

DIG

A **SINK** Tale

Story by John Lees

Art & Colours by Alex Cormack

Letters by Shawn Lee

PAGE ONE (6 panels)

Panel 1. Night-time exterior establishing shot of a city street in Cape Town. I'd look up photos of Long Street for a reference of a general vibe, with small shops and cafes and apartments above them. Walking among the crowd of pedestrians milling about the street is a sweaty, nervous-looking middle aged white man in a colourful shirt and shorts, who we'll call Harvey.

CAP:
CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

Panel 2. We've tightened in our focus on Harvey as he walks past a cafe, smiling and waving at a local casually leaning by the door outside the business, returning the smile and wave. Harvey is moving in the direction of a door leading to the apartments upstairs, situated next to the storefront.

HARVEY:
Evening.

Panel 3. We've tightened in our focus further onto Harvey as he stands in front of the door, putting his key into the lock. His smile has faded now, with him looking around suspiciously over his shoulder to make sure he's not being followed.

Panel 4. We're inside the apartment close now, with a high-angle shot looking down at Harvey as he trudges up the stairs, looking at his feet. The angle could subtly suggest an uneasy sensation of Harvey being observed.

Panel 5. Harvey is now standing in the living room of his small apartment. All the lights are off, and he's standing in the dark. I imagine he'd mostly be in silhouette here, but from what we can see of him, we can see he's staring out the window.

Panel 6. Hold the same angle, but now Harvey has looked up with a start as the light from the off-panel bedroom has flicked on, adding some light to the room. We can now see a little more of Harvey as he looks forward in the direction of the room, looking startled.

SFX:
tk.

PAGE TWO (6 panels)

Panel 1. Reveal of the Ghoster, standing by the bedroom door. His hand is not visible behind the doorframe, as it's resting on the light switch inside the room he's just flicked on. He's leaning against the frame almost casually, head tilted. His expression is impossible to read, as his face is hidden behind a red full face mask. He's dressed in a black suit, which stands in contrast with the attire worn by the other people we've seen in this location, further establishing him as being out of place.

HARVEY (O.P.):
Oh. It's you.

HARVEY (O.P.):
I always knew you'd find me eventually, no matter how far I went.

Panel 2. Focus on Harvey, looking frightened.

HARVEY:
Si McKirdie doesn't let go of grudges easy, does he? Everyone else from that job is dead now. By your hands, I'm guessing.

HARVEY:
Surely he's had all his retribution and then some by now. Why does he need me dead, too?

Panel 3. Focus on the Ghoster, making no reaction.

Panel 4. Focus on Harvey, looking down at the ground, an expression of despair on his face.

HARVEY:
I've thought a lot about what I'd do when *The Ghoster* came for me. I know there's no point running, figured I'd just accept the end with my head held high.

HARVEY:
But now that you're here...

Panel 5. Harvey has abruptly turned away from us and began bolting towards the apartment door.

Panel 6. A similar shot to the first panel, only here the bedroom beyond the doorway is solid black and the Ghoster is no longer visible, as he's switched the light off.

SFX:
tk.

PAGE THREE (7 panels)

Panel 1. We're tight behind Harvey as he sprints towards the door, closer now than he was at the end of the previous page. Perhaps the angle here and in the next panel could be slightly askew to give a sense of rapid motion.

Panel 2. Now we're in front of Harvey as he looks over his shoulder, back at the bedroom. There is no sign of anyone emerging from the solid blackness beyond the doorway.

Panel 3. The Ghoster now stands facing Harvey, between him and the apartment door - he's moved so fast that Harvey hasn't even noticed that he was overtaken. The Ghoster has plunged a knife under Harvey's chin and into his head right up to the hilt. Harvey stares at him in wide-eyed surprise. Alex, I might have written myself into a corner here, as with the cool visual of the Ghoster switching off the bedroom light I've taken away the primary light source. Not sure if you have any ideas for alternate lighting here, maybe present the next couple of panels from an angle where we can get some lighting from the apartment window?

SFX:
SHUKK!

HARVEY (small):
Fuh!

Panel 4. Focus on the bloody knife withdrawing from Harvey's chin as his body slumps backwards towards the floor.

SFX:
SCHIIIIIK.

Panel 5. Pull back to more of an establishing shot of the apartment, with the Ghoster standing over Harvey's body, still holding the knife, but now with his head inclined in the direction of outside, as if his interest has already shifted to the street below.

Panel 6. We're back outside the apartment building, a shot reflective of panel 2 of the first page, and now we can see the door has been left ajar, a smear of blood on it, and that the local sitting outside the cafe is now slumped forward in his seat, dead, blood oozing from his chest.

Panel 7. Back to an establishing shot of the street like the first panel of page 1. But now it's a scene of carnage, several people lying dead on the pavements and road, blood strewn everywhere.

PAGE FOUR (4 panels)

Panel 1. We've now changed scenes to a street in Sinkhill at night, joining a fight between Mr. Dig and a trio of Dickheads in progress, here framed tight among the action with little sense of the wider surroundings. Mr. Dig is swinging his shovel into the face of a Dickhead in the foreground, sending him spinning round towards us and several teeth flying in various directions, while the other two Dickheads look on fearfully in the background as they tentatively approach.

CAP:
GLASGOW.

SFX:
WAKK!

Panel 2. Here we've pulled back to a wider view of the street, with a better sense of the placement of the fight taking place, with it unfolding in the middle of the road. The Dickhead who was just clocked with the shovel has doubled forward, clutching his face with both hands as blood runs through his fingers. Mr. Dig, meanwhile, is engaging the other two Dickheads in combat, kicking one in the gut while elbowing the other in the face. While doing this, Dig is looking across in the direction of a young couple running away from the scene hand-in-hand, looking scared. There is no one else around on the desolate street.

MR. DIG:
Yes, run fast, lovebirds! And if you see blue van... run faster!

MR. DIG (small):
I worry no one listens to me about blue van.

Panel 3. The Dickhead who was kicked in the gut is doubled forward, winded, and Mr. Dig now stands over him, shovel raised overhead with two hands. In the background, the Dickhead who was elbowed in the face is hunched forward and inclined away from us, clutching at the side of his head with one hand while reaching into his jacket pocket with the other.

MR. DIG:
You boys ready for it to stop hurting? Stay down, let me pluck those willy tubes off your head, then piss off home.

(more)

PAGE FOUR (continued)

Panel 4. Mr. Dig has now brought down the shovel onto the flat of the Dickhead's back, knocking him down towards the ground. Meanwhile, the other Dickhead has drawn a small knife and is angrily lunging towards Mr. Dig while his back is turned, knife brandished.

SFX:
THUM!

MR. DIG:
I'd say go do something better with your life, but you all come back again and again. I don't see appeal, you must love getting your baws booted...

PAGE FIVE (7 panels)

Panel 1. The last Dickhead standing sticks his knife into Mr. Dig's side, leading Dig to pull sharply upwards, letting out a cry of pain. The Dickhead already looks like he regrets this decision.

SFX:
SHIKK

MR. DIG:
AARGH!

Panel 2. A furious Mr. Dig has responded by swinging his shovel wildly upwards, catching the Dickhead under the chin with enough force to lift him backwards off his feet. The Dickhead's face is now contorted in pain, eyes clamped shut.

SFX:
THAMM!

MR. DIG:
RAAAH!

Panel 3. For the next 5 panels, we hold a focus on Mr. Dig, tight enough that we don't see the Dickhead lying on the ground, his eyes brimming with rage throughout. Here, he brings the shovel crashing downwards in a two-handed grip. The knife is still sticking from his side.

SFX:
WAKK!

Panel 4. Mr. Dig has brought the shovel crashing down again, harder this time, enough to have thrown him off-balance so he's stumbling forward a little here.

SFX:
KRAKK!

Panel 5. Mr. Dig, still furious, is now swinging a wild soccer kick at the downed Dickhead, bringing an arc of blood rising up from the bottom of the frame.

SFX:
THUCK!

(more)

PAGE FIVE (continued)

Panel 6. Mr. Dig is now bringing his foot downwards in a hard stomp.

SFX:
THUDD!

Panel 7. Letting out a wild yell, Mr. Dig has lifted the shovel overhead, holding it with the sharp edge of the shovel pointed downward, ready to get driven downwards into the off-panel Dickhead on the ground.

MR. DIG:
RAAARGH!!!

PAGE SIX (5 panels)

Panel 1. High-angle Dig POV shot looking down at the Dickhead on the floor. He's covered in blood, battered to a pulp, and is now holding up a weak, trembling hand in vain over his face. He looks terrified, tears in his eyes, and here we can see that he looks very young.

Panel 2. A reverse angle on the previous panel, a low-angle Dickhead POV shot looking up at Mr. Dig, frozen in the spot with the shovel overhead. The rage has left his eyes, and now they have an expression of horror in them over what he'd come so close to doing.

Panel 3. We've now pulled back to more of an establishing shot of the chaos, Mr. Dig among a trio of grounded, beaten Dickheads. Mr. Dig has lowered the shovel and turned away from the young, battered Dickhead, now staggering like he's in a trance. He's moving in the direction of the second Dickhead to be KOed, the one who took a shovel to the back. That Dickhead is lying on his stomach, tentatively starting to push himself up with his hands. The first Dickhead to get beaten back at the start of page 4 is lying in a crumpled heap at the side of the frame.

Panel 4. Hold the angle of the previous page, but now Mr. Dig is walking over the second Dickhead, stepping on his back to push his face back into the ground. But Mr. Dig is staring blankly ahead, apparently not even aware of the Dickhead as he steps on him.

DICKHEAD:
oof.

Panel 5. Focus on Mr. Dig as he continues to walk away from the scene. Now he's pulling the knife out of his side, letting out a wince of pain.

MR. DIG:
Fft!

PAGE SEVEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. We've jumped forward in time now, using another focus on the wound as a match cut. Here, Rojan is sitting in the front seat of his taxi, no longer in his Dig attire. He's wearing a different top, but a red spot has appeared on the side of it, and he's touching at it gingerly. The taxi is stationary, parked in a garage, though the surroundings won't be too clear or relevant for the next couple of panels.

ROJAN:
Aaaah, shite.

Panel 2. Rojan is looking ahead through the front windscreen of the car with a vacant stare.

Panel 3. We've now cut to Rojan out of his taxi, standing at the front door of a building. There is a steel shutter down over the door with a red light illuminated on it, and a CCTV camera over the doorframe, looking down at him. Rojan is slumped forward, clutching at his side with one hand and holding a duffel bag in the other, now looking very drained and weary.

Panel 4. We've now started to draw back a little further from Rojan and the door, as the red light turns green and the steel shutter starts to lift. Rojan is now looking up at the door, his back to us. And as we pull back, we can see more of the building surrounding the door, including walls with a certain distinctive black shiny surface.

SFX:
RRRRRRRR!

Panel 5. This is the dominant image of the page, with us now pulled back to a full establishing shot of the Graphite Green estate. It's early morning outside.

CAP/AMMAR:
"Rojan! You look rough!"

PAGE EIGHT (6 panels)

Panel 1. Rojan is in the front reception area of Graphite Green, exchanging smiles (Rojan's decidedly more weary) with Ammar (his neighbour we first met in the "Graphite Green" two-parter) as they shake hands while crossing paths, walking in opposite directions. In the background, we can see a middle-aged woman in a tracksuit, Maggie, standing in the elevator, its doors open.

AMMAR:
Bad night?

ROJAN:
Not for me. But I'm ready for bed.

AMMAR:
Rest well, my friend, my guess is you've earned it!

Panel 2. Rojan has rushed forward into the elevator, with a smiling Maggie holding it open for him.

ROJAN:
Hold that, Maggie.

MAGGIE:
Nae bother, love. How's that mystery woman livin' across fae you gettin' on?

Panel 3. Rojan and Maggie stand side by side in the elevator, Rojan rolling his eyes with annoyance while Maggie flashes him a wry smirk.

ROJAN:
Charlotte? Don't know. She never leaves flat, keeps herself to herself. Can't blame her, looks like girl's had tough time.

MAGGIE:
Yeah. And the couple in 4E need your help with some crisis.

ROJAN:
Ugh. I'll get sleep yet.

(more)

PAGE EIGHT (continued)

Panel 4. Rojan is stepping out of the elevator onto the fourth floor, smiling weakly as he passes another cheerful resident in the hall, we'll call him Jim. A smiling Maggie remains in the elevator as the door closes.

JIM:

Morning, Rojan! Thanks for all you do, mate!

ROJAN:

What do I do? You talk like I'm Mayor or something.

Panel 5. Rojan has stopped outside 4E, and is ringing the doorbell.

SFX:

BZZZZZZT!

Panel 6. Kieran from *Sink #10* has opened the door, looking relieved to see Rojan.

KIERAN:

Rojan! I'm glad you're here. I've fuddled the tap in the bathroom, water's spraying everywhere.

PAGE NINE (5 panels)

Panel 1. We're now in Kieran and Louise's apartment, with Rojan emerging from the bathroom wiping his hands with a towel. He's flashing a weary smile at Louise, who's sat on a sofa in the foreground at the edge of the frame, facing the (currently off-panel) television. She's sat next to Kieran on the couch, though he may not need to be on-panel here. Louise is looking over her shoulder at Rojan, smiling with gratitude.

