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Telling Myself

Digital Animation

For my Oxbow final project I animated the intro for my tv show *The Adventures of BirdMan and GirlBoy* to the song *Telling Myself* by Nicholas Podany. The show is about a teenage girl named Henri who uses her shapeshifting super powers to fight crime under the hero name Hell's Angel. Throughout the story, Henri struggles with balancing her double life, fighting villains that are getting progressively more formidable, and managing her relationship with her super hero persona and the body they share. Henri, and her alter ego Hell's Angel, started as anthropomorphized facets of myself, and have now become something far greater. The story is meant to explore what would happen if a teenager like me was capable of exploring every facet of themselves in a very literal sense. It asks the question: how does it change your perception of yourself when you are physically able to be someone else?

For this tv show's intro I took inspiration from a lot of other animated tv show intros. Intros in general tend to be loud, expressive, and somewhat abstract. While they do lay out a lot of things that happen in the season, they have to make sure that nothing is given away. I wanted to walk this same line, using images that speak to the overall themes of the tv show while being vague enough that they leave the audience guessing on what will happen.

While making my animation, I created a storyboard to act as a map of where I wanted to take the project. Then, I created a rough cut, using sketchy lines and figures to block out general scenes and motion. Finally, I created a final cut, adding detail and outlining everything. To accompany my animation, I created five character sheets for the main cast and an imagined screenshot for what I want the fully rendered show to look like.

I hope that all of my art pieces, along with the fully written pilot episode, give a comprehensive idea of what this tv show could look like if fully produced. Hope you enjoy!

The Adventures of BirdMan and GirlBoy



Noa G.

The Oxbow School

OS50

Writers Note: This pilot has been a long time coming for me. I created the protagonist of this story, Henri, when I was in eighth grade as a way to help me make sense of what I was feeling about my identity. Henri, and her alter ego Hell's Angel, started as anthropomorphized facets of myself, and have now become something far greater. The story explores what would happen if a teenager struggling with the different pieces of herself was allowed to explore them all in a very literal sense. To write this pilot I researched indie television production, how to appeal to an audience, and the general mechanics of writing a screenplay. These elements, along with the story itself, have come together to create what I think is a good expression of both my writing craft and the themes I want to portray. I am very excited to share this story and these characters with people. Hope you enjoy!

Episode 1: Pilot

INT. DINGY-ASS WAREHOUSE - DUSK

ATOMANIAC and DAMSEL are in a warehouse. It's an old shipping container storage facility. There are two tall windows on one of the walls and a metal garage door that used to open so that the cranes could load the boxes onto their boats. It for sure does not open anymore. It is very, *very* rusted, like maybe inseparable-from-the-floor rusted. The light in the warehouse is sickly and orange through the dust covered windows. It casts long and disconcerting shadows. Atomaniac, wearing a ridiculous neon green and purple super villain outfit with a cartoonish symbol of an atom on its chest, paces back and forth in front of Damsel, wearing dirty and mildly bloody civilian clothes, who is tied to a chair. He has been monologuing for some time now.

ATOMANIAC

-and the wedding will be wonderful won't it! I have so many plans, my dear. You'll wear a dress, we'll make it a good purpley silver color so it contrasts with my classic green. And we'll get a big wedding banner! The Amazing Atomaniac and his gorgeous bride. Oh and we'll invite all of my friends who insisted I'd never find love. They will eat their words when they see just how wrong they were! Because I found you, didn't I! I found you!

DAMSEL

You didn't find me; you kidnapped me! I don't want to marry you! I don't even know you!
You asked me out once and I said no very clearly!

He stops pacing and comes to stand in front of her. He places his hands on Damsel's face.

ATOMANIAC

Oh I know. That's part of what I love about you. You are just so set in your ways. But people can change their minds! Sometimes all they need is a little time and persuasion-

DAMSEL

Fuck Off!

She kicks him as hard as she can with her limited movement abilities. He stumbles backwards briefly before lunging towards her again. He reaches for her neck, but instead of his fingers landing on her skin, they pass through it.

ATOMANIAC

You have quite a set of pipes on you, but I know just how to make you docile! I'll make my hand corporeal again and pull out your vocal chords!

Her screams turn less defensive and more frantic. She kicks harder. Her legs pass through him.

ATOMANIAC

You could, of course, avoid all this if you agreed to marry me. Not a particularly difficult task, I think. Just three simple words. "I love you."

DAMSEL

I will never.

ATOMANIAC

Then, my dear, I'm afraid only the devil can save you now.

He begins to solidify his hand and his eyes glow. Green light glints off the ostentatious sparkles of his uniform. The beams bounce through the tall windows, out into the street, and into a reptilian eye. Slit

pupils dilate, red pointed ears twitch, and a mouth breaks into a sharp-canined grin. HELL'S ANGEL launches himself from his perch on a neighboring warehouse and bursts through the window.

Atomaniac whirls back from Damsel in shock and she gasps. Hell's Angel lands on the floor with his wings outstretched.

ATOMANIAC

Hell's Angel!

HELL'S ANGEL

Hey. Let's keep this short.

He spins his knives into a better grip and lunges.

"Telling Myself" by Nicholas Podany plays.

CUT TO: OPENING CREDITS

ACT 1

INT. DINGY-ASS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hell's Angel wipes a great deal of blood from his hands onto his shirt.

HENRI

(v.o)

Ughh, gross. Why do villains always bleed so much?

Hell's Angel moves to free Damsel from her chair.

DAMSEL

Thank god. I was starting to think I might actually have to-

(gagging)

-marry that guy. He's been stalking me for weeks and now this.

HELL'S ANGEL

Oh yeah, I'm well aware of him. He's been on my regular villain roster for... what, years now, must be. But usually he just does normal stuff like robbing banks and shooting people with his "atom blasts."

As Henri narrates, Hell's Angel struggles to untie Damsel.

HENRI

(v.o)

Atomaniac is my least favorite villain I have ever fought. Not only is he a pain to deal with but he practically drips with misogyny and man cave fumes. Makes you crave a long hot shower.

HELL'S ANGEL

You must be real special to get him to come after you like this.

DAMSEL

Yeah special's one word for it. Unlucky might be another.

Hell's Angel gives up trying to untie Damsel and just cuts her free. He helps her to her feet.

DAMSEL

Thank you.

