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# Neil Stryker and The Tyrant of Time

By Nic Costa

I'm here to retrieve  
the hornet device.  
Hand it over quietly...  
And you boys will live  
to powder your boss' wig  
in the morning.  
Very amusing...  
...but quite ill advised.  
For you see this facility  
is crawling with my men...  
And you...  
You are quite far  
from the hornet device.  
I see.  
Well, my mistake.  
Uh, good luck with  
the whole Genesis thing...  
See you later.  
Neil stryker...  
...your days are numbered.  
Make it quick boys!  
Don't be a afraid,  
gentlemen!  
He's just a boy!  
Yah! Yah! Ah!  
Let go of him,  
he's getting married next week.  
Yah! Yah! Yah!  
She's just a girl, stryker...  
Having problems?  
Ah!  
As agile as ever.  
But you're as dangerous  
as you are stupid!  
My dear boy...  
...have you forgot you  
foolhardy days at school  
when I'd spank your bare bottom?  
Neil stryker...  
...you've always been the fly  
in my ointment.  
I've waited a long time  
for this.  
I'm really going to enjoy--

stryker, come in!  
What's up, chief?  
Status report.  
Mission accomplished.  
Hornet device secure.  
Remember, we're taking  
the commodore alive!  
Now, when you save alive...  
Turn the lights on, please.  
Uh, sure.  
Says here that when they  
brought him in  
he was wearing some sort  
of protective eyewear.  
Maybe...  
Could we have  
his protective eyewear, please?  
Ok, yeah.  
Gentlemen...  
You must accept my most Sincere  
apology for my behavior.  
It's my eyes.  
They're extremely sensitive  
to the light.  
Allow me  
to express my gratitude.  
Imagine yourself, oh,  
years from now,  
looking back at a life  
of precious memories  
which you'll surely Cherish for  
another ten or twenty more.  
But then you stop and realize  
that these memories  
don't exist yet.  
Life is one thing  
and one thing only.  
That being the very moment  
that stands before you now.  
Each passing second delivering  
your fate to your front door  
like a steam engine  
traveling faster and faster  
until the counting seconds

have reached their end.  
Are they dead?  
Once again...  
...your cunning proves priceless  
my lord.  
Now, just hold still  
and we'll get you out of here.  
Uh... now, darrel,  
I trust you've taken care  
of those things?  
Oh, yes.  
I've replaced the video feed  
with a recording of you  
at your last years' evaluation.  
There's no need to fret,  
your grace.  
This assessment is going  
as well as the last.  
How we doin'?  
My lord, we are synchronized...  
Perfectly.  
All we need do is wait.  
And... it's... Christmas.  
After you.  
Danke schoen!  
Hi.  
Keep it moving, ladies.  
Your grace please...  
It'll be just a moment.  
Evening, Carl.  
Hey, darrel.  
Listen, I'm just gonna  
play it straight with you, Carl,  
because you know what?  
You're my kind of guy.  
I need to get prisoner 113  
into this transport evac  
immediately.  
Otherwise the higher-ups are  
really going to have my hide.  
Well, you can have it but...  
Nurse is back there cleaning up  
a little accident.  
You know how ladies can be

on a long trip.  
So, uh..  
What's up with the suit?  
Oh, this little guy?  
Well...  
Afterwards I gotta...  
Head to a funeral.  
Funeral? Whose funeral?  
Yours.  
I see you've decided to join us.  
Are you ready to behave?  
Or do I have to  
bash you one again?  
Well good.  
I'm sorry, your name?  
Sharon.  
Sharon,  
you're in terrible danger.  
We're terrible people,  
we're awful people.  
Fear us. You should fear us.  
Fear us!  
Frightened.  
Be frightened of us.  
To the back of the ship please.  
The back.  
Get out of my sight.  
I don't want to see ya.  
Alright, darrel.  
Conduct us  
to the new hidden fortress.  
Coordinates have  
been calculated.  
We are on our way.  
What is our next  
course of action?  
Kill...  
Neil...  
Stryker!  
Hey, stryker. How ya doin'?  
How, uh, how are things goin'  
on your little suspension there?  
Probably getting a little  
restless, I suppose.

Well, um...

Listen, that leads me  
to my next uh...

Problemo.

I'm listening.

The mad scientist has escaped  
from the mt. Ward asylum.

I thought you told me  
there was no way  
that could ever happen.

Right. Right. I did.

Yeah. I did.

Listen.

There was somebody  
working on the inside.

What could I do, ok?

Take a look at this guy.

Darrel freeway.

His parents must have hated him.

Yeah, he looks like the type  
of scum that would team up  
with the mad scientist.

He just killed three men  
and he took  
a woman nurse hostage.

Ok?

You're the only one that can  
save the day on this one.

What do you say?

Bullshit.

- No! Stryker,  
don't do this to me!

- I'll get back to ya.

Your son is failing  
the kindergarten.

Did you look at his grades?

No, Barb. I did not  
look at his grades.

No shit, ya fuckin' loser!

'Cause you were fucking off  
up on the roof  
doing nothin' important!

I'm stapling in  
the holiday lights, Barbara.