ROJAN:

There. Good as new.

LOUISE:

Thank you so much, Rojan! Kieran was going to try, but I know you can do *everything*.

LOUISE:

We really appreciate all you've done for us. For letting us stay here.

Panel 2. Focus on Louise sat on the couch looking up to us, something like a Rojan POV shot. Her smile has faded a little, as if she's recalling a bad memory. A more cheerful Kieran is peering his head out in the background behind her from his seat next to her, also looking up at us.

LOUISE:

I couldn't go back to my old place after what happened there. And wherever else I went I'd have been looking over my shoulder. Now, I feel safe again.

KIERAN:

And it's not just us. Everyone we talk to has a story about how you helped them.

Panel 3. Rojan, looking uncomfortable with the compliments, is trying to do a sideways shuffle past the couch, but his attention has been caught by what is playing on the TV, leaving him frozen between Louise and Kieran. They both look up at him, smiling.

ROJAN:

We all help each other here. I live here same as everyone else, I'm not...

ROJAN:

...what's this mad shite?

KIERAN:

Come on, sit with us for a bit. We'll tell you all about it.

(more)

PAGE NINE (continued)

Panel 4. Reveal of the TV screen, which is playing a kaiju movie, two giant, rubbery-looking monsters towering over a cityscape of skyscrapers that could be Tokyo. One looks like a riff on Godzilla, while the other is a multi-tentacled octopus thing.

KIERAN (O.P.):

Gianto is this ancient creature who rose from the bottom of the sea after centuries of sleep, woken by nuclear experiments.

KIERAN (O.P.):

In the first film he's just laying waste to cities, but now he gets called on to battle threats to the Earth.

Panel 5. Louise, Rojan and Kieran all look ahead at us at the off-panel screen, all looking fascinated by what they're watching.

ROJAN:

And the humans are happy for this monster to help them, even after all it has done?

KIERAN:

Well, it's all relative. They know he's dangerous, but he's on their side. And as big and bad as might be...

PAGE TEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Exterior daytime establishing shot of Unsunk Hill House.

CAP/KIERAN:

"...there's always a worse monster out there."

Panel 2. We're in Si McKirdie's living room now, far larger and more plush and ornate than even the respectable accommodations of Graphite Green seen in the previous scene, complete with the occult-type paraphernalia adorning the walls and surfaces that we've seen elsewhere in Si's home before. Si is also sat on a sofa, watching television, though in his case the television is talking to him. Here, the large LCD TV is in the foreground, turned away from us, and our focus is on Si, lounging comfortably and presenting a relaxed body language, but with tells like a set jaw and clenched fist indicating some tension bubbling under the surface.

DUKE (ELEC):

Frankly, Si, you have been most disappointing lately. The likes of "Mr. Dig" and Florence Kilcolm openly attack your men and you do nothing.

DUKE (ELEC):

And now there is this Graphite Green fiasco.

McKIRDIE:

Yes, fiasco, I agree. You planted a killing field on my turf. I provided neither my consent or approval for this endeavour, so if it blew up in your face I do not see how that reflects on me.

Panel 3. Reverse angle, so now we can see the TV, and we can reveal that the figure talking is The Duke, the same shadowy figure we saw briefly in *Sink #9*. He's still cast into shadow here, his features indiscernible.

DUKE (ELEC):

You would best note who you're talking to, Mr. McKirdie. It might be your turf, but it's *my* country.

DUKE (ELEC):

And if I so choose to locate a business venture or a castle or a fucking nuclear reactor in my little Scottish outpost then that's my prerogative.

(more)

PAGE TEN (continued)

Panel 4. This could be a difficult shot to pull off, let me know if you have any alternative ideas. I wanted to convey the Duke and Si facing off, with Si in profile facing the TV, but that would probably look dumb since the Duke is on a flat-screen TV. So I thought maybe we could see the Duke on the TV in the background, while Si in profile is in the foreground, head turned away from the TV, looking uncomfortable with The Duke's words.

DUKE (ELEC):

The point is, every day this idiot in a fox mask and his gaggle of plebeians squat in property stolen from us, it's a slap in your face, not mine.

DUKE (ELEC):

How long will you allow your authority to be flouted on your own doorstep?

McKIRDIE:

Dig and anyone else will be dealt with, but it'll be done my way--

Panel 5. Tight focus on Si. We can't see his eyes behind his shades, but his raised eyebrows and open mouth should indicate an expression of shock.

DUKE (ELEC, O.P.):

Call your Ghoster.

PAGE ELEVEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Si has stood up and turned away from the screen now, pacing across his room, hands on his hips, looking agitated. The shadowy figure of The Duke on the monitor looms in the background.

McKIRDIE:

No. That'd be like trying to get rid of a hangnail with a handgun.

THE DUKE:

He's your man, Si. You made him, the whole concept of the Ghoster was your brainchild.

Panel 2. Focus on Si, looking conflicted.

McKIRDIE:

That he was, perhaps my greatest. But once I set him loose, I have no control over him. And knowing him, Dig would be at the centre of a crater filled with half of Glasgow.

Panel 3. We've switched to the darkened room somewhere in England where The Duke is behind a desk, watching Si McKirdie animatedly articulate his point on a massive screen. We're positioned behind The Duke. As I believe has been mentioned before, he's dressed like an 18th Century English aristocrat, complete with frilly wig. I'm thinking of Tim Roth in *Rob Roy* or Nicholas Hoult in *The Favourite* as our style guide. his shoes and stockings are off and he's barefoot. He's lounged back in his chair, and we can see (positioned at an angle where they'd be off-camera on Si's end), on one side he has a maid wafting a giant fan at him, while on the other side a butler is down on his knees rubbing his feet.

McKIRDIE (ELEC):

A city is an ecosystem like any other. Any disruptions to the food chain need to be handled with care.

McKIRDIE (ELEC):

If we write off Graphite Green as an expense to keep the residents content, placated. Then, in time, we snip out Dig, transition our own people in. Everything tidy and in order.

(more)

PAGE ELEVEN (continued)

Panel 4. Back to Si's living room now. The Duke is in the shadows on the TV screen again, and in the foreground we can see Si McKirdie looking on, shoulders slumped with dejection.

THE DUKE (ELEC):

You still don't get it, Si. I *want* the crater.

THE DUKE (ELEC):

I want to leave a big, nasty message about what happens when you cross us. Fuck content and placated. The little people suit me best when they're good and scared.

McKIRDIE:

But they're not going to get the message if they're dead--

Panel 5. Focus on The Duke, still in the shadows.

THE DUKE (ELEC):

Call your Ghoster. And I sincerely hope he's all you've hyped him up to be.

Panel 6. Hold the focus on The Duke, but now he has leaned forward into the light, revealing his features and flashing a sneer of contempt.

THE DUKE (ELEC):

The last thing I want to do is hold my nose for a trip up to Scotland to clean up your mess myself.

PAGE TWELVE (6 panels)

Panel 1. It's later in the day now, and Si McKirdie is in his kitchen, his phone resting on the table in front of him. He's looking down at it with a grim expression.

Panel 2. We've cut to the Ghoster sitting cross-legged in an empty room in what looks like a decrepit squat. The windows are boarded up, the wallpaper is peeling. There is no furniture, nothing in the room save for the Ghoster himself, sitting cross-legged on the floor in its centre, and an old fashioned landline phone plugged into the wall and sat on the floor, close enough to him to be within reach.

Panel 3. We're still on the Ghoster, still sitting in silence in the same position, staring at nothing. Now we've drawn in a little closer to him.

Panel 4. We've drawn in closer to the Ghoster, a tight focus on him as he continues to stare ahead impassively.

SFX (PHONE):
RING-RIIIING!

SFX (PHONE):
RING-RIIIING!

SFX (PHONE):
RING-RIIIING!

Panel 5. Hold the angle on the Ghoster, now with the receiver of the phone held up to his ear, or are at least where his ear would be under the mask.

Panel 6. A replication of the previous panel.

McKIRDIE (ELEC):
I have another ghost for you.

PAGE THIRTEEN (4 panels)

Panel 1. An establishing shot of an expanse of land at dawn, empty save for some ruined remains of stone buildings. The soil is dry and arid, the sky red. A land rover is driving towards us.

CAP:
KURDISTAN REGION OF IRAQ.

CAP:
YEARS AGO.

Panel 2. Three masked ISIS insurgents have emerged from the land rover, which has now come to a halt. One from the driver's side, one from the passenger side, and another from the backseat. Each one has an assault rifle dangling on their shoulder.

Lettering note: Here, I'm using < > to indicate this dialogue is being translated into English.

INSURGENT #1:
<Gonna be hot today.>

INSURGENT #2:
<Good thing it won't be us doing the hard work.>

Panel 3. The trio of insurgents have moved round to the trunk of the Land Rover, the third one (the one not joining in the conversation) lingering a little further back and readying his assault rifle, aiming it in the direction of the trunk.

INSURGENT #1:
<What's the deal with this son of a goat-fucked pig, anyway?>

INSURGENT #2:
<*Peshmerga*. And a tough fucker, too, one that's been a pain in our asses for a while now. Enough to merit this special attention.>

Panel 4. POV shot from inside the opened trunk, looking up at the three terrorists looking down, the third one at the back with the assault rifle trained on us. The one talking has drawn out a knife.

INSURGENT #1:
<Huh. Doesn't look like much to me.>

PAGE FOURTEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Insurgent POV looking down at the opened trunk, revealing Rojan inside. He is in his *Peshmerga* uniform, with a large gash on the side of his head, presumably where he was knocked unconscious. His arms and legs are tied with rope, and he's been gagged. He's looking up at us with angry, defiant eyes. We can perhaps see the knife-wielding hand of the talking insurgent in the foreground.

INSURGENT #1:

<Then again, they never do, at the end.>

Panel 2. The terrorists have hauled Rojan out of the trunk, and the knife-wielding insurgent is using his knife to cut the rope around his hands. The other two have their guns trained on him.

Panel 3. Focus on Rojan, his gag and restraints removed, as he tumbles face-forward onto the ground, pushed by the off-panel insurgents. This could be a high-angle shot, as if we were the insurgents looking down on him.

SFX:

THUD.

Panel 4. Hold the focus on Rojan, as now a shovel has flown in from off-panel, the wooden handle part clocking him in the back of the head.

SFX:

KLANG!

Panel 5. Hold the angle again, and now we have a clear view of the shovel lying on the floor. Rojan isn't looking at it, though. He's clutching the back of his head, looking up at us (and the off-panel insurgents) hatefully.

Panel 6. Reverse angle, a low-angle Rojan POV shot looking up at the trio of terrorists, all with their guns pointed at us.

INSURGENT #1:

<Dig.>

PAGE FIFTEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. We're back to the present in Glasgow now, in Rojan's room in the middle of the night. Here there's a tight focus on Rojan in bed, lying on his back. He looks wide awake, staring uneasily up at the ceiling.

Panel 2. Draw out the focus a little, so now Rojan's wife Dila is also in frame, lying next to him. She is running a hand over his chest, looking across at him with concern.

DILA:
What's wrong? Bad dreams?

ROJAN:
No. Just thinking about before.

Panel 3. Dila has sat up in bed and flicked on the bedside light, continuing to look worried. Rojan has now stood up and is pacing across the bedroom, looking agitated as he clutches at his wounded side.

DILA:
When you start dwelling on the past it usually means something's wrong in the present. Tell me.

ROJAN:
I got hurt today. Guy with knife, not too bad, could have been worse. But it made me so angry!

ROJAN:
I lost control. I came this close to killing him.

Panel 4. Focus on Rojan, a haunted expression on his face.

ROJAN:
He was just boy, Dila. They all are.

ROJAN:
I've seen too many. Here, back there, everywhere. Stupid boys doing work of evil men.

(more)

PAGE FIFTEEN (continued)

Panel 5. Hold the focus on Rojan, still looking upset, but now Dila stands by his side, a hand on his arm, listening to him intently.

ROJAN:

I wanted to use Mr. Dig to help people. When I came here I was weak, but with mask I could be useful again, make life better for others.

ROJAN:

But more and more, I think it brings out something bad in me, something I wanted to leave behind when we made this new life. I'm afraid I go too far.

Panel 6. Same framing as previous panel, but now Rojan has looked across at Dila with shock as she looks at him with an expression of serene calm.

DILA:

Then stop.

PAGE SIXTEEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Rojan has turned away from Dila, looking conflicted, but a determined Dila is pacing after him.

ROJAN:

It's not so simple. People need me.

DILA:

Do they really, though? Glasgow got by a long time without you nutting neds with a shovel.

Panel 2. Focus on Dila, speaking passionately.

DILA:

You wanted to help people? Look around you! Hundreds of people who were struggling now have a home, and safety, and a community. You made that possible.

DILA:

You do more good with Graphite Green than you ever did fighting on the street.

Panel 3. Rojan stand facing each other, Rojan looking down at the floor, ashamed, while Dila puts her hands on his shoulders, looking at him encouragingly.

ROJAN:

And look what I did to get this place.

DILA:

What we did. And we did what we had to, if we wanted to live. But that is over. We are safe now, yes?

ROJAN:

I think so. Any attempt by higher-ups to force us out would mean admitting they were involved. So now we live between cracks.