HELL'S ANGEL

Of course. My pleasure. I love kicking villain ass on a Friday Night.

DAMSEL

(sarcastic)

And I'm sure there are no better ways for a guy to spend his time.

HENRI

(v.o)

AP calculus homework.

HELL'S ANGEL

(laughing)

No. None.

Hell's Angel puts Atomaniac in the chair and secures the bonds again. Then he kicks open the door to the warehouse.

HENRI

(v.o)

He didn't even bother to lock the door, that idiot.

The two walk out into the night.

HELL'S ANGEL

Do you want me to escort you wherever it is you're going next?

DAMSEL

That'd be very sweet of you but I don't want to take up too much of your time. I'll call an Uber.

HELL'S ANGEL

Alright.

She fiddles with her phone, presumably calling the Uber, before putting it back in her pocket. They wait in silence.

DAMSEL

Do you at least have something fun to do after this?

HELL'S ANGEL

(shrugging)

I'll be out and about. City never sleeps, yunno.

HENRI

(v.o)

And neither do I.

DAMSEL

Well my sorority is having a thing tonight. Alpha Delta Phi. If you don't have too much hero-ing to do you should stop by.

She leans towards him, flirtatious.

DAMSEL

I promise it'll be fun.

He leans away, but flashes a grin at her.

HELL'S ANGEL

I'll think about it, thank you.

HENRI

(v.o)

I won't.

The Uber pulls up. Damsel gets in.

HELL'S ANGEL

It was nice to meet you.

DAMSEL

You too. Take care of yourself, Angel. You know everyone has to sleep sometime.

He smiles. She drives away. He spreads his wings and takes off.

EXT. BERKELEY SKY SPACE - NIGHT

Hell's Angel flies. The city around him is very alive on an evening like this. It's mid January but only slightly cold out. People are out on their balconies or their rooftops or in the street. The city is filled with the smell of good food and the warmth of good music. Bass beat rattles from the frats on college. It gives the city a heartbeat. People wave and yell their hellos at Hell's Angel as he passes. He waves back. By the time he reaches his destination he has accumulated some sort of talisman from a jewelry street vendor, an empanada from a woman having a potluck on her roof, and a beer can from a very enthusiastic frat guy.

Dialogue here is inaudible. Characters mouth words but no sound is heard. "Heart of a Dancer" by The Happy Fits plays.

INT. HENRI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hell's Angel opens the window and crawls through it. The room is small but not cluttered. There are textbooks and pencils on the desk arranged in a way that looks neat. The clothes in the closet are hung well and color organized. The bed is made. The wall is host to a small painting, a picture of a woman playing volleyball, and an assortment of polaroids that all look like they were hung with a level. The room is well lived in but clean.

Hell's Angel places the talisman on one of the counters and tosses the beer can in the trash. As Hell's Angel moves around the room, getting settled and eating the empanada, Henri speaks.

HENRI

(v.o)

The best thing about being a superhero is getting to know people. You have your regulars, people who just always seem to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. They'll ask you about your week and your goals. They'll make a joke about how you'll "see them soon."

Then you have your one-time-saves who wave or shout your name or ask if you remember them. I do. I always do. And then you have the ones who have heard of you but have never met you. They lean to their friends and they whisper. If they're brave they'll wave too.

Hell's Angel walks into the connected bathroom and stops in front of the mirror over the sink.

HENRI

(v.o)

But at the end of the day it's just you.

Hell's Angel pulls off his tank top. There is a pretty nasty stab wound over his left hipbone.

HELL'S ANGEL

Shit.

He grabs paper towels from under the sink, runs them under water, and begins to lightly dab at the wound, hissing as he does.

OUTSIDE THE CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR.

HENRI'S MOM knocks.

HENRI'S MOM

Henri, honey? Are you in there? When'd you get home?

HENRI

(o.s)

Just a minute ago. Mal and I ran late.

HENRI'S MOM

That's alright. Glad to hear you two are getting stuff done.

HENRI

(o.s)

Haha, yeah. It was very productive. I'll be down in a minute, mom.

HENRI'S MOM

Alright.

THE BATHROOM AGAIN.

Hell's Angel resumes cleaning his wound.

HENRI

(v.o)

You can save the world as many times as you like, but the world stays as that. Something you save. Not your friend, not something you can trust, not your home. It's like staring into a snow globe. You can see the people, picture their lives, but at the end of the day you're on the outside and they can't see you at all.

Henri's mom knocks on the door again.

HENRI'S MOM

(o.s)

Oh and, Hen. I'm going to be in the city tonight for a partner meeting and your father is probably going to be working all night, but there's casserole from yesterday in the fridge if you want.

Hell's Angel freezes and then, starting from his chest, his skin starts to ripple like waves in a pond across him. When the motion stops, he is a short, well-built, girl with brown shoulder length hair. She's wearing, not a blood soaked superhero uniform, but gray leggings and a sweatshirt that says Gilly Prep Volleyball. She speaks.

HENRI

Sounds perfect, mom.

HENRI'S MOM

Come say bye before I leave, please.

Her heels click away. Henri relaxes from her tensed position and sighs.

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

And is it lonely? Sure. But this is what you signed up for.

Henri lifts the hem of her sweatshirt up and pokes where the stab wound had been on Hell's Angel. Nothing is visibly wrong, but she winces as if it hurts before shaking her head and throwing the bloody paper towel in the trash. She looks down at her hands. They are spotless but she washes them anyway. Hell's Angel has replaced her reflection when she looks up again.

HELL'S ANGEL

This is what you do.

She leaves.

EXT. GILLY PREP - AFTERNOON

Lunch trays slam down on a table. Henri is outside on a patio in the center of her school's classroom buildings. Around her kids hangout at tables or sit on the stairs. People talk and laugh and eat. It's your average school scene. Henri's table consists of six girls, all athletic in build, some wearing Gilly Prep Volleyball apparel. DYLAN is already speaking loudly when Henri sits down.

DYLAN

-and then he had the audacity to tell me that *I* was the cheater. Like come on! I knew what he and Mia were doing this summer. Everyone knew what they were doing!

BELLE

(consoling)

We did all know what they were doing.

All of the girls including Henri nod.

DYLAN

So no one can blame me for having some fun over break. And besides it was Florida, nothing even counts there.

