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Damned

PAGE ONE

Panel 1: Looking at a stack of pictures where we seem images of different kinds of monsters like a vampire, werewolf, and the Creature from the Black Lagoon. They look like the classic style movie monsters, with each of them in their own habitats. The pictures should look like they were taken candidly, capturing each monster in the middle of the act. The vampire has just fed on a woman and is holding her in his hands still. The werewolf is eating an animal in the middle of the woods, eyes glowing from the flash of the camera. And the Creature from the Black Lagoon has grabbed a fisherman and is dragging him back into the water. Around these pictures, we can see glimpses of other photos, each with different monsters caught in the act.

CAP:

“There have always been stories. Legends, I guess you could call them, about the things that go bump in the night. It wasn’t until the beginning of the twentieth century that we had definite proof of what we all thought: That the monsters were real.”

CAP:

“People that changed into wolves. Sea creatures that walked like men. Vampires. Mummies. Ghosts. Demons. They were all out there.”

Panel 2: Two little girls are playing in a park, the Louis Armstrong Park in New Orleans. The younger sister (around 7 years old) has black hair, and is running after a soccer ball. Her older sister is following her (around 9 years old), with long blonde hair. The ball is headed towards a sidewalk, where two men are sitting on a bench. The men are wearing khakis and dark colored polo shirts.

CAP:

“By 1996, supernatural creatures became just another fact of life. The Federal Occult Bureau was around to protect people from the worst ones, but most people were used to the idea. There were some, however, that were obsessed with them.”

Man on Bench:

Is this your ball?

Panel 3: One of the men has picked up the soccer ball and is approaching the first little girl. The other man is now standing too, next to the bench.

Man 1:  
Here you go. Just come over and grab it.

Older Girl:  
Alison, I don't think that's a good idea.

Man 1: It's alright, here. Come get your ball.

Allison:  
Okay...

Panel 3: The man holding the ball grabs Allison, the younger sister with dark hair, by the wrist. She is struggling to get away from him.

CAP:  
“That summer, a cult was abducting little girls, trying to find a suitable vessel for the demon that they worshipped.”

Man 1:  
Gotcha!

Allison:  
Lizzy!

Panel 4: Elizabeth, the older sister with blond hair, has run up and is kicking the first man in the balls as hard as she can. The man is making a face of extreme pain, and has let go of Allison's wrist. The other man is running over to them.

Man 1:  
AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Elizabeth:  
Run Allison!

Panel 5: The other man has grabbed Elizabeth up in his arms in a bear hug, and Elizabeth is kicking and swinging at him trying to get free. Allison is sprinting away from them. Man 1 is on his knees, in severe pain. He looks like he is about to throw up.

CAP:  
“One of those girls was Elizabeth Harper, age 9. Snatched from a public park in New Orleans in broad daylight.”

Elizabeth:  
Keep running!! Find some help!!

Other Man:  
Get up! You gotta go after her!

Man 1:  
I ain't running right now. I think she kicked one into my stomach.

Other Man:  
The one they want is getting away!

Man 1:  
We got one, that'll be enough. Oh God, I think I'm going to throw up.

Panel 6: Other Man throws Elizabeth into the back of a nearby van. Man 1 is leaning against the side of the van, his face red and still doubled over slightly from the pain.

Other Man:  
Will you start the car already? We gotta get out of here!

Man 1:  
You're going to have to drive. Seriously, I think her dad must be Scott Norwood or something.

PAGE TWO

Panel 1: Elizabeth is tied up on a stone table shaped like a pentagram, with her wrists and ankles bound and spread apart. Surrounding her, there is a group of people wearing dark blood red robes, and a man standing at the point of the pentagram (where Elizabeth's head is) is reading from a book. Behind the man, an ethereal demon swirls in the air with his glowing red eyes shining down on the girl on the table. The mists of the demon are starting to pour into Elizabeth's mouth, taking possession of her body.

CAP:

“Meet Sonneillon, the demon of hatred and anger. It needed a physical vessel, and poor Elizabeth was chosen to be hollowed out and serve as the meat suit for Sonneillon.”

Panel 2: The demon is fully inside Elizabeth's body, and her eyes are glowing red with fire. Her hair has changed color, and is now a bright shade of dark red.

CAP:

“Surprisingly, the girl was not on board with this plan.”

Panel 3: Elizabeth is thrashing around and trying to reject the demon. She has ripped one of the restraints off and is trying to get free.

CAP:

“When faced with the possibility of this demon destroying her and everyone that she cared about (which at that time was her sister Allison, her parents, and this one boy at school who she kind of liked when he wasn't being a little shit to her), Elizabeth fought with all the strength that her soul could muster to prevent the demon from gaining control.”

Panel 4: A bright flash of light overtakes the panel, spreading from Elizabeth's eyes. The robed cultists next to her are disintegrated, by the blast.

CAP:

“Crazy thing is, she won.”

PAGE THREE:

Panel 1: Inside the cultists room still. The cultists are all dead and burned, and are now skeletons on the floor. Elizabeth is on the table, but she is completely unharmed. There are police and firefighters inside the room, and some paramedics attending to Elizabeth. Her eyes are back to normal, but her hair is still a bright shade of red. Allison is running into the room, pushing past some cops that are in the way.

CAP:

“Pure souls and love, that shits like Kryptonite to demons, especially a demon of rage and hatred. Sonneillon didn’t stand a chance.”

Allison:

Lizzy! Lizzy, are you okay?

Panel 2: Elizabeth is hugging Allison. Their mom and dad are standing behind them talking to some of the police.

CAP:

“It’s a rare thing to best a demon like that. And demons, by the way, hate losing.”

