Cut Scenes for Adventure 40

Cut Scene One:
A large man sits in Friendship Park. His body resembles the largest of sumo wrestlers. His head, equally large, is hairless. Its features are Asian, as is his garb. The lobes of his ears are stretched long, dangling to his collarbone, held low by a pair of heavy gold hoops.

He sits, legs crossed, eyes closed, a long thin metal pipe with a bowl the size of a small thimble rests between his clenched teeth. Rings of blue smoke occasionally rise from the bowl. Behind him, stuck into the ground, is a long metal staff, the end of which has a hoop, the size of a softball. Dangling from this hoop, two on each side of the staff, are four smaller hoops. These hoops ring slightly as the wind blows them.

The wind begins to pick up, blowing rings of blue smoke into the man’s face. He stands slowing, grunting with the effort of raising his huge bulk, a large indent left on the hard ground. He faces the air, as he reaches for the staff, and he holds it lightly as he stares into the wind.

For a moment, the wind becomes fierce, swirling around him, branches and leaves swirling in a vortex. Nearby trees groan in the brief gust. The large man grasps his staff, and with a quick stroke, slams it into the ground. The sudden stop causes the four rings to bounce. For a second they hover, no part of the touching each other, or the main hoop. They seem to spin and wobble slightly, before falling back to the main hoop. The wind dies back to the gentle breeze.

In a deep voice, that sounds of continents slowly sliding together the man speaks: ”Yes brother, I know you come. I await.”

Cut Scene Two:
Scion followed the man with the three cornered hat for ages. At one point, walking through the foggy wilderness they came to a swamp. In it was a large beast that Scion had seen a man wrestle on TV. Or, at least, it looked similar. A crocodile was what it was called...but it looked a bit different.

The man with the hat continued into the swamp, right up to the beast, squatted and seemed to be talking to it. It grunted, and rose up, and began walking on its short back legs. He joined the troupe and they walked on. Scion was sure this wasn’t normal, but no one, including himself, said anything.

During the walk, Scion had learned the name of the beheaded woman. She said her name was Alicia, and that she had another name she couldn’t remember. Scion felt the same way, but couldn’t remember his either. The dark skinned man, and the hot and cold man wouldn’t talk to Scion, although a few times Scion had stopped to look at something and the Hot/Cold man told him to get out of his way.

Much later they came to a stage. Upon it was a woman, singing to no-one. Or at least no one until Scion and the other’s arrived. The three cornered hat man waited for her to finish, and
then clapped his hands as her song ended. Scion did not feel like clapping, and apparently neither did anyone else. The man extended his hands to the woman and helped her off of the stage. They continued on, with the woman humming.

Around the bend they came to a clearing. In it sat a table with more 'people' around it. They seemed to be playing cards. One was a light purple mist. Another a glowing green man. A third was a large man with a hammer and curved blade at his side. And the last was a large telephone pole.

"Four queens! I win again!" said the telephone pole. Laying down his cards, despite his lack of arms. He began to laugh with a great bellow. The others seemed not to care. They then noticed Scion’s group.

"About time" said the glowing green man "I was getting tired of losing to the pole".

"I am Russian" replied the large man with the hammer and blade.

"I meant woody there" the green man gestured to the telephone pole. The purple mist just sighed. The three-cornered hat man found a tree and leaned against it, his rifle slung over his shoulder.

From the clearing, Scion could see a bay. It looked very familiar. The Reptile walked up next to him. "You feel it too?" it asked is a deep growl.

"Yes, it seems familiar to me. At the same time, it is missing something."

"That'll be Darian, eventually." Said the man with the hat, which was now pulled down over his eyes as though he were going to rest. This seemed to get everyone’s attention. "Now we just have to wait for it to be there, and then wait till we’re called."

Questions seemed to come from everyone: "Wait for what", "How long", "Who are you", who are we"?

The man just snored. For the first time since he had met this man, Scion was anxious. Something was coming.
Cut Scene Three:

The blaring of horns can be heard outside of the lavish apartment. A crash, a few seconds earlier is what caused the current watcher to look down on the scene. More crashes follow, as cars speed into other stopped cars, or even walls.

“Ooooohhh,” comes the voice of the woman, standing at the window, “its real bad.”