ROSE

So true.

Dylan continues talking, Henri and the girl next to her, MAL, break off into a private conversation. Their voices are low to keep the others from hearing.

MAL

Where were you yesterday?

HENRI

A sorority girl got kidnapped by one of my regulars. He had her out by the warehouses in Jack London. I was on my way over to yours when I heard it on the news.

MAL

Are you- Henri, this is the third time in a row!

HENRI

I know, I'm sorry! I swear I was going to come I just-

MAL

I know. You got distracted.

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

Mal is my best friend. She's been my best friend since seventh grade. She's the only person who knows who I really am, but she doesn't understand how I can put the lives I save over my own. She worries too much.

HENRI

Mal, if I thought for a second someone else was going to deal with it I wouldn't have bailed on you, but I know Atomaniac and I know where he hides things. I had to be the one to rescue her.

MAL

I don't care about you bailing on me, Hen. I care that you can't possibly be taking care of yourself! When are you studying???

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

In between classes, in the dead of night, whenever I can.

Both girls laugh suddenly to blend in with the rest of the group. They return to their hushed conversation.

HENRI

I've been handling it just fine. I've been handling it for years.

MAL

Yeah, and when are you sleeping exactly?

HENRI

I-

DYLAN

(interrupting)

Henri, explain to us how you and your boyfriend have been happy for so long. You must have some sort of secret.

Mal gives Henri a look that says, “this isn’t over.” Then they both rejoin the conversation.

HENRI

Oh well, you know. Honesty is... important.

INT. THE LOCKERS - SAME

Henri puts her books away in her locker. Mal leans on the one next to her.

MAL

You could have at least called me, told me you weren’t going to come. When you don’t show up I get-

HENRI

Nervous. I know, Mal.

MAL

No, Hen! Not nervous! Nervous is what you feel when you’re waiting to hear back about a test score. *Scared* is what you feel when there is a very real possibility that your best friend could die at a moment’s notice.

HENRI

(rolling her eyes)

We're not even sure if that can happen. For all we know if my other body dies I go on living just fine.

MAL

For all we know, you don't.

Henri closes her locker. It makes a definitive noise.

HENRI

I'm sorry, Mal. I got home late and I had to clean my wounds and everything. Next time I will-

MAL

What wounds?

HENRI

Nothing, just a minor thing. Atomaniac put his hand through my stomach but it's fine, I fixed it-

MAL

YOU GOT STABBED?

Several people in the hallway turn to look at them strangely.

MAL

(quieter)

You got stabbed?

HENRI

I got poked. Saying "stabbed" gives Atomaniac too much credit.

MAL

Jesus, Hen. Sometimes you are so stupid it is a wonder you can be so smart.

DORIAN walks up behind Henri, wraps his arms around her waist, and presses a kiss to her neck. She reaches up behind her to hold his head affectionately.

HENRI

Hey, Dorian.

DORIAN

Hey, lovely. I like this dress, is it new?

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

No.

HENRI

Thank you for noticing.

Dorian leans down to kiss her. Mal averts her eyes, looking annoyed.

DORIAN

Okay so, I was thinking, this weekend, before they close down the place in the city, we go ice skating. Saturday after practice. We can get dinner.

Henri smiles and kisses him again. This time Mal actively rolls her eyes.

HENRI

That sounds wonderful.

DORIAN

If you're too busy, I understand. I know how your schedule gets around this time of year.

HENRI

Don't worry about it. I'll figure something out.

Dorian grins.

DORIAN

Alright! It's a date. Bye, Hen. Bye, Mal.

HENRI AND MAL

Bye, Dorian.

Dorian leaves.

MAL

And what are the chances you're going to be able to make that, missus, "I'll figure something out."

HENRI

High.

MAL

And for some reason our study sessions are less important?

HENRI

I didn't say that.

MAL

It was pretty well implied.

They have a minor stare down.

MAL

(resigned)

Did you at least put anti septic on your fucking stab wound?

Henri goes pale and then tries for a guilty smile.

HENRI

Yes...?

Mal gives her a glare that could kill grown men and reaches to hit Henri with her textbook.

MAL

ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL YOURSELF YOU STUPID IDIOT??!!

They walk off down the hallway half yelling half laughing.

INT. A LITTLE BOY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

BOY sits in his bedroom. It is dark outside but he isn't in bed. He's on the floor surrounded by toys. He is playing a pretend game with them where he has a villain toy in one hand and a hero toy in the other. He waves them through the air and makes fighting sounds. Eventually the villain is defeated, signified by him being slammed into the ground. Boy makes a triumphant noise as he lifts the hero into the air.

THE VILLAIN ON THE FLOOR.

The villain slowly begins to twitch and then levitate.

BEHIND BOY.

The villain lifts up into the air and Boy tracks the movement with his head. Slowly the hero is forgotten and lowered uncertainly to the ground.

IN FRONT OF BOY.

Boy's face is filled with awe. Rising slowly behind him is the shadow of a different boy, about his age. His entire body is in silhouette but his eyes and mouth are glowing bright white. The shadow boy reaches for Boy.

INT. HENRI'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Henri walks around her room throwing stuff together to go study at Mal's. In the mirror behind her, Hell's Angel sits on the ground.

HELL'S ANGEL

Mal's right, you know. You're stretching yourself too thin.

HENRI

Mal worries too much, and what the hell else does she want me to do? I was given a gift. Evoes are one in one thousand. She can't expect me to just... not use what I have.

HELL'S ANGEL

You have a mutation. Which means you're different, sure, but there's nothing inherently useful about that.

HENRI

Then I'm choosing to *be* useful. I'm choosing to change the world while I have a way to do so.

HELL'S ANGEL

You have a way to get yourself killed.

She whirls on the mirror, pointing at it accusingly.

HENRI

Who the fuck are you to tell me what to do?

Her own reflection stares back at her. She sighs and goes back to packing her bag. She's flipping through her math notebook, looking for something when a post-it falls out. "Study date with your coolest bestest friend. Don't forget. - Mal". Henri smiles to herself and puts the notebook and post-it back in her bag.

Her phone rings. The number says, "team jacob." Henri glances at the clock once, shifts into Hell's Angel, and answers the phone.

HELL'S ANGEL

Look who's calling! My daily dose of bad news! How's it been, Serres?

