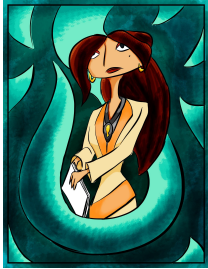


## Characters:



Private Investigator Aileen Thorne

Irish Hispanic, Early 30s (31ish),  
“Not too old for this shit, but starting to feel it.”

Common wear: Mid Thigh Trench coat, badge, heeled boots, large hoop earrings. “Investigator” badge swinging from her neck. Large ponytail. The bottom sash is where her pistol stows away.

Color Scheme: Leathery tan, old orange peel, and muddy ruby.

Held in high regard for her busts on local drug dealers, cheaters, and corrupt politicians. These busts have gotten her under fire more than a few times. She believes that justice should be served to all who disrupt the lives of the people and that there’s a natural order for peace. Sometimes, she just needs to find it.

Her latest crack down, one on a local politician (Greg Sr. or something), left her as enemy number one in her hometown (Saginaw, MI). Discarded and abandoned by her people, she answered Cpt. Sanders’ call in hopes of getting back to normalcy and recovering her name.

When meeting someone for the first time:  
“Name’s Thorne. Aileen thorne.”

Likes: Has a locket from her “da” and her earrings are heirlooms from her mother. At the end of the day, she’ll either curl up in her room with a drink or continue working on a case that she’s left open.

Personality: A workaholic. If she’s not working, she’s passed out somewhere. If she doesn’t have work for a long time, she’ll get kinda twitchy and keep herself occupied. She can be kind of an asshole when she talks, but she knows when to pick up on social cues and act in the right way when she can. She doesn’t take kindly to, “Women can’t do this or that.” She doesn’t focus on it though and often ignores slurs at her.

## Cpt. Sanders, Falmouth Police

European Mutt-mix, American White, Early 40s, He’s a stick up the ass kind of guy with pride for his hometown. He still tries to be the nice guy.

Common Wear: He’ll mostly be in his police uniform. Badge always on his left shirt. He doesn’t like to wear his cap because it gets too sweaty, but at meetings he will wear it. He has a bit of a short wave about it. Not quite the tentacle curl everyone else has

though, so don't get any ideas of how he might be. He's one of the few uncorrupted individuals in this town.

**Color Scheme:** Sanders has a tendency to go towards various shades of purples and oranges which will highlight the blue moods of his navy blue uniform. He has very dark, almost black hair that matches the different orange and purple moods.

**Likes:** Really into cookouts-- and community. He has a genuine passion for staying wholesome or trying to believe in the better side of people.

**Personality:** Sanders is generally optimistic. He needs to be. His leadership qualities really shine in the heat of the moment, where he catches most people off guard with a very serious demeanor. He has this-- way of talking. He's a dork, but a serious dork. He genuinely believes in the things he says.

He knows his job is to keep his unit in order and to stop crime. He has an obligation and a love for Falmouth that he needs to see through. There are things he can't do. He can't always go where he needs to. Everyone knows him. He's the friendly face, the man that protects them through the night. That's why he's hired Aileen. A tough private investigator who believes in the right kind of Justice for All.

Madman Thomas Montgomery

Old, White, 74ish, "I'm the prophet and the lamb, the one to be slaughtered."

**Common Wear:** Shirtless. His pockets of his overalls are turned inside out. He has a single french fry like hair before he dies. After he dies, that hair turns into a curly hair that displays his current emotion.

## Page 1, Splash Page

### Splash Page Description -

A cartoony police car barrels down a tree pinched road, mid hop from a small hill. With small details through the windshield, we can see Aileen Thorne, 32, and Cpt. Sanders, 44, talking to each other. Sanders drives, Thorne looks away towards the night. Half interested, half curious about her surroundings.

**Sanders:** Will you need anything once you've settled in at the hotel?

**Thorne:** I'll have a whiskey.

**Sanders:** Falmouth's a **dry** town.

**Thorne:** Smokes?

## Page 2, 4 Panels

**Panel 1** - Interior Car, windshield view.

The car interior is nothing special. Sanders keeps a pocket watch in his cup holder and a picture of him, his wife, and daughter stuck to the windshield on the driver side. Because it's turned around, however, you'll only see the date from this side. When I come up with the date, I'll put it here:

Besides that, other details will be added later.

**Sanders:** Only in barbecue pits. The rest of that stuff's illegal.

**Sanders:** The hardest drink you'll find here is a coke, and that's just the way we like it.

**Thorne:** Is it too late to say no to the job?

**Panel 2** - Interior, just Sanders in the frame, basically his section of the windshield, as he's looking off panel at Aileen.

