

DRAFT [1.5]

JANUARY 15, 2014

BAD MOON RISING

ISSUE 1 {OF 6}

PRESENTED BY: KINETIC UNDERGROUND

SCREENPLAY: SCOTT ROSENBERG

GRAPHIC NOVEL ADAPTATION BY: BRANDON EASTON

EDITOR: DAVID FORREST

BAD MOON RISING

PAGE 1 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: ESTABLISHING wide shot of the MEKONG DELTA region of Vietnam.

PHOTO REFERENCE: <http://bit.ly/IYQnxi>

CAPTION 1:

HUNG NHU - MEKONG DELTA, 1968.

PANEL TWO: A FULL MOON heavily obscured by cloud cover, sheds streaks of light upon a thick patch of jungle where a Viet Cong underground bunker sits in a swampy marsh of rice paddies.

SECOND MARINE (OFF PANEL)

I'm here with you sport. I'm here... you're gonna be fine.

INJURED MARINE (OFF PANEL)

I can't feel my lower body! What happened-?!?

PANEL THREE: Inside of the bunker are TWO U.S. MARINES. They are partially in shadow, but we can see that one of the INJURED MARINE'S LEGS is a mangled mess of blood and torn flesh. The SECOND MARINE calmly rocks his buddy in his arms.

SECOND MARINE

You stepped on a mine - a Bouncing Betty. The sunuvabitch actually flies out of the ground after being triggered.

SECOND MARINE

You lucky you ain't wearin' your asshole as an ascot. *heh*

PANEL FOUR: The Injured Marine doesn't think anything is funny. He looks up at the Second Marine with a look of absolute terror and pain.

INJURED MARINE

We're in a VC bunker...

SECOND MARINE

That's right, sport. A listening station.

PAGE 1 (CONTINUED)

PANEL FIVE: ANGLE on the shredded leg of the Injured Marine - it looks horrible. The Second Marine looks on with great concern.

SECOND MARINE

So where you from?

INJURED MARINE

New York... you ever been?

SECOND MARINE

Naw. I'm stone-cold white trash. Don't trust anyplace ain't got an outhouse.

PANEL SIX: Both men look OFF-PANEL like deer frozen in the headlights of an eighteen-wheeler. The SOUND of approaching soldiers from outside.

SECOND MARINE

We gonna chill here until medevac drops. So stay-

SFX

KRIK! KRAK!

INJURED MARINE

Charlie's back.

PAGE 2 (4 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: About 5 Viet Cong troopers trudge out of the thick jungle growth. This is a VC KILL SQUAD. Various rifles and machetes are attached to their shoulder and waist straps. One of the VC guys is opening a fresh pack of cigarettes.

PANEL TWO: The VC squad settle into position at the entrance of the bunker. VC #1 enthusiastically lights up a cigarette.

PANEL THREE: REVERSE SHOT - the two marines watch him light up his cigarette from the darkness of the bunker. The Second Marine has his hand tightly clasped over the mouth of the Injured Marine.

PANEL FOUR: The Second Marine gently shoves a taped four-clip into his M-16 RIFLE.

SFX
SHAKT

PANEL FIVE: Suddenly alarmed, VC #1 turns his head toward the darkness, his eyes wide and fully alert.

VIET CONG #1 (TRANSLATED FROM VIETNAMESE)
SHHHH-! Ban có nghe không?

PAGE 3 (5 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: The cloud cover begins to disperse, the light from the full moon begins to pierce the night sky.

PANEL TWO: Through cracks in the ceiling of the bunker, shafts of moonlight create tiny spotlights on the floor. The Second Marine stares at the moonlight as if it was acid.

PANEL THREE: VC #1 begins walking toward the back of the bunker. The rest of his kill squad don't seem to take his concerns seriously. They look at him with mock concern, laughing.

VIET CONG #1

Đó là một cái gì đó tro lai có.

VIET CONG #2

Đó là nhung con chuot!

PANEL FOUR: The Second Marine stares at the moonlight in horror - his entire head drenched in fresh beads of sweat. He backs off toward a dark corner of the bunker. The Injured Marine reaches for him in vain.

INJURED MARINE

Hey man... where-where you going man? Don't leave me... please...

PANEL FIVE: VC #1 has flicked his cigarette into the darkness, it bounces near the Injured Marine's mangled leg, casting faint light upon the gore.

SFX

Fffssssshhhh

PAGE 4 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: CLOSE ON VC #1 - His eyes wide in alarm as he rushes into the bunker, reaching for his rifle.

VIET CONG #1
Ke thù!!!!

PANEL TWO: The entire VC kill squad pours into the bunker, letting off quick bursts of gunfire.

SFX
RATTAATATTAATAA!!!

PANEL THREE: The Injured Marine curls into a fetal position as the bullets tear into the ground around him.

SFX
PTOK! THOOM! THOOM!

PANEL FOUR: The Injured Marine is surrounded by the VC. He weakly raises his arm across his face in a vain defensive posture. Flashlights on the rifles bathe him in intense light.

INJURED MARINE
Please... no.

PANEL FIVE: VC #1 pushes the rifle's bayonet underneath the Injured Marine's chin. VC #1 looks at him with disgust, a sarcastic smile on his face.

VIET CONG #1
"Prease... no." Heh heh heh.

