

Nutmeg
by
Anthony Silverwood

FADE IN:

INT. NOSTRADAMUS' STUDY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: *Salon, France 1550*

NOSTRADAMUS, surrounded by his books, scrolls and potions. He SITS at his desk, STARING raptly into his BOWL of visionary WATER, cupping it with both hands.

Next to the bowl, a small PILE of whole NUTMEG fruits, and some GROUND nutmeg in a MORTAR and PESTLE

Enacting his ritual of prognostication, He POUNDS his fist on the desk.

The WATER in the bowl RIPPLES, the reflection of his face FRACTURES into a flurry of brief IMAGES: The CIVIL RIGHTS movement, the Protests, rallies, riots, Doctor King, and the other leaders.

Finally coming to rest on an image of a young MALCOM-X in a prison cell, STARING back at Nostradamus, Whose eyes widen in WONDER, as he declares,

NOSTRADAMUS
Sa main derniere par alus
sanguinaire. . .le noir pireaux le
lera repintir

SUBTITLES: *His last hand bloody through all the white nation...The black and wrathful one shall be repentant.*

INT. MALCOLM X'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: *Charlestown State Prison, 1960*

Young MALCOM, with his own look of rapture, leans forward on his cast iron sink, and STARES at his REFLECTION in his tiny wall-mounted MIRROR. On his cast iron desk: A pile of ground NUTMEG in an open MATCH-BOX.

His reflection DISSOLVES into the same running VISION: rapid civil rights images, looking ahead from this moment in time, including Dr. King's, and his assassination, Rodney King, Barrack Obama.

And, ultra brief, almost subliminally amidst all this, the word WHITE, Then an image of MADELINE'S FACE, Then the word DEVIL.

DAVID/V.O.

Nostradamus, and Malcolm X. As different as these two men were, they had one rare thing in common: they both used nutmeg as a psychedelic drug. And with it, they had prophetic visions.

INT. DAVID'S KITCHEN - MORNING

DAVID: thirties, PROFESSIONAL looking, in a suit and coke bottle glasses. a look contradicted only by a slightly eccentric, spiky hairdo.

His open spice CABINET is well-nigh filled with bottles of NUTMEG, as he DUMPS most of one bottle into his MOUTH and CHASES it with a glass of orange JUICE.

He RETCHES. He GRIMACES.

DAVID V.O. (CONT'D)

I'm Doctor David Dartson. Practicing psychiatrist. And on occasion I too make prophetic use of nutmeg. I find it begets a certain insight to my patients' mental states.

He BELCHES, a belch that looks like it wants to be a vomit, gets it under CONTROL, puts down the bottle and glass and walks OUT.

INT DAVID'S LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

Well furnished, upscale digs. An almost absurdly LARGE print of THE SCREAM by Edvard Munch takes up most of one wall in his living room.

The TV is ON and mute. The morning NEWS, and we get our first lingering look at David's girlfriend the weather WEATHER GIRL the hot, blue-eyed platinum blonde MADELINE SNOW (The same face we just saw in Malcolm's vision.)

On Her national WEATHER radar MAP, some unusual things, widely distributed across the US: TORNADOES, FLOODS, HURRICANES, VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS, and a BANNER HEADLINE in the lower margin of the screen.

Raining blood in Oregon! Milk in Tennessee!

David FAILS to NOTICE all of this as he reaches for a briefcase on his dining room table.

DAVID VO (CONT)

It's not unheard of actually, therapists dosing themselves or their patients with psychedelics for therapeutic purposes. But you're probably wondering why this powerful mind altering drug, crammed in the back corner of your spice cabinet all these years, isn't more popular.

He FREEZES again, BUG EYED. Another wave of nausea.

He GULPS. He WRETCHES. He gets it under control.

He grabs his briefcase and car keys and heads for the door.

DAVID/VO (CONT)

Two reasons: a plethora of alarming side effects, and a taste so vile it cannot be overstated. It's like a combination of pine sap, gasoline and fermented sawdust.

INT DAVID'S CAR, ON THE FREEWAY. MORNING

David DRIVES among thick morning TRAFFIC.

A MINIVAN with three young KIDS in the back PASSES on David's left. The kids LAUGH and make FACES at David. David makes a truly DEMENTED FACE back at the kids. They are clearly IMPRESSED.

Then back to his even tempered exterior, as over his shoulder, a VEHICLE PASSES him on his right, and the driver LOOKS THIS WAY - and we get the briefest GLIMPSE of what looks for all the world like the face of a surreal, many horned DEMON.

DAVID/V.O. (CONT)

And nutmeg is a long strange trip. It takes several hours to kick in, peaks at about twelve to fifteen hours, then gradually wears off over the course of two days.

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE.

"Here's an object more of dread than ought the grave contains: A human form with reason fled, while wretched life remains."

- Edgar Allen Poe -

Replaced briefly by ANOTHER QUOTE.

"I'll take crazy over stupid any day."

- Joss Whedon -

INT. DAVID'S WAITING ROOM. DAY

David WALKS in, briefcase and hand to find TWO PATIENTS sit waiting

FLANNERY: thirties, conventional, looks like a federal bureaucrat, but ROCKING back and forth, KNEADING his hands, and looking AGITATED in a manner that seems somehow vaguely insincere and rehearsed.

And Mister HELLING: old, hawkish gaze, CRUEL looking with an EMERALD tipped CANE.

And nurse/receptionist COLLEEN, white trashy, loudly chewing gum, and at the moment, wide-eyed with CONCERN as David greets them.

DAVID
Morning all. Colleen, what you got for me?

And Colleen replies in her twangy, mobile-home-park drawl.

COLLEEN
Yer patient, Stephen Hormel Doctor.

David thinks about it.

DAVID
Let's see. Bipolar type two. Avoidant personality disorder.

COLLEEN
Well now he got head blowed off disorder, type one!

DAVID
W-h-a-a-a-t?!

COLLEEN
He done been homicided.

DAVID
Murdered?! Holy mother of piss. Are you sure?

Flannery, still rocking, suddenly BLURTS,

FLANNERY

Pussy-cock-nigger-fuck-shit-cunt-d
rip!!

A pause in the conversation, but no other discernible reaction to this.

COLLEEN

Mah brother-n-law were a paramedic at the scene and I done heared it from him. Said he got shot with a twelve gauge in his kitchen, and there was brains clear down the hallway!

DAVID

I was trying to fix those brains.

COLLEEN

Cops got some prints off the gun. they said not only is there ain't a match in the database. They said them prints, they don't even look human.

Dumbfounded SILENCE, as David tries veinly to wrap his head around this, so Colleen continues.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Anyways, you's got a walk-in, who I done put in Steve's time-slot. Mr. Helling here.

Helling SPRINGS to his FEET, quite agile for an old man and extends his hand. Smiling, (yet somehow glaring coldly). He speaks with a well-heeled English accent

HELLING

Good show doctor. Shall we?

Helling lets himself into David's office, David watches and go with a concerned look, as if he's getting a bad vibe from the guy.

As Helling opens the office door, Flannery cuts loose with another (somehow unconvincing) Tourette's OUTBURST

FLANNERY.

Fucktard-Shitstain-monkeyfuck-assl
ick!!

INT DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

A plush leather COUCH and adjacent matching easy CHAIR. On David's DESK, a rather LARGE NEWTON'S CRADLE.

On the walls, various DEGREES, CERTIFICATES, and a large POSTER with a picture of a sad looking PUPPY dog and the boldface caption,

ASK YOURSELF: IS IT TRUE? IS IT NECESSARY? IS IT KIND?

As Helling PERUSES the framed CERTIFICATES on the wall, we hear another O.S. outburst from FLANNERY, muffled by the walls.

FLANNERY/O.S.
Filthy suck-slut!! Yawning
cavernous cunt-faucet!!

DAVID
You'll have to excuse Mr.
Flannery. He claims to have
Tourette's.

HELLING
Ah yes, Tourette's Syndrome. Among
the most vocal and vulgar of the
mental derangements. Some of our
finest work.

DAVID
I'm sorry, who's finest work?

Helling TAPS David's psychiatry DEGREE with the emerald tip of his CANE.

HELLING
That's an interesting middle name
Doctor: Suma. David Suma Dartson.
And to answer your first question
I meant I and my fellow demons.

Helling gives this a tick to SINK IN. He sets the Newton's CRADLE on David's desk in motion CLACKING back and forth and takes a seat on the couch.

David grabs a legal PAD and a PEN, sits on in the easy CHAIR, and asks in the even-tempered voice of a therapist who's heard crazier than this,

DAVID
So you believe you're demon. And
how long have you had these
feelings?

HELLING

I have been a demon for five
hundred sixty eight thousand two
hundred forty four years nine
months eleven days and fourteen
hours.

David SCRIBBLES something on his PAD as he makes the
offhanded comment,

DAVID

Long time on the job. You must
have enough in your four O one K
to buy an island.

David looks up, Right at US now. He suddenly acquires a
look of AWE and wonder. and we ZOOM fast on one of David's
eyes until it FILLS the frame.

The PUPIL slowly DILATES. tiny branching networks of red
VEINS (bloodshot) appear in the whites.

Slowly, David LOOKS over at his DESK, as we hear Helling
reply,

HELLING/O.S.

No time for islands just now
Doctor. Us demons are quite busy
at the moment.

From David's P.O.V: the swinging PENDULUMS in his Newton's
CRADLE now leave vague, misty TRAILS as they swing.

And the metallic CLACKING acquires an ACOUSTIC quality
almost like an ECHO.

DAVID/V.O.

Now it was starting hit me.

David turns back to Helling who regards him with a KNOWING
half smile.

The EMERALD in Helling's CANE now has a LUMINESCENT
quality, like kryptonite.

And OTHER GREEN ITEMS in his office behind him now BRIGHTEN
and GLOW likewise.

DAVID/VO (CONT'D)

With nutmeg, it's the color green
that jumps out at you first. Then
the blues. Then...all of them.

David turns his ATTENTION back to HELLING. For the briefest (almost subliminal) instant his EYEBROWS MORPH into more slanted, SINISTER versions of themselves as he talks.

HELLING

Let's be clear on some things doctor. Your blood level of myristicin, the active ingredient in nutmeg, is currently two hundred sixteen nanograms per mililiter, and rising...

Helling holds up the GLISTENING emerald in the tip of his CANE for emphasis, as the GREEN THINGS in view behind him CONTINUE to GLOW likewise

HELLING (CONT'D)

...So I imagine colors at the blue-green end of the spectrum must be getting quite vivid for you just now.

David is FLOORED. At a loss for words.

DAVID

What...How...

As Helling continues, his tone is more INTENSE.

HELLING

You eat nutmeg because you think it gives you a subjective understanding of your patients' psychotic mind-states, yes?

DAVID

Well . . .Yeah.

HELLING

But what you fail to realize is that in an ironic twist of psychiatric fate, it is your own perceptions, indeed consciousness itself, that you have been diagnosing.

DAVID

I don't follow..

HELLING

Humans are so firmly mired in their perceptions that, delusional or not, you assume them to be the only reality that does, or could exist.

David, still visibly thrown for a loop, offers,

DAVID

I am, therefore I think.

HELLING

Indeed. But if there were no disconnect between perception and reality the services of men like you would never be required.

DAVID

A lot of crazies out there. Most of them never get their night in the barrel.

HELLING

Believing something is real does not make it so. But I am here today expressly tell you that is about change.

And David, more suspicious than unsettled now,

DAVID

Did you have something to do with the murder of my patient?

Helling LEANS FORWARD, and cranks up the intensity dial some more as he continues,

HELLING

Humans are on the evolutionary cusp of a new phase of mind and intellect. And with new mind comes new madness. An entire class of disorders that will come to be known as meta-psychosis. perception will become reality. They will project their derangements onto their physical surroundings, and their chaos will become, as you humans are fond of saying these days, the new normal.

David's getting spooked now.

DAVID

What are you trying to tell me?

HELLING

You will see seven new patients the coming days, bearing seven plagues - plagues of the mind.

(MORE)

HELLING (CONT'D)

You will become the father of
meta-psychology. you will diagnose
existence itself – the very mind
of God...Because believe me
doctor, he is not well.

David is UNCERTAIN. Not sure how seriously to take this.

DAVID

I guess I'll have to clear my
schedule for awhile.

HELLING

(ominously)

Oh you'll have more openings
doctor. So keep eating your
nutmeg, and consider the
prophylactic use of an adult
diaper product for the duration of
this tumble you're about to take
down the rabbit hole.

Helling puts his hands on the cradle, swinging PENDULUMS
and STOPS them from clacking. Then he start the DOOR.

DAVID

But you've got fifty two minutes
left.

HELLING

Ah yes, linear time. Another
Anthropological illusion that's
about to go out of style. Good day
Doctor, we shall talk soon.

Helling DEPARTS,

David looks UNSETTLED, turns slowly back to the clacking
Newton's cradle: The thing is now ever so slightly LARGER.

David looks at it, like he's UNCERTAIN if something is
amiss, then looks down at his legal PAD, on which he has
scribbled scribbled in large letters,

Demons? Meta-psychosis?

INT. DAVID'S DEPARTMENT. NIGHT.

The LIGHTS are OFF the TV is on - the late NEWS.

David RECLINES on his COUCH with a stiff drink. Shirt
un-tucked. Tie loosened, with a DISTANT vacuous look,

Angle of the NEWS on TV: A banner HEADLINE reads

*RADON LEVELS SPIKE IN METRO AREA! BIZARRE MUTATIONS
REPORTED!*

With VIDEO of PATIENTS in hospitals with various physical
DEFORMITIES.

One guy has a HEAD, SWOLLEN with bulging tumorous LUMPS on
one side. His EYE and EAR on the affected side are
cartoonishly HUGE.

A heavysset WOMAN with an expression of PANIC has a forest
of tiny malformed ARMS growing out of her HEAD like an
ironic crop of writhing, grasping hair.

We hear Madeleine's voice suddenly, from behind the couch

MADELEINE/OS

What's up Doc?

David BOLTS UPRIGHT from the couch, SPILLING his DRINK on
his face and shirt in the process, and spins around.

MADELINE, blonde, smoking hot, stands behind the couch at
the end of a trail of clothes clad now in only underwear
and of course she looks awesome. She makes her way around
the couch.

MADELINE (CONT)

Jumpy tonight.

With a lusty look she pulls off his tie, unbuttons his
drenched shirt, licks his chest and says,

MADELEINE CONT

Whiskey and soda. Chivas Regal.

David seems like he's ABOUT to SAY something, but she
PUSHES him down onto the couch, straddles him, looks into
his eyes and then HESITATES.

MADELEINE (CONT)

Your eyes are red. Pupils are
huge. Christ David, are you on
nutmeg again?

DAVID

Depends. Am I still going to get
some if I say yes?

Madeline pulls back a bit brushes her hair behind her ear.

MADELEINE

I don't know. Stuff kind of turns you into a fruit loop. But it makes you an animal bed.

DAVID

(Offended)

Hey, I already am an animal in bed!

MADELEINE

David, I have had an exhausting day at the station reporting the most bizarre weather pattern patterns I've ever seen. I'm here to fuck your dick off, and get some sleep. Got it?

David WHIMPERS like a pensive PUPPY dog.

Madeleine STANDS up, takes David by the hand, and LEADS him into the BEDROOM

We're alone now, with the print of THE SCREAM. It's noticeably LARGER. Bathed in only FLICKERING synthetic LIGHT of the TELEVISION, gives it a dimly strobing GLOW.

It's still for a moment. Then slowly the Art Nouveau BRUSH STROKES in the BACKGROUND around the screaming man come to LIFE. The landscape, the sky, the bridge, are slowly ANIMATED like a frothing currents in a sea of paint. even the bridge is alive now, only the screaming MAN remains FROZEN.

And if David's not us here to see it, whose trip is this?

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"The Edge...There is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is are the ones who have gone over."

- Hunter S. Thompson -

Replaced by another quote.

"Drugs are bad, mm-kay?"

- Mr. Mackey - South Park

INT. DAVID'S BATHROOM, HOURS LATER. NIGHT.

David STAGGERS in and LOOKS at himself in the MIRROR. His reflection is a feast of kinetic TRIPPINESS.

His pupils DILATE and CONSTRICT at high speed, like two PULSATING black balls, each with their own on un-synchronous rhythm. The STUBBLE on his face GROWS and SHRINKS in WAVES. And the flesh of his EARS seems to SAG down the sides of his head like a heavy GOO, then SHRINK back up again.

DAVID/VO

Nutmeg, the Energizer Bunny of psychedelics. Fifteen hours in, and still climbing. And already I could tell this trip was different. The look. The feel.

Something happens to the REFLECTION now. It RIPPLES, Like Nostradamus's water, and Malcom's mirror, resolving into a FLURRY of rapid VISIONS.

DEMONIC FACES. A spinning ROULETTE WHEEL. A HAND of POKER. The black vinyl WALL of a PADDED CELL, followed by the number 5150.

Then finally a RUINED futuristic futuristic city SKYLINE followed by the number 3797.

Then The mirror RIPPLES AGAIN, resolves back into David's now SHOCKED reflection.

He pulls back, disturbed.

DAVID/VO (CONT)

That's new. Nutmeg never did that to me before. And why was some small but immutable voice in my head now telling me to take more?

INT. DAVID'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

David has a stiff DRINK in one hand and a shot GLASS full of powdered NUTMEG in the other.

He SLAMS the nutmeg quickly CHASES it with several GULPS.

He WRETCHES it halfway up, GULPS down again. Takes a few deep breaths, gets it under control, puts the glass down on the counter and starts for the bedroom as he mutters to himself,

DAVID
 God of Christ man, what the fuck
 are you doin'??

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM. MORNING

David and Madeline SLEEP. On the bedside table, Madeleine's PHONE rings, WAKING her.

She ANSWERS it as David slowly STIRS awake.

MADELINE
 Hello...Wait, what?...Slow down
 Steve, before you explode in your
 pants. . .What. . .Jesus, How long
 has this been happening? Okay I'm
 on my way.

