

WRATH INCARNATE

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"Anger is a killing thing: it kills the man who angers, for each rage leaves him less than he had been before - it takes something from him." ~ Louis L'Amour"

FADE IN:

INT. MILES' CAR - DAY

Mild-mannered MILES NEWTON, 30, Black -- the diametric opposite of a tough guy, drives his car on a freeway -- traffic is heavy, he listens to a car radio news program.

The radio voice, a FEMALE RADIO HOST talks.

FEMALE RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
This signifies the second outbreak of violence in the region since the beginning of the year.

Miles mutters to himself.

MILES NEWTON  
It's...it's just unbelievable the amount of hate and strife we still see in this day and age. Maybe we --

A large truck -- shiny, black, aggressive profiling, dark-tinted windows -- careens in front of Miles' car, he hits the brakes, honks his horn.

The rear bumper displays a sticker: "Guns N' Titties" with a Confederate flag background.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
-- Oh boy, oh boy, what an inconsiderate...person. Almost hit me they did...

The truck brake-checks Miles, its loud, aftermarket exhaust billows black smoke.

Miles slows, puts distance between his car and the truck, changes lanes.

He hyper-ventilates.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Okay...o-kay... Ease away. Ease away Miles...

The truck slows as well.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Oh...oh darn it.

On the radio plays a commercial, a FEMALE COMMERCIAL VOCALIST sings lyrics.

FEMALE COMMERCIAL VOCALIST (V.O.)  
Scoot on down, get happy. Get happy  
at Happy-Mart. Come on down, find  
all you need, and fill that happy  
cart.

Miles scrunches his face in consternation.

MILES NEWTON  
(to his phone assistant)  
Alfred, stereo off...please!

Miles looks at his mobile phone that resides in a mounted holder on the dashboard.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Alfred, c-call nine --

ALFRED, Miles' AI phone assistant squawks in a male, British voice.

Miles jumps in his seat slightly.

ALFRED (V.O.)  
Apologies Miles, I did not  
understand your last --

The truck driver forces Miles' car to a stop.

Traffic behind them careens around their vehicles, many cars honk as they pass.

MILES NEWTON  
-- Oh...oh drat...

The truck driver steps out -- TRUCK MAN, 39, Caucasian, large build, mullet -- the epitome of a hostile redneck.

TRUCK MAN  
Get the fuck out the car boy! I'm  
gonna whip that ass!

Miles mouths the word "nope" multiple times, throws the car gear into reverse.

He backs up only several feet due to traffic behind him.

He locks all the car doors, summarily.

Truck Man walks up to within a few feet from Miles' driver-side window, yells and points -- rabid, unhinged.

Miles shakes his hands to attempt to ward off Truck Man.

Truck Man closes the distance, pounds his fists on Miles' window.

TRUCK MAN (CONT'D)  
Get out here you little maggot!

MILES NEWTON  
(loudly but meekly)  
S-s-sir, I am sorry to have s-  
seemingly offended you, but please  
r-return to your vehicle. The  
police are en route!

Truck Man continues to attack Miles' vehicle, motions for him to exit it -- "come on out, weakling".

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Alfred, call nine-one-one!

VISION FLASH - MILES

A flurry of bright red light forms shoot across Miles' vision, he squints hard.

BACK TO SCENE

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
What...what was --

Truck Man smashes Miles' driver-side window with a blackjack.

Miles recoils, glass sprays the side of his face -- he grabs at it -- his form pulsates.

QUICK FLASH

Red, liquid, viscous material erupts from an obelisk with pagan-esque symbols that adorn its surface -- ancient, primal. The structure vibrates.

BACK TO SCENE

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
(ragefully)  
No!

A concussive force emits from Mile's body -- his windows all blow out, the driver's side door hangs on its hinge.

The blast rockets Truck Man violently backwards.

Miles looks down at his hands confusedly.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
The...the power!

Miles -- augmented -- knocks the dangling door off the hinge, exits the car.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME TIME

Miles stands a new man, face etches in a snarling rictus, eyes smolder a vibrant, glowing red -- he cracks his neck.

MILES NEWTON  
Oh yes!

Truck Man sees the new Miles, his mouth drops open, widely.

