

Throw The Dice Productions: The Collected Comic Book Scripts



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Intro

The pounding bass line of “Another One Bites The Dust” flows through my head as I imagine what it must have felt like to write such a classic piece of music. One time in tenth grade we were learning about hidden messages in songs that could only be heard when they were played backwards. Evidently if played at the correct speed “Another One Bites The Dust” becomes “Its fun to smoke marijuana.” I suspect that if you listen hard enough it can also be heard to say “Its fun to poke a Chihuahua.” True as both statements may be, I am pretty confident that in all reality Queen’s intention was to make a killer song with no hidden messages. Most of this is really beside the point except for the fact that the members of Queen had their dreams and I do too.

That is what this collection is really all about, making dreams come true. Worst case scenario it was a waste of your time and a forgotten relic amid the huge list of self-published digital works. Best case scenario it is a stepping stone on my path to becoming a professional comic book creator. Within the pages of this collection you will find the culmination of several years of my life. Behind each script is a story and I plan to share a little bit of that with you. Hopefully it will be insight to the creative process, but more than likely if you are keen, you will pick up a little bit of insight about me.

Before I start in with the first comic I would like to say a little bit about my life with comics. One of my earliest childhood memories is my Father taking me to get my haircut. Near the barbershop was a comic book store (later this turned into a video game store and that degraded into a business that sold little more than magic cards shortly before going out of business) and on this occasion my Dad, who usually tried his best to stay away from such establishments, took me in and let me pick out a comic book. “Strange Tales” featuring Thing, Dr. Strange and the Human Torch was the book I selected. I remember nothing of the interior other than some alligator men. None the less it made me feel cool and I always wanted to go back. After that my main exposure to comic books came in the form of “Archie” comics. For many years I thought the world of comics was little more than Archie and the universes Marvel and DC had to offer. The movie “Watchmen” came out in 2009. A friend of mine alerted me to the fact that it had originally been a graphic novel and I decided it best to read the book before I saw the movie. It was that day at the book store that I learned about the wonderful world of graphic novels. From that first reading of “Watchmen” I was hooked. Soon the gritty noir style of “Sin City” opened my eyes to the possibilities in the comic book world. I realized that comics were not limited to the harmless antics of Archie Andrews. There was more than the flashy super hero worlds put forth by Marvel and DC. There were stories of worth, of substances. These comics were floating around right under my nose. I discovered “Sandman” and was blown away. Still reeling from these revelations I decide to try my hand at writing comics.

My first foray into comic book writing came in the form of a graphic novel I titled “No Return.” It was through writing this that I learned about the formatting this new medium required. Few things are more frustrating than writing 200 pages of text and learning you must go back through and reformat every last line. Hindsight tells me I should have started with short comics, but I’ve no

regrets. Yes there were frustrating marathons of re-formatting, but in the end I got a great story out of it. “No Return” also pushed me to find an artist, and collaborate with him to illustrate the first 32 pages. The artist name is David Valente and his website can be viewed here:

www.valenteillustration.com David is a top notch freelance illustrator and has helped me grow immensely as a comic book writer. As work progressed on this graphic novel the harsh reality of the comic book industry set in and I soon realized a limited comic book series was the best way to go. All of the publishers seemed to want a completed graphic novel, and for monetary reasons this was not possible. At least with a limited comic book series the first issue could be completed and there was always the hope that the initial issue would fund the rest. The act of finding a publisher in itself is another beast that must be tamed, and at the time of this writing “No Return” is still seeking publication. While that first graphic novel turned limited comic book series searches for a home, I have kept writing and the works contained in this book are all of the stories I have written since.

There are a few things that I would like to go over. First and probably the most important, there is some adult language and themes contained in these pages. I think for the most part it is reasonable and not in excess, but that is something that everyone must judge for themselves.

Second, the comic scripts contained follow standard comic book writing guidelines. That means each page of script correlates to one page of art. For that reason the fact that there are over 150 pages in this book can be a bit misleading, as not every page is filled with text. When I first learned how to format comic scripts I was under the impression that the font “Courier New” was required. For that reason, and the fact that it makes it easy to tell where the scripts begin and end, I have used that font here. It is also reminiscent of a type writer which is an added bonus.

Third, save for the logo there are no images, only text. When I write comic book scripts I tend to use only mild amounts of description so as to allow the artist lots of room for interpretation. When reading these scripts let your imagination run wild, YOU are the artist of your mind.

The fourth and final point is to enjoy these comics. If you read anything you like feel free to spread the word.

Short Comics

I feel confident in assuming that most people are not used to reading comic books solely in script format. I will start with the short comics and then move on to some of the longer ones. I found that there is a small market for short comics, and many of these were written in an effort to get my name out there. In my experience many of the short comic anthologies that accept unsolicited scripts tend to be smaller independent publications. Two of these smaller anthologies will be publishing some of my short comics. One will be contained in this book while the other will not be, due to the timing of the publications. The anthology magazines are Gray Haven Comics "Tales from the Abyss" and Future Quake Press "Future Quakes."

Adrenaline

I would like to start this all off with a short comic called "Adrenaline." For a year between October 2006 and 2007 I loaded trucks at UPS. While I worked there me and another co-worker started a small fight club where a number of the employees would get together every Monday night after work and fight. Although it was fighting and people did get bruises and a broken nose it was all friendly and there were never any hard feelings. One night a friend of mine told me a story of this fight he saw on the internet sometime before. I never saw this video myself, so I can only relay what I remember of the description I was given. Doubtless there are minor details added from my own imagination, but by and large this is the story I was told. The fight was an underground fight somewhere in Amsterdam. It was the type of fight where people bet large sums of cash in a seedy location and only one contestant walks away. By all rights the two men were somewhat mismatched, with one being large and muscular, and the other one being smaller and skinny. Before the fight the smaller guy is seen injecting something into his arm. I won't go into any of the details, but the smaller guy ends the fight in a fairly graphic way.

I have thought about that often and the level of intensity that must have existed for all of the people involved. In this regard it hardly matters if that fight ever really happened, although I feel confident that it did. That story inspired this next one page comic about a gladiator who fights alien opponents.

In the original version of this script the man was sitting in a chair. There are several forums for comic writers and artist, and I put this script up for some feedback. Completely out of the blue someone drew the first panel and drew him sitting on the ground. I changed the script and tried to contact the artist to see if I could hire him to do the whole comic but I got no response. For that reason I also did not include the wonderful image that he left on the pages of that forum. I would however like to confess that I saved a copy on my desktop and look at it from time to time.

Adrenaline:

Page 1: (Six panels)

Panel 1: A man is sitting in a very small darkened room. The only light in the room is coming in through the space between a series of horizontal slats on the poorly constructed wall. The wall is actually a door that can be raised upwards, but this is not currently important. The visible wall with the slats runs the width of the room, which is only a half a dozen feet wide. Many of the details of the man are darkened too much to be able to be seen with great clarity, although enough light comes in that his silhouette is fairly visible. The man has no hair or shirt on. He is sitting casually on the floor with his legs out, leaning against one of the side walls. His right arm is outstretched on the earthen floor that makes up the ground of this room. In his left hand he holds a syringe.

CAP:

The first thing we do when we discover intelligent life is fuck it. Then, standing over it, we tear its balls off and let it die. I would come up with some clever metaphor if I were smarter.

Panel 2: The man is holding the syringe up in the air and pressing the plunger so that a little bit of fluid shoots out. He looks at the syringe as he does so.

CAP:

When we discover how many more types of beings are out there we build a coliseum and make 'em fight.

Panel 3: The man is injecting the contents of the syringe into his arm.

CAP:

Truth is I like it, makes me feel like a goddamned Roman. The thought of combat gets my heart racing and my blood pumping.

Panel 4: The man has thrown the syringe onto the ground, where it lands with a clink. His head is tilted back resting on the wall just behind the chair. His one arm remains outstretched.

SFX:
Clink!

CAP: I think of it too long and I get a stiff one.

Panel 5: The perspective is inside of the room, looking out past the man. The man is standing up in front of the front wall which is beginning to open upward. It is open a foot or two and a rush of light is coming in. The man's calves can be seen. There are minor scars on his left calf, but nothing too intense. We can see now that the ground both inside and outside of the room is dirt and sand.

Panel 6: The door is completely open now and the perspective is low inside of the room, looking out past the man at a slightly upward angle. Outside of the door are the fighting grounds of a very large coliseum. We can see some spectators at the far end sitting in the stands. There are loads of scars on the man's back and triceps. There is a thick scar that runs the length of the back of his head and down his neck. He is standing with his arms slightly out and straight, down at his sides. His hands are clenched into fists.

CAP:
What a Goddamn beautiful day.

The Long Sleep

The idea for "The Long Sleep" had been floating around in my head for quite some time. A little over a year ago David Valente approached me about writing a short 4 page comic ("Skeleton in Leather") and a one page comic for a quarterly UK magazine. Last I heard the release was being pushed back to March 2013 due to financing, and as of mid-April 2013 I have heard nothing else. Since this comic is already dedicated to that magazine I will not include the artwork, but I will include the script. Originally it was written as a short story that would take up the left hand side of the page with a large single panel of artwork on the right. David transformed it into a four panel comic which was a huge improvement over my original idea. Since I did not do anything involving panel descriptions I will only include the text that I wrote. The general panels consist of a man sitting in a space ship drinking coffee as he watches the stars go by. This comic was also my first attempt at comic book lettering. I ended up doing eight or so versions of the lettering before I got it right. Between each version I would send it to David who would give me pointers and tips to improve the letters. I have to say that his patience was hugely beneficial and I learned a lot from this comic.

The Long Sleep:

Page 1: (Four Panels)

Panel 1:

CAP 1:

This'll be the last time I wake up before we land. The rest of the crew is still asleep in their cozy little pods. Mine is set so that I wake up every few hundred years. Even though this is a suicide mission, being captain has its privileges. The fact that I know we are all going to die is not one of them. A part of me feels that I should tell the crew, though I know that I can't. They will kill Julia if this mission fails. Hell, she's already centuries dead. Whichever way you slice it I'll never see her again. That much was for certain as soon as this ship took off... Bastards.

CAP 2:

When I was a boy my Daddy always told me not to be greedy. "Retire young, set some time aside and be happy" he would say. I took his advice, and it turns out all it made me was a liability. They couldn't take the chance that I would talk, so I got sent on one final mission. Guess they figured that if I retired guilt would set in and I would try to make amends. Who knows? They may have been right.

Panel 2:

CAP:

As I sit here reflecting on the way things turned out, I can't help but marvel at the ingenuity of it all. Some years back the Corporation mastered the arts of time travel and teleportation. Both awe inspiring in their own right, combined they created a fortune in interplanetary travel. Just send out a crew full of saps in a shiny new ship with an easy job and the promise of a fat paycheck waiting at home. All the crew has to do is set the ship on auto-pilot and go to sleep for a couple of centuries.

Panel 3:

CAP:

The ship acts as a time machine. The only thing there is to do once you reach the destination is set the teleporter and ride the whole thing back to the day after you left. The only catch is that any organic material comes back deader than hell. That's the part they forget to mention. And why would they? The Corporation gets an instant express way worth trillions a year and they don't even have to pay for the labor.

Panel 4:

CAP 1:

It's a shame I always seem to spend my time awake pissed off. I gotta keep it short too. Those cheap bastards barely pay for enough power to pump oxygen the whole flight. It's tempting to just stay awake and turn the whole mission into a big fat red mark in their books. I think of Julia and I know I can't.

CAP 2:

Once I heard an old man say that dying is like going to sleep. God, I hope he was right.

CAP 3:

Julia and I never got a chance to say goodbye. In my head I tell her and the kids that I love them as I hold them in my arms one last time. To my littlest one I give a kiss on her forehead and whisper in her ear, "Goodnight."

Half A Blue Moon

This comic was accepted for publication in Gray Haven Comics "Tales From The Abyss Issue #1." It is the first comic of any sort that I have written that has seen publication. The concept is based on a dream I had some ten years ago in which a group of men go out hunting a werewolf in the dead of winter. The final story has obviously taken several deviations from the initial dream, but none the less, at its heart the story is the same.

Half a Blue Moon:

PAGE 1: (Three panels. The first panel takes up the top half of the page; the second two are done on the bottom half. All the panels are drawn from a faraway view.)

PANEL 1: A thick layer of snow covers the ground of an open plain. Snow is sprinkling down as a man named Donovan walks from the left of the panel toward the right. He is leaving a trail behind him and is following wolf tracks, although they are only made by the hind legs as if the wolf were walking upright. He is wearing a thick coat that goes down to his knees, and a cowboy hat. A pair of gloves keeps his hands warm and his head is tilted downward against the snow and the wind. An old rifle and strap are slung across his right shoulder. In his left hand he carries a lantern, which he is holding out in front of him, casting a beam of light that cuts through the night. Several clouds obscure the full moon that is hanging in the sky.

CAP:
1868

PANEL 2: The man is halfway across the panel.

PANEL 3: The man is almost to the other side.

PAGE 2: (Five panels)

PANEL 1: Donavan continues to walk through the open plain. Up ahead in the distance is the entrance to a thick forest. He carries the lantern in an outstretched arm.

CAP:
I've been walking for three days.

PANEL 2: Donavan stumbles and falls to one knee.

CAP:
This will be the third night.

PANEL 3: He gets to his feet.

CAP:
Couldn't say how far I've come...

PANEL 4: Donavan continues onward, to the entrance of the forest, where the tracks are leading him.

CAP:
How many miles through the wind and the rain and the snow.

Panel 5: He reaches the entrance of the forest.

PAGE 3: (Six panels)

PANEL 1: He investigates a broken branch with a tuft of fur on the end of it. He holds the lantern close.

CAP:
Been following this beast the whole damn time.

PANEL 2: He pulls off the tuft of fur and scrutinizes it.

CAP:
What it is I can't rightly say.

PANEL 3: Donovan enters the forest.

CAP:
Only caught a glimpse of it. Sure got a good look at what it left behind though.

PANEL 4: Donavan walks through the forest, following a trail between the trees.

CAP:
Musta been after midnight, A racket wakes me up outta sleep. The animals are going crazy.

Panel 5: He comes to a small stream that snakes its way through the trail. It is frozen solid.

CAP:
As I get dressed I keep hollarin' my boy's name, but he don't come.

PAGE 4: (Six panels)

PANEL 1: He places one foot onto the ice.

CAP:

Outside I find pieces of dead animal, scattered all over. Flesh separated from bone.

PANEL 2: Donovan propels himself across the stream using the foot that is on the ice.

CAP:

I follow a trail of blood and it leads to my boy. He's lying there real still on the ice cold ground. I can only see his feet on account of something's on him.

PANEL 3: He lands softly on the other side, knees bent slightly absorbing the shock.

CAP:

It's brown and hairy, all hunched up. I call out to my boy and the thing looks up. We lock eyes and it takes off running. I reckon it was at least seven feet tall and fast as hell.

PANEL 4: Donovan keeps walking through the woods

CAP:

I run to him but it's too late. There are bite marks all over him, and four deep gashes are carved into his chest.

PANEL 5: The exit of the forest can be seen a ways ahead of Donovan as he continues through the woods, stepping over and ducking under branches.

CAP:

I buried him and started tracking. No time to look back, even if I wanted to. In one night everything was gone. My boy, the animals, nothing left.

PANEL 6: Donovan steps out of the woods and into a snow covered field. Off in the distance smoke is rising into the night, brightly lit from the slightly less than full moon that hangs in the sky.

CAP:

I'll be damned if it ain't gonna be set right.

PAGE 5: (Six panels)

PANEL 1: Donovan walks across the field toward the smoke trail. It is snowing harder now, and a heavy wind has begun to blow. He wraps his coat tightly against his body, leans his head down into the wind and trudges on. His left arm holds the lantern out in front of him.

CAP:

I keep telling myself "Just a little further. That beast is just beyond the next field."

PANEL 2: A large round cave sticking out of the ground comes into view, though it is still off in the distance. There is a chimney poking out of the top with smoke coming out of it. Donovan begins to trudge faster through the snow.

CAP:

That cave! It must be there, I can feel it.

PANEL 3: As he gets closer he can see that what he thought was a cave is a farmhouse with smoke coming out of the chimney. He is only a few dozen yards away. He has stopped moving, a puzzled look hangs on his face, arms down at his sides as the wind and snow berate him.

CAP:

HMPF! Eyes going and playing tricks on me. Wouldn't be the first time either. The last of my bullets are lying in a tree I coulda swore was coming at me.

PANEL 4: Donovan is standing in front of the door to the farm house. He turns a knob on the lantern and the flame goes out.

CAP:

Can't remember the last time I got any rest. Best lay down my head and start with birds on the morrow.

PANEL 5: He knocks on the door.

SFX:

Kock Knock Knock

PANEL 6: A man throws the door open. It opens inward, and a woman and child can be seen sitting around a table in the main room of the house. A fire burns in the fire place.

MAN:

Didn't think anyone would be out on a night like this.

PAGE 6: (Six panels)

PANEL 1: The man stands in the doorway.

MAN:

I expect you'll be in need of a hot meal and roof.

DONOVAN:

I'd be much obliged to you.

PANEL 2: The man waves Donovan to come inside the house.

MAN:

Well you're in luck then. The wife makes a mighty fine bowl of stew.

PANEL 3: The man walks back toward the table and pulls out the chair at the head, ready to sit down. Donovan stands in the doorway.

