

BROSIO

Written by

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BLACK.

HENRY (V.O.)
Best as I can figure, it started
with the tornado.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAWN

HENRY (36) opens his eyes to wooden banging. He sits up in bed. The shutters on his windows are banging opened and closed in the wind.

HENRY (V.O.)
To be honest, I didn't even know I
had shutters.

Henry gets out of bed, pulling on a bathrobe. His wife MADELINE continues sleeping, throwing a pillow over her head.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Henry steps out into the pink light of morning. The wind is ferocious, practically tearing his clothes off as he steps out. Henry braces against it and begins to shut the shutters, finding the locks on them for the first time.

Facing the house, he doesn't see his car tip over on its side with a dull plunk.

He turns to the view before his house.

Generously lit by the pinks and yellows of the morning sun, a TORNADO dances at the end of Henry's street, uprooting lawn ornaments. Henry takes in its breadth- the scale is almost incomprehensible.

HENRY (V.O.)
I don't remember there being
Tornado's in Connecticut before
then.

HENRY
Honey?

Henry's neighbors step out onto their front porches to take in the dramatic scene. A small white DOG runs out down the street. It's owner, a Woman in her 40s chases after it.

Henry watches in horror as the dog is lifted off it's feet and spirals up into the sky.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

The Woman lets out a scream, first for her dog and then for herself as she is lifted off her feet and into the sky.

Henry looks around on the porch, as if searching for someone to corroborate what he's seeing. Indeed:

HENRY (CONT'D)

Anyone seeing this?

The Tornado begins to dance down the street, straight for Henry's house. His eyes grow wide.

HENRY (CONT'D)

SHIT!

He runs back inside.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Henry dashes through the kitchen, living room, and into the bedroom of his two SONS, GILBERT (11) and ADAM (13).

HENRY

Boys! Boys! Up, up, up!

He rouses the children from their bed, picking up Gilbert.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We're going to the basement!

Down the stairs and into

THE BASEMENT

He delivers the boys into the basement and turns on a light. As soon as he does, the power cuts out.

GILBERT

What's happening?

HENRY

MADDY!

ADAM

Dad?

HENRY

I don't know, just hang on- MADDY!

He shouts up the stairs, but nothing. Frustrated, he runs up the stairs, tripping on every step as he does.

Henry ascends the stairs into

THE LIVING ROOM

As soon as he arrives, the ceiling flies up into the sky, yanked by the invisible hand of the tornado. Henry hits the deck as the tornado rips through his house. He screams.

HENRY (CONT'D)

MADELINE!

He hangs on for dear life to a support beam of the house, his feet are off the ground. Shit is flying everywhere. He screams again.

His body drops down to the floor- the worst has passed.

Henry opens his eyes. His house no longer has a roof. Several of the walls are gone, there's a giant hole where his front door used to be.

The wind is still strong, but Henry can walk again. He hops over broken glass and plaster towards his bedroom only to find-

It's GONE.

Where his bedroom was moments earlier is now a hole to the back yard. He looks down at the floor, straight into the basement. Gilbert and Adam look up at him.

GILBERT

Dad?

Henry looks up towards the purple tornado, coasting away from his house. It cuts a chunk out of another house, inhaling its contents and spitting them out.

HENRY

You stay right there!

Henry rounds the corner and steps out his (still intact) back door.

EXT. HENRY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

Henry chases after the tornado, dodging the chaos it's leaving in its wake.

HENRY
MADDY! MADELINE!

He runs around an flaming upside car, a disassembled swing set, a plethora of lawn chairs.

The Tornado is getting further away. He passes a DEAD BODY.

HENRY (CONT'D)
GIVE ME BACK MY WIFE!

He stops. The Tornado is too far away. The wind is starting to die. Flushed, tears in his eyes, Henry screams at the top of his lungs.

HENRY (CONT'D)
GIVE ME BACK MY WIFE! HEY!

The Tornado keeps moving.

HENRY (V.O.)
I don't know why I was talking to
the tornado.

HENRY
HEY!

HENRY (V.O.)
Even if it coulda talked back? What
would it have said? Sorry?

Henry collapses on the ground, sobbing.

HENRY
Maddy.

HENRY (V.O.)
I highly doubt it.

The neighborhood is shambles. The dug up lawns give a clear indication of the tornado's wake. Several lawns over from Henry, an 80 year-old GRANDMOTHER is on her knees, sobbing.

GRANDMOTHER
BIIIIILLLLLLLLLL! BIIIIILLLLLLLLL!

Henry looks at her, then back at the Tornado. It's just a blip on the horizon now.

HENRY (V.O.)
I highly fucking doubt it.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - LATER

Dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, Henry and his boys begin to sweep up the house.

HENRY (V.O.)
So then, we did what everyone did.

Gilbert begins sweeping debris into the hole where the bedroom was, down to the basement.

HENRY
Gilbert! Don't do that.

GILBERT
I was just cleaning!

HENRY
That's the basement, not a
dumpster. Go pick that up!

GILBERT
Aren't we gonna look for Mom?

HENRY
We're gonna look for Mom after you
clean up that mess!

Gilbert sighs and heads to the basement.

HENRY (V.O.)
We did our best to keep it
together.

The phone begins to ring. Henry looks around. No phone in sight.

HENRY
Phone?

ADAM
Phone?

Adam and Henry search around the ringing. Adam finds the phone burrowed into the drywall. He hands it to Henry.

HENRY
Yeah, hello?

Henry listens. His jaw goes slack. Tears well up in his eyes.

HENRY (V.O.)
They told me I didn't have to go to
the scene. I didn't really think
about it.

EXT. TOWN COMMON - DAY

Henry, MRS. Beretta (65) and a handful of COPS and TOWNSFOLK
look to the sky. Mrs. Beretta puts a hand on Henry's
shoulder.

MRS. BERETTA
So are we taking her down? What are
we doing, Jim, what the hell are we
doing?

JIM, the Chief of Police looks at her sheepishly.

JIM
We uh... We don't have any ladders
that get up there. We're waiting
for the fire department to send a
truck from Darien but they're... A
little busy right now. Real sorry
for your loss, Henry.

Henry keeps his eyes to the sky.

HENRY
Thanks, Jim.

Mrs. Beretta looks from Henry to Jim and back to Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You think she suffered at all?

She looks back to where everyone else is gazing. There is
Madeline, hanging limply off of the steeple of the town
hall, impaled through her face.

Mrs. Beretta looks at Henry like he's insane. Then:

MRS. BERETTA
I'm sure it was very peaceful.

Henry nods. That's what he needed to hear.

Next to him, a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture. Henry looks at
him, enraged.

HENRY
Are you fucking serious right now?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Sorry for your loss.

Henry takes a threatening step towards the Photographer, but Mrs. Beretta grabs onto his shoulder.

MRS. BERETTA
Come on now, come along now. That's right.

She leads Henry across the town common, away from the scene.

INT. TOWN COMMON - LATER

Henry and Mrs. Beretta sit on a wooden park bench. Behind them is the town hall. The fire fighters have arrived and are working to take Madeline down with a manned bucket attached to a crane. Henry sobs into a handkerchief while Mrs. Beretta rubs him on the back.

MRS. BERETTA
These things... You know... They happen.

HENRY
They don't HAPPEN, Mrs. B. Your whole bedroom doesn't get taken up into the sky with you in it, that doesn't just HAPPEN!

Mrs. Beretta withdraws her hand.

MRS. BERETTA
You're right. I'm sorry.

HENRY
No, I'm sorry. I'm just... Fucked up right now. You understand.

MRS. BERETTA
How are you boys taking it?

HENRY
I don't know. I left them at home. They think she's coming back.

Mrs. Beretta nods sympathetically.

MRS. BERETTA
Do you have somewhere to stay?

HENRY

Yeah, we'll uh... I'll just take em down to a motel until we can get something sorted out and get the insurance settled.

MRS. BERETTA

You call me if you need anything, Henry.

HENRY

Okay.

Behind them, a firefighter loses his grip and nearly falls out of the bucket. Madeline ends up falling from the steeple of the town hall to the street below.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Henry, Gilbert and Adam work together to turn the car from its side back onto its wheels. Henry micromanages them to make sure their limbs are clear.

HENRY

Gilbert- back away. Back away-

Gilbert steps back to the car and gives it another shove.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Back away!

The car topples onto its wheels, dropping its drivers side mirror on the pavement. Adam and Gilbert cheer.

INT. MOVING CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Henry drives their Volkswagen Beetle down the street, staring through a savagely shattered windshield. He tries not to look at the chaos and debris that remains in the neighborhood.

Both of the boys stare out into the world from the back seat.

ADAM

I heard Mrs. Addison got taken by it.

GILBERT

Who told you that?

ADAM

Bobby Supercino.

GILBERT
Just right off her feet and into
the sky?

ADAM
Yeah.

HENRY
Hey. Boys... Listen...

The Boys look up to the front seat.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Mom's not coming home.

He swerves in order to dodge a lawn mower in the middle of
the street.

HENRY (CONT'D)
She uh... She...

He nods, tears coming out of his eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
She died, boys.

The Boys take this in. Adam starts to cry with Henry. They
keep driving. Gilbert looks out his window, tears in his
eyes.

GILBERT
Dad.

HENRY
Yeah.

GILBERT
Dad.

HENRY
What?

GILBERT
Look.

Gilbert points out the window. Henry applies the brakes.

All three look out the side windows of the car. Next to them
is an empty field.

A GIANT ROBOT, the size of the Town Hall waddles lamely
across the empty field. The Robot is mailbox shaped, with
several retractable metal tentacles waving around in the sky.
It looks like a robot from 50s B-movies.

HENRY (V.O.)

And after the tornado, it just never really let up. And I think it was all so distracting that we never really got a chance to grieve.

ADAM

Come on-

Adam opens the door and steps out of the car.

HENRY

Adam, no-

Gilbert follows him, with Henry right on their tail. They cross the street to the edge of the field, and watch the robot walk.

They stand there. The sun is setting in the horizon. The Robot moves from a waddle to a prance.

It's far enough away that it feels like slow motion- the sound and the image aren't quite aligned as the robotic joints echo around the valley. There's something bizarrely beautiful about it.

Henry, Adam and Gilbert watch with Henry's arms over both of his son's shoulders.

HENRY (V.O.)

Maybe that was going to be it. You have one fuck-a-doo of a day, but that's it, you get your one and then you're done.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

The Volkswagen pulls into the parking lot of the Motel 6. It's a traffic jam- a hundred cars all honking at each other. Cars, vans, trucks, all full of angry and tired people. Some vehicles have mattresses strapped to their roofs.

There are a few fires, some people have brought their grills, lawn chairs, coolers. It's reminiscent of a tailgate.

HENRY (V.O.)

If only.

IN THE CAR

Henry parks and turns to the boys in the back seat.

HENRY

I'm gonna go see if they have any rooms.

ADAM

Dad, there's no rooms here.

HENRY

How do you know?

ADAM

There's people barbecuing in the parking lot.

He's right.

HENRY

Maybe they're just hungry. Stay here. Don't talk to anyone.

Henry gets out of the car and crosses the parking lot, weaving his way through the cacophony.

INT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Henry gets into the lobby. It's crowded with people in various stages of distress and unrest. Families sit on the floor, sobbing.

He pushes his way towards the front desk. The attendant is dealing with a very angry crowd.

ATTENDANT

I'm sorry we are FULL, we are FULL UP. No rooms!

DISGRUNTLED MAN

Well when's the next availability?

ATTENDANT

We have deposits down for the next six weeks!

The crowd groans in unison. Henry watches them for a moment.

DISGRUNTLED MAN

My mother died this afternoon and you're going to turn me out??

ATTENDANT

I'm sorry for your loss sir-

DISGRUNTLED MAN

She was 96!

OVERWEIGHT MAN

Then she lived a long life, get over it!

DISGRUNTLED MAN

What the fuck did you just say?

OVERWEIGHT MAN

She lived a long life! 96 I mean, condolences and whatever, but she had her time! My 17-year-old daughter's in the hospital with shards of glass in her back!

DISGRUNTLED MAN

Condolences and whatever? Why you piece of shit-

The Disgruntled Man takes a swing at the Overweight Man, and just like that a small brawl starts up in the lobby of the Motel 6 between a dozen grown men.

