

TWIST OF CAIN

by

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EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

SLADE walks into frame. Hot desert wind blows in his face. Sun blazes overhead.

He steps up to the door of the tavern just up ahead. He's about to enter. Stops. Wipes his sweaty brow.

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The patrons stare at the newcomer. Not used to seeing this face around here.

Slade goes up to the bar.

SLADE
I'll have a gin and tonic.

BARTENDER
We don't got that here.

SLADE
All right. How about a naildriver?

BARTENDER
Don't got that either.

VOICE (O.S.)
How about we tell you what we DO got.

A GRUFF LOOKING PATRON steps up to the bar.

GRUFF
Whatever you want, we ain't got.

He grins. A disgusting black tooth grin.

GRUFF
How about that?

Slade smiles. Maintains his friendly manner.

SLADE
Well, I guess I'll be on my way then.

He starts to make his way toward the exit. The patrons glare coldly at him as he passes them.

He stops at the door. Turns back toward the bar.

SLADE
Oh, and one more thing...

A wind begins to kick up around the tavern.

The patrons look around at each other in confusion, holding on to their hats and drinks.

Slade's eyes suddenly glow a fiercesome red.

With contained glee:

SLADE

...You're all going to die.

A pair of scorching FIREBALLS shoot out from his glowing red eyes, instantly igniting the joint and the patrons inside.

They leap up from their chairs, flailing around madly, crying in agony as the streaking fireballs consume their burning bodies.

With a smile and a nod of his head, Slade casually strolls out the door.

EXT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Slade marches back toward the dusty road.

Behind him the tavern roars with flames, belching black smoke high into the blue sky. The cries of the dying fade like a distant memory.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Slade stops a moment. Wipes his brow. The heat is downright oppressive.

He pulls out a cigarette. Lights a match. Brings it to his lips. Lets out a puff. Feels better.

VOICE (O.S.)

Slade.

Slade squints his eyes. Glares through the haze and dust at the dark figure standing on the road ahead.

Slade doesn't seem concerned.

SLADE

Don't you ever give up, Cain?

CAIN steps forward, revealing a silver katana sword clutched in his hand.

CAIN

Not till you're dead. You and everyone else like you.

Slade chuckles. Takes another puff.

SLADE

He's not gonna keep his promise,
you know.

Cain tenses.

SLADE

That deal you made with him? It
was null the moment your blood hit
the dotted line.

CAIN

Got any last words before I send
you screaming to Hell?

Slade's casual look suddenly becomes an angry scowl.

SLADE

You're a goddamn fool, you know
that? You had a chance to join us
and you didn't take it.

Suddenly a pair of HUGE BLACK WINGS sprout from Slade's
back.

SLADE

Now you gotta die.

He rockets toward Cain with blinding speed. Plows into him
like a battering ram. Sends him sprawling to the ground.

The tackle sent Cain's sword flying several feet away.

Slade unleashes another blast of fire from his eyes.

Cain rolls away in time, the flames licking his coat.

He makes a desperate dive for his sword.

Slade cuts loose another blast of fire.

This time, Cain has his sword, holding it out.

The sword forms an invisible shield around Cain, the flames
harmlessly bouncing off it.

The flames then wrap around the blade.

Cain winds the flaming sword back, then swings it forward,
unleashing a fireball from the tip of the sword that streaks
like a comet straight for Slade.

Slade SHRIEKS as the flames engulf his body full force.

He drops to his knees, wailing to the sky as the huge thick flames melt the flesh from his bones.

In moments, nothing is left but a smoking blackened husk lying on the ground, most of the flesh scorched away, ribcage and half a skull exposed, the wings reduced to ashes.

Cain stands over the smoking corpse. Sheaths his sword.

He looks up at the tavern in the distance, most of it burned to the ground, the last of the flames licking at what's left.

VOICE (O.S.)

That was close.

A man steps up behind Cain.

He wears a shiny BLACK SUIT, black shirt and tie, shoes gleaming and spotless, looking completely out of place in this ravaged land of long dusty coats and grimy tattered clothes.

He's smoking a cigar and has a big ring on his finger, engraved with some Runic symbol.

He is totally unaffected by the heat, his brow clean and dry.

BLACK SUIT

Maybe next time you can swiftly take them out instead of engaging in idle chit chat.

CAIN

Maybe you don't want me to hear what they have to say.

BLACK SUIT

(scoffs)

Are you actually starting to believe their incoherent babbling? When they're close to death, they'll say anything. Just ravings of madmen.

Cain fixes him with a wicked glare.

CAIN

You should know, right?

Black Suit gets right in Cain's face, angry scowl.

BLACK SUIT

The deal was not to question my authority. The deal was to destroy the fallen angels. All of them. Now if you can't do that, I will gladly find someone else who can. Or are you forgetting why you agreed to this deal in the first place?

He blows a puff of cigar smoke into Cain's eyes.

Cain doesn't blink.

BLACK SUIT

I promise you, the hell your brother has been through the past five thousand years will be a pony ride compared to the eternity of hell he has waiting if you don't deliver. Are we clear?

Cain stands defiant. Glaring right into his eyes.

BLACK SUIT

Are we CLEAR?

CAIN

(grudgingly)
Yes. We're clear.

BLACK SUIT

Good.

Black Suit suddenly smiles, glaring up at the sky, as if nothing happened.

BLACK SUIT

Now then, I believe you have somewhere to go, don't you.

He brushes past Cain, starts walking away.

BLACK SUIT

I suggest you get to it.

CAIN

Wait a second. You didn't tell me--

Cain turns around.

Black Suit is gone.

Nothing but a desert wasteland toward the distant horizon.

Cain clutches the hilt of his sword. His knuckles white as he tightens his grip. Boiling with rage.

He reaches into his coat, pulls a wound-up piece of cloth.

He unwraps the cloth, revealing a small dagger.

A note is folded next to the dagger, on brown parchment. Cain reads it:

TO KEEP YOU SAFE, BROTHER.
ABEL

Cain wraps the dagger back up in the cloth. Slips it back into his coat.

With grim resolve, he moves across the wasteland.

FADE OUT