PANEL 4: The perspective is behind Donovan looking into the house. Three large ravenous manlike wolves sit where the man and his family were, at the table. The one sitting at the head of the table has his back to Donovan and is looking over his shoulder. The one on the right side of the table is barring its teeth, looking at Donovan. The other is salivating, a string of saliva dripping from its long, fur covered snout.

MAN:

Well come on in then.

Donovan:

Thank you kindly.

PANEL 5: While taking his first step into the house Donovan moves his coat aside with his right arm, revealing a hunting knife strapped to his belt. The family is sitting at the table, looking completely normal. The woman is looking at Donovan, and the child is engrossed in his meal. The man, who is sitting at the head of the table, is turned in his chair, looking at Donovan. A puzzled and concerned expression hangs on his face.

MAN:

Everything all right there mister?

PANEL 6: The door has been slammed shut, and the perspective is outside the farm house looking at the closed door.

CAP:

I finally found you, you bastard.

SFX:

SLAM!

Skeleton In Leather

“Skeleton in Leather” was the four page comic requested by David Valente. The inspiration came from some crime documentary I had watched years ago about a man who would walk into banks and pass a note to the teller. The teller would then proceed to give him a large amount of cash and he would walk out of the bank without anyone having a clue what happened. At one point in the documentary the bank robber talks about watching the news coverage of one of his robberies with his family and none of them could recognize him due to the angling of the camera and the baseball cap he had been wearing. I believe he had robbed 11 banks in total although this figure could be way off. There was something I found fascinating about a bank robber watching himself on the news with his loved ones who were completely ignorant of his crimes. I took that concept as well as the futuristic motorbike and skeleton helmet that the artist had requested and wrote the following comic.

Skeleton in Leather:

Page 1: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Four people are sitting in a living room. Three are sitting on the couch, and one is sitting on the floor in front of the couch. All of the people are in their mid to late twenties. Three of them are male and one is female. They are all staring rather blankly at the television set that is out of panel. From the reader's perspective it appears the people are staring blankly at them. A television remote is sitting on the right arm of the couch. Bob is on the left most side, Jim is in the middle, and Gunther is sitting on the right side of the couch. The girl on the floor is named Linda.

Panel 2: They are still staring blankly at the reader. Bob sniffs his nose, sucking some snot up.

SFX:
Snort!

Panel 3: The view shifts so that we can see what the people are starring at. It is a hologramatic television set. A news cast is playing, and there is a female newscaster giving a report. The volume is low so the text will be really small.

NEWSCASTER:
Banks are the topic of today's top story...

Panel 4: The people are watching T.V. One of the men is holding a television remote and pointing it at the hologramatic T.V. The text from the newscaster should be getting bigger as the volume turns up.

JIM:
Turn it up.

NEWSCASTER:
But where has all the money gone?

Panel 5: This is a shot of the T.V. set again. There is a volume bar that is about at the mid-point. The newscaster is still talking.

NEWSCASTER:
There has been a rash of bank robberies over the last few months in the greater metropolitan area.

Page 2: (Six panels)

Panel 1: The people are watching the T.V.

NEWSCASTER:

Witnesses describe seeing a person roughly 5" 3' wearing all black and a helmet with a skull on the front.

Panel 2: The people are still watching the T.V. Jim shifts his position, crossing one leg over the other. Gunther scoots over slightly so that Jim does not come too close to him. Linda appears bored. Maybe she is picking at the carpet or twirling her hair. On the T.V. is a shot of a person speeding away on a motorbike, looking back at the bank. There is a skull on the front of the helmet and the person is dressed in all black.

NEWSCASTER:

One little boy insists that it was a skeleton in leather. This picture of the robber escaping via motorbike was captured by security cameras.

BOB:

Whoa.

Panel 3: Gunther is pointing the remote control at the T.V. and shutting it off. Jim looks disappointed.

LINDA:

I'm bored.

BOB:

What, a bank robbery isn't exciting enough?

JIM:

Awww!

Panel 4: Gunther casually tosses the remote onto the floor.

Linda is looking up at the men on the couch with an expression that says "You are stupid."

JIM:

She's probably just bored 'cause she is the one robbing all those banks.

BOB:

Yeah, you drive a motorbike don't you Linda?

LINDA:

It's called a scooter

Panel 5: The people are talking.

BOB:

What's the difference?

JIM:

A scooter tops out at 15 MPH.

LINDA:

It goes at least 35.

Panel 6: Linda is rolling her eyes, exasperated.

GUNTHER:

Why don't you buy a real motorbike with all that money you stole?

LINDA:

GRRRRRR...

Page 3: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Linda is standing up.

LINDA:
You guys are lame. I am out of here.

JIM:
Aw come on, we were just messing around.

GUNTHER:
Yeah.

Panel 2: Linda is walking out of panel.

LINDA:
It's almost five o'clock, I got to go anyway.

BOB:
We still on for Saturday?

LINDA:
Yeah.

Panel 3: Linda is almost out of panel. Everyone is saying their goodbyes to her. Gunther is doing a sort of wave/salute.

JIM and BOB:
Bye.

Linda:
See ya.

Panel 4: Linda is outside standing next to a scooter that is parked on the street. She is putting on a pink motorcycle helmet with a yellow flower on it. All of this is taking place outside of the house that all of the people were in previously. It is dusk.

Panel 5: Linda is riding the scooter down the street away from the house.

Panel 6: The scooter is accelerating. There is a speedometer visible and the scooter is going 15 MPH. The needle tops out at 40.

Page 4: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Linda is accelerating on the scooter. She turns off onto a side road. The speedometer is now around 35. She is passing residential buildings.

Panel 2: Linda is still accelerating on the scooter. The needle is now past 40 MPH, off the speedometer. She passes residential buildings. There are cars parked along the road.

Panel 3: She reaches down and slaps the side of the scooter, as she turns a corner. Residential buildings give way to the back of businesses.

Panel 4: She and the scooter both start to shimmer. There is a device that makes her motor cycle and attire appear to be a scooter and a pink helmet. When she hits the side of the bike, it begins to appear as it really is. It appears similar to when you adjust the vertical hold on old T.V. mixed with a shimmering effect. Everything is a darker color, as things are changing to black.

Panel 5: This panel is similar to panel four except the objects in the background are different and things are darker and more solid. She is slowing down and turning into the back entrance of a strip mall parking lot. She is now wearing all black leather and the helmet with a skull on it.

CAP:

It's not quite cloaking, but it gets the job done.

Panel 6: She rounds the side of a building. A bank, as well as several other stores can be seen.

CAP:

Best damn purchase I ever made.

Skeleton

One day I was cruising some comic book writing forums and found an ad from an artist looking for a short all ages comic. The artist was Marcus Rocco and his website can be found here: <http://www.marcusrocco.com/> This short piece was my submission to him, which he subsequently agreed to do the art for. From that contact I was also introduced to a loveable robot named Happenstance and ended up writing two short scripts about him. Happenstance is an all ages web comic with each story being a standalone short. You can read Happenstance comics at <http://www.happenstancecomic.blogspot.com/> Be sure to keep checking for new comics!

Initially when I read “looking for an all ages comic” I knew that I wanted to be involved, but I wasn’t at all sure what to write. At that time I worked as a CNC operator at a company that makes dental cabinetry and there was a lot of time through the day where I was on auto pilot. I would often use that time to work out comics and sometimes even write panel descriptions in a small notebook I kept hidden. I spent a good portion of one my days figuring out the concept in the following comic. I knew I wanted it to have skeletons and for some reason I had some old western theme stuck in my head. Eventually it dawned on me that skeletons having a gun fight had some hilarious potential, as most of the bullets would go right through their ribs. After having this basic gun fighting scene down it was just a matter of filling in the rest of the comic in a kid friendly way.

Skeleton:

Page 1: (Four panels)

Panel 1: The panel is inside an old western saloon looking at a set of double doors, fitting to the location. The doors are the wooden kind that hang in such a way you can only see the top of a person's hat and the boots they are wearing. We can't yet tell it is a skeleton standing on the other side of the door, all we can see is a nice cowboy hat poking above it, and some fancy boots below.

Panel 2: The panel is the same, except this time the door is being pushed open so that the skeleton (Bill) is revealed. In addition to his cowboy hat and boots he carries a gun in a holster. The holster is fastened to his belt, which is lined with spare bullets. All of his bones are visible as he is not wearing any clothes other than the hat, belt, and boots.

Panel 3: The perspective has shifted so that we can now see the inside of the saloon. At the front of the saloon is a bar with 4 stools. On the left most stool a zombie sits, mournfully stirring a margarita. On the right most side sits another skeleton (Jim) with a glass of milk in front of him. Jim wears a vest that leaves his rib cage exposed, and a holstered gun attached to a belt. He wears no boots, and his belt is not as fancy as Bill's, there are no bullets lining it. Other than the vest and belt Jim wears no clothes. The Grim Reaper is bartending, and currently he is cleaning a glass with a rag. He wears a long black cloak. The hood is pulled over his head and his face is nothing but blackness. There are several shelves with bottles of drinks behind the counter. They are lined with bottles that say "2%" or "Whole" or "Organic 1%." The Grim Reaper's scythe is mounted on hooks, high above the shelves. Bill is walking toward the bar. Other tables are in the saloon, although they are either completely empty, or sparsely populated.

Panel 4: Bill is in the process of sitting in the empty seat next to Jim. Jim is grabbing his glass.

BILL:
I'll have the usual.

GRIM REAPER:
Coming right up.

Page 2: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Bill is fully sitting at the bar. The Grim Reaper (Grim for short) is setting the glass he was previously cleaning in front of Bill. Jim is drinking from his glass.

Panel 2: Grim is turned around, selecting a bottle from one of the shelves behind the bar. Jim's glass is about half drunk now and he is continuing to drink it. The milk he has drunk thus far has been spilling out of his lower jaw and his ribs, and is splashing onto Bill's boots.

Panel 3: Bill jumps up, and Jim continues to drink his milk. The glass is maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ full at this point. He seems to take no notice of Bill. Grim is reaching out to grab a bottle that is behind the counter.

BILL:
My boots!

Panel 4: Jim is almost done drinking his glass. Milk continues to pour out as he drinks it. His head is tilted back with the glass raised. Bill slaps the glass out of Jim's hand sending it flying.

Panel 5: The glass smashes into the wall behind the bar. Grim seems to ignore everything that is going on and takes a bottle off of the shelf. Jim whips his head toward Bill.

BILL:
Come on you scoundrel, I am calling you out!

JIM:
It's a duel you want, is it?

Panel 6: Bill and Jim are walking away from each other, so that they have room for their duel. Grim, at the bar, can be seen pouring Bill's drink.

BILL:
Three

JIM:
Two

Page 3: (Five Panels)

Panel 1: Bill and Jim have just spun around so that they are facing each other and are in the process of drawing their pistols. Jim's vest flaps from the force of his turn. Grim is now placing another glass on the counter where Jim was sitting. He is still holding the bottle of milk that he used to pour Bill's drink.

BILL and JIM:
ONE!

Panel 2: Grim is filling the glass that was in front of Jim's seat. Bill and Jim are firing their guns at each other. Although many bullets are being fired none have really hit anything except for maybe the wall of the saloon. The bullets are either missing completely or going between the skeleton's ribs. Maybe there are some holes in the back of Jim's vest, and maybe a bullet goes through Bill's hat. This would not knock his hat off, just make a hole in it. There should be more "Bang!" sound effects around Jim's gun, as he is shooting faster.

SFX:
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Panel 3: Grim is replacing the bottle back on the shelf. Bill and Jim continue to shoot at each other, although now Jim's gun goes "Bang!" a couple of times, and then "Click...click..."

SFX:
Bang! Bang! Bang! Click...Click...

Panel 4: Bill fires two more shots. The first one goes through Jim's ribs, and the second one hits him in the elbow. The elbow that got hit is the one not holding the gun.

GUN SFX:
Bang! Bang!

ELBOW SFX:
Crack!

Panel 5: Both Jim and Bill have stopped shooting. Both of the skeletons watch as Jim's arm falls to the ground.

SFX:
Thud.

Page 4: (Five Panels)

Panel 1: Bill is holstering his gun. With his free hand he is scratching his skull under his hat, with a sort of sheepish, awkward expression on his face. Jim is bending down and picking up his arm. His gun is in its holster.

BILL:

Geee, uh... I am really sorry about that mister.

Panel 2: Jim is standing up and holding his arm. He is connecting it back to his body at the elbow joint. Bill motions for Jim to go over to the bar with him.

BILL:

Things got a little out of hand for a minute there.

JIM:

I'll say

Panel 3: Bill is seated at the bar, and Jim is in the process of sitting down next to him.

BILL:

Let's just have a drink and forget all about it huh?

JIM:

Sounds good to me.

Panel 4: Both skeletons are seated and each are clinking their respective glasses together.

SFX:

Clink!

Panel 5: Bill and Jim both have their heads leaned back and their glasses tipped up as they drink the milk. Milk from both skeletons spills out the bottom of their jaw and their rib cages as they drink.

The Ballad Of Randolph Sinclair

Often times I spend much longer than I should trying to name the characters within these stories. For that reason you will find that I use names like Bill and John and Steve an awful lot. The name Randolph Sinclair is a relative rarity in the sense that I came up with a name I liked so much with so little effort. To this day I do not know the origin of the name and likely I never shall.

A few years after high school I lived in a studio apartment over a coffee shop. The bedroom window opened up to the roof, which ran half the length of my apartment and the entire length of my neighbor's apartment. One warm summer afternoon I was sitting in the living/dining room reading a book when I heard someone entering through my bedroom. As the man was halfway through the window I inquired as to what he was doing. He looked up very surprised and stated that he had thought it was my neighbor's apartment and that they had locked themselves out. I had no trouble believing this as I heard some voices outside in the hall a few minutes earlier. Later that night as I was walking in the hall I saw that same man walking with my neighbors carrying a djembe and we shared a somewhat awkward wave. When I conveyed this story to my co-workers the next day I was surprised by how many of them were insistent that they would have simply started punching the man rather than try to figure out what he was doing. I guess the moral of the story is that no one ever really knows what they would do in a situation until they are in it. We all like to think that we would always take the highroad, or take the most bad ass course of action. In reality we wouldn't, and that is what this next comic is really all about.

The Ballad of Randolph Sinclaire:

Page 1: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Randolph is driving down a long back road in his car. The car is an old two door Chevy nova. All along the side of the road are fields and fields of corn that stretch onward, seeming endless. Randolph is clutching the steering wheel. His head is looking forward and there is no expression on his face. He is in his mid-twenties. The perspective is inside the car, looking out the windshield past Randolph. He wears a jacket.

Panel 2: This panel is very similar to panel 1 although the perspective is different.

CAP:

She is lying in a pile of dirt and grass and corn husks.

Panel 3: Randolph switches on the radio. Static comes on.

CAP:

Her body mangled and bruised on the roadside.

SFX:

TCCHHHHHHHHHHH

Panel 4: He fiddles with the dials, trying to get a clear station.

CAP:

Blood oozing out onto the cold pavement.

SFX:

TCHHHHHHCHCH...CHCHHH...HCCCCHHHHH

Panel 5: Randolph is driving, with his head down looking at the road. The perspective here is much like it was in panel one. Through the windshield we can see a woman walking on the road. She is fairly young and in good shape. She is still a little bit off in the distance.

CAP:

A split second is it all it takes...

SFX:

TCCCHHHHHHH...TtttccccCCCHHH

Page 2: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Randolph is still fiddling with the radio. The car is closer to the woman now. She is looking at the car, eyes wide open in shock. Her mouth is open and she is screaming.

WOMAN:

AAAHHHHHHH!

CAP:

... For everything to go to hell.

Panel 2: The perspective is no longer inside the car. Possibly a distant aerial view as the woman, trying to get out of the way but failing, is hit by the car. Randolph slams on the brakes. this is Tshown by the screech of the tires.

SFX:

THUD

SFX:

SCCCCRRReeeeEEEEeccccCCCChHHH

Panel 3: The car swerves a little bit. It is rapidly slowing down, and the woman can't be seen in this panel.

Panel 4: The perspective is low, near the road, looking towards the car. The car is stopped, tires smoking, several feet in front of the woman. She is lying on the ground on the side of the road. There is blood coming out of her head, and several other places on her body. One of her legs is bent at an impossible angle. The car is resting at an angle, facing mostly forward on the road.

Page 3: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Randolph sits in the car, not knowing what to do.

Panel 2: Randolph exits the car.

RANDOLPH:

Oh god, oh god oh god oh god.

Panel 3: Randolph is running toward the woman on the side of the road.

Panel 4: About halfway there he stops himself. He violently runs his fingers through his hair, distraught, trying to figure out what he should do.

CAP:

A part of me wants to turn back.

Panel 5: Randolph kicks the pavement hard with the toe of his shoe, and yells.

Randolph:

Fuck!

CAP:

But I can't

Panel 6: He starts off toward the woman again.

Page 4: (Seven panels)

Panel 1: He hesitates, stopping in his tracks several yards from her. He is staring at her, as she bleeds.

CAP:

No one could have seen, not out here... just like it never happened.

Panel 2: He looks back to the car

CAP:

If someone asks about the car there are plenty of miles where I coulda hit a deer...

Panel 3: He begins to turn back toward the car. The woman moans, although she does not move.

CAP:

Just like it never happened...

SFX:

Ggggrrrooannn

Panel 4: Randolph whips his head around, looking at the woman. A surprised look is on his face.