That's about as important  
as it gets.  
No wonder our son  
is a goddamn failure.  
He takes after an old bastard  
who can't keep his job  
and spends his time  
fuckin' on the roof!  
Listen, Shelly  
I'm going to need you to watch  
the kid for a little while.  
Nah, she can't.  
She's dead.  
What do you mean  
"my stereo is broken"?  
Are you sure  
it's even plugged in?  
Look, I'll be by in half-an-hour  
to drop him off, ok?  
Good.  
This is supposed to be...  
Right there.  
- Hey there, cowboy.  
- Uh-huh?  
You ready to go  
to your aunt's house?  
No, no. Our house.  
That's fine.  
We'll go in a minute.  
Take your time.  
Your mother tells me your not  
doing very well in school.  
Shouldn't you be doing  
your homework right now?  
No.  
How do you expect  
to get good grades without  
doing your homework?  
Homework bites, daddy.  
Well, that's true.  
Homework definitely  
bites the big one.  
Daddy?  
Yeah, kid?

When's mommy coming back?  
Your mother's dead, kid.  
I killed her.  
I'm just kidding.  
But she is dead.  
Sir.  
Thank you.  
Hey, Jack.  
- Yes, sir?  
What are these anomalies  
I'm seeing here?  
Unknown, sir.  
We've been analyzing it  
all morning.  
It's funny.  
I'm not getting any of that  
on my tracker.  
Your what, sir?  
Never mind.  
I'm going gonna make  
a pit stop  
before I go see Fred.  
Jack,  
keep your eye on the board.  
Hold the lift, buddy.  
Thanks.  
Any time.  
Checking out the uniform, huh?  
That's right.  
Just got promoted to assassin.  
- Great.  
I bet you wish you could  
have one of these.  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
Well, all it takes is four years  
of hard work and training.  
You'll be on your way.  
Well, all that's  
very impressive.  
See you on the field, champ.  
Ladies' locker room.  
Ouch!  
There's a fire in the building,

we all have to evacuate.  
What? I didn't hear  
any fire alarm!  
You're right. There is no fire.  
Cool vagina.  
Hey, I thought  
you were suspended.  
Not any more, babe.  
So...  
What's the big job then?  
Must be pretty important...  
If they cut  
your suspension short.  
Must be.  
Can I go?  
No. The man I'm going after  
is too dangerous.  
But I'm trained.  
You're the one who trained me.  
You're not ready.  
This job is not  
for first-timers.  
Don't give me that look.  
This job is personal.  
Do you understand that?  
Look, let me  
make you understand.  
Before I became an agent,  
i used to work  
with a brilliant scientist.  
One day...  
...he went completely mad.  
Stryker,  
you gotta come see this!  
I've done it, stryker!  
I've finally done it!  
Your time portal.  
So, how does it work?  
Well, the portal itself  
is currently  
ripping through time and space  
as we speak.  
And I use this to summon  
or beckon it, if you will.

So the machine is in  
a constant state of time travel.  
Not bad.  
- Yes, Neil.  
And it completely solves  
all the stability issues  
i was having before.  
And that's exactly why  
we failed with the time pod.  
That fucking thing.  
See?  
Let me show you how this works.  
Now. I am  
setting the coordinates  
to send me precisely  
20 seconds  
into the future.  
Which will expel me  
right back here  
to this very spot.  
Now, Neil, stand back...  
And behold...  
The absolute dazzlement...  
The unadulterated majesty  
of time travel.  
Ha ha!  
You know, twenty seconds is  
a lot longer than you think...  
When you're  
just standing there...  
...doin' nothin'...  
...like a jerk.  
With this new technology...  
He possibilities are endless.  
He was never  
the same after that.  
He would stay up  
for days devising plans  
of world domination  
and unspeakable evil.  
...operation omega  
I know exactly what I'm saying  
I've got the perfect plan:  
I will go back in time

to every December the 24th...  
And I will steal  
Santa claus' bag of toys.  
And they'll all be mine, leaving  
nothing left for the children.  
I will be the absolute ruler.  
The most certain  
king of Christmas.  
And to top it all off...  
I will breed with Mrs. claus.  
I can't let that happen.  
Mark my words, stryker...  
Revenge!  
I'll never forget  
the look on his face...  
The sound of his voice.  
He's out there, Veronica.  
The only chance this world has  
is is if I find him  
before he finds me.  
What are you girls doing?!  
This is classified information!  
Get the hell out of here!  
You're still not going with me.  
With the mad scientist at large  
the entire world as we  
know it today is in peril.  
I mean... we're fucked!  
It's true.  
But you are forgetting  
one thing, Fred.  
Snack machine is broken?  
Me.  
You broke the snack machine!  
I didn't touch  
the fucking snack machine!  
Let me make you understand.  
After the scientist  
built the time portal,  
I was able to get  
my hands on the schematics.  
I followed them carefully  
and built a time portal tracker  
so that I could track any time

the scientist made a time-jump.  
You know what I love  
about the French, stryker?  
The hats.  
You look like Napoleon.  
I know, right?  
He gave me the entire getup  
for a pair of  
invisibility boots.  
Now you listen.  
You can't give  
ancient civilizations  
advanced technology like that.  
You're going to fuck up  
the entire course of history.  
What's the matter with you?  
I think-i think I know  
what I'm doing here, stryker.  
If you just take a step back  
and ask yourself  
what you're asking me  
because I know what I'm doing.  
I'm a genius. Okay?  
Don't fuck with me.  
What do you take me for,  
stryker?  
I invented time travel.  
Of course  
i know the repercussions  
of altering history.  
I was the one who--  
it was times like these  
I knew having the ability  
to track  
the scientist's time-jumps  
would be vital.  
But chasing him through time  
could be  
a catastrophic nightmare.  
We have to stop him  
before that can happen.  
His thirst for revenge  
is the only reason  
he hasn't already