PANEL SIX: CLOSE ON a set of the nastiest, sharpest teeth we've ever seen in our lives. A frothy, vicious animal's grin barely registering from the darkness of the bunker.

SFX
Grrrrrwwwwlllll...

PAGE 5 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: A LARGE WOLF launches itself from the darkness, it's teeth and claws bulgy bared and ready to do serious damage. A torn and tattered U.S. Marine uniform clings to its appendages. A HAIL OF GUNFIRE harmlessly passes through the Wolf's body.

SFX
SNNNAAAAARRRRRLLLLL

SFX
BRATATATATTATA

PANEL TWO: FOR THE NEXT FEW PANELS, FEEL FREE TO GO CRAZY ON THE GORE. In a blur of fur, the Wolf's claws rip cleanly through VC #1's face. His tongue and teeth splatter across the bunker.

SFX
SLOOOSHHH!!!

PANEL THREE: The Wolf's jaws close around the neck of another VC, bursting his jugular vein like a ripe fruit.

SFX
SKWIISSHHHH!

PANEL FOUR: A VC's lower intestines hang lazily from one of the Wolf's claws and still throbbing heart is being squashed in his other claw.

PANEL FIVE: In a WOOSH the Wolf exits the bunker, rushing past the Injured Marine who sits on the floor, trembling, eyes wide in horror.

PANEL SIX: The Injured Marine's attention is focused on a shiny object in the midst of a pile of human remains. The moonlight is reflected onto the marine's face.

PAGE 6 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: CLOSE ON a pair of U.S.-issued DOG TAGS resting in a puddle of human remains. WE CANNOT read the name, but the FULL MOON is reflected within the metal.

PANEL TWO: SHOT of a full moon.

PANEL THREE: PULL BACK to reveal a shot of modern NYC under a full moon. The world-famous skyline that glitters in the night.

CAPTION 1

New York City. Today.

PANEL FOUR: A NEWS REPORTER and CREW stand in front of an swanky midtown co-op building that has a large number of NYC emergency vehicles parked along the street.

REPORTER

The NYPD have discovered another alleged victim of the so-called Midtown Mangler, the mad killer responsible for the murders of seven midtown residents in the last six months.

PANEL FIVE: Standing near the yellow police tape barrier is NOAH PACKARD, mid-50s, tall, gangly, thinning hair, a pale, yellowish complexion. He waves at DETECTIVE MONTFORD - a detective who's seen too much already today - who is walking toward the entrance of the building.

CAPTION 2

Noah Packard.

NOAH

Detective Montford! Hello! It's me!

PANEL SIX: Half-turned toward Noah, Detective Montford buries his face into his palm, looking even more tired of the nonsense.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Packard... Jesus Christ. Not today.

PAGE 7 (5 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: INSET "talking head" shot of the reporter speaking directly to the "camera."

REPORTER

The victim's identity has not been disclosed, pending notification of his next-of-kin. Sources close to the investigation reveal it to be a male Caucasian, early thirties...

REPORTER

...and the first victim to be murdered in his own apartment.

PANEL TWO: Packard follows Montford down a crowded corridor packed with emergency workers and uniformed officers. Montford looks back at Packard, his eyes squinting with scorn.

NOAH

Let me see the body!

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

You're a pickled tomato. A kook.

Kooks like to be around other kooks. You got a hard-on for this murdering bastard, nothing I can do about that.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

But I can make sure you don't go starting a freakin' fan club to him, Mr. Packard.

PANEL THREE: Montford enters the crime scene - an apartment - that is guarded by a uniformed officer who blocks Packard's access with an outstretched arm.

NOAH

That's *Doctor* Packard.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Sorry. Didn't know they had a doctoral program at Bela Lugosi University.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Take a walk, doc.

PANEL FOUR: The uniformed officer places his hand firmly against Packard's chest. He gets the message.

PANEL FIVE: Packard rushes down the corridor toward the exit - a wicked smile on his face.

CAPTION 1

"The killer is quite extraordinary..."

PAGE 8 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Packard is being interviewed by the News Reporter, a look of total satisfaction and pride on his face.

NOAH

...he exhibits all of the characteristics of the classic lycanthrope:
The chronic altered state of consciousness... The voracious appetite for raw
flesh... And the periodicity of his psychosis.

PANEL TWO: The reporter stares at Packard with standard TV news guy "wide-eyed disbelief."
In the BACKGROUND, a uniformed police officer walks toward Packard, his hand outstretched.

REPORTER

So what you're saying is The Midtown Mangler is a werewolf!??

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me! Dr. Packard, the detective will see you now.

PANEL THREE: Packard and Montford stand inside of the victim's high-tech, super trendy
apartment. Everything is black and chrome-white. Forensic investigators swarm the area.
Montford stares at Packard with thinly veiled disgust as Packard pops a small yellow pill.

Detective MONTFORD

You have a unique ability to embarrass yourself at every possible moment.

NOAH

gulp Thank you.

PANEL FOUR: Detective Montford gestures toward the mangled corpse of the victim on the
floor, its partially covered by an EMT blanket. Packard stares at the body with a blank expression.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

One of our pathologists claims that the "killer exhibits signs of chronic brain
syndrome of undetermined etiology..." Whatever that means.