As David sits up, EYES BLOODSHOT, PULILS HUGE.

He LOOKS her way. We see her from HIS POV: looking at us, her HEAD ECLIPSES the morning SUN through the window but we can see it has strange MEANDERING white FLAMES RADIATING out from the borders of her head in all directions, making her look godlike or angelic, as she holds out a bottle of EYE-DROPS.

MADELEINE
 You look a wreck David. Do
 something about your eyes.

As David takes the eye-drops, Madeleine GETS UP and begins DRESSING, revealing suddenly, the FULL LIGHT of the SUN, that from David's POV seems to be made from some iridescent, white liquid, its flames slowly meandering, GROWING across the blue sky.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
 Gotta run baby.

DAVID
 What's going on?

MADELEINE
 News. Big news.

Madeline LOOKS in the dresser MIRROR, does a quick LIPSTICK job, and puts her shades on as David puts the EYEDROPS in his eyes, wipes the spillover from his cheeks.

MADELEINE (CONT)
 Call me this afternoon.

David starts getting DRESSED, Looks out the window again at the psychedelic sunrise, which has SPREAD even FURTHER across the sky.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

Dressed in his suit and glasses now, David opens his wall safe and looks inside. We see the following items included in the Safe's inventory:

A tranquilizer DART GUN. A clear plastic CASE full of brightly plumed DARTS. A real HANDGUN. A bottle of PILLS. And a double underarm GUN HOLSTER.

He takes out the DART gun, looks it over.

DAVID/V.O.

My methods are unconventional;
Guerrilla psychiatry you might
call it. And that little voice was
back, telling me that this was
somehow the way to go today.

David TAKES the dart GUN, the box of DARTS, closes his safe and starts across living room,

But STOPS as the muted morning NEWS catches his eye and Angle on the TV screen: banner HEADLINE

CIVIL UNREST IN METRO AREA! RIOTS, LOOTING REPORTED!

We see VIDEO of people apparently FREAKING OUT: shouting running, fighting, vandalizing, a few people having what appear to be full on arm flailing MELTDOWNS.

David reacts.

INT. DAVID'S CAR ON THE FREEWAY MORNING.

David DRIVES, and passes the SAME kid filled MINIVAN from the day before. As he passes to his left we see them from his new and more PSYCHEDELIC P.OV, and all in SLOW-motion.

All THREE KIDS look through the window at us with expressions of cartoonishly DISTORTED ANGST.

One has ENORMOUS, BULGING, horrified eyes.

The second CRIES with a GAPING FROWN so large it DROOPS pendulously down off both jawbones.

The last one silently SCREAMS behind the glass with an impossibly LARGE MOUTH, complete with GAINT undulating UVULA

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

David WALKS in, briefcase in hand. Colleen is behind the counter, loudly SMACKING her GUM, looking like she has doom and gloom on her lips again.

Flannery ROCKS back and forth in his chair with his usual look of agitation that doesn't quite ring true

And a NEW GUY sits next to him: the sad, mopey looking STEVEN DOWNS

Colleen gets halfway through her sentence before being CUT OFF by an impatient David.

COLLEEN
Doctor, Yer nine o clock patient's done been-

DAVID
-Yes, Murdered for his time-slot!
Gosh now!

David turns suddenly, gets right up in Steven's face, and glares at him .

DAVID(CONT'D)
So this guy can show up and spew some more demonic possession nonsense?!

Sad, mopey, and genuinely confused, which Steven conveys with two words,

STEVEN
Um. . .what?.

DAVID
Am I being punked?! Am I on some TV show?!

STEVEN
Um. . .no.

David turns his attention to Flannery, and with equal hostility,

DAVID
 And you Flannery! You're not
 passing the old scratch and sniff
 either my friend!

Flannery looks briefly like he's at a loss for words, then
 falls back on his usual.

FLANNERY.
 Cock fuck nigger spick whore!!

DAVID
That! That shit right there!
 That's not Tourette's! Who the
 hell told you that's Tourette's!
 Where's the facial tics and the
 grimacing and the teeth grinding?!

Flannery's at a loss for words now, deer in the headlights,
 so David continues.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 You know what, I'll deal with you
 in a minute. Colleen give me this
 other guy's file.

As David keeps his stern GAZE on STEVE and SNAPS his
 outstretched fingers impatiently at Colleen

She hands the file over. He reads the name says to Steve.

DAVID (CONT)
 Stephen Downs. Let me guess you're
 feeling down.

And again, two mopy words gets the point across,

STEVEN
 Um. . .yeah.

DAVID
 Let's do this. Let's rap.

David starts for his office and Steven follows.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

*"They stick it in your face and let you smell what they
 consider wrong. That's why I say hey man, nice shot."*

- Filter -

Replaced by another quote

"Please, please leave the room if this will...if this will affect you!"

- Bud Dwyer -

(Moments before he shot himself on live television.)

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

The NEWTON'S CRADLE is NOW noticeably LARGER.

And The PUPPY DOG on the POSTER is now unhappy, SNARLING and the CAPTION beneath has CHANGED by one word

Ask yourself: Is it true? Is it Necessary? IS IT SAFE?

David notices none of this us, as he puts down his briefcase STUDIES the FILE, and Steven sits on the couch. David reads the file, looks up confused.

DAVID.

Meta-depression. That's not even a thing.

STEPHEN.

It is it is now doctor. It's a form of depression which I project my mental state onto those around me. I'm part of what's happening to all those people out there.

DAVID

Did Helling send you? Do you have something to do with my patients turning up dead?

STEVEN

Carlos Castanada once said that there are seven gates to true awareness, and all dreamers must open them one at a time.

David remembers Helling's words.

DAVID

Seven plagues. Plagues of the mind.

STEVEN

Remember, this is meta-psychosis so you'll see a dramatic spike local suicides after I do what I'm about to do.

DAVID
(Concerned)
What are you about to do?

STEPHEN
I'm opening the first gate for you
doctor. And let me apologize in
advance, because this is going to
be a rough ride for you.

Suddenly unceremoniously, Stephen pulls out a CANNON of a
HANDGUN puts it under his chin, and BLOWS most most of his
HEAD off.

The shot THUNDERS. A tempest of flying BLOOD and BRAINS. a
most spectacular and unapologetic display of explosive,
zombie caliber GORE.

David absolutely FLIPS.

He SCREAMS - a piercing, CONTINUOUS scream, pausing only
for the briefest of heaving BREATHS.

He RUNS screaming into the WAITING ROOM, where Flannery
BOLTS upright from his chair and SCREAMS BACK.

The two men stand almost NOSE to NOSE - a SCREAM-OFF. Then
they both TURN to the utterly STUPEFIED COLLEEN and SCREAM
at HER, now apparently just screaming for the sake of blind
panic alone.

The starts HER SCREAMING, and all three are going at it.
She WAVES her ARMS in the air and FLEES into the BACK room
as all three keep CARRYING ON.

A tick or two later she RETURNS. Her waving arms now CLUTCH
two to loaded hypodermic NEEDLES.

Her twangy, country accent makes her sound like an
impassioned tent revival preacher as she cries,

COLLEEN
Foul spirits!! I cast thee out in
the name-uh-Thorazine!!

She PLUNGES one needle into the base of each man's NECK
that.

They gradually LOWER the VOLUME of their SCREAMS until they
are silent, staring catatonically

And KEEL OVER, as we fade to.

INT. DAVID'S WAITING ROOM, A FEW HOURS LATER. DAY.

David slowly stirs AWAKE on the floor. PICKS himself UP up and puts his GLASSES back ON.

He GETS to his FEET to find Colleen still behind the counter, and Flannery sitting with his HEAD and his HANDS

DAVID

We have to call the police. Why haven't we called the police?

COLLEEN

Why we's callin' the law doctor?

DAVID

Seriously?!

David OPENS the DOOR to his office and looks inside: NO headless BODY, NO BLOOD. Just the Newton's CRADLE on the desk, noticeably LARGER, its swinging, clacking PENDULUMS now the SIZE of TENNIS BALLS

David RETURNS to the waiting room, rubs his eyes tries to SHAKE the GROGGINESS out of his head and says.

DAVID (CONT)

A man killed himself in my office!
What happened to him?!

COLLEEN

I don't know what you's talkin
'bout doctor.

Flannery gets up, WALKS PAST David into the office, NOT a TRACE of the TOURRETTE'S routine about him now as he says,

FLANNERY

We need to talk.

David follows him into the office and closes the door.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

Both men are trying to power through the LINGERING EFFECTS of the THORAZINE as they talk.

DAVID

If this is some kind of practical
joke, I'm not amused.

FLANNERY

Listen carefully Doctor, we don't have much time. I'm a demonologist working for an agency called PandORA. Paranormal and Occult Related Affairs. We're an intelligence division for the Vatican Army, and We've been investigating a demonic incursion in the San Francisco area area that seems to be centered around you. Do you have any idea why this might be?

DAVID

(Incredulous)

Oh, so now we're going from Tourette's to schizo is that it?

Flannery draws a deep breath, He's about to say a mouthful

FLANNERY

Doctor David S Dartson, Clinical psychiatrist specializing in personality disorders and neuropharmacological research. Born August third nineteen eighty one to Deborah and Travis Dartson. As a child you enjoyed soccer and fantasy role playing games. You lost your virginity to a chubby drunk girl named crystal at a homecoming after party. She's an assistant state's attorney in Colorado now by the way. . .

Flannery takes a heaving BREATH and continues as David looks stunned to near-catatonia.

FLANNERY CONT

You Graduated from Harvard school of psychology in only three years. You wrote your thesis on Ergot poisoning as the cause of the Salem witch trials. You're best known for authoring a clinical study entitled Improving Depression Scores in Prison Inmates Following Exposure to a Tazer or Stun Gun, a phenomenon now known as the Zapwell effect. You almost lost your psychiatry less than license twice, once for-

David is now on the verge of a breakdown as he cuts cuts Flannery off.

DAVID

-Alright alright! you know Every
fucking thing about me! mother
fuck bitch mother of bitches!!

FLANNERY

Fantastic. Now you have
Tourette's.

David holds out his shaking HANDS, CLENCHING them into fists in an enraged crushing gesture.

DAVID

That's not fucking Tourette's!!

FLANNERY

Calm down, and listen carefully.
Angels and demons are real, but
they're not what you think.
There's a patient coming to see
you any minute now. He's what we
call an Eidelon. It's kind of like
a demon in training. Just like
your last patient.

DAVID

And what the hell happened to him?

FLANNERY

It's complicated, but hardly
relevant. We think this next one
is going to take you somewhere. It
is imperative you go with him, it
will help us understand what's
going on here.

David, in the process of calming down now, says between beep breaths,

DAVID

Okay.

FLANNERY

Just one more thing. We have ways
of remotely scanning your vital
signs and brain waves. Suffice it
to say it's all out of whack and
you're showing signs of
intoxication. What's up with that?

DAVID

Nutmeg.

FLANNERY

I, What? Seriously? You're taking hallucinogenic doses of nutmeg?. I thought Only twelve-year-old kids and prison inmates did that. You're a practicing psychiatrist, what's wrong with you?

David mocks Flannery in his answer.

DAVID

It's complicated. Hardly relevant.

Colleen's voice on David's desktop intercom, gum smacking and all.

COLLEEN/INTERCOM

Yer next patient's here doctor.

FLANNERY

That's him. Just go along. My people will be monitoring. We won't let anything happen to you.

David David seems to want desperately to say something, but Flannery turns his back wWALKS OUT the room, David's words are caught in his throat.

As Flannery and OLIVER (short, slight, looking pensive) pass each other in the doorway, and Flannery once again assumes his lamentable Tourette's routine, and this time lays it on thick.

FLANNERY (CONT'D)

I'm fucking Flannery! I'm a fucking Irish fucking Euronigger!.
 . fucking Chink Spick Wop Kike
 Whore fuck fucker shit!!

David ROLLS HIS EYES as he OPENS a FOLDER on the desktop and READS the name

DAVID

Mister Oliver Cecil Dwellington?

OLIVER

Good morning morning Dr. I'm here on behalf of Mr. Helling. He wants me to show you something downtown.

DAVID

You repeat your second word twice. I'm guessing you have O.C.D.

OLIVER

My case case is different doctor.
The minute I stopped doing this,
it sews discord throughout the
universe. Causality goes out to
lunch.

DAVID

A lot of people with severe O.C.D
believe this. It doesn't mean it's
true.

OLIVER

Are you you familiar with Chaos
theory?

DAVID

Yes, what about it?

OLIVER

Chaos theory theory is what
happens every time I forget to do
this. The last time I took an
afternoon off was Election Day,
two thousand seventeen. And we can
see how that turned out.

David is now beginning to lose his patience. He RUBS his
EYES and asks,

DAVID

So what do we have to see
down-town?

OLIVER

Can't tell tell you Doctor. I have
to show you.

David starts for the door. David puts his hands on the
Newton's CRADLE and it STOPS.

The two walk OUT.

Then slowly the pendulums begin spontaneously SWINGING,
CLACKING again.

INT. DAVID'S CAR. DAY

As David DRIVES, Oliver sits in the passenger seat
repeatedly TAPPING first the top of his HEAD twice with one
hand and the DASHBOARD ahead of him twice with the other.

CARS PASS on both sides of them, the DRIVERS are all
DEMONS.

But NEITHER one NOTICES. Oliver is too caught up in his ritual, and David's attention is absorbed by a NEWS BROADCAST on his radio.

NEWS ANNOUNCER ON RADIO/V.O.

This just in to KPLN. A sudden epidemic of local suicides has been reported in the last two hours. Over three thousand confirmed in the Ashbury business district alone. Authorities do not know yet know if there is a connection between the victims, most of whom killed themselves by jumping out of windows.

David is SPOOKED by this, but nonetheless turns OFF the radio and turns his ATTENTION to OLIVER, and his ritualistic TAPPING.

And as he does this, a CAR PASSES in his left, inside of which a single GIANT EYE fills most of the cabin Its manhole cover sized PUPIL DILATES, and moves to FOLLOW David as it passes.

DAVID

Is it completely necessary to do that?

OLIVER

In word word or need, I must all times keep vigil for the gods of two and two.

DAVID

Of course course you must.

Oliver FREAKS

OLIVER

Waaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!!!

DAVID

What?! What the hell was that?!

OLIVER

You can't can't do that! I must do that!

DAVID

What?! Why?!

Oliver with HORROR in his eyes, POINTS out his window.

OLIVER
That's why why!

What David sees causes him to STOP his CAR. TRAFFIC PILES up behind him in a cacophony of honking HORNS and profane SHOUTS.

A row of TOWNHOUSES. Two of them fully involved in FLAMES. Several FIRETRUCKS are parked alongside, but the hoses the FIREFIGHTERS point at the houses shoot PLUMES of FLAME instead of water, SPREADING the fire not containing.

A speeding CAR CRASHES and one of the burning HOMES and EXPLODES, Feeding the conflagration even more. And the FIREMEN all the while are LAUGHING riotously at this

DAVID
(Whispers.)
Chaos.
(Then louder.)
Make it stop Oliver. Make it stop.

Oliver starts CHANTING frantically

OLIVER
There are two twos, and these two twos are two and two and two times two. The number two two twice in all things. The number two two twice in all things

Finally the FIRE shooting from the HOSES turns WATER, and the firefighters STOP LAUGHING.

David starts driving again, wearing a disturbed look.

DAVID
You're telling me that happens every time you cease dwelling on the number two?

OLIVER
Like that that or worse doctor, usually worse.

DAVID
Wait a minute...Cease dwelling? Oliver Cecil Wellington? O.C.D?! God of Christ man! Your whole name is a joke about what's wrong with you! What's really going on here?!

No response from Oliver, who is once again TAPPING away at the dashboard

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

Glass REVOLVING DOORS at the entrance. DAVID walks through FIRST, then turns around to WATCH and mild ANNOYANCE as OLIVER makes TWO complete REVOLUTIONS through the turnstile before arriving inside the lobby.

David turns around and looks at the hotel lobby and we see it from his TRIPPED OUT POV

The TILED FLOOR appears to be made of LIQUID and RIPPLES slightly like a breeze-kissed Lake. There is an elaborate VINE PRINT wallpaper, on the walls that appears to be GROWING then SHRINKING back again. blooming, then unblooming.

David TAPS his FOOT on the tiled floor and concentric ARCS of RIPPLES RADIATE outward from him across the floor.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

"The urge to gamble is so universal and its practice so pleasurable that I assume it must be evil

- Haywood Broun -

Replaced by ANOTHER QUOTE

"The idols swollen with gold and silver, Which after the rape shall be thrown into the lake and fire."

Nostradamus Century 8, Quatrain 28

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY. DAY.

Oliver and David walk through the ANIMATED vine print WALLS print as divine print on the walls, and this time not just from David's POV.

Two Burly Stoic suited men guard a set of double doors. Oliver leads David through it.

INT. THE DEMON CASINO.

David WALKS IN with Oliver, and LOOKS around in wonder at a ROOM so MASSIVE it couldn't possibly fit in this, or any earthly structure.

They are surrounded by GAMES, TABLES, GAMBLING SLOT MACHINES, bell, whistles, lights,

And DEMONS of EVERY conceivable SIZE, SHAPE and FACE, all of them decidedly dreamlike psychedelic takes on what a

demon is. All gambling, playing cards, throwing dice, spinning wheels. Pulling levers.

We pull UP and AWAY from David and Oliver to find that this room has NO CEILING there but TIERS and BALCONIES, sloping away at crooked ANGLES like some endless improvised Coliseum.

David is flabbergasted

DAVID

It's a trick. It's not possible.

OLIVER

Helling said you'd say that at this moment. He told me to tell you that all things are not only possible, but inevitable in the plurality of worlds.

DAVID

What is this place? Who are these people?

OLIVER

Not people people doctor. And not a place but all places. All demons are gamblers. They gamble on the probability of everything in the universe. Asteroids, Gamma Ray bursts, phase transitions, plagues, earthquakes.