RANOLPH:

Oh my god!

SFX:

GRRROOAAANN

Panel 5: He runs the several yards over to her.

Panel: 6 He kneels down beside her.

RANDOLPH:

Oh god. Ok, ok, ok.

Panel 7: Randolph is taking off his jacket.

RANDOLPH:

Look I need to go get help.

CAP:

I don't even know if she can hear me.

SFX:

GGGGGgggrRRRRrrooan

Page 5: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Randolph has his jacket off.

RANDOLPH:

There has got be a house nearby. I can use a phone, call an ambulance.

CAP:

The sound of my voice helps me think.

Panel 2: Randolph is putting the jacket on top of her.

RANDOLPH:

It's gonna be ok.

CAP:

I lie to her.

Panel 3: He hurriedly gets to feet, starting to run towards his car.

Panel 4: Randolph is running back towards his car. The woman is lying silent on the side of the road.

Panel 5: The car door slams and he is sitting in the driver's seat.

SFX:

SLAM!

Panel 6: The car's tires peel out as he speeds away. The perspective is close to the ground looking over the woman's body, toward the car and down the road.

PAGE 6: (Seven panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is the same as it was in the first panel of page #1.

Panel 2: Randolph is driving down the road.

Panel 3: He continues to drive down the road.

Panel 4: The perspective is an aerial view of the car driving down the road. A house can be seen a little ways up ahead.

Panel 5: He is driving past the house without slowing down or attempting to stop.

CAP:

My heart races and I keep on driving.

Panel 6: He has passed the house now, and nothing can be seen ahead but more cornfields.

CAP:

Just like nothing ever happened...

Panel 7: Randolph is driving down the road.

Page 7: (Seven panels)

Panel 1: Randolph switches on the radio.

SFX:
Click

Panel 2: Static comes from the radio.

SFX:
TTTccchhhhHHHHHHchchchchhhh

Panel 3: He fiddles with the dials.

SFX:
TTTTTTCCCH...CCCHHHTT...cchhhhHHH

Panel 4: He continues to turn the dials, searching for a clearer station.

SFX:
TTTTttcchhh... She's lying in a...Tttcchhh

Panel 5: Randolph's eyes open wide.

SFX:
Tccchhhhcchh...Pile of...Corn husks...TTThhchchc

Panel 6: The perspective is very close on the radio as he switches it off.

SFX:
CLICK!

SFX (this should be a jagged bubble with a tail leading off panel):
Mangled and Bruised on the roadside.

Panel 7: Same perspective as the panel before. Randolph's hand is shaking from turning the knob 'off' so hard.

SFX (jagged bubble):
Blood oozes out, soaking into the ground.

Page 8: (Six panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is different, and we can see Randolph. He is still turning the knob. He turns it so hard that the knob breaks off in his hand.

RANDOLPH (Jagged bubble):
Leaving a crimson stain beneath her head

SFX:
SNAP!

Panel 2: Randolph's eyes are wide open and a horrified look is on his face. He is looking at his reflection in the rearview mirror. The perspective is looking over his shoulder into the mirror. Past the mirror and out the windshield rows and rows of corn can be seen on either side of the road.

RANDOLPH (Jagged bubble):
Cause road kill has its season same as anything..

Panel 3: Randolph clasps the hand that had previously held the knob to his mouth, in an attempt to stop the words, but they seep out between his fingers. There is no speech bubble, the words are literally slipping out from between his fingers.

WORDS:
As if nothing ever happened..

Panel 4: Randolph is staring into the rearview mirror. He keeps his hand tightly over his mouth, though the words have stopped coming.

Panel 5: Cautiously he removes his hand from his mouth.

Panel 6: He slowly puts the hand he had over his mouth onto the steering wheel.

Page 9: (Five panels)

Panel 1: The speedometer can be seen accelerating. Randolph has both hands gripping the steering wheel. His elbows are locked pushing himself back into his chair. The speedometer reads 55 MPH. He is yelling. The beginning of perspiration can be seen along his hairline

RANDOLPH:
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT!

Panel 2: The speedometer reads 60 MPH. The rows of corn are a blur as he goes by.

Panel 3: The speedometer reaches 70 MPH.

Panel 4: The perspective is outside of the car looking through the front windshield. Randolph's head is pointing forward, though his eyes have darted up to the right, looking into the rearview mirror. He is screaming, a terrified expression on his face.

RANDOLPH:
AAAAAHHHHHH!

Panel 5: The perspective is close up on the rearview mirror. So much so that it takes up a majority of the panel. Through the mirror the woman can be seen sitting in the back seat of the car. She is badly bruised, and there is a large gash on the top of her head, where blood is streaming down her face.

RANDOLPH (OP):
AAAAAAhhhhhhhhhh!

Page 10: (Six panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is of Randolph's feet on the pedals. He is slamming on the brakes.

Panel 2: The tires screech as the car begins to swerve. The perspective should be outside of the car.

Panel 3: He can be seen turning the steering wheel as he is losing control of the car, and overcorrecting the steering.

Panel 4: The car is turning sideways on the road with two wheels coming off of the ground.

Panel 5: The car flips.

Panel 6: It rolls over as it spins.

Page 11(Four panels)

Panel 1: The car has stopped moving, and is resting upside down, on the side of the road, part way into a corn field. Many of the windows are completely broken out. The car is positioned perpendicular to the road.

Panel 2: The perspective is at ground level, looking through the passenger's side window, and out the driver's side. Down the road the woman (The same woman that has been in all the previous parts of the comic.) can be seen. She is completely un-injured. She is running toward the car. Randolph can be seen, still buckled into his seat. He is badly bruised and cut up, and bloodied. His eyes are closed.

Panel 3: The woman is approaching the car.

Panel 4: She kneels down and looks into the car. Randolph opens his mouth and groans. Blood pours out as he does this.

WOMAN:

Oh God! Ok, look mister, just hang in there.

SFX:

ggGrrroooann

Page 12: (Five panels)

Panel 1: The woman is getting up as she continues to speak.

WOMAN:

I am going to go for help. Just hold on.

Panel 2: The woman is running down the road.

Panel 3: Randolph's eyes open part of the way.

Panel 4: He watches the woman as she runs down the road.

Panel 5: Randolph closes his eyes, and his body goes limp

High Society

This is my favorite short comic that I have written, and for that reason I decided to save it for last. There is not a whole lot to say about this one that the comic itself doesn't already take care of. I will say that at one point I had heard the name Mr. Pickles and I thought it was the perfect name for a butler. The rest of story all sort of coalesced around Mr. Pickles.

High Society:

Page 1: (Five panels. The panels on this page should have a splash of color and look slightly more vibrant than the panels on pages 2 3 and 4.)

Panel 1: Two men are sitting in the dining room of a lavish 19th century style estate. One man (Dean) is dressed in a suit and a top hat, much like the monopoly man's attire, although he looks much different. The second man (Mr. Pickles) is larger and wearing the stereotypical butler suit. Mr. Pickles has a note pad in front of him and is studiously writing notes on it as Dean talks. There is a handkerchief in the pocket on the front of Mr. Pickle's attire

DEAN:

Oh! The ice sculpture should go in the parlor. I think that would look fantastic.

Panel 2: The two men are still talking. Dean is very pleased with himself in this panel.

DEAN:

It will be a scream, no one will expect it there.

MR. PICKLES:

Very good sir.

Panel 3: Mr. Pickles is dotting the period at the end of sentence in an exaggerated fashion.

MR. PICKLES:

Is that all sir?

DEAN:

Yes, I believe it is.

MR PICKLES:

I fear we have forgotten to discuss the hors d'oeuvres.

Panel 4: Mr. Pickles is waiting for Dean to comment on the hors d'oeuvres before he writes anything more.

DEAN:

Very good Mr. Pickles! What an embarrassment that would have been to forget.

Panel 5: Dean throws his head back in pain and is in the midst of a silent scream. Mr. Pickles calmly watches.

MR. PICKLES: Goodbye Sir.

Page 2: (Six panels)

Panel 1: A close up panel of a grubby hand pulling a plug out of a hole in the headrest of a chair that is leaned back. The plug appears to be coming out of the back of a person's head, but due to the zoom of the panel it is impossible to tell who.

Panel 2: The perspective pulls back to reveal Dean is in the same position, screaming, although now he is in an old abandoned warehouse. The place is obviously run down, even with the focus of the panel mostly on Dean. For his part Dean is no longer dressed in a fancy suit. He is missing several teeth, his skin is pale and worn, and his hair is noticeably thinning. He is wearing a tattered, single color shirt and some pants with holes in them. None of this can be seen in the panel as it is fairly close up on Dean. He is sitting in a chair that looks like the chairs in a dentist office. Dean's eyes are closed.

Panel 3: The perspective pulls back again to show a man (the man who pulled the plug) walking around from behind the chair toward the front of the chair. He has a beer belly. He also looks greasy and in need of a shower. He is wearing a thin white T-shirt that doesn't quite cover his stomach. His name is Jefferson.

Panel 4: Dean still has his eyes closed with his head pressing back into the chair lifting the back of his neck away from it. Jefferson slaps him hard.

SFX:
WHAP!

Panel 5: Dean's head is thrown to the side from the force of the slap. His eyes shoot open.

JEFFERSON:
Get up!

Panel 6: Dean rolls sideways out of the chair.

Page 3: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Dean is standing on shaky legs as he looks around the warehouse. Jefferson is just standing there watching him. Dean is wide eyed.

Panel 2: Dean is still looking around. Jefferson walks up in front of Dean

DEAN:
No...no!

Panel 3: Dean falls to his knees in front of Jefferson. He is grabbing onto Jefferson's pant legs as he pleads. There is some sort of jack visible in the back of Dean's head.

DEAN:
No no no. Please... you've got to send me back.

JEFFERSON:
Shut up!

Panel 4: Jefferson raises his hand like he is going to slap Dean again. Dean has pulled back and is covering his head with his arms in a defensive fashion. He is sobbing slightly as he begins to speak.

DEAN:
It's Christmas time. We were planning a party. Pleeassssee.

Panel 5:
Rather than hit dead Jefferson begins to unzip his pants. Dean is still on his knees cowering.

JEFFERSON:
I'll tell you what. You give me a present, and I'll put you back on the machine for a couple of hours.

SFX:
ZIP!

Panel 6: The camera is at a low angle looking up past Dean's shoulders, past Jefferson and behind him. Mr. Pickles is standing a little bit larger than life behind Jefferson. Around Dean's head we can see Jefferson reaching into his pants.

Page 4: (Five panels)

Panel 1: By some miracle of angling we can see Dean looking up past Jefferson at Mr. Pickles, as well as Mr. Pickles, but not Jefferson's penis.

MR. PICKLES:

Sir! These are not the actions of a man about to throw the best Christmas party of the year. No, this will not do at all.

Panel 2: Everyone is positioned basically the same.

MR. PICKLES:

You know what you have to do.

JEFFERSON:

Last time I'm gonna offer punk. You takin' my deal or not?

Panel 3: Mr. Pickles smiles a devious smile.

DEAN:

What's that?

JEFFERSON:

Stop foolin' around and get to it!

Panel 4: Dean dives forward, knocking Jefferson over.

JEFFERSON:

What the hell!?

Panel 5: This panel is an outside shot of the warehouse and the surrounding desolate looking buildings. A blood curdling scream emanates from within the building.

SFX:

AAAAHHHHHHH!

Page 5: (Six panels. Panels 1 and 2 can be combined into one panel if the layout looks better. Panels 3 - 6 should have a splash of color and look more vibrant than 1 and 2.)

Panel 1: Dean is in the process of sitting in the chair. Due to his positioning, only his back can be seen.

Panel 2: Dean is sitting in the chair with a large smile on his face and blood all around his mouth. Some of it is dripping down his chin.

Panel 3: Dean is dressed like he was on the first page. He is sitting at the same dining room table with Mr. Pickles. There is a little bit of blood around his mouth, although not nearly as much as in the previous panels.

Panel 4: Mr. Pickles is pulling a handkerchief out of one of the pockets on the front of his attire.

Mr. Pickles:
My Goodness sir! Let me get that for you.

Panel 5: Mr. Pickles is using the handkerchief to wipe the blood from Dean's mouth.

Mr. Pickles:
That should just about do the trick.

Panel 6: Mr. Pickles puts the handkerchief back into his pocket.

DEAN:
Thank you. Now I was thinking we would start with some deviled eggs, and then shift into some tiny sausages.

Mr. Pickles:
Very good sir.

One Shot Comic

The one shot comic is pretty much exactly as it sounds. It is a comic where the entire story is contained in one issue. One shot comics are shorter than graphic novels, though I am not sure where the cut off is. The only one shot comic I have written that doesn't fall into the short story category is 34 pages long.

The whole concept of a one shot comic was completely lost on me until I really began to get into comic books. For many years I was under the misconception that all comic books were never ending series. This was well before I learned about story arcs and limited comic book series. I remember when it occurred to me how great of an idea one shots were and how much I wanted to write one.

23rd Century Dreamers

I have often fantasized about moving to another planet with a large group of people and starting a colony. Far-fetched as it seems, every day we move one small step closer to that eventual reality. One night a few years ago I asked my wife if she would like to go to another planet and she indicated to me that she would not. It is always sad when two people disagree on something that is so important to one of them. Luckily for me if colonizing far off planets ever does happen it will most certainly be long after I am dead. If I am still alive then I will be forced to either give up my fantasy or commit a kidnapping.

There is also another part of the inspiration for this story that is worth noting. I like Tom Waits. The sound of the music and the way instruments are used in his songs astound me. Most of all I like his lyrical content. "Ruby's Arms" is a very sad and beautiful song. As I wrote "23rd Century Dreamers" I tried to capture the feelings it inspired in me in this comic.

23rd Century Dreamers:

Page 1: (Three panels)

Panel 1: A boy (Don Henderson) is standing on a sidewalk in the middle of a busy town. Don appears to be in his pre-teen years. There are hundreds of people walking by him while he is frozen, mesmerized by something that is in a store window. Due to the angling, we can't see what the store is or what is in the window. There are very few cars. People are walking everywhere making it hard for a driver to have a car on the road. Even though it takes place some 200 years in the future, the people are not dressed in ridiculous futuristic attire.

CAP:

I grew up in one of the few small towns left. The population was only a few hundred thousand.

Panel 2: People are still walking by. Sometimes people bump into each other or into Don, but no one seems to care or even take notice when this happens. It is just another reality of living in a place so crowded. Don is still staring into the store window. The perspective still keeps us from viewing what he is seeing.

CAP:

I took it for granted, and it disappeared.

Panel 3: The perspective has shifted. It is now behind Don, looking at an upward angle past his shoulders and into the store window. He is looking at a display of several holographic TVs all showing the same program. A sign hangs above the store window that reads "Necessary Electronics." In slightly smaller letters is the slogan of the store: "You can't call it livin' if you don't have the necessities." The holographic TVs are all showing a shuttle launch. The countdown is already done and the shuttle is lifting off with lots of smoke coming out of the bottom.

Page 2: (Five panels)

Panel 1: The rocket ship is taking off.

Panel 2: The rocket ship continues to fly off into the sky of the holographic TV.

Panel 3: The TV cuts to a man (Steve Hannigan). He fits all the stereo types of a masculine man, with a square jaw and what not. He is dressed in official attire.

STEVE:

My name is Steve Hannigan and I am the lead astronaut of project EDEN. Boy, is it exciting!

Panel 4: Don is still watching the TV as another person bumps into him and keeps walking.

STEVE:

We can't possibly fix all of the world's problems. Project EDEN isn't about that, it is about a new beginning. A world not so crowded, not so polluted... a paradise.

Panel 5: Steve is saluting on the TV.

STEVE:

If you want to see that world, then wish us luck. By the time you view this we will already be on our way.

Page 3: (Four panels)

Panels 1-2: Close-up of one of the bigger TVs as it turns to static, then goes to a news report. In the news report, a woman is sitting at a desk, papers in hand, reading a news story.

WOMAN:

If you are just joining us, that was a short speech by the captain, recorded before today's historic launch of Project EDEN.

Panel 3: The boy has lost interest and is walking away. Without looking he turns and enters the constant flow of people, easily slipping in on account of his size. He is in the process of entering the crowd in this panel. The store display and TVs can still be seen in the background. The woman in the newscast is still speaking.

Panel 4: The boy has completely disappeared into the river of people.

Page 4: (Panel 3 should take up majority of the page. It is a very important panel in establishing the state that the world is in. The other two panels are important but should only take up the upper part of the page, leaving more room for #3.)

Panel 1: The view pulls back to an aerial view of the city. The tops of buildings and streets can be seen. It is a very crowded place.

CAP:

My mind raced on the walk home. For the first time in my life I knew what I had to do. At nine years old you've always got your shit all sorted out.

Panel 2: The camera pulls back to reveal that the city is covered by an enormous, non-transparent dome. This is to protect the people of the city from the pollution, which we will see in the next panel. All of the cities are like that. There is also a road leading out of the city, covered in some sort of semi-sphere protective covering.

CAP:

I spent the rest of the day pretending I was an astronaut explorer discovering new worlds. I built toy rocket ships from old bits of trash and plastic. I still keep one of them on top of an old bookshelf.

Panel 3: The camera pulls back again and the land around it looks desolate. This is a high aerial view. There are large buildings, presumably factories, scattered about the landscape. Columns of smoke billow forth from these.

