

TECTON

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Establish a small, rural university.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Establish a large, poorly lit college lecture hall.

In the back sits a handsome, jagged man at a desk. ASHTON looks to be the age of a college student, but seasoned.

Being well built, he uncomfortably adjusts his knees to fit under the pull-up tray of the desk.

The CHATTERING of his fellow students grows louder as the lecture hall fills.

The PROFESSOR CLEARS his throat.

PROFESSOR  
Good morning class.

Shuffled and indistinguishable responses fill the hall from the responding students.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
For those few who may be lost, this is Criminal Psychology 312 and I am KAI JOHNSON.

A flustered girl in the front stands up, grabs her bag and makes her way to the door.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
There's always one, every semester.

The professor walks toward the front row of the lecture hall and passes a student a stack of paper.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
This is the syllabus, which is more like a guideline. It has the list of books you will need to purchase for...

Ashton looks distracted, not bored or discontent with his surroundings, just distracted. Ashton looks down at his leg. He pulls back his shorts.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JOHNSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(clearer and more audible than  
it should be)  
...cheaper, but may take longer to  
arrive and assignments are due by  
the...

On Ashton's right thigh is a crude bandage and an attempt at stitches, fifteen or so, fresh blood trickling from the bottom and drying as it wraps under his leg.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A close up of Ashton's right thigh reveals a large, black SHARD sticking out of it.

Moving out from Ashton's thigh, it is revealed that he is wearing a jet black mask trimmed with red, a matching motorcycle flak jacket with long sleeves, and black pants.

Two other MEN are a foot away on either side of him. One man, scrawny and timid, is waiting for direction from the other burlier man.

Behind all three men is an open sliding, glass door. The interior of the house is disheveled, indicating the fight originated in the house.

Ashton avoids taking a knife to the face with ease, as if the burlier man was moving in slow motion.

BURLIER MAN  
Shoot 'im damn it. Shoot 'im.

SCRAWNY MAN  
I don't do the killing, not me. You  
do the killing.

BURLIER MAN  
It's gonna take both of us to kill  
this one. Now shoot him.

BANG. The gun fires and appears to miss its target completely.

SCRAWNY MAN  
Grab 'im. Hold 'em still. He's too  
fast.

In a blur, Ashton is behind the scrawny man. Ashton grabs the gun, breaks it into several pieces.

(CONTINUED)

Ashton picks up the scrawny man and throws him in the direction of the burlier guy. Ashton is already by the burlier man as the scrawny man crashes into him and takes him down.

Ashton jumps on top of the burlier man and in slow motion, smashes the man in the face with his fist, crushing the guy's nose. Ashton's fist caves into the man's face.

The sound of BREAKING BONES can be heard.

The guy's lower eye sockets and upper jaw press in. Skin stretches until it can go no farther and tears, ripping skin and flesh from the man's skull.

SQUISH, as Ashton's fist enters the man's brain.

With remarkable speed (speed up camera), Ashton retracts his bloody fist and hanging from his knuckles is flesh from the man's face and a tooth pressed into the side of his hand.

Ashton stands up quickly. In the same fluid motion, grabs the scrawny man by the collar of his shirt with one hand and effortlessly lifts him off his knees and into the air.

Ashton holds him suspended in the air. He looks up into the man's eyes. The scrawny man urinates in his pants.

SCRAWNY MAN

Please. Please. It was all him. He makes me do it. I don't enjoy it. He makes me do it.

ASHTON

Nonetheless.

Ashton shrugs.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Your motivations do not interest me. Do you know what motivates me?

SCRAWNY MAN

Whhhhaattt?

ASHTON

The cries of the helpless, the innocent, and the wronged. The bellowing of the unfortunate; those who are in danger.

(CONTINUED)