made a time-jump.  
And it's the only  
leverage we have.  
Where are you hiding?  
It didn't take long  
to find you, stryker,  
and now you're mine.  
There's no escape, stryker!  
Darrel, prepare  
to launch missiles.  
Your grace, I must protest.  
Those laser beams  
did overheat our drives.  
We do not want  
to blow a fuse by--  
get the fuck out of my way!  
I'll fucking do it.  
Whoa! Darrel!  
Your grace, he's still alive.  
Of course he is, darrel!  
He's always still alive!  
But not for long.  
Let's see how  
he likes a little  
visit from one of  
our blimp probes.  
Stryker, what are you up to?  
Darrel...  
...take over.  
Stryker!  
What the hell are you doing?  
Oh, no!  
Don't you dare  
blow up my blimp,  
stryker, don't you dare!  
Oh, god! My nose!  
Don't mind if I do!  
Darrel, get to the  
fucking escape pod!  
Is there something wrong,  
my lord?  
Yeah, I just got kicked  
in the fucking face.  
Now get the fuck in there!

Push the fucking button, darrel!  
Come on!  
Come on!  
I'll get you  
for this, stryker!  
Incoming call  
elite forces.  
Hey, stryker.  
What are you doing?  
Following a hunch.  
Do we know where  
the mad scientist is hiding?  
No.  
But I think I might  
know who does.  
That's fucking great.  
His twin brother.  
He's a recluse.  
He lives in Ireland.  
I haven't seen him in years.  
So I'll have to be  
ready for anything.  
Tell you what I, uh,  
I'll make you a deal.  
I will share with you  
the location of my  
brother's hidden fortress if...  
You pose for my next sculpture.  
Nude.  
That's it. That's all you want?  
No.  
Agh!  
Well, I tell you this much.  
Compromise.  
I love you in your uniform.  
I mean, I like the way  
you look in your uniform.  
Uh...  
Fine.  
And if you pull out before  
I'm done,  
I'm going to get into  
my little cruiser ship  
and fucking laser blast you.

So, how long is  
this going to take?  
Oh, no time at all, Neil.  
For this one I'm  
thinking action.  
Hm? Your kicking a bad guy.  
Okay, I like it.  
Uh. Oh, shit!  
There's another bad guy  
comin' right at ya!  
Kick 'em both.  
Uh. Okay, they're startin' to  
move on either side of ya.  
Kick 'em wider.  
Okay, I'm gonna need  
you to go a little wider.  
Okay, baby, I'm going to  
need you to go a little wider.  
Okay.  
Now.  
A little wider.  
Now Bob,  
we've talked about this.  
This isn't gonna go down.  
I know how you want it,  
Bob, and...  
I just don't do that shit.  
Okay, okay, fine, god!  
Tell ya what...  
Why don't you just, um,  
whip out your pistol?  
Your gun.  
Hold your gun.  
So what do you want me to do?  
Well, I want you  
to be Neil stryker.  
I want you to, uh, turn me on.  
Try this one.  
I can't imagine seeing  
a more sexy sight...  
Ever.  
Ever. So you just stay put.  
Through the tides of time...  
...only a few men have

shaped history.  
And tonight,  
two men will do it.  
What was once soft...  
...will soon be hard.  
Wait 'til I tell...  
Welcome, Neil stryker.  
Coffee.  
Nuclear weapon armed.  
Detonation in 30 seconds.  
Detonation in 20 seconds.  
Nuclear weapon armed.  
Depositing weapon  
in carriage.  
Nuclear weapon armed.  
- Shit.  
- Five, four...  
- Open the fucking door!  
- ...Three, two, one.  
Goodbye.  
I've gotta get that fixed.  
Welcome, captain stryker.  
One new message.  
You fucking nuked me.  
Incoming call.  
Commander Fred.  
Stryker, what the fuck  
are you doin, okay?  
We gotta get goin' here.  
The last thing I want  
is for mad scientist  
to anticipate our next move.  
Now listen,  
I've assembled a team for you  
and they're waiting right now.  
Fred, you make me sick.  
Why?  
Listen, if you wanna cut  
payroll just lay the guys off.  
We wanna give you  
all the help we can.  
If you need them, fine.  
If you don't need them,  
i don't give a fudge

what you do with 'em.  
As long as you  
don't get caught.  
Good.  
Because if I had to spend  
all my time babysitting  
a bunch of assholes...  
Beretta.  
...i might not accomplish  
a damn thing.  
Okay, perfect.  
So, everybody's waiting for you  
in sector seven.  
And please, stryker,  
go easy on the guys, would ya?  
It's the least I could do  
considering these guys  
probably won't survive.  
Cartridge empty.  
I assume there's  
a mission report  
you'll want me to read?  
No mission report on this one.  
Off the books, baby.  
Technically,  
you're on suspension.  
Okay, so...  
Stay out of the admiral's way,  
because if you get caught  
it's your ass...  
...and mine.  
I'll be careful.  
What I need  
from you right now...  
...is a cup of coffee.  
Not that crap  
out of the vending machine.  
The good coffee like captain  
Gomez keeps in his office  
under lock and key.  
It's a secure office.  
You're going  
to have to sneak in.  
- I can do that.

