

TEASER

EXT. WOODLAND - DAWN

The last glow of moonlight dots the tree line.

It's comforting and quiet. Like a painting in a fairy tale.

A faint SNAP of twigs. A small animal, perhaps. Alerted to-

The SOUND OF SOMETHING MASSIVE-

A beast, perhaps-

Chasing the animal through the dry growth until it WHIMPERS and SCREAMS. Captured, and probably worse.

Quiet again. Uncomfortably so. Then-

A fit and very NAKED MAN prances out of the trees, the tattered remains of a very dead rabbit in hand.

Probably better to look away, but he's electric, a charge of manic danger and charisma. Still. He's moving around more than any grown, naked man should.

This man, beyond being in love with himself, is STROTHER.

STROTHER

God damn, that's fun.

He LAUGHS, dangling the rabbit carcass in his own face.

STROTHER (CONT'D)

What do you say, Bugs? That as fun for you as it was for me?

The rabbit, as you'd imagine, does not respond.

STROTHER (CONT'D)

I making you uncomfortable?

Strother shrugs, walking through the brush to arrive at-

An imposing, black SUV.

The back's open, loaded with a mess of items that turn the mind: medieval axe, gun-shaped flashlight, a horrific-looking vial, pocked with tiny needles... A uniform and badge.

STROTHER (CONT'D)

Might be time for you to let go of those wascally inhibitions, Friend.

Strother clears a space in the trunk, fills it with a sheet of plastic. The rabbit carcass is set down on top of it.

STROTHER (CONT'D)
Get down to what you're made of.

Strother pulls an expensive-looking kitchen knife out of a sheath and gets to work on skinning the rabbit. It goes unseen, but the SOUND is plenty illustrative.

STROTHER (CONT'D)
(grunting as he works)
A beast has to have guts to stand
up on those hind legs. Grab the
wheel and give it a turn.

He wipes his hand across his cheek, streaking it with blood.

STROTHER (CONT'D)
Maybe you get up this morning and
think, 'maybe I ought to leave this
sunrise to someone else,' we ain't
even having this conversation.

Strother wipes his hands on a towel.

STROTHER (CONT'D)
Hell, I don't know.

Strother SIGHS and licks off a bit of blood around his mouth.

He stares at something in the distance. Something big, big enough to quiet his manic energy and tease peace on his face.

The view leaves Strother, shifting to-

A massive, cement wall - easily fifty tall, two miles wide. There's a pair of towering doors at the front, something unusual and important behind it.

Note: whenever text or illustrations are presented, they're scrawled out in real-time, as if by a sloppy, teenage boy.

SUPER: AREA 71

SUPER: The text is scribbled out and, in big, angry caps:

SUPER: MONSTER TOWN

STROTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...It's a bad time to be a beast.

END TEASER