SERRES

Awful. Two boys died this week.

Hell's Angel's face falls.

HENRI

(v.o)

(weakly)

See? Bad news.

SERRES

Someone is sneaking into people's homes and killing little boys. One minute they're safe, and the next, they're gone.

Hell's Angel sits on Henri's bed.

HELL'S ANGEL

Look, I don't mean to deny the tragedy of that but isn't this a little above my pay grade. I mean I'm a bank robbery handler not a... not a child murder handler. Isn't there someone more qualified to-

SERRES

He took one of ours.

HELL'S ANGEL

Oh.

SERRES

I wouldn't ask you if I didn't think you were the only person who could handle this properly but the big Evo Supers are on rough terms with us as it is. They don't care about our community they wouldn't-

HELL'S ANGEL

I know, Serres. I understand. You want me to deal with it? I'll deal with it.

SERRES

Thank you, Angel.

HELL'S ANGEL

I'll meet you at the salon.

Hell's Angel ends the call and just sits there staring at the mirror for a minute. His reflection looks back at him. He looks tired. He flops back on the bed and presses both palms into his eyes.

HELL'S ANGEL

Fuck.

INT. SHAGGY DOG SALON - MOMENTS LATER

The Shaggy Dog Salon is, on the outside, a normal hair salon, save for the fact that the blinds are down, but when Hell's Angel walks in the door, it is host to a very specific clientele. The main demographic is werewolves. Creatures that look human at first but have more hair on their body than average, large furry ears poking out of their hair, ridiculously sharp canines, and long expressive tails. They move like dogs on their hind legs and they wave at Hell's Angel as he walks in. Aside from werewolves there are also several feline looking people, a woman with dragonfly wings, and a man whose entire lower half is a massive snake tail. All the people in the store are getting their hair or fur or feathers cut. Hell's Angel, with his red skin, horns, and angel wings, fits right in. As he walks, Henri narrates.

HENRI

(v.o)

Evolved humans like me come in many shapes and sizes. Some of us have mental differences like telepaths, or physical differences like me, or whatever the hell made Atomaniac the way he is. Shifters, like Serres, are Evoes too but only by technical standards. We've been separated into those of us who bear animal traits, and those of us

who bear other things. I walk the fragile line between the two worlds. Being a superhero is more aligned with Evo culture, but the shifters took me in when I was lost and alone. They helped me learn to take care of the unfamiliar parts of myself. No one comes out of the womb knowing how to preen wings or clean sharp teeth or file claws. Someone has to teach you or you stay unhealthy.

A werewolf woman in her early 20's comes up to Hell's Angel and wraps him in a firm embrace. They hold each other for a long moment.

HELL'S ANGEL

Hey, Serres.

SERRES

Hi, Angel.

She licks the side of his face. He returns the favor. She lets him go.

SERRES

I'll show you what we know.

INT. SHAGGY DOG BACK ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Hell's Angel and Serres stand around a table which is covered in photos and printed news articles and other pieces of the puzzle. Serres is pointing to the obituary section in a newspaper.

SERRES

Last year a ten year old boy died in his home. Maxwell Patel. No one's sure how it happened but his parents came in and he was on the floor. Still as stone.

HELL'S ANGEL

(inspecting the paper)

Christ, last year almost exactly. We're coming up on the anniversary.

SERRES

Yeah. That's part of the theory.

HELL'S ANGEL

Ghosts are more active then.

SERRES

Exactly.

HELL'S ANGEL

So, what, he's come back from wherever ghosts go and now he's here why?

SERRES

It doesn't matter why. He's killing our boys. He killed my cousin.

HELL'S ANGEL

We're not even sure it was him, and even if it was I can't kill ghosts, Serres. No one can kill ghosts.

SERRES

I don't care what you do as long as he leaves us alone.

They stand in silence. Serres is seething. Neither of them move in the quiet of the room.

HENRI

(v.o)

The shifters, by virtue of them being separated off from the rest of us, are a tight knit people. When one of them gets lost the whole group of them feels it like a missing limb. The werewolves especially. Their pack is all that matters to them. I would know, I'm part of it.

HELL'S ANGEL

I'm so sorry, Serres.

Hell's Angel puts a tentative hand on her shoulder. She shrugs him off.

SERRES

I know you are. That's why you're going to help me fix it.

There is silence again. He doesn't try to reach for her a second time. Eventually she breaks the tension by grabbing Hell's Angel by the back of his head.

SERRES

Your hair looks like shit, let me cut it.

HELL'S ANGEL

(tugging at his bangs)

It doesn't look that bad.

SERRES

Yes it does. You look like a disheveled lesbian.

HELL'S ANGEL

You're so mean to me. You know, sometimes I feel like maybe you don't value me as a person. Do you know that I'm famous out there?

He points out to the main salon.

SERRES

(shit eating)

Oh really? Are you? I didn't know. Do you want to talk about the incident? Cause I can talk about the incident. Remember when you-

HELL'S ANGEL

NO! NO ONE NEEDS TO TALK ABOUT THE INCIDENT!

SERRES

Then shut your bitch ass mouth.

Hell's Angel, groans.

SERRES

Was that a growl?! Was birdie trying to bare his teeth?! That was weeaaak! I'll show you how a real dog does it.

She leans in and bares her teeth at him. They growl and snap at each other, play fighting, eventually devolving into wrestling on the floor.

HENRI

(v.o)

The weird thing about being a superhero is that you have people like this. People who know you better than you know yourself, but only part of you. Serres knows Hell's Angel and Dorian knows Henri and neither of them know me at all. The only difference between them is that Serres treats me like I'm more than I am. Dorian treats me like I'm less.

Serres triumphs and pins Hell's Angel to the floor. She has her forearm on his neck and one of her boots on his chest.

SERRES

(teasing)

You're getting weak, Angel. Should I be worried about the safety of this city?

HELL'S ANGEL

(out of breath)

No, no, I'm just injured. Atomaniac stabbed me the other day.

SERRES

(genuinely concerned)

Did you have someone look at it? You know that man's hands are infected with diseases you haven't even heard of.

HELL'S ANGEL

Yeah, yeah of course I-

Hell's Angel's face drains of color.

HELL'S ANGEL

Oh my god.

SERRES

What?

HELL'S ANGEL

Mal!