Miles moves towards him, slowly, lithely, powerfully.

Truck Man scrambles to his feet, his face shows fear morph to rage again -- he pulls a large knife from his boot -- beckons for Miles to "make his day".

Miles' form aura pulsates again, obviously feeds on Truck Man's fear, and wrath.

Miles smiles, a sardonic grin.

TRUCK MAN  
A-Ah yeah, fuck this...

Truck Man makes a beeline for his truck, which is still idling.

MILES NEWTON  
(boomingly)  
Where you goin' boy?!

Miles' form fluctuates with energy -- red energy tendrils extend from Miles' body -- they stretch towards Truck Man's vehicle, almost longingly.

Truck Man peels out, spews black exhaust smoke, Miles' energy tendrils rip his bumper clean off as he absconds quickly.

The tendrils whip the bumper into the foliage by the side of the road, it cracks some bushes as it lands.

The tendrils retract, reenter Miles' form.

Miles looks at Truck Man's vehicle speed off, grins widely.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Skittish that one...

The energy surrounding Miles dissipates.

He walks to his car door, removes the glass from the driver's seat.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Oh...oh boy... That was...

Emergency vehicle sirens sound in the distance.

Miles collects himself for a moment, drives off quickly.

INT. MILES' OFFICE - LATER

A nondescript corporate office setting hosts rows of cubicles.

Miles sits at his desk near windows towards the rear of the room, inputs data on his computer.

He rubs his temples as if he suffers from a strong headache.

BEGIN MENTAL IMAGERY SEQUENCE

The obelisk from Miles' previous vision stands alone in a field -- the grass at the base wilts, turns dead and black.

The symbols on the structure pulsate red light.

Soft incantations -- almost guttural chants -- sound like whispers in the wind.

Images of war and strife throughout human history flash by in a rolling mental montage.

The obelisk oozes a dark, viscous, red liquid -- it rots the grass and flora it comes in contact with as it moves from the structure.

A flash of red.

BACK TO OFFICE

MILES NEWTON  
Oh...Oh my...

Across from Miles' cubicle a FEMALE CO-WORKER, 35, Caucasian, argues with someone on the phone.

FEMALE CO-WORKER

Listen you derelict piece of shit,  
you can talk to my lawyer instead  
of always calling me at my damn  
job. Maybe try holding down one of  
your own for once!

Miles' eyes flash red.

FEMALE CO-WORKER (CONT'D)

Having a kid with you has to be the  
dumbest fucking thing I have ever  
done in my entire life!

Miles' co-worker's tone grows more agitated -- Miles sweats, squints hard.

Vibrational waves emit from the female co-worker -- Miles' form absorbs them.

His vascularity increases -- his arteries and veins pump with the rhythm of the anger waves coming from his co-worker.

Miles shoots up out of his chair, grabs his temples, moves towards the office exit.

SEVERAL CO-WORKERS look up as Miles almost runs out of the office, hands remain on his head.

EXT. OUTSIDE MILES' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Miles emerges from the office building with hands on his head.

He bumps into SIDEWALK MAN, late 20s, Caucasian, who throws up his hands in anger and disgust at the contact.

SIDEWALK MAN

Watch it motherfucker! Asshole.

Sidewalk Man walks away from Miles, sneers.

MILES NEWTON

S-s-sorry.

SIDEWALK MAN

St-st-stutter the fuck on then  
gimp!

Miles falls to his knees - his head raises toward the sky, arms launch back -- his eyes glow red.

Miles gets to his feet, turns towards the direction of Sidewalk Man.

MILES NEWTON

Hey...gimp!

Sidewalk Man turns his head towards Miles, surprised at the audacity.

Miles' body radiates a glowing red aura.

Sidewalk Man's eyes nearly pop out of his head from fright, he attempts to run.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

Why do they all run? Skittish!

Red energy tendrils shoot from Miles' form in the direction of Sidewalk Man.

Sidewalk Man screams almost an unhuman scream as the tendrils make contact with his body.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

O-o-oh, now that's got to sting!

The energy emanations from Miles cauterize Sidewalk Man's flesh upon contact -- his eyeballs burst in the sockets -- his screams stop as his form starts smoldering.

