

sym-me-try 1 of 6

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"YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME."





"JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU SAW."



"IT'S--IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER. IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST."



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?"



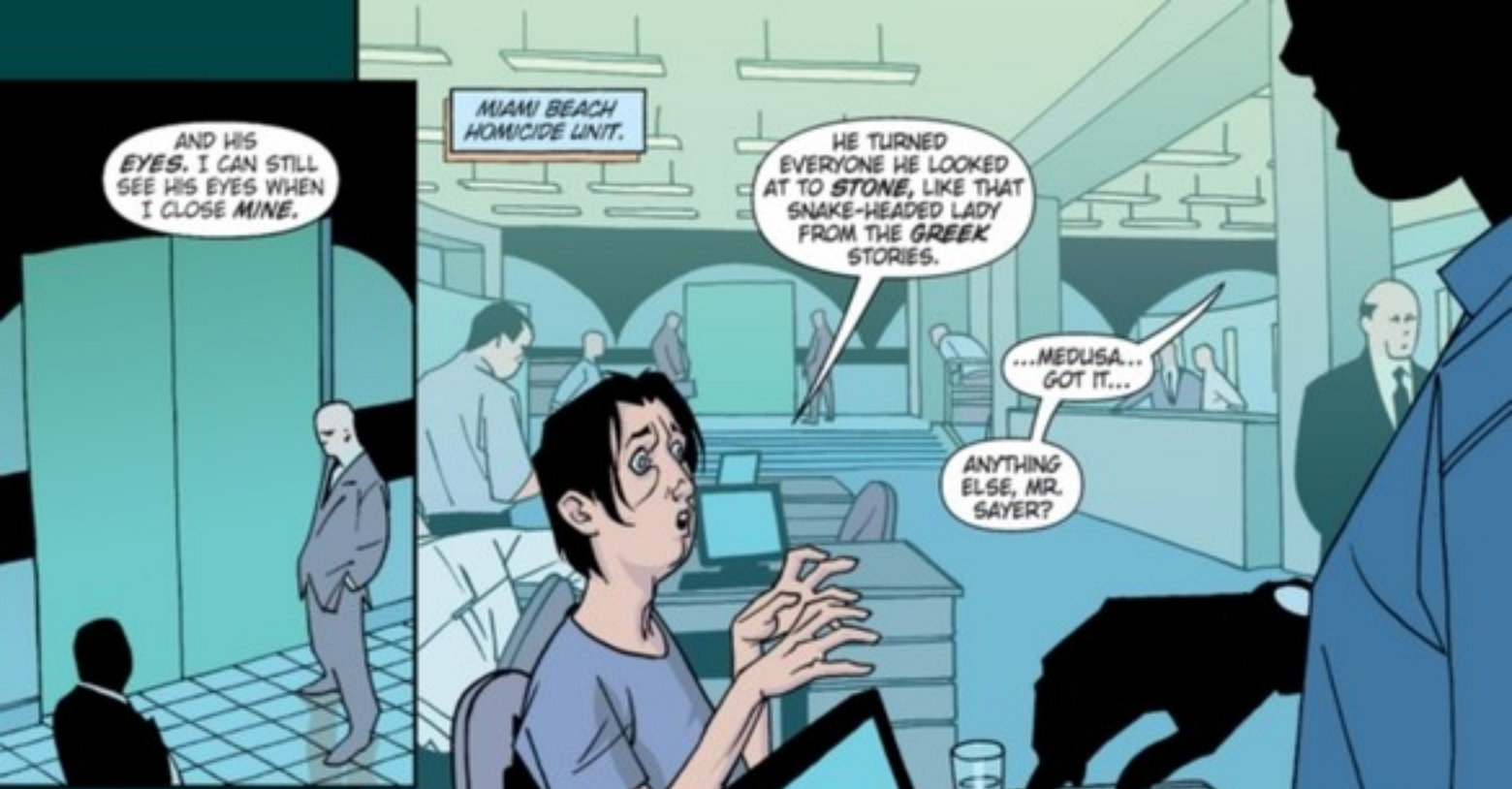
"I--I REMEMBER THAT WHEN THE HOTEL SECURITY GUARD FIRED AT HIM, THE BULLETS PASSED RIGHT THROUGH HIM."



"I REMEMBER THAT HE WAS REALLY GOOD-LOOKING, EXCEPT FOR--EXCEPT FOR WHEN HE TURNED INVISIBLE, AND I REMEMBER HIM OPENING THAT WOMAN'S FLESH WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND."



"I REMEMBER IT LOOKED LIKE HE WAS, LIKE, LEVITATING AT ONE POINT, AND THAT WHEN IT WAS OVER HE JUST... DISAPPEARED, YOU KNOW. LIKE INTO THIN AIR..."



AND HIS EYES. I CAN STILL SEE HIS EYES WHEN I CLOSE MINE.

MIAMI BEACH HOMICIDE UNIT.

HE TURNED EVERYONE HE LOOKED AT TO STONE, LIKE THAT SNAKE-HEADED LADY FROM THE GREEK STORIES.

...MEDUSA... GOT IT...

ANYTHING ELSE, MR. SAYER?



YOU DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THIS, DO YOU? YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT I--OH!

OH, HE--HE HUMMED.

HUMMED?



YEAH, YEAH! THIS EERIE LITTLE TUNE, REAL LOW IN HIS THROAT, LIKE JUST TO HIMSELF.

RIGHT, OKAY.



WELL, THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME, MR. SAYER. WE DO APPRECIATE YOUR HELP.

UH... SURE...