Henry sighs, turns, and leaves.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Henry steps out into the front of the motel. He sees a NEWSPAPER DISPENSER. On the front page of the newspaper- a large black and white image of his wife, hanging from the top of the steeple, the headline: TRAGEDY STRIKES.

INT. STATIONARY CAR - NIGHT

Henry slams the car door shut as he positions himself in the drivers seat.

ADAM

Were there any rooms?

Henry takes a breath, then starts the car again.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Henry drives along an empty back road. He looks out into the darkness. Dozens of lights dance in the darkness, casting just enough illumination to make out parts of the giant robot. Henry frowns and rolls his window back up.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry and Adam stand on chairs as they nail a tarp over the hole where the front door used to be. They all have head lamps strapped to their foreheads.

GILBERT

There's no roof here.

HENRY

I know, it's fun, right? It's gonna be like, like camping, you know?

ADAM

We've never been camping.

HENRY

This is a trial run.

Henry finishes nailing the bottom of the tarp to the floor by the front door and ushers the kids into

THEIR BEDROOM

Adam climbs onto the top bunk. Gilbert climbs onto the bottom bunk.

HENRY (CONT'D)

This is fun, right?

The boys stare back at him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm right here if you need anything.

Henry closes the door. There's a bowling-ball sized splintered hole in the middle of it.

Henry walks across the living room and towards the bedroom. He stops. The bedroom is no longer there. He looks out into his back yard.

Distant coyote yips echo from the back yard. Henry closes the bedroom door.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry steps out into the back yard. He listens to the coyotes yipping. Standing just a few meters away in his back yard is Henry's neighbor, BERNARD (50s, 300 pounds with a Paul Bunyan beard.) He stands with a shotgun in his arms, pointed casually to the ground.

BERNARD

The race of man, while sheep in
credulity, are wolves for
conformity.

Henry blinks and looks over to Bernard.

HENRY

Sorry?

BERNARD

Carl Clinton Van Doren said that.

Henry nods, pretending to know who that is.

HENRY

I think they're coyotes, actually.

A long pause.

BERNARD

What's the difference?

HENRY

... I don't know.

Bernard nods.

BERNARD

Uh-huh.

Bernard begins to whistle the theme song to DAVY CROCKETT. He steps out into the foggy darkness. Henry watches him meld into the shadow.

In the darkness, shotgun blasts echo into the night. The coyote yipping increases. Bernard can be heard cajoling them.

Henry steps around the sink hole that was his bedroom and heads back inside.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE

He lies on the living room couch and lies down, pulling a knit blanket over him. He looks up to the sky.

HENRY (V.O.)

It turns out, there would be many
more fuck-a-doo days ahead.

Thunder claps.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Adam and Gilbert sit in the back seat of the Volkswagen, looking through the steamed up windows. Torrential rain pours.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry paces around his living room trailing the corded phone. He wears a neon yellow rain jacket and juggles an umbrella and a stack of rained-on papers.

HENRY

Yes, I called yesterday, my name is Henry Fonda?

(pause)

Yes really. The investigator said he would call back yesterday and he didn't. I should have an open case? It's 4BS0114. S as in Squid. O as in Octopus. Yes, okay. I'll hold.

Henry stops pacing and stares out a shattered window towards his children, parked in the monkey-vomit-green Beetle. Gilbert waves at him. Henry waves back.

HENRY (V.O.)

I have come to learn through my numerous phone conversations with insurance companies that there are 170 towns in the state of Connecticut. Of those 170, 45 were effected by that first tornado.

Henry looks to the wall of the living room. A photo of him and Madeline on their wedding is already water stained. He picks up the photo and accidentally drops the papers.

HENRY

Yes, I'm still here.

He shuffles to get the fallen papers off of the water-logged mauve carpet, dropping the picture frame.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Well that's not right, I'm covered by natural disasters.

Henry listens.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What do you mean this tornado might not be a natural disaster?

INT. STATIONARY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Henry slams the car door as he piles into the front seat. Talk radio is playing softly.

HENRY

God damn fucking shit!!

He punches the steering wheel once, twice, three times. He sighs, and looks to the back seat. Adam and Gilbert stare back at their father.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

-Just never seen anything like this, it's really, well, remarkable I guess. Some people are calling it a crayfish, but it's definitely a crab attacking downtown Darien.

Henry furrows his brow, and turns to the radio. He turns it up.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, the one thing that is clear is that a giant crustacean is wandering around city hall... Is it lost?

HENRY

What the fuck is going on?

Henry starts the car.

GILBERT

Where are we going?

HENRY

I don't know.

ADAM

Is this an invasion?

HENRY

I don't know, Adam! Guys! Look. I just... The world is a funny place, okay? I'm older than you, I knew it was funny, I didn't know it was this funny, okay?

GILBERT

Like 'haha' funny?

ADAM

No, dumbass, like weird.

HENRY

Don't call your brother a dumbass.
But yes, like weird.

GILBERT

Oh.

HENRY

We're gonna go to Mrs. Beretta's
for a little bit.

He begins to drive the Beetle through the torrential rain.

EXT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - DAY

The A-frame house peeks out of the thick and foggy rain. Mrs. Beretta's house is surrounded with a luscious garden, guarded by garden gnomes.

Mrs. Beretta ushers the three boys into her house with an umbrella.

INT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - DAY

Adam, Gilbert and Henry are soaking wet.

HENRY

Take off your shoes, don't track
mud into Mrs. Beretta's house.

MRS. BERETTA

You boys are soaking wet, come on
let's get your dry. Adam, fetch a
few towels from the bathroom
please.

Adam runs off, he clearly knows the house. He passes a yellow
TABBY CAT.

ADAM

Hi Scruffy.

HENRY

Thanks for having us, it's just so-

MRS. BERETTA

Don't be silly. You don't even have
a roof!

HENRY

Yeah, it's pretty... Fucked.

MRS. BERETTA
Do you need to stay here?

HENRY
Um- no, no. I don't want to put you out.

MRS. BERETTA
It's no problem. I have the spare bedroom and the living room couch. No one's using them.

Henry considers. He's soaking wet.

HENRY
Uh... yeah, okay. Just until it stops raining though.

MRS. BERETTA
Wonderful.

HENRY
Thank you.

INT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry and Mrs. Beretta sit on the couch watching television. Adam and Gilbert lie on their laps, passed out.

ON THE TV

A 50 foot CRAB with city-bus sized claws wanders around a small city, knocking over cars and lamp posts as it does.

MRS. BERETTA
I don't know what the world is coming to.

A news reporter stands in the foreground, the giant crab wanders around in the background. He speaks professionally and enthusiastically.

REPORTER
It appears to be a little bit confused, trying to find its way out of the downtown area. Now I'm told this particular crab is a *Fiddler Crab*, though obviously much bigger than what we're used to seeing.

HENRY

Why isn't anyone doing anything
about it?

Mrs. Beretta looks at Henry, miffed.

MRS. BERETTA

Well what do you want them to do?

HENRY

I don't know... Just... Shoot it,
put it back in the sea?

MRS. BERETTA

This isn't just a matter of
shooting it and putting it back in
the sea. We're clearly doing great
damage to our oceans. This is an
environmental issue.

Henry blinks at her. They simultaneously look back to the
television.

REPORTER

Jan, I'm getting reports here that
our neighbors over in Hartford are
dealing with some kind of robot,
we're going to go right over to
them in just a second.

HENRY (V.O.)

And then all of a sudden, this was
just kind of the status quo.

INT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry paces back and forth in the kitchen, wrapping the phone
cord around his body at every pace.

HENRY

I feel like I'm in the Twilight
Zone with what you're telling me
here. You're telling me that
because the tornado, the robot and
the crab all came in a 48 hours
window, it's not a 'natural
disaster?'

(long pause)

Supernatural disaster. Okay. Fuck
you.

Henry hurls the phone out of his hand, only to have the small slack of cord remaining swing around his neck and the phone pop in the nose.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ouch.

He clicks the receiver of the phone and begins to untangle himself.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry, Adam and Gilbert work carefully on what remains of the roof, nailing tarp over the top.

HENRY (V.O.)

And we adjusted for a while, tried
to get on with our lives, make
things normal.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

The Boys proudly examine their handiwork. Several blue tarps stretch across the top of the walls. They have shelter now.

HENRY (V.O.)

And in some ways we were
successful...

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry looks in on his children sleeping peacefully in their bedroom. He closes the door to the boy's bedroom. The bowling-ball sized hole has been covered with a patch of tarp.

He lies down on the living room couch, a soft smile on his face.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

Henry cheerfully taps on the wheel, the boys are in the back seat.

HENRY

Isn't this great? Back to school!

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The Volkswagen pulls up to the curb. Dozens of other parents drop their children off.

HENRY
Okay, be safe kids.

The boys get out.

HENRY (V.O.)
In other ways it was impossible.

Henry's eyes pop wide. He gets out of the car and begins walking towards the sidewalk.

HENRY
Adam! Gilbert! Come back!

He summons his boys to him. At the sidewalk, a TEACHER stands, looking out at the horizon and smoking a cigarette.

In the distance, a purple TORNADO dances on the horizon.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Excuse me! Excuse me!

The Teacher apathetically turns towards him.

TEACHER
Yeah?

HENRY
I see you see there's a tornado over there.

TEACHER
Yeah.

HENRY
Well don't you think it might be worth cancelling school?

She shrugs.

TEACHER
Cancelling school won't stop a tornado.

Henry looks at her, flabbergasted.

HENRY
Okay. Okay. Let's go boys.

He takes them both by a hand and brings them back to the car.

INT. MOVING CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Henry sits at the drivers seat, pissed and defeated.

ADAM
Don't you have to go to work?

HENRY
Yes! I have to go to work!

EXT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - DAY

The boys run up towards the house as Mrs. Beretta comes to the passenger's side window.

HENRY
Thank you I-

MRS. BERETTA
No need.

HENRY
There's a tornado by the school and I just-

MRS. BERETTA
I understand. We'll be in the basement.

HENRY
You're a godsend.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Henry drives down the highway.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

He slows to traffic, pulling up to an uncertain TRAFFIC COP.

HENRY
What's going on?

COP
The bridge is out. Chickens.

HENRY
"Chickens?"

Not wanting to take the conversation any further, he simply nods and moves on.

Henry sighs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Henry parks his car among a hundred other parked cars. He slings his suit jacket over his shoulder and carries his briefcase down the street.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Henry and dozens of other commuters walk down the street in a similar fashion. Along the way, cars have been abandoned with notes attached to the wind shields.

He comes to a hill overlooking downtown and stops.

Several blocks down the hill, two GIANT CHICKENS peck at an overturned city bus. Faint screams can be heard as commuters try to crawl out of the shattering windows.

HENRY

Jesus.

He looks around. Everyone else is just walking past the scene.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey!

A few people stop and look at Henry. Most keep walking.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Isn't anyone going to do anything?

COMMUTER

I think someone called the police.

HENRY

What the fuck are the police going to do? Call the Army?

COMMUTER

What am I gonna do about it?

The Commuter slides back into the sea of roving pedestrians.

HENRY

Fuck.

Henry marches down the hill towards the overturned bus. As he gets lower, the size of the chickens seem to grow. They're a solid six stories tall.

He passes a fallen feather on the ground that is as big as he is.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus.

Henry breaks into a light jog, still holding his briefcase. He gets to the end of the hill.

One of the chickens plucks a Man out of the bus by his arm, carefully nipping at him as it tries to swallow him whole. The Man screams in fear and agony from six stories up.

Henry begins to wave his briefcase in the air.

HENRY (CONT'D)

HEY! STOP THAT! YOU!

He runs up to the chicken's leg. The chicken takes a step, a giant talon nearly mowing him over.

He grabs a shard of scrap metal off the street and swings it like a baseball bat into the chicken's foot. It doesn't seem to notice.

HENRY (CONT'D)

STOP THAT!

The chicken maneuvers the Man caught in its beak. He goes into the chicken's mouth head first, his screams turn to squeals.

HENRY (CONT'D)

STOP IT!!!

He swings his scrap metal again. The chicken takes a hop away from him, clearing half a city block.

In a matter of seconds, both chickens are thundering down an avenue several blocks away. Henry drops the scrap metal. He's sweaty, disheveled and out of breath.

People begin to hesitantly climb out of the toppled city bus, shaking off the horror they've just encountered.