- Good.  
Half a teaspoon  
of unfiltered honey.  
Stirred left. No cream.  
Hop to it!  
Yes, sir!  
Oh, man!  
Johnson!  
- Yes, sir?  
- Come here.  
- Yes, sir!  
Stand here like an idiot.  
That's an order.  
Yes, sir!  
Stryker!  
Just what do you th--  
admiral...  
Sir!  
It is an honor.  
Clean out your desk.  
You're fired.  
Hold it, soldier.  
Lose the glasses  
you look like an idiot.  
Man, fuck you.  
Ham-sandwich-eatin'  
mother fucker.  
So, your telling me  
some madman  
is responsible for  
causing all this havoc?  
I'm telling you  
a mad scientist and his Minion  
just laid waste to the city.  
Worse than this.  
He is like lovechild  
of Stalin and Hitler.  
Yeah, and it can  
get messy in there.  
There's wolves, mines,  
booby traps, barbed wire.  
You might want  
to cut that hair.  
I can help you with that.

I could probably use a trim  
good afternoon, gentlemen.  
I'm going to get  
straight to the point.  
This is a suicide mission.  
If it were up to me,  
you boys wouldn't even be here.  
But it's not.  
The admiral knows  
nothing about it.  
We have no support  
from headquarters.  
Once we leave,  
communication is severed  
and we're on our own.  
Back out now.  
It's your last chance.  
Lieutenant.  
You heard the captain,  
rank and file.  
Last one to stryker's ship  
is a rusty trombone.  
Wait.  
What's a rusty trombone?  
You know,  
when you're eating a guys' ass  
and you're jerking  
him off at the same time?  
No. No, fucking way.  
I'm outta here.  
Wait!  
What is rusty trombone?  
So you managed  
to weasel your way  
on the mission, after all.  
You must have  
a thing for dying.  
Maybe so...  
But at least I'm not  
a rusty trombone!  
Uh, rook to king three.  
That's checkmate.  
At last, you've arrived.  
Shall we be off, then?

I don't know how,  
but you cheated.  
Yes, he's cheating.  
Rook cannot move in this way.  
Yes it can.  
Pretty slow, Veronica.  
Forget rusty trombone,  
you just made rusty orchestra.  
Boys, prepare to take off.  
You, I need a co-pilot.  
Get up front.  
Try not to crash it.  
Keep an eye on her, would you?  
Yes, sir.  
What is this?  
The time had come for this  
lion cub to shed his mane.  
Plus, I think there  
might be some barbed wire.  
Continue.  
Captain.  
We are approaching destination.  
Alright.  
Give us some room to breathe.  
Set us down right over there.  
Yes, sir.  
Hey.  
Forgettin' somethin'?  
It's time to gather the flock.  
Thank the almighty.  
Remember... there ain't no  
atheists in the foxhole.  
Hold my hand.  
- What?  
J.C., the big guy,  
the lamb of god,  
you know he died  
for our sins on the cross.  
Hold my hand.  
Let go my hand!  
The only sin was not  
using that timber for firewood.  
No fall in line, asshole.  
You two!

Cut that shit.  
Go.  
You stepped on my  
toe back there, but it's cool.  
Ring the bell.  
Just as I suspect.  
No one home.  
It is in complete abandon.  
We must not abort mission.  
We have lost battle, sir.  
But not war.  
Did you try the door knob?  
It is not possible.  
Idiot.  
The only thing missing  
here is Santa claus.  
Santa!  
Santa!  
Ho! Ho! Ho!  
Merry Christmas,  
my darlings!  
Who's been naughty?  
Who's been nice?  
Me! Me Santa! Me!  
Well, which is it?  
Nice! Nice!  
Ha ha!  
Just what I thought.  
Brenner stop!  
It's a trap.  
- Trap?  
Nonsense.  
It's not a trap...  
It's retail.  
No way.  
We have all sizes.  
Darrel! Don't do that!  
Where the hell  
did you come from?  
Well, he's got the shirts, guys.  
Stryker, you remember  
operation omega.  
Well, it went Nova, okay?  
Supernova!

I went back in time,  
last year's Christmas Eve  
and burgled every  
Christmas present on the planet  
and replaced it with...  
This t-shirt.  
Long story short,  
I'm backed ordered for weeks.  
Whoa! They're huge!  
How do you think i  
bankrolled this whole fortress?  
Seriously, I hardly have time  
for new designs.  
Check out this new model.  
Also very popular.  
I'll take one of those.  
Anyway, stryker, the point is...  
Clark, the prisoner.  
I'm on to something here.  
What do you say?  
Partners?  
Hey.  
Come on!  
Come on!  
Hey.  
One second.  
Grab hold.  
Come on! Come on!  
You're making a big mistake.  
You built another time portal.  
Looks like you made it  
to the north pole.  
That's right. I did.  
And to top it all off...  
I murdered Mrs. claus.  
Waste him.  
Ah!  
Ah!  
Hold it!  
Wait! No!  
Uh.  
You got me, stryker.  
You got me.  
It looks like...

