

**Page 1:** (three panels)

**Panel 1:** Outdoor view, night sky, with a big moon, and some ominous dark clouds over an official government building, square looking architecture. There is a sign on or in front of the building: County Services Plaza.

CAPTION:

City Morgue, 11:00 PM.

**Panel 2:** Internal office within the building. From the chair of the receptionist, we see the top of a reception desk and beyond that a glass door. On the glass printed backwards: Office of the Coroner.

**Panel 3:** This isn't so much a panel as it is the right half of a person facing the reader along the right side of the page. So this person and their arm, head, and hand are drawn over the previous two panels. The view is that from someone looking up from a gurney or table into a ceiling with a bright light or maybe it's the moon from the first panel. A hand is open and coming down to cover the face (of the reader), and the person who owns that hand is in shadow under the light source from above. We cannot see the face of the person looking down at us except for a faint glow from the eyes. Nothing supernatural. The eyes are kind yet intense. The important thing about this description is that we're looking up at Mortis from the corpse point of view.

**Page 2:** (seven panels)

**Panel 1:** A side view and slightly above Mortis with his hand over a female corpse lying on the table. Her "R" rated anatomy is cleverly covered by sheets, or clipboards, a towel, or a light stand, or whatever. He has his fingertips gently touching five points of the face of the woman on the table. Mortis is smartly dressed here, maybe in his lab coat. His appearance is neat.

GABRIEL MORTIS (WHISPER):  
That's right. Show me . . .

**Panel 2:** Flash back type sequence. During this flashback sequence the panel borders should indicate that the sequence is part of Mortis' ability. Smallish panel. Completely dark, except for two small wavering lights.

**Panel 3:** A little larger panel, the lights are bigger, and now we can make out that they are the headlights of an oncoming car.

**Panel 4:** Even larger now. We see the oncoming car is being driven by someone swilling from a beer can, or a bottle, or on a cell phone or both. The car is moving at a good rate of speed and clearly not in control.

**Panel 5:** We see the face of the girl (the dead one on Mortis's table). She is now behind the wheel of the car toward which the drunk driver is heading. Her expression is one of alarm.

**Panel 6:** A close view of the drunk driver, whose eyes now tell us that he has seen his mistake too late.

**Panel 7:** A silhouette view from behind the girl as she holds her arms and hands up in front of her. The headlights from the oncoming car are blindingly bright and much too close.

**Page 3:** (seven panels)

**Panel 1:** Mortis is closing a door behind him that reads "Staff Only" in block letters. He is holding his other hand up to his temple as if he has a headache or is frustrated. He has his long coat on as if he were leaving.

**Panel 2:** This panel contains just the lettering. The artist or letterer could make it appear as a burst of light. The burst of light is from the reporter's camera.

SOUND FX:  
FLASH

**Panel 3:** The reporter Christopher Sloan is standing in the hallway. He has a press badge on his jacket or in his hat that says Daily Post on it. He has a camera around his neck that he holds with one hand. It has a big flash device on it. His face is arched forward with his other hand as he holds a mini-recorder in front of Mortis. This reporter guy has a certain look, so I have references for him.

SLOAN:  
Mortis! Any comment on the truck driver? Any cause of death?

**Panel 4:** Gabriel Mortis is clearly annoyed as he holds up both his hands chest high as if he is trying to hold off Sloan.

MORTIS:  
What are you talking about? I was examining a girl killed by a drunk driver who lived, the way they always do.

**Panel 5:** View of Sloan, wide eyed but not going to lose his chance to get his words in.

SLOAN:  
Aw, hell. I'm looking to get a jump on something else.

**Panel 6:** Close-up of business card held by fingers as Sloan passes it to Mortis. On the card, we can see the following info:

Daily Post  
Carl Sloan, Reporter  
(800) 677-5126  
Hotleads@gmail.com

Dialogue for this panel lies just above the card as Sloan continues to talk:

SLOAN:  
A bloodmobile ran off the road and crashed into the canal. The truck's finem, but the driver's dead. I want to know why. Call if you hear anything, would you?