Henry goes to the side of the bus and begins to help people out of it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Does anyone know who that was?

A few people shake their heads. A man sits in the middle of the street and begins to sob.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Anyone know who that man was? That
got... Eaten?

Silence. Henry nods to himself.

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Henry limps through the city. A few others trail behind him. He gets to the end of the block and stops.

In front of him is a toppled over building. It looks like something has stepped on it.

HENRY (V.O.)
And that's how I found out I lost
my job. I wasn't fired. I didn't
resign. My career just got...
Stepped on.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Henry gets into his car and starts it. He begins a 19-point turn to get himself out of the gridlock and turn around.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

Henry glances out the side window. In the field parallel to the highway is a running pack of coyotes. Their eyes glimmer freakishly yellow and reflective.

EXT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - DUSK

Henry walks up to Mrs. Beretta's house. Lurking in the woods around the clearing of her gardens are more piercing yellow eyes. He knocks on the door.

Mrs. Beretta answers with Adam and Gilbert at the door.

HENRY
Were they good?

MRS. BERETTA
They were angels.

HENRY
Good. You two have a good day?

ADAM
Yeah.

Yeah. GILBERT

HENRY (CONT'D)
Okay, good. Go get in the car I'll
be right there.

He waits awkwardly for the boys to get in the car and shut the door, keeping a smile on his face.

MRS. BERETTA
Everything okay, Henry?

Frozen smile, he talks through closed teeth.

HENRY
Yeah, just a sec.

The car doors shut. He drops his smile and his face of anguish returns.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I don't know what the fuck is going
on out there.

MRS. BERETTA
What happened?

HENRY
It's... It's just... Chaos. It's
chaos out in this world, Mrs.
BERETTA. I watched a man get
swallowed whole by a chicken in
downtown Darien today. A giant
chicken ate a... Man.

MRS. BERETTA
That's awful.

Henry stares at her in disbelief.

HENRY
"That's awful?" That's all you can
say?

MRS. BERETTA
What do you want me to say, Henry?
I didn't eat the man!

HENRY
No, of course not-

MRS. BERETTA

The world's problems aren't
everyone's problems.

He stares at her again, unsure if he heard it right. He
shakes his head.

HENRY

No. No, see, I think that the
world's problems are everyone's
problems, not just when a chicken
is swallowing you whole! I am
terrified to step outside. I am
terrified for my kids, Mrs.
Beretta!

Mrs. Beretta takes a deep breath, nodding her head in
understanding. She puts her hands on his cheeks.

MRS. BERETTA

It's hard. It's hard to be a man in
this world. It's hard to be a
father in this world. It's hard to
have to do those things without a
partner. I know. Henry. You just.
Do. The. Best. You. Can. You can't
save the world.

Henry doesn't look at her, but nods. Tears well up in his
eyes.

MRS. BERETTA (CONT'D)

Okay?

HENRY

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. BERETTA

Good boy.

Henry heads to the car.

HENRY

Mrs. Beretta...

She turns back towards him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Your woods is full of coyotes.

She blinks at him.

MRS. BERETTA

That's where they belong, Henry.

She smiles and shrugs. Henry opens his mouth to try to continue the conversation, but nods. *She is right.* He goes back to the car.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry tucks Adam and Gilbert into bed. The covering tarp gently shifts for the breeze.

GILBERT

Dad?

HENRY

Yeah.

GILBERT

Is this God's way of punishing us?

HENRY

What?

GILBERT

Is this God's way of punishing us.

HENRY

No, honey. God isn't doing this.

GILBERT

How do you know?

HENRY

Because God isn't real.

ADAM

Mom said God was real.

HENRY

Mom was wrong.

GILBERT

So she's not in heaven?

Henry closes his eyes. *Ah, fuck.*

HENRY

No, Mom is in heaven.

ADAM

How can there be a heaven without God?

HENRY

There's a... Ugh. Look. There's a God in heaven. But he doesn't... He doesn't do things down here. He doesn't care about us. Okay? It's like Canada. There's a President in Canada, sort of, but we don't hear about him, and he doesn't do anything for us, cause he's in Canada.

GILBERT

So heaven is like Canada?

ADAM

No, dumbass.

HENRY

Yes. Don't call your brother a dumbass.

GILBERT

Can we go there?

Henry gives his son a soft smile.

HENRY

Someday. Please go to sleep.

Henry leaves.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry lies on the couch. In the distance, coyote yips are drowned out by distant shotgun blasts. The phone rings, sending Henry bolting upwards.

He picks it up.

HENRY

This is Henry.

Shaky breaths come in over the phone.

MRS. BERETTA (O.S.)

Henry?

Her voice is on the verge of a sob.

HENRY

Mrs. B?

MRS. BERETTA

I need help. They're trying to claw their way in. I can hear them on my roof.

Henry readjusts himself. He's awake now.

HENRY

Okay. Just stay away from the windows and doors, I'll be right there. It's gonna be okay!

Henry bounds off the couch. He steps towards the boy's bedroom. He grabs the doorknob, then stops. Slowly, he lets the doorknob go.

HENRY (V.O.)

I don't know why I didn't take them. I guess I didn't want to give them a front row seat to an old woman being eaten alive by coyotes. Does that really make me a bad father?

He grabs a broom and leaves.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

The headlights illuminate the pavement before him. On both sides of the car, hundreds of little yellow eyes watch Henry drive down the road.

EXT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry pulls up to the house. The beams of his car catch the backsides of coyotes in mid-scatter.

Henry sits in the car for a moment. He can hear the howls close by. He honks his horn a few times.

He pauses, then sticks his head out the window.

HENRY

You all better run!

He pokes his head back in. Takes a breath.

He gets out of the car. Holding the broom like a sword, he steps through Mrs. Beretta's garden and up to the front door.

Coyote howls and yips are all around. The screen door to the porch has been torn apart, the door is splintered.

The front door has claw marks, the paint is all but gone on the lower half.

He knocks on the door.

Mrs. Beretta appears in a night gown, her eyes red and her face flushed.

MRS. BERETTA
Oh thank the lord.

Mrs. Beretta lets Henry in.

INT. MRS. BERETTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry and Mrs. Beretta sit across each other at the kitchen table, both sipping tea.

MRS. BERETTA
Where are the boys?

HENRY
I left them... Just, you know. Want them to get their sleep.

MRS. BERETTA
Probably better.

HENRY
Yeah.

The ticking of the clock in the kitchen feels conspicuous in the silence.

MRS. BERETTA
Do you think that they can open doors?

HENRY
The coyotes?

MRS. BERETTA
Yes.

HENRY
No. I think if you keep your doors locked, you know, they don't have the thumbs.

MRS. BERETTA
Okay. I really appreciate you coming here this late Henry. I was going to die of fright.

HENRY

Sure.

MRS. BERETTA

It's good that we have each other.

HENRY

Yeah. It is.

He stands.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You're okay, Mrs. B.

She waves him off.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Henry drives down the street in his own neighborhood. He passes disheveled houses in rows. Street lights illuminate circular beams along the street.

He passes a street light. A woman in a white dress and frizzy hair is standing under one, smoking a cigarette. She looks like a ghost. Henry makes eye contact with her. Her eyes grow red with the ember of the butt.

Henry keeps driving.

His tires hit a slick, black substance on the road. The car screeches into a fishtail.

HENRY

WOAH-

The car spins violently, making a 180 into a 360 as Henry slams on the brakes.

The car comes to a grinding halt.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Christ.

Henry puts the car in park and opens his door. He takes one step out and slips on the pavement.

He rolls to his knees and carefully stands. His hands are covered in some kind of slimy goo. He rubs his fingers together in disgust.

He looks down the street. There's a clear and shimmering trail of goo going from a field and into the street. He looks past the tire skids and up the street.

The trail of goo extends up the block.

A look of horror comes over Henry's face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No.

He breaks for a run, and slips. He pushes himself to his feet and carefully jogs, trying to keep his balance as if running on ice.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No, no, no.

He picks up his speed and slips again. He doesn't seem to notice, he's back on his feet and running.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No, no, NO!

Henry stops. He stands in front of

HIS HOUSE.

From within, a dim glow from the lights left on.

Attached to the outside of the house is a giant OCTOPUS, about half the size of the whole house. It's suction-cup legs are bunched and curled around the entire building. Two big, black eyes stare at Henry.

Tentacles come out the windows, out the door. Slime covers everything.

Henry runs straight for the house. The Octopus's head blocks the doorway. He kicks it. His foot gets caught in slime.

HENRY (CONT'D)

NO! FUCK! NO!

Henry pulls himself out of the slime and rounds the house. He jumps over a twisting tentacle to the closest free window. Unable to push it open, he removes his shoe and smashes the window.

HENRY (CONT'D)

ADAM! GILBERT!

Henry hoists himself up and through the window.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The living room is covered in slime. Three tentacles flip effortlessly in the room. There's not much space to navigate. Furniture is toppled over, another wall has come down.

Henry wades through the chaos towards the boy's bedroom.

HENRY
BOYS! ANSWER ME!

He reaches

THEIR BEDROOM.

The room is covered in slime. The fat part of two large tentacles bend. The bunk bed has been shattered. There's no sign of the boys.

Henry looks up.

Above him, is the head of the Octopus. A gaping orifice that looks like a giant asshole looms just above him.

Henry steps back, knocking over the only lamp in the room. The light hits the Octopus in a way that makes its skin translucent. It's veins are the first to reveal themselves, but then Henry sees it:

The silhouette of a boy's body is floating limply inside the translucent octopus.

HENRY (CONT'D)
No, no, no!

A tentacle begins to wrap itself around Henry. He screams in anguish and begins beating his fist against the squishy arm. The tentacle clamps down on him and begins to raise him up towards the asshole above him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
No, no, NO FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!

The asshole of an octopus mouth gapes open, making room for Henry to fit.

HENRY (CONT'D)
FUCK Y-

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Henry sits on a metal folding chair. He looks different. His hair is longer. He's grown a beard.

He wears jeans and a t-shirt. He's got inhuman purple bags under his eyes, and a deep but healed scar on his face.

HENRY

And that's how it happened. Just...
Another fucking sob story, like I'm
sure the rest you have. In April
1990, I lost my wife to a tornado
and I lost both of my sons to an
octopus that I am told was pregnant
and binge eating. There's no job
for me to go to, there's no
insurance claim to file, there's no
revenge to seek and there's not
really anything I can do about it.
So like many of you now, I'm left
here, alone, and wondering... Well.
I guess I'm wondering what the
fuck, right? What the fuck...

He thinks about for a moment, and nods.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

He nods to a man sitting next to him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

My name is Henry Fonda, and this is
my time sharing. Thank you.

Henry sits in a circle of metal chairs. Each one occupied by
a person, varying ages and genders, all with somewhat blank
but understanding looks on their faces.

SUPER TITLE:

THREE YEARS LATER

ALL

Thank you Henry.

ALDIN (50) the Group Leader puts a hand on Henry's shoulder.

ALDIN

That was very brave, Thank you
Henry.

Henry nods.

ALDIN (CONT'D)

Okay. That's about all the time we have for tonight, there's coffee and doughnuts in the back, please introduce yourself to Henry make him feel welcome. It's a hard world out there.

Henry's gaze wanders around the circle. A fat biker couple, a skin head, a young woman in a blue dress, a man that looks alarming like Charles Darwin, the group is eclectic. They begin their closing prayer. Henry follows along halfheartedly.

ALL

Let me remember, now and forever.
To search for the inner strength to
let go of what I cannot control. To
embrace the chaos, the madness, the
damage, to appreciate all that I've
lost.

As the group says their closing prayer, Henry's eyes meet with a WOMAN about his age. She's got obvious burn marks up her neck and on part of her face. She flips her tongue at him aggressively in a licking motion.

No one else seems to notice.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER

Henry stands by the coffee table nursing a cup of coffee and speaking to a thin balding man with GLASSES. Henry's attention is on the tongue-flipping woman on the other side of the room.

GLASSES

How did you escape?

HENRY

Huh?

GLASSES

The Octopus. How did you escape.

HENRY

Oh. Uh. I just. You know. Got out.

GLASSES

I'm glad you're still here with us.

HENRY

Yeah.

GLASSES
If your name really Henry Fonda?

HENRY
Yeah it is. Hey, excuse me a
second. Nice to meet you.

Henry passes by Glasses.