NOAH

Oh bullshit, the guy who did this howls at the moon-

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

You just can't let that go! Is all this werewolf nonsense really necessary?

NOAH

NECESSARY? Look at this guy! He's been savaged like he was five pounds of raw
chuck!

PAGE 8 (CONTINUE)

PANEL FIVE: Detective Montford has turned toward a uniformed officer, his back to Packard, who leans in Montford's direction, totally frustrated.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Hmph. Yea.

NOAH

I don't understand why you won't at least listen to what I have to say-

MALEVA THE GYPSY (OFF PANEL)

Have some self-respect Noah...

PANEL SIX: This is MALEVA THE GYPSY from the original Lon Chaney WOLFMAN film. She should appear SLIGHTLY ghostlike, but not so much that it seems like she is a hallucination. From Packard's POV, she's real and standing right in front of him.

PHOTO REFERENCE: <http://bit.ly/1dfMGyC>

NOAH

They refuse to take stock in anything about a lycanthropic matrix.

MALEVA THE GYPSY

It's crazy. So badly, it is, you want werewolves to exist, that you're imposing your will on these policemen.

NOAH

It's a werewolf!!!

PAGE 9 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Detective Montford and the other officers stare in disbelief at Packard who excitedly discusses werewolves with Maleva.

MALEVA THE GYPSY

Perhaps. But not the werewolf you've been searching for...

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Jesus... he's insane.

PANEL TWO: Packard is being FORCEFULLY escorted out of the crime scene by two uniformed cops. Detective Montford is beyond irritated. Maleva is right next to Montford's ear, but of course he doesn't see her.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Let's go Packard. You're done!

MALEVA THE GYPSY

He's not insane. He only wants to die.

PANEL THREE: Packard looks back at Montford, confused to see that Maleva is gone.

NOAH

I don't want to die! Maleva, I need to finish what I started!

NOAH

Maleva?

PANEL FOUR: Later, Detective Montford stands in a pristine CORONER'S OFFICE. The coroner, HUTCH, sits behind his desk, a deeply troubled expression on his face.

CAPTION 1

Later... at the Coroner's Office...

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Afternoon Hutch. Autopsy turn up anything?

HUTCH

Yea. Funny stuff. We found animal fur in the body, especially in the throat lacerations.

PAGE 9 (CONTINUE)

PANEL FIVE: Montford holds a plastic evidence bag up to the light, it is filled with thick, matted fur. Hutch seems mystified.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

What kind of animal?

HUTCH

The genus is Canis Lupis. A wolf. That's WOLF fur.

PANEL SIX: Detective Montford rubs his eyes hard, his face twisted in an angry frown.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Christ almighty.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

sigh Packard.

PAGE 10 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: WIDE SHOT of a large field packed with thousands of customized Harley Davidsons. There are a smattering of tents, BBQ pits and picnic tables spread across the area. Gorgeous, scantily clad biker chicks walk around with beer and cigarettes. It is a biker rally to kill all other biker rallies.

CAPTION 1

Tobaccoville, North Carolina.

PANEL TWO: WE focus on the back of a denim jacket worn by a KID NO MORE THAN TEN YEARS OLD (LOBO) as he runs through the debauchery of sexuality and liquor. On the back of the sleeveless jacket is a PATCH that depicts a GNARLY WOLF with a cigar in his teeth, a bandana on his head, riding a motorcycle in the wind underneath a full moon. "THE LUNAR CYCLES M/C" is stitched around the patch.

PANEL THREE: Lobo pushes his way through the crowd, waving a yellow paper in his hand. Behind him, a LARGE HAND is quickly descending upon his collar.

CAPTION 2

LOBO.

LOBO

I gotta telegram from Locked-Down! A telegram!

PANEL FOUR: Lobo has been snatched into the air by MIGHTY JOE - a 300-LB mountain of a man wearing the same patch as Lobo on his motorcycle jacket. Mighty Joe smiles broadly at the struggling Lobo.

LOBO

Lemme down Mighty Joe! I need to find Coop!
I have a message from Locked-Down!

PANEL FIVE: Mighty Joe points toward a large encampment that is circled by highly-customized Harleys. Lobo is already halfway there.

LOBO

Thanks Mighty Joe!

PAGE 10 (CONTINUE)

PANEL SIX: WIDE SHOT of the core membership of the LUNAR CYCLES MOTORCYCLE CLUB sitting around a BBQ-pit in the center of a ring of Harleys. We have COOP, VULTURE, RATCHET RONNIE and INKSLINGER leisurely knocking back beers or taking swigs off of a large bottle of JACK DANIELS.

CAPTION 3

(Each name should be above the character)

COOP. VULTURE. RATCHET RONNIE. INKSLINGER.

COOP

What's the desperation kid? I hear you been looking for me?

PAGE 11 (6 PANELS)

NOTE: *This page should be stylized like old-school biker movie credits. We can design the panels to reflect an old school movie aesthetic with the creative team credits in the "black space."*

PANEL ONE: Lobo hands Coop the telegram as Coop takes another gulp of JD.

LOBO

From Locked-Down.

COOP

Well I'll be damned.

PANEL TWO: SILHOUETTE of LOCKED-DOWN in a jail cell hunched over a tiny, cramped bench/desk, writing the telegram message.

