

OUT

Issue One

By

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PAGE ONE (THREE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Page-wide panels. Open with our 'camera' directly above/ looking down into a newly dug grave. Down in this deep hole in the ground, six thin, horribly malnourished, freezing concentration camp prisoners with shovels have been digging for some time. They have unearthed a large incredibly old tomb/coffin. It is covered in ornate carvings. Occult symbols that have been long forgotten. Writings on it from a language that has been forgotten/never truly known by humans. Small carved channels, veins running across its face that will soon have blood running through them - to three holes that will run INTO the coffin and wake the creature inside. This thing - whatever it contains - is EVIL. It is below ground but it has long been there, waiting for someone to dig it up. Snow is lightly falling down around us, past our 'camera' onto the poor workers in the grave. Not heavy. It has been heavy snow here for a while but it is just starting to cease.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 2

Establishing shot. Nighttime. Clear, beautiful night. Full moon in sky projecting light over ancient woodland covering rolling Eastern-European hills that are covered in snow. The ruins of a long destroyed and derelict ancient castle high up the near mountain-top, but that was full of life a thousand years ago. Now it is long empty. Our point of focus - Below us is a small clearing in the woods where a group of Nazi soldiers, dressed for winter, holding machine guns, stand on either side of that large grave that is currently being dug. Three Nazi officers and a very old Priest stand off to the side of this operation. The Priest looks 90 years old. Like he's almost as old as the Castle. He wears black Catholic-style robes that have images down the front. The head of a stag with antlers. An owl. He carries a very old, thick book.



Robes reference, but black:

LOCATOR: CZECHOSLOVAKIA BORDER. WINTER, 1944.

PANEL 3

We are in the grave now. We look up and - standing over the grave, standing guard, ensuring the dig continues in horrible conditions are Nazi soldiers in cold weather coats. Machine guns in hands pointing down at 'us'/the diggers. We have no doubt. If we stop digging, they will shoot us. The soldiers are wearing winter coats, the poor diggers are not. They look DOWN at us.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWO (FOUR PANELS)

PANEL 1

A skeletal hand of one of the concentration camp diggers brushes dirt off the surface of the coffin/tomb. Those occult carvings close up. Beneath our hands.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 2

Our 'camera' is the coffin/tomb and the skeletal, sunken face of the concentration camp digger looks down at us from where he's been brushing the dirt away. He looks scared. He should. But this fear is not just from the Nazis above. He FEELS the evil he is standing on somewhere deep inside. His hand hovers millimetres from the coffin. Like he can tangibly 'feel' what is inside. Horror. Sanity snapping.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 3

Now we see the concentration camp diggers. Exhausted, skeletal, bald, sunken-eyed. They look like the living dead. Cold air on their breaths. They have been digging to exhaustion and virtual death. One looks up to the guards above. Their job is done. Desperation and fear writ large. We should really feel for these poor bastards. The one speaking knows in his heart he's never getting out of this, but he pleads anyway. You would.

DIGGER: <That... That's it...>

DIGGER: <... Please...>

DIGGER: <You promised.>*

NB* - Translated from the Czech.

PANEL 4

Up on level ground now, near the grave. One of the soldiers shouts to the three Nazi officers and the Priest standing in a small huddle beneath the trees. One of them is clearly in charge. The others' body language is such that they defer to him. The leader is LUDIN. We'll get a good close-up of him next panel. But he's a tall, dark, heroic looking bastard. In another story - his own story - he's the hero. With them is a scary-looking Priest, carrying a very old, arcane, thick book. This Priest is old - in his 80s but looks older still. He looks like he's seen appalling, demonic things. Done appalling things.... He has led them here, to this spot. The moonlight shines down on these men, this unholy huddle.

SOLDIER: <KOMMANDANT LUDIN!>*

NB* - Translated from the German.

