

I DON'T MIND THE SUN SOMETIMES  
(opening scenes)  
Written by S.R. Ayers

INT. KGF HOSPITAL, SPECIAL COMFORT/OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

"100 Million People Dead"

Six people of different ages, genders, creeds and colors sit around a massive tumor that connects all of them like conjoined twins at the belly. They are here because there is no reasonable or medically discernible explanation for five completely unrelated humans sharing the same bean-bag sized tumor.

The tumor sextuplets (Gibson, Melora, Nick, Tom, Siouxsie & Grace) seem to have come to grips with their predicament, and get on with each other in a friendly manner. They know that there's nothing they can do to change the situation, so they might as well roll with it. They converse on many levels about every subject, ranging from the construction of ping pong balls to existentialism. During talks they drink, eat, play obscure card games, chess, perform coin tricks, read comics, listen to music, everything a sibling might do with five other siblings at any given moment, ad nauseam.

The tumor itself is a disgusting cocoon of malformed, lumpy flesh. A fleshy mood ring of warm autumn colors, slowly making their rounds across the waxy surface like a traveling fungus. The reds, oranges, purples, yellows and browns are grotesque and mesmerizing in the way they give life and depth to the warped, dimpled, bulging topography of the growth.

The doctors are baffled and, for the life of them, cannot figure out how this happened, nor why it has not made these six people's lives a total and irreparable mess.

At the top of the Special Comfort/Observation Room, which will be referred to from here on out as the SCOR, are a bank of observation widows that circle the ceiling. They're tinted and somewhat reflective, but shapes of all sizes human and otherwise- can be seen shuffling around the balustrade at all times. The Tumor Sextuplets are aware of their presence, but seem not to care.

CUT TO:

INT. KGF HOSPITAL, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

"I Saw an X-ray of a Girl Passing Gas"

A nurse with the grace and strength of Mary Woronov is delivering a tray of syringes to a tight configuration of men in suits leering out of the tilted windows above the Tumor Sextuplets. They're huddled together in one big thick shadow, and murmuring vowels in wet voices to each other. The nurse, whom we'll call MARY, looks up at the thin carpet of dust covering the air vent on the ceiling as she hands the tray to the men. The look on her face is one of superiority through intelligent selection of battles. She knows how these guys work, like a waitress in a greasy spoon diner knows her late-night patrons, and chooses the battles that will make the shift go by as smoothly as possible, without compromising her position.

SUITS

(the words spill out from  
their mouths as one in  
the aforementioned wet  
murmur)

Don't oogle us girl, just give us  
our order and be on with it. This  
is serious work...

(the men trail off in  
their comments)

One meaty hand reaches out and gently takes the tray of sharps from Mary, pulling it into the collective for dispersal and use. The Suits give their undivided attention back to the Tumor Sextuplets below, one by one, until Mary no longer exists in their world.

She maneuvers her way through the other observers, odd, unlikely and cliché characters in the same dark ring shaped room.

CUT TO:

INT. KGF HOSPITAL, CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Mary grabs her rolling cart, trays of hypos on all the shelves, and pushes it down the corridor. She gracefully moves around, between and past everyone else in the hall. There are not many people on this floor, but the ones present are distinguishable indeed: Janus, the two faced Greek god strolls by in a suit, I happen to be in the corridor smoking a cigarette and writing in a composition notebook, a dignified girl with bright blonde hair, pale waxy skin and disturbingly long fingers wearing a pretty white dress, a couple of brutally old white men in politician suits with wax under their skin to make them look younger than they are, but

only succeeding in deforming their faces and hands to grotesqueness. There are a few others, I'm sure, but we never actually focus on any of them. Mary is always our focal point.

She gets to the elevator, which has been waiting with its doors open this whole time. Once inside the doors slide shut.

The number "11" is printed on the elevator doors in huge black characters, so big that it almost looks like more of a design feature, rather than an actual number.

CUT TO:

INT. KGF HOSPITAL, CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors slide open again, this time on a different floor, and Mary steps out with her cart. The cart has only one syringe left on it. The patrons on this level are vaguely more normal. Among the people is me again, dressed differently and writing on an album cover with a marker. Again, nobody is focused upon. There are also more of them. She makes her way down this corridor with the same grace as before. She stops in front of a small door, and takes the hypo with her when she goes in, leaving the cart behind.

CUT TO:

INT. KGF HOSPITAL, EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary comes in and gives the patient the hand gesture for "Easy now, it's alright".

The patient, MALCOLM WETCLOX, settles back down onto the padded table. He's been drawing on the butcher paper covering the table while waiting for Mary, and he tries to cover up his doodles, but only succeeds in revealing his awkward nature.

Mary strolls across the room and slides her hand up Malcolm's arm. Despite his uneasiness, this fluid action soothes him as if he were being invited into her bed. When his eyes flutter she slips the long needle into his vein, presses the plunger and withdraws. No pain. He merely sighs with release.