Allison:

I went and got help like you said.

Elizabeth:

You did great, Allie.

Panel 3: Inside Elizabeth’s house that same night. Elizabeth is standing in front of the mirror, looking at her red hair in the mirror. Behind her, Allison is sitting on Elizabeth’s bed and watching her. On the walls of Elizabeth’s room, there are a couple of posters of movies about monster hunters, with titles like “Daemon Slayer” and “Marina Harkness: Champion of the Underworld”. They have macho heroes posing or fighting demons on them, a direct relation to the fact that this world knows that demons exist and are making movies about them.

CAP:

So while Elizabeth won the battle for control...”

Panel 4: Elizabeth’s reflection in the mirror is replaced with the demon Sonneillon. We see his true, corporeal body in the mirror, which is mostly black with sharp spikes protruding from his back and bright red eyes. Elizabeth is screaming at the sight of it.

CAP:

“Sonneillon was still in there.”

Elizabeth:  
AAAAAAHH!!!

Panel 5: Allison has run over. Elizabeth is cowering away from the mirror and scared.

Allison:  
Lizzy, what's wrong? Is everything okay?

Elizabeth:  
THE MIRROR!! Don't you see it?!

Allison:  
No...

Panel 6: Elizabeth is looking into the mirror next to Allison. The demon is gone now, replaced with their reflections. Elizabeth is looking straight at the mirror and is scared, while Allison is looking more at Elizabeth.

CAP:  
"Trapped inside with Elizabeth. Waiting."

Allison:  
See? There's nothing there.

PAGE FOUR

Panel 1: Elizabeth is now a teenager, in high school. She's competing outside in a track and field 100 yard dash. Her hair is a bright red still, long and flowing behind her as she sprints down the track. She is way ahead of all of the other kids, leaving them behind in her dust.

CAP:

“As she got older, she found she was physically stronger and faster every year. Her skin was tougher, she didn't get hurt easily.”

Panel 2: Elizabeth has crossed the finish line and is standing after the end of the race. There are a couple of her classmates around her, breathing heavily from the race and catching their breath. She looks at them hungrily, and one of her eyes starts to glow red (like Sonneillon's).

CAP:

“The downside though, is that she started to feel Sonneillon's thirst for souls growing inside of her too. As time went on, the thirst got worse.”

CAP:

“So she came up with an... elegant solution.”

Panel 3: Elizabeth has tackled a vampire and is draining its soul into herself, with the vampire's soul appearing transparent as it's absorbed. This is happening in downtown New Orleans, in an alleyway just off of Bourbon Street perhaps. This should be a little frightening to watch, as it is a monstrous act, but in the background we see a young woman cowering in fear. She was the vampire's intended victim, before Elizabeth saved the day.

CAP:

“She started hunting down the creatures and monsters that stalked the innocent, and feeding on what little souls they had.”

CAP:

“These creatures, they still retain some part of their souls but they don't taste the same as an innocent human does. So it's like going to McDonald's when you just really want a big, juicy steak. But it gets the job done, and keeps Elizabeth from treating the innocent like cattle.”

Panel 4: View on Elizabeth in the present day, she's in her mid to late 20's. She's been doing this for a while and always looks a little beat up. She is in her office, sitting at her messy desk. There are two empty desks that look like they have recently been cleaned out, with empty boxes stacked on top of the desks and some items that were left behind. Elizabeth is loading a 10mm pistol with bullets as she sits at her desk. She is very fit and muscular, looks like she is very capable in a fight (Gina Carano type build), and has her bright red hair done up in a tight ponytail. She's wearing some loose fitting jeans, and an Under Armour t-shirt, with some black

boots. Draped on the back of the chair there is a padded motorcycle jacket. There is a bottle of Jack Daniels on the desk in front of her, with a rocks glass sitting next to it. Elizabeth's cell phone is on the desk and is ringing, illuminating the desk around it.

CAP:

“That? That’s me. Elizabeth Harper. Yeah, it was me the whole time. Ha-ha fuck you, I’m sure you figured that out. I still live in New Orleans, I work as an Occult Investigator. The F.O.B. tried to recruit me once upon a time, but we both realized that it was a bad fit. I was working with my sister Allie, but she... I like working on my own. Let’s just leave it at that, okay?”

SFX:

(Music Notes) When the days are cold and the cards all fold. And the saints we see are all made of gold... (Music notes)

Panel 5: Elizabeth has picked up her cell phone and is standing now. She’s grabbing her jacket off the back of her chair with her other hand as she answers it.

Elizabeth:

Hey, Mindy. Need me to save the day again? Uh huh. Just tell me where and what. But you owe me Brunch.

Panel 6: Elizabeth is walking down the street now, wearing her black and red armored jacket. The view is on her as she walks, but behind her and around her, people are running the opposite way. She’s wading against the traffic heading towards whatever it is.

CAP:

“So I fight the good fight and protect the innocent from monsters and demons. Including the one that lives inside me and tries to take control every day. But hey, that’s life. That doesn’t make me a hero, far from it. I know that everyone always thinks they’re the good guy but really, deep down we’re all scum. Liars, cheaters, all the rest. I’m no different. I ain’t no hero.”

PAGE FIVE

Panel 1: Full page spread. The view is on the back of Elizabeth as she walks down the street. There are still people running the opposite direction and screaming, and we see what they're running away from which is a large, Lovecraftian monster that emerged from the sewers and is throwing cop cars around in the street. The monster is large enough that we can see it over the crowd, but isn't a gigantic creature. Around 9-10 feet or so. Near the monster, there are several cop cars still standing with police ducking behind them. Elizabeth has drawn her gun and is holding it in her hand as she walks right at it.