David walks over to a CRAPS TABLE, And we angle on the green FELT TABLE TOP: all the betting CHIPS are stacked in squares labeled with NAMES of ASTEROIDS and COMETS Apophis, Bennu, QD-1406, and so forth

In the center of the table a picture of the EARTH rendered in swirls of blue and white FELT.

One DEMON (we're pretty sure we saw him earlier in a passing car) has an alarming number of HORNS on his head, neck and shoulders, puts a stack of chips on Apophis and says.

MANY HORNED DEMON.

Give me a thousand on Apophis to strike Earth in twenty thirty seven.

The demon roles a set of gleaming emerald dice: six and four.

The dealer TAKES away all the CHIPS on Apophis.

DEALER DEMON

Six and four. Apophis does not hit
in twenty thirty seven.

The demon turns his ATTENTION to DAVID.

MANY HORNED DEMON

Doctor Dartson! Peeling Back the
Layers! Checking out the Man
behind the Curtain!

(Hold His Arms out)

So What Do You Think

DAVID

Macabre.

MANY HORNED DEMON

You flatter us sir!

(To others)

Did you hear that fellas? we're
macabre!

A couple of DEMONIC CHEERS as the many horned one reaches
for the luminescent emerald dice and hands them to David

MANY HORNED DEMON (CONT'D)

Here you go Doc. On the house.

They're gonna come in handy.

As David TAKES the DICE and gives them a PUZZLED look,
another DEMON PLAYER one with a face like a sinister
TRICERATOPS says

TRICERATOPS DEMON

And look out for Oliver here. He's
kinda like our point spread.

DAVID

Meaning what?

TRICERATOPS DEMON

He's the only thing standing
between causality and chaos.

MANY HORNED DEMON

Without his rituals, all the
heinous shit we're betting on...
happens.

TRICERATOPS DEMON

The house goes broke. Your planet
gets broke. Then we start looking
for other amusements.

MANY HORNED DEMON
You do not want that.

OLIVER
We have to have to go now Dr. we
have what we came for.

David and Oliver start for the doors and behind them we
HEAR the game continue.

TRICERATOPS DEMON/OS.
Give me a thousand on Bennu to
strike Earth in twenty sixty four

And a beat later the demon dealer replies

DEALER DEMON/OS
Bennu strikes in twenty sixty
four!

David STOPS and turns

DAVID
Wait, what?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

As David WALKS through the lobby looking DISTRACTED, a
VOICE catches his ATTENTION

STONER #1/OS
No way brah! It's Doctor Zap!

David looks up to see TWO early ADOLESCENT STONER types,
the older of which, Stoner#1, regards him with a look of
awe.

David seems to be familiar (if not thrilled) with this
nickname

STONER #1 (CONT)
This is the guy, man! This is the
guy who discovered that tazin'
yourself makes you psychic!

DAVID
(Impatiently)
Yeah, no I didn't.

STONER#2
N-i-i-i-i-c-e.

STONER #1

Then the government tried to shut him down! Suppressed his research, ya feel? so he went underground. Like literally. This dude has a secret lab inside a hollow mountain!

STONER#2

Phat!

DAVID

(More impatient)

No I don't, please don't tell people that.

STONER #1

It's the same lab where he invented bath salt!

Now David boils over. He makes the hand clenching gestures again as he shouts,

DAVID.

I did not invent fucking bath salt!!

Stoner one makes a paranoid GLANCES AROUND him, and says in a hushed tone to David,

STONER #1

Check it out Doc. I tazered myself last year, and now I have the gift...

Stoner #1 puts two FINGERS to his TEMPLE, and silently INTENSELY STARES at David and

David of mild almost DEADPAN demeanor, declares,

DAVID

Yeah that's about gonna to do it right there.

David pulls out his DART GUN, FIRES a tranquilizer dart into Stoner #1's neck.

The kids EYES go WIDE for a tick, then he keels over.

Oliver FREAKS again

OLIVER.

Waaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!

DAVID.
 Alright! alright!

David puts a SECOND DART in Stoner #2's neck.

The kid gets a faraway look for a beat and says

STONER #2
 Whoah...mage tranq probs.

Then he KEELS over on top of his friend, and David says to Oliver

DAVID
 There! you happy? two darts!

OLIVER
 I'm never never happy doctor

Black screen. Superimpose.

"Any time two superheroes fight, you want to try and have it end in a draw."

- Stan Lee -

Replaced by another quote.

"Zombies can't run, their ankles would snap."

- George Romero -

INT. DAVID'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

David STARES at his reflection. He starts out looking just RAGGED, kind of DISSOCIATED, but slowly watches himself morph into a (decidedly surreal, psychedelic) WEREWOLF...Then slowly back into a HUMAN form,

DAVID/VO
 There are always rules. Laws passed by our creators, that can't be broken because they govern the very fabric of existence itself. To even try is sacrilege. Abomination...But not, as I was learning, impossible.

The reflection of David's FACE RIPPLES AWAY, as if the mirror is LIQUID, and once again a flurry of IMAGES so FAST they're almost subliminal.

An ASTEROID IMPACTING the Earth. A distraught MAN JUMPING out a WINDOW. A ball and stick MOLECULE of MYRISTICIN. Then a MIRROR IMAGE of that molecule right next to it.

BLACK VINYL WALLS of a PADDED CELL. The number 5150. The RUINED futuristic SKYLINE. The number 3797. NOSTRADAMUS. MALCOM X. The word WHITE. MADELINE'S face. Then the word DEVIL.

As David continues.

DAVID/VO (CONT)

And I couldn't escape that tiny,
yet somehow screaming voice in the
back of my head; telling me that
even though I could no longer tell
what was real and what wasn't,
that the answers I sought could
only be found with more nutmeg.

INT. DAVID'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The print of the SCREAM not only COVERS the entire WALL now, but it's BRUSH STROKES now SPILL out past the border of the painting and GROW part way across the ceiling and adjacent walls and floor.

And every time David's back is turned, the borderless picture is ANIMATED, it's brush-strokes like currents and eddies.

Like right now, as David POURS himself a TUMBLER full of WHISKEY, and uses it to DOWN another heap of NUTMEG in a SHOT GLASS.

HE RETCHES, GRIMACES, then gets it under control.

The TV is ON: The NEWS (mute). And David WATCHES for a moment, as we angle on The headline.

Man with world's largest tumor can see the future (And he says it's not good!)

And we get our first look at the comical monstrosity we will come to know as TUMOR TED. He is mostly a SWOLLEN, lumpy MASS of tumorous FLESH with STUBBY ARMS, a half buried FACE, and a giant THIRD EYE in the middle of his forehead.

Every time he SPEAKS, he holds his stubby ARMS OUT as if in SUPPLICATION, and the third EYE OPENS.

There's a KNOCK at the DOOR then.

David ANSWERS and finds NOBODY there but a generic looking PACKAGE on the FLOOR in the hallway.

He BRINGS it inside, OPENS it on the dining room table: It's a LAPTOP computer. David SETS it down on the table and gives it a PUZZLED look.

Then, in a moment REMINISCENT of the living typewriter from Naked Lunch, the LAPTOP OPENS itself, SPROUTS eight LEGS made of green circuit board plastic and knotted bundles of wire.

David YELPS, and JUMPS back as the now spiderlike techno-creature SKITTERS toward him, and a DEMONIC FACE BULGES forth from the laptop SCREEN, as if it were ELASTIC

The laptop creature speaks its VOICE demonically DEEP.

LAPTOP CREATURE

Like, boo and shit!

DAVID

What the Fuck are you?!

LAPTOP CREATURE

Let's just say the Amish got it right: technology is evil shit!

DAVID

What do you want?

LAPTOP CREATURE

I want you to make some popcorn Doc, because you're gonna love this feature.

The FACE RECEDES back into the screen, the machine BOOTS UP, and after a few beats a VIDEO starts playing.

The FACE of a DEMON with SABER TOOTH tiger-like features fills the frame as it hollers belligerently

SABER TOOTH DEMON

The following message is for David
Dick-bag Dartson: We have your
girlfriend Dick-bag! check it out!

The demon BACKS UP he's wearing an expensive stylish suit so are about five of his COHORTS, who are all clutching a STRUGGLING blindfolded and gagged MADELINE.

Saber tooth roughly PULLS her GAG down and demands,

SABERTOOTH DEMON
 Holler at your boyfriend bitch!
 And make me believe it!

MADELEINE
 Baby where are you?! I don't know
 where they took -

Saber tooth demon cuts her off

SABER TOOTH DEMON
 A-a-a-n-d so forth! can it bitch,
 you're done!

He YANKS the GAG back up into her mouth moves toward us
 until his face fills the screen again, and he continues

SABERTOOTH DEMON
 You want to see all of her again,
 or just bits and pieces?! Huh?!
 Washin' up on the beach?! A cheek
 of ass here?! A titty over there?!
 Good luck makin' love to that,
 Dick bag!! So you're going to
 follow precisely the instructions
 given to you by the last patient
 you will see tomorrow afternoon.
Or we will surely update this
 bitch's Facebook status to dead!
 But not before we lay waste to all
 three of her holes with a
 veritable forest of huge gnarly
 demon cock!!

The screen goes black. The LEGS WITHDRAW from the laptop
 and the screen SNAPS suddenly CLOSED like a bear trap.

As it CLATTERS to rest on the table, small CURLS of SMOKE
 rise from the machine. It's FRIED.

And from the looks of him, SO is the good DOCTOR.

FLANNERY/O.S.
 We'll get her back buddy.

Deja vu: David YELPS, JUMPS half out of his skin and BOLTS
 UPRIGHT from the couch, again.

He turns to find Flannery standing behind him for God knows
 how long now.

DAVID
 Mother-of-pearl! How long have you
 - How did you -

FLANNERY

It's part of the skill set. In that hotel today, where did you disappear to?

DAVID

You're the demonologist. You tell me what that place was.

FLANNERY

All we know is that for a period of about four minutes you disappeared from our space-time continuum. Can you describe your experience?

DAVID

Forget you man. My girlfriend's been kidnapped. I'm calling the cops.

FLANNERY

You won't get much help from them now I'm afraid.

David already has his smart PHONE out. He speaks into it.

DAVID

Call nine one one.

David puts it to his ear and WAITS.

And an ironically soft female voice recording answers.

FEMALE VOICE/V.O.

You have reached nine one one. All of our operators are currently dealing with some seriously messed up shit. Your call will be answered in the order it was received. maybe. If this is an emergency, please hang up and dial nine one one...You have reached nine one one...

As the message repeats, David slowly lowers the phone and gives Flannery a forlorn look.

FLANNERY

David, you have to trust me now. And you have to stop ingesting nutmeg. We believe you are somehow projecting the drugs psychedelic effects on to your environment.

DAVID

It's not just me. It's these new patients coming to see me. Meta-psychosis Helling called it.

FLANNERY

That may also be a projection of your own mind.

DAVID

So maybe you're not real either. Maybe none of this is. Tell you what, I'm going to get some shut-eye and will see if you still exist in the morning.

FLANNERY

Excellent idea Doctor.

David draws his DART GUN puts it to the side of his NECK and fires a DART into his flesh.

Flannery reacts to this unexpected interpretation of shut-eye, with but a single raised eyebrow

David WAITS while the dart KICKS IN, then says contentedly,

DAVID

Ah yeah...That's the stuff.

He KEELS over on the floor and begins SNORING, as Flannery speaks into a small hand-held RADIO.

FLANNERY

This is Flannery. Were good to set up in here.

INT. DAVID'S LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

David stirs awake to find himself LYING on his back on his COUCH, the dart conspicuously absent from his neck now.

He turns his head, wits still not fully about him, and the FIRST thing he SEES is what looks like a prescription drug COMMERCIAL playing on his TV.

Angle on the COMMERCIAL.

A WOMAN WALKS on a sunny BEACH, TALKING to US as we track back with her.

DRUG COMMERCIAL WOMAN

I suffer from moderates to severe agnosticism. I never really knew what to make of...all this. I tried balls-tripping with ordinary hallucinogens, but they wore off too quickly, and didn't fit my busy lifestyle. I was always hitting the pause button to eat more acid, more shrooms, more Molly, more Ayahausca. That's when I decided to talk to my doctor about once daily Nutmeg.

We fade to a MONTAGE of this woman TRIPPING, FREAKING OUT etcetera, in a variety of settings.

She LOOKS around her LIVING ROOM as the WALLS around her slowly MELT into a paisley SPLORCH.

In her BATHROOM, she frantically CLAWS and SMACKS at herself, as if she sees things crawling all over her. In her panic, she trips and falls into the bathtub, taking the shower curtain down with her.

With her FAMILY at the DINNER TABLE. they eat, laugh, talk. she STARES ahead catatonically. Then suddenly projectile VOMITS all over the table as her family RECOILS in horror

In a PARK, her DOG playfully trots up to her DROPS a FRISBEE at her feet. She PICKS UP The frisbee but instead of throwing it bends down and BITES a huge mouthful of flesh out of the dog.

At NIGHT she RUNS SCREAMING through her NEIGHBORHOOD, WAVING her arms, KNOCKING over trash CANS, THROWING patio furniture and bringing NEIGHBORS outside to gawk at her.

POLICE CHASE her as she continues to RAVE and BABBLE. They TAZE her and she hits the ground CONVULSING and PUKING again.

On a ROOFTOP as she RUNS and FLINGS herself off the EDGE, FLAPPING her arms furiously as she PLUMMETS.

As all the while a soft female voice of the commercial's NARRATOR tells us,

FEMALE NARRATOR/VO

Now you can have God's home phone number, with once daily Nutmeg.

(MORE)

FEMALE NARRATOR/VO (CONT'D)

Nutmeg is a long-acting
psychedelic for patients who have
tried balls-tripping with other
drugs, but still experience
occasional episodes of not
tripping balls. Side effects are
generally severe and may include
dry mouth bloodshot eyes,
vomiting, delusions of grandeur,
speaking in tongues, throwing
feces, cannibalism, spontaneous
human com-

The SCREEN goes BLACK. Somebody turned off the TV.

David who has been STARING at the TV wide-eyed and
stupefied, SHAKES it OFF stands up and turns around.

Half a dozen dark suited AGENTS who look like they came off
the same assembly line as Flannery tend to a wilderness of
mysterious high-tech equipment and devices. And FLANNERY
stands in the middle of it all holding the REMOTE

David takes all this in as Flannery says.

FLANNERY

We're still real doctor. You ready
to help us put the world back
together?

DAVID

I will be in a minute.

David picks up his DART GUN, goes over to the wall SAFE we.
He puts the dart gun in his LEFT underarm HOLSTER, OPENS
the SAFE, takes the HANDGUN out and puts it in the RIGHT
HOLSTER.

While we take a close look at the LABEL on the PILL BOTTLE
TETRADAFINIL. TULANE UNIVERSITY RESEARCH DIVISION. NOT FOR
DISTRIBUTION OR MEDICAL USE.

David OPENS the bottle POPS to PILLS and CLOSES the SAFE as
Flannery approaches with a concerned look.

FLANNERY

Doctor, what was that?

DAVID

Experimental stimulant. Better
question

(Points around)

What's all this?

FLANNERY.

Vatican Army intelligence has satellites that can detect paranormal activity anywhere in the world. We are using this tech here to monitor the activity locally. We also have EVP scanners planted in your office.

David goes to his kitchen, and POURS himself a glass of orange JUICE.

DAVID

You bugged my office. You people have some serious boundary issues, you know that?

As David puts on his suit JACKET and glasses Flannery approaches him and asks,

FLANNERY

Is that a thirty eight caliber you have there?

DAVID

It is. Why?

Flannery hands two CLIPS full of GOLD BULLETS to David and says,

FLANNERY

You'll want to be shooting these. They were forged with Vatican gold. They're most effective against demons, which according to our scans are exceedingly abundant in the metro area just now.

David POKETS one clip, locks and LOADS the other and says,

DAVID

These clips feel like they weigh fifty grand a piece.

Flannery gives David a TROUBLED look for a beat or two, prompting David to ask

DAVID (CONT'D)

What?

FLANNERY

I must say doctor, your pattern of substance substance abuse is most alarming, not to mention unusual.

David picks up his briefcase and asks sarcastically

DAVID
Whatever do you mean?

FLANNERY
I mean, nutmeg? Tranquilizer
darts? Experimental stimulants? My
God man, why can't you just carry
a suitcase full of normal drugs
around like Hunter Thompson?

As David starts for the DOOR he replies,

DAVID
It's been done. You guys have fun
playing Ghostbusters. Let yourself
out when you're through.

FLANNERY
Doctor?

David stops at the door and turns.

FLANNERY (CONT'D)
You have occasion to shoot a demon
with one of those rounds, don't go
point-blank with it.

DAVID
Why not?

Flannery's reply is most emphatic.

FLANNERY
Trust me. Ten feet minimum.

David raises an eyebrow as we cut to,

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE.

*"It is noteworthy that persons are pronounced mad by
officials who are destitute of evidence that they
themselves are sane"*

- Ambrose Bierce -

Replaced by another quote

"Tear in my eye, thy ruin approaches."

- Nostradamus - century 12 quatrain 36.

INT. OUTSIDE DAVID'S OFFICE. MORNING.

E.C.U: David's DILATED heavily BLOODSHOT EYE.

The TIP of a EYE-DROP bottle LOOMS large over the eye, raining DROPS of clear LIQUID into it.

And slowly we watch the red VEINS SHRINK and VANISH from the whites of the eye.

From a wider angle now, David LOWERS his HEAD, and the overflow from the eye drops STREAMS down his FACE like TEARS.

He looks TWEAKY and keyed UP; the pill is taking effect, as he opens the door.

INT. DAVID'S WAITING ROOM. DAY.

David walks in to find COLLEEN behind the reception counter, and TWO PATIENTS sit WAITING: The DELINQUENT adolescent GIRL, and the SHAPE-SHIFTER, who currently looks like a plump woman in her 40s.

Colleen speaks up before David can even say good morning.