CAP:

I was a hero. I was the savior of Earth.

Page 5: (Five Panels)

Panel 1: Don is sitting in the school room of a university. It is a huge auditorium filled with a couple of hundred students. The teacher is on stage, and there is a large screen behind him (like at a concert) so that the students in the back can see. Don is somewhere in the middle, but for this panel will look better if it shows the size of the class room and the layout rather than hundreds of different faces.

CAP 1:
Eight years later.

CAP 2:
At 17 I found out that my chances of becoming an astronaut explorer were roughly one in a billion.

Panel 2: This shot is much closer up on Don, and the people around him. He is sitting somewhere in the middle, and an attractive young woman is sitting next to him named Ruby. All of the students are taking notes down on paper.

CAP:
I gave up before I even tried. I still look at the toy rocket from time to time. It's amazing the things you never let go.

Panel 3: The professor is talking. He is on stage and his image can be seen in the screen above him.

PROFESSOR:
Now let's talk about trees.

CAP:
I graduated from university a few years later. I ended up becoming a history professor. Things were so different a few centuries ago. It was almost like exploring a new world.

Panel 4: The professor is standing to the side of the screen, and pointing up at it as he talks.

PROFESSOR:
In the 20th, and the first decades of the 21st Century, the planet was covered with trees...

CAP:
Up until that point the only real tree I had seen was in a display. Even then I think it was mostly plastic.

Panel 5: A good portion of the students can be seen writing notes down in note books. The only people who are looking up at the picture (out of panel) of the forest are Don and Ruby.

CAP:
The first time I saw a forest, it almost brought me to tears. I wasn't the only one.

Page 6: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Basically the same as the last panel of page five, except Don is looking at Ruby and smiling in this panel.

CAP:

We hit it off right away. Love at first sight, as they say.

Panel 2: We are looking up at the stage again and the instructor has a picture of a forest up. It is behind him as he speaks to the class.

PROFESSOR:

Before there were machines to do it, trees would take the carbon dioxide and turn it into oxygen. Our existence was beautifully intertwined with that of trees.

Panel 3: The professor is still talking and the forest is still behind him.

PROFESSOR:

That is why it is unsafe to leave the cities. There's not enough air. Simply put, there are not enough trees.

CAP:

Her name was Ruby, and while everyone else was busy taking notes, we wondered what bark felt like.

Panel 4: Ruby is sliding a piece of paper over to Don. It has some numbers written on it that are presumably her phone number. She is winking at him as she does so.

Page 7: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Don and Ruby are holding hands and walking along a boardwalk carnival. It is very crowded, but they don't seem to mind. There are long lines to all of the games and attractions. It is night-time, but due to light pollution, no stars can be seen in the sky.

CAP:

By all accounts it was a whirlwind romance, based on a common interest that seemed to be a rarity.

Panel 2: They continue to walk along the boardwalk. They show little interest in the games.

DON:

Look at all these people.

RUBY:

It's amazing to think it didn't used to be like this.

DON:

Mhmm

Panel 3: They continue to walk along the boardwalk.

DON:

I bet it was nice. Having room to move, and space you could call your own.

RUBY:

Maybe, but don't forget, the life expectancy was under 100.

Panel 4: They continue to mosey down the boardwalk.

RUBY:

I want to live forever.

Panel 5: Don smiles and kisses her on the cheek.

Panel 6: Several people bump into Ruby and Don, forcing them to break their hand holding.

Page 8: (Seven Panels)

Panel 1: They walk to the end of the boardwalk where people are crowded. All along the board walk and at the end a people are looking out into a body of water. All around the water buildings can be seen.

Panel 2: There is a small opening in the crowd near the water that they slip into. This is much like when people try to get to the front of a crowd in order to see a parade.

Panel 3: For a moment they look out over the water.

Panel 4: Don looks up at the night sky.

Panel 5: Ruby is looking at the city around the water, and Don is still looking up into the night sky.

RUBY:

It's beautiful, isn't it?

DON: Yeah...it really is.

Panel 6: Don moves his gaze from the sky to Ruby. She is still looking at the city.

Panel 7: He kisses her on the cheek.

Page 9: (Four Panels)

Panel 1: Don is standing in the bathroom of an apartment looking into a mirror. Don is combing his hair and smoothing it down with his hands. Directly behind him is a shower. Ruby is taking a shower, and her silhouette can be seen behind the curtain.

CAP 1:
Six years later.

CAP 2:
Things progressed naturally enough, and before long we moved in together. Two years later we were married.

Panel 2: Don is heading toward the exit of the bathroom. While he is passing the shower he speaks to Ruby.

CAP:
It was just the two of us, whether we liked it or not. The doctor didn't have any advice.

DON:
I'm heading out to work. See you tonight.

RUBY:
Alright. Love you.

DON:
Love you too.

CAP:
In a way it worked out for the best. It seems there isn't much work for a teacher. If I studied business maybe, but history? No one gave a shit about that.

Panel 3: Don is walking out of the bathroom.

CAP:
I ended up taking a job at a factory that makes robots that will eventually put us out of work. We all saw the irony, but no one was laughing.

Panel 4: Don has left the bathroom and there is just the silhouette of Ruby showering.

CAP:
They promoted me to supervisor and Ruby found a nice job as a waitress. If you count tips she makes almost double what I do. She doesn't work as much though, which is nice.

Page 10: (Five panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is on the interior balcony of an enormous building. The building is circular and there are many balconies above and below Don. All along these balconies are doors to apartments. Don is exiting one of the doors. On different levels, several other people are exiting their apartments.

Panel 2: He walks along the balcony.

Panel 3: He is standing in front of a long row of doors with a sign that reads "Floor 37 Elevators" above them. There are 10 or so, although not all of these can be seen. He is standing in front of the fifth or sixth one. There is also a sign above each individual elevator. The top half of the sign reads "Full to Capacity" and the bottom half reads "Not Full". The top half of the sign is filled on most of the elevators, but the one Don is standing by and another have the "Not Full" section lit up. He is pressing a button next to the elevator. The doors are starting to open.

Panel 4: He steps into the elevator.

Panel 5: The door is closing.

Page 11: (Eight panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is inside the elevator. At this point Don is the only occupant. There are a series of buttons on the control panel that have numbers corresponding to the floors. 80 is the highest number. 1 is the lowest standard number, and then there are B1, B2, B3 and B4. Don presses the number 1 button and the light lights up. A digital readout above the door reads "37".

Panel 2: The readout reads "35".

Panel 3: The doors begin to open.

Panel 4: A woman enters the elevator.

Panel 5: The door closes.

Panel 6: The perspective is on the ground level, looking at a large row of elevators. It is clear that it is the ground floor due to a large sign that reads "Floor 1 Elevators"

Panel 7: The doors begin to open, and we can see that the elevator is packed.

Panel 8: About 15 or so people exit the elevator.

Page 12: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Don is standing in the elevator by himself.

Panel 2: He exits the elevator.

Panel 3: Loads of people are walking around on the ground floor.

Panel 4: Don is walking past all of the people that are going about their business. Most seem to be heading in a specific direction, although some are just mulling around.

Panel 5: He is heading toward an enormous archway that leads out of the building.

Panel 6: Don walks through the archway, exiting the building. There is a very large sign hanging above the door way that reads "HOUSING UNIT #147".

Page 13: (Seven Panels)

Panel 1: Don is standing on a sidewalk outside of the building. The street is a moving platform that has chairs lined up on it. Just like the lanes of a road, one side goes one way while the other side goes the other way. On the other side of the moving platform is another very large building. A little way down the sidewalk are some stairs that lead to another moving platform that moves in the same setup as the first, although perpendicular to it. It sits 8 or so feet above the sidewalk and other platforms. Quite a bit further down the sidewalk is another set of stairs and another platform running perpendicular to the first. All the platforms have the same set-up of seats and run as far as the eye can see in both directions. There is a fair number of people walking the sidewalk, although a majority of the people have opted to use the platform. Most of the seats on the platform are taken, although some people walk along the platform. It is best to think of the platform as a ski lift if the ground moved with the seats.

Panel 2: Don is stepping through a gap of people and onto the platform.

Panel 3: He is sitting in one of the few empty seats around. The seat next to him is occupied by an older male. The man is wearing a hat, mostly covering a white head of hair. He is reading a newspaper.

Panel 4: Don has reclined the seat back and is looking up toward the sky. Don looks fairly comfortable.

SFX:
Swoosh.

Panel 5: This shot is of the sky. It is a beautiful day. The sun is bright, and the clouds are fluffy and make curious shapes as they slowly drift by. Three large black squares ruin the almost perfect scenery. They are not touching, but rather spread out. The black squares are places on the inside of the dome that the sky fails to project properly.

Panel 6: This panel is the same as #5 except that the clouds have moved somewhat. One of the squares is cutting into the corner of one of the clouds.

MAN (OP):
Crazy, isn't it?

Panel 7: The perspective is back on the platform. Don is looking at the man who has just spoken to him. The man has the newspaper rolled up under his arm.

DON: Huh?

Page 14: (Five panels)

Panel 1: The man is pointing up towards the sky. Don is looking up.

MAN:

With all the taxes we pay, they can't even get the sky to project right. It's crazy.

DON:

Heh, better than nothing though.

MAN:

That don't mean it's good.

Panel 2: Don and the man are talking.

MAN:

Me, I want to see the real thing.

DON:

That'll be the day.

MAN:

You haven't heard?

Panel 3: The two men are still talking.

DON:

Heard what?

MAN:

Project EDEN, It's landed.

Panel 4: Don is leaned forward, very excited.

DON:

WHAT?!

MAN:

Oh, come now, certainly you were old enough to remember it taking off. At least, I think you would have been, I suppose it's possible..

DON:

I remember. It's just hard to believe that it finally landed. I thought...I mean, I kind of gave up hope.

Page 14b:

Panel 5: The man is handing the paper to Don. In the background, we can see a good sized, square building coming into view. There is a large sign above an oversized door. The sign is not yet legible. The man is offering up his newspaper.

MAN:

Didn't we all? You can read about it if you want.

DON:

Are you sure?

MAN:

Be my guest. I'm finished with it, at any rate.

Page 15: (Seven panels)

Panel 1: Don is tucking the paper under his arm as he stands up. The building and sign are closer, and the sign can be read. It says: "FACTORY" People are funneling toward the entrance to the factory. There are some people on the platform who are standing up and getting ready to exit at the building.

DON:

It was really good talking to you sir, and thanks for the paper.

MAN:

Don't sweat it. You have a nice day.

Panel 2: Don is waving back at the man from the sidewalk. The man and the platform are a little ways down the street by this point. The man is watching and smiling.

Panel 3: Don walks toward the entrance of the factory.

Panel 4: Don enters the factory with a group of other people.

Panel 5: The inside of the factory looks like a large warehouse with an intricate series of conveyor belts stretching from floor to ceiling and back again. People are stationed at different stages of the conveyor, seemingly working on whatever is moving down the belt.

Panel 6: He walks farther into the factory. On one of the side walls is a row of doors. There are five doors. Don is walking toward these doors.

Panel 7: Don is opening one of the doors.

Page 16: (Six panels)

Panel 1: The room he is entering is an office. There is a desk, a clock on the wall, and a chair. On the desk is a small wire bin that has a sign on it that reads "IN", and on the other side of the desk is another bin that reads "OUT". The in basket is loaded with papers. Don throws the door closed behind him as he enters. The office is fairly small. The clock reads 11:00.

SFX:
SLAM!

Panel 2: Don rushes to the chair and desk. At this moment he is in the process of pulling out the chair with one hand, and the other slams the paper on the desk.

Panel 3: He is sitting down, intently reading the paper.

Panel 4: He is turning the page of the newspaper.

CAP:
It was hard to believe, after all this time.

Panel 5: Don is still reading the paper.

CAP:
Project EDEN had finally found a suitable planet, and touched down.

Panel 6: He sets the paper on the desk.

CAP: I must have read the article five times over before I was finished.

Page 17: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Don is folding up the paper.

CAP:

After that, the day flew by. My thoughts raced.

Panel 2: A close-up shot of the clock. The time reads 8:30.

Panel 3: Don is riding on a platform again. He is sitting in a chair, surrounded by other people who are also sitting in chairs. Some are standing. A man is jogging down the platform like a treadmill. He has headphones and a sweatband on. Don has the newspaper tucked under his arm.

CAP:

I hadn't been this excited for something in a long time. I felt like a damn kid.

Panel 4: Don is standing on the ground floor of his housing building, near the elevators, paper still tucked under his arm.

Panel 5: He is standing inside one of the elevators. People are crowded into it, and he is somewhere in the middle.

Panel 6: The perspective is outside the elevator as the doors open. Two people in the front get out, and Don is pushing his way toward the elevator door. The paper is still under his arm.

Page 18: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Don is standing outside the door to his apartment. The key is in the lock and he is opening the door. It is about halfway open.

Panel 2: Don is inside the apartment now, closing the door. He is standing in a small entryway. There are a few coat hangers, some with coats on them, and a few shoes on the ground. There is also a small shelf. Don is setting the paper on this shelf as he closes the door.

DON:

Ruby, where are you? I've got some great news.

RUBY (OP):

I'm in here!

Panel 3: Don walks through a doorway into another room. At the far end of the room is another doorway that Ruby is walking in through. A third doorway is on one of the other walls. They are standing in a living room. There is a couch and a lounging chair set around a coffee table. There is also a book shelf, although it is mostly stacked with non-book items. DVDs, a radio, some figurines, things like that. By no means is it a large room, although it is big enough to be comfortable. There are no windows. There should probably be a lamp or two sitting on end tables near the couch. Across from the couch and chair is a stand with a holographic TV on it. There is a remote control sitting on the coffee table, as well as a notepad and a pen. The model rocket ship that Don made when he was a child is also on the book shelf. We can tell this by the materials it is made out of, as well as the level of craftsmanship.

Panel 4: Ruby runs over and hugs Don.

RUBY:

I've got some news too.

Panel 5: Don walks over toward the chair. Ruby is standing and is visibly excited, yet trying to keep it under control.

DON:

Alright, you want to go first, or should I?

RUBY:

Oh, let me!

Panel 6: Don plops down into the chair. Ruby is wringing her hands together in excitement.

DON:

Let's hear it then.

Page 19: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Don is sitting in the chair, looking at Ruby and waiting for her to speak.

RUBY:
I'm pregnant!

Panel 2: Don shoots up, standing, out of the chair. Ruby is nodding her head.

DON:
Really?

Panel 3: Don rushes the two or three steps to Ruby and gives her a hug.

DON:
Oh, baby, that's great.

Panel 4: He pulls back a little bit from the hug and looks at Ruby. His hands are on her shoulders, and there is a mildly confused look on his face. Ruby is smiling.

DON:
But how?

RUBY:
Well, when a man loves a woman very much...

DON:
You know what I mean.

Panel 5: They are talking to each other, both standing in the room.

DON:
I thought they said we couldn't.

Ruby:
Yeah, but that was just a *floor* doctor, you know they aren't that great.

DON:
I guess not.

Panel 6: Don hugs Ruby again.

Page 20: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Don walks over toward the chair. Ruby watches him as he does so. They both are quite happy.

DON:

Man, you sure trumped my news.

RUBY:

And what was that?

Panel 2: Don picks up the newspaper from the coffee table. Ruby has a slight look of shock and disbelief on her face from what Don is saying.

DON:

Project EDEN finally landed.

RUBY:

No way... After all this time?

DON:

Yeah, and that's not even the most exciting part.

Panel 3: Don holds the paper out to Ruby, who is in the process of taking it from him.

DON:

Get this. In three months, they're going to start sending out commercial flights.

Panel 4: Ruby is reading the paper. It is unfolded in her hands as she reads. Don has moved closer to the chair and is preparing to sit down.

DON:

The timing is brilliant. After the baby is born, we can get a flight. It's perfect.

Panel 5: Ruby looks up from the paper. Don is sitting down in the chair.

RUBY:

What are you talking about?

DON:

Didn't you read it? There are gonna be commercial flights. That means we can go. Isn't it great?

RUBY:

I know what it means, but we're not going.

Page 21: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ruby is folding up the paper. Don is sitting, sunken down into the chair. He has one arm raised slightly at the elbow in a questioning manner.

DON:
What?

RUBY:
I said we're not going.

DON:
Why wouldn't we go?

Panel 2: Ruby is finishing folding up the paper.

RUBY:
I'm not gonna fly halfway across the galaxy with a baby.

DON:
Stop exaggerating. It's not halfway across the galaxy, it's - -

RUBY:
I don't care! The point is, it is not gonna happen.

Panel 3: Ruby slaps the paper down on the coffee table. Don stands up.

DON:
That's not fair. You can't just shut it down without discussing it. This was our dream...

RUBY:
No. This was *your* dream. To me, it was little more than... than a fantasy. It was fun to think about, and that was it.

Panel 4: Ruby is standing, looking at Don with her arms crossed.

RUBY:
But now we've got a baby to think about. We have to do what's right by him.

DON:
Or her.

Panel 5: Ruby and Don are looking at each other and smiling.

RUBY:
Yes, or her.

Page 22: (Six panels)

Panel 1: With one hand on his chest Ruby gently pushes Don back, encouraging him to sit. The tension from the argument seems to have given way to a more pleasant tone.

RUBY:

Look, dinner's almost ready. Why don't you watch some TV or something for a while?

Panel 2: Don is sitting in the chair, grabbing the television remote from the coffee table. Ruby is walking toward the doorway that she had entered from.

