

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a slender, grimy hand held up in front of a street light. Tendrils of mysterious ENERGY spiral off the fingers.

The hand belongs to DRUID (27), a woman in futuristic rags, like a disheveled Rosario Dawson. She stares at her fingers in euphoric wonder as if she just discovered magic is real.

DRUID

Thank you.

Looming around her are the remains of a former neon megacity that looks like it was shattered and welded back together.

Druid wanders down the squalid lane. The next street light flickers on when she approaches, as if it was expecting her.

ALONG THE STREET

She proceeds to the next light, which flares to life as the one behind her goes out. Druid breaks into an ecstatic run, the lamps illuminating her passing like a haunted runway.

DRUID

Thank you! THANK YOU!

The lights expose STRANGERS, who gather in dubious clusters.

Druid trips on rubble, spills to the ground in an ungainly heap. She feels the cracked asphalt - her eyes go wide. THUM-THUM, THUM-THUM. A faint pulse, like the heartbeat of God.

She leaps up and runs to some DRUG ADDICTS. One of them pops a candy-striped button tipped with a needle onto their neck.

DRUG ADDICT

Wanna Tap?

DRUID

I can feel it! It-it's everywhere!

DRUG ADDICT

Is it? ... Who are yyyou?

Druid's jubilant smile fades to confusion. She wanders away, lamps flickering on to illuminate her path.

Three teen THUGS emerge from the darkness to watch her go...

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

In a confused daze, Druid leaves the shelter of the street lights and drifts down a dark, cluttered passage.

A busted neon sign flickers on, and its red glow lights her face. She admires the color. Then sees it as a warning.

The sound of hurried FOOTSTEPS. She whips around. The three Thugs barrel toward her. Druid instinctually runs!

AT A DEAD END

She staggers down the alley, trips and crashes into a pile of refuse. Nearby, a BANDAGED BUM rouses groggily.

The Thugs catch up to her. Flame tattoos on their faces make them look demonic. Druid tries to get up, but one of them shoves her back down. Another pulls a JUNK-TECH pistol.

DRUID

D-D-Don't.

THUG #1

(mocking)

Duh-duh-duh-duh!

THUG #2

Fukscum Tappers.

PISTOL THUG

Grab her.

DRUID

Help me!

The Bum moves to assist, but the Pistol Thug stops him with a kick. Thug #1 yanks Druid roughly to her feet. She pushes on his face to get him off of her. He drags her close and grins.

Druid's pupils GLINT eerily like orange street reflectors...

Thug #1's visage changes. Druid's fingers extend and burrow under the skin of his face like wriggling worms. He SCREAMS!

PISTOL THUG

DA FUK?!

Thug #1 convulses, tries to shove her away. But Druid clutches him tighter, digs her fingers deeper until...

SHHKLUSH! Tangles of rebar erupt from her fingers! Shred his head open like overripe produce. Thug #1's body thrashes in her grasp. He gives a final pulpy spasm and goes limp.

Stupefied, the other two Thugs watch a grotesque, nearly comical display as she awkwardly extracts her spindly rebar claws from his mangled head. Her face is wrought with horror.

DRUID
(Distorted SFX)
HELP ME!

The two Thugs exchange a look - then rush at her. Druid whips out at the Pistol Thug. Rebar talons CLANG the gun out of his grip. He recoils, clutches his wounded hand.

Thug #2 wraps her in a bear hug from behind. Druid's jaw cracks open. Unhinges. A cluster of broken glass extends from her mouth like rows of translucent fangs. She chomps down.

THUG #2
GAAH!

Thug #2 retracts his shredded arms, peppered with shards. Druid's broken glass maw crunches down over his face.

She whirls around, eyes raging orange. Thug# 2's head is clutched in her craggy mouth. She crushes it like a grape!

The Pistol Thug flees back down the alley.

The punctured head slips from her jaws with a wet THUD. Druid vomits bloody glass teeth atop the gory mess. She reverts, falls to her knees, her body quaking with helical ENERGY.

ANGLE ON the Bandaged Bum as he begins a guttural CHANT...

Druid watches him, blood streaming from her mouth. A grate in the ground opens as another CHANTER emerges. A panel slides aside in a nearby door to reveal more chanting mouths.

Druid stands and backs away, terrified. A procession of chanting homeless folks assembles. These are THE HARVESTERS.

A tall, androgynous figure emerges, draped in tarpaulin robes with a bent wheel spoke circlet on their head. This is YOLA (42). The Harvesters' chant ceases. Druid heaves with dread.

YOLA
At last.

[END OF EXCERPT]