And as she talks, part of the WALL BEHIND David MORPHS into PADDED CELL wall, then BACK again.

COLLEEN

Just to letcha know Doctor, I'll be taken a leave of absence after today. Bein' as things is getting kinda apocalyptified and all.

DAVID

They sure are.

COLLEEN

My preacher done said the rapture's, comin'. I'm saved and all, so uh-course so I'll be disappearin'

DAVID

Naturally.

COLLEEN

Anyways, I'd hate to vanish in the middle of booking your appointments or doing your insurance billing or somethin'.

David picks up the first patient's FOLDER from the counter.

DAVID
Well then, let the breakthroughs
commence.

He reads the name on the file.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Margaret Kidman, let's rap.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

He walks in, followed by the SHAPE SHIFTER (in chubby woman form for the moment)

The Newton's CRADLE on David's desk is now NEARLY the SIZE of the DESK itself, and it's near bowling ball sized PENDULUMS are clacking away quite LOUDLY.

But david's attention is elsewhere: The POSTER on the wall has CHANGED COMPLETELY: It Now features a full grown angry ROTTWEILER, SNARLING, salivating, with the CAPTION underneath

I am your shit. You should be ashamed of what you have eaten

Seen from David's P.O.V., the snarling dog in the poster acquires a 3D RELIEF EFFECT, PROTRUDING a foot or two out from the wall, seemingly growling directly at David, at us.

David TURNS around to find NOT the WOMAN sitting on the couch, but a a BEARDED middle aged MAN.

DAVID
Wait, who are you? What just happened to..

David LOOKS at the NAME of the folder: it has CHANGED to: Donald Howell.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Helling sent you.

The bearded man slowly MORPHS into a white haired OLD WOMAN, who says,

OLD WOMAN
I know many Helling's in many worlds.

DAVID
Where's Madeline?!

The old woman slowly MORPHS into MADELINE, who says,

MADELEINE

We're all fragments of the soul collective, David. Those with multiple personalities have always been in touch with fragments other than their own. I am nothing more than the next step in the evolution of that disorder.

DAVID

You're not her.

She slowly MORPHS into a GREY ALIEN with black almond eyes. We HEAR it speak to David TELEPATHICALLY.

ALIEN VOICE/V.O.

What's happening here reaches beyond the stars and across dimensions. If I sound familiar now, it's because I'm that tiny voice you've been hearing lately. You see we're all figments in the imagination of a God who refuses to believe we really exist...

The alien MORPHS into ANOTHER DAVID, this one with face unshaven, his hair longer and matted, he looks TIRED and HUNGRY, his suit is tattered and faded.

And as he appears the DAYLIGHT through the WINDOW becomes a deep SMOKEY TWILIGHT as David number two completes the sentence,

DAVID #2

...And that God is you David.

David goes to the window and takes a look outside. He sees the ruined futuristic SKYLINE from his mirror VISIONS, as David #2 joins him holding the patient folder,

And part of the WALL behind them once AGAIN MORPHS into the plaque black PADDED CELL wall for a beat then MORPHS BACK again.

DAVID #2 (CONT'D)

Nostradamus saw futures in multiple timelines. That's why many of his prophecies seem to refer to unfamiliar events. But every timeline ends here, in the year thirty seven ninety seven. And the reason all worlds end on this date has everything to do with you.

DAVID
What are you trying to tell me?

DAVID#2
You just opened the third gate.
This is a space-time convergence
point. What you did - what you
will do - happens here, and can
only be prevented here.

David PONDERs the ruined smoky world, as David#2 continues

DAVID #2 (CONT'D)
The end isn't the worst of it.
it's the lifetimes of manifested
madness that lead up to it. Take
it from a man who's lived one of
them.

David TURNS around to look at David number two, but he's
gone and over his shoulder, normal DAYLIGHT and the MODERN
SKYLINE returns.

David OPENS the patient FOLDER and looks inside: there's a
mug shot of HIM from some psychiatric institution And
underneath, the caption

5150 involuntary psychiatric commitment.

David Suma Dartson. Diagnosis multiple drug intoxication,
meta-psychosis.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. A SHORT TIME LATER. DAY

The Newton's CRADLE is even LARGER now, almost too big for
the desk, and the fully basketball sized pendulums clack
back and forth only slightly.

David looks TWEAKY and JITTERY as he sits in his chair,
while the DELINQUENT adolescent GIRL sits on the couch
looking SURLY.

DAVID
So your parents have expressed
some concerns. They say your
grades have been slipping, and
you've been hanging out with some
friends who they think might be
having a bad influence.

The girl's HEAD and neck ROLLS in circles as she speaks
defiantly in a New Jersey accent (not to mention attitude)

DELINQUENT GIRL

I do what I want or sump-inn! You don't know me or sump-inn!

DAVID

Well I'm trying to get to know you. Perhaps you could tell me a little about these friends of yours.

DELINQUENT GIRL

Why you got a attitude or sump-inn?! Cuz you got a piece of paper on the wall that say ya ass don't stink or sump-inn?!

And calmly, almost DEADPAN, David says, as he reaches into his jacket and pulls his DART GUN

DAVID

Okay that's about gonna to do it.

He FIRES a DART into the girl's NECK.

She leans FORWARD with a BEWILDERED look and declares,

DELINQUENT GIRL.

Damn! I'm all sleepy or sump-inn!

She KEELS over on the floor.

David re-holsters the gun, DRAGS the girl by her FEET out into the WAITING ROOM and shouts.

DAVID

Next!

The PATIENTS waiting look on this in HORROR.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE. DAY.

The Newton's CRADLE is once again slightly LARGER as David sits with his notepad across from a ranting, BITCHY thirty-something WOMAN.

BITCHY WOMAN

So you remember how I told you I'm gluten free now?
Gluten...fucking...free! How hard is that to understand?! I mean read a fucking label once in a while, am I right?!

(MORE)

BITCHY WOMAN (CONT'D)
 But still my genius, Ivy League,
 one man think tank of a husband,
 comes home with groceries
 overflowing with gluten! I swear
 to God the man is buying more
 gluten just to piss me-

The sound of her ranting goes MUTE for a few beats as we
 hear David thinking,

DAVID/V.O.
 The lady doth protest too much.
 Well we got a cure for that.

Thwack!

A DART lands squarely in her NECK.

She stops ranting. And mutters in a faraway voice.

BITCHY WOMAN
 Gluten...Free....

Then she KEELS, face first.

In the WAITING ROOM, David DRAGS the sleeping woman out to
 join the sleeping girl, shouting

DAVID
 Next!

LATER, in David's OFFICE again, a blond haired young white
 GUY with shoulder length DREADLOCKS sits on the couch.

DREADLOCK GUY.
 You see That's why I'm always in a
 cool place doc. Because I get how
 perception is everything. It's a
 state of mind. Success is a state
 of mind. Failure is a state of
 mind. Pain, pleasure, happiness,
 despair, courage, fear,

He TAPS his HEAD.

DREADLOCK GUY (CONT'D)
 It all starts and ends right here
 bro.

This seems to strike a genuine chord with David.

DAVID

You know something, you're right.
You had an insight here that I
believe has relevance not just for
events in your life, but mine as
well.

With an infernally douchy LAUGH, the dreadlock guy clasps
his HANDS together in a PRAYING gesture

DREADLOCKED GUY

You see how life works bro? The
student has has become the
teacher.

DAVID

Of course you're also a colossal
douche, so-

David pulls his DART GUN and SHOOTs the guy as we cut to

A brief rapid MONTAGE of David SHOOTING DARTS in patients.
Said PATIENTS hitting the FLOOR. David DRAGGING them out to
the increasingly large HUMAN PILE in the WAITING ROOM, all
the while looking increasingly tweeky and AGITATED.

Finally, a VERY JITTERY David sits across from a SULLEN
looking BATTERED WOMAN with a BLACK EYE, and a number of
healing CUTS and BRUISES, who sits on the couch silently,
arms folded.

The Newton's CRADLE is now even LARGER than the DESK on
which it sits, (and it seems a bit comical and absurd that
David and his patients continue to ignore it.)

David WIPES a crop of SWEAT from his brow, then, in an
overly frank tone,

DAVID (CONT'D)

So...Domestic violence much?

BATTERED WOMAN

What the hell kind of shit is that
for a therapist to say?

DAVID

You literally look like you got
eaten, digested, and shit out by a
T-rex. You want to talk about it?

BATTERED WOMAN

I fell down some stairs.

DAVID

Yeah? What stairs were these, the
Mayan Goddamn pyramids?

She STANDS UP as and starts for the door

BATTERED WOMAN

You know what, this was a bad
idea.

David stands UP with her, takes a tranq-DART out of his
pocket as he STOPS her and says,

DAVID

No hold on a sec, I have a good
idea.

He SQUEEZES HALF of the LIQUID out of the dart, then slides
it into the chamber dart gun.

She eyes the gun with trepidation.

BATTERED WOMAN

What the hell dude?

DAVID

The guy in the waiting room,
that's the guy?

The sullen, evasive look on her face is answer enough.

In the WAITING ROOM burly, stubbly man in a black leather
biker jacket reads a women's MAGAZINE. He FLIPS through
thtre pages as he mutters CONTEMPTUOUSLY

BIKER BOYFRIEND

Oh blah blah blah, you fuckin'
cunts.

The office DOOR FLIES open and David SCOOTs rapidly into
the room Kramer style

DAVID

Afternoon sport! Time for some
couples therapy!

The biker boyfriend STANDS up, a head TALLER than David.
GLARING, he DROPS the magazine loudly on the coffee table.

BIKER BOYFRIEND

I don't like your tone.

David draws and POINTS his dart GUN as replies.

DAVID

What a coincidence. My tone
doesn't like you either.

He FIRES the half-DART into the guy's neck.

He pulls it OUT of him and regards it with a look of
increasingly distant CONFUSION as the HALF DOSE of the drug
starts to KICK IN.

He SWAYS, looks dissociated, but STAYS on his FEET.

David HOLSTERS the GUN, and slowly GUIDES the man shambling
into his office

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here we go. Left foot, right foot.

Back in the OFFICE, the man STANDS, swaying and STARING
catatonically, as David presents the scared confused woman
with a thick foam rubber PADDED CLUB.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I use these now now and then for
aggression therapy in family
sessions...

David PULLS the PADDING OFF the club, leaving the steel
pipe of its core.

DAVID (CONT)

...But this guy never pads his
fist for you, does he?

She looks TEMPTED, but still frightened.

BATTERED WOMAN

I can't. He'd kill me.

David SNAPS his FINGERS in front of the swaying boyfriend's
eyes - NO REACTION, not so much as a blink.

DAVID

Relax. He won't even remember
this.

Her EYES NARROW as she clutches the naked steel pipe and
GLARES at the man. Years of rage BOILING UP inside.

OUTSIDE in the WAITING ROOM, with the door closed, we HEAR
her SHOUT MUFFLED obscenities, metallic WHACKS of STEEL
against FLESH, things SHATTERING, CLANGING, THUDDING

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

"Demonology is the shadow of theology"

- Ralph Waldo Emerson -

Replaced by another quote

"I have centuries to find out what makes you whimper."

-Pinhead-

Hellraiser III

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE, LATER. DAY

The place is a SHATTERED, TOPPLED WRECK now. David SLOUCHES in his chair feet outstretched, looking RAGGED and distant.

The Newton's Cradle is now CARTOONISHLY HUGE, almost eclipsing the desk beneath.

The desk CREAKS and GROANS for a beat, then COLLAPSES in a LOUD heap of splinters beneath the cradle's weight.

It sets the basketball sized PENDULUMS CLACKING, as David STARES ahead, bereft of any reaction whatsoever.

After a few beats, David slowly TURNS, LOOKS at the WRECKAGE of his desk and says, says in a ironically mild tone.

DAVID

Well this is a quality afternoon.

On the INTERCOM, we hear COLLEEN'S voice.

COLLEEN/V.O.

Yer three o'clock is here doctor.

DAVID

Send him in.

David pulls out his 38 caliber, pulls the slide back, releasing with a loud CLACK.

David STANDS up, POINTS his GUN as a pale bald otherwise nondescript MAN walks through the DOOR with a HAUNTED EXPRESSION. He looks strikingly like a real-world version of the man in Edvard Munch's the Scream (And with good reason)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Here's the deal you piece of
 festering, worm ridden dog shit:
 You can tell me where Madeleine is
 I can blow your fucking kneecaps
 off. Your call.

But scream guy is on a whole different frequency

SCREAM GUY
 You cannot give me greater pain
 that which I already feel. I
 suffer from shizokinesis. Helling
 said he'd take my pain away if I
 gave you this message.

David Lowers his gun, just a bit.

DAVID
 I'm listening.

SCREAM GUY
 The demons need three hundred
 milliliters of synthetic
 myristicin, made by human hands
 before midnight tonight. Only when
 this has been done will Madeline
 be returned and order be restored
 to this world.

DAVID
 What then?

SCREAM GUY
 The question is what now? I see
 demons everywhere doctor, and my
 sickness is about to become the
 world's sickness.

DAVID
 Who are you?

SCREAM GUY
 I am the scream. Or rather I was.

Slowly, the pastel-impressionist BRUSH STROKES of the
 scream RADIATE outward from behind the man in all
 directions like meandering worms.

David POINTS his GUN again. Agitated, ALARMED, he asks.

DAVID
 What the hell is that?

SCREAM GUY
 My pain. Helling's promise
 fulfilled. The contract is yours
 now doctor.

The BACKGROUND of the PAINTING - the landscape, sky and
 bridge is TAKING SHAPE now.

The man opens his mouth and SCREAMS and as he does he goes
 from FLESH and BLOOD to FROZEN BRUSH STROKES. His scream is
 the only thing living about him now.

Angle on David now as the entire ROOM around him becomes
 the background of the painting.

The brush strokes SNAKE up his BODY now like fast-growing
 vines, rendering him - suit, gun, glasses and all - frozen
 in BRUSH STROKES

David opens mouth and SCREAMS, drowning out the scream of
 scream guy, as the brush strokes consume his neck and head,
 and he becomes fully FROZEN in the painting.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Flannery's TECHS man their various high-tech MACHINES, and
 scanners as Flannery holds a handgun prone at the
 overflowingly large print of the scream on the walls and
 ceiling.

Angle on the PICTURE. Identical in its background but with
 DAVID now as the SCREAMING man in the foreground suit,
 glasses, spiky hair, gun and all.

TECH NUMBER ONE
 Graviton emissions from that
 painting are off the charts. We're
 close to an Einstein Rosen bridge,
 but the connection is incomplete.

FLANNERY
 Use the graviton emitter. Complete
 the connection. Do we have any
 demonic signatures in there with
 him?

TECH NUMBER TWO
 No. But the doctor has some kind
 of artifact on him. I can't scan
 because it's quantum resonance
 signature is off...

Flannery TURNS, gives the tech on OMINOUS LOOK, as the guy
 adds,

TECH NUMBER TWO (CONT)

Way off.

FLANNERY

Focus the beam. Pull him out of there.

Flannery steps OUT of the WAY as one of the techs AIMS a bulky, futuristic looking GUN at the giant borderless painting and FIRES a wide spreading BEAM of translucent ENERGY at it.

Slowly, the painting becomes more of a THREE DIMENSIONAL relief image, BULGING, STRETCHING away from the wall, and DAVID at the CREST of that bulge, still rendered in brush-strokes, FROZEN in a scream.

FLANNERY (CONT)

Increase the amplitude.

TECH#1

We're already at four G's. We could kill him.

FLANNERY

He'll make it. I'm gonna pull him through.

Flannery HOLSTERS his GUN, walks into the beam and becomes part of a strange WAVERING SPACE within it

David's BRUSH-STROKES slowly RECEDE from his head downwards, and he becomes real, and the sound of his SCREAM slowly RETURNS with him.

Flannery REACHES for David as he, who, aware of his new environment now, STOPS SCREAMING, looks around self-consciously, then reaches out for Flannery.

Flannery TUGS, PULLS David out of the painting and they both TUMBLE down to the floor.

The painting SNAPS BACK into place like loose rubber, RIPPLING and wobbling into a two-dimensional STANDSTILL.

The tech DISENGAGES the wavering gravity BEAM and Flannery gets to his feet.

DAVID

Well...Four gates open. Three to go.

FLANNERY

Doctor, our scans indicate you might be in possession of an item that simply put, does not belong in this universe. Any ideas?

David pulls out the shining EMERALD DICE.

DAVID

You might be referring to these?

Flannery JUMPS half out of his skin.

FLANNERY

Jesus God man! Do you realize what those are?!

DAVID

Dice?

FLANNERY

Quantum dice! It is imperative that you do not roll these dice David. Ever. Do you understand?.

DAVID

Why? What's the problem?

FLANNERY

Every time you roll these dice you will randomly change one of the laws of physics. Gravity, time, electromagnetism, entropy, thermodynamics, altered in any a near infinity of completely unpredictable ways!

David doesn't like what hearing. He offers the dice to Flannery.

DAVID

Well here, you take them. They sound like the last thing I need right now.

FLANNERY

I can't take them, no one can. You and those dice are now inextricably linked through quantum entanglement. Everywhere you go, these dice will follow you.

DAVID

Bummer. Anyway we have until midnight tonight to make three hundred litres of myristicin. And and I know just the guy who can help us.

David POKETS the DICE pulls out his smart PHONE and CALLS a number. It rings. GARY picks up.

GARY/VO

What?! motherfucking what?!

DAVID

Calm down buddy, it's David. I need your help.

INT. GARY'S PORN SET.

GARY, forties balding, the remaining hair and a long, stringy ponytail. He's HIGH STRUNG, always seems to be on the verge of an explosive outburst. He Talks on his phone, with the sights and sounds of PORN being filmed in the background.

GARY

Davey! Mother of all fuckers it's been for fucking ever! How in the mother the fuck are you man?!

DAVID/VO

I'm in a bind. Let me come right to the point. You still got your lab at the studio.?