INT. MAL'S ROOM - EVENING

Mal is laying on her bed surrounded by books. She's tossing her volleyball up and down in the air almost angrily. She doesn't look at Hell's Angel as he comes in through the window.

HELL'S ANGEL

Mal! I'm so sorry! I was on my way to you I swear but then Serres called and she-

Mal sits up.

MAL

Stop. You're sorry. I get it.

Hell's Angel stands uncomfortable in the room. He looks out of place.

HELL'S ANGEL

It won't happen again, okay, I-

MAL

What. Promise? You can't, Henri. You can't promise me that as long as you continue to put Hell's Angel's life above your real one.

HELL'S ANGEL

Wh- real?! Both of my lives are real, Mal. They're the same. You know that-

MAL

Do I? You put one on a pedestal and take the other for granted. They don't seem the same to me at all.

Hell's Angel shifts, and Henri takes a step towards Mal. Mal remains seated but positions herself so she looks taller, more in control.

HENRI

Mal, you understand, better than anyone, why I have to do this.

MAL

What do you think happens if you neglect this side of yourself? What happens if you put Henri to bed forever, huh? What do your parents do? What do I do? If you give up Hell's Angel, someone else will pick up the mantle. Someone else will save the world. But if you give up Henri I lose my best friend forever. Does that mean anything to you?

HENRI

I have an opportunity here, a unique one. I can spend my time doing fuck nothing with my life until med school, or I can save the world *now*. It would be selfish to do anything else.

Henri is standing very close to Mal now. Knees brushing the foot of the bed.

MAL

What's selfish is choosing your ego over your future.

HENRI

What's selfish is trying to keep me all to yourself.

Mal blinks, shell shocked. She opens her mouth as if to say something but doesn't. There is silence.

Finally, Henri backs up and shifts into Hell's Angel, separating herself from the conversation. Mal takes it as the ending that it is, wipes her teary eyes with the back of her hand.

MAL

Fine. If you're so noble, and I'm so weak, see how long you last without my help. See what happens if you let your wounds fester and your life fall apart around you. See how long it takes before your villains are the least of your problems.

HELL'S ANGEL

Fuck you, Mal.

Mal laughs darkly.

MAL

Yeah, fuck me for trying to take care of you.

They have one last weighted stare at each other before Hell's Angel leaves. Mal is alone.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. GILLY PREP - AFTERNOON

Henri throws the remnants of her lunch in the trash. Around her the school moves like normal but she is separate from it. More separate than normal. At her normal lunch table she sees the other girls from the volleyball team but not Mal. Neither of them chose to eat lunch with the group today.

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

The worst thing about being a teenage girl is that fighting with one of your friends means you're fighting with all of them. It means you eat lunch alone.

HENRI

(to herself)

Is this really worth it?

She sighs, shifts her backpack into a more comfortable position and begins to walk-

Right into SAM.

SAM

Woah, hey!

HENRI

Sorry, so sorry I-

Recognition passes over her face.

HENRI

Sam?

Sam does not have the same reaction. He mostly looks confused.

SAM

...yes?

HENRI

You're- it's been forever! I thought you moved schools.

SAM

Uhhhh... nope. I've been here the whole time.

HENRI

That's- wow, I guess I just never see you.

SAM

(shrugging)

It's a big school and we're not really in the same genre of classes.

HENRI

Right.

There's a weird silence between.

SAM

Are you okay?

HENRI

Yeah, of course. I'm fine. Is your... equipment okay?

She gestures at the floor where a large bundle of various cords now lies.

SAM

Should be. It's usually pretty durable.

Henri crouches to help him pick everything up. They work in silence. When it's done, they both stand.

HENRI

Guess I'll see you around, then.

SAM

Yeah, I mean statistically it should happen at least once before we leave here.

HENRI

(laughing awkwardly)

Of course.

SAM

See you, Henri.

He leaves. She stands there staring at the space where he was for a moment.

HENRI

(to herself)

What a weird guy.

INT. DORIAN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Henri and Dorian are making out on Dorian's bed. She is laying beneath him and he's lying next to her with his arms bracketing her head.

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

Sam and I were friends in middle school. He liked nerdy shit and theater and I liked.. being liked, I guess. But then I moved on to volleyball and being a part of something and he stayed where he was. I grew up. He got... taller.

HELL'S ANGEL

He looked like he was doing well, though. It's hard to imagine how someone so distant from the rest of the school could be, but he did. Maybe he grew up after all.

Dorian breaks their kiss.

DORIAN

Hey, did you check your schedule for Saturday?

Henri makes a confused face and then remembers.

HENRI

Oh, ice skating!

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

Shit.

HENRI

Yes! I did. I can go!

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

No I can't. Not with Maxwell Patel still running around. Who knows what could happen on Saturday?

Dorian smiles, leans in to kiss her again.

DORIAN

Amazing. You're the best, Hen.

They resume kissing.

HENRI

Hey, Dorian. Do you know Sam?

Dorian looks disgruntled at being forced to stop their makeout session, but humors her.

DORIAN

Sam Wong? The stoner guy?

Henri nods.

DORIAN

Yeah, I know him sort of.

He leans in to kiss her again. She stops him.

HENRI

Who does he hang out with? What's he like?

DORIAN

Uhhh... he hangs out with the theater people, I think. Mostly I see him around the kid with the crutches and the guy who wears dresses all the time.

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

Zun and Izadore. I knew them too.

HENRI

Huh.

DORIAN

He sells good weed. Don't really know much about him beyond that. Although he's supposedly really smart. Ethan says Sam and the disabled kid fuck up the curve for everyone else in compsci. Why do you ask?

Henri shrugs.

HENRI

I ran into him today. It was... weird. Did you know we used to be friends?

Dorian laughs out loud. Henri laughs with him, confused.

HENRI

Why is that funny?

DORIAN

(still laughing)

Nothing, it's not. It's just you guys are just so different it's hard to imagine. He's so weird and you're so...

Henri raises an eyebrow teasingly.

HENRI

What?

Dorian kisses her again.

DORIAN

Perfect.

They resume making out.

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

What he means to say is normal.

Henri flips their positions so she's on top of him. A faint buzzing is heard. She fumbles around on the bed before finding her phone. She breaks contact with him to check the caller. It's Serres.

HENRI

Shit!

She rolls off of him.