Panel 4. I'm thinking this could be a kind of Rojan POV shot looking across at Dila as she stands facing him with a solemn expression.

DILA:

I've always wanted you to stop because it was dangerous, and I feared you getting hurt. But you didn't care about yourself.

DILA:

But if you won't care about being here for your children, will you care about what kind of person you will be for them when you are here?

(more)

PAGE SIXTEEN (continued)

Panel 5. Pull back to an establishing shot of the room, with Rojan and Dila standing side by side, holding hands and looking at one another lovingly.

DILA:

We don't need to be between the cracks. You have influence now, you can make yourself heard. You could do so much more... without the mask.

DILA:

We don't need Mr. Dig. We need Rojan Hardi.

PAGE SEVENTEEN (4 panels)

Panel 1. Exterior establishing shot of a rundown Sinkhill street at night, with Rojan's taxi driving through it. There's a trio of drunk women from a hen party in his backseat who are singing and laughing, though we might not get a good look at them in this panel.

Lettering note: Not sure how you would convey singing, perhaps a different font and some musical notes scattered around the word balloons?

WOMEN:

The back o' the bus, they cannae sing, cannae sing, cannae sing...

The back o' the bus, they cannae sing...

WOMEN:

CANNAE SING FOR PEANUTS!

Panel 2. We're inside the taxi now, and can see the three women in their late 20s, each caked in fake tan and dressed for a night out, with matching pink sashes and novelty kitten ears.

They're all laughing, with the one in the middle leaning forward and holding her phone out towards Rojan. Rojan is in the front seat, driving, also laughing.

WOMAN 1:

Here, oh my God, we're the back o' the bus! But it's no' a bus! HA HA!

WOMAN 2:

Doll, can you take a selfie of us? Pleeeeeease?

ROJAN:

Ladies, I need to watch road to get you home safe. And if I take picture of you it's not selfie.

Panel 3. Hold the same angle, with the women still in good spirits, the one who had been holding out the phone now playfully slapping Rojan's shoulder. But his smile has faded, and now he is staring intently ahead at something off-panel.

WOMAN 2:

No, silly, it's a selfie 'cause you'd be in the picture wae us. I can pretend you're ma fancy man.

WOMAN 2:

Say, you single?

ROJAN:

Married. Sorry.

(more)

PAGE SEVENTEEN (continued)

Panel 4. Rojan POV through the front windshield of the taxi, looking out at the side of the road ahead, where a group of jeering Dickheads are pushing a parked car up onto its side.

WOMAN 2 (O.P.):

Aw, married!? Just when ah thought this night wis goin' well!

PAGE EIGHTEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Tight focus on Rojan, glaring angrily out at us through the driver's side window.

Panel 2. Tight focus on the face of one of the Dickheads, looking over the shoulder at us with an arrogant smirk.

Panel 3. The taxi drives past the Dickheads just as the car gets tipped upside down, landing with a crash on the pavement. Most of them are whooping and cheering, while the one who was staring in the previous panel is still looking over his shoulder at the taxi, him and Rojan locking eyes.

WOMAN 1:
The state o' that!

SFX:
KRAKK!

Panel 4. We're back inside the taxi, where the women look a little more subdued, with the first woman now the one leaning forward, looking at Rojan with his concern as he stares ahead, quietly stewing with anger.

WOMAN 1:
I think ah winched one o' them back when ah wis in school, as well. The years have no' been kind.

WOMAN 1:
You awright, pal?

Panel 5. Reverse angle woman POV shot from the backseat, looking at Rojan as he looks over his shoulder at us, flashing a reassuring smile.

ROJAN:
Sorry. Was thinking about poor souls out at night bumping into types like that. I'm just glad you girls were smart and called for taxi. You keep doing that, okay?

Panel 6. In the foreground, the Dickheads stand triumphantly around the upturned car, one on top of the car with their top pulled off, beating their chest and howling at the sky. We can see the taxi continuing to drive away in the distant background.

CAP/ROJAN:
"Best thing to do with that lot is stay away."

PAGE NINETEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Interior establishing shot of a room in a hospital ward. I'm thinking it's night-time, but given hospital lighting it'll be brightly lit either way. The sole occupant of this room is the Dickhead Mr. Dig nearly killed a few scenes back. His arms and a leg are in casts, and he has a big neck brace on. He still has bruises all over his face, too, though they have maybe healed a little to the icky yellow stage. He's currently asleep on the hospital bed, though he's plumped enough with enough pillows to be in a sitting position. There is a single other chair in the room sat facing the foot of the bed, though it's currently empty.

Panel 2. Focus on the Dickhead in bed as his eyes start to open, weary and half asleep.

Panel 3. Hold the focus on the Dickhead, but now his eyes have snapped wide open and he's jerked back on the bed, letting out a yell of fear as he looks ahead at the off-panel chair.

DICKHEAD:
AAAH!

Panel 4. Reveal of the Ghoster, now sat casually on the chair with his leg crossed, looking at the frightened Dickhead, who I'm thinking is still visible in the foreground.

DICKHEAD:
You're a Ghoster! P-please, I didn't tell anyone anything!

DICKHEAD:
I don't know if you can understand me, but you need to know I'll always be loyal--

Panel 5. Focus on the Ghoster, head cocked slightly as he shrugs in the chair.

GHOSTER:
You don't know if I understand you? Ouch, bit rude, mate.

GHOSTER:
I don't know why people are so surprised that I talk and eat and take shites like everyone else, I'm not some voodoo zombie, you know. I actually quite like talking!

(more)

PAGE NINETEEN (continued)

Panel 6. The Dickhead has shrunk further back into his bed in fear as the Ghoster leans forward in his chair.

GHOSTER:

In fact, it was talking I came here for.

GHOSTER:

I've not been sent for you, don't worry. I just want you to tell me about a fellow you had a wee run-in with, goes by the name of Mr. Dig.

PAGE TWENTY (7 panels)

Panel 1. The Dickhead looks up anxiously at the Ghoster, who is now standing by his bedside, a reassuring hand rested on his shoulder as he looks down at him.

DICKHEAD:

Umm... we still don't know who he is behind the mask. But we do know he's holed up in the Graphite Green estate where nobody can get to him.

GHOSTER:

Yeah, yeah, but anybody could tell me that. You have been gifted with a special insight, my friend. You looked right into his eyes when he put you in this hospital bed.

GHOSTER:

Tell me, and do be vivid... what did you see?

Panel 2. Focus on the Dickhead, looking uncomfortable as he struggles to articulate.

DICKHEAD:

It's daft, you can see there's a guy under the fox head. But those eyes... I don't what place he goes, but when you look at them...

DICKHEAD:

It's like he's not a guy at all. It's like he's a machine, or something else entirely. And nothing will take him down.

Panel 3. A Dickhead POV looking up at the Ghoster by the bedside, the low-angle adding to the sense of menace and of him looming over us. He's looking down at us, flashing a thumbs up.

GHOSTER:

My friend, you have no idea how happy I am to hear that.

GHOSTER:

I've been in something of a rut lately, and I have a good feeling this is exactly what I've been looking for.

(more)

PAGE TWENTY (continued)

Panel 4. The Dickhead is shrinking back into his bed, eyes growing wide with terrifying realisation, as the Ghoster looms down threateningly over him, gently drawing out a pillow from the pile under his head.

GHOSTER:

You've been very helpful. But I'm afraid it's the rules that no one is ever allowed to see me.

GHOSTER:

But you're a loyal boy, I'm sure you understand.

Panel 5. The Ghoster has pushed the pillow down on the Dickhead's face. The Dickhead is grasping feebly with his useless, bandaged hands, while the Ghoster pulls out the knife we saw him use in the opener from his back waistband.

DICKHEAD:

MMMPH!

Panel 6. The Ghoster makes two rapid-fire stabs into the pillow, one into each eye socket as we'll see in the next panel. Perhaps use motion lines to indicate the fast motion to avoid a moving panel conundrum.

SFX:

FUH-FUHFF!

Panel 7. The Dickhead's body is slumped on the bed, arms hung limply by his sides. The Ghoster stands over him, head tilted as if mildly curious. He's running the knife along the pillow, creating a "sad face mouth" in blood to accompany the two bloody eye holes.

GHOSTER:

Okay, that's not a rule. But it sounds like it could be, right? Heh-heh.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE (5 panels)

Panel 1. We're out in the main ward now, with two nurses in the nurses' station - one behind the booth, another holding a chart standing next to it - both looking up in horror at the Ghoster, his bloody, knife-wielding hand extending in from the foreground.

GHOSTER:

Hi there, either of you gals happen to have a wet wipe handy?

Panel 2. Focus on the Ghoster, arms outstretched, both hands bloody, the knife still in his hand.

GHOSTER:

Now, I know what you're thinking. I mean, apart from "AAAAAARRRGHH!"

GHOSTER:

"This guy slipped into my ward and killed someone and I was none the wiser. Why oh why did he make a big stink on the way out?"

Panel 3. The nurses stare at the Ghoster, frozen in stunned fear, as he approaches the table.

GHOSTER:

Truth is, I could have got out just as quietly, and you wouldn't be where you are now. But I got bored.

Panel 4. The Ghoster, in a single motion, has jumped up onto the booth, landing with both feet with a stomp. He now looms over the nurse behind the booth, who is shrinking back in her seat, hands raised up, screaming. The other nurse, terrified, is backing away.

NURSE:

AAAAAAH!

SFX:

THUD!

Panel 5. The Ghoster has leaned forward and started stabbing the nurse with the knife, though with him in front of her we can't really see it in detail. With his other hand, he's pointing at the other nurse who's running away down the hall.

SFX:

SHUK-SHUK-SHUK-SHUK!

GHOSTER:

You get a five-second headstart.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (5 panels)

Panel 1. It's daytime again, and we're now out in a park, where Rojan is pushing Sara on a swing. Sara is letting out a delighted squeal as she swings high upward, with a smiling Rojan waiting to catch her on the way down. Amir stands by the side, arms folded, looking glum.

SARA:

Hee-hee-hee! Higher, Daddy! Higher!

Panel 2. Rojan has stepped back with one foot, bracing himself as he catches Sara on her backward swing. He's turning across cheerfully to look at Amir, who is looking down at the ground, hands in his pockets, flashing a little smirk.

SARA:

Weeeeeeee!

ROJAN:

Come on, Amir. You want go?

AMIR:

Nah.

ROJAN:

Aw, what? You big man now, too tough for your old da to push you on swings?

Panel 3. With Sara swinging up in the air again, Rojan has pulled Amir by the arm over into the place where he'd previously been standing, smiling at him as he looks ahead at Sara cautiously.

ROJAN:

Well, if you're man now then you can do man's job, like pushing your sister. I'm out of puff.

Panel 4. Rojan is sitting himself down on the ground facing the swings, while Amir pushes a giggling Sara, looking at his dad with confusion.

SARA:

Hee-hee!

AMIR:

What are you doing, Dad?

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (continued)

Panel 5. Focus on Rojan sitting on the ground, a contented smile on his face.

ROJAN:

Nothing. Just watching.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (6 panels)

Panel 1. Sara, Rojan and Amir are walking down the street, Rojan holding Sara's hand and Amir walking alongside them. Sara walks cheerfully, with Rojan looking down at her happily, while Amir looks away, looking more uncertain.

ROJAN:

That was nice day, huh? I don't spend enough time with you. I want to do it more.

AMIR:

Have you stopped being Mr. Dig?

Panel 2. Rojan looks down at Amir with concern, while Amir looks up with a thin smile in return.

ROJAN:

How would you feel if I did?

AMIR:

Umm, okay, I guess.

AMIR:

But if you're quitting because it's too hard, I could help out. Like we helped at the flats.

Panel 3. Low-angle Amir POV shot looking up at Rojan as he looks down at us, conflicted and guilty.

ROJAN:

We've... not really talked much about what happened at Graphite Green.

ROJAN:

What we did to Mundell... I don't want you ever doing anything like that. It was bad thing. I'm sorry you had to see it.

Panel 4. Reverse angle of the previous panel, a high-angle Rojan POV shot looking down at Amir as he looks up at us, smiling but with sad eyes.

AMIR:

Don't worry about it, Dad. I've seen worse.

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (continued)

Panel 5. Rojan looks down at Amir with a pained expression.

Panel 6. Rojan has turned away from Amir, placing a hand on his shoulder and forcing a weak smile, but he's still looking heartbroken.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR (3 panels)

Panel 1. Exterior daytime establishing shot of Graphite Green. The Ghoster stands on a hill in the foreground, his back to us, looking at the apartment tower.

GHOSTER:

Just look at it. A marvel of modern architecture.

GHOSTER:

They asked me if I wanted to work for them once, you know. Be one of their little hunters. It's like they didn't understand me at all.

GHOSTER:

Killing isn't something I do for money or notoriety. It is my purpose, bestowed upon me in the name of forces far beyond their feeble comprehension.

Panel 2. The Ghoster has turned round to look at the car parked behind him, and the man kneeling next to it. It's Ammar, though that might not immediately be obvious here, as he's slumped forward, head tilted towards the ground.

GHOSTER:

I do wonder what he kills for. You might have more insight about that than I do, I mean, you live with him.

Panel 3. Focus on Ammar, now looking up as The Ghoster lifts his head with a finger under the chin. He looks afraid, but like he's struggling to maintain his composure.