MARY

It's over. All done.

MALCOLM

Yeah?

MARY

Yeah.

MALCOLM

How can you be sure?

Mary looks down at him with a smile you'd expect to see from a high-priced escort being pressed for dating advice from a 13 year old.

The window in the small room rattles in its frame as a deep sound rumbles through the hospital. The sound has the depth of a distant explosion of incredible magnitude. Pure bass vibrations, rather than an actual sound or note.

Mary and Malcolm look towards the window, but the blinds are closed and the rumble has already moved on.

Mary leans down and kisses Malcolm on the mouth passionately, but without using her tongue, like Bogart and Bacall used to in the movies. She stands up straight and looks down into the awestruck face of Malcolm. A confidence flows into his expression, and he gives Mary a grateful smile.

MARY

Malcolm Wetclox, you are hereby a  
free agent, left to your own  
devices. Go be a good boy.

Mary turns and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KGF HOSPITAL, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Mal is walking towards the revolving door of the hospital, adjusting his shirt and belt. He pulls at the plastic patient's bracelet on his wrist as he steps through.

CUT TO:

EXT. KGF HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The bracelet begins to melt and curl, but does not come off, as Mal steps outside. He tugs and pulls but it doesn't snap, regardless of the burning. Then he stops, distracted.

The entire sky looks to made of water, as if the ocean has replaced the air. No fish or sea creatures, just water. The surface of the water far, far above out of sight.

Everybody is stunned motionless and speechless, including Malcolm.

CUT TO:

INT. KGF HOSPITAL, SPECIAL COMFORT/OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The Tumor Sextuplets look at each other with apprehension.

TUMOR SEXTUPLETS

So, where do we go from here?

The tumor quakes and everybody gasps, a jolt through everybody's body. Even those up in the observation deck.

The Sextuplets yell, a sound of release rather than pain, and all the on-lookers above tumble to the ground with a unanimous shriek.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEELGARDENS, USA - DAY

"Human Cannonball"

The force of the Sextuplet's release (which will be known simply as Psy) blows past Malcolm and rushes through the streets as if on rails. It peeks into various houses, witnessing the goings-on of the inhabitants on its way.

It sees a man destroying a wall with a telephone.

A woman tossing an empty liquor bottle to the floor, amongst many other already shattered bottles. A sea of jagged glass teeth on the floor in front of her. As the bottle smashes against its fallen brethren she leaps, spread eagle, over the crystalline carpet of certain death.

A man sitting alone on his bed pleading for forgiveness to somebody he wishes was there.

A man packing clay on his three children's faces, and then hugging them all at once, thus smashing their new clay-faces together in a loving embrace.

A man sobbing, his face pressed hard against the window, as his wife stands behind him, spinning the hands of a clock with her finger while blowing a cheap paper party favor at him.

A woman sitting on her bed flipping through a notebook with tears in her eyes.

Two people fucking with passion unrestrained.

A room full of speakers and old A/V equipment. Brother, sister, sister and girlfriend all sit in the center of the room, taking in the sound.

The vibrations are so great that it shakes the Psy to a

standstill, and fills the Psy with so much energy that it bursts into brilliant, blinding white light.

CUT TO:t

EXT. RED ROCK FORMATIONS OF UTAH - NIGHT

Deep into the brush and rock and desolation of the Red Rock tundras of Utah a wind picks up and carries a pile of dust away from a tiny stone formation, no bigger than a jelly jar. The formation looks almost like a small house. A tiny light pops on inside the model stone house, just as fire light ignites somewhere to the West. The pile immediately tumbles over.

A leather booted foot comes own next to the stones just before a young, but work-weathered, hand scoops them up off the ground.

The hand stuffs them into a frayed-rimmed pocket, and comes out with a vicious looking hunting knife.

The hand stuffs the knife into a loose belt, and rises to push the hair out the face of JOHN E. SMOKE. A dark complexion that betrays ethnic origin on a young, confident face.

The night turns to day before his hand comes forward from the back of his head.

The sky is clear and the sun shines down on John. WE SEE now that he is a small crippled man in his twenties. The sun shines down on him as he hobbles into a large stone circle. In the circle, sitting around a fire, are 33 people, all of them ranging from 1 to 100 years old. They randomly turn to skeletons, and then back to living humans again, as they speak to John in hums and rattles, not conventional words.

An old man kicks over the fire, and a woman with long black hair stands up. She is John's wife, and she walks to John and kisses him. When she finishes the incredible kiss John is tall and strong. He looks over the shifting faces of his people, and flashes a Devil-may-care grin of perfect teeth. Then he turns, giving a wink to his wife, and hits the ground with one thunderous stomp of his foot. Dust explodes around him and he's gone.