Gary looks at his WATCH, TURNS around and SHOUTS at the couple performing for the cameras

GARY

That's seven minutes jizz-bag! switch positions! do the dog! four on the floor! Shit, how hard is this?!!

(back on phone)

Sorry Davey, you were saying?

The sex noises CEASE for a few ticks, as the performers in the background pull out and regroup.

DAVID/VO

Still in the adult video business I see.

GARY

Yeah, and business is fuckin
booming like I've never seen.
Something about all this
apocalyptic shit is making people
uber fucking horny!

DAVID

Really?

GARY

All my websites davey! Facialbook,
Angieslust, Snatch dot com
Spootube, Trickepedia, the hit
counters are off the charts! so
what's this about my lab?

DAVID

I Need you to make three hundred
milliliters of the risks and by
midnight or a bunch of demons will
kill Madeleine.

Gary is not as taken aback by this as we might think.

GARY

Still dosing yourself to try and
get in your patient's head on
Davey?

DAVID/V.O.

Oh I'm tripping like MapQuest
brother, but I really do need this
stuff made. You owe me. remember
the thing?

GARY

All right get your ass over here
and I'll see what I can whip up.
and be careful out there, I'm
hearing some crazy shit

DAVID/V.O.

See you soon, man.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT. DAY.

David pockets his smart phone and says to Flannery.

DAVID

We better get moving. This guy's
in the Haight-Ashbury district.

Flannery asks tech#1

FLANNERY

What do our local scans look like?

TECH#1

Bad. Extensive paranormal activity, most of it demonic.

Something CATCHES David's EYE.

He moves toward his living room window, and we angle on what it LOOKS like OUTSIDE.

The SKY is COVERED in a, SMOLDERING, apocalyptic looking black CLOUD bank. And the city beneath is eerily empty and silent.

David reacts, as tve cut to,

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

"Two tablespoons of nutmeg (about 14 grams) taken orally cause a rather unpleasant trip. A dreamlike stage; rapid heartbeat, dry mouth, and thirst are experienced... Agitation, apprehension and a sense of impending doom may last for about twelve hours with a sense of unreality persisting for several days.

- Drugs And Society, Glen R. Hanson, University of Utah -

Replaced by another quote,

Like, whoah Scoob, I got a bad feeling about this!

- Shaggy -

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY. DAY

We can hear a METALLIC CLANGING and banging coming from somewhere OUTSIDE as David Flannery, and both techs WALK across the lobby with GUNS DRAWN.

As they approach the front doors, the EXIT SIGN hanging over them undergoes a surreal TRANSFORMATION: The luminescent RED LETTERS inside the sign, FADE rapidly from ONE SHADE of red to ANOTHER. And they turn into a kind of glowing GELATINOUS substance that SQUEEZES out through the letter shaped gaps in the sign, OOZES downward and hangs pendulously

At the same time the little round FLOODLIGHTS on either side of the exit sign transform into EYES (bloodshot, pupils dilated) making the sign look something like an elephant with multiple glowing letter shape trunks

DAVID
You guy seeing this to?

FLANNERY
Uh huh.

TECH NUMBER TWO
Yup

The EYES of the exit sign creature PAN down to FOLLOW the four men as they pass through the door it.

EXT OUTSIDE DAVID'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY

The sky is even more black, pendulous glowing. Distant sounds of SIRENS, SCREAMS occasional GUNSHOTS and the source of a metallic CLANGING REVEALED

A MAILBOX, DENTED outward in multiple spots some GROWLING unseen BEAST HIDDEN inside, punching out NEW DENTS in the in the mailbox with SUPERHUMAN strength.

The other men point their guns in all directions, but David keeps his AIMED at the MAILBOX, as whatever's inside RIPS the letter deposit DOOR off and into the mailbox.

An instant later a HUGE clawed, scaly ARM SHOOTS out, swiping in David's direction.

David FIRES a single gold BULLET into the mailbox, and the BOX EXPLODES in a MEALSTROM of scaly flesh and charred mail,

David WINCES in pain, COVERRS his CHEEK for a moment.

FLANNERY
Here let me look at it.

David removes his hand, revealing a small TATTOO in the shape of a TEARDROP with an upside down cross insides, just under corner of his eye.

FLANNERY (CONT'D)
Interesting phenomenon. not unlike stigmata. Has this ever...

But he TRAILS OFF, as he sees David looking upward, AWESTRUCK.

Flannery turns around and looks up too.

Angle David's high-rise BUILDING: it has turned into a GIANT TREE, rendered entirely in BUILDING MATERIAL.

BRANCHES grow outward from building covered in the same PATTERN of concrete and windows.

The building itself convoluted, KNOTTED and rippled like a tree TRUNK. And it's all still GROWING: groaning, creaking

The men all look down at one another, as Flannery quotes Nostradamus

FLANNERY (CONT'D)

Century three quatrain eleven: The
tree in the middle of the city
fallen. Sacred bough, clipped
steel.

DAVID

What?

FLANNERY

It mean we should leave. Quickly.

They all RUN to the CORNER where they encounter the SKATER DEMON. He rides a skateboard bristling with jointed, spinning BLADES.

He OLLIES and GRINDS on cars, handrails, curbs. The demon SEES the four men, OLLIES off a car hood into a 720 Mc-twisty maneuver, spinning lethally as he shouts

SKATER DEMON

Skate or die motherfuckers!

David's in point position so he takes the SHOT, the spinning demon EXPLODES in midair. The expanding CLOUD of BLOOD and FLAMES briefly forms an ANARCHY symbol

David WINCES as a second teardrop TATTOO appears beneath the First one.

FLANNERY

David, where's your car?

David points.

DAVID

Two blocks that way. Parking sucks here.

The Four men start MOVING, as a HORDE of BIZARRE DEMONS, covered from head to toe in the an even mixture of EYES and HORNS BESIEGE them from all directions.

The men start SHOOTING. A storm of BULLETS, a wilderness of BLOOD, FIREBALLS and EYES. CLIP after CLIP empties, and is RELOADED.

By the time the horde is dispatched, the men find the ground and vehicles in all directions nearly COVERED with GORE and disembodied EYES, which turn to follow them as they walk away.

They reach the next corner of the block to find TWO more DEMONS CLOSING IN on them,

One is a human form IMPALED throughout his head and torso with serrated circular SAW BLADES, half buried in his flesh,

And the other is shaped like a giant SCORPION with a DEMON FACE on its head and TWO more demon FACES on its arms, with claws for Mouths, and a fourth demonic FACE on the end of its TAIL with the huge STINGER jutting from its forehead.

Flannery SHOOTs and IGNITES the circular SAW DEMON. And David who now has TEARDROP TATTOOS clear down his FACE and NECK, SHOOTs the SCORPION thing, and all FOUR of the demonic FACES RIDE OUT INTACT on the edge of the expanding FIREBALL, expressions FROZEN in SHOCK.

Behind the men, as they SCAN their surroundings for more bogies, part of the building WALL MORPHS into a black padded cell wall again then MORPHS BACK again. Nobody notices but us.

Across the street another high-rise BUILDING begins to slowly TWIST into a CYCLONIC shape as if it were made of some elastic putty.

They HURRY to the next block where the WALL of a building RIPPLES like waters on a vertical concrete ocean.

And across the street two large storefront WINDOWS are FILLED with a pair of giant six-foot EYES staring back at them.

Both PUPILS SILATE to the size of truck tires, and the whites of the eyes become BLOODSHOT.

The four men HURRY a short distance further to DAVID'S CAR.

He FUMBLES to unpocket his KEYS, but has to PAUSE to SHOOT TWO more EYE covered DEMONS and then SHIELD himself from the subsequent storm of flying pelting eye infused GORE

Just as he gets his car DOOR OPEN open, a MANHOLE cover behind tech number two FLIES open, a giant TENTACLE LASHES out, WRAPS around tech #2's midsection and PULLS him SCREAMING into the manhole, FOLDING him horribly (comically) like a lawn chair in the process..

DAVID (CONT'D)

What in the green hell was that?!

Flannery SHOOTS a round into the manhole, the unseen creature ignites and the manhole BELCHES FIRE.

FLANNERY

It'S your trip Doctor. you tell me.

They all PILE IN to the car.

INT. DAVID CAR MINUTES LATER. DAY.

Flannery is in front as David DRIVES the three men through a dark wonderland of DISTURBING CRAP.

SCORES of PEOPLE, who still look human(ish), but are all the product of severe radon MUTATIONS and DEFORMITIES. They're misshapen in every conceivable way, with bulging tumorous GROWTHS and partially formed extra LIMBS and external ORGANS

One MAN has small stubby ARMS growing out of the side of his HEAD, and a SECOND MOUTH on his forehead, which he uses to pull his MOUTH and CHEEKS OPEN, exposing a giant bulging EYE inside his mouth. the second MOUTH on his FOREHEAD forehead says

TWO MOUTH GUY

I Better watch what I'm sayin' huh Doc?!

Some of the mutants looked TERRIFIED, others ENRAGED Enraged. some RUN while others stand STARING. Still others CHASE after David's car

FLANNERY

The rate of mutations are quite severe. And I'm wondering why none of us are affected.

DAVID

I don't know, but the field trip's over.

As David DRIVES, Flannery switches on the RADIO and we hear ANOTHER ironically CALM female VOICE reciting,

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE/V.O.

This is the emergency alert system for the greater San Francisco area.

(MORE)

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE/V.O. (CONT'D)

We are all going to motherfucking die. It doesn't matter what you do. It doesn't matter where you go. In any case you will be equally motherfucking dead. Our official recommendation is to get wasted and get naked while you still can...This is the emergency alert system for the greater San Francisco area we are all going to motherfucking die-

As the message continues to repeat, David and Flannery exchanged befuddled GLANCES

David step on the gas, and they TAKE OFF through the mutant infested streets.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

"A pessimist is a man who thinks all women are bad. An optimist is one who hopes they are."

- Chauncey M Depew -

Replaced by another quote.

"God damn bitch set me up!"

- Marion Barry -

INT. GARY'S PORN SET. DAY.

MISTY (hot, slutty, naked) is BENT OVER the back of a couch facing our way, as DUMB PORN GUY POUNDS away at her from behind.

She talks - SCREAMS in fact - a good game, but her expression lets us know she's not really into it

MISTY

Ah fuck! oh my fucking God! Ah split me in half you nasty cock-fuck! You pound that ass! you punish that pussy!

DAVID/V.O.

Your wet dream dream is a therapist's nightmare. As blissful as they look in their movies, there are few creatures in the world more psychologically damaged than a porn star.

Dum Dum proceeds to be OVERWHELMED by an increasingly LOUD, screaming (angry even) ORGASM

During which Misty offers the following (insincere) commentary,

MISTY (CONT)

Ah Yeah! Ah mother the fuck! Oh I fucking dare you to shoot that big big all over me, you nasty fucking fuck!

The guy FINISHES his ninety decibel CRESCENDO. Then GARY who has been watching most unenthusiastically from his director's chair, says to the male performer, in the voice of Mr. Mackey, the guidance counselor from South Park,

GARY

Yeah I need you to not come all loud an' shit mm-kay? I don't like loud come-shots in my movies mm-kay?

And the male performers lets us know what a belligerent airhead he is

MALE PERFORMER.

Hey fuck that shit bro! I always come loud! That's my trademark shit! That's what I do! I'm that fuckin' guy!

Gary FLIES into a RAGE, he GRABS his BULLHORN, gets right UP IN the guy's FACE, and SHOUTS into it, sounding both thunderously LOUD and TINNY as he RANTS,

GARY/MEGAPHONE

Dumb motherfucker!! dumb mother listen to the sound of my words!! your job is to fuck and ejaculate in exactly the manner I see fit for the purposes of this movie!! I don't hear motherfucking producer anywhere in there, do you?!!

This puts the FEAR of GOD(or Gary) is creeping up on the male performer, as Gary continues his bullhorn enhanced TIRADE.

GARY/MEGAPHONE (CONT)

Dumb motherfucker!! dumb mother you have no idea!!

(MORE)

GARY/MEGAPHONE (CONT) (CONT'D)
 with a single phone call I'll have
 you doing anal bestiality porn in
 Sri-fucking-Lanka! And by that I
 mean against your fucking will!!

Pause for another brief look at Dum Dum's look of now
 complete abject horror, as Gary continues thru the
 megaphone

GARY/MEGAPHONE (CONT) (CONT'D)
 I'll have you ass fucking a
 mountain goat with an AK
 forty-fucking-seven to your
 fucking head, what do you fucking
 think of that mister I always come
 fucking loud?!!

Truly TREPIDATED now, (though still a moron) he replies.

MALE PERFORMER
 Um...Don't come loud no more?

Gary Opens his mouth to amend his rant but David standing
 off-set with Flannery and Tech number two CLEARS his THROAT
 loudly,

DAVID
 Ahem.

Gary TURNS around, INSTANTLY goes from FURIOUS to ELATED
 (this guy is muy unstable) as David adds

DAVID (CONT)
 Remember what we talked about
 buddy: break, breathe, and choose.

Misty wraps a TOWEL around herself as she asks.

MISTY
 Who the fuck is this douche
 balloon?

Gary RUSHES over and HUGS David as he RANTS by way of
 answering (and gets emotional and teary-eyed in the
 process)

GARY
 Davey you beautiful son of a
 bitch!! come here man!!
 (Hugs, then to others)
 This is the guy who saved my life!
 Made me want to fucking live! I
 owe this guy everything!

DAVID

A batch of myristicin will do just fine.

Gary TEARS UP now.

GARY

You remember that night Davey? We'd been out of college for about a year. Your practice was taking off. But I had a Masters in organic chemistry and couldn't get hired at-

(explosion of rage)

-Dollar motherfucking general!!

Gary's face streams with TEARS now, as he continues, more subdued (for now)

GARY CONT

That night you found me in my garage soaked in gasoline. Zippo in my hand. You talked me down Davey. You stayed with me for three days. You got shit straight in my head, Davey. You got shit-

(explodes again)

Straight in my fucking head!!

DAVID

I sure hope so. It took me three months to get the smell of gasoline out of my suit.

GARY

You told me to follow my dreams. You told me to stop letting some fucking piece of paper define me, and start living for me! The very next day I got a loan from Tommy Rizzoli, hired all those strippers from the cookie jar and started making my first movie!!

(calm again)

Remember my first movie Davey?

DAVID

Ah yes. Meat In the Parents. Followed by, oh what was the one with the robots?

GARY

Transformators Rise Of the Swollen.

DAVID

Sold like gangbusters in Japan as I recall. What'chya workin' on here?

GARY

Fuck-nado Six. Final installment in the series. Many questions are answered in this one

DAVID

Can't wait.

Gary, once again in sudden RAGE mode, turns and shouts to the room in general,

GARY

This movie set is now a fucking chemistry lab!! To everyone without laboratory fucking experience: fuck you, fuck your fucking face, and get the fuck fuck out, you fuck face face-fucks!!

In a quiet chorus of grumbles everyone departs.

Everyone except MISTY.

Gary looks askance at her, raises his bullhorn again obnoxiously close to her he barks into the megaphone

GARY (CONT'D)

Misty!! Misty fucking Meadows!!
Do..I...mother...fucking...
stutter!!

MISTY

I have an associates in medical laboratory sciences, and I worked in a bio-tech facility for five years.

Gary shrugs, as if to say, who knew? He lowers his bullhorn once for all

DAVID

So why do you do porn?

MISTY

Cuz the money's good, and I dig orgasms. You know, you pretty much bury the needle on my douchebagometer.

DAVID

Facinating. Are you familiar with antisocial personality disorder.

Quick tempers are apparently an occupational hazard in the porn business; Misty GRABS a nearby camera TRIPOD, and brandishes it like a club as she BUM RUSHES David

MISTY

Are you familiar with subdural hemotoma you fucking-

POP! David FIRES a tranq DART into her neck.

She stops. PULLS the dart out and looks at it BARELY AFFECTED by it.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Please! Feels like half of Benadryl!

David doesn't know what to make of this.

DAVID

What the hell! That was a thousand milligrams of trichloroethanol!!

MISTY

It's called tolerance Dick-pic! I used to party with Sheen! You want to drop one of Sheen's girls it's going to take more than one fucking dart!

David AIMS again.

DAVID

No shit, let's try two and a half darts!

Gary INTERVENES, gets between them and says

GARY

Alright guys! You know this sounds fucking surreal coming out of my mouth but let's all de-escalate here.

Then suddenly Gary PAUSES, looking at someone out side the frame

GARY (CONT)

Wait a minute...Who are you?

EVERYONE TURNS to look, and standing there is OLIVER, pensive as always.

DAVID
Oliver, what you doing here?

OLIVER
I have have something to ask you doctor.

GARY
Why are you you talking like that?

And of course Oliver goes nuclear again.

OLIVER.
W-a-a-a-a-h-h-h-h-h!!

GARY
What?! What the Fuck was that?! Am I the only one here not on fucking drugs?!

OLIVER
You can't can't repeat the third word twice!!

Gary throws his hands in the air and walks away.

GARY
That's it, I'm out. I'm getting lab set up.

Gary takes off and David turns his attention to Oliver.

DAVID
Oliver how did you find me?

OLIVER
The demons demons know all things. They sent me to ask you if you would help me do the one thing most vilified by your profession.

DAVID
What are you talking about?

OLIVER.
I want want you to help me end my life. I don't want to live like this.

DAVID

I can't condone suicide Oliver. It goes against everything I stand for. And without your rituals, we'd live in a world of chaos.

OLIVER

Chaos is is exactly what the world needs now. And I just want to be at peace.

David puts his hand on Oliver's shoulder.

DAVID

You're a good person Oliver. You just fell and was a bad crowd. Whatever you're feeling now, we can work through it.

OLIVER

But they're they're demons Doctor. And this is meta-psychosis. I think you know there's only one way out of this, for you and for me.

A somber sober CALM comes over David as he considers this and Oliver implores in his only one word non-repetitious sentence

OLIVER (CONT)

Please.