Panel 3: Ruby is stopped in the doorway. She is facing Don, who is looking at her from the chair. Remote control is sitting down on the chair arm.

RUBY:

You know, with all the people that do end up leaving, Earth might be a pretty good place. Maybe now something can finally be done about the pollution.

DON:

Yeah.

Panel 4: Ruby is leaning on the frame of the doorway.

RUBY:

We could leave the city. Feel the sun on our skin and a breeze through our hair. Lay down in some *real* grass. That's the world I want our baby to grow up in. That's my dream.

Panel 5: Don watches Ruby as she enters the kitchen.

Panel 6: Don watches the empty doorway.

CAP:

I thought that I would forget. At the very least I thought the dream would fade.

Page 23: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Aerial view of Don and Ruby lying in their bed. Ruby is lying on her side and she is visibly pregnant. Her back is facing Don. Don is lying on his back and looking up at the ceiling. His eyes are open. Ruby is fast asleep. She is wearing some sort of modest night-gown. Don, for his part, is dressed only in his underwear.

CAP 1:
Seven months later.

CAP 2:
But it didn't. It kept nagging, whispering in my ear until I was suffocating.

Panel 2: Don is still lying in bed.

CAP:
I knew that if I stayed I would grow to resent them. I loved my wife and unborn child too much to let that happen. Really, there was only once choice, and it's already been made.

Panel 3: Don is sliding out of the bed. He is trying his best to be quiet and stealthy.

CAP:
I had to go. I knew that once the baby was born I would have missed my chance.

Panel 4: Don is all of the way out of the bed. At this point he is almost out of the room.

Panel 5: Don is standing in the living room. The note pad and pen are sitting on the coffee table.

Panel 6: Don is walking over toward the chair.

Page 24: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Don is sitting in the chair and sliding the notepad and pen that are sitting on the coffee table toward him.

Panel 2: Don is writing on the piece of paper.

CAP 1:

I want to write something romantic, some great token of emotion that she will never forget.

CAP 2:

The words don't come.

Panel 3: Don is still writing.

CAP:

Instead, I tell her that I love her and that it's not her fault. It's just the way things go sometimes.

Panel 4: Don is standing up and grabbing the model rocket ship from the book shelf.

CAP:

I swear to God in six months' time, there'll be someone else to hold her.

Panel 5: He sets the model rocket on top of the note.

Page 25: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Don is kneeling on the couch, leaning over the seat and reaching behind it.

CAP:

I have been planning this for several weeks now. The Project EDEN flights are so popular that they're taking off almost every hour on the hour. And that's just for this city dome.

Panel 2: He is pulling a duffle bag out from behind the couch.

CAP:

Every few days, a new TV or radio report by Captain Hannigan is released. The last few weeks they've been like a drug.

Panel 3: The duffle bag is in the middle of the room, lying on the floor. Don is knelt over it with the zipper open and pulling out a pair of pants.

Panel 4: Don, now fully clothed in jeans and a T-shirt, is zipping up the duffle bag.

SFX:

ZZZZIIIIIPPPP!!

Panel 5: He is standing up. Don is slinging the strap of the bag over his shoulder as he starts toward the exit of the room.

Panel 6: Don is closing the door from the outside of the apartment.

Page 26: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: He is standing in an area roughly the size of a single closet. His bag is pressed between his chest and the wall in front of him. There is a small metal tube that sticks down roughly an inch from the ceiling. There is a speaker on the wall near him. The perspective is inside the compartment looking past Don and at the door which is almost, completely closed.

CAP:

Several hours later on project EDEN flight #492

Panel 2: The door is now closed all the way. A mechanical voice comes in through the speaker. Don is looking at the speaker.

SPEAKER:

Sleeping gas is supplied for your convenience.

Panel 3: This panel is a close-up of the metal tube with a puff of smoke coming out of it.

SFX:

Pfffittt.

Panel 4: Don is listening to the speaker.

SPEAKER:

Pleasant dreams. A bright new future will be waiting when you awake!

Panel 5: Don's eyes are starting to close as his body begins to go limp.

Panel 6: Don is slumped over as much as possible in the cramped quarters. His head is leaning forward a couple of inches on the wall in front of him, and his knees are bent somewhat. Due to his new positioning the bag has slid from the area between his chest and the wall to resting on his bent knees.

Page 27: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: This panel is an aerial view. The huge dome surrounding the city can be seen. On one side of the dome (to the left of the tunnel that leads out) is another small, dome-covered tunnel that leads into a rectangular box. There is a small runway out of the far end of the box that leads to the spaceship. The ship is lying on its side on top of a large platform. There are train tracks that lead away from the platform. The tracks go out roughly 100 yards and simply lead the rocket and platform away so that the rocket can safely launch.

Panel 2: Same aerial view. The ship and platform ride down these tracks, going away from the city dome. They are almost to the end.

Panel 3: Same aerial view as the other two panels. The ship and platform are at the end of the tracks. There is a large metal arm coming out of the platform that is pushing the rocket ship up, so that it will eventually be standing straight up. It is at about a 30-degree angle at this time.

Panel 4: This panel is not an aerial view. The rocket ship is completely upright and the metal arm has retracted back into the platform. Huge plumes of smoke and jets of fire are coming out of the bottom of the rocket ship as it launches from the platform.

Panel 5: The perspective here is at ground level, looking up at the rocket ship as it is flying way up into the sky.

Panel 6: The ship is flying through space. The perspective is in front of the ship looking past it at Earth. Earth is now rather small, as the ship is quite far away from it.

Page 28: (Three panels. I imagine that the third panel is largest, as it is more important. The arrangement of these panels is up to the artist.)

Panel 1: While the ship is floating out in space hundreds of doors all around it are opening up. People can be seen, beginning to slide out from within their compartments.

Panel 2: All of the doors are opened and more people are starting to fall out into space.

Panel 3: All of the passengers on the ship are now floating into space with no space suits on, and they are all asleep. Their items are floating around as well.

Page 29: (Five Panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is inside the rocket ship. There are two space pilots sitting in front of a large control panel and a huge glass window that gives them a large range of view. People can be seen through this glass window, mostly on the sides, which stretch the majority of the panel. One of the pilots (Jim) is speaking into a hand held microphone, much like the ones used on CB radios. The other pilot (Toby) is reaching for something under his seat.

JIM:

The drop has been completed.

SPEAKER:

Good. No problems I take it?

JIM:

Not a one.

Panel 2: The pilot is still talking into the speaker. The second pilot is taking a drink from a bottle of whiskey. He is drinking it straight from the bottle. It appears to be a fifth.

SPEAKER:

Glad to hear it. What's your ETA for the next flight?

JIM:

Oh, I'd say we could have this old bird back home in about an hour or so.

SPEAKER:

The landing gear on our end is already prepared. It's all on your clock now.

JIM:

Roger.

Panel 3:

Jim hangs up the hand held microphone, and looks at Toby. Toby is screwing the cap on the bottle of whiskey.

JIM:

Not so fast there buddy.

Panel 4: Toby extends the bottle toward Jim.

Panel 5: Jim is taking a swig from the bottle. Toby is leaned back in his chair with his fingers interlocked behind his head.

TOBY:

This is the life.

Page 30: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Steve Hannigan is standing on a movie set. Behind him is a background made to look like a nice forest. It is obviously a movie set as there are lights on stands pointed at Steve.

CAP:

14 ½ years earlier.

Panel 2: The perspective pulls back to reveal a man standing behind a nice TV camera filming Steve. There is also a man holding cue cards and another man (Avery) sitting in a director's chair. The word "DIRECTOR" is embroidered into the back of the chair. He is dressed in stereotypical director's attire. He is short and pudgy with scraggly facial hair in the form of a beard or moustache. He is holding a megaphone up to his mouth. There is also a man standing off to the side of the set. This man is holding a microphone on a pole over Steve.

AVERY:

Cut! That's a wrap everybody.

Panel 3: Everyone starts to pack up their equipment and do whatever it is movie people do when they are done with a shoot. Avery is standing up. Steve is walking off of the set and toward Avery, who speaks to him.

AVERY:

If you'll join me in my office I think we can get everything squared away.

STEVE:

Sounds good.

Panel 4: The two men are walking away from the set toward a door that was not visible before. The door is the type that you would expect to see in an office, the kind with a large section of frosted glass and "OFFICE" printed in big bold letters on it. Avery is walking ahead of Steve.

Panel 5: Avery opens the door and motions for Steve to enter.

Panel 6: The perspective is inside the office. There is a desk and a chair in front of the desk. Against one of the side walls is a small couch. Two men (Tony and Frank) are sitting on this couch. They are dressed in suits, although not black ones, and appear to be rather relaxed. One of the two men waves at Steve as he enters. Avery is walking toward the desk. Steve has entered the office and is in the process of sitting down in the chair. Avery is past the chair and rounding the corner of the desk. There is a cup of coffee on the desk and an intercom.

AVERY:

Please, have a seat.

Steve: Don't mind if I do.

Page 31: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Avery is sitting down and pulling an envelope out of the desk.

DIRCETOR:

Shortly, those two nice men sitting on the couch will escort you to a private jet. That jet will take you to your island.

Panel 2: Avery is handing the envelope to Steve.

AVERY:

This envelope contains the keys to your new house, as well as a key to a safe containing \$500 million dollars. You are aware of the rules, yes?

STEVE:

I think so.

Panel 3: Avery is smiling as Steve answers his question.

STEVE:

Don't ever leave the island or let anyone see me. If I need anything call the number you gave me earlier.

Panel 4: Everyone is standing up. Avery leans over the desk and shakes hands with Steve.

AVERY:

Very good. Let's get you on your way. A bright new future of luxury and excess awaits!

STEVE:

Boy, am I ready for a little of that.

Panel 5: Avery looks at Tony and Frank who are standing by the couch.

AVERY:

Would you kindly escort Steve to the plane?

TONY:

Yes, sir.

Panel 6: Tony heads toward the door. He is looking at Steve, who is standing behind him as he does so. Franks follows behind Steve. Frank's hand is reaching into his jacket. Avery is sitting back down in his chair.

TONY:

Right this way, Mr. Hannigan.

Page 32: (Five Panels)

Panel 1: Tony and Steve are already out the door. Frank, who was following behind, is pulling a gun out of his jacket as he is about to exit the room. Avery is taking a drink from his cup of coffee.

Panel 2: The office door is shut now, and everyone has left the room except for Avery, who is holding the coffee with a displeased expression on his face.

Panel 3: Avery presses the button on the intercom.

SFX:
Click

AVERY:
Melinda, this coffee is cold. Get me another.

INTERCOM:
Right away sir!

Panel 4: There is a loud BANG! from out of panel. At the sound Avery jumps, spilling his coffee in his lap.

SFX:
BOOM!

AVERY:
GOD DAMNIT!

Panel 5: He is standing up trying to brush the coffee off of his clothes. He mutters to himself as he does so.

AVERY:
I specifically told them to wait until they had left the building.

Page 33: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: Ruby is lying alone in bed. She is pregnant, as the time is contemporary again. The sun light is beginning to shine through the curtains.

Panel 2: She rolls over and attempts to put her arm around Don, but he is not there.

Panel 3: Her eyes open.

Panel 4: She sits up and calls softly.

RUBY:
Don?

Panel 5: She gets out of bed.

Panel 6: She pulls her night-gown tight as she heads for the door.

Page 34: (Seven Panels)

Panel 1: Ruby enters the living room.

RUBY:
Don?

Panel 2: She sees the toy rocket ship and the note on the coffee table and begins to walk over to them. One hand holds her night gown closed.

Panel 3: She is standing between the couch and the coffee table. She is picking up the toy rocket ship as she reads the note.

Panel 4: Her eyes get wide and she drops the toy rocket ship.

Panel 5: It hits the ground and breaks into several pieces.

Panel 6: Ruby is looking around with a dazed expression on her face.

Panel 7: With her head in her hands she begins to sob.

Limited Comic Book Series

A limited comic book series is a comic book series that has an end. Often times one will find series like “The Walking Dead” over 100 issues. Those are not limited comic book series. The two longest works I have done fall into this category, but I will only be including the first three issue of one limited comic book series into this volume. Not to worry though, I will be adding a synopsis, which should give a good idea what will happen if it ever gets produced. All proceeds from this work will go into funding the artwork and production of my limited comic book series, and possibly some of the short stories that are contained in the earlier pages of this work.

Through The Eyes Of The Devil #1

The story of “Through The Eyes Of The Devil” dates back six or seven years when I was sitting at a friend’s house watching “Fist of the North Star.” I remember very little of the episode except I believe the main character of the show was fighting a whole bunch of zombies in a village. I started thinking of what it would be like if they were really just people instead of zombies and the main character was just insane. The idea fascinated me and I let it fester within my belly for several years until I finally wrote “Through The Eyes Of The Devil.”

I am in a bit of an awkward position with this one. Due to the info I have already given you as to where I got the inspiration large parts of the story are already given away. Because of that I will not hold back in the synopsis, and display it here just as I would to a potential publisher. It is also important to note that I have named each individual issue after either a Tom Waits song, or one of his lyrics.

SYNOPSIS:

“Through The Eyes Of The Devil” takes place in a desolate land composed of many different city states. The east is far more docile while the west is torn by war, as the different leaders all vie for control of one another.

Ronald, a legendary fighter who previously led some of the assaults in the west has taken his wife and young son out eastward in an effort to escape the fighting and give a better life to his family. Far out in the east Ronald finds a small farming community untouched by the ravages of war. For a time they live an idyllic life of subsistence farming and enjoy the slow way of life that this new village has to offer.

One day Ronald inexplicably finds his wife and son murdered, prompting the rest of the townsfolk to assume he is the culprit, and subsequently hang him for their murder. Not knowing his past the townsfolk are not aware of the danger Ronald poses when they escort him to the village jail. While he is imprisoned a man in the adjacent cell convinces Ronald that he is being set up, and that the townsfolk are in on it. When it comes time for the hanging Ronald breaks free and burns his house down while being pursued by his captors. He finds a single clue in the form of the knife that killed his family as he is escaping, and sets out to find those responsible and avenge the death of his wife and young son.

Guided by the man he spent his short stint in jail with his journey takes him out west where he must fall back into his life of combat as he kills all those whose involvement he suspects. As the tale unfolds it slowly becomes clear to the reader that there was never any other man in the jail and that the man guiding Ronald is a manifestation of his delusions. There was no conspiracy nor was there any type of set up. Word of his destruction travels faster than he does. Villagers fearful that he will come to their town next begin to pool their resources together and hire a world renowned hit man to hunt Ronald down. His fighting skills not only attract the attention of the villagers, but also one of the leaders of a particularly ruthless city state. Taking advantage of Ronald this leader plants false clues in a bid to have his rivals assassinated. The story ends with this leader ascending to power and Ronald finally being put out of misery/insanity by the hit man.

Through The Eyes Of The Devil #1: Hang Man Foolin' With The Noose

PAGE ONE: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is very close in on a bloody hunting knife. There is a drop of blood near the handle. The knife is pointing at a downward angle.

Panel 2: The drop of blood slides toward the tip.

Panel 3: The drop of blood is hanging on the tip of the knife, ready to fall off.

Panel 4: The drop falls into a pool of blood on the hardwood floor, making a splash as it does so.

Panel 5: The hunting knife slowly spins, falling downward through the air.

Panel 6: It lands with a bigger splash in the same pool of blood.

PAGE TWO: (Four Panels)

Panel 1: The Perspective is through the eyes of a person running up a flight of stairs. There are two windows at different locations on the left hand wall of the stairwell, both are covered with blankets. The staircase goes steeply up and curves slightly to the left. At the end there is a door, with light shining from the other side, coming through the cracks.

Panel 2: The perspective is the same, although the door is much closer this time.

Panel 3: Still looking from the first person perspective, the door flies open. Ronald Hodges is squatted in the middle of the room, over a knife lying in a pool of blood. He is holding his head in his hand. There is a bed sitting length wise against the far wall. A window is near its foot, as well as an overturned bookcase, with scattered books against the far wall. There is a woman, dead and bloodied, slumped across the bed. There is a waded up nightgown near the head of the bed, as if was tossed there to be washed at some later date.

Panel 4: The perspective is inside the room, from behind Ronald, looking toward the door. A Woman is standing, shocked and horrified in the doorway. One hand is covering her mouth in a scream, the other is still holding onto the door knob. There is a boy's body behind the door. Only the legs that stick out past it are visible. One foot has a shoe and one doesn't. The missing shoe is laying several inches away.

PAGE 3: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: The Woman screams violently as she turns, running from the room. The door closes slightly as she exits, revealing more of the body behind it.

WOMAN SFX:

AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Panel 2: Ronald looks up toward the doorway. There is blood on his face, and a streak down either cheek, where tears have washed it clean.

Panel 3: Ronald replaces his head back into his hands.

Panel 4: A man (Jonathan) runs into the room.

Panel 5: A second man (Devon) runs past Jonathan, bumping him as he runs into the room.

Panel 6: Devon quickly stops. Jonathan takes a cautious step into the room as he surveys the scene. Devon is looking at Ronald.

JONATHAN:

My God...

PAGE 4: (Five Panels)

Panel 1: Ronald raises his head. He locks eyes with Devon. Jonathan sees the knife at Ronald's feet.

Panel 2: Ronald begins to stand up, not breaking eye contact with Devon. Devon stands unmoving, transfixed in Ronald's gaze. Jonathan makes an aggressive movement toward Ronald.

