

PAGE ONE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. A man's face fills the panel. His eye's are shut and his mouth hangs open like a dead fish.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"DISPOSING OF A BODY IS NO EASY TASK."

Panel 2. The man groggily wakes up from his deep slumber.

PETE(OP)

WAKE UP BABY FACE! WE'RE HERE.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"BUT WITH OUR COLLECTIVE EXPERIENCE, WE THOUGHT IT WAS GOING BE EASY-PEESY."

PETE(OP)

SHOWTIME MIKEY-BOY. TIME TO EARN YOUR DOLLAR.

MIKE

JUST RESTING MY EYES.

Panel 3. The man rubs his face to wake himself up

MIKE

YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHERE YOUR "**SECRET STASH**" IS, NOW WE'RE HERE?

CAPTION(MIKE)

"YOU SEE, OL' PETEY HAD HIS OWN DUMP SITE THAT HE KEPT SECRET. HONESTLY, I FELT HONORED HE WAS SHOWING IT TO ME."

Panel 4. Mike opens the wide passenger door of a Cadillac.

PAGE TWO (FULL PAGE PANEL)

Full page panel. MIKE slams shut the car door as PETE presents the marshland of the Miskatonic valley. It is a vast wetland filled with long brown stalks and patches of soggy green grass. Lone barren trees sporadically adorn the vista with intricate webs of branches and knots. The trees' shadows are like craggy black hands tearing at the ground. The bright luminous grey of the moon casts an eerie glow. In the distance, the dark outline of a mountain towers over the valley as the Miskatonic river slowly moves past its base. Around the far outskirts of the marsh stands a dense treeline, surrounding the area like an impenetrable pitch black wall.

SFX:
SHLAM!

PETE
I PRESENT TO YOU....
MURDERER'S MARSH.

MIKE
THIS IS THE LEGENDARY PLACE WHERE "SECRETS STAY HIDDEN"??
I EXPECTED SOMETHING MORE...GRANDIOSE.

CAPTION1(MIKE)
"LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT THE IRONY OF THE NAMESAKE WOULD COST ME MY SANITY."

"LOOKING BACK, HAD I AN OUNCE OF SENSE I WOULD'VE SEEN WHAT WAS COMING "

CAPTION2(MIKE)
"BUT WHAT EVENTUALLY FOLLOWED ...THAT IS STILL A MYSTERY TO ME."

TITLE: Murder at the Miskatonic Marsh

PAGE THREE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Pete is an older gentleman roughly in his early 50's. He wears a tailored black suit and tie that looks like it walked off the set of "Good Fellas". His winged tip shoes shine in the moonlight as well as his slicked back long black hair. His old age and bad habits have given way to weight loss, causing a sunken set of eyes and a bony frame. His tiny stature may seem unassuming but his confidence exudes in his mannerisms. His stoney stare is that of cold blooded killer. Mike is younger, roughly late 20's. He wears a black track suit with red pin strips down the side of the arms and legs. His white sneakers are tightly laced to the top. The track suit's zipper at his neck is opened, displaying a white tank top, a shiny gold chain and a small patch of chest hair. The stubble on his face attempts to hide a baby face but his short curly black hair gives his youth away. He is much taller than Pete but most people are. His barrel chest hides a slight paunch that will turn to a belly in his later years. The two of them stand and stare off into the marshland as they make small talk.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"PETE THE PROFESSIONAL WAS TASKED BY THE "HIGHER UPS" TO SHOW ME THE ROPES. TRADE SECRETS IF YOU WILL."

MIKE

WE'RE DEEP IN GOD'S COUNTRY NOW. LETS JUST HOPE NO INBREED YOKEL POPS OUT FROM BEHIND A TREE WITH A HARD-ON.

I HAVE NO QUARRELS WITH LEAVING YOU BEHIND OLD MAN.

Panel 2. Pete grins as he mimics boxing Mike, who is cracking up.

PETE

YOU GOING TO HAVE TO OUT RUN ME FIRST. LORD KNOWS THAT TRACK SUIT HAS NEVER SEEN AN **ACTUAL** TRACK.

MIKE

HA HA HA!