Miles looks as though he absorbs the very life force of Sidewalk Man.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

Oh...delicious...

Sidewalk Man's body sits a crumpled, black mass smoking on the sidewalk.

SEVERAL BYSTANDERS scream, run away from Miles' location.

Emergency vehicle sirens sound in the near distance.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

Ah, the cavalry approaches Tonto!  
The more the fucking merrier!

Miles breathes deeply, his form pulsates with energy.

Three police vehicles arrive -- FIVE OFFICERS jump out of the cars, raise their guns.



MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Why I do declare, the long arm of  
the law doth come to take me away.  
What ever shall I do Toto?

Miles sees the officers as snarling demons, not human.

The officers angrily shout commands, gesture at Miles to  
comply MOS.

A concussive force emits from Miles -- the blast wave knocks  
all the officers on the ground, blows out all of the police  
vehicle windows.

Miles moves towards the carnage on the street.

The officers all abscond from the scene, one turns, fires  
rounds at Miles -- the bullets evaporate in a flash upon  
contact with Miles' form.

Miles raises his arms towards the derelict vehicles --  
flashes of red energy shoot from his arms, engulf the cars in  
radiant red flame.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Now we're cooking with gas!

The three emergency vehicles explode in gulfs of flame.

Flames from the explosions reaches Mile, have no effect on  
his person.

Miles mutters to himself.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Must...must find the artifact...  
Feeling...peckish.

Miles' sallow eyes droop, signal physical exhaustion.

Miles' mobile phone rings, he snaps to attention at the  
sound.

ON THE CELLPHONE SCREEN

The caller display on the phone displays "Sis Maggie".

BACK TO SCENE

Miles ignores the call.

More emergency sirens blare in the distance.

Miles treads off towards a wooded area close to the office structure.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Miles perks up somewhat as he egresses into the tree line.

His form reverts to its normal appearance.

MILES NEWTON

What...what is happening to me?

The vegetation around Miles wilts and dies as he passes it.

Miles walks as if drawn towards a point in the woods.

Leaves crunch behind him -- he spins and gets cracked in the head with a rifle butt.

BLACKNESS

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - LATER

Small hunting cabin, Spartan, leaves litter the floor.

Miles' eyes slowly start to open.

Water hits his face, he gasps.

MILES NEWTON

Oh!

He opens his eyes fully.

Miles is restrained on a chair.

In front of him stand CABIN MAN #1, 30s, Caucasian, who wears a fleece and a hunting jacket, and CABIN MAN #2, late 20s, Caucasian who wears similar garb, appears nervous-looking, and smokes a hand-rolled cigarette.

CABIN MAN #1

Wakey, wakey eggs and bakey  
motherfucker!

Cabin Man #1 throws more liquid in Miles' face.

Cabin Man #2 laughs like a braying donkey.

CABIN MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Looks like we bagged ourselves a  
bonafide terrorist!

(MORE)

CABIN MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, we know you was the one  
who assaulted my cousin and his  
compadres when they responded to  
your attack!

Miles stares at the men, puzzled.

MILES NEWTON  
You...you should let me go...

CABIN MAN #2  
You ain't goin' nowhere boy!

MILES NEWTON  
Boy...

Miles smiles widely.

CABIN MAN #1  
I wouldn't be smilin' if I were you  
son! You be royally fucked!

MILES NEWTON  
I am a man. You two...are merely  
dead men...

Cabin Man #1 guffaws -- moves to Miles, strikes him across  
his face with a closed fist.

Miles bleeds from his head a bit.

CABIN MAN #1  
You delusional boy!

Miles laughs, lowers his head towards the floor.

CABIN MAN #2  
I think you done broke him!

Cabin Man #2 moves to strike Miles.

Miles raises his head, eyes afire with red, burning light.

Cabin Man #2's eyes go wide, his cigarette explodes in his  
mouth -- he coughs as if he swallowed some of the burning  
embers.

CABIN MAN #1  
What the --

Miles melts the restraints, rises from the chair, ascendant.

MILES NEWTON  
I...I did warn you...

Cabin Man #1 spins on his heels, attempts to flee the cabin.

