvisation. It's grounded in a reality style format.

Carl is the main characters: He's a weird kind of person. That can be best defined as a Big Nerd. He has two great loves in his life: First his unwavering vision for his film, that he has been working on the last ten years. Second the girl that he fell in love with back in high School, named Trisha. He talks in a low mumble, and will always identify with the underdog.

So far 5 episodes have been shot. This is most of the script, for the sixth episode.

The scene opens up to Carl sitting at his friend's apartment. Before him are two more of his friends, Gabble and Wane. They are playing a role playing game and Carl is the dungeon master.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - DAY-

Scene opens too Carl's voice and funny looking dice on a gaming table.

CARL

"As you enter the dungeon walls, you feel a great heaving heated breath against the back of your neck What do you do! Turn around and check it out, or just keep on walking?"

From here the camera zooms out to revile a bunch of dorks, hanging around a table in a dimly lit room.

MICK

"I will endeavor too determine source exhalation."

CARL

"That's good you're staying in character, I like that! Give your self 300 extra experience points for that one. In the silent steaming dungeon your foot steps go from a steady pace to a sudden stop. Slowly your turn and standing in back of you is "One Big Bad Mo fo".

GABBLE

"How does he look like, Carl."

CARL

"Big Bad Mo Fo!"

MICK

"Is he a undead, can I use my spells."

CARL

"Big Bad Mo Fo! Everyone roll your dice!"

Everyone rolls there dice Carl roll and right after covers them.

CARL

"Looks Like I rolled the highest so that means that my NPC Gemstone Storm shadow Takes em out quicker than a flash! Jack knifing em where the sun don't shine, then ripping out his still beating heart out of his chest and showing it to em as he lies dying, Gemstone Storm Shadow then crush it in his hand, and drops it on the ground."

The Players around the table look shocked.

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

“Yeah I got’ta admit, that’s it’s kind of weird how Carl’s NP-Character always ends up doing all of the most difficult and outrageous maneuvers. Especially because we’re all should be on level one. And I guess he’s not - and will, I tried to ask him about that.”

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK’S APARTMENT - DAY-

GABBLE

“Hey Carl, How come you’re always “Jack Knifing” everyone. Why don’t you give Mick or Wane a chance to attack some of the bad guys hanging out in the dungeon.”

CARL

“First off bad guys or monsters, just don’t hang out I spent a lot of time thinking over their placement and there meaning, Secondly, My NPC Gemstone Storm shadow is just a little stronger than the rest of you guys because, when I when on my first campaigns noone help me out, I had to fend for my self. You guy’s should feel honored and privileged That I’m - Gemstone Storm shadow there, I only pick the best players –“

GABBLE

“Yeah we know, I just what’ta attack something, rather than of watching you kill everything all the time.”

CARL

“Fine, I could do that, If that’s what you want!”

GABBLE

“Yeah It kind of is.”

CUT TOO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

CARL

“You know it was very disrespectful of Gabble to interrupt me in the middle of my campaign.”

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK’S APARTMENT - DAY-

CARL

“No problem if you what’a fight some bad guys, I’m all for it. I just gotta change things around a little. That’s all. (Pause Carl Thinks) Alright, this is how it brakes down instead of a dungeon, you chance upon an old abandon house. Walking into the dilapidated structure, you hear some funny noises; coming from up stairs. What do you do?”

MICK

“I will endeavor too determine source of the sound.”

CARL

“That’s really good you’re still staying in character, that’s another 300 extra experience points for Ya.” So now all of ya are creeping up the steps, When you get to the top floor you can see that the attic doors open. And you can hear then noises coming out of it.

GABBLE

“Leave this one to me, I’m going to go up there and kill whatever making that noise.”

CARL

“Alright, roll.”

Gabble rolls and Aces it.

GABBLE

“Yeah! Try to beat that!”

Gives a pouty lip inferior look to the dice.

CARL

“You start going up that attic door. Suddenly some big bad ugly arms with hair, grab ya and pull you up there, and there’s some rustling, and in about two seconds your unconscious body drops out of that attic door.”

GABBLE

“But, I got a perfect roll...”

CARL

“Don’t matter, even with a perfect roll them goblins would kill ya then laughed about it after. You’re just luckily that your character’s unconscious and not dead. I thought I’d be nice about it. Wane can a-test to that, right Wane!”