Panel 3. The two of them walk around to the back of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

SO WE EATING WHEN WE GET TO BOSTON OR STOPPING AT A "HOLE IN A WALL" ON THE WAY BACK?

PETE

DEALERS CHOICE, JUST AS LONG AS THEY SERVE A DECENT BREAKFAST.

Panel 4. They both stand in from of the trunk as Pete swings his keys around on his index finger.

MIKE

YOU A WAFFLE GUY OR A PANCAKE GUY?

PETE

MORE LIKE A BACON AND EGGS GUY.

Panel 5. Small panel of a key being pushed into the trunk's keyhole.

SFX:

SHLINK!

PAGE FOUR (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. A large panel of the inside of the plastic sheeted trunk. Three lifeless bodies lay in grotesque unnatural positions; A large overweight man in a white tank top and boxers, a once beautiful woman in silk pajama's and a preteen girl in cute pink pajamas with bunnies on them. Their eyes stare up, locked forever in fright.

MIKE (OP)

I'M MORE A CHICKEN N' WAFFLE GUY MYSELF.

CAPTION (MIKE)

"I DIDN'T HAVE BALLS ENOUGH TO TELL HIM I HAD COMPLETELY LOST MY APPETITE."

Panel 2. A panel from inside the trunk, looking up to the two of them.

MIKE

FOR FUCK'S SAKE! THE WHOLE FAMILY?

PETE

YOU KNOW HOW THE BOSS FEELS ABOUT WITNESSES.

**SIGH*

ALRIGHT YOUNGBLOOD, YOU GRAB THE BITCH AND I GRAB THE KID. *THEN* WE COME BACK FOR FAT FRANKIE CAUSE-

Panel 3. Pete starts to put on a pair of rubber gloves as Mike questions his partner in crime.

PETE

-SURE AS SHIT THAT'S GONNA BE A TWO MAN JOB. ASSHOLE COULD'VE DONE US A FAVOR AND DROPPED A FEW BEFORE HIS DEMISE.

MIKE

BUT PETEY ...*WHY THE KID?*

Panel 4. Mike gets hit in the face with a glove

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED :

SFX :

SMACK !

PAGE FIVE (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Pete points a harsh finger in Mike's face.

PETE

HAVEN'T YOU *LEARNED* A THING FROM FATTY HERE?! IN THIS LINE OF WORK, QUESTIONS GET YOU A BULLET IN THE SKULL.

NOW PICK UP THE *GOD DAMN* GLOVES AND **GRAB THE BITCH!**

Panel 2. Low angled panel of Mike's face as he leans over to pick up the gloves.

PETE(OP)

AND I SAY THIS AS A FRIEND, YOU BEST LISTEN TO WHAT I'M SAYING OR I'M DISPOSING OF FOUR BODIES TONIGHT. YOU *GET* ME?!

CAPTION(MIKE)

"FUCKING FLAGS FLYING IN MY FACE, BUT DID I SEE THEM? HELL NO!"

Panel 3. Mike puts on gloves as Pete leans into the trunk.

MIKE

SORRY PETE ...BUT ...ALL I'M SAYING IS WHAT THE KID EVER DO? JUST DOESN'T SIT RIGHT WITH ME IS ALL.

PETE

MAYBE WITH ALL THE COMIC BOOK MOVIES *THESE* KIDS ARE WATCHING, BOSS DOESN'T WANT SOME CUNT IN A SPANDEX JUMPSUIT SEEKING SOME SORT OF VIGILANTE REVENGE FOR HER FAT FATHER.

Panel 4. Pete straightens up. His gloved hands are covered in blood and gestures to accentuate the conversation.

PETE

HEY, YOU SEE THAT ONE WITH THAT TALKING RACCOON? ALMOST BUSTED A NUT LAUGHING. AND THAT TALKING TREE? *FUCKING PRICELESS.*

Panel 5. Small panel with a CU on Pete's bloody hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Panel 6. Small panel of Mike's blank expression

MIKE

MUST HAVE MISSED THAT ONE.

PAGE SIX (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. A large long angled panel as they walk out into the marsh. Pete has the bundled body in plastic over his shoulder while Mike carries a slightly larger one over his. They both carry flashlights in their free hand.