**Panel 7:** A small view or outside panel view of Mortis's back as he walks away tossing the card into a waste bin.

MORTIS:  
Thanks for the card. I'll file it with your others.

**Page 4:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** Overhead and slightly three quarters view of Gabriel entering a local church. We can see the ascending steps into the church and the typical arch doorways and some stained glass windows. The church is called Our Lady of Perpetual Hope. It's raining.

CAPTION:

11:30 PM

**Panel 2:** Tall panel on the left side of the page. We can see Gabriel walking up the aisle. His long coat swirls behind him. At the front of the church in front of the altar but to one side is a man in a robe. Big cuffs. Partially hidden in shadow. There are candles all around the sides of the altar.

**Panel 3:** Close up profiles of upper half of faces meeting. We can see their eyes.

MORTIS:

Thanks for meeting me father.

FATHER LEONARD:

Of course my son, someone with your gift...

**Panel 4:** View of Gabriel sitting back in a pew, his hand holding his head, his long coat draping over the pew and onto the floor, almost like Batman's cape.

MORTIS:

You mean my curse. It happens **every** time now, Father.

**Panel 5:** Far off view of the pair talking from a different angle. This shot gives us a much wider view of the interior of the church. We can see the pair talking as if we were up in the organ balcony at the back of the church. But there is a bit of dialogue in this panel, so some of the artwork will be obscured. Again, lots of candles or stained glass windows in this view. Anything to make the scene look eerie, gothic, and old world.

MORTIS:

I **see** their last moments just as they did, but after the fact--no power to **prevent** what's happened.

That poor girl tonight, helpless and terrified.

My god, Father, the **terror**.

FATHER LEONARD:

There's a reason, Gabriel. I know not what, but this ... *power* you possess is for a reason.

**Page 5:** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Establishing shot depicting a building with gothic architecture surrounded by a high wall. There is ivy growing over the walls; the building looks ancient. There is a wrought iron gate for the entrance. There's a sign on the front wall. We can see a lightning strike that illuminates the grounds and the sign with eerie light.

CAPTION:

Meanwhile...across town.

SIGN:

Chiroptera School for Gifted Students

M. Toulouse - Proprietor

**Panel 2:** Interior shot of the school from above, so the people are smaller in scale. All the people look very normal. It is not well lit. It's more like a school for Harry Potter and his friends. Children are sitting at cafeteria tables. Some have books open. There are candles here and there. Some men are carrying in trays of drinks behind Madame Toulouse, who is at the front of the room. Her shapely and beautiful female assistant is at her side.

ASSISTANT:

This is an excellent break in their studies Madame. The children are very thirsty.

**Panel 3:** Close up of M. Toulouse.

M. TOULOUSE:

Yes, yes, we have some refreshments, finally.

But not enough...

**Panel 4:** View of M. Toulouse and her assistant facing a group of children who are drinking from straws from the "juice" packs.

M. TOULOUSE:

Only one pouch each, children.

**Page 6:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** We see Mortis entering through THE OFFICE OF THE CORONER door looking to his left. The lower half of his coat follows him like a cape. This is still the same night – by the way.

CAPTION:  
11:52 PM

MORTIS:  
Molly! You haven't seen that Sloan guy have you? From the paper?

**Panel 2:** View of Molly coming from the Staff Only door. She is very pretty. She is Mortis' love interest but he can't approach her because of his new found "gift." Little does Mortis know that she admires him as well.

MOLLY:  
No. He split twenty minutes ago in a big hurry. Another bloodmobile crash.  
Imagine that. Two in one day. And the poor driver from the first one is here.  
Lieutenant Darby said he wanted a post mortem stat.

**Panel 3:** Mortis looks all surprised.

MORTIS:  
Darby from Homicide?

**Panel 4:** View of Molly.

MOLLY:  
Yeah, I know. Weird. He said something about glass inside **as well as** outside the truck.

**Panel 5:** Closer view of Molly. She is a very pretty girl; she has an appreciatory gesture – hands out, shoulders shrugging, flirtatious.

MOLLY:  
Nothing like working all night.