PAGE THREE (FOUR PANELS)

PANEL 1

Front on close-up on Ludin now. Mid-30s. Good-looking to the point where he could've been a matinee idol. In an ideal casting world he's Stanley Baker, the great British actor. Black hair beneath his officer's peaked cap. He nods a silent signal at us. His eyes tell the story of a man who is desperate and determined. His country, his army, are losing the war. He is willing to sacrifice any vestige of a soul to turn the tide. Grim and ruthless, with a hint of there once being a good man in there somewhere. But no longer.



Ludin ref:

LUDIN: <As ordered.>

PANEL 2

The diggers down in the grave look up at us. Terror.

DIGGER: <You told us lies.>

PANEL 3

The Nazi soldiers on either side of the grave open fire down into the grave. Shooting the concentration camp diggers. Shell casings fly.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 4

On the tomb, down in the grave, the bodies of the concentration camp diggers lie, bloody from their fatal gunshot wounds. Blood is starting to flow from the bodies onto the coffin.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE FOUR (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Close-up on one of those horribly thin diggers' hands, blood flows beneath it into the grooves of the occult carvings on the Tomb.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 2

The blood flows along the occult carvings. Like these grooves are dried river beds coming back to life in the deepest red. The blood is running down the alleys/veins towards the holes, into the coffin. The blood flows around a tight curve, that transitions into...

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 3

... A mountain road. Transition and change of scene. Aerial shot looking down on four Nazi trucks driving through the mountains, snaking their way around corners with large drops. It is cold here with hints of melted snow but it is not fully snowing. These four trucks are Opel Blitz 3-tonne trucks. No covering on the back of three of the trucks, just the skeletons leaving their contents open. Prisoners. The lead truck IS covered, however. Reference: https://www.militaryfactory.com/armor/detail.asp?armor_id=519

FX: RUMMMMMMBBBLLEEE

PANEL 4

We're by the side of the trucks now as they rumble past. The markings on the side show these are Nazi army trucks. The prisoners in the back alongside the odd Nazi soldier (armed). The prisoners are a thin (largely near malnourished) and ragged bunch of Allied POWs. Some British army, some US army, RAF and USAAF. The trucks are snaking around these rather rudimentary, uneven (dangerous) roads with big drops on one side. Rocks falling down the mountain as they go. One bad turn and... Death. NB - The sky is beautiful, blue and clear. But it is horribly cold up here in the mountains.

FX: RUMMMMMMBBBLLEEE

PANEL 5

Nocona's POV. In the back of the second truck now. We're sat with the prisoners. They are cold and grim. In front of us, sat with his machine gun pointing right at us, is a Nazi soldier. He looks ready to fire. Looks like he wants to. He's one of two Nazi guards in the back with 'us' making sure we don't run for it. The prisoners sat on either side, huddled for warmth, look like they have no fight in them. They have all been in prisoner camps for a while and are THIN. No one got well fed in these camps. One British-looking soldier (moustache) motions at 'us'. They are all, also, in their 20s. This was a war predominantly fought by young men.

BRIT: Excuse me, old man. But I hope you don't Mind
me asking? We're all jammed in here tighter than a nun's
pyjamas. So...

BRIT: How do **you** get the extra legroom?

PAGE FIVE (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Establishing, large intro shot of our hero here. NOCONA. He is a Comanche Code-Talker in US GI outfit. And he, unlike the others, has a small gap on either side of him. This is because the GIs on either side of him do NOT want to sit next to him. His skin colour - the fact that he's Native American - is obvious here. He very much stands out. One of the GIs on the side of him - a BIG nasty-looking fucker, bald, broken nose, built like an offensive tackle (HARRAH). He's kind of **George Kennedy** in Cool Hand Luke. Would be in jail if he wasn't fighting in this war. Harrah sneers an answer back at us. There is a shorter, kind of weasly GI sat on the other side of Nocona. This is POWELL (a bit like the character actor **Michael Powell** from Bonnie & Clyde).