GLASSES
You... Too.

He marches over to the other side of the church to the Woman.
She gives him a wry smile as he approaches.

HENRY
Hi.

WOMAN
Hi.

HENRY
Do you... How long have you been
coming to the B.O.V?

WOMAN
Longer than you.

Henry nods. Probably true.

HENRY
Why did you flip your tongue at me
like that?

WOMAN
Huh?

HENRY
During the prayer thing. Why did
you flip your tongue at me?

She smiles.

WOMAN
I don't know what you're talking
about.

She walks away.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Creep.

Henry watches her leave. As she reaches the door, she looks
over her shoulder and flips her tongue at him again.

Henry steps to follow her outside.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Henry steps out into the dark. The Woman lights up a cigarette. He steps up next to her.

WOMAN

So... Do you wanna fuck?

Henry looks at her.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lamp snaps on and is instantly knocked to the floor as the Woman leads him into her bedroom. She yanks his pants down to the floor and pushes him onto the bed before straddling him.

She lifts her dress up, revealing a totally scarred torso. She has no nipples- just scar tissue.

HENRY

Jesus-

She stops.

WOMAN

I can put it back on if it bothers you.

HENRY

If it bothers me? I mean- no. Jesus- what happened?

She rolls her eyes and wriggles back into her top.

WOMAN

I didn't bring you here for talk therapy. I brought you here to fuck my brains out. Should I look somewhere else, or will you let your sob story go in a moment of weakness and fuck me?

A long beat.

HENRY

Okay. Sorry.

She nods, and proceeds to tear Henry's boxers off, mounting him.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

In the midst of sex- Henry looks to the side. On the night stand is a framed photo- the photo itself has burn marks around the edges. The Woman stands smiling with a young child in her arms and a Man hugging her side.

She moans and flops on top of Henry.

WOMAN

That was nice. Thanks.

HENRY

Sure.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry walks down his street. He passes Bernard's house. Bernard is sitting on the roof with his shotgun, smoking a cigar. Coyotes yip in the distance.

BERNARD

Hiya Henry.

HENRY

Hey Bernard.

BERNARD

All good?

HENRY

Fine.

BERNARD

How'd it go? The B.O.V. Meeting.

Henry looks up to the roof. Nods.

HENRY

I think it was okay.

BERNARD

See, I told you it would be good.

HENRY

Yeah, well. I'm gonna hit they hey.

BERNARD

It's all healing. "Let me remember-

HENRY

Now and forever, yeah, yeah. Okay.
Good night..

BERNARD

Love you.

HENRY

Love you too.

Henry opens his front door and walks in.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house has undergone a massive change. Most of the belongings of its past incarnation are gone. It's mostly bare with a pop-tent set up in the corner where the couch used to be.

Henry crawls into his tent and turns on a lantern. He begins eating a bag of chips as he snaps the radio on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

-Partly cloudy with highs in the mid to low 60s, it's gonna be a warm one for October. This is a new one, get a load of this, what some people are describing as large birds but others are saying is unmistakably velociraptors have been sighted in Times Square. So far we have about sixteen deaths and another thirty or so wounded. The world series is next week, and-

Henry switches the station. It tunes to music- Buffalo Springfield's *For What It's Worth* is in its first verse.

Henry lies back in his tent. He looks along the tent walls. The water-stained wedding photo and a photo of Adam and Gilbert are pinned to the canvas.

Henry starts to cry.

EXT. HENRY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

WHUP.

A golf ball sails off a tee and into the blue abyss of the sky.

Henry stands in boxers and a t-shirt, teeing up another golf ball. Bernard sits in a lawn chair, his shotgun resting comfortably in his lap.

BERNARD
No, see that's backspin.

HENRY
It's not backspin.

BERNARD
Level your arms out, stop doing
that thing with your thumb, just
try it, will ya?

Henry groans. He realigns himself and swings again. The ball sails up in the sky- and comes back down into the meadow before them, neatly planting itself next to a orange cone.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
See?

HENRY
Fuck you.

Henry squints in the sunlight. A figure approaches them, passing the cone.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey.

Bernard follows Henry's gaze to the approaching WOMAN. As she gets closer, it's clear: it's the Woman from the support group.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I know her.

She's now within earshot.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I know you.

BERNARD
Helllloooooo.

WOMAN
You've killed one.

HENRY
What's that?

WOMAN
You've killed one.

HENRY
Oh. Sure.

BERNARD

Henry, who's your friend?

HENRY

Bernard this is a tongue-flipping lady who attends the same B.O.V. Meeting as I do. She hasn't told me her name, which is funny given that she seems to know a lot about me.

BERNARD

And actually, we've both killed one.

WOMAN

Who are you?

Bernard stands up and salutes her.

BERNARD

Bernard Sarasota, at your service.

WOMAN

...Charmed. So, you've killed one.

BERNARD

We each had a hand in it.

HENRY

Why?

The Woman looks from Bernard to Henry.

WOMAN

This your house?

She walks towards Henry's house. Bernard and Henry exchange glances and follow her.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry and Bernard enter Henry's house. The Woman is rooting around under Henry's kitchen sink.

HENRY

You can't just come in here like this-

The Woman produces a half empty bottle of rum.

WOMAN

Found it.

She unscrews the lid and grabs three glasses from a shelf.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Have any ice?

She looks around.

HENRY
I don't have a fridge anymore.

She offers them their glasses. Bernard happily gulps his down in one slug.

HENRY (CONT'D)
How do you know where I live?

WOMAN
I asked Aldin.

HENRY
Who is Aldin?

WOMAN
He's the group leader.

HENRY
Right. Aldin.

WOMAN
Look. There's no graceful way to say this, so I'll just say it. A fire-breathing bug the size of my house killed my family, burned off my tits and I want to kill it.

HENRY
What's that got to do with us?

BERNARD
Henry, let the lady speak.

WOMAN
I hear you've killed one of these things.

BERNARD
Together.

WOMAN
I haven't ever heard of anyone doing that.

Henry sits back against the wall, impatient.

BERNARD
It's not easy.

Henry
Bernard.

What? BERNARD

HENRY
Knock it off.

Why? BERNARD

HENRY
We can't help you.

Why not? BERNARD Why not? WOMAN

HENRY (CONT'D)
We're not... Exterminators. It's
just a thing that happened. We were
lucky. That's all.

BERNARD
It was a little more than luck.

WOMAN
How did you do it?

Bernard looks to Henry.

HENRY
What?

BERNARD
Well if you don't tell her, shit I
will.

Henry frowns.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Henry opens the closed door to his son's bedroom. The room has been completely emptied. Just a few bare walls and broken windows.

Henry steps into the room. Bernard and the Woman stand in the doorway.

Henry looks up.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The asshole of an octopus mouth gapes open, making room for Henry to fit.

HENRY

FUCK Y-

The tentacle stuffs Henry into the asshole-mouth, head first.

INT. OCTOPUS - NIGHT

Henry is submerged in pink and grey slime. He tries to push through it- it's too thick to swim in. He jostles around, gasping for air.

Gilbert's shadowy body passes by him. He reaches out for it. He screams a subdued, shallow scream.

He's frozen. The fleshy tissue around him pulses.

A shadow crosses over him. Muffled sounds- the sounds of yelling just barely reach his ears.

There's a distant explosion. The octopus quakes in reaction. Another explosion.

Henry reaches down towards the fuzzy shadow. He grasps for it- it's miles away.

His hand brushes against something. It's hard. It's dark. It's metal. He grips onto it tight. A metal pipe. He pulls on it. Instead of going downwards, the pipe goes upwards towards him.

Henry has it in his hands. It's not a pipe.

It's a shotgun.

Henry slowly maneuvers the shotgun around in the slime. He pulls the trigger. A solid CLICK.

With great difficulty, he pumps the gauge. He fires.

BANG!

An ear-splitting shot. The octopus literally cries out. The goo-chamber of a stomach quakes in a visceral reaction. Henry pumps again.

BANG!

The octopus screams again. It's trying to move now. Shadows dance across its translucent stomach lining. Henry pumps again. He points the shotgun to the sky.

Above him are the dark outlines of Adam and Gilbert, floating in the endless sea of goo. In between them is something else. Crackling with energy, moving slightly- it's the BRAIN.

Henry takes aim and fires.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry, the boys, and several hundred gallons of slime dump out of the octopus's asshole-mouth and back into the bedroom.

Henry gasps for air, crying, covered in slime and squiddy excrement. He holds the shotgun tight to his chest.

BERNARD stands a few feet away from him, equally covered in slime, looking shell shocked.

Henry shivers, teeth rattling. He's in shock. Bernard bends down to Henry's level, hands up.

BERNARD

Shhh. It's okay, fella. It's over now. It's over.

Bernard reaches out and puts his hand on the shotgun. Henry releases it.

Bernard tosses the shotgun to the side.

The two men sit in slime and excrement, eyes locked on each other.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry is still looking skyward. He turns back to the Woman and Bernard.

HENRY

It wasn't a planned out thing. We didn't know what we were doing. It was just luck.

BERNARD

I knew what I was doing.

HENRY

No you didn't.

BERNARD

You shoot these things in the brain
they're gonna do what anything else
does, no reason why they shouldn't.

WOMAN

Look, I'm not a damsel in distress
and I'd be more than happy to do
this by myself, but I need...

She detests the following word.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Help. And since you two are the
only people I've ever heard of
killing these things... Here I am.

Henry looks her over dubiously.

HENRY

Why? What's the point? Killing a
giant... Fire bug? Killing a giant
fire bug isn't going bring them
back, and it sure as hell ain't
gonna fix the rest of the world.

WOMAN

Because it's something to fucking
do. And that's better than doing
nothing.

Henry wasn't expecting that. He laughs in frustration.

HENRY

Is this why you had sex with me?

Bernard goes wide eyed.

BERNARD

What?

HENRY

I know-

BERNARD

When did you even have time for
that?

HENRY

Last night, and what do you care?

WOMAN

I didn't know who you were when I
fucked you. It wouldn't have
changed anything for me.

HENRY

Lady, I don't even know your name.

A half beat.

WOMAN

Madeline. My name is Madeline.

Henry blinks at this. He walks from the bedroom back into the
living room. He pours himself another drink.

HENRY

(to himself)

What the fuck.

He shakes his head. Drinks his drink.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay. What the fuck. Sure. Bernard?

BERNARD

I'm certainly for it.

HENRY

Okay. So now what the fuck?

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - DUSK

MADELINE, Henry and Bernard sit on a couch together watching
a television.

On the TELEVISION:

*The Fire Beetle is about 15 feet tall with child-sized
pincers. It spits fire in long 30 foot bursts like a flame
thrower.*

*In the overhead helicopter footage, it scurries down a busy
street with alarming speed, easily going 45.*

HENRY

Fuck this.

MADELINE

I know it looks bad.

BERNARD

Bad? That's the word you chose?
Alcohol has a really 'bad' effect
on me. This is iniquitous.

HENRY

You've seen this thing? In person?

MADELINE

Could have reached out and touched
it.

They both look at her. She just stares at the screen.

HENRY

Well what the hell was it doing
that you could reach out and touch
it and you're still here?

MADELINE

Eating my husband alive.

They both look back to the television.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Henry and Bernard walk along their neighborhood street
together. Coyote yips are ever-present.

BERNARD

You know what I was thinking.

HENRY

Hm?

BERNARD

We're gonna need a vehicle for
this.

HENRY

Okay.

BERNARD

A war chariot.

HENRY

Yeah.

A pause.

BERNARD

No, not *my* car, I was thinking
yours.

HENRY

I don't have a car, what's wrong
with your car?

BERNARD

Nothing is wrong with my car, and I
would like to keep it that way.
1975 Firebird and it's not about to
become a flaming chariot, even for
this damsel. Your car on the other
hand-

HENRY

If it even still works-

BERNARD

Would be perfectly suited for this
kind of operation since you clearly
don't value your belongings.

HENRY

I bet it doesn't work anymore.

BERNARD

And I bet it does.

They keep walking. Bernard starts to chuckle.

HENRY

What?

BERNARD

I was just thinking. Volkswagen
Beetle. We need a Beetle to kill
the Beetle.

Henry gives Bernard a look like he's smelling shit.

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

Bernard, Henry and Madeline walk along the edge of a slate
quarry.