GHOSTER:

What did you say your name was again? Ammar, right?

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE (6 panels)

Panel 1. The Ghoster is walking behind Ammar, hands clasped behind his back. He's looking ahead, paying little apparent attention to Ammar, who is now glaring up at him defiantly.

GHOSTER:

I don't suppose you're going to tell me who Mr. Dig is, are you?

AMMAR:

Sure I will. It's me. I'm Dig.

Panel 2. The Ghoster now stands next to an angry Ammar, patting him on the head.

GHOSTER:

Heh. You're not, but good on you for trying.

SFX:

pat-pat

GHOSTER:

No, Mr. Dig is special. I've been learning a lot about your local hero. Truly fascinating. He has all the makings of a good nemesis. I've always wanted a nemesis.

Panel 3. Focus on Ammar, looking up with a sense of grim resignation of his fate.

AMMAR:

The murderers your people put in Graphite Green talked a big game, too. And when Dig was done with them they were all kindling for our bonfire out back.

AMMAR:

Nemesis? He's seen your type before, as have I. I'm not impressed.

Panel 4. The Ghoster has crouched down next to Ammar, so now they're at eye level (or would be if we could see The Ghoster's eyes). He's slowly drawing out his knife, the other hand resting on Ammar's shoulder. Ammar is looking fearful now, his resolve cracking.

GHOSTER:

I was always going to kill your fox-boy. But because you've got on my wick, here's what I might do next.

GHOSTER:

I'll walk into Graphite Green, swinging your hacked-off head. I'll ask around for your loved ones, and then I'll deliver it their door, like a personal courier. Then I'll eat their tongues.

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE (continued)

Panel 5. Focus on Ammar's shocked, gasping face as The Ghoster runs his knife along his throat, slitting it and letting the blood come gushing out.

SFX:
SLLLLLK!

Panel 6. We're behind Ammar and The Ghoster now, The Ghoster still crouching by his side, with us looking on at Graphite Green in front of them.

GHOSTER:
Or I might not. Why don't you keep that in mind as we look at this lovely building and you think about the people inside who you'll never see again?

PAGE TWENTY-SIX (5 panels)

Panel 1. Night-time exterior establishing shot of a location in Glasgow City Centre, I'm thinking Bath Street or Hope Street (I'll send over some reference pics if you like), with the rain pouring. A married couple are approaching Rojan's cab. The husband is leading the way, looking strident and confident as he waves in Rojan's direction. The wife walks a few paces behind, clutching at her arms and looking nervous.

Panel 2. The car is now in motion, with the husband and wife in the backseat and Rojan driving. The husband is smiling cheerfully while the wife is more sullen, looking out the window. Rojan has a thin, polite smile on his face as he looks ahead, more focused on the road.

HUSBAND:

Oof, that rain! On dreich nights like these you almost wish you'd never left the house.

HUSBAND:

But I'm glad we did. Nice to get out and see some other faces if you know what I mean. Some top banter, quality tunes.

Panel 3. Focus on the husband, flashing a mean smirk as he points a dismissive thumb in the direction of his wife, who we can see at the edge of the frame, looking forlornly out of the window.

HUSBAND:

We had to call it a night early, though, thanks to this one getting very well refreshed and making a display of herself, hanging over every guy in the place.

HUSBAND:

Too wild for me, I can't keep up--

WIFE (small):

I'm not drunk.

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-SIX (continued)

Panel 4. Focus on the wife as she continues to stare out the window, looking upset, but indeed sober. In the background, we can see her husband over her shoulder, glaring hateful daggers at her.

HUSBAND:

What was that, my love?

WIFE:

...nothing. Never mind.

Panel 5. Back to a layout like in panel 2. But here, while the husband is seething, forcing a smile that doesn't make it to his eyes. The wife has turned away from the window now, looking over her shoulder at him anxiously, as if she instantly regrets the words she's just spoken. Rojan now looks dead serious, his eyes cast up in the direction of the rearview mirror.

HUSBAND:

Women, eh? Keeping up with their moods should be an Olympic sport. Am I right?

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN (9 panels)

Panel 1. A tight focus on Rojan's eyes as he stares up intensely at the rearview mirror.

Panel 2. Rojan POV of the rearview mirror, with the wife and husband reflected in it. At a glance, it looks like the wife is looking unenthusiastically at her husband as he leans in close to her, smiling as he whispers sweet nothings in her ear, a hand placed on her arm.

Panel 3. Switch to a focus on the husband and wife in the backseat. They are similarly framed to the composition of the previous panel (though it will be mirror reflected now in terms of right-left alignment), but now it's more clear that the wife is trying to shrink back, looking frightened. For the subsequent three panels, I'm thinking they're little window panels peppered around this one.

Lettering note: For (indecipherable), I'm thinking just have some scrawls and lines.

HUSBAND:
(indecipherable)

Panel 4. A tight focus on the husband's mouth, close enough to see it's curled into less a smile than a snarl.

HUSBAND (small):
(indecipherable)*fucking bitch*(indecipherable)

Panel 5. A tight focus on the wife's eyes, wide and frightened, possibly cast forwards towards us to imply she's glancing in Rojan's direction.

Panel 6. A tight focus on the husband's hand on the wife's arm, and now it's clear he's gripping onto it tight enough to leave a white impression on her arm all around where his hand is squeezing.

Panel 7. Back to the interior establishing shot of the car, but now the husband is looking out his window, looking quite pleased with himself, while the wife looks down, afraid, clutching at her hands in front of her. On the arm nearest the husband, where he was gripping her, there's now a red imprint left behind by his hand. Rojan is looking ahead while driving, but now he's brimming with rage, his hands tightly clutching onto the steering wheel. Again, the next two panels are windows within this bigger panel.

Panel 8. Tight focus on the red hand mark on the wife's arm.

Panel 9. Tight focus on Rojan's hands gripping the wheel so hard his knuckles are white.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT (6 panels)

Panel 1. The taxi is now parked outside a semi-detached house. I'm thinking we're not quite in Sinkhill here, so it can look a little nicer, like a suburban street. The husband is leaning forward, handing Rojan the money and flashing him a knowing wink while Rojan just glares back with barely-concealed disgust. The wife is already out of the car, clutching her arms to her body anxiously.

HUSBAND:

Thanks, pal. There's an extra fiver in there... for keeping your eyes on the road.

Panel 2. As the taxi drives away, the couple walk up the path towards their house, the wife looking down at the ground timidly as the husband glares hatefully at her, fists clenched.

Panel 3. The taxi is driving down an empty stretch of road.

Panel 4. The taxi screeches to a halt.

SFX:

SKREEEE!

Panel 5. Inside the taxi, we can see Rojan in profile, slumped forward, eyes closed with a conflicted expression, still gripping tightly onto the wheel.

Panel 6. Hold the angle of the previous panel, but now Rojan is looking back over his shoulder with a grimly determined look that tells us he's made up his mind about what to do.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE (7 panels)

Panel 1. We're back outside at the front of the house now, jumping forward in time, as the husband comes flying out of the ground floor window.

SFX:

KTTTSSSSSCCHHH!!!

Panel 2. Full reveal of Rojan as Mr. Dig once more, shovel strapped to his shoulder, as he casually steps out of the window. We can see the wife watching on in the background inside the house, shocked.

MR. DIG:

I like to learn new words. I pick them up, learn meaning, try using them in sentence.

MR. DIG:

I got really cool word I can use now. Defenestrate.

Panel 3. Ground-level focus on the husband as he crawls on his hands and knees down the front path. He is cut up from the glass, and by the looks of him had already been smacked around a little before the window. He looks dazed and in pain. Behind him, Mr. Dig is approaching, fast catching up to him.

MR. DIG:

You know it? I'll use it in sentence for you.

MR. DIG:

I just defenestrated this wife-beating piece of shit.

Panel 4. Hold the angle of the previous panel as Mr. Dig delivers a swift kick square to the husband's ass, prompting him to let out a gasp and collapse forward.

SFX:

WHUD.

HUSBAND:

Unf!

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-NINE (continued)

Panel 5. Mr. Dig and the husband are now beyond the house's front path and on the street outside. Mr. Dig is holding out his two hands horizontally, fingers spread wide, as he stands over the man, who is kneeling on the road, huddled in a ball looking up timidly at him. In the background we might be able to see the wife emerging from the front door, if that helps establish her placement for when she appears on the next page.

MR. DIG:

Okay, now you're going to spread out your hands on edge of pavement like this. Understand?

HUSBAND:

N-no. I don't want to.

Panel 6. Mr. Dig is leaning down and grabbing a fistful of the husband's hair, not too unlike what he was doing to his wife before Dig interfered. Mr. Dig hisses into his ear, as his eyes widen with panic.

MR. DIG:

You'll put your hands on edge of pavement, or I'll pull out your little cock and balls and sit them on edge of pavement instead. Your choice.

Panel 7. The husband brings his trembling hands down onto the edge of the pavement, fingers spread out as Mr. Dig demonstrated. I'm thinking we could maybe do this panel as an overhead looking down at the fingers, and at Mr. Dig's boots standing facing the fingers.

MR. DIG:

Aw, why are they shaking? I thought you were big tough man.

PAGE THIRTY (6 panels)

Panel 1. Mr. Dig has swung down his shovel, bringing its side crashing down onto the husband's fingers.

SFX:
KRAKK!

Panel 2. Tight focus on the husband's face, filled with horror as he looks down at the edge of the pavement.

MR. DIG (O.P.):
Never touch any woman again. You hear me?

HUSBAND:
uuuuuuuuuuah...

Panel 3. Tight focus on the husband's hands, possibly a POV shot looking down at them. There is already horrible bruising all around his knuckles, with most of his fingers broken and twisted in nasty unnatural angles. A couple have been sliced off entirely and lie splayed out on the pavement.

MR. DIG (O.P.):
Once you're able to touch anything, I mean. Which might be long while.

HUSBAND:
AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

Panel 4. Scared and angry, the wife backs away as Mr. Dig hesitantly approaches her, pointing at him as she yells.

WIFE:
You stay back from me! Do you know what you've just done!?

MR. DIG:
I know. I've made everything worse. I'm sorry. I try to help people, but...

(more)

PAGE THIRTY (continued)

Panel 5. Mr. Dig looks down at the ground, like he's conflicted about what he's done and unable to meet her eye, as he hands her a piece of paper. She stares at him as she takes it, fuming.

MR. DIG:

You have to leave, now. Go to this place, tell them I said you'd to get room. You'll be safe, he won't be able to get near you.

MR. DIG:

I know I burst into your home, and maybe you think you should help him, but--

Panel 6. The wife has sprung into action, letting out a furious yell as she kicks a couple of the severed fingers away from the whimpering man, sending them skittering down the pavement. Mr. Dig has inclined his head to look on at the fingers as they tumble away.

WIFE:

FUCK YOU, EDDIE!

PAGE THIRTY-ONE (4 panels)

Panel 1. We've jumped forward a little in time, with a focus on Mr. Dig pacing down a street, his head lowered, fists clenched. He looks like someone ready to unload some pent-up anger.

Panel 2. Reverse angle on the previous panel, and now we can see that Mr. Dig has walked past the familiar roundabout sign with the "SinkHELL" exit, indicating that we are now back in Sinkhill.

Panel 3. Mr. Dig paces down a seemingly abandoned Sinkhill residential street, though in the foreground we can see an afraid-looking Dickhead crouched behind a car, tentatively peering up through the window to get a look at Dig.

Panel 4. Focus on Mr. Dig in profile, as he starts to look over his shoulder in the direction of the off-panel voice coming from behind him.

GHOSTER (O.P.):

You have the purposeful walk of a man looking for something.

PAGE THIRTY-TWO (5 panels)

Panel 1. We've now pulled out to reveal The Ghoster (a couple of Dickheads behind him) and Mr. Dig in profile, standing facing each other in the otherwise empty street. Proper "Wild West showdown" vibe.

GHOSTER:

I'd like to think it's me, as I've certainly been looking for you.

MR. DIG:

Ghoster, right? I've heard stories. Some said you're just urban legend, but urban legends in Sinkhill are usually true.

MR. DIG:

If you're here then McKirdie must be taking me seriously.

Panel 2. Focus on The Ghoster with his head tilted and his hands clasped behind his back, the leering Dickheads behind him.

GHOSTER:

Oh, he takes everything seriously. How about you, my fox-faced friend?

GHOSTER:

I thought you were supposed to be Glasgow's great protector! I was starting to wonder how many people on your own doorstep I'd have to kill before you came out of your den.

Panel 3. Focus on Dig, eyes glowering angrily.

DIG:

Your fight's with me. No one else is involved.

GHOSTER (O.P.):

But they are. You involved them, all these little specks in your orbit for me to sweep away to get to you.

Panel 4. Mr. Dig is pulling the shovel from over his shoulder, still staring ahead intently.

DIG:

You said I was looking for something. I was looking for someone to smash fuck out of. And here you are.

Panel 5. The Ghoster is still standing in a casual pose, hands behind his back, as Mr. Dig charges towards him, shovel raised.

GHOSTER:

That's a shame. I was hoping we could talk some more before we wrapped things up here.

