

A COLLECTION OF AI STORIES

Written by

GPT-2

A MAN OF THE MOMENT, a towering figure, is hobbled and disoriented. He is hobbled to the swamp, where he is wrecked, the swamp as his bodyguards.

He is still hobbled, but not dead, but just vanished. His corpse is now floating through the swamp.

The swamp's walls are covered in slime, but he can't reach them. His body is stolen.

He is thrown to the swamp floor. The swamp's walls are covered in slime, but he can't reach them either.

He is dead.

EXT. THE WINDY SEA - DAY

The view of the sea in the distance is bleak.

The clouds are streaming over the sea. The stars are now rising from the horizon.

The sun is rising.

The storm is streaming in.

The sun is rising.

The clouds are streaming in.

The clouds are streaming in.

BATMAN

I had no idea that Joker would be there

(suddenly, in black tank top, with a Joker cap)  
I'll tell you what, you'll be fine.

INT. JOKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joker is being held against a wall by a small door. He is holding a kitchen cabinet and a small desk.

JOKER

(continuing)  
I can't believe you're here. I'm not a bad person. I'm not a bad guy.

BATMAN

I had no idea that Joker would be there. You're very, very lucky to have him. I mean, I was just banging on the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The gun-wielding Batwoman is trying to open her face. The gun still hands her the ball.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You're gonna kill me.

She reaches out and grabs the ball.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The Batwoman helps the gun free the gun.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You know what I mean.

She takes the ball. Lights a laser.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You're going to make me.

The laser blows the ball.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

All right.

The laser turns him around.

EXT. JERIE'S HOUSE - DAY

JERIES are gathered around the fireplace.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

TUMBLEWEEDS roll across a SAND SWEEPED TOWN. GARCIA puts his hand on his PISTOL.

His eyes are lens-shot-in-the-middle. He's about to pull himself up when a TUSK pops from his pocket. He's readied to strike.

GARCIA  
Glad you got this.

Then he follows the TUSK through the sand and into the street. A man runs through the crowd, blocking his path. He's covered in blood. It's not even a street, it's a mall. A young woman is pushing a TUSK through a crowd of pedestrians, blocking her path.

GARCIA (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

THE GIRL is staring at him, her nose is bloodshot. The blood in his hands is flowing back into his body.

On the pavement, the blood is flowing like a stream from his head. The blood trickles down his face, into his sleeve. The blood on the street is coming from behind his shoulder, towards his eyes.

All the while, the blood is on his face. His eyes are bleeding all over. He's bleeding all over his body.

THE MAN in the crowd is tumbling through the traffic.

GARCIA (CONT'D)  
Stop!

The Man is wounded. He is bleeding from the chest to the head. His hands are grasping at the hem of the blood, his hands are grasping at the hem of the blood dripping from his shoulder.

The man's body is still bleeding from his left hand. He's bleeding from the left side of his shoulder. There are a couple of blood spots in his hands, but the wounds are not bleeding from his hand.

The man is lying on his back on the sidewalk, bleeding from his right hand. He's bleeding from his left shoulder. He's bleeding from the left side of his shoulder. There are a couple of blood spots in his hands, but the wounds are not bleeding from his hand.

The man is lying on the sidewalk. A KISSING HAND on his chest is hanging from his shoulder. A man holding a gun is holding a SKIN. The man has a gun. He is lying on the sidewalk. A KISSING HAND on his chest is hanging from his shoulder.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

Tumbleweeds roll across a sand swept town. GARCIA puts his hand on his pistol. In the distance, a SHADOWY FIGURE does the same.

GARCIA

This town ain't big enough for the  
both os us!

The figure swings his gun wildly at the FIGURE, and the FIGURE shoots him a three-time-shot into the chest.

The FIGURE falls to the ground and is headed back down the road.

The FIGURES are both clutching their heads and dead.

The two heroes, in their panic, start to run.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Thanks for reading, and I'd like to congratulate my friends, this group took a great lot of work, and passed it on to all of you.