They stop at a ledge which gradually descends into the belly
of the quarry, slabs of slate overlap like dragon scales.

At the bottom of the quarry sits Henry's monkey-vomit-green
Volkswagen Beetle, the drivers door sitting ajar.

HENRY

This was stupid. There's no way
that thing still works.

BERNARD
Vintage Volkswagens are built like
tanks. They never die.

Henry frowns.

HENRY
Wait here.

Henry begins to cautiously amble down the precarious ground,
slipping on the sliding slate slabs. Madeline and Bernard
watch him as he gets further away.

MADELINE
Why is his car in a slate quarry?

Bernard sighs.

BERNARD
He drove it over the edge two years
ago. It was a dark time.

MADELINE
You don't say.

HENRY
I can hear you!

BERNARD
He's better now.

Madeline nods.

MADELINE
Who pulled him out?

Bernard winks at her.

BERNARD
Yours truly. I pulled him out of an
octopus's mouth-asshole, you think
I'm gonna let that be for nothing
and you got another thing coming.

EXT. QUARRY - MOMENTS LATER

Henry slides down to the pit of the quarry. He approaches the
Beetle with trepidation. He looks back to the sloped ledge
above.

HENRY
This is stupid, Bernard!

Bernard's voice echoes back down.

BERNARD
You want me to come down!

HENRY
No!

A beat.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I got this.

He goes to the Beetle and sits in it.

INT. STATIONARY CAR - DAY

The windshield is cracked. Brown blood splatter paints the dashboard.

On each side of the speedometer is a taped picture. To the left: the rain and blood stained photo of Henry and Madeline on their wedding day. To the right: Adam and Gilbert smiling.

He looks at the pictures for what feels like an eternity. His eyes shift to the ignition. The key sits secure in the ignition, untouched.

He turns the ignition. The car roars to life.

Bernard and Madeline's cheers echo down to him. He sticks his head out the open door and up to them.

HENRY
Okay! Let's get it up!

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

Madeline drives while Bernard and Henry push the Beetle up the precarious terrain. The Beetle slips and slides, but eventually makes it over the hill.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

Henry and Madeline sit in the front seat, staring through the shattered, blood spattered windshield. Bernard sits in the back seat, looking pleased with himself.

BERNARD

We're going to need supplies. Gas masks. Fire extinguishers. Lots of bottled water. Can either of you get your hands on Vicodin?

MADELINE

I think I can.

BERNARD

We'll need that too.

INT. SURPLUS TRADING POST - DAY

Henry and Bernard walk down the aisle of a trading post. They reach the gas mask section and begin trying on gas masks.

BERNARD

We need to find ones that recycle the air. It's called a rebreather.

HENRY

Okay.

BERNARD

I'm going to go look at the fire axes.

Henry nods, fastening a gas mask to his face as Bernard waddles around the corner. On the opposite end of the aisle, an older woman carefully looks at a list in her hand.

Henry sees her.

HENRY

Mrs. Beretta?

Mrs. Beretta looks up from her glasses. Henry takes the gas mask off. She smiles with delight.

MRS. BERETTA

Oh! Henry!

She runs from around the cart over to Henry and gives him a hug.

HENRY

It's so good to see you!

MRS. BERETTA

I haven't seen you in ages dear!

HENRY

I know, I know. I've been meaning to come by, it's just been really busy.

MRS. BERETTA

I've missed you, and I've, of course you know, I've missed the boys.

Henry's enthusiasm in the conversation shrinks slightly.

HENRY

Yeah. But hey, it's so good to see you!

MRS. BERETTA

I just... You know I think about those two all the time. They were like my own grandchildren.

HENRY

Yeah, I know.

Mrs. Beretta starts to tear up.

MRS. BERETTA

I just...

HENRY

Don't...

MRS. BERETTA

I just never got to tell you. I just feel responsible.

HENRY

Don't, let's just not do this.

MRS. BERETTA

You were looking after me and you left the boys at home and I just-

She's getting hysterical.

HENRY

Mrs. Beretta-

MRS. BERETTA

Those poor grand babies-

HENRY

STOP IT.

His words crack like a whip. Mrs. Beretta looks like she's been slapped.

HENRY (CONT'D)

They were not your grand babies,
Mrs. Beretta. They were my sons. I
am the one who lost my sons. And I
do not need you- *waltzing* into my
fucking day and telling me how bad
you feel about MY. DEAD. KIDS.

She wipes the tears from her cheeks and backs away.

MRS. BERETTA

I'm sorry to have disturbed you,
sir.

She gets behind her shopping cart and wheels around, holding
in her sobs. Henry shifts around, flustered.

HENRY

Well you don't- I didn't mean-

He sighs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay.

EXT. SURPLUS TRADING POST - DUSK

Henry, Bernard and Madeline walk out of the trading post with
two shopping carts full of supplies. Madeline awkwardly
carries four fire extinguishers, dropping one on their way to
the car.

They reach the Beetle and begin loading their gear into it.
In the distance, Henry watches Mrs. Beretta get into her car
and drive off.

BERNARD

Hey, look.

Bernard points to the sky. A GIANT MOTH is flying up above,
dancing in the pink-and-purple sunset.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Something new every day.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The living room has battery-operated lanterns set up all
around.

The radio plays a news report, the announcer describes FOREST FIRES in upstate Connecticut in a monotonous voice.

Bernard sits on the couch, duct taping a bayonet to a broom handle.

Henry screws air rebreathers onto the nose-nozzles of the gas masks. He's wearing a full-on fire fighters outfit, complete with canvas pants he can practically swim in.

Madeline is nursing a cigarette over a large black book with the words AMERICAN BEETLES in big gold block letters on the cover.

MADELINE

"The abdomen is the section behind the metathorax, composing three different segmented sclerites: the tergum, which in almost all species is membranous, or usually soft and concealed by the wings and elytra when not in flight."

HENRY

What does that mean?

BERNARD

It means that it's weak at the belly.

MADELINE

No, it means that it's weak at the belly, but only when it's flying.

BERNARD

Oh. Well that's great. So in order to kill the giant fire-breathing beetle, we have to stab it on it's belly when it's flying.

MADELINE

It's not a slam dunk.

BERNARD

Flying, fire-breathing beetle, stabbed in the belly-

MADELINE

We've got to get it into a moment of weakness and just get our licks in-

HENRY

Holy shit.

They look at Henry. He stands, frozen with his mouth agape.

MADELINE
Yes, Smokey Stover?

HENRY
Moment of weakness...

He scrunches across the room to the American Beetles book.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Show me what he looks like.
Specifically, show me the actual
beetle it looks like.

Madeline flips to an dog-eared page. It shows a black beetle with a large, bulbous shell, black pincers.

HENRY (CONT'D)
That's it?

MADELINE
That's it.

HENRY
Do they all look the same?

MADELINE
What?

HENRY
The males and the females! Do they
all look the same?

Madeline flips a few pages.

BERNARD
Holy shit...

She arrives at a page of the same beetle with several yellow spots on it.

HENRY
That's the female.

Henry looks triumphant.

HENRY (CONT'D)
We get him in a moment of *weakness*.
So will you let your sob story go
for a moment of weakness-

MADELINE
-and fuck me.

They all sit, stunned.

BERNARD

We're gonna fuck this Beetle to death.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

The radio plays Barry McGuire's *'Eve of Destruction.'*

Bandannas over their faces, Henry and Madeline begin spray painting the monkey-vomit-green Beetle to black.

INT. BERNARD'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage door slides open. Bernard steps into his garage, walking around his 1975 Firebird to a corner of work tools. He grabs a BLOWTORCH.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Welder's mask over his face, Bernard begins to cut a sunroof into the top of the Beetle.

ON THE INSIDE OF THE CAR

Henry duct tapes steak knives to the door panels. He removes one in a slashing movement.

The roof of the Beetle falls into the drivers seat. Bernard sticks his head in and gives Henry the thumbs up.

Madeline works underneath the Beetle. She fastens a can of hair spray to the front bumper. An elaborate pulley system integrated with fishing line runs it way up the passengers seat door to a small lever.

Bernard welds through the scrap piece of roof, sculpting it into a spear-like jag of metal.

Henry begins to paint yellow spots on the beetle.

Madeline and Bernard work together to weld two spear-like jags of metal to the grill of the Beetle.

The trio step back, pulling down their bandannas and raising their welding masks. They look at their work.

INT. STATIONARY CAR - DAWN - MONTAGE

Blood red skies. Bernard and Madeline load fire extinguishers into the trunk of the car.

Henry sits in the front seat. He looks at the photos of his wife and children sadly.

Bernard and Madeline get into the car. They all look at each other, each giving the slightest of nods.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN - MONTAGE

The Beetle drives down the highway in all its glory- it's been transformed from a monkey-vomit-green jalopy to a sleek and black Beetle with bright yellow spots. Welded metal over the doors look like wings. The front is outfitted with two spears- *pincers*.

It's a good match to the living Fire Breathing Beetle.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAWN - MONTAGE

Henry drives down the highway. Madeline hands him a cigarette. He takes a drag, coughing. *'Eve of Destruction'* keeps on keeping on.

The Beetle swerves along traffic. Bernard sits in the back seat, cleaning his shotgun. Driving parallel to them on the highway is another car.

In the back seat of the parallel car, a CHILD stares out the window at Bernard. He notices, making eye contact with the child.

The child gives him the finger. Bernard scowls.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - MONTAGE

The Beetle screeches along the nearly empty highway. Madeline sits in the passengers seat, looking out the window. A GIANT CRAB is caught on its back, feet pointed to the sky, trying to roll back over. Madeline smiles wryly at this and lights another cigarette.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON - MONTAGE

The sun is lower in the sky. Henry drives. Along the horizon, a tornado dances far, far away.

Henry eyes it with trepidation. He looks to the photo of his wife Madeline, then back to the horizon.

EXT. ROADS - AFTERNOON

The Beetle pulls off the highway and onto a back road. Madeline shuffles with a map in the front seat. "*Eve of Destruction*" comes to a close.

EXT. FARM - AFTERNOON

Henry pulls the Beetle over by a field. The field itself is charred to the ground. In the distance, the remnants of a burned down farm sits.

Over the hills, smoke rises. The clouds are black. Henry parks the car and the three get out.

BERNARD

That looks like our boy.

MADELINE

Yup. That's him.

They go to the trunk of the Beetle and pop it. They begin to take out their fire-fighting outfits and suit up. The hillside behind them smoulders. Birds chirp. It's bizarrely serene.

They all pull their rubber pants on silently. Bernard looks out to the smouldering hill.

BERNARD

You think this is the end?

Henry and Madeline stop. Bernard's back is to them, staring out into the distance.

HENRY

What?

BERNARD

"There is no lonelier man in death, except the suicide, than that man who has lived many years with a good wife and then outlived her. If two people love each other there can be no happy end to it."

Silence. It applies to both Henry and Madeline.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Ernest Hemingway.

Bernard turns back to them. He wipes tears from his eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
You got that Vicodin?

Madeline nods. She goes to the front seat and gets it. They all take one. They finish putting on their fire gear. Their gas masks rest on top of their heads.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Alright. I'm ready. Let's go kill ourselves or this fucker. Either works for me.

Bernard pulls his gas mask on and goes to the back seat of the car.

Henry and Madeline exchange a final look.

HENRY
Hey, listen.

MADELINE
Let's not.

She gives him a peck on the cheek and goes to the front seat.

Henry is alone.

EXT. BURNING FOREST - DAY

The Volkswagen drives down a dirt road. The trees are all scorched. Smoke clouds their surroundings. Occasional embers dance across the windshield.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

It's less like the inside of a Volkswagen and feels more like a WWII tank. All three are silent, breathing Darth Vader breaths through their gas masks.

From the back seat, Bernard raises his shotgun and taps the glass of the window with the barrel. Henry looks back over his shoulder.

Bernard points.

Out the window- a clear trail of new fire.

Henry begins to turn the car.

EXT. BURNING FOREST - DAY

It's dark. Black smoke mixes with embers for a low pink and red glow. This is hell.

The Volkswagen drives off road, jittering over burning pine needles and ashen logs.

They drive deeper into the woods, towards the ominous glow of blood red below the smoke.

INT. MOVING CAR - SAME

They come to a halt. The smoke clears just enough for them to see un-scorched brush. Green leaves flutter in the fire wind.