David draws his GUN pops OUT the CLIP comes out all but two gold bullets reloads and hands it to Oliver David almost sadly.

DAVID

Two. Just the way like.

Oliver TAKES the GUN. Looking at and holding it makes him seem for the first and only time not pensive. HOPEFUL.

OLIVER

The demons demons said that if you could find the strength to do the wrong thing for the right reason that it would open the next gate.

DAVID

What do these gates lead to Oliver?

OLIVER

I don't don't understand what it is. It's gone by many names through the ages: dream-time The Akashic record, Hyperspace, holographic paradigm. but they said these things are mere shadows of the true understanding.

DAVID

That's what all this is about isn't it? The deeper understanding?

Oliver nods YES,

OLIVER

You must go see to Tumor Ted, the Oracle. He will put you on the true path. His people will be here soon.

David puts both HANDS on Oliver's SHOULDERS this time, and Misty RETURNS, as David says

DAVID

It was good to know you Oliver. I hope you find peace.

Oliver NODS, almost miles, and walks AWAY, leaving Misty looking at David with great APPREHENSION.

MISTY

What the fuck was was that dude?
What just happened here?

The OS GUNSHOT is answer enough. Misty JUMPS. Recoils in HORROR at what no doubt is the sight of Oliver's bleeding corpse

DAVID

It's complicated.

MISTY

Really Dude?! Assisted suicide?!
Your patients kill themselves,
with guns provided by you?! Oh,
you must be a dynamite therapist!

DAVID

Yes, well keep in mind that I have a degree in psychology, and have been published in numerous journals, while you have a tattoo on your ass that says who's next?

MISTY
Fuck you running, Doc.

DAVID.
Not even for a Scooby snack.

MISTY
Then suit up Shit-nuts. We need an
extra pair of hands.

And we fade to a MONTAGE

Gary, Misty, and David, all, wearing hazmat SUITS, over the
course of many HOURS, SETTING UP lab EQUIPMENT, POURING
liquids, MIXING chemicals

David and Misty (mutely) BICKER and SHOUT at each other.
Misty THROWS a glass BEAKER at David who DUCKS as it
SHATTERS against a wall behind him.

More WORKING: mixing, extracting, separating, then finally

INT. GARY'S LAB. HOURS LATER.

David Gary and Misty all wearing hazmat suits sit around
looking exhausted, staring at a large sealed beaker for the
oily amber liquid.

Gary gives his smart phone a perturbed look.

GARY
Well that's all of them. Every one
of my websites has now crashed on
account too much traffic. You'd
think about long about now people
would be doing less masturbating
and more fleeing, praying, or
running naked through the streets
or something.

Flannery, standing thoughtfully with his hands in his
pockes, explains

FLANNERY
Medial forebrain tumors.

GARY
Medium what?

FLANNERY
We think it's part of the demonic
agenda.

(MORE)

FLANNERY (CONT'D)

Benign tumors in the brain's pleasure centers, caused by radon exposure, and correlated with an increase in addictive and hedonistic behaviors. Hypersexuality, drug use, gambling, and so forth.

MISTY

(Sarcastic)

Ooh, you make it sound so hot. Who the fuck are you anyway?

DAVID

(Snippy)

Who the fuck are you? What's your thoroughly unsexy trailer trash birth name?

This apparently hits CLOSE to HOME. She STANDS up, ARM curled for a BACKHAND slap, but David HALTS her by drawing his DART GUN.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I have enough darts bitch! I assure you I have enough darts!

GARY

Misty, sit the fuck down or you're getting the back of my hand!

She SITS down, pouty, folding her arms.

DAVID

Porn stars and race horses. You know they have in common?

MISTY

We both make better money than Shrinks?

DAVID.

You both have the most ludicrous names in the world! You should switch for a while see if anyone even notices. Give me hundred on Peck Weston in the fourth race!

GARY

I know Peck. Great performer. You need a Shop-Vac to clean up his loads.

David makes a spreading words-in-the-air GESTURE with his HANDS

DAVID

Title screen: Pound My Dirty
Shitter part twenty six! Starring
Harry's Luck, and Never On Sunday!

Misty just clears with arms folded.

GARY

(Thoughtfully)

I like it. Anal's a bit out of my
wheelhouse, but I like it.

A KNOCK at the DOOR. All four WALK across the STUDIO cautiously, Flannery with GUN POINTED, locking and LOADING a fresh CLIP as he goes.

GARY (CONT'D)

So tell me Davey what's all this
myristicin for?

DAVID

I don't know some kind of ransom
demand for Madeline. Why?

GARY

Because synthetic myristicin has
never been made before. Since the
molecule has chiral centers if
made synthetically would have

David finishes the sentence with an ominous tone

DAVID

D and L isomers.

We briefly FLASH back to one of the IMAGES in David's bathroom MIRROR: seeing a ball and stick image of a MYRISTICIN MOLECULE, then the MIRROR IMAGE of same.

DAVID (CONT)

And the pharmacological effects of
the synthetic isomer are
completely unknown.

GARY

If somebody's planning to dose
with the shit, they're really
rolling the dice.

Gary OPENS the studio DOOR to find two deformed RADON MUTANTS standing there. one is a MAN with a large tumorous BULGE on the side of his upper BODY that has cocked his

TORSO off damn near SIDEWAYS. His NECK and HEAD are craned at a RIGHT ANGLE to remain right side up,

And the OTHER mutant is the WOMAN from the NEWS with the Medusa-like FOREST of writing baby -sized ARMS atop her HEAD.

Female ARM-HEAD mutant CHANTS in a sinsongy MONOTONE like a Catholic minister's benediction.

ARM HEAD MUTANT
Tumor Ted is righteous in all
times and all places!

In His DEADPAN psychiatrist voice David asks,

DAVID
And how long you have these
feelings?

Now the sideways torso man sings in the same chanting monotone.

SIDEWAYS TORSO MUTANT
He speaks to us even now through
our blessed tumors.

Confused everyone to look at David

DAVID
Yeah. Just go with it.

INT. TUMOR TED'S APARTMENT.

He's even BIGGER and LUMPIER now than when we saw him on the news. MOST of the living ROOM is now, in fact, Tumor Ted, with of the remaining space occupied by half a dozen senior members of his bulging, MUTATED (though still human sized) CONGREGATION.

Ted's stubby ARM remnants hang LIMP. His STARES vacantly. His giant third EYE is CLOSED.

David Flannery Misty and Gary walk in, David holding the myristicin.

Ted SNAPS OUT of it. As if he FEELS their PRESENCE. And his huge third EYE OPENS. He HOLDS out his stubby ARMS and SINGS in the now apparently popular MONOTONE CHANT.

TUMOR TED
Hunger! fire! blood! pain! and
double of all evils!

DAVID
Pleased to meet you. I'm told you
want to see us.

TUMOR TED
(Chanting again)
By night they shall kill sheep
dressed as shepherds! sex being
held captive by hostage, shall
come by night to deceive her
keeper!

Flannery WHISPERS to David,

FLANNERY
These are all Nostradamus
quatrains.

David nods.

DAVID
What are you trying to tell us?

FRUSTRATED, Ted DROPS his ARMS, and the monotone chant as
his third eye closes and he speaks in a NORMAL (though
perturbed) voice.

TUMOR TED
Your girlfriend! she's a Goddamn
demon! Hello!

DAVID
What? Madeleine? The hell she is!
What's wrong with you?

Once again MONOTONE chanting, holding out ARMS, third EYE
OPEN,

TUMOR TED
The great one shall be no more in
a fall sleep! Appropriating the
spirit of prophecy, neither one
nor the other shall be heard!

David SHAKES his HEAD slowly as he tries to DIGEST the
WORDS. And part of the WALL behind him MORPH into a black
PADDED CELL wall, then back again.

DAVID
I got nothin'.

Once again FRUSTRATED, Ted drops his arms shuts his third
eye and breaks from the monotone. He POINTS to David then
Misty

TUMOR TED

You! And you! You're soul-mates!
You're meant to be together! come
on man, you're killing me here!

MISTY.

What, Doctor Phil-good here?! I
can't stand this douche-fuck

DAVID

Oh the feelings mutual, turbo
slut!

MISTY

Whose idea was it to give you a
prescription pad?!

DAVID

Whose idea was it to give you a
vagina?!

And Ted is ONCE AGAIN off and running with his monotone
PROSELYTIZING, holding his arms up in supplication.

TUMOR TED

Tears! cries! complaints! howling
and fear! A more hideous monster I
never saw upon the earth!

DAVID

Yeah, good times.

TUMOR TED

(Talking again,
frustrated)

No, not good times! look man, I
chant this Nostradamus crap 'cuz
I've got kind of a brand to
promote here. But let me give you
the Cliff Notes.

DAVID

Please do.

TUMOR TED

(Counts on his fingers)

We got ourselves kicked out of
Eden. We nailed Jesus to a stick.
That's two strikes right there.

DAVID

Your point being?

TUMOR TED

Don't be surprised when God starts
throwing you curve-balls.
...Because one's coming any minute
now.

DAVID

Okay.

Ted holds out his stubby ARMS in SUPPLICATION again, and
his huge third EYE opens.

EXASPERATED, David puts his face in one hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh here we go.

TUMOR TED.

(Monotone chant)

Where they will be taken and put
in put in a strange land! The end
of it shall be in bizarre
torments!

DAVID

Yes, well...Thank you for that

Ted's arms drop, eye closes. He's talking normally again.

TUMOR TED.

That's all. We're good. We're in a
cool place.

In a tone conveying both cynicism and confusion, Misty
asks,

MISTY

Are we?

GARY

So I'm guessing your junk is still
down there somewhere?

TUMOR TED

One can only hope.

Gary hands Ted a BUSINESS CARD and says.

GARY

If it pops up give me a call. I
think there's a market in adult
movies for a guy with your look.

Ted looks at the card,

TUMOR TED
No shit. Really?

GARY
You seen any of Ron Jeremy's
recent stuff. He looks like Jabba
the Hump.

TUMOR TED
Well all right, see you guys.

Our visitors start for the door, as Ted calls after David.

TUMOR TED (CONT'D)
Hey Doc.

David Turns.

DAVID
Yeah.

With one of his cartoonishly short arms, Ted POINTS to the large VIAL of myriaticin David holds Ted, and says in a perfectly conversational tone.

TUMOR TED
Century four quatrain sixty six:
Wells and fountains shall be
sprinkled with poison. Remember
that one, it's important.

David looks at the myristicin, then at Ted

DAVID
I'll do that.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

"The disease had sharpened my senses, not dulled them. I heard many things in heaven, and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How then am I mad?"

- Edgar Allen Poe - the Telltale Heart

Replaced by another QUOTE.

"Men make use of their illnesses is much as they are made use of them."

-Aldous Huxley-

APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY.

David Misty Flannery and Gary step out into a HALLWAY that CURVES SLIGHTLY UPHILL in both directions, eventually curving up out of view with no end in sight. Like a giant Hamster wheel

DAVID

This isn't the way we came.

Flannery TRIES the DOOR to Ted's apartment but finds it LOCKED now. KNOCKS loudly - no answer.

RIPPLES of black PADDED CELL wall race past them like speeding puddles of liquid on the walls and ceiling. And this time, everyone SEES it.

David ponders all this and repeats Ted's Nostradamus quote

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where they shall taken and put in
a strange land.

FLANNERY

It's some kind of trap. We should
depart.

They ALL start RUNNING, David is in the LEAD, as gradually MORE and more of the hallway ripples and MORPHS into padded cell material,

And now STAYS that way.

ONLY DAVID is in the frame now, still RUNNING, past identical periodic doors, in this seemingly ENDLESS hallway.

DAVID

I think this hallway goes on
for...

He TURNS as he runs, to find not his friends but three inhumanly muscular ORDERLIES in white suits.

DAVID (CONT)

...Ever-aaahh!!!

He FREAKS. He runs FASTER.

One by one, narrow STRIPS of the animated black VINYL on the walls around him SHOOT OUT, WRAP, wrap themselves around David. They LASH his ARMS around his torso like a STRAIGHT JACKET.

Then MORE STRIPS COIL down his LEGS, WRAPPING them together.

David TRIPS and ROLLS along the padded FLOOR, as the black strips finish BINDING him head to toe, forming a black vinyl STRAIGHT-JACKET that David now SQUIRMS vainly against.

Two of the ORDERLIES PICK UP the struggling David. The third one OPENS one of the now padded black DOORS and the others TOSS him INSIDE and SLAM the door.

INT. ENORMOUS PADDED CELL.

An UNUSUALLY, almost cartoonishly LARGE black padded ROOM, in which David STRUGGLES to his FEET in his straitjacket, PROPPING himself against the WALL in the process. He looks at his surroundings and shouts,

DAVID
Hello!... Hello!!

He sees a mounted CAMERA in one of the upper corners. With a tiny mechanical whir, it PANS over to POINT at David.

David, defeated now, LEANS his back against the wall SLIDES down to a SITTING position.

Viewed from a wider angle David looks COMOUFLAGED, nearly indistinguishable from his black vinyl surroundings as we fade to a MONTAGE of static shots.

HOURS, DAYS maybe, PASS, as David fades from one position to another: Lying ASLEEP on the FLOOR. STANDING, STARING, WALKING around in tiny shuffling steps. SLUMPED against the wall again.

Trying to BREAK OPEN the DOOR by HEAVING his upper body WEIGHT against it. WALKING again in tiny steps. FACING the WALL inches away, STARING catatonically as he slowly RAMS his HEAD against the padded WALL methodically

And finally SLEEPING AGAIN lying sideways on the floor. A stagnant waterfall of DROOL runs down his cheek and across the vinyl floor.

The insanely muscular, ORDERLIES enter the room, WAKING David in the process. They PICK him UP and CARRY him out as he SQUIRMS and shouts.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Where are you taking me?!. I'm a
psychiatrist! I know my rights!
You can't do this to me!

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM. DAY.

Every SURFACE is rendered in the same BLACK padded cell MATERIAL. This is a wide, low-ceiling room with a DOZEN PEOPLE SITTING in a wide CIRCLE, wearing loose-fitting JUMPSUITS of various colors.

MISTY is here, apparently as a patient, wearing a BLUE jumpsuit, and HELLING is present as the group's therapist, with a legal pad and pen.

David is led in by two hulking orderlies and shoved kind of roughly into the one remaining chair. He has a GREY SWEATSUIT on now, and joins OTHER PATIENTS including MISTY who all wear sweatsuits of various colors

David looks around at all this: from his POV everyone has differently colored translucent auras above their heads.

Helling looks at his pad and continues and announces

HELLING

Group, we have a new member with us today. Mr. David suma Dartson. That's an interesting middle name David.

DAVID

Doctor! Doctor Darton! And that's the second time you said that to me.

HELLING

David this is in fact the first time I've taken notice of your middle name.

DAVID

Two days ago in my office, you came to see me as a patient. You claimed to be a demon.

HELLING

I'm sorry David but you're not a doctor, and nothing like this ever happened. We've had this discussion before. Do you Remember anything about how you got here?

DAVID

You tell me how I got here, you demonic asswipe!

HELLING

(sternly)

David, Level gray is a privilege.
One that can be revoked. Now do
you want to go back to the quiet
room?

David David shakes his head, waves his arms in an I give
up/whatever gesture.

HELLING (CONT'D)

Very good let's move on.

(Looks at pad)

Regina Mugsly. Regina tell us how
you're feeling today.

Misty, who has a whole different demeanor now (sullen and
subdued.) She fidgets as she talks

MISTY

I don't know. Pissed. Sad.
Confused. About a million things.
And I don't like that name. I go
by Misty.

HELLING

Can you tell us what's making you
feel these things?

MISTY

Well as you all know I used to do
porn. And before that even I was
into drugs, could never stay in a
committed relationship. I would
always - I don't know - sabotage
it. Never knew why I was so dead
inside. Then one day I was you
know, performing, shooting a
scene.

She takes a DEEP quivery BREATH, steels herself and
continues (As we briefly angle on David's sober expression;
he knows this gets tro the heart of why Misty is who she
is.)

MISTY CONT

And I was looking at this guy's
face, and suddenly it wasn't him
anymore. It was Hank, one of my
dad's friends when I was a kid. It
even smelled like him. The booze
in the B.O. And suddenly it all
came back to me. He abused me for
more than a year.

(MORE)

MISTY CONT (CONT'D)
 I freaked out pretty bad. Couldn't
 stop screaming. Cops brought me
 here on a fifty one fifty

Brief flash of the NUMBER 5150 in David's prophetic,
 rippling bathroom MIRROR.

Then David's STUNNED reaction to this recollection

INT. HELLING'S OFFICE.

Helling has a dingy GREY AURA above his head. Nothing like
 any of the human patients.

David PONDERs it, as he sits in a normal enough looking
 office with some oddly FAMILIAR THINGS

The PUPPY DOG POSTER, in its original condition, asking: Is
 it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind? On one wall

And a normal size NEWTON'S CRADLE on his desk

Helling sits behind his desk and David sits across as we
 pick up in mid-conversation.

HELLING
 David you were found in the
 streets downtown, raving,
 Dissociated. You were rambling
 something about opening gates. You
 were brought here where we found
 you in possession of a
 tranquilizer gun a pair of
 luminescent dice, a large vial of
 of-

David interrupts.

DAVID
 -Myristicin, I know. What facility
 is this? I've worked in a lot of
 wards, this one doesn't look
 familiar.

HELLING
 David in the two months you've
 been here you have concocted this
 delusion about being a
 psychiatrist, investigating
 demons, and something you called
 meta-psychosis.

Helling sets the Newton's cradle PENDULUMS CLACKING, then he points to the puppy dog POSTER

HELLING (CONT)

And you have taken things and people from this environment in the construction of this fantasy. We think you suffered some kind of trauma. And we think this fantasy is your way of protecting yourself from your memories of who you are, and what happened to you.

As David WATCHES the clacking PENDULUMS hypnotically, doubting what is real and what is not, he whispers

DAVID

What...what happened to me...