PAGE THIRTY-THREE (7 panels)

Panel 1. Mr. Dig has taken a lunging swing with his shovel at The Ghoster, but The Ghoster has casually sidestepped the attack with seemingly little effort, his pose suggesting a degree of disinterest.

GHOSTER:

Disappointing. I thought you'd know better than to--

Panel 2. The next three panels are a series of small snapshots, extreme close-ups of points of impact. In this first one, we see The Ghoster's fist connecting square with the side of Mr. Dig's torso, right at the point where he was stabbed earlier. Maybe do some stylised colouring here and throw a red wash here to highlight the severity of the impact?

SFX:

THUM!

Panel 3. The Ghoster's elbow connects with Mr. Dig's face.

SFX:

THAKK!

Panel 4. With an upward palm strike, The Ghoster has snatched the shovel out of Mr. Dig's hand and into his own.

SFX:

THUPP!

Panel 5. Mr. Dig is now in the foreground, down on one knee, grimacing in pain as he clutches at the side that was punched. The Ghoster stands in the background, looking down pensively at the shovel in his hands. Here, we might see the Dickheads scattering away in the background to keep their distance, to explain them not being in frame for the next couple of pages.

GHOSTER:

--expose your neck. Metaphorically, I mean, actually it was your side. I can tell you're favouring it.

GHOSTER:

Everyone has weak spots, Mr. Dig. Well, except for me.

(more)

PAGE THIRTY-THREE (continued)

Panel 6. A defiant Mr. Dig has pushed himself back up onto his feet and is charging at The Ghoster, who is winding back with the shovel, ready to strike.

MR. DIG:
You talk too much.

GHOSTER:
Judging by how I'm faring I'd say I talk just enough.

Panel 7. The Ghoster is making a swiping strike across Mr. Dig's face with the shovel.

SFX:
WAKK!

PAGE THIRTY-FOUR (6 panels)

Panel 1. One note for reference. For this page, the fight has traversed across so they're now on the pavement. Mr. Dig is kneeling, coiling back in pain as The Ghoster whacks him in the small of the back with the flat end of the shovel.

SFX:
WAKK!

MR. DIG:
Rnnghh!

Panel 2. Mr. Dig is down on his hands and knees now, crumpling to the side as the Ghoster tees off on the side of his face with the shovel, teeing like it's a golf club. Flecks of blood are ejecting out of the eyeholes of the mask.

SFX:
WAKK!

MR. DIG:
Unff!

Panel 3. Mr. Dig is now totally grounded, lying on the ground on his side. But his head has snapped upwards as he lets out a scream of pain, as the Ghoster drives down the shovel into his shoulder blade, dislocating the shoulder. He's angled with his feet facing the curb.

SFX:
KRAKK!

MR. DIG:
AAAARRGHHH!

(more)

PAGE THIRTY-FOUR (continued)

Panel 4. The Ghoster stands over the battered, bloodied Mr. Dig, I'm thinking like he's straddling him, one foot on either side of Mr. Dig's torso. Dig has fallen onto his back, and the Ghoster now has the shovel casually rested under his chin, gently leaning on the top with both hands to press into his neck as he looms down triumphantly over him.

MR. DIG (weak):
nnn...

GHOSTER:
Coming at me before you were ready, with your head clearly not in the game? Bad move.

GHOSTER:
The second you walked back into Sinkhill and a Dickhead reported your sighting back to me, you were done for. If only you'd stayed hidden, you might have lived a little longer.

Panel 5. Focus on Mr. Dig, still with the edge of the shovel pressed to his neck. His head is inclined to the side, eyes widened as he looks at something off-panel. It's an approaching car, which might be hinted at by the light source of car headlights.

GHOSTER (O.P.):
But you just couldn't keep the mask off, could you? I respect that.

Panel 6. The Ghoster has raised up the shovel overhead, ready to bring it crashing back down onto Mr. Dig's neck. But in this moment, Mr. Dig has sprung to life, both his knees pulling up to his chest.

GHOSTER:
This is your real face. So when I take your head off, I'll leave the mask where it is.

PAGE THIRTY-FIVE (4 panels)

Panel 1. For the next two panels, I'm thinking we're angled so that Mr. Dig on the ground is in the foreground, and we're looking at the Ghoster straight on. Mr. Dig snaps his legs out straight, kicking the Ghoster in the stomach before he can bring the shovel down, and sending him stumbling backwards away from us, off the pavement and onto the road.

SFX:
THUM!

GHOSTER:
Oof.

Panel 2. Hold the same angle, but a car has come screeching in from the right of the frame and hit the Ghoster, knocking him up onto the car's bonnet and smashing its windshield with his body.

SFX:
KRSSSCHHHH!!

Panel 3. The car is swerving wildly as the Ghoster tumbles off the back of it, collapsing headfirst onto the road. The shocked Dickheads are running towards him.

SFX:
SKREEEE!

Panel 4. The Ghoster lies prone on his back on the road, the shovel by his side. The Dickheads stand over him, exchanging worried looks. In the background, we might see the now distant car driving away: a hit-and-run.

PAGE THIRTY-SIX (5 panels)

Panel 1. The Ghoster has sat bolt upright, like Michael Myers at the end of *Halloween*. He's letting out a gasp, and the Dickheads are recoiling back in fright.

GHOSTER:
HYUUUUK!

DICKHEAD:
Fuck!

Panel 2. Hold the same angle as the previous panel, but now the Ghoster is looking up at the Dickheads, flashing jazz hands.

GHOSTER:
I'm fine!

GHOSTER:
I hope you haven't *all* come rushing to my aid, because he'll be...

Panel 3. Ghoster POV looking across at the spot where Mr. Dig had been lying. He's no longer there. We can see a narrow path with overgrown grass between houses, where we can assume Mr. Dig escaped through.

GHOSTER (O.P.):
...gone.

Panel 4. One of the Dickheads is tentatively crouching down towards the sitting Ghoster, looking afraid. The Ghoster isn't paying him much attention, though. He's picked up the shovel again and is looking down at it.

DICKHEAD:
We're really sorry, we didn't think he had it in him to move anywhere. Please don't be angry.

GHOSTER:
Angry? No, you made my night.

Panel 5. Focus on the sitting Ghoster, now looking ahead at us, the shovel clutched against his chest.

GHOSTER:
I'm not ready for this to be over just yet.

PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Establishing shot of the Speakeasy, the lawless abandoned quarry first introduced back in *Sink #2*. This is a shot somewhat like its first appearance in that issue, only here we can see Mr. Dig slipping in through the fence, the arm with the dislocated shoulder hanging limp.

Panel 2. Mr. Dig staggers through the overgrown grass, walking past Yer Man Tam, who is walking the other direction, idly scanning with a metal detector.

YER MAN TAM:
Mr. Dig.

MR. DIG:
Tam.

Panel 3. Mr. Dig now stands next to a segment of wall from a collapsed structure, dislocated shoulder facing it. He is swaying unsteadily on the spot, looking at the wall hesitantly.

Panel 4. Letting out a scream of pain, Mr. Dig has rammed his shoulder against the wall in an attempt to pop it back into place.

SFX:
THOOOP!

MR. DIG:
AAAARRGGHHH!

Panel 5. Mr. Dig has his back against the wall and is sliding down into a seated position, leaving a downward trail of blood on the wall behind him as he does.

SFX:
sssshhhhhff

MR. DIG (weak):
huff... huff... huff...

Panel 6. Now sitting with his back against the wall, Mr. Dig has now passed out, his head slumped forward.

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT (8 panels)

Panel 1. We're back to the flashback in Iraq. Some time has passed, with us now in the middle of the day, the sun blazing down. Here we have a high-angle shot looking down at the hole Rojan has dug. He's in it, with it almost at his height now, and he's still digging, covered in dirt and sweat. He's looking downward, a blank, defeated expression on his face. In the foreground, up at our level, two of the insurgents look down at him, their guns trained on him.

INSURGENT #1:

<Look at him! No sign of slowing down, still working like a dog.>

INSURGENT #2:

<He is a dog.>

INSURGENT #2:

<I don't get it. Every time, they dig the hole on command. They know what's coming...>

Panel 2. Tighter focus on Rojan, and now we can see he is casting his eyes upward in an alert, furtive glance. He isn't defeated after all, he's biding his time.

INSURGENT #2:

<But to live a little longer, they just give up.>

Panel 3. Rojan POV looking up at the terrorists. Insurgent #2 has his attention focused on us with his gun aimed at us, glaring down at us, but is standing a little too near the edge of the hole, the edge of his boots over the edge and potentially unsteady. Insurgent #1, meanwhile is looking back over his shoulder, his gun drifting off-aim towards the side of the frame. The following three panels will be little window panels placed inside this one, highlighting various elements of the image to indicate what Rojan is picking up.

INSURGENT #2:

<It's the begging that starts next, isn't that right? I'm surprised it hasn't started already.>

INSURGENT #1:

<Heh. I like the begging.>

(more)

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT (continued)

Panel 4. Tight focus on Insurgent #2's boots over the edge of the hole.

Panel 5. Tight focus on Insurgent #1's head inclined away.

Panel 6. Tight focus on the tip of Insurgent #1's gun.

Panel 7. Switch to a tight focus on Rojan's hands gripping onto the shovel.

INSURGENT #1 (O.P.):

<Go on, friend, give it a try. Maybe you'll find the words to change our minds.>

Panel 8. Low angle from inside the hole, looking up at the two insurgents as they step back and turn away from the hole, looking in the direction of the approaching third insurgent, who has his rifle trained on Rojan. Rojan stands in the foreground, his back to us, gripping the shovel.

INSURGENT #3:

<Okay, that's enough, bring him out. They're coming.>

PAGE THIRTY-NINE (8 panels)

Panel 1. I'm thinking of this page as an 8-panel grid. Here, we have a shot of the expanse of land we saw back in the establishing shot of the first flashback, and another Range Rover is coming towards us, very distant here, right on the horizon.

Panel 2. The three terrorists are standing around the hole, all with their guns trained on a silently fuming Rojan as he climbs out of the hole, leaving the shovel to the side.

INSURGENT #1:

<Come on out. Don't worry, you'll be back in it before long.>

Panel 3. Back to the Range Rover, which has now driven closer, still moving towards us.

Panel 4. Rojan now stands defiantly as the terrorists stand in a semi-circle around him, glaring angrily at Insurgent #2 as he talks.

INSURGENT #2:

<My brother here will be disappointed, won't he? You're not the type to beg.>

Panel 5. Back to the Range Rover, which has now come to a stop near the first Range Rover Rojan arrived in. A fourth masked terrorist is stepping out from behind the driver's seat.

Panel 6. We've zoomed in a little, so the other two terrorists' guns pointed at Rojan have been consigned to the edges of the frame. Insurgent #2, meanwhile, has slung his rifle back over his shoulder and has approached an angry Rojan, twisting his head to face the off-panel car with a hand under his chin.

INSURGENT #2:

<The way you see it, this is the end, so you have nothing left to lose.>

INSURGENT #2:

<You're wrong.>

Panel 7. Back to the Range Rover. The driver has now opened the backseat door, his gun pointed inside. A fifth masked terrorist is emerging out the backseat door on the other side, also keeping his gun aimed inside.

Panel 8. Zoom in again to a focus on Rojan, eyes widened with horror.

ROJAN (small):

No!

PAGE FORTY (6 panels)

Panel 1. Reveal of Amir and Dila, who have now stepped out of the car and are standing side by side, Dila with her arm around Amir. Amir is clearly younger here, barely more than a toddler, while Dila is pregnant. Both look terrified. In the background, Insurgent #4, the driver, has his gun trained on them.

Panel 2. Rojan has gone wild with panic, lunging forward, but the three terrorists have encircled around him, grabbing him and hauling him backwards as he desperately reaches forward with grasping hands.

ROJAN:
DILA! AMIR!

Panel 3. The terrorists have thrown Rojan back onto the ground, and already all have their guns trained back on him. He looks tormented.

INSURGENT #1:
<Woah, woah, woah. Remember where you are. Keep acting up and we'll end this now.>

INSURGENT #2:
<You don't want that...>

Panel 4. Focus on the frightened Amir and Dila.

INSURGENT #2 (O.P.):
<You want them to live a little longer, don't you?>

Panel 5. High-angle shot looking down at Rojan, positioned behind Insurgent #1 as he points his gun down at him. Rojan is back on his knees, glaring up hatefully at Insurgent #1 as Insurgent #3 kicks the shovel back towards him. In the background, the hole Rojan has dug is centrally framed

INSURGENT #1:
<You can't help them. You can't save them. There is only one thing you can do.>

Panel 6. Hold the high angle behind Insurgent #1, but now he has rotated round to the ground next to the hole, and we can see two crudely marked crosses side-by-side next to it. Rojan too has turned his head to look in the direction of these crosses, also helping to lead the eye of the reader towards them.

INSURGENT #1:
<Dig.>

PAGE FORTY-ONE (6 panels)

Panel 1. Back to the present day, now, with a focus on Dila, an anguished look on her face. We won't get much of a sense of her surroundings here, but she's in her home, standing at the door, looking out. Though it's late at night, she's still fully dressed.

DILA:

What do you mean he's hurt!?