**Sanders:** I pegged you for a joker.

**Sanders:** I think you'll like it here, Ms. Thorne--

**Thorne:** Call me **Aileen**.

**Sanders:** Sorry-- Aileen.

**Sanders:** Falmouth isn't such a bad town.

**Panel 3** - Interior, shot of Thorne, looking out the window. She sits with her hands folded across her lap.

**Sanders:** 'Least you won't have to write out a form for daylight intoxication.

**Thorne:** Do you do **anything for fun?**

**Sanders:** We go to church and that's about it. Keep to our own. Watch our own.

**Sanders:** Say nothin' to no one unless we gotta.

**Thorne:** I said something fun, Sanders.

**Panel 4** - Wide shot of the car outside, as if being looked on by a helicopter, as it speeds to a scene where police have surrounded a mansion. Lights, blue and red, glow off the police sirens.

**Sanders:** Did I mention church?

### Page 3, 6 Panels

**Panel 1** - The car has been parked outside behind the rest of the cop cars. Sanders' door is already shut, but Aileen is just getting out of the car. The police cars crowd around and block the entrance to the mansion. There are a few

**Sanders:** Jones, what's the situation?

**Officer:** Captain! There's a kidnapper who snatched two boys and made his way up Montgomery Manor.

**Sanders:** Any idea who?

**Officer:** Some people sayin' it's Thomas Montgomery.

**Panel 2** - Shot of Sanders, pausing. Confused.

**Thorne:** Something wrong, Sanders?

**Panel 3** - Sanders looks back towards Aileen.

**Sanders:** He's supposed to be dead.

**Thomas** (Shouting off panel): Don't get any closer. I mean it! I'll kill em! I will!

**Panel 4** - Thomas leans out of the window, shirtless, very much alive. He waves his fist in the air, filled with the grip of a double barrel shotgun. This shot is from head on.

**Thomas** (Shouting): If any of you step closer, I'll blow their tiny brains all over the walls!

**Panel 5** - Sanders looking up at the window. Aileen off behind him. Left shoulder.

**Thorne:** Doesn't look dead to me.

**Panel 6** - Close up of Thorne. Nipple line up. Questioning.

**Sanders:** Go out back while I talk to him. You're not restricted like my men.

**Sanders:** You won't cause a lot of attention if you can pick the back door.

**Thorne:** Are you seriously going to talk to this weirdo?

**Sanders:** We don't kill our own here in Falmouth.

**Sanders:** You'll do your best to remember that.

## Page 4, 6 Panels

**Panel 1** - Aileen crouches down along the shrubs. A shadow casts down upon her cloaking her approach.

**Sanders** (Microphoned): Thomas. Thomas we don't have to do this buddy, just release the kids and we'll settle this whole situation.

**Thomas** (Shouting): Settle it? You have no idea what's even going on!

**Panel 2** - Thomas, starry eyed, pupils massive.

**Sanders**: Then tell me about it.

**Panel 3** - Aileen around the back, pushing a garden gate open. The back door is just in sight.

**Thomas** (Shouting): You'd never understand. It's bigger than you!  
Bigger than me!

**Panel 4** - Thomas again, nearing the ledge, almost tipping over.

**Thomas** (Shouting): It's over! We're all doomed! The forces that be--

**Panel 6** - She takes one step, the garden gate squeaks. Cutting through the previous panel and all the way down to where she is. She freezes, crouched in the dark. Eyes wide.

## Page 5, 6 Panels

**Panel 1** - Sanders, from the front, talking into a microphone. The lights flashing have changed colors.

**Sanders:** Forces that be? *You mean **God***, Thomas?

**Panel 2** - Thomas looks back towards the left side of the house where the noise came.

**Thomas:** No-no--

**Panel 3** - Thomas' eyes beam at an off panel Sanders. Large triangles of shouting fly from Thomas' mouth.

**Thomas (Shouting):** No! Not god! God's a myth! A blasphemer created to keep us safe!

**Thomas (Shouting):** Can't you see that there's something greater?

**Panel 4** - Aileen picks the lock on the back door. CLICK. TICK. SHCK.

**Thomas (Shouting):** Something far more powerful! Real!

**Thomas (Shouting):** It surrounds us even now!

**Panel 5** - The door opens. Aileen's already inside. The light shows her heel sinking into the darkness.

**Thomas (Shouting):** It pulls us ever into the abyss!

**Panel 6** - Aileen crouches along the stairs of the house, gun at the ready. You could cut the tension with a knife. Trigger feelin' steady. Just up to a door with light pouring in on a cornered wall. Thomas balloon strings flow through these doors.

**Thomas (Shouting):** These things-- these *masters*-- draw us ever closer to the truth.

**Thomas (Shouting):** Our **destiny** among the stars!



## **Page 6, Splash Page**

### **Splash Page Description -**

Aileen stands in the doorway, gun pointed toward a surprised Thomas. He's still looking out the window. His eyes are much wider in surprise. Two children huddled in a corner, right of the page, hold each other and sob. A large red summon circle covers the floor scrawled with runes for power.