JONATHAN:
Get him!

Panel 3: Ronald is standing all the way up. Jonathan makes contact with him from the side as he grabs him in a bear hug around his arms. Ronald is thrown backward slightly from the force of it. His right leg kicks out, sending the knife sliding under the bed. He still maintains his eye contact with Devon. Both Jonathan and Devon are too distracted to notice.

Panel 4: Ronald does not struggle as Jonathan tries to drag him, in the same bear hug grip, toward the door. Devon moves around so that he is positioned in such a way he can easily reach down and pick up Ronald's feet to help carry him off.

Panel 5: Devon lifts up Ronald's legs so that the two men are completely carrying him.

PAGE 5: (Six Panels)

Panel 1: The two men carry Ronald down the darkened stairwell.

Panel 2: The perspective is outside the building. It is the main residential part of the town. All of the seven houses are built in a semi-circle, each house having a small dirt path that connects to a larger dirt path. The large path leads off panel. It is a small community, and the houses are modest two story homes. There are trees around, and a haystack or two are strewn between several of the houses. The two men carry Ronald out of one of the houses. Several people are gathered around, outside of Ronald's house. They separate to make room for Jonathan and Devon as they carry Ronald out. The woman who first entered the room is standing; a man is comforting her as she softly cries onto his shoulder.

Panel 3: The two men carry Ronald down the larger dirt path.

Panel 4: The two men are carrying Ronald down the same dirt path, in a different part of the town. The few buildings are spaced far apart, and there are lots of trees and fields. They walk toward a building.

Panel 5: The building is very small. There is a chair, and a small shelf about shoulder height in the corner near the door. Directly opposite is a wall with two more heavy doors in it. Neither door is closed. They open into jail cells made of wood, with one barred window at the back. Jonathan and Devon are carrying Ronald toward the left most cell. There are two pieces of metal forming a slot on either side of both doors. Between the doors are two large planks of wood.

Panel 6: Jonathan and Devon are standing in the middle of cell. They both let go of Ronald at the same time, dropping him onto the floor. There is a bench on the left most cell wall.

PAGE 6: (Six panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is from inside the cell. The door slams shut. Ronald is still lying where he was dropped on the floor.

SFX:

Bang

Panel 2: Ronald climbs to his feet.

Panel 3: He stands, within arm's reach of the right wall, facing it. He lets out a yell and pulls his arm back, ready to punch the wall.

RONALD:

Ahhhhhhh!

Panel 4: He punches the wall.

Panel 5: Keeping his fist pressed against the wall Ronald leans forward. He puts his free arm horizontally against the wall.

Panel 6: Ronald rests his head on his arm, and lets the fist that was against the wall slide off of it.

PAGE 7: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald remains with his head resting against his arm on the wall.

DAVEY (OP):
Is someone there?

Panel 2: Ronald lifts his head, staring intently at the wall in front of him.

DAVEY (OP):
Now, now, I know you're there.

Panel 3: Ronald turns his back to the wall, walking toward the bench.

RONALD:
I don't feel like talking.

Panel 4: Ronald sits down on the bench, facing the wall.

DAVEY (OP):
Well, I hope you feel like listening, cause I sure as hell feel like talkin'

Panel 5: Ronald rests his elbows on his knees and rubs his eyes with his hands.

DAVEY (OP): My name's Davey, How 'bout you?"

Panel 6: Ronald speaks with his head still lowered, hands rubbing his eyes.

RONALD:
I already told you, I ain't in the mood to talk.

DAVEY (OP): Well, well, looks like we got us a real bastard here.

PAGE 8: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald stops rubbing his eyes, but still keeps his head in his hands.

RONALD:
I didn't do shit.

DAVEY (OP):
I'll bet you did something real nasty.

Panel 2: Ronald is in the same position.

DAVEY (OP):
Oh come on man what'd you do? Steal something... rape someone?

Panel 3: Ronald slams his hand down on the bench near where he is sitting.

RONALD:
I don't know! I don't remember...

DAVEY (OP):
Oooh, A case of amnesia hm?

Panel 4: Ronald runs his fingers through his hair.

RONALD:
My wife...something about my wife... and my son.

DAVEY (OP):
Let's think back. What's the last thing you remember?

Panel 5: Ronald jumps up, a horrified look on his face.

RONALD:
OH GOD!

DAVEY (OP):
What about them?

Panel 6: Ronald runs to the door of the cell, and begins to push on it.

PAGE 9: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald uses his shoulder to try and force open the door.

RONALD:
OPEN UP!

Panel 2: He begins to bang on the door with his fists.

DAVEY (OP):
Hey!

Panel 3: Ronald continues to bag on the door.

RONALD:
Let me out of here!

DAVEY (OP): HEY!

Panel 4: Ronald whips around to the right most cell wall. That is the wall that shares a cell with the next cell over.

RONALD:
WHAT!

DAVEY (OP):
There's no one there.

Panel 5: Ronald stares accusingly at the wall.

RONALD:
Now how the hell do you know that?

DAVEY (OP):
Listen, you think anyone would just sit there while you make that racket?

Panel 6: Ronald halfheartedly kicks at the door.

RONALD:
Shit.

DAVEY (OP):
Now what was all that about?

PAGE 10: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald walks over toward the bench.

RONALD:

I think something happened to my family... they are dead.

DAVEY (OP):

You *think*?

RONALD:

...

Panel 2: Ronald is in a daze. He is lost completely in thought as he sits down on the bench.

DAVEY (OP): Well you best think good and hard, cause there aint' a whole lot of reason I can think of for them bein' dead and you bein' in here.

Panel 3: Ronald shoots an angry glance at the wall.

RONALD:

What are you trying to say?

DAVEY (OP):

You know damn well what I am sayin'. You killed them.

Panel 4: Ronald is still looking at the wall.

RONALD:

It wasn't me

DAVEY (OP):

Who was it then?

DAVEY (OP):

I don't know... someone else was there.

Panel 5: Ronald is lost in thought again.

DAVEY (OP):

I don't know about you, but no one is gonna hurt my family without either me or him going down too.

PAGE 11: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is starting to get to his feet, thinking.

RONALD:

No... There were more.

DAVEY (OP):

One, Two, Ten, it don't make a difference. My point still stands.

Panel 2: Ronald rubs his shoulder as if there is a dull ache.

RONALD:

They must have drugged me. Something hit me in the arm... a dart maybe.

DAVEY (OP):

Sure they did, can't you see?

Panel 3: Ronald is still rubbing his arm, pacing back and forth in the cell.

RONALD:

See what?

DAVEY (OP):

It's a set up.

Panel 4: Ronald stops rubbing his arm, but continues pacing.

DAVEY (OP):

Oh come on. You mean to tell me that it's the middle of day and no one sees a bunch of guys, guys who just killed your family running away?

Panel 5: Ronald is still pacing.

RONALD:

A god damn setup...

PAGE 12: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald stops pacing and stands in the middle of the room. He holds his hands out questioningly.

RONALD:
...but why?

DAVEY (OP):
Who the hell cares? You're in here, your wife's dead. What more is there to know?

Panel 2: Ronald lets out a frustrated yell.

RONALD:
Bahhhh!

DAVEY (OP):
They're probably gonna hang you ya know.

Panel 3: Ronald snaps his head at the wall.

RONALD:
Just shut up will you, I need to think.

DAVEY (OP):
You're a dead man.

Panel 4: Ronald walks toward the door of the cell.

DAVEY (OP):
A fucking dead man.

Panel 5: The perspective is from the jail house looking at the cell. There is a large wooden beam across the door. The door rattles violently as Ronald smashes into it from the inside.

SFX:
Clank!

PAGE 13: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Jonathan and Devon are standing in a large room. There is a well-crafted, but obviously handmade desk with a man (Stanley) sitting behind it. On the wall behind him is a single coat hanger with a coat hanging on it. There is a bottle of ink in the corner of his desk, and he is using a quill pen to write something on a piece of paper. Jonathan and Devon are standing awkwardly, waiting for Stanley to finish writing.

Panel 2: Stanley puts the quill pen in the bottle of ink and looks back and forth at the two men.

STANLEY:
Are you sure he's secured?

JONATHAN:
Yeah.

STANLEY:
Good.

Panel 3: Stanley stands up, and turns around to grab the coat. Jonathan nods.

STANLEY:
I am calling a meeting tonight. I want you two to pass on the word, although I am sure everyone is expecting it already.

Panel 4: Stanley grabs his coat. Jonathan and Devon leave the room.

STANLEY:
You may go.

Panel 5: The perspective is outside looking at a very old brick church with a bell tower. There are no religious markings on the building.

Panel 6: The bell on top of the tower begins to ring, as people start to filter inside.

SFX:
Clang! Clang!

PAGE 14: (Three panels)

Panel 1: Inside the building are many handmade wooden church pews. There is an open area, past the pews, that spans the width, and remaining length of the church. Stanley is standing in the open area. There are twenty to twenty five adult men and women sitting in the church. Most of them are concentrated near the front middle, although a handful of people are sitting further away. There is a very thick, ornamental rope hanging from the ceiling. Stanley is pulling on this rope, causing the bell to ring.

SFX:

Clang! Clang!

Panel 2: Stanley stops ringing the bell and walks toward the middle of the open area. All eyes are on him.

STANLEY:

I trust that everyone knows why I called this meeting.

CROWD:

Murmurmurmurmurmurmurmur

Panel 3: Stanley is holding his hands down in front of him. He seems very comfortable in front of a crowd. The people follow where he walks with their eyes, as he slowly walks back forth.

STANLEY:

Good. Today we will be voting on the subject of Ronald Hodges. Earlier today he murdered his wife and four year son. I recommend hanging.

PAGE 15: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Stanley stops moving and faces the crowd. He is now holding his hands behind his back.

STANLEY:

If anyone has anything to say before we take a vote now is the time.

Panel 2: A man (Ted) stands up. Ted was sitting a short, but noticeable distance from the main cluster of people. A woman (Carol) is sitting next to him. Stanley waves his hand as if encouraging Ted to speak.

TED:

I got something to say.

Panel 3: Ted glances down at Carol as he speaks her name.

TED:

Well me and Carol welcomed those folks when they moved in, even had them over for dinner a couple of times. They always seemed real nice and treated us fine every time I ever saw 'em.

Panel 4: Stanley has a look of contempt on his face. It is obvious that he would prefer to see Ronald hang.

STANLEY:

Are you suggesting we spare this man?

TED:

I aint' saying that, it's just... I want people to remember there was more to Ron than just this.

Panel 5: Ted sits down.

STANLEY:

If there is nothing else I suggest we take a vote. All of us in favor of hanging the man who murdered his wife and son, stand up.

Panel 6: Everyone in the church stands up. Stanley smiles.

PAGE 16: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Majority of the crowd have sat back down, although there are still a handful of people taking their seats.

STANLEY:

It will be dark soon, so I suggest we get to it. All who want to attend will meet at the hanging tree.

Panel 2: Everyone is seated, and again all eyes are on Stanley.

STANLEY:

I am going to request a few volunteers. We will need several people to bury the bodies. They deserve a proper burial.

Panel 3: Stanley is grabbing the large rope.

STANLEY:

Mark and Rick I would like to have a word with you please. I will see the rest of you shortly.

Panel 4: Stanley rings the bell. People begin to filter out. Two very large muscular men who were sitting in different spots, both near the middle of the crowd, make their way toward Stanley.

SFX:

Clang! Clang!

Panel 5: The room has emptied. Mark and Rick are standing next to Stanley, who has finished ringing the bell.

Panel 6: Stanley speaks to Mark and Rick. Mark cracks his knuckles.

Stanley:

You two are in charge of bringing Ronald. We are hanging him anyway, so don't be afraid to get rough if he gives you any trouble.

PAGE 17: (Four panels. The first three taking up the top half of the page, the fourth panel taking up the bottom half.)

Panel 1: The perspective is outside of the jail house. The sun is almost completely set. Mark is carrying a gasoline lantern, and Rick is holding a small club.

Panel 2: They are inside the building. Mark sets the lit lantern on a shelf in the corner. Rick is sliding the beam out from in front of the door.

Panel 3: The beam is lying between the doors of the two cells. Only Ronald's cell door is closed, the other one is slightly ajar. Mark is opening the newly unlocked cell door. Rick is standing behind Mark, his fist tightly gripping the club. The door to Ronald's cell is roughly halfway open.

Panel 4: Mark has completely opened the cell door and begun to step inside. As soon as he steps inside Ronald immediately punches him in the throat.

PAGE 18: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Mark stumbles forward, into the cell, his hands are clutching at his throat. Mark's eyes have begun to water. Rick charges forward into the cell, club raised, ready to strike. Ronald is crouched slightly, ready for Rick's attack. Mark is desperately gasping for air.

Panel 2: Rick swings the club downward at Ronald, who adeptly darts to the side and around Rick, so that he is facing Rick's elbow.

Panel 3: With arms out stretched Ronald grabs Rick's arm in both hands. One hand is on his wrist, the other is halfway up his bicep. Ronald twists Rick's arm and brings it slightly toward him, as he raises one knee high up and inward to his chest, preparing to bring it down on Rick's elbow. Mark is on his hands and knees off to the side of the jail cell.

Panel 4: Ronald brings his knee smashing into Rick's elbow, as he raises the elbow toward himself. This causes Rick's arm to violently break. Rick screams, and the club falls from his hand. Mark has finally begun to get his breath back. He is bent over with one hand supporting himself on the ground, the other still holding his throat.

RICK:

AHHH!

SFX:

Crack!

PAGE 19: (Three panels)

Panel 1: Rick falls to the ground, cradling his arm. Ronald snatches the club up, off of the ground. Mark is still gasping, struggling to get to his feet.

Panel 2: Ronald smashes Mark behind the ear with the club. This sends Mark, who was not fully to his feet, tumbling forward.

Panel 3: Ronald turns his attention to Rick, who is still lying on the ground. Rick turns his head upward so that he is looking at Ronald. Rick tries to say something, but no words come out.

RONALD:
Who set me up!?

PAGE 20: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald kicks Rick in the face, causing blood and spit to fly out of his mouth. The kick also throws Rick's head back.

RONALD:
Who killed them?

Panel 2: Ronald brings the club down hard on Rick's now exposed neck. Spit flies out of Ronald's mouth as he yells.

RONALD:
WHO KILLED THEM!

Panel 3: Ronald hits Rick in the head with the club.

Panel 4: He hits Rick with the club again.

PAGE 21: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald whips around, throwing the club at Mark's limp body.

Panel 2: Mark does not twitch or respond to the club as it hits him.

Panel 3: Ronald is standing in the middle of the cell looking down at the corpses that are on either side of him.

Panel 4: Ronald calmly walks out of the cell.

PAGE 22: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald grabs the lamp off of the shelf.

Panel 2: He walks over to the partially closed cell door that is next to the cell he was in.

Panel 3: He uses his free hand to swing the door open. The light from the lamp reveals that the cell is empty.

Panel 4: Ronald pokes his head in the cell, looking around.

Panel 5: He turns down the lamp and prepares to exit the building.

PAGE 23: (Three panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is outside the jail as Ronald leaves. It is totally dark outside. About a hundred yards from the jail in one of the fields is a tree. There are many bobbing balls of light surrounding it. Closer, around twenty yards away three men are walking toward the jail, one man holding a lantern. The three men are talking and don't all see Ronald right away. The man on the far right side does see Ronald, and his eyes are wide. A surprised look is on his face.

Panel 2: The man who saw Ronald is turned around toward the tree, cupping his hands over his mouth, yelling. Ronald takes off running. The other two men stand there a moment, dumbfounded.

MAN:
Heeeeeey!

Panel 3: The two men who were standing dumbfounded take off chasing after Ronald. The third man continues to yell.

MAN:
OOOOVVER HEEERE!

PAGE 24: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald runs down the road through the small farming town.

Panel 2: The two men follow.

Panel 3: Ronald runs through the town. The two men are gaining on him.

Panel 4: Ronald approaches the houses, and runs toward his. There are four people off to the side, digging a hole. A lamp is hanging from a wooden pole that one of the men is holding, casting light for the rest of them.

Panel 5: He throws open the door and runs inside. Immediately inside is a staircase, next to that is a small hallway that leads to several rooms.

PAGE 25: (Five panels. The first four panels are on the top half of the page, with the fifth panel taking up the bottom half.)

Panel 1: Ronald runs up the stairs and tears down a blanket that is covering one of the windows.

Panel 2: He opens a spot on the bottom of the lamp and pours the fluid on the blanket. The two men are approaching the house. The mob of people that were previously around the tree are not far behind.

Panel 3: Ronald uses the flame from the lantern to set the blanket alight. The blanket goes up in flames and Ronald is holding it up, ready to throw it.

Panel 4: Ronald throws the blanket at the two men, who are just entering the doorway.

Panel 5: Ronald turns and runs up the stairs. The two men recoil back. The blanket is lying at the foot of the stairs, burning wildly. Paint is beginning to peel.

PAGE 26: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald enters the bedroom. He closes the door behind him. The lamp cast a pale light over the room. The bodies are gone, and although the blood has been wiped up there are stains on the floor.

Panel 2: Ronald sets the lamp near the bed.

Panel 3: He picks up the night gown off of the floor.

Panel 4: Ronald kneels down next to the bed, and lays the nightgown out where his wife's body was.