Panel 2. Reveal now of Dila standing at the open door of her apartment, facing Ammar's oldest daughter - who we haven't named before, we'll call her Elmas - as she stands in the hallway. Dila looks on in horror as Elmas shares the news, herself looking gravely worried.

ELMAS:

A friend of mine in Sinkhill saw it from her window and messaged me. There was a big fight on the street.

ELMAS:

She said that Mr. Dig got seriously hurt, that he barely got away. I... I thought you should know.

Panel 3. A concerned Elmas has stepped into the apartment in pursuit of Dila, who has turned her back on Elmas and paced towards a coat-stand, lifting her jacket off of it with a determined look on her face.

ELMAS:

What are you doing?

DILA:

What do you think? I'm going out to find my husband.

DILA:

Elmas, I need you to watch Sara and Amir for me. Bring your sister over, you can both stay here.

(more)

PAGE FORTY-ONE (continued)

Panel 4. A frightened Elmas has grabbed onto Dila's shoulders and stands facing her, while Dila (clutching her jacket in her hands) looks back at her with compassion.

ELMAS:

What if he's already heading back home? What if he gets back and you miss him?

DILA:

Then you'll be here to call me.

ELMAS:

What if it's not safe out there? I still haven't heard from my dad.

Panel 5. Dila has pulled on her jacket, looking at the distraught Elmas with sympathy.

DILA:

We'll find your father, Elmas, whatever it takes. And I'm having Graphite Green put on lockdown as soon as I leave, so you'll be safe in here, no matter what.

DILA:

But I can't just do nothing.

Panel 6. Focus on a determined Dila walking out into the hallway, looking ahead with a determined expression. In the background, Elmas stands by the doorway, watching forlornly as she leaves.

DILA:

I'll never stand by helpless when Rojan needs me.

DILA (small):

Not again.

PAGE FORTY-TWO (7 panels)

Panel 1. Here, we've jumped scenes to a kitchen in another house. We won't get much of a sense of the surroundings here, with our focus tight on an old woman's trembling hands as she grips a cup of tea, shaking violently enough for the tea to be spilling over the sides.

GHOSTER (O.P.):

...see, that's my problem. I say I have no weakness, but here I did, because Mr. Dig was familiar with this environment on a deeper level than me.

Panel 2. Now we pull back to reveal the kitchen. An elderly couple, a man and woman, are sitting on either side of a small table, facing each other. Each has a cup of tea, and have housecoats pulled on hastily over their pyjamas, indicating they've been hauled out of their beds. They both look very frightened, their eyes following the Ghoster, who is in the background here, pacing around behind the old man as he looks thoughtfully down at the shovel held in one hand. In his other hand is a cup of tea of his own, the contents slowly running out the side as he idly lets the drink hang limp, as if he's already forgotten it.

GHOSTER:

If I'm going to beat him, what I have to do is get in his head. This will help me do that. I have his shovel, his weapon of choice. Why does this mean so much to him?

GHOSTER:

It's a deadly weapon, but most of the time, he doesn't wield it with deadly force.

Panel 3. The Ghoster swings the shovel hard in a slicing motion, connecting hard with the back of the old man's head and snapping his neck, killing him.

SFX:

KRAKK!

Panel 4. The Ghoster casually walks towards the old woman, pointing the bloody shovel at her. She's shrinking back in her chair, screaming with horror and sorrow, as the old man lies face-down on the table, blood pooling around his head.

GHOSTER:

Yeah, I can't say I grasp that last part. But there's a power that comes from wielding this. A tool, not a natural weapon, but so versatile...

OLD LADY:

AAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

GHOSTER:

Simmer down, hen, I'm trying to opine, here.

(more)

PAGE FORTY-TWO (continued)

Panel 5. A nervous-looking Dickhead has entered the kitchen, holding out a mobile phone towards the Ghoster, who has turned to look at him.

DICKHEAD:

Ehhhh... it's the big man on the phone.

GHOSTER:

Goody. Tell him I'm just finishing a meeting.

Panel 6. The Ghoster stands over the screaming old lady, the tea cup discarded and the shovel now held with both hands.

GHOSTER:

I can't figure out what his connection to the shovel is. I'll just have to keep playing around until it comes to me.

OLD LADY:

AAAAIEEEEEEE!!

Panel 7. We don't need to see anything graphic here, I don't think, just the SFX letters against a solid red background.

SFX:

SHUKK!

PAGE FORTY-THREE (6 panels)

Panel 1. The Ghoster has stepped out into the hall. He's taken the phone from the Dickhead and is now holding it up to his ear.

GHOSTER:

Murder Incorporated, thanks for holding.

McKIRDIE: (ELEC):

I did not teach you to be glib about what you do. And I certainly did not teach you to behave like this.

Panel 2. Cut to Si McKirdie pacing in his trophy room that we've seen in previous issues, looking angry.

McKIRDIE:

I saw what you did in the hospital. And now I am hearing about you breaking into random houses and butchering the people inside?

McKIRDIE:

What does this have to do with finding and eliminating Mr. Dig?

Panel 3. Cut back to The Ghoster, leaning back casually against the wall in the hall.

GHOSTER:

Respect the process, Papa. I've already put this thorn in your side into hiding, and I know exactly what hole he'll have crawled into.

GHOSTER:

You'll get the results you're looking for. But it'll be my way.

Panel 4. Cut back to Si with a focus on him, furious now.

GHOSTER (ELEC):

And with how desperate you must be to see him gone, you really can't afford to be picky.

McKIRDIE:

You don't talk to me like that. I built you up from nothing!

(more)

PAGE FORTY-THREE (continued)

Panel 5. Cut back to the Ghoster as he steps out of the front door and onto the front doorstep, looking ahead.

GHOSTER:

My apologies, Papa, it comes from a place of love. You know I've always been loyal.

GHOSTER:

But perhaps it's time I found a new calling beyond killing at your behest. Mr. Dig has inspired me.

Panel 6. We're behind the Ghoster now as he looks out at the street. He has one phone pressed to his ear, but the other arm is spread out wide, holding the shovel, his head tilted upward. It's up to you, but it might be good to have the entrance to the Speakeasy partially visible in the background or at the end of the street, to indicate that he's getting closer.

GHOSTER:

Walking the streets, totally free, making my own decisions on who should live and who should die?

GHOSTER:

I'd be great at that. I'd be a better Mr. Dig than Mr. Dig.

PAGE FORTY-FOUR (5 panels)

Panel 1. We're now back in the Speakeasy, with the Ghoster walking nonchalantly through the grass, running his hand along it, and holding the shovel in the other hand. He's flanked once more by some Dickhead back-up.

GHOSTER:

The Speakeasy. The refuge for those with nowhere else to go.

Panel 2. Reverse angle, so now we're behind Ghoster in the foreground, arms stretched outward, looking ahead at Yer Man Tam, who is standing with his hands in his pockets, an easy-going smile on his face, waiting for the Ghoster and company to approach. On one side of Tam, the grass has grown particularly tall, higher than Tam. On the other side of him, there is a sheer drop of around 8 feet into a ditch of rocky terrain.

GHOSTER:

Everyone is welcome!

Panel 3. The Ghoster and Yer Man Tam stand in profile, facing one another. The sneering Dickheads stand a little behind The Ghoster, who stands with the shovel resting on the ground like a cane, leaning against it. Yer Man Tam retains the same casual, unintimidated pose he had in the previous panel, still smiling. We're angled so that they're standing in front of the long grass we saw earlier.

GHOSTER:

When I'm protecting these streets, nowhere will be safe. Not even here. Where is the little foxy fox?

YER MAN TAM:

Everyone is indeed welcome, friend. And they're also entitled to privacy, so I can't say who's here and who isn't.

YER MAN TAM:

But please stay, hang out. If you're looking for someone, maybe *they'll* find *you*.

(more)

PAGE FORTY-FOUR (continued)

Panel 4. We've tightened in our focus as the Ghoster has stepped in towards Yer Man Tam, gently lifting his top hat from off his head, whispering into his ear. Tam remains unfazed, continuing to look back at Ghoster with a placid smile.

GHOSTER:

Maybe. Or maybe I throttle you where you stand and set this whole place on fire to find him.

YER MAN TAM:

Violence here is frowned upon.

Panel 5. Dig POV shot. We're in the long grass, running towards Yer Man Tam and the Ghoster, with the Ghoster now holding onto Tam's hat. From this angle, both are partially obscured by the grass. Maybe have some motion lines or perhaps a slightly blurred or askew visual to create the sense of us running towards them?

YER MAN TAM:

Though I do accept that sometimes it's necessary.

PAGE FORTY-FIVE (5 panels)

Panel 1. Mr. Dig has leapt out of the long grass and dropkicked The Ghoster! YES!!! 10 issues of *Sink* and at last I fulfil my dream of scripting somebody dropkicking a cunt! The Ghoster has turned around just in time to get kicked square in the chest and knocked backwards off his feet, flying over the edge of the sheer drop. He's still holding the shovel, while the top hat has gone flying into the air.

SFX:
FUDD!!

Panel 2. High-angle shot looking at The Ghoster landing on his back on the ground below.

SFX:
THUMM!

Panel 3. An angry Dickhead is striding towards Mr. Dig, being held at bay by Mr. Dig, still on his butt on the ground after landing from the dropkick, but with his legs coiled up, and one kicking out in the Dickhead's direction. We might also see Yer Man Tam walking away in the background here, taking him out of the scene.

MR. DIG:
Back off, fanny. I'll kick your arse while on my arse.

Panel 4. Mr. Dig has rolled back up onto his feet and is in a low stance, attempting to tackle the Dickhead, who has braced himself to retain his footing and is struggling to get Mr. Dig into a headlock, looking up wild-eyed at another of the Dickheads who is nervously skirting around the periphery of the confrontation, looking uncertain about getting involved. The edge of the ditch is in the background, and small and out of focus, we can see the fingertips of the Ghoster's hand gripping over the edge as he starts to climb back up.
Lettering note: The Dickhead in a tussle with Mr. Dig is the one who's talking here.

DICKHEAD:
Come on, help me! He's hurt, we can take him!

Panel 5. Focus on the Ghoster's hand gripping the edge.

DICKHEAD (O.P.):
We just need to get him to stay down.

PAGE FORTY-SIX (6 panels)

Panel 1. The Ghoster has now emerged from the hole and is now standing behind the Dickhead who had been fighting Mr. Dig, snapping his neck with one hand, still holding the shovel with the other. The Dickhead's eyes are wide with surprise as his head twists to the side in an unnatural angle.

SFX:
KRAKK!

Panel 2. Focus on the Ghoster for the next three panels. In this panel, his head is turned far to the left, him looking across at one of the other off-panel Dickheads.

GHOSTER:
Nobody touches him but me. Understood?

Panel 3. Hold the focus on the Ghoster as Mr. Dig's fist swings in from off-panel, punching him with enough force to send his face snapping to the right.

SFX:
THWAK!

Panel 4. Now The Ghoster is looking straight at us, and at the off-panel Mr. Dig, his hand lightly touching at his masked face where Mr. Dig landed the blow.

MR. DIG (O.P.):
Come on, then. Touch me.

Panel 5. The Ghoster has thrust one hand forward and gripped Mr. Dig's throat, and is striding forward, making the choking Mr. Dig stagger backwards as he claws at The Ghoster's hand.

GHOSTER:
Okay.

MR. DIG:
Ack!

Panel 6. Hold the same angle, with the Ghoster's grip loosening as Mr. Dig digs his thumbs into where we'd imagine the Ghoster's eyes to be.

GHOSTER:
Hnn!

PAGE FORTY-SEVEN (7 panels)

Panel 1. Tight focus on Mr. Dig bringing his elbow down on The Ghoster's arm to remove it from his throat completely.

SFX:
WAK!

Panel 2. Tight focus on Mr. Dig kneeling The Ghoster in the gut, making him double forward slightly, the hand holding the shovel extending forward. Mr. Dig's head is already inclined towards the shovel as his hand starts to reach for it.

SFX:
THUM!

GHOSTER:
Oof.

Panel 3. The Ghoster and Mr. Dig are pressed close face-to-face, Mr. Dig glaring hatefully at The Ghoster, with both of them gripping onto the shovel with both hands, both pulling to get a hold of it.

GHOSTER:
Of course you'd make a play for the shovel. It means a lot to you, doesn't it?

GHOSTER:
It's more than just a weapon to you. It's your standard, the defender of Sinkhill!

Panel 4. A similar angle to the previous panel, but now we can see that The Ghoster has gained the upper hand, pulling the shovel closer towards him. Mr. Dig's eyes have widened with surprise, losing some of their aggression, and we can have some motion lines to show that his arms are shaking, that he's struggling.

GHOSTER:
But you've given and given, and now you just don't have the strength left to hold it.

Panel 5. The Ghoster has swung Mr. Dig around, taking him off his feet and slamming him into a large rock, with the point of connection being the small of his back. As his eyes clamp shut in pain from the impact, we see his grip on the shovel loosen.

SFX:
WHAM!

(more)
PAGE FORTY-SEVEN (continued)

Panel 6. We're low behind The Ghoster, near ground level, with the tip of the shovel scraping along the ground as he runs towards a winded Mr. Dig, struggling to his feet and clutching his back.

GHOSTER:

You're done. It's time for someone new. Don't worry, Glasgow's in good...

SFX:

SKKKKRR!