CAPTION 1 (HANDWRITTEN)

"This down peckerwood is checking out of the Graybar Hotel.
Request a welcoming committee. And a reunion with my lovely White Fang.
Get me back in the wind before I go mad. Your bro, Locked-Down."

PANEL THREE: Coop and Vulture share a look of concern. In the BACKGROUND, Ratchet Ronnie and the OTHER BIKERS whoop and holler while raising their bottles of liquor to the sky.

RATCHET RONNIE

HE'S COMING HOME! YEE-HAW!

PANEL FOUR: SAME SHOT except Coop is standing and preparing to gather his things. Vulture still looks concerned about this new development.

COOP

Wrap it up boys. We're outta here!

VULTURE

You heard him family! Let's grab ass and take gas!

PAGE 11 (CONTINUE)

PANEL FIVE: WIDE SHOT of the LUNAR CYCLES M/C doing a lap around their former camp site. At the front of the pack is Coop on his STYLIZED LOW-SLING SHOVELHEAD biker. His woman, LILA sits on the backseat, her arms seductively wrapped around Coop's body. Inkslinger rides a couple of car-lengths behind them.

LILA

Think Locked-Down'll be ready for the world?

COOP

He'll be fucked up as usual. More so after three years...

INKSLINGER

Damn... we're gonna miss the tittie contest!

PANEL SIX: The Lunar Cycles M/C roars into the open road of the countryside, kicking up dust and disturbing the peace.

SFX

VVRRRRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!

PAGE 12 (6 PANELS)

NOTE: Continue the stylized credits sequence throughout this page.

PANEL ONE: LOCKED-DOWN stands in front of the Mecklenberg Correctional Center. His eyes focused intently on something off-screen. His eyes show emotional wounds.

PHOTO REFERENCE: <http://bit.ly/1do9MVx>

CAPTION 1

Mecklenberg Correctional Center.

CAPTION 2

Locked-Down.

SFX

VRRRRRMMMMMBBBBLLLLLEEEE!!!!

PANEL TWO: The Lunar Cycles screech to a halt, surrounding Locked-Down, who spreads his arms wide as if to hug them all at once. They are all enveloped in a cloud of dust and bike exhaust.

LOCKED-DOWN

I'm a FREE MAN! ARRROOOOOOOOOO!

PANEL THREE: With a respectful head nod, Coop tosses Locked-Down his club jacket.

LOCKED-DOWN

Damn straight!

PANEL FOUR: Coop gives Locked-Down a big "man hug."

PANEL FIVE: Locked-Down looks around in panic.

LOCKED-DOWN

Wait. Where is she?!?!

I know you dumb-asses didn't come here to pick me up without-

PANEL SIX: Ratchet Ronnie stands next to the WHITE FANG. Locked-Down's prized possession. Super-custom Harley with aN airbrush of a beautiful WHITE WOLF on the teardrop gas tank.

RATCHET RONNIE

Over here, peckerwood.

CAPTION 3

White Fang.

PAGE 13 (6 PANELS)

NOTE: *We can end the credits by the bottom of this page.*

PANEL ONE: The gang complete, the Lunar Cycles ride away from the prison area, kicking up a massive cloud of dust. Coop and Locked-Down are at the head of the pack.

LOCKED-DOWN

Shine sweet freedom! Where to, brother?

COOP

Found us a ville where we can have a little stand-down for some chill out time. Your sister is meeting us there.

LOCKED-DOWN

Dakota's back on the scramble? That's my girl!

PANEL TWO: The Lunar Cycles pass by a rusty blue pick-up truck driven by TWO REDNECKS. A large RIFLE rests in the rack behind them. The rednecks give the Lunar Cycles a dirty look.

REDNECK #1

You boys sure are noisy!

PANEL THREE: Redneck #2 reaches for the rifle as Coop gives them a cold stare.

PANEL FOUR: Coop gives a "thumbs down."

PANEL FIVE: The boys rev their engines and roar past the rednecks. Locked-down looks back with an arrogant sneer.

SFX

VRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

LOCKED-DOWN

You hillbillies got lucky today!

REDNECK #1

Fuckin' punks...

PANEL SIX: The Lunar Cycles ride past a large sign that reads: ***ENTERING TALBOT, WEST VIRGINIA.***

PAGE 14 (5 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: We're on a different road, but there's another sign that reads: **ENTERING TALBOT, WEST VIRGINIA.**

PANEL TWO: TEDDY HANLON (26) sits in the window seat on a modern Greyhound bus, staring listlessly at the Talbot sign and the bucolic countryside of West Virginia. His hand drifts over the backpack resting in the empty seat next to him.

PANEL THREE: Teddy inches his way toward the BUS DRIVER, grasping his backpack in one hand while trying to maintain his balance on the seat-backs.

TEDDY

Can I get off here?

BUS DRIVER

The Talbot stop's another two miles.

TEDDY

That's okay, I'm meeting someone out here.

PANEL FOUR: Teddy stands at the bottom of the bus stairs, looking back at the driver who shrugs a warning.

BUS DRIVER

Suit yourself son. But I'd be careful, this is a thick patch of woods, there's all kinds of animals running around.

TEDDY

Thanks again.

PANEL FIVE: Teddy stares into the thick brush, the bus rumbles off into the distance.

TEDDY

All kinds of animals... all kinds of memories.