CAPTION1(MIKE)

"MAYBE WHAT HAPPENED LATER WAS GOD'S PUNISHMENT."

"YOU CAN ONLY BURY SO MANY BODIES UNTIL HE'S GOT TO LAY DOWN HIS ALMIGHTY WRAITH."

CAPTION2(MIKE)

"YOU KNOW WHAT? ...HE'D BE ONE HELL OF A WISE GUY."

CAPTION3(MIKE)

"A SKIMMED DROP, SEND LOCUSTS AFTER HIM. THE WRONG GUY GETS MURDERED, FIRST SON DEAD. SOMEBODY SNITCHES, *MOTHER FUCKIN' ARMAGEDDON.*"

Panel 2. The two men stomp through the mud. A tree devoid of life is nearby.

PETE

DAMMIT! JUST HAD THESE SHOES SHINNED. SHOULD'VE PACKED BOOTS.

MIKE

HOW MUCH FURTHER OUT WE GOING? FEELING LIKE WE NEED A TREASURE MAP TO FIND THIS PLACE AGAIN.

PETE

PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE KID.

Panel 3. They get close to the tree and Pete drops the body of the late child onto solid ground.

SFX:

THUD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

THIS IS AS GOOD PLACE AS ANY. GOING TO HAVE A QUICK SMOKE AND
WE'LL HEAD BACK.

MIKE

I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE SOMETHING OUT OF PLACE.

Panel 4. Pete lights up a smoke as Mike drops the girls body.

SFX:

THUD!

MIKE

WE DIDN'T PACK ANY SHOVELS.

PETE

DON'T NEED TO.

NATURE TAKES CARE OF IT FOR US. BEEN DROPPING OFF BODIES HERE
SINCE MY POPS WAS STILL IN THE BUSINESS. BODIES OUT HERE DISAPPEAR
INTO THE *ETHER*.

PAGE SEVEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Mike flashes the light in Pete's direction.

MIKE

YOU'VE GOT TO BE *KIDDING ME*. YOU BEING "THE PROFESSIONAL" AND ALL,
I THOUGHT WE'D BE DOING SOME CSI SHIT OUT HERE BUT YOU JUST LET
MOTHER NATURE *TAKE IT'S COURSE*? WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

PETE

THE GATORS DO ALL THE WORK FOR US MY FRIEND. NO FUSS, NO MUSS.
**EXHALE*
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH KID.

Panel 2. Long angled panel from within the deep grass as they
continue bickering.

MIKE

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF GATORS IN MASSACHUSETTS?!

Panel 3. A ticked off Pete dramatically asks the marsh for advice
with pleading hands.

PETE

OH LOOK WHO WE GOT OUT HERE! MOTHER FUCKING STEVE IRWIN IS GOING
TO TEACH **ME** HOW TO LOSE A CORPSE!

MIKE(OP)

I'M NOT TRYING TO TEACH YOU ANYTHING, ITS JUST--

Panel 4. Low angled panel of the two men's feet with the girls
dead face in the foreground. Pete stomps out his cigarette.

PETE(OP)

WILL YOU JUST FORGET ABOUT IT? LETS GET FATTY AND THEN GO EAT SOME
GRUB. ALL THIS BODY HAULING IS WORKING UP AN APPETITE.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"TWO IDIOTS WHO KNEW IT ALL."
"PATHETIC."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"THE LITTLE DEAD GIRL PROBABLY KNEW MORE THAN THE *TWO OF US* PUT TOGETHER."

Panel 5. Small panel of a CU of the girls dead eye. Something odd is seen in her eye's reflection.

CAPTION (MIKE)

"BUT THE DEAD ONLY SPEAK IN WHISPERS AND--"

PAGE EIGHT (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. A small panel of black.

MIKE(OP)

--I'M NOT LISTENING TO A *SINGLE* WORD.

Panel 2. Panel angled from inside the trunk. Fat Frank's dead face is in the foreground as they open the trunk. They keep the arguments going.

SFX:

SCRINK!

