

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE CORNFIELDS

or, y'know, a small
extract from it.

written by

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Surely there are those who would demonize this group of young people, but they are only doing what our ancestors have always done: used what they have to get where they need to go.

– Nikki Giovanni

The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

– Shylock, *The Merchant Of Venice*

Emmett scrambles back against the car, and the beast *smiles*, reaching for him – just as Ben slides off the hood, throwing his momentum into a swing of the bat, and-- *CRACK*.

The beast staggers, roaring, moving for Ben-- but he's gone, replaced by Cassie, who lashes out with glowing fists. Emmett scrambles up, running for his life towards--

There. Two hundred yards away, Wrench is perched awkwardly atop the water tower. She waves frantically.

WRENCH

Come on! Come on! *I'm right here!*

Emmett beelines towards, feet kicking up grass, the beast gaining with every leap. Wrench bends down to check the machine one last time. She flicks its glass tubes, buzzing with nerves.

Emmett moves to vault a fence, and-- fuck, that didn't work, but he stumbles forward and the beast LUNGES over top of him. It hits the ground, already on its feet and moving, and--

Fwhoom, a fireball slams into what might have been its head, and Cassie whoops, hanging out of the window of their stolen car, the car that's heading straight for--

The car **slams** into the beast, throwing it backwards. Cassie scrambles out, moving in, her hands flaring. Behind her, Ben drags a limping Emmett towards the water tower.

BEN

You're good with ladders, right?

Emmett wheezes.