Wane nods “YES” But looks scared and somewhat annoyed.

CARL

“See I told ya so. (With that Carl Smiles.)

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

“That Carl’s a real psycho, he dose it every time, I hate that guy, he’s always messing everything up for everyone. I really didn’t what to play anyway, but when he call me up and begged me to come bye, And told me that he could make me “ a prince”. I felt sorry for em, and here I am, The only guy I feel more sorry for is that creepy Wane. I wonder why he hangs out with that Carl all the time any ways. He treats him like a pelt, that a rich person might wrap around there neck for fashion reasons.”

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK’S APARTMENT - DAY-

CARL

“Hey Wane are you going to try to go up there?

Wane shakes his head ‘NO’!

CARL

“NO, That’s a good answer. Hey Mick what about you?”

MICK

“You just said that there were goblins, but would our characters know that?

CARL

“You’re right about that one, they wouldn’t know?”

MICK

“I’ll roll, my invisibility spell.”

CARL

“You don’t have to roll Let’s just say that it activated. But your going to need your orb of illumination too. So now you’re going up there with the orb in your hand and your dagger in the other, when you get up there all you see is a hundred little eyes staring back at you from the shadows with some sharp teeth. What do you do?”

MICK

“I will call in Storm Shadow to handle this one, and tell him that there’s some Goblins up there.”

CARL

“That’s a real good move, humility I respect that, I’ll give you a Thousand experience points for thinking that one up! (Carl rolls his dice and covers them as always.) Gemstone Storm Shadow Marches right up there like nothing fazes him, the next thing you hear screaming, Goblins running for there lives, then everything’s quite, subsequently another attack, wave after wave, heads were rolling out of the attic door, like you wouldn’t believe! Taking shape into a pile, chess high.

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

“Really, Goblins Carl? Head were Rolling? I don’t buy it. No wonder he covers his dice on every roll. The guy cheats.

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

MICK

“It’s it possible for a level 3 or 4 ninja to kill an full grown goblin, with some difficulties But an Attic full, I don’t think so. Maybe a level 20, but the charts we’re using only go up to level 17 teen. But it’s his game, what can you do about it?”

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK’S APARTMENT - DAY-

CARL

“When the last of the Goblins is slain. Gemstone Storm Shadow leans out of that Attic door and beacons you to come up. Because he’s a man of few words. When you get up there you find that this is the room of treasures, that the old traveler back at the tavern was telling you about. Of course there noting up there now, the Goblins saw to that, they sold it all off, before you got there.

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

“This kind of thing is very normal for Carl. He makes you go through his stupid adventure only to find out that there nothing at the end of it, I think this is more like his own life, how he always going afer women and they always refused him. You know, I wish that some girl somewhere, that he could get a long with, would fall in love with him. I’d fell sorry for her, but at least he’d leave me alone.”

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

MICK

"I felt bad that there was no treasures at the end of the adventure, but I guess he tried to make up for it, well too me anyway."

Back to the gaming table.

CARL

"So now all of you find you selves at the brothel, When you turn out your pockets you find that your all strapped for cash. But one of the girls take a liking too Mick over here, and offers him a freebie!

MICK

"HOW DOES SHE LOOK LIKE, CARL!"

CARL

"Oh she's just normal, white girl."

MICK

"Maybe, Couldn't she be Asian."

GABBLE

"Yeah Carl, That would be cool."

Wane also Nods his head "Yes"

CARL

"Nall, I don't think so."

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

"You know there was a theory out there that Carl likes White Woman, But he never admits it. And I tried to ask him about it too.

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - DAY-

GABBLE

"But why do you get to be a ninja, and Mick can't even have the kind of girl he likes, You know what I think, I think you love white women!"

CARL

“No I don’t! First off my character Gemstone Storm Shadow is more like a nomad, he left his homeland at an early age, he had no choice about it...”

GABBLE

“Kind of like you Carl.”

CARL

“NO, It just wouldn’t be correct for the genre, that’s all. This is just a local establishment, there’s not going to have someone like that working there, that’s all.”

MICK

“Alright I understand, Just get on with it.”

CARL

“So she takes you up to her room, Quick everyone roll and see who can peek in the keyhole, and see what’s happening.”

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

“That was it, I was done.”