MIKE

YOU MUST BE ON CRACK OLD MAN. I *WISH* I HAD MY PHONE SO WE COULD SEE THE SCORE. I'M CERTAIN IT AIN'T PRETTY.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"PETE MADE US LEAVE OUR PHONES BEHIND. SAID HE DIDN'T WANT ANYBODY TRACKING US."

"YET ANOTHER FLAG. PETE DIDN'T KNOW A SATELLITE FROM A TOASTER"

Panel 3. Pete drags the body out from the trunk.

PETE

NOW YOU BEST BE SHUTTING THE **FUCK UP!**

GRAB THE SPRAY BOTTLE OF BLEACH AND WIPE DOWN THE TRUNK LIKE THE GOOD *LITTLE BOY* YOU ARE, BEFORE YOU REALLY PISS ME OFF.

MIKE

ALRIGHT ALRIGHT, NO NEED TO BE AN ASSHOLE.

Panel 4. Mike stands with spray bottle in hand.

MIKE

FIRST YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE GATORS IN MASSACHUSETTS, *THEN* YOU TELL ME THE RED SOX ARE GOING TO TAKE THE PENNANT!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (OP)

KEEP IT UP KID--

Panel 5. Mike cleans the trunk as Pete's back is to the panel. He has a gun tucked in the back of his pants. His hand caresses the handle.

PETE

--OR FRANK'S GOING TO HAVE SOME EXTRA COMPANY TONIGHT.

MIKE

HA HA HA! YOUR ONE FUNNY GUY PETE.

PAGE NINE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. The two men carry the body of Fat Frank through the wetlands, dragging his bloated midsection through the mud.

PETE

FRANKIE FRANKIE FRANKIE, YOU FAT FUCKING BASTARD. COULDN'T HAVE CUT BACK ON THE CANNOLIS? YOU KNOW, THERE WAS THIS ONE FUCKING TIME--

MIKE (INTERRUPTING)

SHHHHH! SHUT UP FOR A SECOND.....

YOU *HEAR* THAT?

Panel 2. A large, high angled panoramic panel of them standing in the field. The full moon shines brightly onto the entire marsh. They are the only inhabitants for what looks like miles around.

PETE

.....I DON'T HEAR A DAMN THING.

MIKE

EXACTLY!

NO FROGS, NO BUGS, NO NOTHING!

PETE

WHAT YOU EXPECT? NOTHING COULD LIVE IN THIS GOD FORSAKEN SWAMP. MORE FUCKING QUESTIONS FROM YOU?!
WILL YOU JUST SHUT IT AND LETS GET THIS SHIT OVER WITH!

CAPTION (MIKE)

"ALTHOUGH THE SIGNS UP UNTIL THIS POINT HAVE BEEN OBVIOUS, *THIS* ONE IS ONLY APPARENT IN HINDSIGHT."

Panel 3. Same low angled panel as when Pete dropped his cigarette. The butt of the smoldering cigarette still lays there but the girls' bodies are gone. Pete and Mike drop Frank's body.

SFX:

KER-THUD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

WE MUST HAVE WENT TO THE WRONG TREE.

HA!

SHOULD'VE MADE THAT TREASURE MAP LIKE YOU SAID.

MIKE

WE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO TURNED AROUNDLOOK!

Panel 4. Same panel as before but Mike has squatted down to grab the cigarette butt.

MIKE

HERE'S YOUR BRAND PETE.....

THIS DON'T SEEM RIGHT.

SFX:

CLICK!

Panel 5. CU of Mike's shocked face.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"THEN IT FINALLY CLICKED IN MY BRAIN WITH THE CLICK OF THE GUN'S HAMMER."

PETE(OP)

I WANT YOU TO *SLOWLY* STAND UP AND TURN AROUND. I'M NOT SO MUCH A COWARD THAT I'D SHOOT A MAN IN THE BACK.

PAGE TEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Mike furiously faces Pete with both hands raised. Pete's back is to the panel.

MIKE

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME! THIS WAS YOUR PLAN ALL ALONG WASN'T IT?

I AM SO FUCKING STUPID!

I ALWAYS WONDERED HOW ALL THE *OTHER FOOLS* NEVER SEEN IT COMING. NOW I'M ONE OF THOSE SORRY FUCKS!