(Note from Jesse- I did not write that. The AI wrote the thank you)

FITZLUG

She's not having it this way. No day.

She starts to cry. Fitted, she turns to leave, and he picks up the papers, hands them to her.

SZPILMAN

They'll make it!

She reaches up, unzips her jeans, then reaches into a pocket, pulls out a folder containing the names of men and women who have ever been photographed with him.

FITZLUG

You look like your friend from the time you're a kid to the time you walk into this life.

He puts an end to his laughter and exits.

INT. BAR -- DUSK

A big German coffee shop. The man's expression is uncanny. A handshake to the door. The bar doors open to reveal Zuzu, an amateur boxer who has been working away at the bar, the bar manager, talking to the two other men. Finally one walks out and enters.

SHERMIN

Hey, Shrek.

He glances around. There's a large crowd and a woman is in front of him.

In the background Shrek is playing with his friends.

FITZLUG

What's this?

SHERMIN

This was a meeting where she was a girl, a little girl--this is

As that last sentence comes out:

MAC  
(quietly)  
I think it's time I put the papers.

WILLS  
(to himself,

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The river is rocky and bare-handed. The river is patrolled by a police force of policemen and a detachment of military men.

The police force has a particularly aggressive view of the river.

WILLS  
(surprised)  
(exasperated)  
(to himself)  
And this is the river!

INT. WILLS' TOWN HOUSE - DAY

As he goes about his business, he takes a half-opened door in his hand and hurries to the window.

Thundering thunder clangs in the neighborhood.

INT. WHEELER HOUSE - DAY

The house that once belonged to Wills is gone.

WILLS  
(looking around)



She was so much fun to be with--

PAM  
(trying to look young)  
Hello, Sam. I'm Pam, the doctor and  
I'm a terrible liar and a wicked  
sex maniac.

SAM  
(suddenly disoriented)

PAM  
(suddenly aware)  
I was expecting a young man.

SAM  
(shocked)

PAM  
(explaining)  
Well, you're just a joke.

SAM  
(sees him)  
The old man didn't have a girl in  
the first place.

PAM  
(shocked)  
What is he doing here?

SAM  
(suddenly confused)  
We're leaving.

PAM  
(shocked)  
Don't get that!

Over.

SORRY

Yes.

CUT TO:

STAIRFISH

Oh man, if he ever gets my hand on a balloon, he's gonna blow it.

SORRY

(to his mother)

(to him)

(to his mother)

(pointing at the balloon)

This is like a life-changing experience for you.

STRAYFEAF

(worried)

I always saw what you did for yourself when people told you. My mother, I used to call her Aunt Judy. It felt good to see her... she made sure to let the world know what she'd really done for people and I'll always remember her as a hero all the time, and I really love how she's been my mother ever since they married. I want to thank you for saying this...

SORRY

Good luck with that. I guess you're going to want to stay away from her.

SORRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't believe you that much...

STAY

What's that? I always thought it was sweet. You were the type who went out with a girl.

(sniffing the balloon)

Don't do that. Stay away from me. No me. You're an

A New York Times reporter approaches the building in a style reminiscent of its West End heyday.

He throws a briefcase into the window and passes a glass of wine. He glances down at the building at a glance.

EXT. UNION STREET - DAY

A MINUTE LATER, the Times reporter presses a button and a mob of Indians, along with white-skinned Joshua Davis, march through town, learning to peer out through the glass.

JOSHUA  
(off-screen)

EXT. UNION STREET - DAY

In the midst of the chaos and violence, the Times reporter is approached by a group of little-known Indians. He turns to look.

INT. UNION STREET - DAY

The newspaper reporter steps into the lobby of a building, and emerges at the door. He follows the group down their path, then follows them out into the street.

INT. UNION STREET - DAY

As the reporter enters. He stops. He takes a breath, taking a breath of air.

INT. UNION STREET - DAY

As the news reporter enters. He stops. He looks out a window. As he sees the news bureau's building, he flings himself across the street.

JOSHUA  
(in a defeated