CAP:

"I'm just another one of the Damned."

TITLE CAP:

"DAMNED: Monsters & Women."

PAGE SIX

Panel 1: Down a dark alleyway. A man dressed casually in a polo and shorts is running down the alley while carrying a satchel close to him. This is Jake Conrad. He has a shaved head, and a thick beard. He's in good shape, and even though he is running, he doesn't look scared. This is a common occurrence for him. He's running past an abandoned building that has boarded up doors and windows.

CAP:

Later tonight.

SFX:

Thud thud thud thud thud.

Vinnie (OP):

I think he went this way!

Panel 2: View from between the wooden slats of a boarded up door. Jake had ducked inside and is hiding out from the two men who are pursuing him, and this is his view. The two men have run down the alley and are looking around for Jake. They are both dressed in "club clothes", with blazers on and dress shirts unbuttoned almost the whole way with no undershirt on underneath. They both have long black hair, greased up behind their heads.

Rickie:

Fuck's sake, Vinnie. You lost him.

Vinnie:

How was I supposed to know this joker was so slippery? He couldn't have gotten far, Rickie.

Rickie:

Let's just use the rocks and find him the fun way.

Vinnie:

No can do. Boss said to bring him.

SFX:

CRASH!

Panel 3: Same view. Vinnie is running back the way he came and Rickie is following him, but looking back over his shoulder.

Vinnie:

Come on. We can still catch up to this guy.

Panel 4: Inside the abandoned building, we see that Jake was watching them through the boards. He's got a smile on his face.

Jake:

Ah, morons. They make my life so much easier.

Panel 5: Suddenly a mummified arm bursts through the boards and grabs Jake. Boards have been sent flying, and we see enough of the arm to know that this is a Mummy that has grabbed him.

SFX:

SMASH!!

Jake:

Christ, not this again.

PAGE SEVEN

Panel 1: Elizabeth is sitting on the ground, leaning with her back against an overturned and crushed cop car. Her jacket is torn and dirty, with green blood covering one of the sleeves. Her face is bruised and dirty from the fight, with her hair falling across her face. A pair of women's legs in a black pant suit are just off to the side from her, they belong to Detective Mindy Malone. Mindy is holding a cup of coffee out to Elizabeth.

CAP:

Ugh. THAT went well.

Mindy (OP):

So... That went well.

CAP:

Yeah, I know.

Elizabeth:

Hey, I stopped it. That's all that matters right?

Panel 2: Flashback to during the fight. Elizabeth thrown through the wall of a brick building, smashing her body into the wall with tremendous force.

SFX:

CRASH!

Elizabeth:

OOOOOWWW! Fuck!

Panel 3: Back in the present. Elizabeth has taken the coffee from Mindy and is blowing on it as it steams out of the cup opening. Mindy is leaning against the cop car too, and we get a good look at her. She is a shorter, average shaped woman with short black hair. She is wearing a black pant suit and has her detective's medallion dangling from her neck. She has her own cup of coffee that she is holding in her hand.

CAP:

Detective Melinda Malone. This lady was born to be a cop. It's in her blood, and she's the best that NOLA has. But because she's a woman, she got assigned to the Occult division instead of being a Captain by now. Yay Sexism. For fuck's sake it's 2014, The South.

Mindy:

You used to have help for these things. Where's Allison and... oh what's his name. The nerdy guy.

Elizabeth:  
Travis.

Mindy:  
Yeah. Him.

Elizabeth:  
Allie and I decided that working together wasn't the best idea.

Mindy:  
How's that working out for you?

Panel 4: Flashback again to the fight. Elizabeth is wrapped up by the monster's tentacle arms, and he is swinging her around above his head.

Elizabeth:  
That's it. I am so gonna kill you now.

Panel 5: Elizabeth is standing, facing Mindy who is still leaning against the car. In the background, we can see the corpse of the monster Elizabeth was fighting, which is being chalked off and photographed by the police.

CAP:  
But, the good news is that means Mindy is my liaison (ooh la la) with the police. It's nice, cause she's the best friend I have. And kind of the only friend I have. That's not a pity party, really.

Elizabeth:  
Just fine. Obviously.

Mindy:  
Look, it's none of my business. I'm just saying, it seemed like you didn't get your ass kicked so much when you had your sister with you. No offense, but she's the one that knows everything about these creatures. Without her... well...

Elizabeth:  
Oh come on, Mindy. It wasn't that bad.

Panel 6: Elizabeth is firing her gun in the monster as it thrashes around still. The body of the monster is on the ground, and Elizabeth is firing rounds into it to try and kill it.

SFX:  
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Elizabeth:

Damn it!! Where do I have to shoot this thing to kill it? Mindy! Do you remember how to kill these things?

Panel 7: Elizabeth is shooting Mindy a dirty look.

Elizabeth:

Hey. I figured it out.

PAGE EIGHT

Panel 1: Elizabeth and Mindy are walking out of the crime scene. The street is torn up, and there are paramedics and cops running around the area still.

Mindy:

It's not that you aren't good at what you do, Liz. But you're not a crypto-zoologist. You haven't spent years studying them, learning about what makes them work.

CAP:

Crypto-Zoology: The study of animals (or "cryptids") whose existence was originally believed to be mythological or based in folklore. There, now you don't have to Google that for yourself later. You're welcome.

Elizabeth:

Maybe not, but I've been killing monsters for years. I can handle things by myself.

Panel 2: They're walking towards a group of uniformed cops. They all look pretty ragged and beat up, one in particular is sitting on a gurney with his ribs bandaged up and cuts and bruises all over.