DORIAN

What now?

She gets off the bed and begins collecting her stuff.

HENRI

I have to go, Dorian. I'm sorry. I'll see you tomorrow!

DORIAN

Wh-

She's already out the door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OAKLAND - MOMENTS LATER

There is a whirlwind on top of an apartment building. At the center of it is a little boy with glowing white eyes. He is floating and appears to be controlling the torrent around him which mainly consists of rubble, various kids toys, a stray bicycle, and someone's dog. On the street below two very worried looking parents stand watching in equal parts fear and awe. Hell's Angel arrives and lands on the next building over.

MAXWELL PATEL

FEAR ME, HERO! I AM THE MIGHTY MAXWELL PATEL!

HELL'S ANGEL

WHAT DID YOU SAY???? I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER THIS TORNADO THING
YOU'VE GOT GOING ON HERE!!

Maxwell Patel visibly has an argument in his own head over whether he wants to look awesome or have Hell's Angel hear him. He decides his words are cool enough on their own. The whirlwind dies down a little.

MAXWELL PATEL

(still yelling)

I SAID-

HELL'S ANGEL

Yeah, I know what you said. I just wanted you to drop the shield.

Hell's Angel launches himself across the rooftops and rides a stray gust of wind to get closer to Max. He almost lands a punch on the kid before Max increases the intensity again and Hell's Angel gets thrown into the air.

MAXWELL PATEL

YOU THINK I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT??? MWAHAHAHA YOU MUST BE
STUPIDER THAN YOU LOOK! YOU CAN'T HURT THIS BODY BECAUSE IT
ISN'T MINE! IT'S SOMEBODY ELSE'S! IF YOU KILL THIS BOY I'LL JUST-

(same volume but no longer menacing, just confused)

WAIT WHERE'D HE-

Hell's Angel appears out of nowhere and tackles Max and the body he is currently inhabiting to the ground. The boy struggles, Hell's Angel doesn't budge. He's angry about a million other things and it carries over to their fight.

HELL'S ANGEL

This body isn't yours. Give it back.

MAXWELL PATEL

HE TOOK THE LIFE I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE. IT'S NOT FAIR. HE GETS TO PLAY IN HIS ROOM WITH ALL HIS TOYS AND GROW UP TO DO BIG GROWN UP THINGS AND I'M STUCK LIKE THIS FOREVER!

HELL'S ANGEL

You're right it's not fair, but that's not his fault. He didn't kill you did he?

MAXWELL PATEL

WELL... NO.

HELL'S ANGEL

Then why should his life mean any less than yours does? Would you bring yourself back if it meant killing him?

MAXWELL PATEL

YES!

HELL'S ANGEL

What if he then felt the same as you do now?

MAXWELL PATEL

WELL... WELL THEN TOO BAD!

HELL'S ANGEL

No, not "too bad". Not *fair*. Let him go.

Maxwell growls at Hell's Angel, increasing in intensity until he knocks Hell's Angel back with another gust of wind. Hell's Angel manages to stay on the rooftop this time, but only barely.

MAXWELL PATEL

FINE! I'LL LET HIM GO! BUT DON'T THINK YOU'VE DEFEATED ME! YOUR
FANCY WORDS CAN ONLY HOLD ME OFF FOR SO LONG!

He moves to hover over empty air instead of hovering over the roof. Hell's Angel immediately gets to his feet sensing what's coming.

MAXWELL PATEL

AND I KNOW YOUR SECRET, HERO!

Hell's Angel runs towards the edge of the roof.

HELL'S ANGEL

(not really paying attention just trying to stall)

What secret?

MAXWELL PATEL

THAT YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE ME.

The boy in the air's eyes fade back to a normal color and he, along with the contents of the whirlwind, begin to fall fast towards the ground. Hell's Angel dives off the roof.

Hell's Angel, being used to flight, is catching up with the boy fast but the building isn't very tall. He reaches out his arms, the ground approaching fast, and stretches. His hand grabs the boy's wrist, he's got him and then-

The world goes red. Pain shoots up from the stab wound in his side. It is sudden, and fast but in the moment of hesitation he loses his grip on the boy.

They both hit the ground. Hell's Angel has his wings to slow him at the last moment and lands hard on his feet, already running to the boy who lies motionless and bloody.

Somewhere in the distance, police sirens wail and the mother and father of the child run up to him. They hold him, clutch at him. They yell at Hell's Angel but he's... not there. The world is gray to him. He walks, slowly at first and then faster, to the nearest space away from the scene and takes off.

INT. MAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hell's Angel crawls through the window, shifts into Henri, and Mal catches her. They slide to the ground together, Henri heaving sobs and Mal holding her. They sit like that for a long time.

Eventually they end up lying side by side together on Mal's bed. Henri isn't crying anymore. They both look shaken up.

MAL

What happened?

HENRI

My wound started hurting and I flinched. It was only a second but that doesn't matter. He died because of me.

MAL

No.

HENRI

Yes. If I had just listened to you-

Mal sits up.

MAL

Stop. That's not helping anyone. He's dead, there's nothing you can do about it now. You just learn from it. You move on.

HENRI

How am I supposed to do that?

MAL

Shut up. Let me clean your stab wound for you.

She gets up and digs under her bed, eventually producing a red cross first aid kit.

HENRI

How long have you had that?

MAL

Since I found out about you.

HENRI

Why didn't you-

MAL

You never asked. I didn't want to intrude. I trusted that you were making smart decisions because you're a smart person.

HENRI

(sarcastic)

But you've learned otherwise?

MAL

Yes. There's a distinction I didn't know I needed to make. Henri is smart.

She taps Henri's stomach twice. Henri shifts. Mal lifts up Hell's Angel's shirt. The wound is not doing well.

MAL

Hell's Angel, not so much.

He laughs. She cleans the wound and then puts a heavy duty bandage over it.

HELL'S ANGEL

Thank you, Mal.

MAL

You're welcome. Any time.

Hell's Angel sits up.

HELL'S ANGEL

No.

He shifts back into Henri.

HENRI

Not any time. I'm done with this.

MAL

What?

HENRI

I'm not stupid. The more well known I get, the better my villains are going to become. I'm not... I'm not ready for that. I started this because I thought I had something that could *change* the world. But fuck, Mal, I'm an amateur martial artist in a 16 year old boy's body messing with things I don't understand. You were right with what you said before.

