

PAGE ONE (4 panels)

Panel 1. Panel stretches the width of the page. Close on part of a badly disfigured male face. The one eye which we can see is closed. Stitches hold the decaying skin together.

CAP: DEATH.

CAP: IT ISN'T TOO BAD

CAP: ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.

Panel 2. Another page width panel. Wider shot showing the head and part of the upper torso. The torso is also decayed. Crude stitches cover it like a road map. We can make out part of a table which the body is lying on.

CAP: IT DRAWS A LINE UNDER EVERYTHING. THE WORRY. THE STRESS ...

CAP: ... THE PAIN.

CAP: DEATH TAKES ALL THAT AWAY. DEATH'S NICE LIKE THAT.

Panel 3. Full page width again. Again we're further away. We can see that the torso on the table is just that – a torso. His arms and legs are little more than bloody stumps.

CAP: DEATH ISN'T OUR ENEMY. IT'S OUR PROTECTOR.

CAP: OUR SAVIOUR.

CAP: MY ONLY PROBLEM IS ...

Panel 4. Inset into panel 3. Close on the scarred eye as it flicks open.

CAP: ... I'M NOT DEAD.

PAGE TWO (5 panels)

Panel 1. DAN twists his head to look down at an arm stump. He appears to be in no pain, and is mildly irritated at most.

CAP: IT SHOULD HURT. A LOT.

CAP: IT DOESN'T.

CAP: I SHOULD FEEL GRATEFUL.

Panel 2. Close on Dan's face. There is a sadness there. Flecks of blood are visible.

CAP: I DON'T.

Panel 3. Wider shot, showing the table is in a cluttered garage. A door in the BG is open, framing MIKE in the doorway. He wears what looks like a radiation suit, but with only a paper mask covering his mouth and nose. His eyes are wide with horror.

MIKE: OH ... WOW.

Panel 4. Profile shot of Dan. In BG Mike is walking over.

MIKE: CHRIST, DAN. WHAT WAS IT THIS TIME?

Panel 5. Silhouette of a figure with a chainsaw raised above his head. A hand is thrown up in defence at the bottom of the panel, almost as if we are seeing through the victim's POV.

CAP/DAN: "CHAINSAW. MOSTLY."

CAP/MIKE: "JESUS, AGAIN?"

PAGE FOUR (3 panels)

Panel 1. Birds eye view of Mike opening a drawer. It is filled with power tools. His hand is reaching out for a circular saw.

MIKE: JESUS, DAN, IF IT'S INFECTED ...

DAN: I'LL FIND IT. PATCH ME UP.

Panel 2. Close on Dan's face. It is set in an expression of grim determination.

DAN: I'LL FIND THEM BOTH.

Panel 3. Large panel taking up most of the page. Birds eye view of the operating table. Dan lies staring straight up. Mike sets to work with a power saw. Various other tools sit on a trolley next to the table. On the other side of the table is a large plastic tub. It is filled with various body parts – arms, legs, etc.

CAP/DAN: I HEAR MY FLESH TEAR AND MY BONES GRIND. I IGNORE IT.

CAP/DAN: YESTERDAY SOME MEN TOOK A LITTLE GIRL. VERY BAD MEN. WITH CHAINSAWS.

CAP/DAN: I ALMOST HAD THEM TODAY, BUT I BLEW IT. STUPID MISTAKE.

CAP/DAN: I'LL FIND THEM AGAIN, AND THEN I'LL SHOW THEM HOW I FEEL ABOUT BAD MEN WITH CHAINSAWS.

CAP/DAN: IF SHE'S HURT THEN THEY DIE. THEY ALL DIE. SLOWLY.

CAP/DAN: (BIG GAP AFTER LAST CAPTION) AND THEIR LITTLE DOG, TOO!

PAGE SIX (5 panels)

Panel 1. Mike throws Dan a bundle of clothes.

MIKE: DON'T BLAME YOU.

MIKE: NOW FOR GOD'S SAKE PUT SOME PANTS ON.

Panel 2. Dan pulls on a dirty white shirt. He is now wearing a pair of tatty and torn dark brown pants.

MIKE: BOLTED SOME TITANIUM RODS TO YOUR BONES THIS TIME. SAVE ANYTHING DROPPING OFF. I KNOW YOU HATE IT WHEN BITS DROP OFF.

MIKE: OH ...

Panel 3. Dan's POV. Mike holds out an expressionless white porcelain mask. He looks vaguely uncomfortable.

MIKE: ... AND I GOT YOU SOMETHING.

Panel 4. Close on Dan. He studies the mask. It's hard to tell from his expression what he is thinking.

MIKE: YOU KNOW ... A DISGUISE.

DAN: I DON'T NEED A DISGUISE.

MIKE: I WASN'T THINKING ABOUT YOU.

Panel 4. Dan looks at his reflection in a grimy mirror. There is that sadness in his expression again. No text.

Panel 5. The mask shatters on the concrete floor.

PAGE SEVEN (3 panels)

Panel 1. Large panel filling most of the page. Mike looks guilty. His hands are held up, imploringly. Dan is almost walking past "the camera" and out of panel to the right. He pulls a fedora type hat down low on his head as he walks. He has hidden his hands beneath gloves.

MIKE: IT WAS ONLY AN IDEA. I WASN'T ... I DIDN'T ...

MIKE: WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DAN: HUNTING.

DAN: DON'T WAIT UP.

Panel 2. The wooden door closes.

SFX: SLAM!

Panel 3. Mike stands in long shot. He looks worried.

MIKE (QUIETLY): BE CAREFUL.