HARRAH: Because nobody wants to sit next to a traitor.

HARRAH: That's why!

PANEL 2

Close-up profile shot of Nocona. Quiet. In his own thoughts, ignoring the taunting. There's a quiet nobility in him. He's a good soul. He knows who he is. He's suffered taunting much of his life. He's used to being alone. Hannah sneering at him in background. Powell going for laughs from the other prisoners.

HANNAH: You'll get sunburnt just being near that red skin, right?

POWELL: His name's Nocona. I saw him talking German to the guards back at Stalag XI! I tellya, Limeys. Watch him! He's a dirty spy!

PANEL 3

BRONSON, a cool-sardonic-looking USAF airman sat across from Hannah and Powell, laughs. His hat pulled over his eyes, like

he's trying to sleep (kind of Indiana Jones-style). He's smaller than Hannah by some distance, but he gives zero fucks about him or anyone else. He's not one for taking orders either. A rebellious edge to him but a good soul behind the sneer. If it's a movie he's **Paul Newman** at the start of Cool Hand Luke. Disdain. Cool.



BRONSON: Heh...

BRONSON: He's a **Code-Talker**. Comanche, probably. They brought a team of 'em over for Normandy to break the Nazi signals. Languages are what they do.

BRONSON: But I guess you'd have to be able to read to know that, Hannah. Or have a mom and dad who ain't cousins.

PANEL 4

Hannah doesn't like that, steps toward Bronson. Bronson is cool and unbothered. Keeps smiling under that hat.

HANNAH: That's funny, Bronson. You're a real funny guy. If we wasn't in this truck...

PANEL 5

An overhead 'drone' shot now over the truck. That fatal fall just to the side. If the driver makes a slip, they're dead. This is not for those scared of heights, this drive.

PRISONER: Damn, that... That's some drop...

FX: RUUUUUUUUUUMMBLLE.

PAGE SIX (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Front onto the outside wheel of that truck as it slips off the edge of the shitty mountain road and dislodges rocks. NEARLY slipping to its death. (Very Friedkin's "Sorcerer," this. "Wages of Fear," etc).

FX: CRUNNNCHH!

PRISONERS: OH!

PRISONER: WOAH!

PANEL 2

In the back of the truck now. EVERYONE looks different levels worried. And rightly so. Closest to the camera is COOK. He is a balding, glasses-wearing British army chaplain. He has the collar of a priest beneath his army uniform (reference: Chat). Wide-eyed. He is suffering from shell-shock anyway and has a large healed head-wound on one side of his head at the temple. A small dent there. Shrapnel once hit him there and he nearly died (he should instantly be a sympathetic, sweet character). Cook Reference: a 70s era **Tony Hopkins**.



BRONSON: HEY! WATCH THE DAMN ROAD! WHAT THERE IS OF IT?

BRIT: Where are they taking us anyway? You chaps weren't in our camp!

COOK: Helpa fi, mae gen i ofn...

PANEL 3

Cook stands, FREAKING OUT, waving his arms at them all. Going to jump. The Nazi soldiers immediately react - they point their machine guns at him. He is terrified. Losing his mind.

COOK (BIG): HELPA FI, MAE GEN I OFN!

COOK (BIG): MAM! MAE ANGEN ... ARNA I...

GUNS: CLICK!

HARRAH: SHIT!

PANEL 4

Cook puts a leg up on the side of the truck. He is about to jump to freedom (he'll never make it, he'll fall to his death).

COOK (BIG): MAM! BLE MAE FY MAM?! TAD?

PANEL 5

The Nazi soldiers all stand, waving their machine guns not just at Cook but at the rest of the prisoners. The Nazi soldiers are scared and they are VERY close to just spraying the back of the truck with bullets. The prisoners all instinctively cower and cover their heads but Cook is still shouting at them. On his feet. Tears rolling down his cheeks.