Panel 7. The Ghoster is taking a vicious upward swing with the shovel. Mr. Dig has swerved backwards, the shovel missing his head by millimetres in what could have been a fatal blow if it had connected.

GHOSTER:

HANDS!

SFX:

WHOOSH!

PAGE FORTY-EIGHT (9 panels)

Panel 1. Mr. Dig has tackled The Ghoster, knocking him backwards off his feet.

SFX:
THUPP!

Panel 2. Mr. Dig and The Ghoster have both fallen into the long grass, Mr. Dig on top, raining blows on top of The Ghoster with his fist. Perhaps have some motion lines to indicate rapid motion?

SFX:
THUM-THUM-THUM-THUM!

Panel 3. We follow Mr. Dig tumbling through the long grass as The Ghoster throws him off.

Panel 4. We're behind Mr. Dig now, as he has rolled onto one knee and spun round, but where The Ghoster had previously been laying, now there is nothing.

Panel 5. Focus on Mr. Dig cautiously walking through the long grass, looking for The Ghoster.

Panel 6. In a blur, The Ghoster has shot through a space in the grass, clocking Mr. Dig with a punch to the jaw as he passes in front of him.

SFX:
WAKK!

Panel 7. Focus on Mr. Dig, staggered as he continues to move through the long grass, clutching at his face. No sign of The Ghoster.

Panel 8. Another blurry Ghoster has sprung out of the grass, from the right this time, whacking Dig under the chin with the handle of the shovel in an upward strike.

SFX:
BAM!

Panel 9. With a boot to the chest, The Ghoster kicks Mr. Dig backwards out of the long grass and onto the muddy ground.

SFX:
THOOD!

PAGE FORTY-NINE (5 panels)

Panel 1. An establishing shot to reveal we are at the part of the Speakeasy the River Clyde passes through, the section of the Speakeasy last seen in *Sink #2*. We can even see Sharon's boat, still tied up in the background. Mr. Dig is crawling away from The Ghoster towards the river's edge, with The Ghoster stalking him in pursuit.

GHOSTER:

Why not just give up now? Pass the torch to me with dignity?

GHOSTER:

In every way you're good, I'm better. I'm strong. I'm determined. I'm hard to kill.

Panel 2. Ghoster has grabbed Mr. Dig by the back of his top and swung him into the water. He's dropped the shovel to do this, we'll establish it's lying on the ground in a couple of panels. The water here isn't deep, only up to about knee height, and the tide isn't so strong that it's going to knock them off their feet.

GHOSTER:

But I have none of your weaknesses. None of that simpering doubt and restraint. You could have been the king swinging dick apex predator around here.

SFX:

SPLOOSH!

Panel 3. Focus on Mr. Dig's arm under the murky water, as we see it reaching for a metal pipe partially embedded on the river bed, jutting upwards.

GHOSTER (O.P.):

I can't wait to live up to all that wasted potential...

Panel 4. Mr. Dig has swung around, whacking The Ghoster across the side of the head with the pipe, knocking him backwards off his feet.

SFX:

THWAKK!

MR. DIG:

You talk too much.

Panel 5. The Ghoster is on his back and submerged under the water, and Mr. Dig is straddling him, kneeling and so now up to water a little over his waist. Mr. Dig is pinning The Ghoster to the river bed with both hands, holding him under the water, glaring down at him with wild eyes. The Ghoster is wildly thrashing with his legs and grasping at Mr. Dig's arms with his hands, frantic air bubbles rising to the surface.

SFX:

SPLSSH-SPLSHH-SPLSSH!

PAGE FIFTY (7 panels)

Panel 1. We hold this angle for the next three panels, ideally lined up in a row. It's a Dig POV shot looking down at The Ghoster under the water, looking up at us. In this first angle, he's wildly clawing up at Mr. Dig's arms with his hands, lots of air bubbles rising from his mouth up to the surface.

Panel 2. Here, the bubbles are down to just a thin scattering, and The Ghoster's arms are fading, slipping free of Mr. Dig's arms and sliding back down into the water.

Panel 3. The Ghoster has gone completely still, with no bubbles or sign of his breathing.

Panel 4. Mr. Dig is walking back towards the river's edge, looking exhausted. The Ghoster's body floats supine in the water behind him, head still submerged under the water.

MR. DIG:
huff... huff... huff...

Panel 5. Mr. Dig has spun around in surprise as The Ghoster lunges up from the water, doing the "Michael Myers sitting up" thing again, or as close to that as you can while floating in the water.

GHOSTER:
HYUUUUK!

Panel 6. The Ghoster has pulled out his knife and is slicing at Mr. Dig, slashing his upper shoulder, narrowly missing his neck, and sending toppling backwards towards dry land once again.

SFX:
FSSSHT!

GHOSTER:
I told you... I'm hard to kill.

Panel 7. Mr. Dig staggers away, clutching at his wound, as in the foreground, The Ghoster emerges from the water, holstering his knife once more and reaching for the shovel left lying at the shore.

PAGE FIFTY-ONE (4 panels)

Panel 1. Focus on The Ghoster, strolling casually through the Speakeasy, gripping the shovel in both hands and holding it up like an axe he's ready to start chopping with.

GHOSTER:

You have no idea of the dark rituals, the transformative process I went through to *become* the Ghoster. It made me more than just a man.

GHOSTER:

I just swallowed a half gallon of Clyde shit-water and am still walking, so you know I'm unstoppable!

Panel 2. We've panned forward now to a weary Mr. Dig staggering forward towards us, away from The Ghoster, who we can see in the background walking in unhurried pursuit. Mr. Dig is clearly struggling here, lurching forward like he's barely managing to stay upright, clutching at his slashed shoulder as blood runs through his fingers.

MR. DIG:

huff... huff...

GHOSTER:

I can just keep going and going without breaking a sweat, but you're running out of gas, aren't you, big man?

GHOSTER:

Nothing to be ashamed of. You had a good run, tried your best.

Panel 3. We've flipped round to more of a long shot now with us behind The Ghoster, walking after the struggling Mr. Dig, who is walking away from us. Here I'm thinking we're positioned down quite low, so we can't see too far ahead of Mr. Dig, what he's running towards.

GHOSTER:

But I'm surprised to see you run. There's more dignity in standing to face what's coming...

Panel 4. Now we pull back further for a full establishing shot, and the reveal of where Mr. Dig is headed. It's the "clown-house", the dilapidated factory building where the Young Team last found Mr. Dig back in *Sink #4*.

GHOSTER:

It's not like you have anywhere to go.

PAGE FIFTY-TWO (6 panels)

Panel 1. We're inside the clown-house now, with a focus on the Ghoster as he pushes open the door, stepping inside. I'm thinking there are lights in the building that have been switched on, to give us a light source here and ensure we're not in total blackness.

GHOSTER:

Little pig, little pig... may I come in?

Panel 2. In the foreground, the Ghoster looks on with his back to us at Mr. Dig, standing over at the far side of the floor, slumped against a support beam near the corner, clutching at his shoulder, exhausted but still staring ahead defiantly.

GHOSTER:

Here we are, the end of the line.

MR. DIG:

Sure, for one of us.

MR. DIG:

You talk about all ways you're strong and I'm weak. But I have something you don't.

Panel 3. Focus on Mr. Dig, still slumped against the pillar like he's ready to collapse with blood loss, but eyes still alive with anger.

MR. DIG:

I *know* Sinkhill. I came to Glasgow from somewhere else, saw it with outsider's eyes, and I grew to know it and love it better than someone born here ever could.

MR. DIG:

They're all burned into my head, all the streets and parks and bars. Even this building. I hide out here, bring scumbags here to interrogate.

Panel 4. We can see Mr. Dig and the Ghoster in profile now, Mr. Dig still leaning in the same spot, but the Ghoster now slowly walking deeper into the clown-house, closer towards him, shovel slung over his shoulder.

MR. DIG:

I always thought someone would come here looking for me. So I know it inside out. Every creaky floorboard, every dark corner.

GHOSTER:

Why should I care? What good is all that useless trivia going to do you now?

(more)

PAGE FIFTY-TWO (continued)

Panel 5. Back to the focus on Mr. Dig, but now his eyes have a knowing glint to them. Under the mask, we might imagine he's smiling.

MR. DIG:

I'll put it another way. I know where to stand where I'll be most protected from collapse.

Panel 6. Focus on the Ghoster, head tilted in confusion.

GHOSTER:

Protected... from...?

PAGE FIFTY-THREE (4 panels)

Panel 1. Tight focus on Mr. Dig's hand, now behind the pillar and tugging hard on the end of a rope that runs up the length of the back of the pillar and out of sight beyond the top of the frame.

SFX:
TK!

Panel 2. The Ghoster looks over his shoulder in response to the sounds emanating all around him.

Lettering note: Can we pepper the "TK" sounds all around the warehouse, high and low?

SFX:
TK! TK! TK! TK! TK!

Panel 3. Focus on The Ghoster, starting to dash forward as he realises what is happening.

GHOSTER:
Oh FU--

Panel 4. Cut to an exterior establishing shot of the clown-house as it implodes, collapsing in on itself, plumes of smoke and dust billowing from its sides.

SFX:
BOOM!!!

PAGE FIFTY-FOUR (6 panels)

Panel 1. We're back to the flashback in Iraq, where it's later in the day now, the sky taking on a red tint, and now three holes have been dug. We can't see Rojan, with Rojan in the third hole, still digging. Four of the terrorists stand around the hole, Insurgent #1 currently talking and Insurgent #2 closest to the edge, guns pointed down at him. In the foreground at some distance from the others, looking on, are Dila and Amir, the fifth terrorist standing by them, his gun trained on them.

INSURGENT #1:

<Look at him go! You'd think that he wanted this all over and done with.>

Panel 2. Focus on Rojan down in the hole, digging furiously, looking up intently at the off-panel insurgents talking to him.

INSURGENT #1 (O.P.):

<For doing such a good job, maybe we should reward him by letting him choose who goes first.>

ROJAN (small):

<Please...>

INSURGENT #2 (O.P.):

<Oh! Oh! What was that?>

Panel 3. Low angle shot from inside the hole, looking up at everyone outside it. We can see a triumphant Insurgent #2 starting to step forward closer to the edge of the hole, gun still trained on Rojan but starting to lean forward. The other three surrounding insurgents all have their guns trained on him, too. We can also see the insurgent with the gun trained on the frightened Amir and Dila starting to step forward, too. We can only see the back of Rojan's head in the foreground, an intermediary step before transitioning into full POV angle in the following panels.

INSURGENT #2:

<Here it comes, at last. Everyone come and listen. He's ready to beg for his life.>

ROJAN (small):

<Please...>

Panel 4. Rojan POV focus on the terrorist at the back, who has now stepped far enough forward that Amir and Dila are behind him, not in his direct line of fire.

INSURGENT #2 (O.P.):

<You're going to need to say it louder than that, dog. Your woman and boy can't hear you.>

(more)

PAGE FIFTY-FOUR (continued)

Panel 5. Rojan POV focus on Insurgent #2 at the front, who has stepped closer, and we can see from this angle he has now obscured the others behind him from having a clear shot at Rojan.

INSURGENT #2:

<I was starting to think you might not crack, that you might actually have some balls...>

Panel 6. A small panel with a tight focus on Rojan's hands, tightly gripping onto the end of the shovel handle.

INSURGENT #2:

<But everyone has a breaking point.>

PAGE FIFTY-FIVE (9 panels)

Panel 1. I'm not thinking a 9-panel grid for this page, it might be better to go a little more chaotic with the layout, some panels larger, others smaller, create a sense of chaos and messiness that captures the spirit of this fight which probably in real-time would only last a few seconds. In this first panel, Rojan is thrusting upwards as far as he can with the shovel, holding it by the end of the handle. the blade of the shovel has connected direct under Insurgent #2's chin with enough force to snap back his neck at a 90 degree angle, killing him instantly. The hands holding the gun have already gone limp, slumping downward. Rojan has an expression of eerie serenity which he carries throughout this page.

SFX:

KRAKK!

Panel 2. Focus on Rojan, who has gripped onto the falling Insurgent #2's arm as he tumbles forward into the hole, aiming the gun still gripping in his hand, with Rojan's hand pressing down on Insurgent #2's trigger finger. Rojan still holds the shovel in the other hand.

Panel 3. Dila clutches onto Amir and lets out a scream as the terrorist that had previously had his gun trained on them is hit with a spray of bullets, which have moved on an apparent upward arc from his lower torso up to his face.

DILA:

AAAAAAH!

SFX:

BUDDABUDDABUDDA!

Panel 4. As a frenzied Insurgent #1 approaches the edge of the hole, trying to aim his gun at Rojan with shaky hands as he shoots. Rojan has swung around with the shovel and clipped the ankles of Insurgent #3, who had approached the hole, lifting him off his feet and turning his hail of bullets upwards towards the sky. Would it be possible to show one of these bullets going through Rojan's upper arm in this upward arc, or would that be a moving panel?

SFX:

THAKK!

INSURGENT:

Uuh!

SFX:

BUDDABUDDA!

SFX (bullet):

FFT!

(more)

PAGE FIFTY-FIVE (continued)

Panel 5. With another swipe, Rojan has hooked the shovel on the end of the shoulder strap hanging from Insurgent #1's rifle, hauling it out of his grasping hands. Depending on the angle, we might also be able to see Insurgent #3 still falling into the hole behind Rojan.