Panel 2. Reverse angle of the last panel.

PETE

THIS WAS NOT PART OF THE PLAN ...NOT EXACTLY.
BOSS TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU A FINAL CHANCE AND LEFT IT COMPLETELY UP TO ME.

I *REALLY* HATE MAKING THE TOUGH DECISIONS BUT YOU JUST HAD TO MAKE IT EASY FOR ME.

Panel 3. CU of Mike's face.

PETE(OP)

ALL YOUR QUESTIONSALL YOUR DOUBTS AND NAY-SAYING.
ALTHOUGH IT ANNOYED THE PISS OUT OF ME, ALL THAT WAS FORGIVABLE.

Panel 4. CU of Pete's face

PETE

BUT YOU SAY SHIT ABOUT MY REDSOX!?
NO COMING BACK FROM THAT.

Panel 5. Small panel with a CU of the gun pointed in the face of Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

FUCK YOU PETE.

MY DAD DIDN'T RAISE A BUM.

HE RAISED ME A YANKEE.

PAGE ELEVEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Pete continues to point the gun. His free hand is over his heart.

PETE

I HATE TO SOUND OLD FASHIONED BUT YOU GOT LAST REQUESTS? *HAND TO GOD*, I WILL PASS IT ON. I OWE YOU THAT MUCH AT LEAST. SO CHOOSE YOUR LAST WORDS WISELY KID.

MIKE(OP)

YOU KNOW WHAT PETEY--

Panel 2. A wide panel of Mike looking out onto the scenery around with his back to Pete. Both their backs face the panel as Mike breaks into a dramatic dialogue so the composition should be cinematic.

MIKE

--I NEVER BEEN ONE TO BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL. I'D SEE ALL THESE FAKE-ASS REALITY TV SHOWS, ALL JUST HIPPY BULLSHIT IF YOU ASK ME. BUT STANDING HERE, RIGHT HERE, **RIGHT NOW**, I PRAY TO GOD THAT GHOSTS ARE REAL, BECAUSE IF THEY ARE?AND I REALLY HOPE THEY ARE**I PROMISE--**

Panel 3. Mike dramatically turns back to face Pete with anger in his face

MIKE

-I'M HAUNTING YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR **GOD DAMN MISERABLE LIFE!!!-**

Panel 4. Small panel of Mike's shocked face...as if he's seen a ghost.

MIKE

...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Panel 5. Pete and Mike continue to square off. Mike is freaking out trying to get a word out. Pete seems irritated as he pulls out a silencer.

PETE

YOU CHOSE POORLY KID. SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS BUT--

MIKE (INTERRUPTING)

OH GOD PETEY! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT!!!

PAGE TWELVE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. A full page panel. Mike's back is facing the panel in the foreground toward the bottom left corner. Mike is freaking out in side profile. Pete is facing the panel in the mid-ground, pointing the gun, looking nonchalant with a silencer in the other hand. Behind Pete towers an immense self-luminous amoeba-like creature (a shoggoth), made out of an iridescent black slime. It is covered in multiple eyes flicker all over and writhing in slimy-smooth tentacles with goop dripping from them. Pete makes no notice to what's behind him. Mike shines his flashlight on the creature and the beam almost shines right through the unknown thing.

PETE

DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M GOING TO FALL FOR *THAT*? YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDIN--

Panel 2. A small overlaid panel angled from behind Pete as his senses prick up and begins to turn his head.

Panel 3. A small overlaid panel of Pete in grotesque shock as he sees the creature.

Panel 4. An extremely small panel of Pete's eyes in full shock

PAGE THIRTEEN (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Pete turns completely towards the beast in consummate fright, drops the silencer and starts shooting his gun at the large thing in front of him. Mike is petrified like a statue.

SFX:

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

PETE

WHAT THE FUCK!!!

CAPTION(MIKE)

"IT WAS AN INDESCRIBABLE TERRIBLETHING!
IT WASN'T A GHOSTAT LEAST NO GHOST OF *THIS* WORLD."

Panel 2. The bullets go right through the strange creature, not phasing it in the slightest.

