

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

"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

"But with our collective experience, we thought it was gonna be easy-peesy."

PETE (OP)

Showtime Mikey-boy. Time to earn your dollar.

MIKE

Just resting the eyes.

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

MIKE

You gonna tell me where your "*secret stash*" is now we here?

CAPTION

"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 soggy marshland of the Miskatonic valley. It is a vast wetland with sporadic barren trees. A full moon's light casts shadows amongst the tall grass and mud.

SFX:
SHLAM!

PETE
I present to you....
Murderer's marsh.

MIKE
This is the place where "secrets stay hidden"??
I expected something more....grandiose.

CAPTION1
"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
"But what eventually followed.....that is still a *friggin'* mystery to me."

TITLE: Murder at the Miskatonic Marsh

PAGE THREE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Pete is an older gentleman wearing a suit and tie. Mike is in a track suit and a gold chain. They stare off into the marshland

CAPTION

“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 ain’t NEVER seen an *actual* track.

MIKE

HA HA HA!

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

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 truck'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, a once beautiful woman and a preteen girl. Their eyes stare up, locked forever in fright.

MIKE (OP)

I'm more a chicken n' waffle guy myself.

CAPTION

"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

SFX:

SMACK!

PAGE FIVE (SIX PANELS)

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

PETE

Ain't you *learned* nothing 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 brat!**

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 be listening to what I'm sayin' or I'm disposing of four bodies tonight. You *get* me?!

CAPTION

"Fucking flags flying in my FACE, but did I see em'? Hell no!"

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

MIKE

Sorry Petebutall I'm saying is what the kid ever do? Just don't sit right with me is all.

PETE

Maybe with all the comic book movies *these* kids are watching, boss don't want some cunt in a spandex jumpsuit seeking some sorta vigilante revenge for her fat father.

Panel 4. Pete straightens up. His gloved hands are covered in blood and 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.

Panel 6. Small panel of Mike's blank expression

MIKE

Musta' 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

“Maybe what happened later was God’s punishment.”

“You can only bury so many bodies until he’s gotta lay down his almighty wraith.”

CAPTION2

“You know what?He’d be one helluva’ wise guy.”

CAPTION3

“A skimmed drop, send locusts after him. The wrong guy gets wacked, first son dead. Somebody snitches, *mother fuckin’ Armageddon*.”

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

PETE

Dammit! Just had these shinned. Should’ve packed boots.

MIKE

How much further out we goin’? 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 wife.

SFX:

Thud!

PETE

This is as good place as any. Gonna have a quick smoke and we’ll head back.

MIKE

I couldn't help but notice something strange.

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 the deep grass as they continue bickering.

MIKE

Have you ever heard of gators in MASSACHUSETTS?!

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

PETE

Oh look who we got out here! Mother fucking Steve Irwin gonna teach ME about how to lose a corpse!

MIKE (OP)

I ain't 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

Will you just forget about it? Lets get fatty and then go eat some grub. All this body haulin' is working up an appetite.

CAPTION

“Two fucking idiots who knew it all.”

“Pathetic.”

“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

“But the dead only speak in whispers and--”

PAGE EIGHT (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. A small panel of black.

MIKE (OP)

--I ain't listenin' to a *single* word..

Panel 2. Angled from inside the truck. Fat Frank's dead face is in the foreground as they open the truck. 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

"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 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, THEN you tell me the Red Socks got a chance at the pennant!?

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 gonna 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 Frankie 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. Bird's eye view panel of the three of them in the field. The full moon shines bright in the distance

PETE

.....I don't hear a damn thing.

MIKE

Exactly. No frogs, No bugs, No NOTHING!

PETE

What ya expect? Ain't 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

"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!

PETE

We must've 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!

CAPTION

"Then it finally clicked in my brain with the click of the gun's hammer."

Panel 5. Small panel CU of Mike's shocked face.

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* who got popped 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 ya 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 outa' me, all that was forgivable.

Panel 4. CU of Pete's face

PETE

But you say shit about my Redsox!?

Ain't no coming back from that.

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

MIKE

Fuck you Pete.

My dad raised no 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 talking to Pete. Mike looks out onto the scenery around with his back to Pete. Mike breaks into a dramatic dialogue so the panel 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 is real, Cause if they is?and I **REALLY** hope they isI **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

.....

Panel 5. Pete and Mike continue to square off. Mike is freaking out trying to get a word out and 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 in the foreground toward the bottom left corner freaking out. Pete is in the middle pointing the gun looking nonchalant. 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 eyes 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 flash light on the creature and the beam almost shines right through the unknown thing.

PETE

Do you REALLY think I'm gonna fall for *that*? You've gotta be kidin-

Panel 2. A small overlaid panel from behind Pete's head 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

“It was a terrible indescribableTHING!
IT was no 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

“Bullets went right through IT like it wasn’t even there”

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

CAPTION

“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 form a hideous mouth with rows of nasty teeth.

CAPTION

“IT was definitely there.”

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

“Pete never stood a chance.”

“Me? Hell...I was too scared to frigin' 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

AAAHHHHHH!!!!

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

"I *wanted* to run but I couldn't help it. All I could do was stand and starepartly outa' fear, partly outa' 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

"The last thing poor Ol' Pete saw was me high-tailing it out of there....."

Panel 6. The flashlight drops to the ground.

CAPTION

"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

"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, not completely fully formed yet.

CAPTION

"-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

"I figured THIS IS IT. Time to earn my 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
“So I popped him is his ugly mug!”

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

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

Panel 4. Mike looks to his melting hand.

CAPTION
“And that was the last time I saw my right hand.”

Panel 5. Mike’s scarred face.

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

CAPTION
“No more rosypalm nights for meunless I learnt with my left but I ain’t no switch hitter.”
“What’s the word? Ambidextrous??”

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

CAPTION
“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

“--and they was all telling me in unison to **get the fuck outa’ 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

“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’s 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.

MIKE

I only got the one!

CAPTION

“And this is where yous 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 all said *seems* too insane to believe but I assure youit'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. I can't show my face *there* anyways.

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**?

I'm having trouble convincing myself that thing is real even though I saw it with my own eyes.

I'm loosing it here!

Even starting warming up to the idea of ghosts.

DETECTIVE 1(OP)

That's just the thing Mike

Panel 4. The detective talks to Mike.

DETECTIVE 1

**inhale*

We don't believe you.

There was no evidence that what you said ever happened. No blood, no bodies, no nothing.

We think there's gotta be something your no 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