Someone else will pick up the mantle, but no one is going to pick up my shortcomings. No one is going to make what happened today worth it.

Mal opens her mouth like she wants to say something, but she just shakes her head.

MAL

I'm sorry, Henri.

HENRI

Don't be. It's okay. *I'm* okay.

They stay on that bed together for a long time.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. GILLY PREP - DAY

Two days pass in a montage of scenes. Henri and Mal spend their time doing homework and playing volleyball and shopping. Henri and Mal eat lunch with their normal group of friends and talk with them like they're actually part of the conversation and not just pretending. Everything is wonderful and yet... there's still this feeling of separation that seeps into everything Henri does. She'll fall behind in conversations and get lost sometimes staring into space. She flinches often and has ridiculously fast reflexes. She's been too changed to fit in the way that she did before Hell's Angel. Mal notices.

In the meantime Maxwell Patel continues to be a problem, although he does stop killing little boys and moves onto killing adults. Serres calls Henri and she doesn't answer. Mal notices all of this too.

INT. HENRI'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Henri and Mal are studying. They are both sitting cross legged on the floor, books surrounding them. Henri is reading her book and taking notes, Mal is looking at her in a strange mix of worry and irritation. Finally she slams her own book closed.

MAL

Okay. Stop this.

HENRI

(looking up from her book)

Huh?

MAL

Whatever is happening right now. It needs to end.

HENRI

I have no idea what you are talking about.

MAL

You have been reading the same paragraph for the last half an hour.

Henri sighs and closes her book.

HENRI

I guess I'm just a little tired. Maybe I should head home and-

MAL

Henri. Look at me.

She does.

MAL

When I said I was worried about your safety, I didn't mean to imply that you couldn't be a hero at all.

HENRI

I know that, Mal. My decision wasn't about you. I chose to give this up because I'm not strong enough.

MAL

But don't you see? It's not that you're not strong enough. For god's sake, Hen, you're the strongest person I know. It's that you don't take care of yourself and *that* puts you at a disadvantage. It makes your job impossible.

Henri looks away again, part embarrassed, part angry.

HENRI

I know all of this already. You've told me this. I get it. I'm useless alone.

MAL

Exactly! You are. But so is everyone! Being useless alone doesn't mean you give up, it means you need a team.

HENRI

A team?

MAL

Yes! A team! Like the professional superheroes have. You need a man in the chair and a weapons designer and someone to help you not get fucking stabbed as often.

HENRI

Who would be willing to work with me? You are the only person in my life that knows both versions of me!

MAL

Why do they need to know both versions?

There is a pause as they both consider this.

MAL

Look, I was fine supporting you in whatever you wanted to do. I'd obviously much rather you don't fight at all than fight and end up dead somewhere. But it's been two days and you are miserable, Henri. I can see it in everything about you.

HELL'S ANGEL

(v.o)

She's right. I am miserable, and that scares me a little. Knowing that I need that part of myself so deeply that it drives me insane not to have it.

Henri flops back on the bed, presses her hands over her eyes. She sighs.

HENRI

I don't know why I'm not happy. I should be, right? Everything is going the way I want it to.

MAL

Not everything.

Henri sits up again and stares at Mal like she's terrified, she is.

HENRI

What happens if something like this happens again?

MAL

It won't. We're a team now. I, and whoever else you choose, will balance out your mistakes. We'll make them right.

Henri laughs suddenly and then pulls Mal into an embrace. They hold each other silently. Mal pulls away first. She gets off the bed and moves over a large whiteboard with Mal's schedule, her to-do list, and some expo marker doodles. She erases it all.

MAL

Okay here's what you need.

In a list she writes, "medic, man in the chair/intel guy, weapons designer".

HENRI

Alright well we've got one of those down.

Mal smiles so big it threatens to overtake her face. She crosses medic off the list and writes her own name next to it.

MAL

Right. The other ones are more tricky. We don't really know smart people.

There is a moment of silence where they both think, then Henri sits up.

HENRI

Actually. I have a couple of ideas.

INT. SAM'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Sam's basement is a large sparsely furnished industrial space. Half the room is your typical hang-out space. There is a couch, a small tv and a mini fridge and various cabinets for games and the like. The other half of the room is a workplace. There are a couple of industrial power tools, large sheets of scrap metal and wood, and a blow torch. Sam is wearing a heavy duty welders mask and is currently welding two pieces of metal together. "Neon Me Out" by Sego plays and Sam dances to it as he moves around the room.

He moves past a corner of the room and then moves back. In between his passes, Hell's Angel appears, having gotten in somehow. Sam stops blow torching, takes off the welders mask, turns (still in time to the music), and freaks the fuck out.

SAM

Holy shit! Holy godforsaken shit!

Hell's Angel begins to walk towards him slowly. Sam stumbles back into his work table and gropes for something useful. What he comes up with is a wrench. He hurls it at Hell's Angel and Hell's Angel dodges it. It goes flying into the back wall. The music stops.

HELL'S ANGEL

Jesus Christ! Don't throw things at me!

SAM

How did you get in here??!

HELL'S ANGEL

I walked. Your front door was open. I followed the telling sounds of stoner punk through your house and they led me here.

SAM

Why was my front door open??!

HELL'S ANGEL

Weeeell... not open *per se*. It was closed and then I opened it.

Sam throws another wrench at him. Hell's Angel catches it this time and tosses it onto the couch.

HELL'S ANGEL

Okay in hindsight maybe breaking in wasn't the best idea, but if you would stop freaking out for five seconds I could tell you who I am-

SAM

I know who you are.

HENRI

(v.o)

Shit!

HELL'S ANGEL

(slowly)

You do?

SAM

Yeah man, I mean you're pretty damn famous!

HENRI

(v.o)

Oh right. I'm an idiot.

HELL'S ANGEL

(relaxed again)

Of course I am.

SAM

But that doesn't explain why you've broken into my fucking house!

HELL'S ANGEL

I'm assembling a team.

SAM

(completely taken aback)

You- What?

HELL'S ANGEL

I'm assembling a team of young motivated people who are experts in their given field.

SAM

Why?

HELL'S ANGEL

Because I'm getting *too* damn famous, my villains are getting stronger, and I need weapons and some sort of shield equipment and *help*. I need help, that's the gist of it.