The man sitting on the plush couch replies with a half-hearted “really”. His foot taps time to the slow Sinatra song playing over the expensive sound system. Moments ago he had been dancing to it. He looked around the room. A room he was supposedly decorating. It wasn’t his. He, and his lady friend, had convinced the owner, a woman with more money than brains, that they were decorators and that they would Fung Shway her home, for a nominal fee, with the stipulation that she leaves them to their work for the two weeks it would take.

Outside, the crashing sounds continued.

“Its getting worse honey.” Said the woman. “And look at THAT. Two cute kids with big blue heads. One’s wearing green, and the other, red. The green one is shooting green beams, which are making stuff move fast. The red one is making things quit moving.”

The man was only half listening, still peeved about his mate’s ability to be distracted so easily.

“Now they are hurting people. That poor man just flew into a mailbox! We should do something!” she exclaimed.

“Honey, the city has people that take care of that, remember. We’ve run into them a few times if you recall.” came his perturbed reply.

She was suddenly standing in front of him, hands on hips, as though she had always been there.

“Now sweetie, don’t be like that.” Her full lips forming a pout “If everyone gets hurt, who are we going to rob? Come on!” She grabbed his arm in an effort to raise him up, to little avail.

Slightly above his right shoulder, a flash of flame, and a small devil with a turtle shell and green mask appears. Complete with horns and pitchfork.

“Don’t listen to the dame, they’re trouble. What do you owe this city?” It said.

The man nods his head, agreeing with the sentiment.

Above his left shoulder an angel appears, a turtle shell around its torso, it plays a few notes on the harp in its hands. From behind its mask it speaks. “She is the love of your life, listen to her. And this is YOUR city.” The last part said with finger movement that said ‘shame shame’.

This too made sense to the man, and he nodded.
“BAH! Your city for the taking, not the saving! Besides, remember the last time you listened to that clown over there? You tried to help that old lady across the street, and she gave you a Ruth Buzzy purse beating for your trouble!”

“Oh, like you’re so much better. Last month, we jumped in front of that guy at the market, when it should have been his spot, and HE ended up being the one millionth customer instead of US.”

“When are you going to drop that?! We ended up robbing the joint anyway.”

“Yeah!” said the man

“Yes, and I have been meaning to talk to you about that”

“Oh god, here we go.” Groaned both the man, and his right shoulder.

During this, the woman had also been blathering on, about why they should help. The man caught none of what she was saying until the end, which seemed to pierce the left shoulder’s droning lecture.

“Well, if the hunky mister Motor Mouth were here, HE would do something.”

As one, the man, and his personified, yet still imaginary conscious shot up.

“That does it! Those kids are TOAST!”

He strode purposefully into the bathroom, emerging a minute later in his trademark green Tortoise costume. By this time, Hare had long since changed and was eagerly awaiting.

The duo emerged from the building, the doorman moving in slow motion to stop them. The intersection was chaos. Wrecked cars everywhere. On top of the wreckage, stood, what indeed looked to be two cute, large blue-headed children. Their eyes, overlarge, their front teeth, cutely bucked. Hovering above them, glowing red, a man wearing jeans, an open leather jacket, a metallic mask, and nothing else, looked as though he were about to strike the children with a chain. But he did not move.

Hare sped over the cars, zipping along with super human speed. “You’ve been naughty kids.” She called.

The ‘kid’ in green simply said “Green light!” and suddenly the world was a blur to hare, and she almost slammed into a car before the world slowed enough for her to dodge, as the tortoises slowness engulfed her.

“Hey, no fair!” cried the green kid. Hare continued to move rapidly, glowing green, until the red child, having moved out from under the hovering masked man called out “red light” and Hare stopped.

At the same time, the chain wielding man moved again, landed deftly, and changed at the child. His chain swinging, the green boy about to say “green light” and then the world slowed.
Tortoise casually walked up to the slowly moving children, grabbed them, and clonked their heads together, as Unger moved rather quickly into the side of a car.

When Unger came to, a few seconds later, he would find the children chained up, a note pinned to Unger's jacket reading: Compliments of the Tortoise and the Hare. They knew it would bug him to no end to be saved by some bank robbers.