Miles springs towards him with unnatural speed, grabs him by the neck, hefts him up several feet off of the cabin floor.

Cabin Man #1 gurgles as he struggles for a breath.

Cabin Man #2 looks on, dumbfounded.

Miles' form radiates raw power, his body vibrates with energy.

Cabin Man #1's face drains of blood, his skin suffers from instant necrosis.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
What was that? I can't hear you  
boy!

Cabin Man #1's body bursts into flame.

Miles opens his mouth as if to drink from the corpse's fleeting energy.

Miles drops the body, it hits the floor with a thud.

Cabin Man #2 stumbles for the cabin door, coughs as he does.

Miles spins towards him.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Ah, the other Cletus remains!

CABIN MAN #2  
L-look man, just let me go --

Miles' eyes flame.

MILES NEWTON  
-- Silence dog!

As Miles yells, a force blows the items in the cabin around, Cabin Man #2 falls back onto the floor.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Perfect. The artifact demands a  
sacrifice.

Miles walks over to the remaining assailant, grabs him by the hair.

Cabin Man #2 glances at Cabin Man #1's smoldering corpse, weeps.

Miles drags the man towards the door, kicks it open, and exits.

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Miles walks out of the cabin with Cabin Man #2's hair in his hand.

MILES NEWTON  
Well we can't leave that den of  
iniquity standing can we?

Miles turns back towards the cabin, drops his prisoner.

From Miles' body an energy blast fires at the cabin, it makes contact and decimates the structure.

Miles clenches a fist in the air in celebration.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Woo!

Miles grabs Cabin Man #2 and continues to drag him.

Cabin Man #2 sobs uncontrollably, urine stains his jeans.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
We...are going on an adventure!

Miles sings and hums a song as he walks.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Scoot on down, get happy. Get happy  
at Happy-Mart. Come on down, find  
all you need, and fill that happy  
cart!

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - LATER

SEVERAL SWAT OFFICERS in tactical gear move around the smoldering remains of the cabin Miles was held in.

A SWAT TEAM OFFICER points towards a trail left from where Miles dragged Cabin Man #2.

The SWAT TEAM LEADER clasps his throat microphone, speaks.

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
Base, Bravo One.

BASE COMMAND (V.O.)  
Go for base Bravo One

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Subject is in the wind, but we've got a torched hunting cabin and seemingly a body in the remains. Looks like someone or something was dragged off in a northwesterly direction.

BASE COMMAND (V.O.)

Good copy Bravo, proceed with the operational plan. Capture or kill.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Copy.

The SWAT Team Leader motions for the other officers to move to follow the drag trail.

The SWAT team moves methodically up the hill.

EXT. ALTAR IN THE WOODS - LATER

Miles drags Cabin Man #2 to a strange structure in a heavily-wooded area, he tosses him in front of it, the man groans on impact with the ground.

The altar resides in stone remnants of an old structure -- on it lie animal furs and skulls, white stones, a circular wooden totem, and other pagan-like knick-knacks.

MILES NEWTON

Do you feel it boy?! The power!

Miles raises his arms to the sky, closes his eyes.

Miles opens his eyes, walks over to his prisoner and the altar.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

I can still feel your hatred even though you lie there like a trussed hog. It is truly...delicious...

Miles' form starts to glow faintly.

Cabin Man #2 pushes backward, farther away from Miles, gets closer to the altar.

Leaves around them rustle, tree branches sway due to an unseen force.

The sky darkens.

Cabin Man #2 howls from fear -- he attempts to form words, but none emerge from his mouth.

Miles' eyes glow red, he points to Cabin Man #2.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
You! You and your ilk made me like  
this! I harbored no ill will to  
anyone, but you forced my hand!

Miles' form grows, energy radiates from him, a darker red than before.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)  
Now...now I must exact a price, the  
artifact demands it!

Miles' head snaps back, his eyes go all white.

FLASHBACK - EXT. WOODS - ANCIENT TIMES - DAY

A PAGAN MAN, 20s, beard, wears fur clothing, and a PAGAN WOMAN, 20s, in a tunic, sports a flower wreath on her head, walk through a forest. The woman carries a wicker basket with flowers in it.