HELLING

I want to try stepping you up to level-blue, David. See how you do. You'll have open movement and time travel privileges.

David's CONCENTRATION on the PENDULUMS is BROKEN by this.

DAVID

Wait, what did you say?

HELLING

I said you'll will have open movement and recreation privileges.

DAVID

No...You said time travel.

HELLING

You're still having auditory hallucinations. It's nothing to be alarmed about, it will pass.

Angle on David's REACTION: Uncertain, confused, LOST.

BLACK SCREEN SUPERIMPOSE

"Each step we take forward leaves some phantom of ourselves behind."

- John Spalding -

Replaced, by another rquote.

"Between the essence and the descent, falls the shadow."

- T.S. Eliot - The hollow men

INT. DAVID'S NEW ROOM.

The door opens and MUSCULAR white shirted ARMS THRUST David into a strange room that starts around the door made of the usual black padded cell material but it gradually FADES into two very different environments.

On one side it's NOSTRADAMUS'S STUDY with a modern institutional bed at the inner edge and NOSTRADAMUS sitting on it

On the other side a young MALCOM X. on a single bed with his PRISON CELL in the background.

Both men look at David, who has trouble wrapping his mind around what he's seeing.

DAVID
Holy shit. No way.

Nostradamus says to David, in a heavy French accent,

NOSTRADAMUS
There was a night: June, fifteen hundred fifty for me. November 1960 for Malcolm here. We saw one another, in visions we had with nutmeg. Remember that night Malcom?

MALCOLM X
Oh do I? Said to myself, now who is this crusty, dusty cracker ass white man starin' back at me all bug eyed in my prison cell mirror?

NOSTRADAMUS
We're all shadows here David.

MALCOLM X
Reflections.

DAVID
Soul fragments.

NOSTRADAMUS
Precisely.

DAVID
Where is this place? how do I get out of here?

MALCOLM X

This asylum is a temporal convergence point. It exists in higher dimensional space, man.

NOSTRADAMUS

All times, all places. Real and unreal. Perception is belief is reality. You want to change where or when you are, just change your perceptions.

MALCOM X

You do got those walking around privileges, just like us David.

DAVID

Madeline, my girlfriend. She's in danger, and have to find her.

MALCOLM X

Look Doc, when I use the phrase white devil this time, I am not speaking figuratively. She wiled her way into your life, your head, your heart, and your bed. That's how a devil operates, brother.

NOSTRADAMUS

You came here with another. The only way you can leave is with her. And neither of you can leave it to you each confront your personal demons.

DAVID

(To Nostradamus)

In a letter written to your brother you once said that the world would end in thirty seven ninety seven. I need to know how, and how do I stop it.

NOSTRADAMUS

There are infinite futures David. And as such that question has infinite answers. But I will tell you this most emphatically: I have a descendant, alive in your time. You must find him. You cannot save your world until you find him.

MALCOLM X

(Taps his forehead.)

Perception is everything Doc. And
it's time lay on those healing
hands of yours.

David's EYES LIGHT UP. He knows what he has to do now.

DAVID

Alright good chat guys. It's going
to be a late night. Don't wait up.

David walks out.

EXT. ETERNALLY UPSLOPING HALLWAY.

The hall, rendered in BLACK padded VINYL, in the eternally
UPHILL hamster wheel of hyperspace.

David hurries along, opening door after door, looking
looking for Misty.

He OPENS one DOOR: In the middle of black padded cell
stands David's BITCHY female patient. Utterly enraged,
screaming,

BITCHY WOMAN

I'm gluten...fucking...free!!

Alarmed, David SHUTS the DOOR and moves to the NEXT DOOR.

It's the DELINQUENT adolescent girl, standing the middle of
an identical, room rolling her neck as she admonishes

DELINQUENT GIRL

You gotta open the gates or
sump-inn! Meta-psychosis or sump
-inn!

And David SHUTS the door TRIES several OTHERS, then FINDS
what he's looking for as he opens the door recut to,

INT. MISTY'S ROOM.

The DOOR flies OPEN and David once again SCOOTs in Kramer
style.

It's the same BLACK padded cell VINYL everywhere but much
of it takes the SHAPE of room FURNISHINGS, including a
small bed MISTY SITS on with her face in her hands.

She stands up,. David's POV, Misty's AURA is all deep,
angry SHADES of RED.

MISTY
Who the hell are you?!

DAVID
I'm David. Gary's friend. The
shrink.

MISTY
I don't know you. And I haven't
worked for Gary in over a year.

DAVID
It's this place they made you
forget. But we're about to fix
that.

MISTY
You need to get a grip, AND get
out of my room!

DAVID
Think about it! This place has no
exits, everything is padded,
everywhere you go is uphill. This
is not normal!

MISTY
(Seems uncertain)
Two seconds I'm hitting the call..
.button...

She trails off, as David begins WAVING his ARMS in an
accelerating CIRCULAR motion, and the WALLS of the room
begin to SPIN likewise, rapidly speeding into a BLACK vinyl
BLUR

DAVID
My physics is a bit rusty but I
think if I can get this rotation
up to the speed of light will have
ourselves a time machine.

Misty, on the verge of a FREAK-OUT, puts her HANDS on her
HEAD as she looks around horror.

MISTY
Cut it out! make it stop!

David continues to ACCELERATE the room. The black vinyl
BLUR slowly IGNITES into brilliant white LIGHT with a
loudening windy RUSH

DAVID

The thing you talk about group today! think about it! go back to the first time it happened!

MISTY

No! Get out!

DAVID

(urgently)

Picture it!! take us there now!!

Misty HOLDS her HEAD, SCREAMS, an explosion of rage and panic as white light EXPLODES blindingly, IMMERSING them.

David drops his arms, the immersing LIGHT DISSIPATES. They LOOK around to find them selves in

INT. MISTY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM. DAY.

An EIGHT-year-OLD MISTY LIES on her stomach on her bed, facing away from us, READING a magazine, headphones on, her FEET KICKING absentmindedly in the air.

The WALLS are covered with the growing/shrinking VINE PATTERN. And the SUNLIGHT coming through the windows is impossibly BRIGHT, like a near death experience.

MISTY

You son of a bitch! Why did you bring me here?

DAVID

Confront him. Save her, save yourself.

MISTY

How?!

DAVID

I can't answer that for you. It has to be your choice.

Unsure, a bit OVERWHELMED Misty APPROACHES her eight-year-old self, who upon seeing her, sit up, takes off her headphones.

8 YEAR OLD MISTY

I'm Regina. Who are you?

Misty kneels down.

MISTY

Someone who's going to protect you. Hank is coming, and he wants to do something bad to you, but I'm not going to let that happen.

8 YEAR-OLD MISTY

I don't like him. he hugs me too much, and he puts his hand...down there.

MISTY

I know. But I promise you that's never going to happen aghain. I want you to go to Jenny's house for a while. And don't tell anyone about us. You understand?

8 YEAR OLD MISTY

Yes.

She gets up and HURRIES OUT. Then from the other end of the hallway, heavy, stumbling FOOTFALLS.

Misty looks both scared, determined, as David takes up a position BEHIND the DOOR.

HANK STAGGERS in looking dusty, tipsy. He's a small, slight, stubbly, greaseball with a toothpick in his mouth.

Hank has barely time to see David and ask.

HANK

What the fu-

David SLUGS hank. Hank hits the FLOOR, DAZID, shakes it off. TRIES to get to STAND up.

TBut Misty, with a CRY of pure RAGE, KICKS him in his sack, and he doubles over, GROANING in pain.

She grabs a snow GLOBE and SMASHES it over his HEAD as he tries to get up. Then she KICKS him rEPEATEDLY in the ribs and guts.

He SCRAMBLES back against the WALL, COWERING, shielding himself.

Misty grabs a picture frame off the wall and smashes it again over his head.

A bloody, puffy WRECK now, he scrambles, STUMBLES into a STANDING position, tries to LEAVE, but David PINS him up against the WALL with his ARM.

Misty grabs a T-SHIRT, WRAPS it around part of a jagged glass SHARD, and uses it as a handle. She HOLDS the exposed end of the shard to Hank's NECK.

But HESITATES, as Hank begins to BREAK DOWN and cry.

This gives her pause enough for David to say.

DAVID

You're in control now. You own it.
But if you do this, you can never
go back.

Hank CRIES openly and SHAKES

HANK

Please kill me! I'm sick. Broken.
I hate what I am. I hate these
things I feel.

Misty WANTS to do it but CAN'T. Her RAGE BUILDS, as she holds the glass to Hank's neck. her HAND starts to SHAKE.

Finally with a defiant SCREAM, she HURLS the shard away and steps back,

And Hank really turns on the WATER-WORKS, slowly SINKING to the FLOOR again

Misty shouts at David,

MISTY

What do I do?! what you want from
me?!

DAVID

Let it out! Tell him what he did
to you!

(Then, more softly)
Make him understand.

Misty BREATHES through her rage for a few ticks, CROUCHES down to Hank, and tells him intensely,

MISTY

You cut my heart out. You burned
my soul. You left a kind of dirt
on me that I have never been able
to wash off, and believe me I have
tried. You stole love from me. you
still intimacy. You stole hope.

She CHOKES UP a bit, WIPES away a TEAR, and looks gratefully at David as she concludes.

MISTY (CONT'D)
 And now I'm here to take the
 things back.

David NODS, looks down at the sobbing Hank and says.

DAVID.
 If you ever again act on these
 urges, I will appear just like
 this, and I will get in your head
 in unspeakable ways.

HANK
 Please, just kill me man.

DAVID
 The size of the hammer I bring
 down on you will block out the
 sun. It will bring pain and
 terror, yes. But death is a
 privilege you will have to earn.

Misty hugs David buries her face in him and cries for a
 bit.

MISTY
 Thank you. I don't know how you
 did this, but thank you.

DAVID
 You did this. You're not out of
 the woods yet, but this is a
 start.

David HOLDS MISTY with one arm starts WAVING the other one
 in a CIRCULAR motion over their heads, and the world
 around them begins to SPIN into an accelerating BLUR
 again,

Misty looks up at David and says

MISTY
 I remember everything now. I'm
 sorry I called you Dick pic.

The white LIGHT begins to SHINE from their spinning
 surroundings now.

DAVID
 It's cool. So you ready to bust
 out of this inter-dimensional
 psych ward and kick some demon
 ass.

MISTY
Hell yeah.

DAVID
 And one more thing.

MISTY
 What's that?

DAVID
 I think Regina is a beautiful
 name.

Misty SMILES warmly as the LIGHT begins to BATHE them and
 says

MISTY.
 Yeah, but Mugsly is awful though.

DAVID
 It is. It sounds like a loan shark
 from Reno.

The LIGHT CONSUMES everything in the frame now as we cut
 to,

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

"The seduction of evil is precisely that it involves us in
 trying to eliminate it"

- Thaddeus Golas -

INT. MISTY'S ROOM/PSYCH WARD.

The blinding LIGHT DISSIPATES, revealing Misty's all black,
 padded, vinyl room.

the DOOR is OPEN, and HELLING stands in it. He now has
 NUMEROUS twisted HORNS all over him and he looks - like the
 other demons - as much PSYCHEDELIC as demonic.

HELLING
 Well done doctor. I have sorely
 tested you. You led with your
 talents, never doubted your
 perceptions. Now the real test
 begins. You will need these.

Helling GESTURES toward misty's BED, on which lies the DART
 GUN, the shining green quantum DICE and the VIAL of
 myristicin.

David takes these things and pockets them.

HELLING (CONT'D)

As you well know, there is a trend in modern psychiatry toward the use of psychedelics for therapeutic purposes. But now you have discovered they are also the cure for meta-psychosis. The meta-path knows this too. It is the one that thing that truly frightens him. And he is the one thing that truly frightens us demons...well, him and Kirk Cameron.

David walks toward Helling as he asks,

DAVID.

Where are the angels in all this?

HELLING

Angels and Demons are the same thing, really. It's just a matter of who signs our paychecks.

DAVID

So who signs your —.

Cut off! As SOMEONE APPEARS in the doorway BEHIND Helling, and he is suddenly IMPALED from the back with long twisted HORNS that PLUNGE OUTWARD. BLACK demon BLOOD drips from his many wounds.

The impaling HORNS suddenly RETRACT and the PERFORATED Helling has only time to say,

HELLING

Oh dear.

Before he COLLAPSES in a heap on the floor.

Revealing MADELINE in the doorway, SMEARED with black demon blood.

She shouts at Helling's corpse,

MADELEINE

I'm running this monkey farm now
Frankenstein!!

She steps over him, walks into the room

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

(To David.)

And I want to know what the fuck
you're doing with my time here.

She looks jealous jealously at Misty and continues

MADELEINE CONT

For starters, who's this trailer's
slime?

DAVID

Unbelievable. You are a demon.

Suddenly, rows of HORNS ERUPT hideously from her flesh,
from dozens of points all over Madeline's upper body, and
huge CLAWS protrude from her hands. She smiles wickedly and
says

MADELEINE

What can I say baby. I've always
been horny for you.

BEHIND his BACK, David surreptitiously hands his dart GUN
to MISTY, who CONCEALS it in her jumpsuit.

DAVID

I loved you, you know.

MADELEINE

Love is an illusion David. you of
all people should understand
illusions.

DAVID

Why did you kill Helling?

MADELEINE

Let's just say his agenda wasn't
balls-out for enough for some of
us. I represent kind of a demonic
splinter faction. Helling just
wanted to shake things up for a
little while. But we in the
faction, we like meta-psychosis.
You know what else we like?

DAVID.

Do tell.

MADELEINE

Good old-fashioned possession.
Demons running amok on the earth.

David starts slowly around Misty toward the door.

DAVID

Well I've got more patients to
see. Gates to open...

David holds up the VIAL of myristicin before pocketing pocketing it.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Meds to prescribe.

MADELEINE
Not any-fucking-more you don't.

MISTY
You go ahead David. I think I can handle this bitch.

MADELINE
It's your funeral sticky buns.

DAVID
Misty, at your earliest convenience find a way to set off the sprinkler system. trust me.

Misty DRAWS the dart GUN and SHOOTS two DART into Madeleine's EYES.

Madeline lets out an inhuman banshee-like SHRIEK of pain as David HURRIES OUT of the room.

INT. ETERNALLY UPHILL HALLWAY.

David RUNS along the black padded hamster wheel of a hallway, passing DOOR after DOOR

DAVID/V.O.
Wells and fountains will be sprinkled with poison. I got it now. I knew what I had to.

David comes to a NON-PADDED cast-iron DOOR — a STAIRWELL. He OPENS it and hurries inside.

INT. SUBBASEMENT, PLUMBING SECTION.

David RUNS and DUCKS amongst pipes tanks and valves until he reaches a central cluster of commercial sized water tanks and BOILERS.

One at a time he OPENS the VALVES on the tanks and DUMPS IN a portion of the LIQUID myristicin in his vial.

DAVID/VO

Space-time convergence. This place was a manifestation of all times and all places. Dumping myristicin into this water supply would dump it into all water supplies. And it and as it trickled down into three-dimensional space, the dosage would be exponentially amplified.

INT. ETERNALLY UPHILL HALLWAY.

David RUNS again, frantically SEARCHING for something, he knows not what.

DAVID VO

Billions of people, tripping planetary balls, ending the meta-psychosis pandemic, by starting a psychedelic one. But what next? Where to now?

David comes to a PADDED DOOR that has a splattery blood red EXCLAMATION POINT on it, and a doctor's CLIPBOARD on the wall next to it.

David READS the clipboard, and we angle on the WORDS.

Patient name: unknown. Diagnosis: Meta-psychotic subtype - TRIPOLAR DISORDER

INT. MISTY'S ROOM.

Madeline, BLOOD now LEAKING from her dark impaled EYES, transmutes slowly from GROANING in pain to LAUGHING.

She pulls OUT the DARTS. The HORNS ridging her shoulders and arms GROW a bit longer. Her ruined EYEBALLS POP OUT and a NEW PAIR BULGES to the surface. The new eyes are JET BLACK.

MISTY

Demon versus porn star. Now here's a fucking cage match.

Madeleine BACKHANDS Misty but Misty DUCKS with surprising swiftness, comes up BEHIND her, grabs a CHAIR and SMASHES it over Madeline's head with such force that it KNOCKS her roughly to the ground.

MADELINE

Not today bitch!

Madeline SCRAMBLES to her feet with an uncanny SWIFTNESS, takes a SWIPE at Misty, and CONNECTS this time, sending her SPRAWLING, with long bleeding cuts on her face from Madeleine's claws horns.

MADELEINE
Yes today...bitch!

Madeline YANKS Misty by her HAIR but in the process Misty PUNCHES Madeleine and her groin and she DOUBLES OVER in pain just like a dude who's taken a nut-check.

Misty STOMPS Madeleine down to the floor, then FROPS sideways down on her Wrestlemania style.

On their KNEES now, they SLAP, PUNCH, GRAB HAIR, and end up ROLLING across the floor.

Madeline rolls on TOP, sits up, cocks her ARM BACK, CURLS her fist but for her CLAWED MIDDLE FINGER, to stab down at Misty.

Misty GRABS the ARM on the way down with both hands HOLDS the claw inches from her EYE. Madeleine BEARS DOWN, Misty PUSHES BACK, holding the claw AT BAY.

Misty looks to her right, where she SEES the dart GUN lying just out of reach.

She REACHES, struggles for the gun, as Madeline's CLAW, held back with only one hand now, INCHES CLOSER to her face.

With the DESCENDING CLAW less than an INCH from her EYE, Misty gets HOLD of the gun and FIRES a DART into Madeline's mouth. It in the back of her throat.

Madeline rasps and CHOKES on the dart, and as she does, Misty BREAKS OFF Madeline's middle finger CLAW, and buries it in Madeline's EYE.

Lifeless now, Madeline on top of Misty, who heaves her corpse to the side and gets to her feet, catching her breath, as we cut to,

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain thrilled me -filled me - with fantastic terrors never felt before."