COOK (BIG): MAM! BLE MAE FY MAM?! TAD?

NAZI GUARD 1: <SIT DOWN!>*

NAZI GUARD 2: <SIT DOWN OR WE SHOOT! DO IT! DO IT NOW!>

PRISONER: DON'T SHOOT US! FUCK! FUCK!

PAGE SEVEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Cook rambles. Powell gestures excitedly at him.

COOK: TAD? Rwyf am i chi fynd â mi adref!

POWELL: He's speaking **German**. I told ya! They're spies! They got spies in with us!

PANEL 2

Large panel. Nocona stands in front of Cook, trying to calm the situation. Calm is a good way of describing Nocona. He puts himself between Cook and the guns, raises a hand to the terrified Nazi guards and places another hand on cook's shoulder, trying to calm everyone down. This is Nocona's 'power' - *Languages*. And he's trying to bring peace. He's not pleading with the guards, but explaining.

NOCONA: He's not speaking German.

NOCONA: He's **Welsh**. It's Welsh. He's just scared.

NOCONA: Please... Don't hurt him.

PANEL 3

Nocona turns to Cook. Looks him in the eye. Trying to calm him. It's working. The situation is calming.

NOCONA: Mae'n iawn....

NOCONA: Mae'n iawn...

NOCONA: Os gwelwch yn dda. Eisteddwch gyda mi... ?

COOK: ... You speak Welsh...?

PANEL 4

The situation calms. Cook starts to sit. Nocona has calmed him. Cook is still looking at Nocona, wide-eyed. Nocona has his hand on his shoulder.

NOCONA: A little.

COOK: ... My name is Cook... Hywel Cook. I'm R.A.C.hD. Royal Army Chaplain's Department... I'm from Carmarthen.

NOCONA: I'm Nocona. I'm from Oklahoma. It's good to meet you, Cook.

PANEL 5

They sit. The Nazi guards lower their weapons. Bronson looks on. He is sitting next to Cook and Nocona now, thanks to the change in seating.

NOCONA (to guards): He's OK now. We're all OK.

BRONSON: Not sure that's true, Chief.

BRONSON: I mean, they've hoovered us up from different camps and are taking us somewhere. Can't be good.

PAGE EIGHT (TWO PANELS)

PANEL 1

Insert. Front on to Nocona, Bronson and Cook now. They have all spotted something in the distance (their destination). We'll see it next panel. Their reaction here is 'oh shit'. This is where they're going...

BRONSON: What was he shouting about anyways? Mam? Mom? Something about his mother?

NOCONA (small): ... He was scared.

NOCONA (small): That's all...

PANEL 2

Large establishing near splash image of THE CASTLE. This is their destination. It is a very gothic-looking castle up in the mountains. This place should look like it is **impossible** to escape from. This is key to the whole series. This place CANNOT be escaped from. No one can get out (including the vampire that will be locked in here with them) It looks like something from an old Grimm's Fairy tale now turned into part of the Nazi war machine. There are large drops and sheer walls down to the side. We are WAY up in the mountains here. One road in or out into the main castle gate. It is a small thin road in across the drawbridge. It is clearly heavily guarded. Guard towers with guns line the one road out, This place is a mix between COLDITZ and NEUSSCHWANSTEIN (ref: https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/f/f8/Schloss_Neuschwanstein_2013.jpg/1920px-Schloss_Neuschwanstein_2013.jpg). A historic Bavarian castle that the Nazis have turned into a POW camp. Our trucks are in foreground of shot, approaching.

LOCATOR: NEUSSCHZOLLERN CASTLE, BAVARIA.

LOCATOR: PRISONER OF WAR CAMP.

BRONSON: Yeah...

BRONSON: I get that.

PAGE NINE (SEVEN PANELS)

PANEL 1

The four Nazi trucks drive across the bridge into the main Castle entrance. Sentry boxes wait for them. A barrier is raised. There are a LOT of guards here. Machine gun posts up on the walls.