SFX:
THWP!

INSURGENT #1:
Nyah!

Panel 6. Focus on Insurgent #4 at the edge of the hole, stumbling forward as he's hit on the side of the head by the rifle caught on the end of the shovel, sending the gun flying upwards.

SFX:
WAKK!

Panel 7. Hold the focus on Insurgent #4, who has now stumbled forward enough that he's within range of Rojan's shovel, and is getting hit in the side of the head hard enough for a chunk to be taken out of the side of his skull.

SFX:
KRUKK!

Panel 8. We're down in the hole now, with Insurgent #3 on his back, scrambling to aim upwards with his gun as Rojan stands over him, still eerily calm, shovel raised high overhead with both hands, blade pointed down.

INSURGENT #3:
AAAAARRGHH!

Panel 9. Tight focus on Insurgent #3's face imploding like a dropped watermelon as the shovel is driven down into it.

SFX:
SPLLLCH!

PAGE FIFTY-SIX (6 panels)

Panel 1. A blood-soaked Rojan is ascending up from the hole like something hellish, glaring with cold focus in the direction of Insurgent #1, who has now panicked and is running away, headed in the direction of the vehicles. Rojan is still holding the shovel, pitching back like he's ready to sling it.

Panel 2. For the next two panels, Rojan is in the foreground, looking away from us. Here, he has just made a throwing motion, and stands frozen in position as the shovel takes a spinning arc through the air, its course perhaps depicted by motion lines or ghost after-images. Insurgent #1 is still running, his back to us, approaching the parked vehicles.

SFX:
YEET!

Panel 3. Hold the angle of the previous panel. Rojan is still in his frozen in his throwing pose, his gaze following the arc of the shovel, which here has connected square between Insurgent #1's shoulder blades, knocking him forward off his feet.

SFX:
DUNT!

INSURGENT #1:
AAAH!

Panel 4. We've jumped forward a few moments, and Rojan is now dragging the dazed Insurgent #1 by the leg back towards the hole, holding the shovel in the other hand. He stares ahead, emotionless.

INSURGENT #1 (weak):
<No, no, please let me go. I'll say we killed you, and they won't come after you. I can be useful to you, please!>

Panel 5. Rojan sticks the shovel into the large mound of dirt near the final hole, in and around which the various dead bodies are now strewn.

SFX:
SHKK!

Panel 6. Rojan has now crouched down next to the feebly crawling terrorist, who looks up at him with fearful eyes.

ROJAN:
<Dig.>

PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Back to the present, with an establishing shot of the collapsed wreckage of the clown-house. I feel like if there was fire here it would make a dramatic light source, but I don't know if it would make logical sense for there to be fire here. What do you think?

Panel 2. Mr. Dig now emerges from the wreckage, coughing and sputtering. I'd have him be lifting up a wide, light panel that was on top of him, implying he escaped the worst of the collapse.

MR. DIG:
KOFF-KOFF-ACHKAAACH!

Panel 3. Mr. Dig has unsteadily made his way back up to his feet, gripping weakly at the knife wound on his shoulder. He looks truly ready to collapse.

MR. DIG (weak):
Uuuuuuuuuuh.

Panel 4. Mr. Dig is wearily turning his head in dismay as, behind him, the Ghoster also stands up, emerging from the rubble. His clothes are torn, and even his mask is shredded in places now, revealing strips of his nose and mouth (though I think it would work best if we still can't see his eyes). But physically he appears less hurt than Mr. Dig. He's still holding onto the shovel.

MR. DIG:
Oh, fuck off--

Panel 5. The Ghoster punches Mr. Dig, sending him tumbling backwards onto the rubble.

SFX:
THOK!

PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT (5 panels)

Panel 1. The Ghoster is now straddling Mr. Dig, sat on his torso, holding the shovel in both hands as he pushes the length of the handle down over Mr. Dig's throat, choking him.

MR. DIG:

Ack!

GHOSTER:

When will you learn? I can't be killed. I can't be stopped. I transcend life and death!

Panel 2. A low-angle Dig POV focus on The Ghoster, pushing down on the shovel as Mr. Dig's hands feebly rise up from the foreground, grasping at his face. From what we can see under the mask, we can see the Ghoster is grinning.

GHOSTER:

It's poetic, I think. Using your own shovel to finish you off. A worthy end to a worthy foe.

GHOSTER:

And you have been worthy.

MR. DIG (weak):

glllllkkkch!

Panel 3. Reverse angle of the previous shot, a high-angle Ghoster POV focus on Mr. Dig, eyes wide as he clutches weakly with one hand at the shovel being pressed down on his windpipe. The other hand is reaching down past the shovel.

MR. DIG (weak):

klccch....gllllck....

GHOSTER:

Shh-shh. Let it happen. When you first came into my life, I hoped you would be my nemesis. And you lived up to my expectations.

GHOSTER:

I was adrift, and you gave me renewed purpose.

(more)

PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT (continued)

Panel 4. Focus on Mr. Dig's hand as it reaches into the back of the Ghoster's waistband, gripping onto his knife.

GHOSTER:

I don't know how I can go on now, without you to challenge me. But I suppose I'll find a way.

Panel 5. Mr. Dig has stuck the Ghoster's own knife under his chin up to the hilt and into his brain, a reflection of what the Ghoster himself did to Harvey back at the start of the story. The Ghoster's head has snapped up sharply from the impact. His grip on the shovel over Mr. Dig's throat has instantly loosened.

SFX:

SHUKK!

MR. DIG:

Thought you'd know better than to expose your neck.

MR. DIG:

Literally, you cunt!

PAGE FIFTY-NINE (6 panels)

Panel 1. Mr. Dig is hauling the shovel from the Ghoster's hands as his body slumps to the side off of him.

SFX:
SCHIIIIIIK.

Panel 2. Mr. Dig is crawling away from the wreckage now, a pained expression in his eyes, digging the shovel into the debris and using it to drag himself forward. The Ghoster lies flat on his back.

MR. DIG (weak):
nnnng...

Panel 3. Mr. Dig has pushed himself up to a sitting position and turned around to face the Ghoster, who has sat up Michael Myers style one final time, but here more weakly, lopsided and slumping forward, knife still protruding from his chin.

GHOSTER (weak):
hyuu.... hyuuuuuu....

Panel 4. Hold the angle of the previous panel, but now the Ghoster has collapsed to the side, dead for good this time.

SFX:
DUN.

Panel 5. Focus on Mr. Dig, wryly chuckling.

MR. DIG:
Heh-heh, heh...

Panel 6. Overhead shot of the wreckage, with both Mr. Dig and the Ghoster lying among the debris, Mr. Dig passed out or just too exhausted to move, and the Ghoster dead.

PAGE SIXTY (4 panels)

Panel 1. We're back in Si McKirdie's living room now, very early hours in the morning, still dark, but with Si lit by the glow coming from his TV. This panel is a focus on Si, a look of dismay on his face.

McKIRDIE:

My boys found the Ghoster's body in the wreckage of an abandoned factory building. I'm having them bring him back to me. He's my responsibility.

McKIRDIE:

There was no sign of Mr. Dig.

Panel 2. We've momentarily switched scenes to The Duke's headquarters, with a focus on The Duke, brimming with fury.

THE DUKE:

I see.

THE DUKE:

That's the problem with the Scottish. Give them a little autonomy and not only do they get ideas above their station, but standards start slipping. What you need is a firm hand.

Panel 3. Back to Si's house now, looking over his shoulder at The Duke on the TV screen, glaring out with contempt.

THE DUKE (ELEC):

Make ready for my arrival. You and your filthy city are going to wish dearly that you had been able to right this ship on your own, trust me.

Panel 4. Pull back to an establishing shot of the darkened room, looking at Si from behind. The video call has ended, and now the screen is just a blank blue. Si is slumped to the side, his head in his hand.

PAGE SIXTY-ONE (4 panels)

Panel 1. We return to the flashback in Iraq one final time, now near sunset. Here, we have a focus on the three grave holes, fully filled in with soil, and the shovel stuck into the middle hole. We can presume that Insurgent #1 ended up in one of those holes after he was done burying his friends. We can maybe see the backs of Rojan and Dila's heads in the foreground as they stand by the grave, but I'll let you decide whether that's needed or not.

DILA:

<This isn't over.>

Panel 2. Dila, Amir and Rojan stand in front of the graves, looking down at them solemnly. Dila stands with Amir in front of her, her arms wrapped around his shoulders, while Rojan stands by her side, fists clenching.

DILA:

<If they sent these people to kill us, they will send more.>

ROJAN:

<Yes. And we don't even know for sure who "they" are. I've made enemies in more places than among the insurgents.>

ROJAN:

<This country is not safe for us anymore. We have to leave.>

Panel 3. Focus on Rojan, his steely resolve now broken as he turns away from his wife, stepping away with a distraught expression on his face.

ROJAN:

<I'm so sorry, my love. Forgive me. This is all my fault.>

ROJAN:

<There were things I couldn't leave well enough alone, and now because of that we all have to leave our home behind.>

Panel 4. Dila has turned Rojan back round to face her, holding onto his arms and looking into his eyes, with Amir standing by her side. Dila looks compassionately at her husband, who stares back with a pained, guilty expression.

DILA:

<You have nothing to be sorry for. I know that everything you do is for us. If we have to leave, so be it...>

PAGE SIXTY-TWO (6 panels)

Panel 1. A little bit of a montage here to take us forward in time. Here we have a shot of Rojan, Dila and Amir on the water in a liferaft with several other people, looking ahead anxiously.

CAP/DILA:

"<It doesn't matter how far we go...>"

Panel 2. Cut to Rojan, Dila and Amir sat in a row against a wall in a clinical white hallway, we can presume some kind of detention centre, all looking weary from a long journey.

CAP/DILA:

"<...or where we end up...>"

Panel 3. Cut to Rojan alone, walking with his hands in his pockets down Argyle Street in Glasgow, I'm thinking somewhere down Trongate side so we can put in a familiar landmark like the Trongate tower to establish this as Glasgow. It's early evening, the sun setting but still with some light in the sky to differentiate it from the dark night of Glasgow in the present day scenes, so it's quiet, with only Rojan walking down the street at this moment.

CAP/DILA:

"<...if we're together, then we'll be home.">

Panel 4. Rojan is looking to the side, his attention drawn by the noise. At the side of the road, a fox is tearing into a discarded trash bag.

SFX:

FFRSSH.

Panel 5. Focus on the fox standing on top of the trash bag, staring up at us calmly.

Panel 6. Focus on Rojan, smiling thinly.

PAGE SIXTY-THREE (6 panels)

Panel 1. We're back to the present day now, with a focus on a blue van driving down a Sinkhill street, the occupants inside now currently visible.

SFX:
VRRRM!

Panel 2. We've pulled back a little, and can see the blue van turning a corner and driving away from us. In the foreground, we can see a frightened Dila pressed against a wall, hidden from view of the van.

Panel 3. Focus on Dila as she nervously peers around the wall, checking that the van is gone.

Panel 4. Hold the focus on Dila, looking startled as the phone in her pocket starts to ring, clutching at the pocket of her jacket to grab it.

SFX:
BRRRRR! BRRRRR!

Panel 5. Dila angrily holds the phone up to her ear.

DILA:
Elmas! You almost gave me a heart attack!

ELMAS (ELEC):
Come home. He's here.

Panel 6. Focus on Dila, now looking worried.

DILA:
Rojan? Is... is he okay?

ELMAS (ELEC):
He's in bad shape, Dila. He must have crawled back. Your neighbour across the hall didn't think the kids should see him in the state he was in...

SIXTY-FOUR (4 panels)

Panel 1. We're in the living room of the flat across from Rojan's, similarly furnished. In fact, we saw this flat before, back when its previous occupant, Victor, lived there in *Sink #8*. But we won't get too much of a sense of surroundings here, as we hold a focus on Rojan's shoulder (he's now shirtless) as hands wearing blue rubber nurse's gloves stitch the wound closed.

CAP/ELMAS (ELEC):

"So she took him in with her."

CHARLOTTE:

Sorry if... this is sloppy, but... FFFT... I haven't done this... in a while. I... FFFT... used to be... a nurse. In a.. past life.

Panel 2. Focus on the face of the unconscious Rojan, slumped in the sofa.

CHARLOTTE (O.P.):

I haven't... FFFT... done much... talking in a while, either... so that might be... FFFT... sloppy, too.

Panel 3. Full reveal of Rojan lying out on the sofa unconscious, with the torn remains of his top and the Mr. Dig fox mask sat on the coffee table in front of him. In addition to the major wounds, we can see his torso is black and blue with bruising and has cuts all over. He's been through the wringer. Charlotte, star of *Sink #6*, stands over him, tending to his wound, a look of grim concentration on her face.

CHARLOTTE:

When you wake up... and you... will wake up, I know it... FFFT... you're going to be in... a lot of pain. This is... FFFT... a lot of damage for... anyone, even you.

CHARLOTTE:

But you can... come back from it. You'd be... amazed at what people can... come back from.

Panel 4. Our regular closing panel, with the white title font on the all-black background.

BOTTOM CAP:

SINK.