Losers!  
Hologram.  
Obviously.  
Little disappointed  
in you, stryker.  
Apparently taking you assholes  
down is going to be...  
...easier than I thought.  
Let the games begin.  
Oh! Yes, that's right!  
I too am a hologram.  
No sense wasting  
your bullets on me.  
I'm not even here.  
Where's that blasted key!  
Shit!  
Hold your fire.  
Captain!  
Who was that handsome man?  
Clark, don't get distracted.  
Captain, it's completely  
hollow behind this fireplace.  
Huh.  
I wonder.  
All right. Everybody in.  
Hey!  
Take off those goddamn t-shirts.  
So, how many missions  
you been on with this guy?  
Who? The captain?  
- Yeah.  
- Plenty, why?  
- No reason.  
Looks like I'm going to have to  
smash through these boards.  
Unless captain has a  
crowbar in his pants.  
Do you?  
Have a crowbar in your pants?  
I can't feel my legs!  
This must be the disintegrator  
I ordered to obliterate stryker.  
Disinte-what?  
My god. It's enormous!

The only thing  
you'll be obliterating  
with this thing is my wallet!  
I mean look at  
the size of this thing!  
How much was it?  
What are you trying to do?  
Bury stryker or bankrupt me?  
What about my  
exploding pumpkins, Darrell?  
I wanted exploding pumpkins  
littering the entire castle.  
I look around me,  
and I don't even see a squash.  
Your little parlor tricks  
aren't going to stop stryker.  
And I suppose you  
have a better idea.  
Um...  
Suffocate him.  
I don't know.  
Suck all the oxygen  
out of the room or something.  
Would you leave  
the thinking to us, please?  
Thank you.  
It's brilliant.  
Mark my words...  
I will destroy Neil stryker.  
I'll boil him in a  
bowl of his own broth.  
I like it.  
You know what?  
You're fine. Just a little dust.  
Yeah, well see that?  
Splinter.  
Hold it.  
Force field.  
Not quite.  
Sir, I'm getting  
strange reading.  
Let me guess, tachyon?  
Yes, sir. Off the charts.  
So's my shirt.

No way!  
Yeah. Shh!  
We're going to have  
to try and go through.  
Fuckin' kidding me?  
We'll get vaporized if  
we step through that thing!  
Vaporized?  
That would be a blessing.  
There's no telling what  
goes on beyond the barrier.  
Our skin turns inside out.  
Our organs fall to the  
ground into a slime-pool.  
It's a paradox. The unknown.  
Forget that!  
I don't want to  
be no frickin' slime-pool.  
I'm not saying we're  
going to be a slime-pool.  
I'm not saying we're  
going to be anything.  
It's the unknown. It...  
Fine. I'll go myself.  
Captain.  
Permission to go  
ahead of you, sir.  
Permission granted.  
Bravery.  
Show it to us.  
I will.  
Clark!  
Captain!  
Is it always  
gonna be this way?  
I'm fine. I can live this way.  
But those jowls.  
I have a theory.  
This effect is only temporary.  
When we come out the other end,  
we'll be back to normal.  
I really don't think  
there's anything to worry about.  
Why don't you stroll on back,

find out for sure?  
So it's not just aging us.  
It's more than that.  
That's right, Kevin.  
An authentic look  
into your own future.  
Interested?  
With this youth comes strength.  
But with age comes wisdom.  
And with my bloodline  
comes both.  
Step aside.  
The future sucks  
for that mother fucker.  
Oh! Ho! Goddamn.  
Look. It's like he's been  
dead for twenty years.  
I say we leave him.  
No.  
Stand back, longbow.  
Let me try something.  
What the fuck!  
I feel... weird.  
I'm suppose to be over there.  
And that's where I'm going.  
No! No! No! No!  
Now, Kevin,  
we've seen what happens.  
You can't come with us.  
Why not?  
The future sucks  
for that mother--  
so, what now, stryker?  
I'm stuck?  
Sir, I may be able  
to create mobile ray shield  
that will protecting him.  
Alright, fine.  
Just make it quick,  
tell you what.  
I'll give him five minutes.  
Otherwise I'm walking  
out the way I came in.  
Captain.

So, with this thing  
i can go through?  
Theoretically, yes.  
Are you sure?  
Maybe.  
Do you believe in god?  
No.  
All right.  
In the back.  
Kevin, he lives.  
Whatever.  
Whoa! Wolfman.  
Is that mustache regulation?  
Clark.  
In the land of the blind,  
the one-eyed man is king.  
And nabroski...  
Whoa.  
Wow! Clearly the barrier  
effect everyone the same way.  
Look at nabroski!  
He's like a little old man.  
What are you, like, a hundred?  
Oh, my god!  
Okay, here we go.  
I don't think that's nabroski.  
What are you talking about?  
Of course it's him.  
Look same eyes. Same teeth.  
Same growl.  
Sorry, comrades.  
On my way.  
What?  
When you got to go.  
You got to go.  
Holy shit, nabroski.  
You look...  
Amazing.  
What is this little monster  
cradling in your arms?  
What is this thing?!  
Whoa!  
Get it off me!  
Get it off me! Get it off me!