Mindy:

I'm just saying, you should talk to her. Even if it's not for the sake of your firm, you should do it because she's your sister. I mean, don't let a little thing like this come between you. Right?

Elizabeth:

Okay, first of all, it's not a little thing...

Panel 3: As they're passing the officers, the one on the gurney stands up and is standing in front of Elizabeth.

Injured Officer:

Ma'am. If it weren't for you, that thing would've killed me. So thank you.

CAP:

Ma'am?

Elizabeth:

Oh yeah, no problem.

Injured Officer:

They said I have three broken ribs, and it hurts to do anything right now. But I'll bounce back.

Elizabeth:

Yeah, well don't be a little bitch about it.

Panel 4: Elizabeth and Mindy are walking away from the officers, leaving the area where the fight took place.

Elizabeth:

Did he just "Ma'am" me?

Mindy:

I believe he did.

Elizabeth:

Shit.

Mindy:

Come on. I'll give you a ride home. Unless you want to swing by Allie's...

Elizabeth:

Just drop it, Mindy.

Panel 5: Mindy is at her car, opening the driver's door. Elizabeth is standing next to the passenger door waiting for her to unlock it.

Mindy:

Okay. I'm done. You can make your own decisions.

Elizabeth:

Damn right.

Elizabeth:

Oh, and it is so not my turn to buy brunch.

Mindy:

Yeah it is. You didn't actually pay last time, you ran out of the restaurant because a chupacabra got loose from the zoo.

PAGE NINE:

Panel 1: Inside of a nice private office, with marble floors and big windows that overlook the city of New Orleans. There's a large desk on one end of the room, with someone sitting behind it that we don't see at all on this page. This is the "big bad" of the series, so it should definitely be shrouded in mystery for now. On the other end of the room is a pair of giant wooden doors through which Malcom has entered. Malcom is a tall, well-built African American man wearing a dark designer suit and tie. He has a similar look to Idris Elba (close cropped hair and goatee). He looks imposing.

Malcom:

The Kane brothers have reported in. They were able to locate the target, but he managed to give them the slip when they went to intercept.

Big Bad:

Where are they now?

Panel 2: Malcom is standing in front of the desk. The view is over the back of the high backed chair that the "big bad" is sitting in. Malcom is at ease with his hands crossed behind his back.

Malcom:

They are still canvassing the area. Knowing what we do about the target, he most likely is hiding out inside of a bar. And he will have the item with him.

Panel 3: The big bad reaches an arm out and picks up a glass of red wine. We can see that he is wearing a black suit jacket, and a black glove over his hand.

Malcom:

The other operative is also in play. He was spotted in the same area by one of the Kanes.

Big Bad:

That's no concern, Malcom. If anything, he'll help our cause.

Malcom:

I don't understand, sir. Out of all of our associates, why send the Kanes of all people? They're uncontrollable, unpredictable.

Panel 4: The Big Bad is holding the glass up and looking at it. All we see is the glass. In the reflection, we get the subtlest glimpse of a pale face looking into it.

Big Bad:

They create chaos. Everywhere they go. And that is exactly what we need to draw our target out. Move on to the next phase. Right away.

PAGE TEN

Panel 1: Inside of a seedy bar in New Orleans. There's a neon Abita sign on the wall, with a pool table in the middle of the room. Jake is sitting at the bar, still wearing his satchel and the same clothes. He has a beer and a couple empty glasses sitting in front of him. He looks exhausted. There is a very tall man with long blond hair working behind the bar. He is an elf, and has the distinctive ears.

Jake:

It's just... look, I'm from the Midwest. Things are more normal there. Once, during the winter, Bigfoot was migrating through like an hour from my house. That was the closest that I'd ever come to one of... I mean.

Bartender:

Uh huh.

Jake:

So I just don't know what to call you... I don't want to offend you.

Bartender:

Erradil

Jake:

That's your elf race?

Panel 2: Erradil the bartender is shooting Jake a withering look.

Erradil:

It's my name. We're just elves, that's all.

Panel 3: Jake is looking down at his beer, trying to think of something to say.

Panel 4: Same as panel 3, except that Jake is looking up at Erradil.

Jake:

Do.... Do you guys live in trees or...?

Panel 5: View of the bar. Erradil has crossed his arms and is looking at Jake, who is looking down at his beer again.

Erradil:

Those are wood nymphs, not elves. The Keebler people are full of shit.

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel 1: Jake and Erradil are both smiling. Jake is picking up his beer.

Erradil:

So there really are no creatures where you are from?

Jake:

There was this one family that we all thought were vampires while we were growing up, but it turned out that they were just albinos.

Panel 2: Behind where Jake is sitting at the bar, Vinnie and Rickie are entering through the front door.

Panel 3: Jake has drunk from his beer and he is setting it down in front of him.

Jake:

Ever since I got this thing, it's caused me nothing but problems. And I don't even know what I'm doing here! Running around New Orleans, getting chased by all sorts of creatures.

Erradil:

Mmm hmm.

Panel 4: Vinnie and Rickie are standing at the bar now, both on either side of Jake. They're both standing pretty close to Jake, obviously an intimidation tactic. Vinnie is signaling to Erradil.

Vinnie:

We'll take two Ambers.

Rickie:

You can feel free to put them on our buddy Jake's tab.

Panel 5: View facing Jake and the two brothers. Rickie has his hand on Jake's shoulder, keeping him on his barstool. Jake has a defeated look on his face.

Jake:

You guys ever have one of those days where you wonder why you even bothered to get out of bed? I'm having one of those months.

Vinnie:

You could make this easy on yourself, Jake.

Jake:

I could, yeah. But that really doesn't seem to be my style.