**Page 7:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** Overhead view of Mortis and Molly working over the corpse. The truck driver is lacerated all over his head, neck, and chest. He looks a little “hamburgerish.” Mortis and Molly are dressed in operating smocks. A side table of probing instruments, medical machines, knives, and needles is next to them.

CAPTION:  
Hours later...

MORTIS:  
No drugs or alcohol in his blood.

MOLLY:  
In what little he had left.

**Panel 2:** Close up of Mortis; he has a pair of work safety glasses on and one lens is covered with a magnifying lens. Feel free to incorporate any kind of image in his large reflected pupil. Dark imagery – wings, a sort of Rosarch inkblot, etc.

MORTIS:  
Well, aside from the massive neck and chest lacerations, and that the EMS did not arrive on scene until almost an hour later...

**Panel 3:** Close up view of Mortis's hand holding up the arm of the corpse. We can see a close up of the grisly lacerations and the two holes in the truck driver's arm right inside the elbow joint where someone would give blood.

MORTIS:  
He has these curiously large needle punctures in his arm. Almost as if he gave blood twice.

**Panel 4:** View of Molly, she has the safety glasses on as well, but without the magnifying lens. One brow arched. Very pretty for a girl in lab coat and protective eye wear.

MOLLY:  
You mean too soon after the first time? It made him light headed?

**Panel 5:** Mortis brow is furrowed. He is concerned and a little perplexed.

MORTIS:  
It's hard to tell.  
Do you mind filing the reports for Darby? I'll clean up here.

**Page 8:** (six panels)

**Panel 1:** A view of Molly leaving the examining room as Mortis watches her leave.

**Panel 2:** A view of Mortis as he is reaching out to touch the face of the corpse, just like he did for the woman in the car crash.

MORTIS:

Okay buddy, show me...

**Panel 3:** Again, the panel border for this sequence indicates that this is different, that Mortis is "seeing" what the corpse saw before his death. This is a wide panel across the page. We see the truck driver in the blood mobile driving the truck. He has headphones on and is listening to music. It's dusk or dark outside.

SFX:

THUD!

**Panel 4:** Small panel. A shot of the driver head on as he is lifting a headphone from his ear to see if he can discern the sound.

Driver:

What the...

**Panel 5:** Same size as panel 4, but now the driver has an expression of pure terror.

**Panel 6:** Wide panel across page. From the point of view of the driver looking out through his windshield, we see Madame Toulouse perched on the front of the car like Spiderman. Her dark coat is spread like bat wings shadowing her. She is beautiful yet scary. She wears tight-fitting black clothes. She has fangs. One of her hands is holding the edge of the engine hood next to the windshield and the other drawn back like a punch, but her punching hand is curled like a claw like she is going to grasp something.

**Page 9:** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Big Panel. Side view. Madame Toulouse has punched through the windshield and grabbed the driver by his shirt collar. Glass is flying inward everywhere. The driver's hands are grasping at her arm, his tongue extended. He is horrified.

SFX :

CRASH

DRIVER :

GAAAAA!!!

**Panel 2:** Equally large panel. Now Madame Toulouse rips the driver through the windshield. Glass is flying outward from the truck. There are bats flying in the top fringes of this panel.

SFX :

SMASH

**Panel 3:** M. Toulouse hops off the moving truck with her prey held in one hand. The driver's body is mostly limp, like a hawk carrying a rabbit. Maybe an arm or a leg is wiggling.

**Panel 4:** As she lands softly on the ground, with her victim (the driver who already looks like he has been pulled through a shattered windshield) held up in the air, the truck in the background smashes into a concrete barrier, which is next to a canal. Over in the distant background we can see a bridge spanning the canal. More bats are surrounding her.

SFX :

CRUNCH

**Page 10:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** Tall hero shot of M. Toulouse on left side of page. She is imposing. She is in charge and she knows it. She is confident. The driver is on his knees looking up at her and whimpering, shielding himself from the true form of M. Toulouse. The driver has all the lacerations across his face and chest and is bleeding all over.

M. TOULOUSE:

Quickly, my children.

HELPER:

Yes Madame!

DRIVER:

No no no no...god no...