PAGE 15 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Teddy moves tentatively through the heavy foliage.

TEDDY

If any of these are still standing I'll buy myself a steak and lobster dinner.

PANEL TWO: Teddy stands at the base of a large tree, looking up at a weathered TREE HOUSE supported by old and beaten wooden beams. A NYLON FLAG hangs lazily in the breeze, it reads: **TED'S SHED #11.**

TEDDY

Heh.

PANEL THREE: Teddy sits in the tree house, he barely fits but it's obvious he is surrounded by the artifacts of his youth: a hammock, a fruit box, worn baseball cards and a few PLAYBOY magazines in plastic sleeves.

CAPTION 1

Some time later...

TEDDY

Why'd I ever leave?

PANEL FOUR: Teddy looks around, clearly, he's outgrown the space in the tree house.

TEDDY

Can't stay ten years old forever.

PANEL FIVE: Teddy dials a number into his cell phone. The screen reads: MYATT.

SFX

BEEP. BEEP. RRRRIIINNNG.

PANEL SIX: Teddy emerges from the forest line to see his friend MYATT BABCOCK standing next a '53 Chevy pick-up truck. Myatt is tall, curly-haired and has that "dumb" look about him.

MYATT

I thought I was gonna meet ya at the bus stop?

TEDDY

I know. But I walked the woods when I left.
Thought I'd walk 'em now that I'm back.

MYATT

You stayin' long?

PAGE 16 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Myatt starts the engine as Teddy settles into the passenger seat.

TEDDY

Just till I settle pop's things.

MYATT

Yea...

MYATT

At least big city livin' agrees with you. You're looking healthy man.

PANEL TWO: Myatt drives onto the Main Street of Talbot - a typical rural American town with just one of everything. Teddy stares at the quaint and antiquated shops along the boulevard.

TEDDY

Ain't much changed.

MYATT

Never does. Not 'round here.

SFX (OFF PANEL)

VRRRRRRRRRRruummmmbbblllleeee....

PANEL THREE: Suddenly, Myatt's truck is surrounded by Lunar Cycles. Locked-Down is on the passenger side, waving at Teddy. Myatt is pretty calm about it.

MYATT

Motorcycle gang. Arrived here a week or so ago. Made camp at Harpers Flats. Got some good-looking mares with 'em too.

TEDDY

No kiddin'.

PANEL FOUR: Locked-Down rides right alongside Myatt's truck, he's basically face-to-face with Teddy. Locked-Down has a big smile on his face.

LOCKED-DOWN

How you doing? Jimmy Downes. New in town. And happy as hell to be here!

TEDDY

Teddy Hanlon. This is my friend Myatt Babcock.

LOCKED-DOWN

How's this town for vixens? I need it bad...

PAGE 16 (CONTINUE)

PANEL FIVE: ANGLE ON Locked-Down FIST-BUMPING Teddy. WE focus on the larger-than-average PEWTER SKULL RING Locked-Down wears on his middle finger.

TEDDY

I just got back, how 'bout you let me know what you find?

LOCKED-DOWN

YEA! Arrrrrooooooooooooo!

PANEL SIX: Locked-Down and the rest of the Lunar Cycles streak off down Main Street. Teddy and Myatt watch them go with amused expressions.

TEDDY

Now that is one happy guy.

PAGE 17 (5 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Myatt pulls the truck to a stop in front of the SHERIFF'S OFFICE. An excited BLACK LABRADOR dog barks on the porch area of the building.

MYATT

Did you hear? I finally got with Annie Chambers. She's my gal now.
You remember her? Three grades below us?

TEDDY

Nope.

MYATT

She's awesome. Looks like somebody's glad to see you.

DOG

YIP! BARK BARK!

PANEL TWO: Teddy kneels down to greet the dog (NASH) as Myatt leans against the truck. In the BACKGROUND, DEPUTY WALTER BASKIN (mid-60s, chubby, slow-moving) approaches with his arms raised in a welcoming gesture.

TEDDY

Bet he's the only one. Hey Nash! Hey, there boy!

DEPUTY BASKIN

Well, I'll be a tough tangerine!

TEDDY

Hello Walter...

PANEL THREE: Walter pulls Teddy into an awkward bear hug.

DEPUTY BASKIN

I'm sorry...

TEDDY

Thanks.

DEPUTY BASKIN

Come inside... I just framed a pic of your dad.

PAGE 17 (CONTINUE)

PANEL FOUR: The Sheriff's Office is rustic with modern touches like FAX machines and new computers. Teddy and Myatt sit at Baskin's desk which is under a LARGE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Teddy's father - GEORGE HANLON (50s) - wearing his work uniform. Walter looks up at the photo from his well-worn desk chair.

DEPUTY BASKIN

I just ain't good at this kind of thing. I'm missin' your dad something terrible. He was a decent pepper. That's why it's so tough. If it don't make you cry, it ain't a decent pepper.

TEDDY

What happened?

DEPUTY BASKIN

We found him down by the old mining adit, off the fire road. He was answerin' a fireworks complaint. His body was torn up. Like a bear or coyote got to him.

PANEL FIVE: Teddy leans in, his face devoid of emotion. Walter stares at him with a sad frown.

TEDDY

I'd like to see him...