PAGE TWELVE

Panel 1: Outside a small duplex in a decent part of town. It's dark out, the street lights are illuminating the street. Elizabeth is standing at the door holding a small box (like a paper box or a document box) and ringing the bell.

CAP:

This is probably a bad idea. I should definitely be drunker for this.

SFX:

DING DONG!

Panel 2: The door to the first floor of the duplex opens and Travis is standing in the door way in front of her. He is a tall and skinny African-American man, with close cropped hair and glasses on. He's dressed casually in a t-shirt and jeans. He looks surprised to see her.

Elizabeth:

Hey Travis.

Travis:

Liz, uh hi. I did not expect to see you here.

Elizabeth:

Sorry to just drop in, but I had some of your stuff still in the office and I figured you guys might need it.

Panel 3: Travis has the box and is looking inside of it. He's pulled a stapler out of it and is holding it in one hand while holding the box with the other. Elizabeth is standing awkwardly with her hands in her pockets.

Travis:

There's just a bunch of staplers in here.

Elizabeth:

There's some files in there too. And you know, just some small other things that got left behind.

Travis:

Well, uh... thanks? I'll be sure to tell Allie that you stopped by.

Elizabeth:

She's not here?

Panel 4: Travis is setting the box down inside the door.

Travis:

No, she's working late.

Elizabeth:

Oh. She found another job already. That's good. Great.

Panel 5: Travis has turned back to Elizabeth, who is pacing a bit on the porch with her hands in her pockets still.

Travis:

Do you want to come inside at all or...?

Elizabeth:

No. No, that's okay. I've got a bunch of other stuff to do tonight. You know, cases and what not. I'm doing the work of three people now so it's... you know.

Travis:

Right.

Panel 6: A UPS delivery man is walking up the sidewalk towards them. He has an envelope in his hands.

UPS guy:

I have a package here for Allison Harper?

Elizabeth (same time):

Right here, that's my sister.

Travis (same time):

Yes, that's my wife.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Panel 1: Elizabeth has stepped out of the way as Travis signs for the package. Her phone is ringing in her pocket.

Travis:  
Thanks.

UPS Guy:  
No prob.

SFX:  
(Music notes) When the days are cold and the cards all fold. And the saints we see --- (Music Notes)

Panel 2: Elizabeth has answered her phone and Travis has opened the envelope. He's pulling a small tattered piece of paper out of it.

Elizabeth:  
Uh huh. Absolutely. Just deposit the retainer, and I'll get right on it. Tonight? What's happening tonight? ... Where?

Panel 3: Elizabeth is hanging up the phone and starting to walk away from the house.

Elizabeth:  
Sorry Travis, but I've gotta run. Seems some yokel needs some help and there's a mummy running around Frenchman's Street looking for him. Which means another case for me.

Travis:  
What's the guy's name? It wouldn't happen to be Jacob Conrad would it?

Panel 4: Elizabeth has stopped in her tracks and turned back towards Travis.

Elizabeth:  
How did you know that?

Panel 5: Travis is holding up the tattered paper. On it are several lines of Egyptian hieroglyphics surrounding one large center image of an Ankh and a flail and crook overlaid on top of one another. Across all of this in large red marker is written in English "Please help me!"

Travis:  
Because Jacob Conrad just sent Allie this.

PAGE FOURTEEN

Panel 1: Vinnie has thrown Jake against the wall in the bar, breaking a mirror that is hanging on it. Jake looks pretty beat up at this point, with bruises on his face. Rickie has Jake's satchel and is dumping the contents out onto the bar.

Vinnie:

You could make this a whole hell of a lot easier on yourself here if you wanted to Jake. Just saying. No reason it's got to get any uglier.

Jake:

With you two guys here, I'm not sure that it can get uglier in here.

Vinnie:

Ha ha! He's a funny guy, right Rickie? I mean, that's just hilarious.

Panel 2: Rickie is walking over to Vinnie. Jake is leaning back against the wall, there is blood dripping down onto his shirt from his face. Rickie is holding his hand out to his brother.

Rickie:

He doesn't have it on him, but check this out. Locker keys from the bus stop, the airport, Six Flags, Carousel Gardens. And two hotel keys.

Vinnie:

Look at that. Alright Jake. You're going to take us to where you've hid it. And if you try anything funny or clever, my brother and I are going to eat you.

Panel 3: Close up on Jake, leaned against the wall still. In the broken mirror we can see Vinnie on one of the cracked pieces that hasn't fallen down.

Jake:

Doesn't exactly sound like a great deal to me.

Panel 4: Vinnie is next to Jake and has grabbed him by the shirt.

Vinnie:

Now see you misunderstand me. We're gonna eat you no matter what. If you help us, I'll kill you first. But if you don't, you're gonna be alive when we start. That I promise you.

Elizabeth (OP):

That does sound like a great deal. But I've got a better one.

Panel 5: Elizabeth is standing in the doorway of the bar.

Elizabeth:

You two leave right now, and I won't kick your teeth in.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Panel 1: Vinnie has let go of Jake and is walking menacingly towards Elizabeth.

Vinnie:

I think you might be lost, little girl. Why don't you run on home and pour yourself another Cosmo and leave this to---

Panel 2: Elizabeth has punched Vinnie, and knocked him off his feet and sent him flying back through the bar.

SFX:

BAM!

Panel 3: Vinnie is crashing through a table on the far side of the bar from where Elizabeth hit him.

Panel 4: Elizabeth is walking towards Rickie now, while Vinnie is struggling to get up from the broken table.