SFX:

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

CAPTION(MIKE)

"BULLETS WENT RIGHT THROUGH IT LIKE IT WASN'T EVEN THERE"

Panel 3. Small panel of the creatures mouth-less "face".

CAPTION(MIKE)

"BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU--"

Panel 4. Same small panel as before but an opening is forming.

Panel 5. Same small panel as before but the opening has formed a hideous mouth with rows of nasty teeth.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"IT WAS DEFINITELY THERE."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Panel 6. Pete tries to run away from the beast but its tentacles have wrapped around Pete. He's going nowhere. A ghastly dread comes across his face.

CAPTION (MIKE)

"PETE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE."

"ME? HELL...I WAS TOO SCARED TO MOVE EVEN *IF* I WANTED TO HELP HIM."

PAGE FOURTEEN (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. The thing lifts Pete up into the air. Pete drops his gun and is staring down the creatures maw. The moon casts an outline of their silhouette.

PETE

AAAAHHHHH!!!!

Panel 2. Pete looks over to Mike.

Panel 3. Mike has a look of shocked dismay.

Panel 4. CU of Pete's terrified eyes

Panel 5. CU of Mike's mouth forming a slight grin.

Panel 6. Mike's pleased look crosses his face.

MIKE

THE RED SOX CAN SUCK A DICK.

PAGE FIFTEEN (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Pete is dropped into the mouth of the creature. The half of Pete's body that is in the creature's mouth can be seen through the body of the beast. Pete's face is locked in a death stare.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"I *WANTED* TO RUN BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT.
ALL I COULD DO WAS STAND AND STAREPARTLY OUT OF FEAR, PARTLY
OUT OF AWE. MY FEET KEPT ME IN MY PLACE."

Panel 2. Pete's body begins to melt away inside the beast. Mike flashes his light on to him. The skin dissolves around Pete's face, melting away like it was in a vat of acid.

Panel 3. His hands melt to muscle.

Panel 4. His ribs melt to bone.

Panel 5. Pete's grinning skeleton has only the eye's left (for dramatic purpose) as Mike finally turns to run. He drops his flashlight.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"THE LAST THING POOR OL' PETE SAW WAS ME HIGH-TAILING IT OUT OF
THERE..."

Panel 6. CU of the flashlight landing on the ground.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"BUT LEAVING WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY-PEEZY."

PAGE SIXTEEN (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. A tentacle from out of the swamp grabs onto Mikes leg but he doesn't fall.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"AND JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS OUT--"

Panel 2. Mike looks back.

Panel 3. The tentacle originates from a small hole in the mud. Another creature ,like the other, oozes out of the hole. It has not completely fully formed yet.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"--THEY PULLED ME BACK IN!"

Panel 4. Mike fights to get away but still gets pulled to the still forming creature, which is about 5 foot high.

Panel 5. A mouth already is formed and gnashes its teeth at Mike.

Panel 6. Mike pulls back a clenched fist.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"I FIGURED THIS IS IT."

"SHOWTIME MIKEY-BOY. TIME TO EARN YOUR DOLLAR."

PAGE SEVENTEEN (SEVEN PANELS)

Panel 1. Mike punches the thing in the "face" with all his might.
A hunk of it flies away.

MIKE
AARRRGGGG!!!!

CAPTION(MIKE)
"SO I POPPED HIM IN HIS UGLY MUG!"

Panel 2. Small panel of the thing's tentacle releasing it's grip

Panel 3. Mike stands free, grabbing at his wrist in pain.

MIKE
WHAT THE ...?!

Panel 4. Mike looks to his melting hand. The skin's surface begins
to bubble.

MIKE
*PANT

CAPTION(MIKE)
"AND THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW MY RIGHT HAND."

Panel 5. Mike's scarred face.

SFX (MIKE)
AHHHHH!!!
(carry scream SFX over
this panel and next.)

Panel 6. Same panel as before but Mike holds up his hand in front
of his face as meat and bone fall off.

SFX (MIKE CONTINUED)
AHHHHH!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTION(MIKE)

"NO MORE ROSY PALM NIGHTS FOR ME ...UNLESS I LEARNED WITH MY LEFT
BUT I'M NO SWITCH HITTER."