PANEL 2

Our POWs in the back of the truck all look up at the castle walls as their truck enters. No one speaks. They are SCREWED trying to escape from here. It's writ large on their faces.

PANEL 3

As everyone looks up, Nocona looks forward (the only one to do so) as the truck in front - the only one with the canvas covering its back.

HARRAH: ... Shit. Lookit this place...

PANEL 4

In the back of the covered truck in front, we can see that six Nazi soldiers are in the back - three sit either side of its contents. The TOMB/COFFIN from our opening sequence is in the back. It is covered by sheets but the wind blows them up and Nocona/we get a glimpse of the coffin. The strange markings are even visible on its side. They entirely cover it. It is far larger than a normal coffin. There's arcane writings on there. That's going to appeal to the linguist in Nocona.

HARRAH (o/s): Half the damn German army's here.

PANEL 5

Close-up on Nocona. Eyes intent, looking at us/the tomb.

PANEL 6

Zoom in on the coffin with the strange markings.

PANEL 7

Back on Nocona. He feels something is wrong here, in his gut. Behind him, Bronson tilts his head back and smiles. Cool and relaxed. Like he can just wait out the whole of the war here.

BRONSON: Guess there's no point tryin' to escape then, huh?

NOCONA: That writing. On whatever that object is on the truck in front... Its language.

BRONSON: ... Huh?

PAGE TEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

The truck in front has stopped. The six Nazi soldiers in the back (and several more who have run to the back of the truck) are getting it off and moving it off as fast as they can. Even though the sheet covering the tomb/coffin is slightly blowing up in the wind. An officer has come out to oversee it being moved. This is clearly important, and being treated as though it is some kind of object of value or danger.

NOCONA CAPTION: "I don't recognize it."

PANEL 2

Nocona, Bronson, Cook (wide-eyed, like a scared child) and the other POWs are jumping down from the trucks. Nazi soldiers pointing machine guns at them.

BRONSON: So what?

NOCONA: I recognize a **lot** of languages,
Bronson.

COOK: New home?

BRONSON: Yeah, Cook.

PANEL 3

Wide establishing shot now. They are in a wide Castle yard. Large walls. Machine Gun Towers with heavy machine guns up on the walls. The main Castle House looks like a Gothic nightmare. Some objects are being built up above the walls via carpentry and scaffolding. These look like they're building new Machine Gun Towers up over the walls, but they're not. They're large Crucifixes, as we'll reveal soon, set inside what looks like radar reflecting dishes (rudimentary, 1944 tech). Down in the camp yard, over to one side are a number of wooden huts to house the prisoners (there are gaps/spaces between the huts, which will be used to hide/stalk in the future). Tall walls on all sides. Machine gun towers pointing down. There is, simply put, no way out.

BRONSON: New home.

PANEL 4

Bronson, Nocona's POV: Up in one of the Towers - directly above 'us'/Bronson, Nocona and co, two Nazi soldiers look down at us, pointing their heavy machine gun - a belt-fed MG 42 (shortened from German: Maschinengewehr 42, or "**machine gun** 42"). One of the Germans is smiling smugly down at us. The clear blue sky above him (some white streaks can JUST be seen high above, but don't worry about making them a point of focus here. We'll close in on them in a second.

SENTRY SOLDIER: THAT'S RIGHT, BRITISH AND AMERICANS!
DEATH IS ABOVE YOU! ALWAYS! NEVER FORGET!

PANEL 5

Bronson, cocky, smiling, points right up in the sky. AT the sky. This is kind of playful. Giving shit to the guard.

BRONSON: Thanks guys. That's a real nice greeting.

BRONSON: Hey, maybe you boys should take a look up above at the wild blue yonder!