**Thorne (Shouting):** Hands where I can see them!

## Page 7, 5 Panels

**Panel 1** - A shot of Aileen braced in the doorway. Gun pointed towards Thomas, who is lit by the light pouring in through the window. Very noir feeling. Aileen remains in a very near shadow. Only a small glint on her gun has any highlight.

**Thorne:** Turn around and drop the weapon. Slowly. No one needs to get hurt.

**Panel 2** - We see from behind Thorne's shoulder and look at Thomas who has turned around completely. He holds his shotgun across his chest. Stiff. His eyes are wide. Scared. Not raising his gun to her.

**Thomas:** Y-you're not an officer.

**Thorne:** I can at least plead self defence.

**Panel 3** - The same as panel 2, but Thomas has shifted to show him raising his gun.

**Thorne:** Back down. I'm warning you.

**Panel 4** - Same as panel 3, Thomas glances at the kids just off-screen. Hesitant.

**Panel 5** - Don't break the one-eighty rule, but this long panel is a shot of the entire room with enough space for bubbles to float in between. If you were to rotate the last panel and see the side of Thomas and Thorne, Thorne is on the left, raising her gun; Thomas, still standing before the window on the right, holds a tight grip to his own double barrel. You can now see the children, two young boys huddled into the corner nearest Aileen. Ratty, old, dressers and beds have been cluttered against the walls. Candles surround a red runed circle on the floor. It could be blood, it could be paint. It's unclear.

**Thorne:** Hand over the kids and no one gets hurt.

**Thomas:** I can't.

**Thorne:** I wasn't asking. Drop the gun.

**Thomas:** I can't. I won't.

**Thorne:** Last warning.

## Page 8, 7 Panels

**Panel 1** - Looking from Aileen's eyes, Thomas holds out his hand, as if he's casting juju magic. His fingers bent. [Psychonauts crooked arch style](#). Keeping one hand on the trigger of the shotgun, not raising it. Brow furled into itself.

**Thomas:** You're not going to fire.

**Thorne:** Why do you--

**Panel 2** - Aileen holds her head with one hand. The other still points the gun at Thomas. She shakes. Waves of static flow from her head in a halo.

**Thorne:** --think--

**Thorne:** --that.

**Panel 3** - The same scene as in Panel 1, now slightly tilted with Thomas's face beginning to distort in the same wavy way as the Aileen's mind waves are moving.

**Thorne** (Thought): What's happening?

**Thomas** (Thought): Aileen. Thorne.

**Panel 4** - Back to panel 2, Aileen now holds her head with both hands, revolver still in her right. Pain spreads across her face. The edges of the screen are filled with static now.

**Thorne** (Thought): Who--

**Thomas** (Thought): Go home.

**Panel 5** - Thomas has completely distorted now. His face is segmented into weird tentacles, his mouth has split across his body, several new eyes ripple over his sides.

**Thorne:** I won't.

**Thomas** (Thought): Go back to your lonely father. To home.

**Thomas** (Thought): To where your mother is laid down, and where your friends used to be.

**Thorne:** Not--

**Thorne:** Gonna happen--

**Panel 6** - It's the same as 5, more distorted, the creature appears more defined. Thorne's gun is in the center of the shot, pointing at the creature Thomas has become. Its hammer raised, mid trigger pull.

**Thorne** (Shouting): Get out of my head, you bastard.

**Panel 7** - The muzzle flash consumes the shot.

## **Page 9, 4 Panels**

**Panel 1** - Bleed. Thomas lies dead on the ground, his body touching the circle. The two boys have their eyes closed, faces covered, still cowering. Thorne holds her head to the left of the panel, the static waves shrink away, her gun hangs smoking in the air.

**Panel 2** - Now the section only captures her and the two boys, everything seems calmer, the energy has faded to a hum. She looks at the boys; who are still cowering. The expression on her face looks like one of worry as she pulls the gun to her side.

**Thorne:** Are you okay? Is anyone hurt?

**Panel 3** - One of the boys, the older one, lifts his head, looking back at her with tears welled in the corners.

**Thorne:** Thank goodness.

**Panel 4** - Thorne takes a step forward, leaning down to them with her free hand outstretched.

**Thorne:** Let's get you boys out of here--

**Page 10,**

**Panel 1** - A flash of pain sparks into Thorne's head. Her eyes become a white static. Her mouth hangs agape. Waves of fractals pour out of the crown of her head. Thomas's eyes mesh into the background.

**Panel 2** - The next panel replaces the static of the first with panel with a pure mystical black. Thorne appears hollow. An empty husk. As if all of her insides were plucked out from under her.

**Panel 3** - Thorne's gun hits the wooden floor. KERTHUNK. Thomas's hand hangs just into view.

**Panel 4** - Thorne herself follows. Instead of a hard floor, however, ripples form in the wood, wobbling under her impending weight. In the next shot, the wood ripples out.

**Panel 5** - Reality bends, Thorne falls into a deep ocean. The floor turns into splashing waves.