What goes on here?  
Oh! Man folk!  
Oh!  
You humans are  
forbidden in these lands.  
This will never do.  
Hershel! Come here!  
Right away, sir.  
Okay, um, stryker is over there.  
Stryker you say?  
Oh, the white wizard  
is not going to like that!  
No! No! No!  
No!  
Call the horde to arms.  
Prepare to make them suffer.  
Make them pay.  
Do as your told, hershel!  
As you say. Very good.  
Could they be, wampires?  
There not fucking wampires.  
Goblins.  
Hope to it, lads!  
One, two, three, four.  
What are we fighting for?  
Dinner, and supper, and lunch!  
They're gonna  
regret coming in here!  
Just look at them!  
The muppets.  
We goblins do not  
tolerate trespasses against us.  
Do we, boys?  
You've committed  
a grave treason, I'm afraid,  
a violation of our lands, and  
offended the great sovereignty  
of our people.  
For that...  
...you will die.  
You may kill them now,  
my darlings.  
My gun won't cock.  
Your weapons have

aged to no effect.  
You'll have to fight honorably.  
Damn.  
It's finally happening!  
You!  
Why? Why? Why?  
Ah, no!  
Whoa!  
Wha!  
Aah!  
Ah! Holy shit!  
Fucking goblins!  
Right on top of ya!  
Goblins!  
Hold him down, boys!  
It's lunchtime.  
Plug him up!  
Mushroom nap. Forever.  
It's time to sleep,  
my dear boy.  
Let's blow.  
Brenner!  
Alarm! Alarm!  
Do I have to take  
care of everything?  
Alarm! Alarm!  
Move out!  
Harold!  
- Huh?!  
- Yoo hoo!  
What are you doin' here?  
Well, I didn't want  
to miss all the fun.  
Margaret, we're in  
the middle of a war!  
And you bring the baby.  
You two have a headache?  
Believe me, the pain  
is only in your head.  
That there  
baby's done us no good.  
Except get fat off our slop  
and your drink!  
Hey, let me

get out of here! Whoa!  
Like the wind!  
I'm pregnant again.  
I'm having twins this time.  
Twins.  
Oh!  
Hey!  
This suit, it's like  
a fucking bug zapper!  
Toss 'em my way, idiots!  
I've got these two  
who's got that one?  
Kevin humphries.  
With the candlestick.  
In the ballroom.  
Make it rain.  
Whoa!  
Whaa!  
Whoa!  
Oh!  
I'm invincible.  
No! Not my babies! No!  
My darlings!  
Too the hills!  
Inconceivable!  
Carlton!  
- I got just the thing.  
- He was my favorite child.  
Right.  
Just going to go...  
Check on the roast.  
Ya!  
Don't worry!  
They'll take me  
back to the nest!  
I'll find the hive  
and then I'll...  
Whoa!  
Yeah!  
A hatch!  
I'm going to send you  
back to your momma's wagina!  
Nabroski, I found a way out.  
It's a hatch.

We gotta get  
the hell out of here.  
Stryker, I will not go with you.  
Hand me that wodka.  
I had vodka?  
What kind of madness  
would create such monsters?  
Stryker, I want you to climb  
that tree and save that female.  
Right.  
Forget about me.  
- Yeah.  
- I may not make it.  
But...  
I'm going to take  
some of these...  
...monsters...  
...with me!  
Ah!  
Ah ha! Stryker!  
You're precisely  
where I want you.  
What gives?  
Where's the penguin?  
There's suppose to be  
a ten-foot, killer penguin  
in there.  
Darrell's been  
moving stuff around again.  
No matter.  
I still have the prisoner woman.  
Or should I say...  
Prisoner women?  
Stryker, I don't have all day.  
I'm wasting away in here!  
Stryker, those women are  
scheduled for termination...  
Within the hour.  
This is a big place.  
You've got two choices.  
You could capture me  
or you could save the women.  
Don't have time to do both.  
You know where

neither of us are...

Go.

Uh, taxi!

Stryker!

Are you having fun

in my funhouse?

Honestly, stryker,

putting the door

on the floor like that?

Brilliant.

It took Darrell weeks...

Of starvation

to figure that one out.

Alright, asshole.

Where are the girls?

You could kill me

right now, Neil.

You could shoot

me in the face.

But then,

you would never

find the women.

At this present moment,

you have no have no idea

where the devil they are.

Or when they are?

Or when they are.

What a mystery.

For all you know

i took my time machine,

strapped them in...

And blasted them

back to dinosaur times!

They're here somewhere.

And in this time.

And I'm going to find them.

Business, business, business!

Stryker, you're so wound up.

Relax!

Here, let me draw

you a bubble bath.

Come on.

Take a dip with me, Neil!

Take a dip with ol' poppa bear.

It'll be like old times.  
The old  
acid in the bathtub routine.  
You're too good, Neil.  
A little too good  
for your own good, perhaps.  
Oh, hey, stryker you know what?  
You have got to try these.  
It's a cosmo.  
My brother swears by 'em.  
Here.  
Go ahead!  
Take it!  
They're delicious.  
They're scrumptious.  
What?!  
Are you kidding me?!  
Poison a perfectly good cosmo?  
Not in my lifetime.  
Give me this. I want to at once.  
Mmh. Mmh..  
So good, Neil.  
So good.  
Mmh. Yours is better than mine!  
I've let this drag on  
far too long.  
Just tell me  
where the fuck they are.  
Alright, stryker.  
Alright.  
I'm tired and I'm old.  
If you want the women...  
Simply turn around  
and you shall find them.  
Deactivate.  
Halt.  
Stop.  
Is this all they do, Darrell?  
Yes, but...  
They do work.  
Well, I'm embarrassed.  
Is anyone else embarrassed?  
Anyone else embarrassed  
about the bumping robots?