Panel 5: He lovingly flattens out the wrinkles.

PAGE 27: (six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald gets up and walks over to the shoe.

Panel 2: He picks it up.

Panel 3: Ronald carefully carries the shoe, in both hands, over to the bed.

Panel 4: He carefully sets the shoe on the night gown.

RONALD:

I need to go away for a little while.

Panel 5: Ronald folds the sleeves of the nightgown over the shoe.

RONALD:

I need you to be a big boy and take care of your mother.

Panel 6: Tears are welling up in Ronald's eyes although his lips do not quiver. Ronald is lovingly looking at the shoe and the nightgown.

RONALD:

I'll come back for you...

PAGE 28: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald probes under the bed.

Panel 2: He pulls the knife out from under the bed.

Panel 3: He attempts, with little success, to wipe the dried blood off onto his pants.

Panel 4: Ronald stands up, slipping the knife into his pocket with one hand and grabbing the lantern with the other.

Panel 5: Ronald walks over to the window.

Panel 6: The perspective is from the outside of the house. Ronald is using one arm to dangle from the window sill.

PAGE 29: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald drops to the ground behind his house. The entire second floor of the house is over an open barn. There are two stables. A horse is in one, and three goats are in another. There is a very large haystack in the back, against the house.

Panel 2: Ronald opens the pen, freeing all of the goats inside.

GOAT:

Baaahhh!

Panel 3: The door to the horse stable is open, and Ronald is leading the horse out of the barn by the reins. It has no saddle.

Panel 4: He hurls the lamp at the hay stack.

Panel 5: It lands on the hay, and the hay begins to smoke.

Panel 6: Ronald skillfully mounts the horse as the hay catches fire.

PAGE 30: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald rides off into the night as the hay fire grows, consuming the barn, and by extension the house, which is still burning from the front.

Panel 2: Ronald is riding away; the house can be seen in the back ground. A gust of wind blows past him.

Panel 3: The gust of wind continues into the barn, and fans the flames, which now begin to consume the barn.

Panel 4: Ronald rides out into the night.

PAGE 31: (Three panels)

Panel 1: In front of the house is a large group of people. They are desperately trying to put out the fire. Some of the people are carrying buckets of water, which they proceed to dump on the flames. The fire continues to grow and spread due to the wind.

Panel 2: People continue trying to put out the fire. The wind blows it toward a nearby tree which catches on fire.

Panel 3: The flames spread to a nearby house.

PAGE 32: (Two panels)

Panel 1: The fire is out of control, and people are beginning to panic. They are running all over, dropping buckets of water. Women are trying to carrying crying children away from the flames.

Panel 2: The perspective is overhead and in front of Ronald. Ronald is riding away. He is so far away the town can no longer be seen behind him.

Through The Eyes Of The Devil #2

Through The Eyes Of The Devil #2: Going Out West

PAGE 1: (Seven panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is riding on his horse through an open plain. The horse is moseying along.

Panel 2: Ronald continues riding on his horse.

Panel 3: As they are traveling the plain gradually turns into sand, and he rides onto a beach.

Panel 4: Near the water he climbs off of his horse.

Panel 5: Ronald sits down in the sand, against a tree trunk that has washed ashore.

Panel 6: His knees are up and he is resting his elbows on them, looking contemplatively out over the sea.

Panel 7: Ronald is inside of a small room. There are three other men in the room with him. Ronald is standing near the door. There is another man standing in front of him (Neil). A man (Nathan) is sitting on the edge of his seat on the other side of the room, and another man (Wally) is leaning with his arms crossed against the wall. It is obvious that the men are engaged in a tense discussion. Neil is the youngest of the men. Nathan and Wally are older, and look they have both lived a rough life.

RONALD:
We're leaving.

CAP:
Several months earlier.

PAGE 2: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Neil pleads with Ronald. Nathan slouches back in his chair. Wally looks at the ground.

NEIL:

What the hell are you talking about? They'll be here by morning. We need you.

Panel 2: Nathan waves his arm, indicating that he has written off Ronald.

RONALD:

I've made up my mind...I'm sorry.

NATHAN:

Aw, hell. Let him go.

Panel 3: Neil looks at the other two men, frustrated and searching for support.

NEIL:

This is bullshit. Without him we don't have a chance.

NATHAN:

Each man makes his own choices.

Panel 4: Wally shoots a bitter look at Ronald.

RONALD:

Look, right now I have more to live for than I have to fight for.

WALLY: If you want to go fine, but all that other stuff's a load of shit.

Panel 5:

WALLY:

You don't give a damn about your little boy. You'd stay here and fight if you did. Try to put a stop to it all instead of running away.

RONALD:

It won't stop.

PAGE 3: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Wally looks like he is going to say something but Nathan speaks first.

RONALD:

This isn't the end, it is only the beginning, and I want no part in it. If you were smart you'd do the same.

NATHAN:

Either stay or go. All this talk is wasted time.

Panel 2: Ronald leaves the room.

Panel 3: The perspective is outside in a medium sized town. Ronald is walking out of a small hut, with a thatched roof. It is night. There is a bright moon and many stars out in the sky.

Panel 4: As he walks through the cobble stone streets there are people getting ready for war. Men are carrying swords, scraping together pieces of wood they can use for shields or armor.

Panel 5: Ronald approaches a father and son. The son is seven. His father is trying to teach him how to hold a sword.

FATHER: If anyone comes near you, hit them with this.

Panel 6: As Ronald passes the father and son the father is presenting his son with a sword.

PAGE 4: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald enters a house. There is a horse tied to a large stake in the ground out front. The horse has a saddle with saddle bags, and reins.

Panel 2: Directly inside the house is an open area. There are two suitcases near the door. The handles are tied together with a length of rope. Ronald's son (Todd) is sitting in a dinner chair that has been moved in the room for the purpose of giving him a spot to sit.

RONALD:

Where is your mother?

Panel 3: Todd points toward a doorway that a woman (Sally) has just appeared in.

SALLY:

I'm right here honey. Just had to give it one last check.

RONALD:

Good?

Sally:

Good.

Panel 4: Ronald grabs Todd out of the chair and holds him at arm's length up in the air. Todd smiles.

RONALD:

Ready to go on an adventure little man?

Panel 5: Ronald puts Todd down. Sally comes over and takes his hand. Ronald speaks to Sally. Sally nods her head.

RONALD:

You got the horse ready right?

SALLY:

Mmhmm.

Ronald:

Let's go then.

Page 5: (Eight panels)

Panel 1: Ronald picks up the suitcases. Todd is visibly excited to be going on an adventure. He eagerly walks and occasionally hops as his mother walks along beside him, holding his hand.

Panel 2: Ronald, Sally and Todd exit the house.

Panel 3: Sally kneels down so that she is at eye level with Todd. Ronald throws the bags over the horse, one on each side supported by the rope.

SALLY:

Wait here with mommy for a second.

Panel 4: Sally licks her thumb. Ronald unties the horse from the stake.

Panel 5: Ronald leads the horse a few feet over to Sally and Todd. Sally is cleaning something off of Todd's face.

Panel 6: Ronald helps Sally onto the horse.

Panel 7: He picks up Todd and sets him in front of her.

Panel 8: Ronald takes the reins of the horse and leads them out of town.

PAGE 6: (Five panels)

Panel 1: They are walking away from the town, which can distantly be seen behind them. Ronald and Sally are silent. Todd is gleefully petting the horse's neck.

Panel 2: They walk away from the town.

Todd:
Where are we going?

Ronald:
To a place where the water never ends.

Panel 3: Ronald is walking, while Sally and Todd ride.

RONALD:
It just goes on forever and ever.

Todd:
Wow! Where is that?

Panel 4: The town is further behind them, as they move onward.

RONALD:
It's at the end of the world son. Far... far away from here.

Panel 5: They are all silent. The town can no longer be seen in the distance.

PAGE 7: (Eight panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is sitting on the beach with the sun shining down. He is holding a small stick and twiddling it around in his hands.

Panel 2: He throws the stick into the water.

Panel 3: The tide washes it back ashore.

Panel 4: Ronald gets up, wiping himself off.

Panel 5: Ronald talks to the horse as he grabs the reins.

Ronald:
Let's go.

Panel 6 Ronald gets on the horse.

Panel 7: He rides off of the beach.

Panel 8: He is riding. The sun is in a position indicating that it has risen within the last couple hours,

PAGE 8: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is riding. A town can be seen off in the distance. The sun has moved over into the sky, indicating that it will set in the next couple of hours. Unlike the previous towns, this one has the buildings made out of stone. The roofs are made of wood, and there is a gigantic stone wall surrounding the city, with enormous wooden doors that are curved at the top. These are standing wide open.

Panel 2: Ronald rides through the doors.

Panel 3: He rides along the dirt road leading through the town. It seems peaceful. There are different covered areas set up with things to sell. A blacksmith uses a hammer and anvil to hammer on something metal. None of the other people he passes are riding horses. They are all walking, some of them pushing wheel barrows filled with goods.

Panel 4: Ronald rides through more streets.

Panel 5: Ronald comes to a large building. There is a wooden sign protruding from the wall of the building. The sign has an oversized mug of foaming beer on it.

Panel 6: Ronald enters the building. The doors are swinging doors, much like those in an old western movie. Ronald's horse is tied to a post out front of the saloon. There is a watering trough in front of the post.

PAGE 9: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Inside the saloon are round tables, with chairs around them. There are eight tables in the saloon. Each table is generously spread apart, and the saloon is populated by seven men and one waitress. The waitress has a flower behind her ear, and a short, frilly skirt. Most of the tables are empty. Two men (Ted and James) sit playing cards at one of the tables near the middle of the bar. Ted is wearing a leather vest; under it he has a holster that has a revolver in it. James is similarly dressed, although no holster is visible. Two men sit at the bar (Dan, closest to the door and Winston two stools inward from Dan.) Both men are dressed modestly, neither wearing anything out of place nor flashy. Two more men (Tom and Paul) are sitting at a table near the bar. Tom and Paul are dressed in business suits, complete with black shoes. The biggest difference in their attire being that Paul has a bow tie, whereas Tom is wearing a straight black tie. A sheathed katana is leaning next to Paul. Although Tom's weapon is not visible, there is a black jack in his front right pocket that makes a small bulge. There is one table in the corner that is mostly shadowed, positioned one empty table away from the men playing cards. A man (Davey) is sitting in the darkness facing the doorway. Davey takes a sip of his drink and stares at Ronald.

Panel 2: The men at the table continue to play poker. Ronald walks toward the table in the corner. Davey sets down his drink.

Panel 3: As Ronald approaches the table, Davey waves out his arm in a welcoming gesture. With an un-expressive face he speaks.

DAVEY:
Sit.

Panel 4: Ronald sits directly across from Davey. Davey grins.

RONALD:
I recognize your voice.

PAGE 10: (Six panels)

Panel 1: The waitress walks up to the table. She stands with her back to Davey, looking at Ronald.

WAITRESS:
Can I get you anything?

Panel 2: Ronald looks questioningly at Davey, who shakes his head in response.

Panel 3: Ronald answers the waitress.

RONALD:
We're fine.

WAITRESS:
Alright then. If you need anything just give a holler.

Panel 4: The waitress walks away. She looks back over her shoulder, confused, at Davey and Ronald.

Panel 5: Davey takes a sip of his drink.

DAVEY:
I was right wasn't I.

RONALD:
About them hanging me?

DAVEY: Yeah.

Panel 6: Davey excitedly slams his glass down on the table. There is a big smile across his face.

RONALD:
You were right.

DAVEY:
Ha! What'd I tell you?

PAGE 11: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald listens to Davey.

DAVEY:

Look, I did some asking around.

Panel 2: Ronald leans in close. The waitress is at the bar talking to the bartender. She is subtly pointing over at Ronald.

DAVEY:

It might not be anything, but this group... this clan kept coming up.

Panel 3: Ronald reaches into his coat pocket. Ronald looks very tense and on edge

DAVEY:

You ever head of the clan of the wolf?

Panel 4: Ronald pulls out the dagger with a wolf on the handle and slaps it on the table.

Panel 5: Davey looks at it, and caresses it with one finger.

DAVEY:

You're fucked.

Panel 6: One of the men (Ted) from the poker table stands up, throwing the table out of the way. Chips and cards go flying. All of the bar patrons turn to watch what is going on.

Davey (OP):

From what I hear these guys don't stop. They are everywhere.

PAGE 12: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ted, a very large man is holding the man who was sitting across from him (Bill) by his neck.

Panel 2: Ted shoves Bill backwards, toward the table that Ronald and Davey are at.

DAVEY (OP):
You're a dead man.

Panel 3: Bill hits the empty table knocking it over, and stumbles backwards, bumping into Ronald. Ronald grabs the knife that is on the table.

Panel 4: Ronald stands up, spinning around, the knife raised in his hand. Bill is regaining his balance. Ronald, although not an especially tall or large man, towers over Bill.

PAGE 13: (Three panels)

Panel 1: Ronald plunges the knife into Bill's throat. At this several of the saloon patrons stand up.

Panel 2: He pulls the knife out, which is now covered in blood. Bill's body begins to slump to the floor.

Panel 3: Bill's body slumps to the floor, his eyes open wide. The bartender is reaching for something under the counter. Several of the men flee the bar.

RONALD:
Leave me alone!

PAGE 14: (Four panels)

Panel 1: The bartender begins pulling out a shotgun. The butt of it can be seen over the counter, the rest is still concealed beneath. It catches Ronald's eye, and he turns his attention towards the bartender, preparing to throw the knife.

Panel 2: The knife flies toward the bartender, spinning as it sails through the air. The bartender has pulled the shotgun almost all the way out.

Panel 3: The bartender has the gun out, readying himself to fire it at Ronald as the knife goes into his right eye. The force of this causes the bartender to reel back, arms flailing and the gun fires into the ceiling.

Panel 4: Ted pulls out his revolver and points it Ronald, who turns his attention from the dead bartender toward Ted. Dan runs for the door, fleeing the scene that is unfolding. He spills his drink onto the floor in his escape. Paul, sitting in his chair, slides backward and reaches for his katana. Tom slips his hand into his right front pocket. Winston watches, too shocked to move. The waitress is nowhere to be seen.

PAGE 15: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald starts off in a dead sprint past the over turned table and chairs towards Ted. Ted fires off three shots in rapid succession. Two of them whizz by Ronald, the third tearing at the flesh on the outer part of his upper thigh.

Panel 2: From several feet away Ronald leaps at Ted. His arms are back, and one of his legs is tensed and pulled back ready to deliver a knee. Ted fires a fourth bullet that strikes Ronald in the meaty part of his shoulder and blows out the other side. Paul picks up his katana, although he is still sitting down and brings it in front of him. He has shifted so the he is sitting facing the action. Paul has his black jack clenched in his hand, and is standing up. Winston scrambles over the bar.

Panel 3: Ronald connects with his knee into Ted's face. Paul simultaneously draws his katana and stands up.

Panel 4: Ted and Ronald tumble to the ground several feet away from Paul and Tom, who are coming forward to attack Ronald. The gun is still in Ted's hand when they hit the ground. Ronald has landed on top of Ted.

PAGE 16: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ted is unconscious, with his hand still holding the gun. Ronald lunges at the gun. Paul is very close now, katana raised, ready to strike. Tom, due the positioning of his seat, and where the two men landed, is circling around behind.

Panel 2: Ronald uses Ted's arm to aim the gun and fires it at Paul. The bullet hits him in the stomach.

Panel 3: Tom is close enough to swing, and readies his black jack to club Ronald in the back of the head. Ronald whips his head to look at Tom.

Panel 4: Paul drops the katana and grabs his stomach, which has begun to bleed profusely. Ronald tries to aim the gun at Tom, but fails to do so before Tom clubs him in the side of the face with the black Jack. Ronald is sent sprawling forward.

PAGE 17: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Paul takes several stumbling, retreating steps towards the bar. Tom swoops down on top of the gun and slightly toward Ronald, grabbing the gun in a smooth motion. Ronald, who landed on his stomach, rolls onto his back with his left arm outstretched, just barely grabbing onto the handle of the katana.

Panel 2: Tom is standing above Ronald, in the process of raising the gun to shoot him. Ronald flings his arm in an arching motion, swinging the katana, and slicing Tom's shins. Paul knocks over a chair as he stumbles toward the bar.

Panel 3: Tom falls to his knees. Both of his hands are on the ground supporting him, an expression of intense pain dominating his face. One hand is clenched in a fist around the gun. Ronald gets to his feet.

Panel 4: He stands over Tom, who has shifted his weight to his free hand. Vainly he tries to raise the gun at Ronald. Ronald swings the katana downward at an angle, driving the blade deep into Tom's neck and shoulder. Blood sprays out like a fountain.

PAGE 18: (Three panels)

Panel 1: Paul has made it to the bar, and is using the counter for support. Ronald picks up the gun. Tom is lying on the ground, blood rapidly pooling up around him.

Panel 2: Ronald walks past Ted. The katana is carried, dangling in his right hand. He is holding the gun in his left hand, and it is pointed at the ground. Without looking he shoots Ted in the head. Ronald is moving toward the bar, completely ignoring Paul. Paul stumbles, failing to support himself, and he begins to slowly slide closer to the ground as he loses blood.

Panel 3: Ronald lets the gun fall to the ground without breaking stride, as he approaches the bar. Paul finishes sliding to the ground.

PAGE 19: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald uses one hand for support as he jumps onto the bar.