Elizabeth:

I hear that shit all the time from creeps like you. Honestly, it would piss me off if it weren't so boring and predictable. But honestly, nothing cheers me up quite like kicking the ass of men twice my size. So let's go. I've had a shitty day anyway.

Panel 5: Rickie has taken out a vial with a small powder inside. He's holding it up to his face.

Rickie:

You've fucked up now lady.

Panel 6: Rickie is snorting the powder of the vial.

CAP:

Shit.

Panel 7: Elizabeth has grabbed Jake and is shoving him towards the entrance.

Elizabeth:

Come on, you've got to get out of here. I'll hold them off.

Jake:

I can't! I need those keys! I'm not leaving them with some drug addicts.

Elizabeth:

He's not doing drugs, you idiot. Those were moonrocks.

Panel 8: Rickie has transformed into a werewolf, ripping through most of the clothes that he was wearing, leaving tattered remnants clinging to his now black fur covered body. He has long sharp claws on both his hands and feet, and his jaw is now a snout with long sharp teeth. Vinnie is standing now, behind his brother, but he is not preparing to change.

Elizabeth (OP):

They're werewolves.

PAGE SIXTEEN

Panel 1: Elizabeth has grabbed Jake and is throwing him behind the bar. As she does this, Werewolf Rickie is leaping towards her and getting ready to bite her. \

Jake:  
Hey!

CAP:  
Okay, so. Werewolves. It's common knowledge that their transformations are triggered by the moon. The full moon, to be precise. There's a very good reason why it has to be full, but that's really more Allie's area of expertise and I'm starting to realize that I should have paid way more attention when she was around.

Panel 2: A split panel showing a guy doing a line of a white powder (moon rocks) and the second half of the panel showing that same guy after he has been transformed into a werewolf.

CAP:  
For most unfortunate souls dealing with werewolfism (or whatever it's called), once a month is too many times to turn into a very strong creature with sharp claws and fangs.

CAP:  
But the others, who want to wolf out all the time, they turn to moon rocks. Harvested from the surface of the moon, you grind a little bit up and snort it – Presto. Werewolf time. It's particularly popular among criminals. There aren't too many law-abiding werewolves running around with space rocks in vials. Surprisingly.

Panel 3: Rickie has bitten down on Elizabeth's arm, but her jacket has protected her for the most part. Her other arm is holding on to his arms and she is wrestling with him.

Rickie:  
GRRRAGGHHH!!

CAP:  
And the Kevlar holds. That's something at least. This jacket is definitely worth what I paid for it.

Panel 4: Flashback. Elizabeth is in a shop. She is wearing a tank top and jeans, and she has many bruises all over her and one of her arms is bandaged with white tape. She has a jacket that looks like the one she is wearing on the counter and is talking to the salesman.

Elizabeth:  
Okay, not bullets. What about teeth? Will it protect against that?

Salesman:

You mean, dogs? This will protect you from Rottweilers for sure.

Elizabeth:

How about a bit bigger than that?

Panel 5: Elizabeth is still struggling with Rickie, who has not let go of her arm. She is kicking the werewolf in the chest to get him off of her.

Elizabeth:

Bad wolf! Bad! No eating humans!

CAP:

It doesn't really matter if he bites me though, Sonneillon "protects" me from curses so I can't contract werewolfism or vampirism (that one is the actual term). He wants to keep my body safe and sound for when he moves in permanently. So I've got that going for me. Which is nice.

Panel 6: Flashback to the store again. Elizabeth and the salesman are still talking.

Elizabeth:

You're sure? It can withstand that much force without cracking?

Salesman:

Absolutely.

Elizabeth:

Great. I'll take 12 of them.

Salesman:

12?

Elizabeth:

I'm going to be going through them.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Panel 1: Elizabeth has thrown Rickie off of her, and he is crashing into the bar. Vinnie is charging at Elizabeth.

SFX:

CRASH!!

Panel 2: Vinnie is punching Elizabeth in the face. Jake has climbed on top of the bar and sees this happen.

Jake:

Hey!

Panel 3: Jake is leaping off of the bar towards Vinnie, trying to tackle him. From this view we just see Jake's leap, we don't see how off target he is.

Jake:

AAAH!!

Panel 4: Jake has missed and is crashing through a table near Vinnie and Elizabeth.

SFX:

CRASH!!

Panel 5: Jake is on the floor, writhing in pain from breaking through the table. This shot is framed by Elizabeth and Vinnie who are both looking down at him.

Elizabeth:

What the hell was that?

Jake:

Okay... That really hurt. Sorry. I don't know why I thought I could make that jump.

Panel 6: Elizabeth punches Vinnie in the face sending him flying back.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel 1: Rickie has charged at Elizabeth, but she has turned and delivered a hard kick to the werewolf's mouth. Rickie is reeling from the kick and sprawling backwards.

CAP:

Okay. This is bad. I don't have any weapons or anything that's good against werewolves, and I'm not going to make it all the way til dawn brawling with him. On top of that, the guy I'm supposed to be saving is an idiot who's just going to get himself killed if I don't get him out of here. So I guess it's brilliant plan time, huh?

Vinnie (OP):

Hold it right there, girly.

Panel 2: Vinnie has got his arm wrapped around Jake's neck and is holding a gun to his head. Elizabeth has turned a little to look at this. Vinnie is beat up pretty badly, with blood staining his shirt.

Vinnie:

Rickie and I are leaving, and we're taking Mr. Conrad here with us. Unless you'd rather I blew his brains out right here.

Elizabeth:

Go for it.

Vinnie:

What?

Jake:

WHAT?!

Panel 3: Elizabeth has turned towards them and is walking slowly towards Vinnie.