DEPUTY BASKIN

No sir. He don't look all that good. The mauling did him up something fierce... And it's been five days.

DEPUTY BASKIN

To be honest, the family home needs some housekeeping. It got pretty bad over there.

PAGE 18 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Teddy stands in front of his family home - a small, ranch-style building badly in need of a paint job. Its best days clearly behind it. Myatt waves to Teddy from the truck.

MYATT

Get settled in... I'll call you later.

PANEL TWO: Teddy enters the living room - it is a complete mess: dirty clothes, food-caked dishes, empty liquor and beer bottles EVERYWHERE. A thick layer of dust and scum is on everything.

PANEL THREE: Teddy enters his bedroom, looks to be frozen in the mid-1990s. Posters of Trent Reznor, Kurt Cobain, etc. Also on the walls are posters/photo of notable ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS from FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT.

PANEL FOUR: Teddy leans over his childhood desk. There are various architectural drawings that have Teddy's name in the bottom corner. Even though these are amateur in nature, they show some remarkable talent.

PANEL FIVE: ANGLE ON - Teddy holding a picture in his hands, WE see it over his shoulder or from his POV: A YOUNG TEDDY between his parents, George (then in his 30s) and Teddy's MOTHER (30s), a beautiful woman with a gorgeous smile.

PANEL SIX: CLOSE IN ON PICTURE - tiny teardrops splatter on the images of George and Teddy's mother.

PAGE 19 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: WIDE SHOT of THE BLUFF, a dirt road on top of a hill brow along a tree line. It's right after sunset. There are many parked cars with steamed up windows filled with teens making out or having sex. The CLOSEST CAR is a Cutlass 442 and WE can make out TWO SILHOUETTES tightly wrapped around each other.

CAPTION 1

The Bluff... Talbot's make out spot for local high-schoolers.

RICKEY (FROM CAR)

Jesus, Erin...

ERIN (FROM CAR)

What? I just... don't feel like it right now... not here.

PANEL TWO: In the backseat of the Cutlass are RICKEY (16) and ERIN (15). Their clothes are rumpled and their hair dishevelled. Rickey's pants are unbuttoned and Erin's shirt is unbuttoned about halfway down. Rickey is super frustrated as Erin pushes his hands away from her ample breasts.

RICKEY

"Not here?" Okay, WHERE then? I'm sorry, but I'm sixteen-years-old. My bachelor pad is occupied right now. By my parents. Who are playing bridge. With your parents...

ERIN

Just forget it!

RICKEY

It's forgotten. Believe me.

PANEL THREE: Erin is out of the car, Rickey reaches for her in vain as she has pushed past him. She arranges her clothing to look presentable.

RICKEY

Erin!

PANEL FOUR: Rickey steps out of the car, his pants partially falling down. With a look of embarrassment, he yells at Erin who is disappearing into the darkness of the forest.

RICKEY

THAT'S IT! TAKE OFF! If twice is too much for you what can I do?!?!

PAGE 19 (CONTINUE)

PANEL FIVE: Erin finds herself enveloped in the darkness of the forest. There's nothing around her but blackness and trees. She looks absolutely terrified.

ERIN

Maybe this wasn't the best idea...

PANEL SIX: CLOSE ON Erin's terrified face, her eyes are wide with fright as she looks behind her.

SFX

SKRIT...KRUNCH...

PAGE 20 (6 PANES)

PANEL ONE: Erin breaks into a quick dash.

PANEL TWO: A PAIR OF BLACK BOOTS on the forest floor.

SFX

Krunch...

PANEL THREE: Erin is now running a full speed. She passes under one of Teddy's TREE HOUSES (WE should be able to make out one of the nylon flags). She looks up at the tree house with curiosity.

PANEL FOUR: In the distance behind Erin, a SILHOUETTE is rapidly approaching, she looks back with a panicked expression.

ERIN

God, no!

PANEL FIVE: A pair of hands reach for Erin from the darkness. Erin pulls her arms closer in a defensive posture.

PANEL SIX: Erin lets loose with a MIGHTY PUNCH to the face of her attacker. WE cannot see who she has hit.

SFX

WHAP!!!!

PAGE 21 AND 22 (SPLASH PAGE /10 PANELS)

SPLASH PAGE TWENTY-ONE/TWENTY TWO:

***NOTE:** With this splash page, feel free to arrange the panels in a unique and interesting way that magnifies the horror of the attack on Erin.*

PANEL ONE: RICKEY hits the ground hard, his nose a bloody mess. Erin stands over him, her face a mixture of relief and shock.

SFX

Thump!

RICKEY

OUCH!!! ARE YOU INSANE?!?!

ERIN

What are you sneaking up on me like that for?

PANEL TWO: Rickey is on his feet, but wobbly. Erin steadies him. Rickey looks at her with regret, Erin has a look at sympathy.

RICKEY

I was trying to catch you. To apologize. You're right...

We don't have to rush things... We got all the time in the world.

PANEL THREE: Erin gently touches Rickey's bloody nose, his arms slide around her body.

ERIN

You... you scared me.

RICKEY

I won't... ever again.

PANEL FOUR: Their lips touch.

PANEL FIVE: From a SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, WE see Rickey and Erin kissing from the POV behind a pair of LARGE HAIRY CLAWS.

SFX

Kkkkrrrrriitcchhh!!!