Panel 2: He walks along the bar toward where the bartender was killed.

Panel 3: The perspective is behind Ronald, looking down over the bar. Winston is knelt on the ground near the bar tender's lifeless body. A box of shot gun shells is spilled on the ground. Winston is frantically grasping for one, although due to his shaking hands, he is having a great deal of difficulty in accomplishing this. The shotgun is lying next to him, and he has one hand on it, ready to load it as soon as he gets a shell.

Panel 4: Ronald is holding the katana at his side. Winston looks up, a horrified expression on his face, dropping the shell he had just picked up.

RONALS:

I am not going to kill you. I need you to deliver a message.

PAGE 20: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald waits for Winston to answer. Winston's hands are shaking.

WINSTON:
Yeah man sure, w-whatever you want.

Panel 2: Ronald hops down off of the bar onto the same side as Winston. As Ronald is talking he is interrupted by a whimper. Near the other end of the bar is the waitress crouched inside of a small cubby hole. Her eyes are wide and her hands are clasped over her mouth.

RONALD:
Tell your leader...

WAITRESS:
Eekk...

Panel 3: Ronald swings the katana at Winston, hitting him in the neck and killing him. The waitress lets out a scream. Her hands are no longer covering her mouth. She recoils back, trying to scoot deeper into the cubby hole.

WAITRESS:
AAAHHH!

Panel 4: Ronald walks over to the waitress. Tears are streaming down her face.

WAITRESS:
No... please...

RONALD:
I am not going to kill you. I need you to deliver a message.

PAGE 21: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald stares at the waitress, standing with the katana at his side. The waitress still looks terrified.

RONALD:

Tell your clan leader that I am coming for him.

WAITRESS:

W-what. What are you t-talking ab-bout?

Panel 2: Ronald gestures accusingly at the waitress with his left hand. He raises his right arm slightly at the elbow, which also raises the katana, although not in a menacing way. The waitress eyes lock on the blade and grow wide.

RONALD:

Don't pull that shit with me. I know this is a wolf bar!

WAITRESS:

Ok! I-I-I'll tell him.

Panel 3: Ronald turns toward the counter, his back facing the waitress.

ROANLD:

Good.

Panel 4: Ronald hops over the bar.

PAGE 22: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald grabs the sheath that Paul had cast onto the floor as he walks toward the exit of the bar.

Panel 2: Ronald exits the bar.

Panel 3: He mounts his horse.

Panel 4: Ronald is riding out of the large wooden doors to the town.

Panel 5: Ronald is riding off.

Through The Eyes Of The Devil #3

Through The Eyes Of The Devil #3: The Bishop And The Barber Shop Liar

PAGE 1: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Bishop Mark is sitting at the head of a large rectangular table. He is wearing an elaborate religious outfit, and the table is in the middle of an extravagant room. Another man (Terrance) is sitting at the left side of table near Bishop Mark. Terrance is dressed in a business suit. A black briefcase is open on the table in front of him. There is a stack of papers that has been taken out of the briefcase; these are sitting next to it. Terrance is flipping through several papers.

TERRANCE:

The gold mines in Robston have been confirmed. From what I understand they are the biggest discovered to date.

Panel 2: Terrance moves a couple of papers away and studies the ones beneath. Bishop Mark strokes his chin in thought.

TERRANCE:

I also have found strong evidence of a deal with the south. I do not know all of the details, but I am certain it revolves around the mines.

Panel 3: Terrance puts the papers in the briefcase.

TERRANCE:

King Wilson is visiting Robston early next week; I assume it involves this deal.

BISHOP MARK:

What do you suggest?

Panel 4: Terrance closes the briefcase.

TERRANCE:

Most of our armies are tied up in expanding your empire, so taking control before a deal is made is out of the question.

PAGE 2: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Bishop Mark stands up.

BISHOP MARK:

So far you have suggested nothing.

TERRANCE:

What if King Wilson never makes it to Robston?

Panel 2: Bishop Mark begins to pace back and forth.

BISHOP MARK:

Hmmm... I like where this is going.

TERRANCE:

Then it would be a local conflict, and not a war.

Panel 3: Bishop Mark paces.

TERRANCE:

While they crown a new king we would be virtually uncontested. Even if the south did try to intercede it would allow us time to bring our armies back, into position.

Panel 4: Bishop Mark puts his arms on the back of chair, leaning forward toward Terrance.

BISHOP MARK:

But how to dispose of King Wilson? They can't trace it back to us or it will be an all-out war. That is not an option.

TERRANCE:

There is one way.

Panel 5: Bishop Mark pulls his chair out and sits down again.

BISHOP MARK:

I'm listening.

PAGE 3: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Bishop Mark sits down.

TERRANCE:

You've heard of a man, The Devil from The East they call him, right?

BISHOP MARK:

Vaguely, what has he got to do with anything?

Panel 2: Terrance and Bishop Mark talk

TERRANCE:

He left some lady alive, a waitress... No, I think it was a prostitute. At any rate she said he was looking for a clan of the wolf.

BISHOP MARK:

Who the hell are they?

Panel 3: Bishop Mark and Terrance talk.

TERRANCE:

That is the thing, nobody knows. I can't find a damn thing about them.

BISHOP MARK:

What exactly are you suggesting?

Panel 4: Bishop Mark smiles as Terrance talks.

TERRANCE:

He was last seen heading toward our territory. I suggest you send a man to point the finger at King Wilson.

BISHOP MARK:

It's perfect.

Panel 5: Bishop Mark and Terrance talk.

TERRANCE:

All that's left is to get support and invade.

BISHOP MARK:

That's easy; I'll tell them God demands it.

PAGE 4: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is riding his horse through the plain. There is a town off in the distance.

Panel 2: Ronald stops his horse, and stares at the town.

Panel 3: Ronald hops off his horse.

Panel 4: Taking the reins Ronald leads the horse toward the town.

Page 5: (One panel)

Panel 1: Ronald is standing with a group of men (fifteen to twenty) behind him. They are all looking at a ruined village. There are dead bodies on the ground, and there is a large pile of bodies off to one side. There are four men picking bodies up off of the ground and stacking them on the pile. The men are all armed with swords and axes, whereas the men on the ground were armed with pitchforks and shovels. This is evident by the amount of pitchforks on the ground, and the proximity they are lying to the dead bodies not yet piled. Ronald is holding a sword that is leaning against his shoulder.

CAP: Six years earlier.

RONALD:
Good work boys.

PAGE 6: (Three panels)

Panel 1: The men cheer. Several of them wave their weapons in the air.

RONALD:

Now take what's yours.

Panel 2: The men run forward into the village.

Panel 3: Ronald leisurely walks forward through the village, sword still resting on his shoulder.

PAGE 7: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald continues to stroll through the village. He passes a house where a man is kicking in the door.

Panel 2: Ronald keeps walking. He passes a house where several men are burning it down by throwing torches onto the roof. One man is walking out of the door. His arms are overflowing with loot from inside the house.

Panel 3: Ronald keeps walking.

Panel 4: Ronald continues to walk through the village.

SALLY (OP):
No...NO!...

Panel 5: Ronald, with a look of concern, speeds up his pace.

SALLY (OP):
Please. Help!

SFX:
Smack!

PAGE 8:(Five panels.)

Panel 1: Ronald stops a distance away, looking at a house. There is a crack in the door where it has been kicked in. A man (Harold) is forcibly pulling Sally out of the doorway. A man (Tony) is also pushing her out, although his still in the house, and cannot be seen. Sally is wearing a dress and struggling with her assailants.

Panel 2: Ronald watches the two men as they force Sally fully out of the house. Two more men walk up (Jeb and Billy) to Sally and the two men.

JEB:
Well what have we here?

BILLY:
My my my.

Panel 3: Ronald stabs his sword into the ground. The four men have formed a loose circle around Sally. She is trying to run away but Harold stops her.

BILLY:
It's about damn time.

Panel 4: Ronald walks toward the men. Harold shoves Sally hard toward another one of the men.

Panel 5: The men are shoving her between themselves, tearing her dress as they do so. One man tears her dress at her chest, revealing one of her breasts.

PAGE 9: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Sally is in the middle of the circle, looking terrified.
Ronald walks between two of the men toward Sally.

Panel 2: Ronald grabs Sally under the arm.

Ronald:
She's mine

HAROLD:
Aw, shit.

Panel 3: roughly Ronald moves Sally toward the door of the house.

HAROLD:
Come on man, we found her.

Panel 4: Ronald shoves Sally through the doorway.

PAGE 10: (Four panels)

Panel 1: The perspective is outside of the house. The four men look annoyed, and Jeb and Billy are walking off. The door slams shut.

HAROLD:
Bullshit.

SFX:
Slam!

Panel 2: Inside the house Sally is huddled up against a wall, covering her exposed chest. Ronald is standing near a couch that is in front of the door. There are some turned up sheets and a blanket piled on the couch. Some of the furniture, an end table and a chair, are knocked over indicating that a struggle took place here. Tears are streaming down Sally's cheeks.

SALLY:
Are you gonna rape me now?

Panel 3: Ronald stares at Sally. He is holding a wadded up blanket in his hand.

Panel 4: Ronald tosses Sally the blanket. It is in mid-air.

RONALD:
Here.

PAGE 11: (Five panels)

Panel 1: The blanket lands near Sally's feet. Ronald begins to sit down on the floor. When he is finished sitting he will be opposite Sally, with his back resting against the couch.

Panel 2: Ronald is sitting down on the floor now, his back leaning against the couch. Sally leans forward reaching for the blanket. To do this she removes one of the arms covering her chest and her breast is exposed.

Panel 3: Sally is covering herself with the blanket. Ronald is watching her as she does so. They are making eye contact.

Panel 4: Ronald speaks. Sally is fully covered with the blanket now. She is looking at the ground.

RONALD:

How come you didn't leave with the other women?

SALLY:

I didn't think it was real. I mean how could this happen? There was no reason for it.

Panel 5: Sally looks upward, making eye contact with Ronald.

SALLY:

Why...

HORSE (OP):

EENHNEMUMPHPH

PAGE 12: (Four panels)

Panel 1: Ronald looks up at the horse, startled, as the horse is rearing up on its hind legs. Ronald is back on the plains, the town is closer than it was before. The horse is scared because of a snake that is directly in front of them.

SALLY (OP):
...Why...

Panel 2: The horse is on all fours now, and it is backing away, shaking its head from side to side. Ronald is regaining his bearings. He has his hand on the horses' mane.

HORSE:
HRRRNHMPF

Panel 3: The horse continues to back up. Ronald lets go of the reins and they fall through the air. He is taking a step toward the snake.

Panel 4: He draws his katana as he approaches the snake.

PAGE 13: (Six panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is standing in front of the snake; he has the katana raised high above his head. The snake has its mouth open and it is hissing at Ronald, warning him to stay away.

Panel 2: The katana sails through the air as Ronald brings it down at the snake.

Panel 3: The snake is struck in its head and body, cutting it into pieces.

Panel 4: Ronald props the pieces with the blade. He is ready to fling them off to the side.

Panel 5: Ronald flings the snake pieces off to the side.

Panel 6: Ronald walks back to his horse.

PAGE 14: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is leading the horse toward the town. The sun is beginning to set.

Panel 2: Ronald is still leading the horse, but he is now closer to the town. The sun has set further, but there is still a good twenty to thirty minutes of daylight left.

Panel 3: Ronald, leading his horse, enters the town. The buildings are nice and made out of a mix of wood and stone. All of the buildings have windows. The streets of this town are dirt roads. Many of the buildings are waving flags. Jesus is on the flags, he is holding a sword in one hand a shield in the other. The shield has the same cross that was in Bishop Mark's office on it.

Panel 4: Ronald approaches a large fountain as he makes it to the town center. There is large round brick well filled with water. Around this are several posts in the ground. There is a horse tied to one of the pegs.

Panel 5: Ronald ties his horse to one of the empty pegs.

PAGE 15: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald pats his horse on the neck.

RONALD:

You just hang tight. I am gonna find somewhere to put up for the night.

Panel 2: Ronald walks off. His horse is drinking from the well.

Panel 3: Ronald turns a corner, and continues walking. There are no flags in this part of town. There is a sign hanging from one of the buildings that has an overflowing mug of beer.

Panel 4: Ronald hears a scream, coming from an alleyway between two buildings that he is passing by.

WOMAN (OP):

AHHHHH!

Panel 5: Ronald dashes into the alley way.

PAGE 16: (Four panels)

Panel 1: At the end of the alley is another building, sealing it off. There are five people near the far building. Ronald stops and watches when he sees the people. There is a woman (Ellie) standing, being held by a man (Tito). She is screaming. Another man (Johnson) is on the ground, and two men (James and Bradley) are standing on either side of him, kicking him in the head and the body. Johnson has the head of a wolf, he is howling. Ellie vainly tries to struggle against Tito's hold.

ELLIE:
AHHH!

JOHNSON:
AAARRRRROOOOOO!

Panel 2: The woman looks at Ronald, her eyes wide and pleading. James continues to kick Johnson. Bradley pulls a knife out from under his coat.

ELLIE:
Help! They're going to kill him!

Panel 3: Ronald turns around, and begins to walk away. James rolls Johnson over, onto his back.

ELLIE:
Please...you've got to help us.

TITO:
Shut up bitch.

Panel 4:
Ronald is walking away. Bradley stabs Johnson, who no longer has the head of a wolf. His face is badly beaten and bloodied. Ellie surges forward, reaching out for Johnson with one arm. Tito's grip holds.

ELLIE:
NO!

PAGE 17: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Ronald exits the alley.

Panel 2: He walks back down the street he was on before turning down the alley.

Panel 3: Ronald comes to what is clearly the market area of the town. There are several kiosks selling items. Some have weapons, some sell vases and pottery, some have bread, fruit etc. There are people browsing the items. There is a larger building with a large wooden sign hanging off of the front of it that reads "INN"

Panel 4: Ronald approaches the Inn.

Panel 5: Ronald enters the Inn.

PAGE 18: (six panels)

Panel 1: Inside of the Inn is a counter with a woman behind it. She is a short woman and rather pudgy. Her name is Claire and she is looking up from a book she was idly flipping through. Ronald is walking up to the counter.

Panel 2: At the counter Ronald stands staring at Claire. She is setting the book down without looking away from the man standing in front of her.

RONALD:
I need a room.

Panel 3: Claire is clearly uncomfortable in Ronald's presence but she is trying her best not to show it. Ronald is reaching into his jacket.

CLAIRE:
Well it is gonna cost ya.

Panel 4: From within his jacket Ronald has pulled out a small bag that contains roughly 30 pieces of gold. The bag is a draw string pouch, much like the old bags that were used to hold tobacco. Two pieces of gold pop out as the bag hits the counter. Upon seeing this Claire's eyes get big.

SFX:
Plop!

Panel 5: Almost instantly upon seeing the gold Claire has warmed up to Ronald. She is reaching into the bag.

CLAIRE:
Why yes I believe we have just the room to suit you.

Panel 6: Claire's hand is out of the bag and there are about 8 or nine pieces of gold clenched in her fist. She is walking around the counter to the side the Ronald is on.

CLAIRE:
Right this way, I'll show you to your room.

PAGE 19: (Five panels)

Panel 1: Claire is out of the panel and Ronald is collecting the bag with what remains of the coins inside.

CLAIRE (OP):

Now you just follow me dear and we will get you all nice and set.

Panel 2: Claire is leading Ronald up a flight of stairs. Some of the paint is peeling on the wall and there is a small amount of dirt and dust on the steps. A mouse is sitting on one of the steps and snacking on a crumb. Ronald watches the mouse as he walks by.

Panel 3: They are entering a long hallway at the top of the stairs. Part way down the hall one of the doors is open and a woman with a towel wrapped around her is exiting. There is a man in the same room that the woman is exiting and he is speaking, although he is not visible due to the perspective.

CLAIRE:

Right this way.

MAN:

Just where do you think you're going little missy.

Panel 4: The perspective is looking into the room that the woman with the towel was exiting as Ronald is passing by just barely in the frame. A naked man is standing in the room holding a sheet with one hand to cover his nether regions. With his other hand he is grabbing the towel the woman has wrapped around herself and pulling her back into the room. The woman has a gleeful expression on her face.

WOMAN:

Oh my my, you just can't get enough can you.

Panel 5: Claire is holding the door to a room open as Ronald stands in the doorway looking in. The perspective is looking past Ronald and a good portion of the nearly barren room can be seen. There is a bed, a dresser and a window with some dirty curtains. Another door on the other side of the room presumably leads to a bathroom.

CLAIRE:

There ya are. I trust everything is to your liking.

RONALD:

It'll do.

CLAIRE:

Right then.

PAGE 20: (Three panels)

Panel 1: Ronald is standing alone in the room.

Panel 2: He takes off his jacket and tosses it on the floor.

Panel 3: The perspective is looking down on the bed as Ronald is lying down with one arm draped over his eyes.

End

A key part of any great story is the ending. Will it end with some unseen twist? Did the writer spend the whole story leading up to the ending? Will the heroes win and the bad guys receive their comeuppance? These are often things that make or break any story and I would be lying if I were to say that I have any idea how to properly end this work. I suppose a heartfelt anecdote would do the trick but sadly I have none. I will simply settle for thanking you for reading what I have to offer. I hope it was enjoyed by all. Writing comics has been somewhat of an addiction for me and there will certainly be more to come in the future.