**Panel 2:** Upper right of page. We see the hand of M. Toulouse holding the driver's collar. Behind them are children, in black, unloading the contents of the bloodmobile. Bats are all around and streaming away into the night. Each one carries a pouch.

**Panel 3:** Close up of the driver. His face is lacerated from being pulled through the windshield.

DRIVER:

Oh my god!

**Panel 4:** M. Toulouse lifts the arm of the truck driver to her smiling fangs, a bit of saliva spreads between upper and lower teeth. She lifts his arm as if she were lifting a saucer to her mouth.

**Panel 5:** M. Toulouse chomping down into the arm. And thus creating the two holes in the driver's arm. Blood spurts from both sides of the bite. She is ravenous.

**Page 11:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** Back to normal panel borders. View of Mortis looking up as the corpse arm slips from his grasp. He seems alarmed, surprised, and shocked all at once.

MORTIS:

What in God's hell...

**Panel 2:** View of Mortis hurriedly through the door from the examining room, a wild look in his eyes and face. Molly is surprised to see him burst through the door.

MOLLY:

Gabe, are you okay?

**Panel 3:** View of Mortis indicating the flat panel computer screen on the desk.

MORTIS:

I'm fine. Thanks. I just need to look something up.

**Panel 4:** View of a computer screen on the desk and Mortis hands at the keyboard. The website says Police Department Business Address Search. In the search bar Mortis has typed "Madame, children". Over the top of the monitor we can see Molly leaving the office. The door OFFICE OF THE CORONER is printed on the glass.

MOLLY:

I'll be right back, Gabe. Don't leave. Darby wants this file.

Molly (thought balloon):

He's so upset. I wish I could hold him. Talk to him. I wonder if he...  
Oh, I'd better hurry...

**Panel 5:** The view on the computer screen says: "7 confirmed matches. Would you like to print this information?" There is an old matrix printer next to the computer on the desk that starts whirring.

MORTIS:

Yes!

SFX:

Whir-tock-tock whir-tocka-tock-tocka

**Page 12:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** A view of Mortis running down the steps of the county building. His coat tails flapping behind him, very cape-like. In one hand he holds a crucifix, in the other a couple of wooden stakes and a mallet.

CAPTION:  
2:37 AM

**Panel 2:** Mortis in the car peeling out. A little bit of smoke coming from the tires.

SFX:  
SSCREEEEEEEEEEECH

**Panel 3:** Close up of Mortis hands driving the car. One is holding his list, a sheet of paper folded up into fourths now. Two listings are visible. The first one says "Madame Butterfly's Massage Emporium" which has a single line scratch out going through it. Below that is the listing. "M. Toulouse. Proprietor of Chiroptera School for Gifted Students" And the page folds there.

MORTIS, THOUGHT BALLOON:  
It's always the last one on the list.

**Panel 4:** View of Mortis getting out of his car in front of the school. It is a very gothic-looking building. The car door is open, a faint light emits from inside the car dome light. His coat is blowing outward from the wind.

**Panel 5:** Close up of Mortis's face, showing surprise.

MORTIS:  
UH OH...

**Page 13:** (six panels)

**Panel 1:** View of M. Toulouse and a few small hench-kids who have approached Mortis. Mortis is brandishing his crucifix.

M. TOULOUSE:  
What have we here?

MORTIS:  
Stay back!

**Panel 2:** View of M. Toulouse, her hands extended outward, head tilted, looking very beautiful. We can just see the arm and hand of Mortis brandishing his cross.

M. TOULOUSE:  
My foolish child, what trinkets have you brought us?

MORTIS:  
I **know** what you are!

**Panel 3:** Madame all pissed off.

M. TOULOUSE:  
Hold him!

**Panel 4:** Several small bodies blurred in motion have pinned Mortis with his back against his car. Three small children-like things are on top of his car. One holding each arm. Another holding his forehead back with his neck exposed. Other small beings on the ground hold a leg each. We can see glowing eyes and fangs from where their faces ought to be. M. Toulouse plants a sideways kick right to Mortis' abdomen.