PANEL SIX: SAME SHOT BUT RIGHT NEXT TO Rickey and Erin. Rickey looks at the claws with horror in his eyes.

RICKEY

What the-?!

PAGE 21 AND 22 (CONTINUE)

PANEL SEVEN: The claws rip through Erin's clothing and flesh. Chunks of her body go in many directions. WE cannot see what is doing this to her.

SFX

SPLURCH! RIP! HURRRCH!

PANEL EIGHT: Rickey cannot believe his eyes as he stumbles to his feet to run in away from the carnage.

PANEL NINE: Rickey looks at the TREE HOUSE and the broken old ladder leading to the platform.

PANEL TEN: As Rickey climbs the ladder, one claw swipes at Rickey's legs, barely missing him by millimeters.

SFX

SWWWSHHHH!

PAGE 23 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Rickey pulls himself onto the platform of the tree house. He is panicked and panting hard.

RICKEY
Huff-huff-huff.

PANEL TWO: The tree house SHAKES violently. Rickey struggles to open the blade on a POCKET KNIFE from his pocket.

SFX
SHHKSHHSKKS KSSKSSKSK

RICKEY
DAMMIT!

PANEL THREE: Rickey freezes in fear as the CLAW AND HAIRY ARM burst through the tree house floor.

SFX
THUNK!!!

PANEL FOUR: With his eyes closed, Rickey swings the pocket knife haphazard in front of him, hoping to hit whatever it is coming through the floor.

RICKEY
AHHHHHHHHRRRRGGGGHHH!!!

PANEL FIVE: The knife cuts through the wrist area of the creature, severing the claw completely from the arm.

SFX
FFSHHTTT!

CREATURE (OFF PANEL)
SQUEAAAAAALLLLL!

PANEL SIX: Rickey, shaking and sweating, his eyes saucer-wide from fright, stares at the unnaturally large bloody claw on the tree house platform.

SFX
VRRRRRRRRROOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!!

PAGE 24 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Teddy walks along Main Street with Nash the dog. He stares lovingly at the small town shops and the small town people going about their lovely evening.

TEDDY

It is a nice night, huh Nash?

PANEL TWO: Teddy walks toward Myatt and his girl ANNIE CHAMBERS (23) - mousy, petite, librarian type - standing at the corner. Myatt waves at Teddy.

MYATT

Annie, you remember Teddy Hanlon? Teddy, remember Annie Chambers?

TEDDY

How you doing Annie?

PANEL THREE: Annie stares blankly at Teddy.

PANEL FOUR: Myatt, Teddy and Annie walk down Main Street. Nash the dog follows a short distance behind.

MYATT

You know, I saw Gwen Croft.

TEDDY

Did you?

MYATT

Mentioned to her that you were back...

TEDDY

She no doubt made a face like she bit into a rotten tomato.

PANEL FIVE: They stop in front of a Gothic-looking antiques shop. The sign above the door reads: *CROFT'S ANTIQUES*.

MYATT

Yep, that's just about right.

MYATT

Speak of the devil, look at where we are! And guess who's workin' tonight?

TEDDY

Will wonders never cease?

PAGE 24 (CONTINUE)

PANEL SIX: Myatt shoves Teddy through the doorway of the antiques shop.

MYATT

Thank me later.

TEDDY

Wha-?!?!

PAGE 25 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Behind the main shop counter is GWEN CROFT (25) - stunningly beautiful, curvy, heavenly, but tough. She is working on the accounting ledger for the store. She looks up from the ledger with a cold, sad stare.

GWEN

Teddy. Hello.

GWEN

Sorry about your father.

PANEL TWO: Teddy stands dead center in the middle of showroom floor. He is surrounded by 19th century American furniture, various silver goblets and dinnerware, jewelry boxes, tankards, vases, Irish glassware, etc. He cannot make eye contact with Gwen.

TEDDY

Thanks... Myatt made me come inside. I didn't... want to bother you.

GWEN

How's D.C.?

TEDDY

Okay... not bad. Overall.

PANEL THREE: Gwen is writing in her ledger, she concentrates hard on the pages. Teddy, shuffles uncomfortably in one spot.

GWEN

You an architect yet?

TEDDY

No.

GWEN

But that was why you left, wasn't it?
And something about shirking off small-town provincialism;
broadening your horizons...

PANEL FOUR: Teddy looks at her sadly, the weight of his feelings on his face. Gwen still writes in the ledger.

TEDDY

Becoming an architect is a long process.
I'm basically answering phones more than anything else.
It takes a while, and I've only been at it for six years-

PAGE 25 (CONTINUE)

GWEN

Right. I think it was two days before my nineteenth birthday.
I remember getting those roses and thinking they were for my birthday.
But they were really a goodbye present.

GWEN

As in "goodbye, I'm no longer in your present."

PANEL FIVE: Teddy takes a step toward Gwen, he is mustering up the strength to say what he really feels.

TEDDY

Gwen... please... I want you to understand that I-

PANEL SIX: Myatt bursts through the doorway, pointing toward the street in a panic. Teddy and Gwen are shocked. In the **BACKGROUND**, behind Myatt, there are **EMERGENCY VEHICLES** rushing past the store.

MYATT

Out in the woods, Teddy. Terrible... by one of your tree houses! Come on!