Darrell!  
How are you feeling?  
You ask the impossible.  
I need real men!  
Men?!  
Yes, an army, your grace.  
Very skilled in soldiery.  
No, Darrell!  
Enough of your schemes.  
You see, I am the one  
with the smart.  
I beseech you, your grace.  
I've created a nine year plan.  
Which will enable us...  
Nine years?!  
We don't have nine minutes!  
Yes, but if we were too...  
No Darrell, no more.  
You see, Darrell,  
I've got real plans  
with real results in store.  
Do what you will, Darrell.  
Goodbye.  
Meet me in the break room  
in 20 minutes for donuts!  
You underestimate me,  
your grace.  
But you will soon  
know different.  
Oh, yes.  
Oh, yes!  
Did I catch you at a bad time?  
Neil stryker!  
What are you doing here?  
Darrell freeway.  
So, you're the  
mad scientist's new stooge.  
And your his old flame.  
Well...  
You've breathed  
your last breath, stryker.  
You're in trouble now...  
Double trouble.  
Consider yourself warned,

Mr. stryker.  
I'm a wizard of the blade.  
It wasn't me.  
It was the scientist.  
He's mad.  
I'll take you to the girls.  
They're right this way.  
Come!  
What the f--  
blasted machine.  
How many times have I had to--  
oh, no!  
Not the face!  
Stryker! You do care about me.  
Get the fuck out of the way.  
Get back to the ship. Hurry.  
Now, stryker,  
I've got you in a bind!  
I'd just like to see  
you peel your way out!  
Your room, stryker,  
is completely airtight.  
At this very moment all  
the oxygen is being sucked out!  
In two minutes time, you'll be  
completely without air.  
In three minutes...  
You'll be dead.  
Aah!  
And now, Neil stryker,  
this is where I say...  
...au revoir.  
Thanks, boys!  
Yeah.  
Stryker!  
Thank god you're alive.  
Go!  
Now how are we  
gonna get out of here?  
I've got room for two!  
Strykie, you're riding bitch,  
baby!  
Good timing, Fred.  
Too good?

Thanks for coming for me.  
No trouble.  
Listen, I know I should  
have been more careful.  
I was stupid.  
Ah, come on, kid.  
You were brave.  
Really?  
Uh... okay. That's it.  
We're done.  
Yeah. Yeah.  
Okay, okay.  
Let go!  
Sorry.  
My paperwork.  
Did it work?  
Are you staring  
at a pile of goo?  
I planted a bomb in her body  
while she was sleeping.  
Do you want to know  
where I inserted it?  
Not interested.  
I put it in her ear.  
What do you want?  
I just wanted  
to make your life miserable  
before I jumped  
through time and space.  
I still have the woman  
that you failed to rescue.  
I plan to breed with her  
and create a race of  
atomic super men and women.  
If she'll have me, of course.  
If she won't, hey, I'll adopt.  
I've always wanted a baby boy.  
Oh, wait a minute...  
I've got one right here!  
Daddy!  
See you in hell ,asshole!  
This damn war!  
It doesn't take just soldiers.  
It takes friends.

Can I have you clean this up?  
Hey, what happened?  
Veronica exploded.  
Listen, the mad scientist  
is about to jump through time.  
And he has my son.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa!  
He'll be gone in moments.  
Finished!  
Not quite.  
Stryker, Neil.  
One, one, three, five, eight.  
It's the time portal.  
Damn.  
Just what I need.  
Beverly!  
- Yes, Neil?  
Quit the small talk.  
I need you to monitor this  
like your life depends on it.  
Because it does.  
Whoa, whoa, wait, wait!  
What are you doin', strykes?  
I need to save my kid.  
We'll deal with  
the mad scientist later  
be back in a minute.  
Good luck, strykes.  
Now he's gone too far.  
Daddy!  
Come and get me, stryker!  
Schnell! Schnell!  
Oh! Ho! Ho!  
Du.  
- Nein?  
- Nein!  
- Nein?!  
- Fuck this.  
You Nazi bitch.  
Such a waste.  
Alright kid, just follow me--  
oh!  
Stryker!  
Whatever happened to your

little rule about not  
altering the entire  
course of history!  
I mean, you must have murdered  
half the third reich down there!  
Holocaust?  
More like holo-lost in time,  
thanks to you!  
Give me back my kid!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa!  
Your son?  
Why I've got bad news for ya,  
stryker.  
The boy loves me.  
As if I were his own kin.  
He and I have formed a paternal  
bond that cannot be broken.  
You're far too late, stryker.  
You see, the boy...  
Wishes for me to raise him...  
...as my very own.  
Save me  
from the crazy man, daddy!  
What?! You little traitor!  
You said you loved me!  
You little shit!  
Are you okay?  
Daddy, where's mommy?  
She's still dead, kid.  
Come on,  
let's get this crap off you.  
We gotta get outta here.  
What did I tell you, kid?  
Safe and sound.  
Yay!  
Take my kid.  
Keep him safe.  
Continue time-tracking  
the mad scientist.  
He could be anywhere.  
Sir, there's something  
on the monitor.  
Bring it up.  
Yeah.