SFX:  
OOOOOFFFPPhhh

**Panel 5:** M. Toulouse holds up his arm as she is going to bite it right at the joint like she did the truck driver.

M. TOULOUSE:  
What a wonderful hors d'oeuvre you shall make.

**Panel 6:** View of M. Toulouse biting down on Mortis arm, blood squirting.

SFX:  
Chomp!

MORTIS:  
Gaaaarr!

**Page 14:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** View of M. Toulouse with her hand coming up to her mouth. She is shrieking. She has a look of alarm and shock on her face. Her little hench-things are backing away from Mortis in alarm and towards M. Toulouse with concern. The glowing eyes are frightened.

SFX.

AAAAIIIIIEEEEEAAARRRRR

**Panel 2:** Small panel. View of M. Toulouse spitting and wiping her face with the back of her hand.

SFX: BLECH!

**Panel 3:** M. Toulouse is backing herself and her hench-things away. Mortis is slumped against his car-he is stunned. One hand holding the bitten arm. His coat spread out underneath him like unfolded wings.

M. TOULOUSE:

He is...he is...not from...he is **poison** to us!

MORTIS:

Ungh...

**Panel 4:** View of M. Toulouse squatting next to Mortis and pointing a finger at him. Her other hand is balled in a fist ready to strike.

M. TOULOUSE:

Stay away--or you will die in a way not even a coroner could explain!

**Panel 5:** M. Toulouse balled fist punches the car next to Mortis' head leaving a big dent.

SFX:

WHUMP!

**Page 15:** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Mortis has his car parked outside an all night diner. He is standing next to the car's quarter panel where the new dent can be seen. His one hand is finishing a bandage on his arm where the bite is. His cell phone rests on his car and his ear piece with cord attached to the phone stretches from the phone to his ear.

MORTIS: (THOUGHT)

My God, they really drink blood!

MORTIS:

Yeah. Gimme Carl Sloan. Tell him Gabriel Mortis is calling.

**Panel 2:** View of a newsroom. Lots of cubicles, computers, a row of television screens mounted high on the wall. Several clocks set for different time zones. Paper everywhere and Sloan looking anxious on his phone.

SLOAN:

What's up, Mortis?

MORTIS (ELECTRONIC - THROUGH PHONE):

You first, Sloan. What's the latest with the blood mobiles?

**Panel 3:** View of Mortis writing on a tablet resting on his car. People in the diner behind him can be seen through the windows. Sloan's voice comes through the earpiece.

SLOAN (ELECTRONIC - THROUGH PHONE):

It appears, from the reports, that the trucks are missing most of their collected inventory.

So far that's it. Whadda you got for me?

**Panel 4:** View of Sloan back in his office. His mouth is puckered as if he is about to say the word "You" and he is pointing his free hand to his front as he holds the phone to his ear.

MORTIS (ELECTRONIC - THROUGH PHONE):

Something you'll like.

**Page 16:** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** View of Mortis and Father Leonard sitting in a pew near the front of the church. The altar is behind them.

F. LEONARD:

What you ask, Gabriel, is much.

MORTIS:

I know, Father, but only you can help me.

**Panel 2:** Mortis indicating himself with an open hand. Half his face in shadow.

MORTIS:

This is **my** burden...my...gift...you said so yourself. But I **need** your help, Father. I failed before because I did not have the holy blessing.

**Panel 3:** Close on the priest. He is stroking his chin in concern. He too has half his face in shadow.

F. LEONARD:

Very well. I believe that God has given you this ability. And I must help you when I can.

But will this work?

**Panel 4:** Close up of Mortis eyes, narrowed, and in shadow.

MORTIS:

I should not need to tell *you*, Father...to have faith.

**Page 17:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** From tree top level we see a bloodmobile driving down a dark street. Headlights lighting the way. There are streams of bats in the air following it.

CAPTION:  
4:12 AM

**Panel 2:** A closer view of the truck. And some bats flying closer to the truck.

**Panel 3:** We see Mortis, wearing an obvious disguise uniform (hat and shirt) driving the bloodmobile.

**Panel 4:** A view of Mortis cringing in alarm. There is a thud from atop the truck.

SFX:  
THUD!