"WHAT'S THE WORD? AMBIDEXTROUS??"

Panel 7. Mike turns away for the last time to run back to the car.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"I CAN LAUGH ABOUT IT NOW BUT EVERY CELL IN MY BODY WAS SCREAMING--
"

PAGE EIGHTEEN (SEVEN PANELS)

Panel 1. Mike is in the foreground running for his life as the two creatures enjoy their meal.

CAPTION(MIKE)

"--AND THEY WERE ALL TELLING ME TO **GET THE FUCK OUT OF THERE.**"

Panel 2. Mike runs through the mud, blood flying from the stump where his hand once was.

Panel 3. He makes it to the road where the car is.

Panel 4. Car lights flash into his face.

COP(OP)

STOP AND DROP TO THE GROUND ...**NOW!**

CAPTION(MIKE)

"I'M GUESSING THEY HEARD THE SHOTS. PETE WAS FUCKING ME FROM BEYOND "

Panel 5. Two cops jump out of their vehicle with guns drawn.

COP:

I WANT YOUR HANDS UP WHERE I CAN SEE EM'!

Panel 6. The car's lights are shining bright on Mike as he falls to his knees. He puts up his hand and the stump. His back is to the panel and the cops are in front of him facing the panel. The lights cast Mike in shadow.

COP

BOTH YOUR HANDS UP!

Panel 7. CU of Mike's face with his arms up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

I ONLY GOT THE ONE!

CAPTION (MIKE)

"AND THIS IS WHERE YOUR GUYS COME INTO THE STORY..."

PAGE NINETEEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Mike sits at a police interrogation table with one hand cuffed to the table while the other is completely bandaged at the wrist. Two plain clothes DETECTIVES sit across from him.

MIKE

I KNOW WHAT I SAID ALL *SEEMS* TOO INSANE TO BELIEVE BUT I ASSURE YOU ...IT'S THE GOD'S HONEST TRUTH.

I'VE HAD THE DAY TO RUN IT THROUGH MY HEAD *HUNDREDS* OF TIMES AND I ***STILL*** HAVE TROUBLE BELIEVING IT MYSELF.

Panel 2. The detectives look out the corner of their eyes at each other.

MIKE(OP)

LOCK ME UP IF YOU WANT, I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE BOSTON OPERATIONS. NOT LIKE I CAN SHOW MY FACE *THERE* ANYWAY.

BUT *PLEASE*JUST TELL ME ONE THING--

Panel 3. Mike's pleading face is almost in tears.

MIKE

--PLEASE TELL ME **WHAT THE FUCK** THAT THING WAS!? EVEN THOUGH I SAW IT WITH MY OWN TWO EYES, I... I...

I'M LOOSING IT HERE!

EVEN STARTING WARMING UP TO THE IDEA OF GHOSTS IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT.

DETECTIVE 1(OP)

THAT'S JUST THE THING MIKE

Panel 4. The detective talks to Mike.

DETECTIVE 1

**INHALE*

WE DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERE WAS NO EVIDENCE THAT WHAT YOU SAID EVER HAPPENED. NO BLOOD,
NO BODIES, NO NOTHING.

WE THINK THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING YOUR NOT TELLING US

DETECTIVE 2

SO STOP FUCKING AROUND AND TELL US WHAT **REALLY** HAPPENED OUT THERE!

Panel 5. Small CU panel of Mike mouth forming a grin.

PAGE TWENTY (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. High angled panel looking down from the ceiling of the interrogation room. Mike starts busting up in an insane laughing fit.

MIKE

HA! HA! HA! HA!

Panel 2. Mike's back is centered in the panel's frame The two detectives sit facing the panel to the right and left of him. They look nervously to each other.

MIKE

HA! HA! HA! HA!

Panel 3. Mike continues to laugh

MIKE

HA! HA! HA! HA! ...YOU GUYS GOT ME!

Panel 4. Mike has stopped laughing. He is framed closer.

MIKE

ALRIGHT ALRIGHT I GIVE UP.

Panel 5. CU of Mike's calm face.

MIKE

IT WAS THE GATORS THAT GOT ME.

TITLE: END