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK’S APARTMENT - DAY-

GABBLE

“See ya, I’m out of here.”

CARL

“A man, where’re you going!?”

GABBLE

“I’m going home, Carl.”

CARL

“But, I thought we could talk a little while, about some movies or something.”

GABBLE

“Alright I’ll stay a little longer.”

Carl half smiles.

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

"I really didn't want too stay. But, once again I felt sorry for em."

INT. CONFESSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

MICK

"When we were back at the table, Gabble brought up an interesting thought,. Maybe Carl really likes white woman, exclusively! It would seem like he would; though, he's never said so openly. Then I remembered, that girl called Trisha, and I wondered if she's Caucasian, then if he liked her then that would solve the mystery."

Back to the gaming table.

MICK

"Hey Carl you always talk about that girl Trisha how did she look like?"

CARL

"All man you see her, you never forget; she really lights up a room."

MICK

"When you say light up a room, what do you mean by that?"

CARL

"You know because of her beauty."

MICK

"Oh? How about her eyes how did they look like?"

CARL

"They were wonderful."

MICK

"But what color where they?"

CARL

"Eye color don't matter to me, they sparked just as bright."

MICK

"How about her hair, was it straight and dark or lighter and waive?"

CARL

"Just perfect man."

INT. CONFSSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

MICK

“I guess I wasn’t going to get it out of him that way. Unless I asked him directly, and I wasn’t about to do that. Who knows how he’d react. He’d no doubt stab me with one of those knives that the always carry around.”

INT. CONFSSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

GABBLE

“I could see what Mick was trying to do, it was always rumored that Trisha’s a white girl But you’re not going to get any answers that way. Because Carl always gives some kind of smart remark. So I just confronted him about the issues, it’s self. I told him, he got “Tojo Fever” It’s a derogatory term. It’s mostly when an Asian men loves white women. But it can coves other ethnic groups, but especially the Japanese. It was first called “Going Tojo” because the emperor of Japan during World War II, was rumored to have an unstoppable hunger for white woman. But over the years it was changed to “Tojo’s Fever” Then shorten too, “Tojo Fever” so that it could sound more stereotypical Asian.”

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK’S APARTMENT - DAY-

GABBLE

“Just admit it all ready, you got “Tojo Fever”!

CARL

“No!

INT. CONFSSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

CARL

I hate that term, I’m Half Japanese and I find it very offensive, there shouldn’t be any kind of racial barrier if you like someone, and you two can get along, don’t matter how they look like, love has no boundaries, look at Romeo and Juliet everyone told them not to get together, but they did anyways. What it is, is people trying to control other people, tell them what to do, how to run there own lives. I hate that! There’s only one race on this plant it’s call the human race, and if people where more understanding, this world would be a better place.

Back to the gaming table.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - DAY-

CARL

"We should talk about some movies, you guys. Like horror?"

GABBLE

"Carl I don't watch too many movies."

CARL

"You know, you should; especially horror movies, they reflect societies needs."

MICK

"How about one of those old classics; you know, like with Paul Newman or something."

Carl takes a deep breath in, because he has something to say about that.

CARL

"Paul Newman's nothing! All he's good for, is passing out some salad dressing. Now, Steve McQueen on the other hand, was a real man. Paul Newman's nothing but a pretty boy. You seen "Bullet"?"

MICK

"Yeah, But I think the car chase in "The french Connection" was better."

Carl takes in another deep breath.

CARL

"You know what I call "The french Connection"? Let see how much Junk we can put in front of the lens, and how slow we can under crank the camera. But, Bullet didn't have any cheap camera tricks, It was all real. First off Bullet was the first true car chase ever seen on the silver screen, french Connection came after. Second, You got two classic car's, the Dodge Charger and the Mustang, I don't know what the hell type of pieces of crap car Popeye Doyle had, But I tell you one thing, it weren't no Stang. And last, Steve McQueen was a real man! He did all his own Driving, not like Gene Hackman, He was Oh so Scared, can't drive a car! Steve McQueen just when in there, he just GO!!!"

INT. CONFSSIONAL ROOM - Later that DAY-

MICK

"That was it! I wasn't going to have Carl bad mouth "The french Connection" That's My favorite Movie."

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - DAY-

Mick fades, he looks at his watch and says.

MICK

“Look at the time, My girlfriend’s going to be back anytime now.”