SAM

Do you not already have this stuff?

HELL'S ANGEL

Nope. I've been kind of winging it this whole time.

He pulls a knife from his thigh holster.

HELL'S ANGEL

I have these but that's about the extent of my professionally made gear.

Sam, forgoing fear for curiosity, steps up to Hell's Angel. Hell's Angel offers Sam the knife and he takes it. He holds it delicately, runs his fingers over the blade, shifts the handle in his palm. He's watching the knife, Hell's Angel is watching him. Henri's fascination with Sam is clear on Hell's Angel's face.

SAM

This is really well made. Where did you get this?

HELL'S ANGEL

Stole it. There's a booth at one of the flea markets around here that sells army grade ones like that.

Sam flips the knife in his hand.

SAM

They just simply can't be practical.

HELL'S ANGEL

They aren't really. They look cool, though.

Sam hands Hell's Angel the knife back. They look at each other.

SAM

Why me?

HENRI

(v.o)

I hadn't thought about you in years and now I can't stop.

HELL'S ANGEL

You were highly recommended.

Sam laughs out loud at this.

SAM

By who???

Hell's Angel shrugs.

HELL'S ANGEL

People... around... I can't tell you. It's classified.

SAM

That's not a thing that real people say.

HELL'S ANGEL

Yes it is.

SAM

How do I even know that I can trust that this isn't some sort of weird fucked up trap. I mean I don't know you at all and you're asking me to what, make weapons for you??

HELL'S ANGEL

Yes.

SAM

Why would I do that??

HENRI

(v.o)

I don't know, Sam. Why would you?

HELL'S ANGEL

Because you're bored. Because you're going stir crazy in your own mind and you don't know why. Because you feel stuck in the life that you have and if something doesn't change it might kill you.

Sam opens his mouth, closes it, then opens it again. He is completely taken aback.

SAM

(deflating)

Jesus christ whatever intel led you to me was really good.

HELL'S ANGEL

I need this, I need your help. I can't keep being a hero without it. Please.

Sam considers this. They hold each other's gaze for a moment. Hell's Angel looks away first.

SAM

Okay. If you really need me as much as you say, then I have the upper hand here.

HENRI

(v.o)

I knew this was going to happen. This is why you don't ask people for help because they do this! They take your desperation and they use it!

SAM

I want a name.

HELL'S ANGEL AND HENRI

What?

SAM

I want your real name. I want something I can use as leverage if things ever go south.

You're a superhero, you have a secret identity, although I actually can't imagine how that would work with... the way you look...

He coughs, getting back on track.

SAM

Anyway, if you give me your name it's a guarantee of my safety.

HELL'S ANGEL

Not if I kill you.

Sam gapes.

SAM

WHY WOULD YOU SAY- no you know what never mind I'm not going to think about that. Just give me a name. It must be difficult having people call you Hell's Angel all the time anyway.

There is silence while Hell's Angel considers.

HENRI

(v.o)

The easiest thing to do here would be to tell him but... there's a part of me that *likes* the anonymity. That likes the idea of starting new with him. Besides, I can't trust him entirely.

Not yet.

Behind Sam there is a small wood carving of the Caduceus. The two snakes are very well shaped with minuscule scales folding into each other. The details on the wings are impressive too. Sam clearly spent a lot of time carving each individual feather. It's beautiful.

HELL'S ANGEL

Hermes.

SAM

What?

HELL'S ANGEL

(known from this point onwards as Hermes)

That's my name.

SAM

(laughing a little)

That's not enough. You could be making that up.

HERMES

(defensive)

I'm not! You wanted my name, now you have it!

SAM

No. Give me something else. Something I can confirm. Where you live, where you're from, how old you are, what your parents do.

Hermes considers.

HENRI

(v.o)

Tell him the truth. Not enough to expose yourself but pieces of it. Let him think he knows you.

HERMES

Fine. I was born in Walnut creek, I live in Berkeley-

SAM

Where?

HERMES

North Berkeley, near Kensington.

SAM

(gesturing for him to continue)

And?

HERMES

I'm sixteen. My parents are both lawyers. My mom works for Google, and my dad does criminal law.

SAM

Okay that's... wait you're sixteen!?

HERMES

Yeah... Why? Is that surprising?

SAM

Yes! I thought you were like, I don't know, nineteen at least. I'm older than you.

HERMES

(unsure of how to respond to this)

Okay? Do you want more?

SAM

No, no, that's good. I can work with that.

HENRI

(v.o)

Thank christ.

Hermes exhales.

HERMES

Alright. You're in then?

Hermes extends his hand hesitantly. Sam looks at Hermes' hand like it might kill him. Like maybe he wants it to. He takes it.

SAM

Yeah. Fuck it. I'm in.

They let go.

SAM

Hermes...

HERMES

What?

SAM

Nothing I'm just getting used to saying it... it's a good name.

HERMES

Thank you.

SAM

You're welcome.

They look at each other for a moment. Whatever fascination Hermes had before is, at least in part, reciprocated now.

HERMES

Alright well if you're satisfied with that, we should get started.

SAM

Right. Started with what?

Hermes pulls a folded sheet of paper from his pocket, unfolds it, and lays it on the table. It has some rough sketches and notes in almost incomprehensible handwriting.

HERMES

The plan.

Hermes' phone vibrates. He glances at it. There are a great deal of texts from Dorian. He also has a calendar notification for "ice skating." Hermes takes a deep breath, puts his phone on silent, and returns it to his pocket. He grins at Sam.

HERMES

Let's do this.

Hermes and Sam lean over the document and begin to discuss. Their dialogue is inaudible.

HENRI

(v.o)

The weird thing about being a person is this. You are performing in a juggling act where you are handed one more club than you can manage and you can either fall or let one go.

That's how it is. That's how it has to be. So I'm choosing the latter. I'm choosing to live.
And if that means I have to drop a few things along the way, so be it.

INT. AN UNKNOWN BASEMENT - ????

A picture of Hermes in a newspaper is stuck to a concrete wall with tape. It flutters in the wind from somewhere briefly, threatening to fly away and then there is a loud sound of something moving faster than air towards it. A large silver axe lands in Hermes' printed forehead.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(o.s)

Okay, boys. Let's go to work.

END