Whispers carry on the wind, the man and woman turn their heads toward the source, look at each other worriedly.

The two make their way through thick thatch towards the sound.

They reach the obelisk from Miles' previous vision -- its carvings glow red.

The man and woman both gasp, the woman motions for them to leave, but the man moves towards the stone structure, longingly.

The woman cries, yells at the man MOS.

The obelisk glows brighter as the man nears, the wind-whispered incantations intensify as well.

A shadowy figure, THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL (ET), emerges from vines behind the obelisk -- tall, sinewy, long digits, large eyes blink frequently and reveal an ocular membrane when they do.

The man ignores the ET, the woman recoils in fear, drops her basket. She attempts to run, the ET raises a hand, she freezes where she stands.

The man grins, embraces the structure -- upon contact his eyes turn a bright red and his form pulsates.

The ET looks on sans discernible expression.

The woman stands frozen in her tracks, tears pour from her eyes.

The man turns to her, glares at her like she is a thing, a piece of meat to be consumed -- he approaches her with his hands out.

He embraces her, then envelops her -- her form absorbs into his, a joining, consumption.

The man's form flashes in a blast of red light.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Miles gasps, appears invigorated.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

Oh, oh yes!

Miles grabs Cabin Man #2's body like it is a feather, pins it to the altar.

The SWAT team arrives, laser sight points dot Miles' body.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Drop him motherfucker! Get on your knees and lace your hands behind your head, now!

Miles turns his head in their direction, grins from ear to ear.

MILES NEWTON

Ah, Johnny Law hath arrived! O-o-oh, I am shiverin' in me timbers!

Miles snaps the neck of Cabin Man #2 in an instant, tosses his body aside.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Light his ass up!

The SWAT members unload a barrage of rifle fire at Miles.

No bullets reach Miles' body.

Miles' form vibrates violently, from it red energy tendrils emerge.



Multiple SWAT team members abscond in fear.

Energy tendrils fire from Miles' form, they grip the remaining SWAT officers, launch them into the air -- many scream.

Miles laughs, his body glows brighter and brighter.

The bodies of the SWAT team members smoke.

Miles' grin fades.

MILES NEWTON

What...what have I become?

Miles sheds a single tear.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

This is not me! Damn you!

Miles' energy aura fades somewhat.

The SWAT officers fall to the ground and struggle for a breath as Miles' tendrils release them.

Miles falls to his knees, weeps.

All the SWAT officers but the leader run.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

You fucked up, now, you're going to die boy!

Miles looks up, angry -- tears still stream down his face.

MILES NEWTON

We...we will end this...boy...

Miles' eyes glow red, he closes in on the SWAT team leader.

The SWAT team leader stands paralyzed with his rifle raised.

Miles embraces the officer in a bear hug.

Miles' form glows with the intensity of a supernova.

The SWAT leader's mouth hangs agape, eyes glaze over.

MILES NEWTON (CONT'D)

T-thank you...for helping me end this...

Miles embraces him even more closely.

In a burst of energy the two men disappear in a flash of red flame.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

SUPER: "One year later"

A FEMALE HIKER, 20s, and a MALE HIKER, late 20s, tread through the woods -- they laugh and talk.

A sound of whispers carries on the wind.

The female hiker motions for the male hiker to stop as she hears the noise.

The male smiles.

MALE HIKER

What's wrong? Hear a Wendigo or something?

FEMALE HIKER

Do...do you not hear that?

The male hiker pauses to listen -- he snaps towards a thick vegetation covering.

FEMALE HIKER (CONT'D)

Yeah, think it's time to go...

The man shakes his head, grins, moves toward the sound.

FEMALE HIKER (CONT'D)

Dude!

The male hiker swats at the brush before him, enters the hole he creates.

The female hiker looks at the entrance suspiciously, trepidatiously, but enters after him.

EXT. ALTAR IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

The female hiker brushes off plant mass as she enters the covered area.

The male hiker stands at the altar with his back to her, he cackles with glee.

The female hiker stares at him, worried.

FEMALE HIKER

What...what are you laughing about?

The male hiker turns his head, his eyes glow red.

FADE OUT.