Henry clicks on the headlines. Yellow eyes reflect. The trio sits up. A lone coyote sits looks back at them, panting in the heat. It turns and scatters.

HENRY
(muffled)
What do you think?

Madeline is looking right at him. He looks at her. She doesn't say anything. Through the gas mask it's hard to see her eyes.

She isn't looking at him. Slowly, Henry turns to look out the drivers side window.

In the distance is the FIRE BEETLE.

It's bigger than the news footage from before would lead you to believe, three or four times the size of the Volkswagen. It scuttles forward, and *sprays fire* into the treeline.

Trees collapse under the blow, cracking like wooden thunder. Embers sputter in the wind.

Wide eyed, all three are frozen.

Madeline carefully moves her hand to the pulley of *fishing line* at her window. She tugs on the fishing line.

EXT. STATIONARY CAR - SAME

The fishing line is connected to a pulley, connected to a gear that leads down to the bottle of hair spray duct taped to the front bumper. The bottle sprays and the aerosol ignites sending an arc of fire out from the nose of the Volkswagen.

The Beetle turns in it's place. It shifts its body slightly, clearly taking notice of them.

BERNARD
(muffled)
Forward and back. Forward and back.

Henry puts the car into forward, then rocks it into reverse. Then rocks it into forward, then into reverse.

The Volkswagen is rocking back and fourth in a suggestive motion- it's mating dance.

The Beetle takes a step forward.

MADELINE
(muffled)
Fuck me, you big dumb bitch.

The Beetle takes more steps to it. It emits little chirps, a sound incongruous for its girth.

The Beetle works its way behind them.

INT. STATIONARY CAR - SAME

The Beetle is directly behind them. It begins to mount the Volkswagen. The Volkswagen's frame groans under the weight. The windows all begin to splinter.

Bernard holds his shotgun skyward. Madeline holds a revolver. Henry holds the broom handle with the steak knife.

The frame of the Volkswagen begins to buckle, the roof is caving in. All three scoch down as the Beetle gets on top of the car.

The trio looks up to the sunroof- temporarily covered by a makeshift shield.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

The Beetle is on top of the Volkswagen. It begins to rock back and forth. It's wings begin to rise.

INSIDE

Bernard looks over his shoulder. Out the rear view mirror, the Beetle's shielding is opening, revealing its fleshy grey reproductive organs.

Henry slides open the sunroof shield.

The abdomen of the Beetle is still covered by a sheath of wing.

HENRY
(muffled)
Wait...

The Volkswagen rocks and groans as the Beetle chirps.

OUTSIDE

The Beetle extends its wings fully up- they begin to flap violently. It's legs are wrapped around the Volkswagen. The car rises a clear foot off the ground.

The Beetle shoots fire out of its mouth.

INSIDE

The Beetle's abdomen is uncovered, revealing a slimy membranous belly.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(muffled)
NOW!

Henry jams the knife into the membrane as Madeline and Bernard begin to fire skyward, all of them scream their war cries.

The Beetle screeches in agony, dropping the suspended Volkswagen violently.

Beetle entrails begin to fall into the Volkswagen. They don't let up their attack- stabbing and shooting with all their might.

The Beetle dismounts, turning away. The Volkswagen is violently whipped into a spin, ending up caught upside down and tossing the trio about the cabin.

It lands with a crash- Bernard, Henry and Madeline all fly to the grounded roof.

Henry opens his eyes. His face is slimy and blood spattered. He's landed on his neck.

There's fire everywhere.

He struggles to sit up.

From outside, the Beetle charges them. It rolls the Volkswagen back onto its tires.

For a moment, Henry is oriented. But the Volkswagen keeps rolling as the Beetle simultaneously spits fire and charges them, putting them on their backs again.

The inside of the Volkswagen is on fire. Henry looks to the back seat. Bernard is unconscious.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Bernard! BERNARD!

The Beetle hits the Volkswagen, sending it spinning in circles on its back.

He sees the photos of his wife and children, burning on the ground. He grabs them as he crawls out of the shattered windshield.

EXT. BURNING FOREST - AFTERNOON

He crawls for his life, breathing his Darth Vader breaths. He looks over his shoulder, just in time to see the Beetle smashing its full weight down on the belly of the flaming Volkswagen.

HENRY
(muffled)
NO! NO! NO!

Gunshots ring out. Henry turns.

Madeline is holding Bernard's shotgun. She tears her gas mask off, revealing her ashy, tear-streaked face.

MADELINE
Hey! Asshole! It's me again!

HENRY
Madeline, Madeline, no!

She walks towards the Beetle at an even pace, pumping the shotgun and firing at it over, and over, and over.

Henry gets to his feet and begins to run towards her.

The Beetle rams it's pincers through Madeline. Henry falls onto his back and scrambles for distance.

HENRY (CONT'D)

MADDY!

The wind blows ferociously.

Henry crawls on his hands and knees through black smoke, unable to see.

He grabs onto a charred tree trunk. The wind is howling.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No! No, no, no, no!

The charred trunk he's hugging topples over. Henry pushes himself to his feet to keep moving.

He staggers against the wind. Embers shoot at him like bullets. He turns. The smoke is getting sucked away from him. It begins to clear alarmingly quickly.

He runs and dives for the ground as the air swirls and catches fire, resulting in a FIRE TORNADO.

Henry wriggles on his belly to get away from it. The Fire Tornado dances around him, seeming to move away then inch back towards him.

Henry finds himself at the base of a rock cliff. He begins to edge his way around the corner of the cliff, giving him respite from the torrential wind.

The Beetle shrieks. Henry looks back to the chaos.

The Black Beetle has gotten caught in the Fire Tornado. It's killing him. Henry pulls off his gas mask to get a clear look. He watches as the Beetle's wings catch fire, then rounds his way along the cliff.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Henry reaches the edge of the forest fire and into the green. He drops the gas mask and his jacket on the ground. He staggers on. His face is completely blackened with ash.

He pulls off his fire pants and his shirt. He's just in his boxers now.

He collapses on the wooded hill. He rolls over and sits up.

From the top of the hill, Henry can see the burning forest clearly. The Fire Tornado keeps twisting, sucking in black smoke and spitting out red fire. It's too far away to hear.

It silently dances in the sunset.

Henry is still holding the photos of his wife and kids. They're charred around the edges. Part of his wife's face has been burned off- the same part that Madeline had burn scars.

He puts his head in his hands and closes his eyes.

HENRY (V.O.)
I don't know, guys. You know? I
don't know.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Henry walks along the side of the highway, barefoot. He wears boxers and a t-shirt. Tear streaks clean away the ash on his face.

HENRY (V.O.)
I think there's only so much abuse
you can take from the world. I
think that any given human can take
a lot, sure... But I think there's
a limit.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Henry sits in a metal chair in the circle of his support group. He is clean shaven again, with new healed scars to show.

HENRY
I was thinking, you know, I was
thinking the other day. B.O.V.
Bizarre Occurrence Victim.

He chuckles to himself.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Stupid. It's a stupid name. Bizarre
Occurrence Victim. And I was
thinking about it because it is NOT
a bizarre occurrence for a tornado
to impale my wife on the top of the
town office. It is NOT a bizarre
occurrence for an octopus to eat my
kids. Or a giant fire beetle to
burn my friends alive. THAT'S LIFE.

He gives one short hysterical cry of laughter at this.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Guys, THAT'S LIFE. This is the status quo. And I can tell you, "yeah man, my kids were eaten by an octopus" or "I saw a man get eaten alive by a giant chicken" and you know what? There's no reaction. Dead fucking eyes. Okay, yeah. So we talk, and we talk and we grieve. And we talk about environmental policy, and we talk about fucking regulating something that can't be regulated...

He taps his foot. Mad.

HENRY (CONT'D)

But I tell you what, I listen to your sob story, Mitch. Or yours, Colleen. Coyote's ate your wife alive while you were in the shower ten feet away.

He shrugs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So what? So what?

The other group members scowl at him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

SO WHAT. And that's why we're fucked up. Because my problems are bigger and badder than yours, and this is the fucking status quo. This is what the world has come to. This is our sickness.

He takes a deep breath. Nods to himself.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Uh... I'm Henry Fonda. This is my one year anniversary to coming to the B.O.V. meetings.

ALL

Thank you Henry.

HENRY

Thank you.

Henry sits back in his seat.

TITLES:

ONE YEAR MORE

ALDIN

Okay. Thanks for that Henry, that was really productive I think. That's about all the time we have for tonight, there's coffee and doughnuts in the back, please make each other feel welcome, it's a hard world out there.

Henry's gaze wanders around the circle as they begin their closing prayer. Henry follows along halfheartedly.

ALL

Let me remember, now and forever. To search for the inner strength to let go of what I cannot control. To embrace the chaos, the madness, the damage, to appreciate all that I've lost.

As the group says their closing prayer, Henry's eyes go to where Madeline once sat. In Madeline's place is MRS. BERETTA, staring back at Henry with owl-eyes behind her coke bottle glasses. Henry gives her a sheepish nod.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER

The group mingles around the coffee and doughnuts. Henry speaks with a guy who looks like Charles DARWIN.

DARWIN

Where I think you're wrong though is that we can regulate. Regulation is possible, everything can be regulated. Alcohol is regulated for Christ sake.

Henry's eyes are on Mrs. Beretta, who ties a scarf over her head and begins to leave.

HENRY

Yeah, I think that's bullshit actually. Can you excuse me for a second?

Henry dodges Darwin and heads to the front doors.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Henry runs down the street after Mrs. Beretta.

HENRY
Mrs. B! Hey! Mrs. B!

She keeps walking.

MRS. BERETTA
I didn't mean to bother you-

Henry catches up to her. She stops.

MRS. BERETTA (CONT'D)
I didn't know you came to these
meetings, I'll find another one-

HENRY
What? No- hey, look, Mrs. Beretta,
the last time we talked I was a
little rude to you.

MRS. BERETTA
Well that's kind of you to say, but
I wouldn't-

HENRY
Look, listen! I really mean it. I
was... I am... Not in a good place.
No one is in a good place, I
believe. But that doesn't mean I
should have taken it out on you. I
apologize.

Mrs. Beretta looks him up and down. Her lip quivers.

MRS. BERETTA
Thank you.

She sniffles. Henry opens his arms for a hug. She hugs him.

HENRY
There. That's great. Thank you.
What are you doing at B.O.V.?

MRS. BERETTA
Oh, it's Snuffy.

HENRY
The cat?

MRS. BERETTA

Yeah. He was eaten by one of those awful coyotes.

Henry blinks.

HENRY

He what?

MRS. BERETTA

The coyotes ate Snuffy and I... I just have been having a hard time with it, so I thought that I would come to one of the support groups and hear what people had to say.

HENRY

He was eaten... Mrs. Beretta... There's literally nothing bizarre about that. Cats have been getting eaten by coyotes for... Ever. It's like their staple.

She looks at him, hurt. He catches it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And that's what I was saying in there- the bizarre has become just a part of life! I'm so sorry about your loss.

She looks relieved.

MRS. BERETTA

Thank you, Henry. It's good to see you. You look well without the beard. But so thin.

HENRY

Thank you, you too.

MRS. BERETTA

Are you eating well?

Henry considers.

HENRY

Uh... No.

She nods at him, accepting the challenge.

MRS. BERETTA

Why don't we see if we can get you sorted out?

HENRY

Um... Okay... That would be...
Nice, Mrs. B.

She smiles at him.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mrs. Beretta comes into the house with a grocery bag full of food. The roof now has plywood over it. Henry has started to put the house back together.

The walls are repainted white, the floors are bare, it's very under construction, but it looks like much less of a shit-hole.

MRS. BERETTA

Wow!

Henry climbs down from a small ladder, hanging a hammer on a support beam.

MRS. BERETTA (CONT'D)

It's really coming together in here. Feeling like a real home again.

HENRY

Still a lot to do, but I finally finished plastering the wall where the bedrooms used to be.

Mrs. Beretta looks over his shoulder- sure enough, his bedroom and the boy's bedrooms are gone- a flat wall instead.

MRS. BERETTA

It's like a great little one bedroom. Clean slate.

He nods.

HENRY

Yeah.

She jumps into action, beginning to unload the grocery bag.

MRS. BERETTA

So, I brought you soup, noodles, a couple of veggies that won't spoil. Are you going to get electricity again?

