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MONSTROUS BEINGS EPISODE 2: "DOUBLE-DECKER FLAMETHROWER"

INT. WAITS COMPOUND/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael Waits, wearing a black headband, a sleeveless camo shirt, a pistol in a holster, camo pants, and steel-tipped black boots, is standing inside his scantily furnished compound/house living room, looking out the sliding glass door at his vast backyard (a couple acres or more). There is an antique phonograph playing the famous military song BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS in the same room.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Who will it be today?

Michael opens the sliding glass door, walks outside.

EXT. WAITS COMPOUND/BACKYARD - DAY

Michael goes over to a large shed to the left side of the house, opens the door, enters.

INT. WAITS COMPOUND/SHED - DAY

Michael closes the door, the shed in darkness for a beat. Then the sound of a switch being flicked; followed by a light bulb turning on - which hangs from a cord in the center of the room. The shed is now lit. On the right-wall are a line of knives and swords hung on mounts; on the left-wall a line of guns.

Michael walks deliberately along the left side, admiring each gun. They range in order, small to large: from pistols to rifles to machine guns, eventually leading to a big intimidating weapon... A plaque above reads: DOUBLE-DECKER FLAMETHROWER.

Michael takes the flamethrower off the mount; goes back to the front door. There's a button near the door. Above it, in black-marker-ink, are the words: RANDOM TARGET ACTIVATOR; and below: ON DELAYED TIMER. He presses the button, opens the door, turns off the light and exits with the flamethrower.

EXT. WAITS COMPOUND/BACKYARD - DAY

Michael is out in the backyard, which is a very large field. Instead of grass most of the ground is black scorched earth. He walks in a delicate, poised manner the likes of a hunter or a soldier behind enemy lines.

Suddenly: a spring-driven twang is heard, where a short target about four feet high, slightly charred, rises up on his left; the target's in the form of a goblin.

Michael turns quickly, aims. He presses a RED BUTTON on the handle part of the flamethrower. Instead of a single spring-trigger there are two buttons: the RED BUTTON on the left and a WHITE BUTTON on the right. A large stream of dragon-like fire shoots out from the upper of two connected barrels (one on top of the other; hence: double-decker), sending the troll-target up in a quick burst of flames.

Michael takes a few strides towards the burning fake troll, and presses the WHITE BUTTON.

A stream of fire retardant exerts from the lower barrel, drenching the troll-target in white foam.

MICHAEL

I hope you enjoyed that, you ugly little bastard.

A sound of TIRES SCREECHING is heard in the near-distance. Michael turns his head quickly; sees in front of his house a BLACK VAN driving off down an open dirt road.

Michael sets the flamethrower neatly on the ground, pulls the pistol from his holster, and heads toward the house.

EXT. WAITS COMPOUND/FRONT YARD - DAY

Michael opens the front door, cuts across the lawn. The front yard/driveway perimeter is protected by a high barb-wire fence, truly making it a compound. There are no other houses in sight.

A large RV is parked on the driveway. The dirt road beyond the fence is vacant; the black van is gone.

Michael goes up to a large sliding gate-door at the bottom of the driveway. He notices a manila folder on the ground just beyond the gate. His eyes narrow curiously.

He grabs keys from his pants, finds the right one. Then partially opens the gate door, picks up the folder (still holding the pistol in another hand) and heads back to the house.

INT. WAITS COMPOUND/DINING ROOM - DAY

Michael goes from the living room into the adjoined dining room. He sets the manila folder on the table, and the pistol beside it. On the folder are the words:

TO MICHAEL WAITS

Michael opens the folder, pulls out a sheet of paper, and reads aloud (to himself):

MICHAEL

Your son is undergoing brain surgery tomorrow at noon in Surgery-Room A5 on the first floor of the Ewing Mental Hospital. No more time to waste. You must break in and free him. Turn page over for more info.

Michael complies. On back there's a card taped to the page, with large words written above: CARD KEY.

And more words beneath (which he also reads aloud):

MICHAEL

This card is a key. It will get you inside without a problem. Signed, Anonymous.

Michael has a ponderous expression for a few beats.

He sets the paper down, picks up his pistol from the table.

MICHAEL

I'm coming, son.

He dramatically cocks the gun, his eyes bloodshot, a sharply wicked grin etched across his face.

MICHAEL

And after some training, we'll go to Nilbog together!