**Panel 5:** A view of the tires of the truck locking up and it skids/screeches to a stop.

SFX:  
EEEEERRRRRRRR!

**Page 18:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** Mortis emerging from the truck. One hand opening the door, the other reaching inside his jacket.

**Panel 2:** This panel is small and is just the sound effect.

SOUND FX:  
SMACK!

**Panel 3:** View looking up from the ground at a tall standing M. Toulouse. Her minions are hauling away the truck's cargo.

M. TOULOUSE:  
Did you really think...

**Panel 4:** View from above and behind M. Toulouse as she talks to Mortis on the ground. Her minions are hard at work hauling their loot.

M. TOULOUSE:  
...that disguise would protect you **or** your little shipment.

**Panel 5:** View of M. Toulouse looking triumphant.

M. TOULOUSE:  
No matter what you think you are, there is no stopping us. And you cannot protect every truck.

**Page 19:** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** Another view of M. Toulouse. She is very satisfied with herself. One hand palm up and out, the other indicating herself. She is again, very beautiful, yet sinister.

M. TOULOUSE:

It has been a long night my dear Mortis.

**Panel 2:** A view from above. She is imposing, lithe, sinister, and deadly in her appearance.

M. TOULOUSE:

Yes. I know who you are.

**Panel 3:** Closer view of her face, hair, and torso. She is smiling an evil grin.

M. TOULOUSE:

**And** I know **what** you are, but that will not change things.

**Panel 4:** This view shows the dull gray of dawn approaching. The shadows are lengthening.

M. TOULOUSE:

Good night my little angel. Or should I say good morning!

**Panel 5:** As the sun starts to peak on the horizon, we see M. Toulouse walking away from the bloodmobile scene. A few rays of light are shining on her. Mortis *appears* shocked that the sunlight is doing her no harm.

M. TOULOUSE:

That's right, Gabriel. The sun's rays will no more damage me than those silly trinkets earlier tonight. Your little plan has failed.

**Page 20:** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** View of Mortis up close. He is holding his jaw.

MORTIS (THOUGHT) :

Ow...

**Panel 2:** View of Mortis leaning on the truck and getting up with a little bit of a struggle.

**Panel 3:** View of Mortis walking away from the truck as the sun rises. The light is still a bit murky. He is pulling on his long coat.

**Panel 4:** The long coat is spreading out like wings from below his waist in the wind. He walks in the opposite direction from M. Toulouse.

**Page 21:** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** View of Mortis on his cell phone.

MORTIS:

Yeah. That's the address. Get there soon. You won't be disappointed.

**Panel 2:** A closer view of Mortis, still on the phone.

MORTIS:

And Sloan. We're even.

I'll even throw in the post mortem report later.

**Panel 3:** View of Mortis ending the call by folding the cell phone.

SFX:

Click.

MORTIS (THOUGHT):

Well, if I'm a messenger, then I am the messenger for death.

**Panel 4:** View of Mortis holding his head.

MORTIS (THOUGHT):

Spiking bags of blood with holy water...

**Page 22:** (three panels)

**Panel 1:** Top half of the page. We see Sloan and several other reporters upon the cafeteria scene at the M. Toulouse school. Children are sprawled everywhere on the ground, their chairs, against the wall. Each has an empty or half empty bag with a straw in it next to them. They are all dead.

**Panel 2:** Bottom half: looks like a newspaper in the hands of Father Leonard. The paper reads: "The Daily Post " Headline: "Charter School Is Vampire Cult" Text: "In what appears to be a horrific scene of grisly poisoning . . . County Coroner Gabriel Mortis confirms that 27 children were poisoned with what appears to be stolen Red Cross blood bags" and continued on the next line ". . . apparently no adult victims were found . . ." and the next line "...school building to be closed. At this time officials confirm they have been unable to locate the mysterious proprietor, M. Toulouse. Noted one officer, "It's like she just flew away."

**Panel 3:** Faraway shot, so that we know it's the concluding scene: Father Leonard kneeling before an altar, praying silently.

Caption: The End...for now!