Elizabeth:

You're not going to kill him. You need him. There's no telling where he hid whatever it is that you're looking for. Even with those keys, you might never find it without him. You're the ones that need him. To me, he's just another client. If he loses his head, I'll just find someone else to pay me. But the first thing I'm going to do after you pull that trigger is end you and your brother's miserable lives as painfully as possible.

Panel 4: Elizabeth is getting closer to Vinnie now, who is pointing his gun at Jake still. Rickie is snarling and pacing in the background. Elizabeth's eyes are glowing a very dark red, and her hair is glowing red as well.

Vinnie:  
You're lying.

Elizabeth:  
My name is Liz Harper. This city is under my protection. When creatures like you step out of line, I'm the punishment. There are a lot of dark things that lurk in the shadows here in New Orleans, but I'm the worst of them. I'm the reason why monsters hide in the dark. So if you really want to piss me off, pull that trigger.

Panel 5: Vinnie is pointing the gun at Elizabeth now. Elizabeth is standing right in front of him.

Elizabeth:  
And there's one other thing. Something that you really shouldn't have done if you wanted to keep the upper hand.

Vinnie:  
What's that?

Panel 6: A shining arrow has flown through the air and pinned Vinnie's gun against the wall. It took the gun out of his hand completely, leaving Vinnie holding nothing but air in front of Elizabeth. Vinnie and Jake are both surprised by this.

SFX:  
THUNK!

Elizabeth:  
You shouldn't have pulled a gun in an elf's bar.

PAGE NINETEEN

Panel 1: Erradil is standing in front of the bar, holding a longbow at the ready with two gleaming and shining arrows nocked. The bow and quiver are both shining brightly even in the dingy bar, as they are radiating almost magically with Elven metal. Erradil has a fearsome look on his face.

CAP:

Little known fact about elves: they hate guns. Modern weapons of all kinds really, but especially guns. Nothing pisses them off more.

Erradil:

Get out of my bar.

Panel 2: Elizabeth is standing in front of Jake, and the two of them are both next to the bar with Erradil still pointing the arrows at Vinnie and Rickie, who are backing through the door. Rickie is still growling at them.

CAP:

So even the sight of a gun is enough to get under even Erradil's skin. Believe me, he and I go way back.

Elizabeth:

I'd do what Erradil says if I were you. Elven weapons are all made with silver.

Rickie:

GRRRRRRRRR!!!

Vinnie:

Come on Rickie. Let's go. We got the keys still anyway. And we'll be back to finish our little chat with Jake.

Elizabeth:

I'm sure you will.

Panel 3: Vinnie and Rickie are gone. The door to the bar is closed. All around Elizabeth and the others, the bar is trashed. Broken furniture and glasses, the bar itself has a large dent smashed into it. Erradil has lowered his bow and is putting the arrows back into his quiver. Jake is slumped down onto the bar stool.

Erradil:

You are lucky that bluff worked, Elizabeth.

Jake:  
Bluff?

Elizabeth:  
Erradil is a pacifist. He left his people because he refused to fight in any more wars. Even if those arrows were silver, he never would have shot those idiots.

Panel 4: Jake is approaching Elizabeth. He is pretty upset and yelling at her.

Jake:  
So you're just full of shit then, huh? First you tell them to shoot me, thank you SO much for that by the way, and THEN your big plan is to hope that the fucking werewolf is too chicken to try his luck against an elf who swore to never hurt anyone! THAT was your big plan?!

Panel 5: Elizabeth has grabbed Jake by the collar and shoved him against the wall, lifting him up off of his feet.

Elizabeth:  
One. You told me that it was just a mummy after you. A, as in one, mummy. You didn't say shit about werewolves. Mummies are easy. They're slow, and for the most part are pretty reasonable. There is nothing easy about dealing with werewolves. It would have been nice if you'd given me a head's up.

Panel 6: Elizabeth has dropped Jake, who falls to the floor in a sitting position leaning against the wall.

Elizabeth:  
And two. They weren't going to shoot you. They needed you alive.

Jake:  
What makes you say that?

Elizabeth:  
If they just wanted to the item that you're carrying and not just you, they both would have transformed at the first hint of trouble. But one had to stay human and stay in control because they needed you alive.

Jake:  
For what?

PAGE TWENTY

Panel 1: Jake is standing now, and trying to brush the dirt off of himself. Elizabeth has taken her coat off and slung on the bar. Erradil is already starting to clean up the bar.

Elizabeth:  
I'm sorry about the mess, Erradil. I'll help you clean up.

Erradil:  
The bar did not get trashed because of you this time, Elizabeth. You shouldn't be sorry.

Jake:  
What do mean I told you? You said, that I told you it was "just a mummy".

Elizabeth:  
You called me. Hired me to protect you from the mummy that's chasing you.

Jake:  
No I didn't. I don't even know who the hell you are.

Panel 2: Elizabeth has turned to Jake. She's figuring things out in her head.

CAP:  
This doesn't make any sense.

Elizabeth:  
But you sent a message to Allison Harper, right? Asking for help and covered in hieroglyphics?

Jake:  
I haven't sent anyone anything. I just came to town to try and meet the person who wants to buy this artifact. I was promised a fortune and all I've gotten so far is beaten up and threatened every step of the way.

CAP:  
Okay, so it's definitely a trap then. Everything about this is just screaming trap. Just ditch him and don't worry about it any longer. Right?

Elizabeth:  
We need to go and get it right now. And then I'm going to take you someplace safe.

Panel 3: Jake is pulling away from Elizabeth who is trying to get him to leave.

Jake:

Look, not that I don't appreciate you saving my life or anything, but you're starting to act a little weird. I'm not sure that I can trust you, especially not if you want me to take you where I've hidden away one of the most valuable artifacts ---

CAP:

This idiot is still carrying it, isn't he?