HENRY

Yeah, I'm working on it. There's a whole thing with the insurance companies. Life insurance, property insurance, it's all being readjusted for the... You know, the shit. So it's just taking time.

MRS. BERETTA

Things are looking up.

Henry considers it.

HENRY

Yeah. I guess kinda.

Mrs. Beretta smiles. She turns to Henry, sitting on the couch in an otherwise empty room- he sleeps in the middle of his construction zone.

MRS. BERETTA

Have you thought about putting some art on the walls? Maybe some nice flowers?

HENRY

No, I haven't thought about that, Mrs. B.

MRS. BERETTA

You should. And a rug. Rugs really help tie the room together.

HENRY

So I've heard.

MRS. BERETTA

Well. Think about it.

She smiles and goes to leave.

HENRY

Hey Mrs. B?

She pokes her head back in.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She winks at him behind her coke-bottle glasses and closes the door behind her.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry lies on the couch, reading WAR AND PEACE with a flashlight.

He turns the page. There's an old painting of Napoleon leading a battle. Henry stares at it. He puts the book down, and points the flashlight at the wall to his feet. Just a white wall.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY

Henry walks down the streets of the calm Connecticut town. He passes a happy couple. He nods at the man, who gives him a nod back.

He stops in front of a small art gallery. The sign says MURV'S ARTISTRY. In the window is a painting depicting the American Revolution. He strokes his chin while he looks at it, then steps inside.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Henry steps into the gallery. It's quiet. Library quiet. Yellow pine floors. Small spotlights illuminate the art mounted on the walls.

The OWNER (60s) is an overweight balding Italian man.

OWNER

Howya doin'.

HENRY

Hiya. Just looking.

The Owner nods. Henry begins to step through the gallery. He looks at a watercolor of a bullfrog sitting on a water lily. Another of a bumble bee pollinating a sun flower.

Henry frowns at these and keeps moving.

He looks at a painting of a coastal setting, a light house perched on a rocky hill. He looks at the price. \$400. He scrunches his face and keeps walking.

Henry rounds the corner and stops. His jaw slackens.

A sole painting sits under a spotlight.

The painting has muted colors. Mostly off-blues and greys. The middle is highlighted by a splash of yellow. It depicts a man standing in the foreground, lit by a lone street lamp.

In the background is a small one-story house. On top of the house, is what is un-fucking-mistakably a giant octopus, worming its way inside.

Henry steps towards the painting. A small plaque next to the painting says in etched writing:

"FATIGUE, OIL ON CANVAS, 1982. JOHN BROSION."

Henry doesn't take his eyes off the painting.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Excuse me!

The Owner appears from around the corner.

OWNER

Yes sir.

HENRY

What is this?

The Owner pushes his glasses up to the bridge of his nose.

OWNER

"Fatigue. Oil on Canvas. 1982.
John. Bro... Brosio."

HENRY

Yeah, I can read, moron, I'm asking
what this is!

OWNER

Woah! No need for that! That's not
necessary.

Henry breathes.

HENRY

You're right. I'm sorry. I was just
wondering if you could tell me more
about this painting, or this
painter.

The Owner looks to the painting and shrugs.

OWNER

It says it all right there.

HENRY

No, it does NOT say it all right
there- what the fuc...

He stops himself.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Do you have a contact number for the artist or something.

The Owner shakes his head.

OWNER

Na. The paintings in this room are from the Ashford gallery. Closed down two years ago. These are just floaters.

HENRY

Floaters... Christ. Okay how much.

OWNER

For this? Mmm. \$300.

HENRY

I'll give you \$100.

OWNER

No.

HENRY

Damn it. I'll give you \$150.

OWNER

\$350-

HENRY

Did you just go up-

OWNER

I'm not the Turkish Bazaar sir, this is not a flea market, this is Murv's Artistry.

Henry fumes.

OWNER (CONT'D)

And I'm Murv.

EXT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Henry storms out of the gallery with the framed painting under his arm.

HENRY

Asshole.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry holds the painting up in front of his house. The Man doesn't look like him, and the house is definitely not the same house. That being said, a one story house with a giant octopus on top of it is very specific.

HENRY
What the fuck.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry and Mrs. Beretta stare at the painting, which sits against the wall on the floor.

MRS. BERETTA
I guess I see what you're talking about...

Henry is dumbfounded.

HENRY
You GUESS?

MRS. BERETTA
Well...

HENRY
I guess that the wall is a shade of grey instead of white! Are you serious right now? Look at that!

MRS. BERETTA
I mean, there are similarities-

HENRY
There's a octopus butt-fucking a house! MY HOUSE!

Mrs. Beretta isn't convinced.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Okay, okay! And- how about this. This happened to me in April of 1990. This was painted almost a decade earlier!

MRS. BERETTA
So! It's a coincidence!

HENRY
Are you out of your mind!

MRS. BERETTA
Don't be rude.

Henry reels himself back in.

MRS. BERETTA (CONT'D)
It's art, Henry. It's not meant to
be real. You ever hear that
expression art imitates life
imitates art?

HENRY
Whoever said that has never been in
the digestive system of an octopus,
Mrs. Beretta.

MRS. BERETTA
Well, you can see what you want to
see, but as your friend I'm telling
you, it's a stretch. A country mile
stretch at that.

Henry frowns.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry sits out front in a lawn chair. He smokes a cigarette
as he flips through a phone book, cradling the phone receiver
in his neck.

HENRY
Hi, I was wondering, do you carry
any art by an artist named John
Brosio. That's B-R-O...

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry's finger goes through the phone book. DECLARATIONS ART
GALLERY. He runs a hand over the number.

HENRY
Hi, I'm looking for information
about an artist named John Brosio-

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry paces back and forth in front of the painting while
talking on the phone.

HENRY

I found a painting of his that came from a gallery in Ashford. No, Connecticut. Yes, it did close.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DUSK

He lies upside down on the couch. He sits up, excited.

HENRY

Do you have a contact number for him?

A beat.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You did. I see. Well, I'm very sorry your gallery was attacked by a lobster. No, I am not being sarcastic, that sounds horrible, Ma'am.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Cigarette in his mouth, Henry whacks a golf ball into the air. He watches it land far in the field, right next to the construction cone. He puts his hands over his eyes, shielding the sunlight. He waits. No one is coming.

He looks over to the empty lawn chair to his right.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry's battery lanterns light up the living room. He sits in his pop-tent, the cord to the telephone snakes inside.

Henry dials another number.

HENRY

Hi, I'm sorry to call you so close to closing, I was wondering if you have any work by an artist named John Brosio.

He waits. His eyes pop open.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You do. Uh... Oh, okay. Great. What do you have?

Another pause.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You're kidding. Um, no, I would be... Very interested in seeing that, what day? It's opened now. Okay, great. And, do you have a contact number for Mr. Brosio? Only for dealers. Well, he's in luck, I happen to be one. Yeah, up here in Bolton. Murv's Artistry. Yup! Speaking! That's M-U-R-V...

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Henry steps out into the morning light. He looks over to Bernard's house.

INT. BERNARD'S GARAGE - MORNING

Henry boosts the garage door open. Dust swirls and settles. He walks over to Bernard's 1975 Firebird. He opens the door and sits in the drivers seat.

INT. FIREBIRD - MORNING

The car has a spacious, leather interior. Henry flips the visor down and the keys fall into his lap.

HENRY

Thank yoouuu.

He puts the keys into the ignition and stops. Next to the speedometer is a taped photograph. It's Bernard with his arm around an overweight woman- his wife.

Henry looks at the photo seriously.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He turns the key. The engine roars to life. The Temptations '*Ball of Confusion*' begins to play.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Firebird weaves along the highway. Henry sucks on a cigarette and slams his palm against the door in time with the beat of the music.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Firebird weaves along the West Side Highway. New York City sits in the distance.

EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY

Henry drives along streets in the village, hunting for a parking spot. He begins to turn down a street and slams on the brakes. The street is full of rubble, a construction crew is working on it. Henry puts the car into reverse.

EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY

Henry finds a parking spot and parks.

EXT. THE PHANTASMAGORIA GALLERY - DAY

Henry stands in front of the art gallery. A hanging lit sign reads THE PHANTASMAGORIA GALLERY. He ditches his cigarette as MRS. KENNEDY (45 and professional) unlocks the door to the gallery.

MRS. KENNEDY

Are you Murv?

HENRY

Mrs. Kennedy, so nice to meet you.

MRS. KENNEDY

Yes! Nice to meet you! Shall we?

HENRY

Please.

Henry steps in.

INT. THE PHANTASMAGORIA GALLERY - DAY

Henry follows Mrs. Kennedy through the long gallery. Her heels echo ominously.

MRS. KENNEDY

John's room is back here, we only set it up on Sunday so it's still very fresh, not many pieces have sold quite yet.

They arrive in a back wing of the gallery. Henry stops in the doorway.

HENRY

Holy shit.

Henry's eyes start at a painting of a giant robot standing in an empty field. They go to a graphic image of a man being devoured by a velociraptor. And then to an image of a giant flying moth over a factory.

He walks along the walls, examining them closely.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And... These are new?

MRS. KENNEDY

It's a mixture. Some new and old.

HENRY

Do you know when John started painting?

MRS. KENNEDY

Oh, it's been years.

HENRY

Is John elderly?

MRS. KENNEDY

Only if I am, he's about fifty.

Henry nods.

HENRY

Mrs. Kennedy, do you mind if I ask you something?

MRS. KENNEDY

What's that?

HENRY

Does any of this seem strange to you?

MRS. KENNEDY

How do you mean?

HENRY

I mean what John paints. Giant animals. Robots. Gruesome carnage that the subjects within the painting seem to absorb with total apathy.

MRS. KENNEDY

...It's just what he likes.

HENRY

I mean, doesn't it seem kind of odd?

MRS. KENNEDY

What?

HENRY

Jesus, am I speaking Dutch?

MRS. KENNEDY

Excuse me?

HENRY

The paintings, Mrs. Kennedy! These paintings. Don't you think that they seem a little, I don't know, SHOCKINGLY like what has been happening in our world for the past few years?

Mrs. Kennedy isn't quite following him. She continues politely.

MRS. KENNEDY

Well... You know, there's this saying- art imitates life imitates art-

Henry rolls his eyes.

HENRY

Some of these paintings are from the 80s.

MRS. KENNEDY

That's the... Life imitates art part.

HENRY

You can't possibly believe that.

MRS. KENNEDY

Well... What else would I believe?

Henry stares at her, dead inside.

HENRY

No your right, I see your point. Do you happen to have a contact number, or maybe even an address? For John? I would really like to invest in him.

Mrs. Kennedy isn't sure what to make of "Murv."

EXT. THE VILLAGE - DAY

Henry steps out into the street. His hands are shaking, tears in his eyes. He unfolds a piece of paper in his hand, looks at it, then starts down the street.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Henry looks down up a long list of names next to apartment buzzers, all hand-written. He gets to the top. There it is. BROSIO.

He buzzes the bell. He taps his foot, nervously looking over his shoulder. He buzzes again.

JOHN BROSIO
(through the speaker)
Yeah?

HENRY
Uh- Hi. Mr. Brosio! I'm uh... I'm
Henry Fonda, I'm an art investor.
Sandra Kennedy from Phantasmagoria
sent me to you.

A moment.

JOHN BROSIO
An investor?

He sounds excited.

HENRY
That's right.

JOHN BROSIO
Wow. Uh, okay. Great. Come on, come
on up.

HENRY
Thank you.

JOHN BROSIO
Is your name really Henry Fonda?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Henry is at the bottom of the winding stair case. He looks up. Twelve flights of stairs to go. He starts.

AT THE 12TH FLOOR

Henry gets to the last stair, breathing heavily. He pulls off his jacket, revealing his pit-stained t-shirt. The 12th floor is one long hallway, leading to a single door. Henry walks to the door and knocks on it.

The door opens.

Standing in front of Henry is JOHN BROSION (45) he has shoulder length hair pulled back into a pony tail, thick glasses, wears jeans and a white t-shirt and is covered in paint.

JOHN BROSION
Henry Fonda?

HENRY
John Brosio?

John extends a paint splattered hand. Henry shakes it. John smiles.

JOHN BROSION
It's really nice to meet you. Come
on in.

HENRY
Thank you.

John leads Henry in.