Stopped...

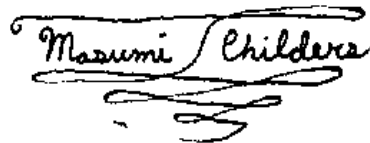
THE END

“Well that’s it... What did you expect this is a story in development, it’s not done yet. But I guess if you’ve gotten this far without skipping to the end. Then coagulation, you have made it thank you for reading these shorts.

Some were fun to make, like the one above. Other one’s took me longer and were very difficult but I stuck with it, and here they are.

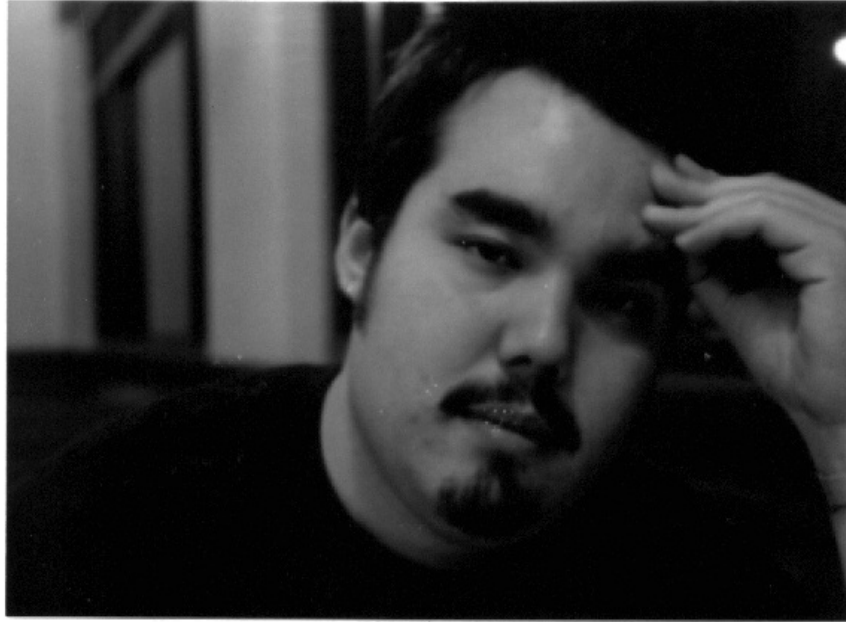
If you are also a story maker like me, then I hope that this can inspire you to write stories of your own. And if you are not, then there’s no harm in trying. All you have to do is have a story in mind, and if you start writing it down, there’s no telling how it will end.

Your’s Truly

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Masumi Childers". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above a decorative horizontal line with a small flourish at the end.

Masumi T. Childers

“The following Stories are a compilation of my fines works. Developed over the years of 1999 to 2005. Some of these stories have been transformed into screenplays for television. But most of them have never been developed into anything more than short stories.”



Photograph taken at a 24 hour restaurant, by Paolo Soriano.

About the Author

Masumi T. Childers has a background in art. He holds a science degree in Television Production, and has had his films played in many film festivals. He's latest had premiere at the VC Filmfest in Los Angeles CA.

He has also worked on other productions including the MTV's "Real World" house Hawaii, "Read to me" PSA, and the independent film "Blood of the Samurai." Just to name a few.

Acting on stage and in front of the camera, Masumi's most recent role can be seen at www.cornjob.com He is also known for his talents in drawing, painting, and in sculpture. Which he has received awards.

Here are more titles, from this Author.

Masumi T. Childers has written on many different subjects. The following is a listing of other works available or coming out soon.

MAZE MADNESS

Drawn: Ink on paper.

A series of 39 hand drawn, black ink Mazes. With the completion of each one, the others that remain, get progressively more interesting.

Pip Theory (Unified Theory)

This book is rooted in theoretical science. It is a Unified Theory, that relates the very big, with the very small, in cosmologic terms. It talks about what the weak and strong forces are, and explains how space, time, and trans-dimensional travel might be possible. It also covers a little bit about human condition.

Detective Kwon and the Garbage Police

Screenplay format, with still frames from the movie. (Mystery: Science Fiction, with some elements of Horror.)

The famous Detective Kwon is called in to a futuristic domed city, to solve the case of a murdered garbage cop.

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents, and dialogues are products of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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