Elizabeth:

You have it on you, don't you?

Jake:

..... Whaaaaat?

Panel 4: Elizabeth is getting into Jake's face and he's avoiding her eyes.

Elizabeth:

The keys were all decoys. You never stashed it, you're carrying it on you right now.

Jake:

I don't know what you're talking about.

Elizabeth:

Oh my god, you are just the worst liar.

Jake:

No, I'm not I just...

Elizabeth:

Listen to me, very carefully. There a lot of bad things out there trying to kill you, and I am the only one that can protect you. So please, will you just trust me?

Panel 5: Jake has pulled a small box out of his pocket, about the size of a necklace box from a department store. This box is old, weathered from the passage of time and from being buried for centuries.

Jake:

I thought that it would be safer with me.

Elizabeth:

That's because you're an idiot.

PAGE TWENTY ONE

Panel 1: Elizabeth has taken the box from Jake and is opening it. We don't see what's inside, but there is a faint glow that is lighting up Elizabeth's face.

Elizabeth:  
It's beautiful.

Jake:  
The Ankh of Aken. Believed to have the power to restore the dead completely, it was believed lost during the construction of the Pyramids at Giza. But I found it. Dug it up, and it's brought me nothing but trouble. Definitely not the fame and fortune that I was promised.

Panel 2: Elizabeth has closed the box and is handing it back to Jake.

CAP:  
This is really bad.

Elizabeth:  
This is really bad.

Jake:  
I appreciate you sparing my feelings.

Elizabeth:  
Okay, here's the honest version of events then.

Panel 3: Elizabeth is in the center of the panel talking to Jake still, and as she talks about things we see images of the different things that she mentions. The balloons should be broken up so that her sentence is above the respective image. The images are first the box, glowing brightly while slightly open. The mummy, wrapped still but horrifying looking with some Egyptian jewelry still hanging off of its wrappings. Vinnie and Rickie, both in werewolf form with tattered clothes. And finally, an assortment of zombies and vampires, all very monstrous and angry.

Elizabeth:  
If the legend is true, you've somehow stumbled into what could be the most sought after artifact in history. You're being chased by a mummy who has followed you halfway across the world and won't stop until you are dead and its treasure has been returned. You've got two werewolf hitmen who are trying to capture you and recover said Ankh for their boss. And, as soon as word gets around that you are in possession of said artifact, every undead cryptid in the world is going to stop at nothing to hunt you down. So let's just say, things aren't looking to fucking good for you here, Jake.

Panel 4: Jake is sitting on a bar stool. Erradil is standing next to him, and is patting him on the shoulder. Elizabeth is picking her jacket up off of the bar.

Jake:

So what can I do? I mean it all sounds so hopeless.

Elizabeth:

Well, the good news is that some mysterious benefactor is looking out for you. And he did the only thing that gives you any kind of chance by calling me. Now get your stuff together. We're going to have to do something that I knew I would have to eventually. But that doesn't make it any easier.

Jake:

What?

Panel 5: Elizabeth has put on her coat. Jake is walking out behind her. In the background, Erradil has gone back to cleaning up his bar.

Elizabeth:

I've got to apologize to my sister for ruining her wedding.

PAGE TWENTY TWO

Panel 1: The next morning, inside the office from Page 9. Vinnie and Rickie are standing in front of the desk, Malcom is standing on the other side next to the large chair. The chair is turned towards the window and we can't see the person sitting in it again. Vinnie's clothes are still dirty from the fight, and Rickie is wearing a tattered suit now that he has reverted back to his human form.

Vinnie:

I'm telling you Malcom, it was Elizabeth Harper. We've heard the stories about her. The things that she can do.

Malcom:

And what about what you can do, hmm? You were tasked with a simple assignment, and one private detective should not have stopped the both of you.

Rickie:

We tried. But that elf got the drop on us.

Panel 2: Malcom has crossed to the other side of the desk to stand directly in front of them.

Malcom:

I am going to give you one additional opportunity to complete your assignment and bring Mr. Conrad to us. Hiram and his family have already been contracted and will be competing with you for Mr. Conrad, so I would suggest starting immediately.

Vinnie:

Yes sir.

Panel 3: Vinnie and Rickie are exiting the large wooden doors and leaving the office. Malcom is standing in front of the desk facing the chair which is still turned away and facing the window. Sunlight is streaming into the office through it.

Malcom:

I believe that Ms. Harper is going to be a problem. In my opinion, we should eliminate her first before proceeding.

Big Bad:

What would you suggest?

Malcom:

Stories say that she's possessed by a demon. This is the South, there are many demon hunters in the area we could contact.

Big Bad:  
Hire them.

Panel 4: The chair is turning around so that the thing sitting inside of it can see Malcom. We still cannot make out what is sitting in the chair.

Malcom:  
I'll narrow the list down so that you can pick who---

Big Bad:  
No. Hire all of them.

Malcom:  
All... All of them?

Malcom:  
Yes. Ms. Harper wants to play at monsters so let's give her exactly what she wants.

Panel 5: The big reveal. The person sitting in the chair has been Frankenstein's Monster, and we see him all of his glory here. He is wearing a modern black suit and tie, but his face is covered in the stiches from where he was sewn together two hundred years ago. He is very large, even sitting down. He should look very monstrous, with the seams ripped open a little in places and the bolts on his neck looking particularly gruesome. Nothing about the creature should look pleasant, as he has basically been a walking corpse for two hundred years.

F. Monster:  
It's time she learned who the real monster is in this city.

End of Issue 1.