October 12th, 1999, 12:01am.

Right here.

Ah! You got the boy back.

Excellent. I gotta get rollers  
on my fucking luggage.

This is for shit, stryker!

I didn't bring a passport.

And I know you're  
going to yell at me.

But who needs a passport when  
the end of the world is coming?  
Fred, you're not coming with me.

No. No.

Talk me down off this cliff.

Talk me off it, stryker,  
or I will fucking jump.

Talk me off this cliff, stryker!

Stryker!

You're on suspension.

I want this man arrested.

Wait!

This guy is saving  
the entire world,  
and you want  
him arrested?

Let him finish.

You can have my resignation  
in the morning.

Fine!

But we do it my way.

Stryker, you kill the scientist,  
I'll save the girl.

- No.

- Fine!

I'll kill the girl,  
you save the scientist.

No one is going with me.

I'm going alone.

Fine!

But when all this is over...

I'm back on suspension.

You bet your ass you are.

You, throw me my bag.

Yes, sir!

Go get 'im, strykes!  
Oh, god.  
Where are we now  
we don't have time  
for you foolish questions.  
We gotta haul ass out of here.  
Now get the fuck in the truck.  
Jesus.  
Alright, Darrell.  
Your plan better work.  
Alright, the keys  
are suppose to be...  
Hm.  
Wait a minute.  
The hell?  
Looking for these?  
Your grace...  
I am honored  
that you would finally  
warm to my little plan.  
There's one thing  
i forgot to mention.  
There's just no place in it...  
For you.  
I've had nine years  
to plan my escape...  
You have exactly  
nine seconds for yours.  
Perhaps now your grace  
will agree...  
...that in fact...  
...i am the one with the smart.  
I'm afraid...  
...you're going to die...  
Impossible!  
You're fucked.  
Get out of the truck!  
I've got a few more tricks  
up my rabbit hole.  
Shut your fat, overweight shit.  
Let her go.  
Not this time, stryker.  
You're too late.  
You see, I set my time-portal

to send us so far into time...  
...that you'll never find us.  
And now, stryker, a game of  
chess that will span the ages.  
I'll make the first move.  
I'll see you in hell,  
Neil stryker!  
Ha! Ha!  
Ha!  
Ah!  
What the bloody devil  
do you suppose that was?  
It's a clue!  
Come, Watson.  
To the lighthouse!  
Move! Move, you fool!  
Ah!  
Whoa.  
Bravo, stryker.  
You win.  
But you are  
forgetting one thing...  
My ghost is gonna  
haunt the shit out of you.  
I'm not kidding, stryker.  
Seriously, it's gonna be weird.  
For no reason at all,  
just a beak...  
Will grow from my face.  
And I'll huff...  
And I'll puff...  
And I'll blow...  
Damn, that was disturbing.  
Yeah, no shit.  
What ever happened  
with dying with dignity?  
Yeah.  
He was plum fuck crazy,  
wasn't he?  
Well, least it's over.  
Right.  
Now, wait a second.  
Isn't this the part  
where the hero kisses the girl?

This ain't lover's Lane,  
sweetheart.  
We're up to our eyeballs  
in dead guy.  
You're a nurse,  
you've wiped asses.  
Clean this shit up  
before some kid  
comes around and plays in it.  
You ready?  
Warning. Rift anomaly.  
Warning. Unknown origin.  
That's just a mile up the road.  
Strange.  
Ah!  
Oh! Oh!  
Oh, my god!  
My hero!  
Oh! Oh!  
Oh, this is disgusting.  
- Oh, thank you!  
What in god's name  
happened to you?  
Peel this woman off me!  
Yes, sir.  
Eh!  
Where's stryker?!  
Throw her back.  
No! No! No! No!  
He's coming.  
He's right behind me.  
It worked.  
He's all yours.  
Well done.  
I love you!  
Yes.  
You do.  
You son of a bitch.  
Through your wildest dreams...  
...you could never imagine...  
...what lies in wait for you.  
Did you really think you'd be  
able to could keep it a secret?  
While you were tracking him,

I was tracking you.  
Chasing that buffoon, you  
left more ripples through time  
than a stone in a pond.  
So, you can track  
a time-portal, can you?  
Then perhaps you'll follow  
this through the looking glass,  
little Alice.  
Well, pops,  
you always said  
you'd see you me hell.  
I'm looking forward to it.  
Come, stryker.  
Take a bite of the cheese  
in a mousetrap more elaborate,  
than the world has ever known.  
Smells like...  
...liverwurst.  
Hey, nabroski!  
Toss me a bite, man, seriously,  
I'm starving over here.  
That's funny.  
You're quite the comedian.  
We gotta comedian over here!  
You dick!  
Thanks for tossing my  
bones on the other side, idiot!  
Least I can leave,  
you're weird for stayin'.  
You got no hope!  
You got no water!  
You got no light!  
Except for this little ray  
of sunshine right here!  
When you've got to go...  
...you've got to go.