PAGE 26 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: WIDE SHOT of crime scene: Deputy Baskin's squad car is flanked by several emergency vehicles like an EMT ambulance and volunteer firefighter's captain's car. Yellow police tape is strung from tree to tree. In the midst of the crime scene is the mangled, bloody corpse of Erin, barely recognizable as once being a human. Baskin and an older man, DOC WARREN, stand over the body with stunned, sad, expressions. Teddy and Myatt stand behind the police tape.

MYATT

Whoa...

DOC WARREN

Ain't never seen nothin' like this.

PANEL TWO: Teddy looks up at the damaged tree house, the NYLON FLAG reads: *TED'S SHED #4.*

PANEL THREE: Rickey is in the back seat of Walter's squad car, handcuffed. He looks completely disconnected from reality. Walter leans against the open door, questioning Rickey.

DEPUTY BASKIN

Boy, calm down. Please, calm down. Tell me what the hell happened?

RICKEY

I CUT THAT FUCKING WOLF! I CUT IT GOOD!

PANEL FOUR: Repulsed, Teddy stares down at the mess of flesh and bone that used to be Erin. He struggles to hold back vomit. Myatt stands next to him with the same look on his face.

PANEL FIVE: Behind them, a car pulls up, the headlights hitting the disgusting mess on the ground. Walter looks off with regret. WE cannot see who is in the car.

DEPUTY BASKIN

It's Jack. He's with the girl's parents. This ain't gonna be fun.

PANEL SIX: CLOSE ON Erin's mother's face as she gets out of the car. Her reddened eyes dripping with moisture.

ERIN'S MOTHER

My God. No. Sweet Christ in heaven. My baby...

PAGE 27 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: ERIN'S FATHER rushes toward Rickey who is still handcuffed in the backseat of the squad car - but he is held back by JACK PIERCE (50s), large, solid man, like an ex-football player.

CAPTION 1

Jack Piece, Town Alderman.

ERIN'S FATHER

Where's that little sunuvabitch!?!?! I'll kill him!!!

JACK PIERCE

Be strong Martin. Be strong for your family, be strong for yourself.
We don't know if Rickey's responsible... yet.

PANEL TWO: Erin's parents collapse together on their knees, locked in an embrace of pure sorrow. Everyone else in attendance looks on silently.

PANEL THREE: Walter leans in to Teddy, his eyes on the parents and Jack.

DEPUTY BASKIN

I'm a little out of my comfort zone. Need some help here.
Teddy, can you take Rickey back to the office?
I'm gonna hold him until we can sort this out.

DEPUTY BASKIN

He and the girl had a fight. But this looks like an animal attack... just like your dad.

TEDDY

Hmn...

PANEL FOUR: Walter carefully shows Teddy a GAME BAG with a larger-than-average animal paw inside, cleanly severed at the wrist-area. Teddy stares hard, confused.

DEPUTY BASKIN

The kid had a knife. Managed to cut the animal's front paw clean off.

TEDDY

Incredible...

PANEL FIVE: Walter hides the bag as Jack approaches them. Teddy extends his hand to greet Jack.

JACK PIERCE

Is that George Hanlon's boy? You back in town? Sonuvagun!

PAGE 27 (CONTINUE)

PANEL SIX: Walter heads back to the corpse as Jack and Teddy shake hands.

TEDDY

Yes sir. Good to see you again.

JACK PIERCE

Likewise, wish it could have been under better circumstances.
Sorry about your dad.

TEDDY

Yea... me too.

PAGE 28 (6 PANELS)

PANEL ONE: Teddy and Myatt are in the Sheriff's office sitting at Walter's desk. In the **BACKGROUND**, Rickey sits in the holding cell, making strange gestures with his hands - like riding a bike. Rickey's eyes are unfocused and glassy.

MYATT

That boy's gone.

TEDDY

One hell of a homecoming.

MYATT

You always did cause trouble.

PANEL TWO: Teddy and Myatt turn to see Walter walk through the front door. He is almost zombie-like, his eyes heavy with fear, he cradles the game bag in his hands (which is obscured by shadows).

TEDDY

You alright man? Looks like you seen a ghost. Walter?

DEPUTY BASKIN

Explain this... please... explain this...

PANEL THREE: Walter tosses the game bag toward the desk - WE still cannot see the contents.

PANEL FOUR: CLOSE ON the game bag: severed at the wrist is a HUMAN HAND! On the MIDDLE FINGER is a LARGE PEWTER SKULL RING.

PANEL FIVE: Myatt, Teddy and Walter stare at each other, sick, confused, horrified.

PANEL SIX: In the holding cell, Rickey pretends he is riding a chopper, his hands mimicking revving the engine.

RICKEY

VRRRRROOMMM!!! VROOOOOMMMMM!

CAPTION 1

To be continued... Issue #2

NECESSARY CHANGES AND CORRECTIONS

Page Number	Original	Change

NOTES

SIGN-OFF

The undersigned accept this outline as described herein.

Print First and Last Name	Title	Signature	Date
Print First and Last Name	Title	Signature	Date
Print First and Last Name	Title	Signature	Date
Print First and Last Name	Title	Signature	Date
Print First and Last Name	Title	Signature	Date

Note: Additional signatures might be required if the document changes significantly per the client's request.