INT. JOHN BROSION'S STUDIO - DAY

The apartment is very much a studio. The walls are low, with a pointed peak of a ceiling which is entirely made out of windows. The room is littered with easels, finished and partly finished paintings.

JOHN BROSION
This is the studio. I moved in
about two years ago because of the
natural light. It's great most of
the time unless I really need to
sleep in.

Henry follows him through the studio. He sees paintings of dozens of familiar sights. A forest full of yellow coyote eyes. A city scape overshadowed by giant chickens. A giant beetle spraying fire.

JOHN BROSIO (CONT'D)

I like to work on a couple of different things at once, so the space really allows itself for different work spaces. Do you want some tea or something?

Henry stops walking. There's considerable distance between the two of them.

HENRY

You painted a giant octopus.

JOHN BROSIO

I'm sorry?

HENRY

On top of a house.

Brosio thinks about it. He snaps his fingers.

JOHN BROSIO

Yes. I remember. That's an old one. Is that what turned you on to me?

HENRY

Those chickens. That... Fire Beetle thing...

He swallows.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The tornados.

JOHN BROSIO

I'm... Glad your familiar with my work?

HENRY

Haven't you noticed what's going on?

JOHN BROSIO

How's that?

HENRY

Haven't you fucking noticed what's going on?

Henry grabs the chicken painting and holds it up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I was there! I was there and I saw this happen! Out in the world! You don't think that's strange?

John Brosio shifts, obviously a little miffed.

JOHN BROSIO

I think it's... A little strange, sure.

HENRY

Did you ever stop to think that there might be consequences to what you do?

JOHN BROSIO

Consequences?

HENRY

Look. Asshole. You've been painting these things for years. Way before any of this shit started happening. You can't tell me you haven't noticed that. Have you ever stopped to think that maybe what you're painting for some fucking I don't know reason is coming to life?

John Brosio looks at him dead in the eye. He takes a deep breath.

JOHN BROSIO

Well. Yes. Actually. It's been considered.

HENRY

And?

John Brosio shrugs.

JOHN BROSIO

There's this saying, art imitates life, I'm

HENRY

I KNOW! I know the fucking saying! ASSHOLE. MY KIDS DIED. A fucking giant octopus came to my house and ate my children right out of their fucking bedroom, and you're telling me LIFE IMITATES ART?

JOHN BROSIO
I didn't kill your kids.

HENRY
But you painted that!

JOHN BROSIO
I painted something similar, sure.

HENRY
WELL STOP!

JOHN BROSIO
NO!

HENRY
... YES!

JOHN BROSIO
Why?

HENRY
Because if it's even a remote possibility that what you paint becomes a reality, then you have a responsibility. You have a fucking responsibility not to do that to the world.

John Brosio steels himself.

JOHN BROSIO
Fuck you.

HENRY
Fuck me?

JOHN BROSIO
Fuck you!

HENRY
Fuck you man! FUCK YOU!

JOHN BROSIO
You're like the fucking gestapo. You know what? I don't like rap music. People are picking up guns and shooting each other over it. But does Biggie Smalls stop rapping? NO! And I hope he fucking doesn't. Should The Beatles have cashed in because of what happend to Lennon?

HENRY

This is a GLOBAL scale-

JOHN BROSIO

Should we eliminate vaccines because some bitch thinks it gave her kid autism? Or how about freedom of speech in general because someone say something you don't like?

HENRY

We're talking about LIVES!

JOHN BROSIO

SO AM I. You think you're the first asshole to walk into my studio with grand realizations? I get one of you a week, pal! I can't worry about the fucking effect of what I make, I just have to make it, and if you don't like it, you can go straight to hell with your Nazi fucking friends!

Silence. Henry shakes his head and takes a seat in a nearby chair.

HENRY

Fuck man. I don't know. I don't fucking know.

JOHN BROSIO

Do I care about the consequences? Yes. Of course I do. I even stopped painting. And you know what happened? Giant crabs kept crawling out of the sea and tornados kept dancing around Nova Scotia. I burned paintings! Man! I burned work! My work! So if it has to do with me, it's not in my control, so why should I stop.

Henry shakes his head. He reaches into his coat pocket. He stands and holds the charred, water stained and blood spattered photos of his wife on her wedding day and his two dead sons.

HENRY

You should stop because of them.

Henry tosses the photos at John Brosio, turns and walks out of the studio. Behind him, Brosio picks the photos off the ground.

JOHN BROSIO

Hey... Henry- I don't need these!

HENRY

Keep em. They're your ghosts now.

He slams the door behind him.

INT. FIREBIRD - DUSK

Henry drives up the West Side Highway. He looks dead inside, enormous bags under his eyes.

EXT. QUARRY - NIGHT

Henry parks the Firebird at the edge of the quarry. He takes a sip from a bottle of rum before placing it next to him on the seat.

The headlights shoot out into darkness. Abyss is before him.

He puts the car into drive. He stops, caught by the photo of Bernard and his wife. He sighs, and puts the car into reverse.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry staggers into his house, dropping the keys on the floor. He walks over to the painting of the Octopus. He sends his foot through it.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry lights the painting on fire. He sits in the lawn chair usually occupied by Bernard and watches the canvas curl to the flame. He closes his eyes, listening to the distant coyote yips.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Henry opens his eyes, squinting in the harsh sunlight. He sits up and puts his hand over his eyes.

Off in the distance, three figures loom. One tall, standing over two smaller, crouched-over figures.

Henry stands, waiting for his eyes to adjust. Then he sees:

His wife, Madeline. Adam. Gilbert. In the distance.

He walks towards them. His walk turns into a run. He crosses the field and reaches them. Eyes fully adjusted, now he can see.

It *is* his wife and two sons. But it isn't.

Before him stands PAINTED MADELINE. PAINTED ADAM. PAINTED GILBERT. Three, three-dimensional figures, photo-realistically rendered in the oil-on-canvas style of John Brosio.

HENRY

Oh, God.

The painted family looks to him. Their expressions are frozen as they're painted on. The two boys stand and run to Henry. They hug him around his waist.

Henry pushes them away-

HENRY (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off!

They look to each other, then to their mother, then back to Henry. Painted Madeline drops down to their level, looking at them both with her unblinking eyes.

She stands and walks to Henry.

Henry sees her up close. She looks so much like Madeline. But on closer inspection, her skin is textured like a canvas. It's like a walking, oil-on-canvas mannequin.

Painted Madeline raises her hand to Henry gently. She puts a hand on his face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No...

Henry starts to cry.

Painted Madeline puts another hand on the other side of Henry's face. Henry's tears are flowing. Behind Painted Madeline, Painted Adam and Painted Gilbert peek around and grab onto Henry.

Henry's painted family clutches onto him. Henry falls into their embrace, and begins to return it, still crying.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry steps into the house. Painted Madeline, Painted Adam and Painted Gilbert follow.

HENRY
I uh... I got rid of all the rooms.
From when you all died.

The boys run into the house and bolt for the tent. They silently begin to play in it. Henry smiles at the sight in spite of himself.

Through the tent he can see the outlines of their bodies. From here they look real. He looks over to Painted Madeline.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Can... Can you even hear me? Do you
understand anything I'm saying?

Painted Madeline nods. Henry exhales. This is a lot to take.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Um... Okay... Are you guys hungry?
Do you... Eat?

Painted Madeline leaves Henry and goes over to the kitchen sink. She begins to assemble the ingredients to make him a cup of coffee.

Henry watches her.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Coffee... No one's made me coffee
in... Years.

Henry looks around his house. His Painted wife makes coffee in the kitchen. His Painted Children are playing in the tent.

HENRY (CONT'D)
...Okay.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Henry watches Painted Adam and Painted Gilbert work out the mechanics of golf from Bernard's lawn chair.

Painted Madeline comes up behind him, putting a hand on his shoulder and delivering his cup of coffee.

HENRY

Thank you.

She kneels on the grass next to him. Her frozen smile staring back at him. He puts a hand onto her face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Madeline... Are you in there?

Her frozen eyes look into his.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain pounds against the windows. Henry is in the doorway of the tent. Within it, Painted Adam and Painted Gilbert look back at him with frozen faces, both tucked into sleeping bags.

HENRY

Everyone... Comfy.

Silence. Henry nods.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Do you two... Sleep?

They look at each other, then simultaneously lie their heads on the pillows. Henry keeps his eyes on them as he turns off the battery operated lantern.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

A makeshift bed has been set up on the floor for Henry and Madeline. Henry gets into bed next to her.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay... Good night.

He turns off the lantern, inviting darkness.

A moment. On the opposite side of the bed, Madeline turns her lantern on. Henry looks over to her. They stare into each others eyes.

She points her eyes from his head, down to the lower half of his body. He follows her gaze, then re-meets her look.

She runs a hand over his chest, and down, lower. Henry grabs her hand and pushes it away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Uh- no. I- no. That's too weird.

She takes his hand and places it away from her. She strokes his face, nuzzling against his neck. Henry closes his eyes, this is getting a little hard to take.

She lets her hand drift down below the covers. Henry takes a breath. She nuzzles into him more, before mounting him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Okay... Here it goes.

Henry flips her over to get on top of her. He begins to lift up her canvas dress.

He comes to her crotch. It's just blank canvas. He blinks at it.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You don't... Uh...

He backs up.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This was a mistake.

Painted Madeline sits up, holding herself. She looks to Henry, then down to her crotch, then gets up.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry- I just...

He stops. Painted Madeline goes to the kitchen. She grabs a knife off of the counter.

Henry watches as she hikes up her skirt, and runs the knife in between her legs. Henry hears the sound of canvas tearing. She calmly places the knife back on the counter and returns to bed.

She climbs in next to him and looks at him, her demeanor somehow projecting expectation.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You-

She grabs him and gets on top of him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
No. No, no, no-

She slides around, trying to find him. She stares down at him with her frozen expression of their wedding photo.

HENRY (CONT'D)
No, no, no- Fuck this!

Henry pushes her. She lands on her back. She sits up as Henry stands. The two Painted Boys poke their heads out of the tent.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What is this supposed to be, huh?
Some kind of fuck you? Some kind of
mind fuck? This is sick! You're all
fucking sick. You're not my family!
You're not my fucking kids!

Henry grabs his bottle of rum off the kitchen counter and throws it at the Painted Boys, who retreat into the tent.

Painted Madeline is up on her feet. She gives Henry a strong push with both hands. He pushes her back, sending her into the wall.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Fuck you! Fuck all of you!

Painted Madeline backs away from Henry, her smile still frozen on her face. She goes to the tent and picks up the kids.

Taking them by the hand, she leads them out the door. Henry follows them, carrying a broom.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Out in the rain, Henry watches them go.

HENRY

GET OUTTA HERE! DON'T COME BACK!
DON'T YOU FUCKING COME BACK!

As the Painted family runs through the rain, the paint starts to run off of them. As they disappear into darkness, Henry can see them starting to devolve back into blank canvas.

He stands in the rain, drenched.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Don't come back...

Henry is all alone again.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

Twelve stories of stair case.

INT. JOHN BROSIO'S STUDIO - DAWN

Henry kicks down the door of John Brosio's studio. Brosio rises from his couch, jolted out of sleep.

JOHN BROSIO
Get out of here, get out of here!

Henry pushes past John Brosio to an easel in the corner. The photos Henry left are pinned to the top of the canvas as reference. The painting shows Painted Madeline with Painted Adam and Gilbert.

Henry grabs the painting and snaps it over his knee. He begins to stomp and tear at it.

Behind him, John Brosio is standing with a baseball bat in his hand.

Henry finishes tearing up the painting. He turns to John Brosio. Fire in his eyes. He sees the bat. He stops.

HENRY
This is all your fault.

John Brosio stands, shaking, tears in his eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You did this.

He takes his photos with him, passing John Brosio and hundreds of his paintings along the way. Tears streak down John Brosio's face.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Henry sits in the Bernard's lawn chair. The wind blows. He looks at the photos of his Madeline, Adam and Gilbert.

He tears them in half and keeps on tearing until the pictures are confetti. He releases the pieces into the wind. It takes them quickly.

Henry sighs.

HENRY
Okay... Fuck it.

In front of Henry, a black tornado dances on the horizon.

It ambles closer.

Smash to BLACK with 'Hello, Goodbye' by The Beatles.

Inspired by the art of John Brosio