-Edgar Allen Poe

INT. TRIPOLAR'S ROOM

David OPENS the DOOR with the blood red exclamation point, and walks into a room where the walls floor and ceiling are not padded vinyl, but LIVING SURFACES, swimming with liquid currents that swirl into FACES in all manner of rage, anger, and snarling torment. HUMAN faces. DEMON faces. ANIMALS. Unknowable ALIEN things. All part of a cacophony of tormented GROANING and SCREAMING.

And in the center of the room, the TRIPOLAR, a pale hairless almost albino and androgynous looking man holding up a KEY.

As David enters the tripolar starts LAUGHING and streaming TEARS at the same time, his EXPRESSION ALTERNATES rapidly between ELATION and TORMENT.

He , and as he does the ATMOSPHERE around him ripples in emanating waves. Inside each of these waves everything including David waivers slows down speeds up then slows down again.

DAVID/V.O.

This poor soul's manic and depressive phases were occurring simultaneously, amplified into a synergistic resonance. Brain waves were being transmuted into gravitational waves. Distorting the fabric of space and time around him, like a black hole of conscious thought.

David APPROACHES through the atmospheric WAVES. FASTER, then SLOWER, as he walks through them. A little LESS FAST and a little MORE SLOW with each wave.

DAVID/V.O. (CONT'D)

Question was, would time come to a complete stop before I could get to him?

And the tormented FACES in the WALLS and CEILING do likewise, their chorus of anguish and GROANING RISES and FALLS accordingly.

As David crosses the LAST few FEET and REACHES for the KEY, he gets stuck in increasing WAVES of SLOWNESS, and ultimately one that FREEZES him and the tri-Polar entirely.

David, REACHING for the KEY inches away from the tripolar frozen with both laughter and streaming tears his head back, mouth open we linger on this freeze-frame for a tick or two as we hear David thinking,

DAVID/VO
Well this bodes an ill wind.

INT. MISTY'S ROOM.

Misty pulls the blood-soaked CLAW out of Madeleine's EYE. She wraps a SWATH of shredded black VINYL from her broken chair around the base of the claw and and holds it by that.

She HOLDS the bloodied tip of the CLAW up to a WALL SOCKET.

It BUZZES and SPARKS, BURNING and smoldering the bloody tip of the claw

She STANDS on her BED and HOLDS it up to a SPRINKLER nozzle on the ceiling. Slowly, the heat sensitive metal tip begins to MELT.

INT. TRIPOLAR'S ROOM.

David, the tripolar, and the sea of tormented faces, all FROZEN. The tripolar's head back, mouth open.

A single SPRINKLER in the CEILING of frozen faces cuts loose with a SPRAY of WATER at FIRST, but the liquid SLOWLY TURNS to the oily amber hue of MYRISTICIN.

The CLOSER to David and the tripolar the Amber rain gets, the SLOWER as it falls, and the more it descends in wavering ARCS through the invisible gravity waves.

Slowly the amber liquid TRICKLES into tripolar's open mouth.

Nothing for a few beats. As we look down at his FACE.

Then we ZOOM IN on one of his EYES until it fills the frame. The PUPIL DILATES and a branching network of fine RED VEINS turn the whites of the eyes bloodshot.

TIME surges AHEAD.

David GRABS the KEY, as everything accelerates back to NORMAL SPEED.

The Tripolar DROPS to his knees. He looks BREATHLESS, and TRAUMATIZED.

DAVID
It helps to talk about it.

The Tripolar looks up David, who holds out his HAND, and David HELPS him to his FEET.

TRIPOLAR

Thank you. I've been his prisoner
for years. His gatekeeper.

DAVID

Who's prisoner?

TRIPOLAR

The meta-path. The I Am.

David looks PAST the tripolar guy there's ANOTHER DOOR in
the wall far wall. This one with two white EXCLAMATION
POINTS Side-by-side the first one is UPSIDE DOWN like a
lower case I

DAVID

What is he?

TRIPOLAR

I don't know. Not human.
Meta-pathic personality is a
quantum leap beyond a sociopath.
All delusions, all forms of mental
illness derive from him. He is
madness incarnate.

David under-reacts with slightly raised eyebrows.

DAVID

So the DSM Five is like this guy's
autobiography.

TRIPOLAR

Yeah.

DAVID

Well If you'll excuse me, I'm
about to do a therapeutic jihad up
in in here.

The tripolar WALKS OUT the front door. David starts the
OTHER DOOR, puts the KEY in the LOCK, as we cut too.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE:

*"There is a reaper whose name is death, and with his sickle
keen, he reaps the bearded grain at a breath, and the
flowers that grow between."*

- William Wadsworth Longfellow -

INT. THE METAPATH'S ROOM.

David walks into a WAREHOUSE-sized black padded CELL.

King Kong size CLAWED ARMS push OUT against the material of the WALLS and CEILING, then RECEDE again, showing the material to be have a surreal degree of elasticity.

The METAPATH hovers high up in the DISTANCE too far for us to make out much detail.

David finds himself LIFTED up off the ground. FLOATING slowly forward and upward until he is hovering in front of a most hideous yet bizarrely comical creature.

His head has a slightly inverted conical shape. A human enough face but no upper skull, just an overflowingly huge PULSATING BRAIN, kind of like a brain flavored ice cream cone.

His muscular torso is connected not to legs, but numerous flesh colored TENTACLES that dangle and WRITHE a good ten feet beneath him.

David starts the conversation.

DAVID

What are you?

METAPATH

I am truth. I am delusion. I am the author of perceptions and belief systems everywhere.

DAVID

Belief systems can change.

META-PATH

In my conquest of worlds, shamans, healers like yourself, with your mantras, your trances, your...medicines, have been my only natural enemies.

DAVID

Enlightenment's a bitch, huh?

METAPATH

I have defeated entire armies of your kind. Advanced entities, attacking with the pure energy of weaponized minds. You hope to destroy me with what? with your prescription pad? your watch on a chain?

DAVID

Well perhaps we could discuss your potty training. Did the telepathic minions try that with you?

METAPATH

You have a vanishingly short time to live Doctor. Don't waste it with sarcasm.

DAVID

Alright, then tell me where you came from?

META-PATH

Another dimension. One where light said let there be God. Where I was the wolf who cried boy.

DAVID

Then how did you end up in this place?

METAPATH

You think me a prisoner here, when quite the opposite is true. I built this place, to imprison those who come too close understanding what I am.

DAVID

The demons seem to think they understand you.

METAPATH

Angels and demons believe they are omnipotent, that good and evil are absolute concepts, and nothing could exist beyond them. They are no less myopic than any of you hairless glorified primates.

DAVID.

Are you God? The devil?

META-PATH

A far greater thing. And far worse...

MONTAGE: the ORIGINS of the METAPATH

A PLANET, covered by a single tumultuous OCEAN of squirming TENTACLES, pulsating BRAINS and bulging, horrified EYES. It looks like the entire planet may be SINGLE ORGANISM.

Over TIME the tentacles GROW out into SPACE, reaching in long, ropey PLUMES to other PLANETS, where they COVER them likewise.

META-PATH/V.O.

I come from a dimension where every living thing was immortal. A place with no pain and no death. It may sound like a paradise, but it drove us to madness and beyond. So much being. so much ceaseless awareness and accumulating memories. Immortality, it seemed, was a curse.

On ONE such PLANET, a PLUME of FLESH and bright white ENERGY rises into a cyclonic TORRENT, sucking the living surface entirely off the planet.

At a much wider angle LIGHT YEARS AWAY, planets, stars, nebula, and this entire region of the galaxy is pulled into a SWIRLING VORTEX with a glowing wall of blinding white light at its center.

META-PATH V.O.(CONT'D)

I betrayed my own kind. I found a way, harvesting neural energy to break through into this world.

In a BLOOMING SWIRL of white ENERGY, the METAPATH shoots out into deep SPACE, tumbling end over end, brain over tentacles.

The meta-path DRIFTS, arriving at ONE PLANET after ANOTHER. SHAPESHIFTING, EVOLVING with the planets LIFEFORMS until they become TECHNOLOGICAL, like us.

Then, on each world meta-PSYCHOSIS MANIFESTS in one way or another. CHAOS. Raving. Raging.

Then WAR. Planetary DEVASTATION. WEAPONS of MASS DESTRUCTION. On one planet, a MISSILE shoots OUT into the planet's SUN, and it DARKENS, collapses and SHRINKS to a vanishing point.

And the meta-path DRIFTS again. Tumbling through space.

META-PATH/VO CONT

I drifted. Floated through space for so many billions of years. Looking for a way to die. Through so much maddening tumbling oblivion. I hated all mortal life for its ability to cease.

(MORE)

META-PATH/VO CONT (CONT'D)

I shape-shifted evolved with the species I encountered.

BACK in the ENORMOUS padded CELL, David floats in front of the meta-path as it concludes.

METAPATH

I gave them the many curses of madness, to punish them for their mortality and their inability to understand my long-suffering mind. And when they grew near to that understanding, I became the one gift I could never receive.

DAVID DEATH.

Death. Destroyer of worlds.

META-PATH

As I am now destroying yours.

Some of the massive Clawed ARMS REACHING out through the elastic vinyl walls stretch FURTHER now, reaching to David's body, WRAPPING their black vinyl CLAWS around him, as he struggles vainly to break free.

METAPATH (CONT'D)

I will destroy you all. I will drift again. And my madness and contempt for mortal life will grow. Until I find my next world.

DAVID

I'm hearing abandonment issues.

David holds out his and adds,

DAVID (CONT'D)

Does somebody need a trust fall?

Two more ARMS SHOOT out and WRAP around David's arms and torso like a STRAIGHTJACKET. Slowly, David himself becomes ELASTIC, as the clawed hands grip, STRETCH, and TWIST him around like a corkscrew.

METAPATH

Shouldn't have listened to the demons David! Shouldn't have opened the gates! I might have spared mankind my wrath for a while longer!

David's ARMS now WRAP around his body, and STRETCH across his back. He REACHES one of them into his jacket POCKET from behind,

And pulls out the QUANTUM DICE, saying in his almost deadpan tone.

DAVID

Yep, that's about going to do it right there.

META-PATH

(concerned)

What are those?

DAVID

Quantum dice. You really should give the demons more credit. You're not the only one playing the long game here.

David DROPS the DICE. The dice hit the floor and roll: THREE and TWO.

The vinyl ARMS snap AWAY from David like rubber bands, AND David'S body SNAPS and bobbles BACK into shape, with the same rubbery quality.

He and the meta-path suddenly find themselves thrust upward and pinned against the ceiling.

The dice shoot back and David's hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well that was gravity, let's try another one.

He TOSSES the dice again they hit the CEILING this time and tumble to a stop: TWO and SIX.

TIME moves BACKWARDS. David says the last line backwards it sounds like satanic jibberish.

David and the metapath SINK back to their previous altitude. David and the meta-path look down at the dice on the floor we angle on them in this time we see that they come to rest on THREE and FIVE.

This time the ATOMIC FORCE REVERSES itself: David and the metapath EXPLODE into vaporous subatomic MISTS.

A beat or two later a tiny VORTEX opens in the air, David's hand protrudes from it drops the dice, and recedes back into it.

This time they land on FIVE and THREE.

David and the meta-path RE-GATHER into their previous forms. The DICE shoots BACK into David's hand.

META-PATH

You can't kill me David! how I wish you could!

David eyes the DICE in his hand, as the Clawed ARMS from the wall walls floor and ceiling STRETCH out TOWARD him again.

META-PATH CONT.

You are now seconds away from the commencement of eternal pain. To know life is I do.

DAVID

Yeah, they call that aggression transference.

The arms REACH for David again and begin to close around him.

META-PATH

You're the one who wanted to get in your patient's heads David! See the world through their eyes! Isn't that why you started eating nutmeg?

David starts to TWIST and STRETCH again as he takes another look at the DICE in his hand.

DAVID/V.O.

It was then that I realized: This was my trip. It was up to me what numbers these dice landed on. But which numbers were the right ones now?

As the arms start to TWIST and STRETCH David beyond recognition we flash briefly back to Oliver in David's car saying,

OLIVER

I must at all caught times keep vigil for the gods of two and two.

Back in the meta-path room David says to him.

DAVID

The gods of two and two. That's your people isn't it?

META-PATH
You know nothing of my kind!

David continues to twist, and says through gritted teeth and pain.

DAVID
I don't have to kill you man! I
just have to put the genie back in
the bottle!

He drops the dice. The dice hit bounce and roll: Two Twos

A swirling vortex like the one the meta-path came through opens up in the floor beneath them, as the dice shoot back into David's hand.

The vinyl arms release David, lash away, David snaps back into untwisted human form, and says enthusiastically

DAVID (CONT'D)
Double twos are non-locality! Also
known as a wormhole! You've been a
wonderful crowd, thank you and
good night!

A chorus of ANGRY, painful MOANS come from the vortex. Hundreds of tentacles shoot up in the vortex and wrap themselves around the meta-path, who screams,

META-PATH
Noooooooo!!!!

Its telekinetic CONCENTRATION BROKEN, David PLUMMETS to the floor, and LANDS ROUGHLY. He gets to his FEET as the meta-path is slowly PULLED DOWN into the vortex.

David looks DOWN into it, sees an OCEAN of pulsating BRAINS squirming TENTACLES.

With his hands in his pockets, David LOOKS thoughtfully UP at the entangled sinking meta-path and says.

DAVID
Your people sound pissed. Must be
all that neural energy you
harvested.

META-PATH
Roll the dice again! Roll the
dice!

As the metapath SINKS, SQUIRMING and STRUGGLING into the vortex,

DAVID

You're about to have what we in the therapy business like to call an emotional break. You'll want to talk to some people.

META-PATH

Noooooo!!!!

David shouts down into the vortex,

DAVID CONT

Call my office, I'm in the Yellow Pages! We accept most major medical!

With a blinding FLASH of LIGHT the vortex closes.

Silence.

David looks to the far end of the room.

Where there is an especially LARGE DOOR. This one has a huge blood red QUESTION MARK Painted in chaotic splatter-print. And there's NOT ONE DOT but TWO.

MISTY, FLANNERY, and GARY enter the room them. All ARMED with bad ass futuristic energy weapons. They approach David.

FLANNERY

Are you all right doctor?

David TURNS, reacts to seeing his friends and their new high-tech hardware.

DAVID

Wer'e good. How did you get in here?

FLANNERY

This facility has numerous exits, they all lead to different time periods. We found the one in Twenty nineteen by scanning for the quantum resonance signature of those dice.

David THINKS for a beat, COUNTS on his fingers.

DAVID

Six patients. I've only seen six. I have one more gate to open
(Points)
That one.

MISTY

What's beyond that door David?

DAVID

I can't imagine. The creature I faced down here was supposed to be the penultimate source of all insanity in the universe.

GARY

Well the only thing crazier than that would be...

Gary pretends to have a horrifying revelation.

GARY(CONT'D)

...Oh holy fucking God, it's Jennifer Lawrence behind that door!

FLANNERY

David, you should know, the demonic signatures of all disappeared in twenty eighteen. But the populace is showing signs of mass intoxication.

DAVID

Yeah, it's going to be kind of a rough ride for a while. All medication has...side effects.

Flannery hands David a HI-TECH energy PISTOL.

FLANNERY

Try not to look directly at the beam it's hard on the eyes.

DAVID

Got it.

FLANNERY

Oh and Doctor, please don't roll those dice again. You caused some...Widespread problems.

David points his gun and starts for the huge question mark door

DAVID

Can't promise that. We'll have to see where the day takes us.

The rest of them follow David guns pointed.

Another angle on the door with a giant with the giant bloody, two dot QUESTION MARK, as we cut to.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE.

Why not?

- Timothy Leary's last words -

And the question mark is in a blood RED, spattery print, with TWO DOTS

INT/EXT THE SEVENTH ROOM.

Our heroes walk into a black padded room, SHREDDED floor to ceiling with GASHES that could only have been made by huge and angry CLAWS

The far wall has a huge jagged HOLE in it, and beyond it the familiar sight of the crumbled, FUTURISTIC SKYLINE of 3797.

They walk THROUGH the GAP.

Once OUTSIDE, the jagged gap in the wall is now just a jagged gap in the fabric of space itself NO WALLS NO BUILDING.

They LOOK around at the RUINED futuristic CITY, as David explains.

DAVID

This is the year thirty seven ninety seven. The year the world ends. And this creature is why.

GARY

It did all this?

DAVID

It's more powerful than the metapath. It could easily travel back to any time period and do the same thing. We have to hunt it down. We have to end this here and now.

FLANNERY

Or no one will be safe. Ever.

Tech#2 looks at a small hand-held device and says

TECH NUMBER TWO
 Mister Flannery, I'm detecting
 multiple demonic signatures in the
 vicinity.

FLANNERY
 Naturally.

DAVID
 We have to go back to twenty
 eighteen.

MISTY
 Why?

DAVID
 Nostradamus told me he had a
 living descendent alive in our
 time. He said I had to find him.
 Said I couldn't save the world
 without him.

Misty thinks about it for a beat, looks at David and says.

MISTY
 He was talking about you David.
 You're his descendent.

DAVID
 (Scoffs.)
 No way.

MISTY
 When he told you to find his
 descendent, he was telling you to
 find yourself - your true
 purpose...

She WAVES her arms at the apocalyptic PANORAMA

MISTY (CONT'D)
 Which is this.

DAVID
 What makes you say that?

MISTY
 Your name. Suma Dartson. Have you
 ever tried spelling that
 backwards?

David LOOKS to the HORIZONS, and thinks about it. His LIPS
 MOVE silently as he spells the letters backwards in his
 mind and we cut to a final quote that connects the dots for
 us.

BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE:

*"The dart of heaven shall make his circuit. Human noise, a
monster purged by expiation*

- Nostradamus -

Century 2 quatrain 70

Finally, for the briefest moment, the name Nostradamus
flips around BACKWARDS, becoming SUMADARTSON before we cut
to,

END CREDITS

During which you might want to play "Where Is My Mind" by
the Pixies. Or not