PAGE ELEVEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

We're up with the Machine Gun Tower now as the German soldiers crane their necks to look up in the sky. Up to what Bronson was just pointing at. Those white vapor trails from endless Allied bombers, high above. They're B17s, coming to bomb Munich and Berlin many other German cities, at this stage of the war.

SENTRY SOLDIER: <Huh?>

SENTRY SOLDIER 2: <What is he pointing at?>

PANEL 2

Bronson walks off, smiling, head down, waving bye to Cook and Nocona without turning to look at them. He follows his own trail. The cool outsider.

BRONSON: Those white trails are B17s. Lots of 'em. Heading for Berlin and Munich and wherever...

BRONSON: Death's above you too, my friends.

PANEL 3

Bronson and Cook now look up at one of those new constructions on top of the walls. Beneath some scaffolding, there is a crucifix there, a large one. But German troops are banging and sawing away at it, obscuring the view of what it is. Scaffolding around it. And behind the crucifix, a large dish, like a radar dish.

COOK: He seems a nice man.

NOCONA: ... Hmm...

COOK: I wonder what they're building up there?
Gun tower... Oh.

PANEL 4

Close-up on what they're 'carpentering' into shape up on the wall, covered in scaffolding. The rudimentary radar dish behind it. It is definitely a crucifix. The face of the Christ on it visible here. Crown of thorns on forehead.

COOK V/O CAPTION: "Crucifixes."

COOK V/O CAPTION: "That's odd."

PANEL 5

Pull back. The new prisoners, milling around, they ALL turn as one at the sound of this voice.

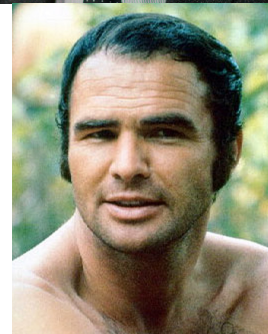
McCALLUM (o/s): NEW PRISONERS OF CASTLE
NEUSSCHZOLLERN!

McCALLUM (o/s): ATTENTION!

PAGE TWELVE (THREE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Standing, to attention, in front of the new arrivals are three stern looking Allied officers. On one side is McCALLUM, a blonde, good-looking RAF fighter pilot - 23. Cheekbones to kill for. **Tom Hiddleston-ish**. On the other side is DILS. A US Army Combat Engineer. He has the air of a **Burt Reynolds** in Deliverance about him. He's a heroic, manly sort. He builds bridges with his bare hands and looks it. He is a BIG man. And in the middle is the commanding officer of the Allied troops here - Lt. Colonel Hancock of 135th (East Anglian) (Hertfordshire Yeomanry) Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. He is an older man. 42 years old. **Tom Wilkinson-type**. A career officer. He has been in the army all his adult life and seems very stern, initially. All three, as all the prisoners, look hungry, cold and thinned from their time in a POW camp.



McCALLUM: Line up! Line up please!
Quickly! Line up for your Commanding Officer!

McCALLUM: ATTEN...TION!

HANCOCK: GENTLEMEN!

PANEL 2

Side-on now as the three officers stand before the new prisoners, who have lined up. They are all trained armed forces. They know the drill (literally). Hancock looks like he might be a very stern type.

HANCOCK: I am the senior Allied Officer in the camp, My name is Lt Colonel Hancock of 135th East Anglian Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.

HANCOCK: My second-in-command, on my left, is Flight Lieutenant Douglas McCallum of the RAF. To my right is Sgt Dils of the US Army Combat Engineers.

HANCOCK: We and our fellow Allied soldiers have been prisoners here in Castle Neusschzellern for months now. So, let me tell you something VITALLY important on day one of your time here.

PANEL 3

Front onto Hancock who smiles at them. He is a warm, likeable man, despite his position. A good soul. We should like him immediately.

HANCOCK: It is EXTREMELY good to meet you all.

PAGE THIRTEEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

CUT TO: A stained glass window in a very old Gothic Church. Christ on it. Looking down at us.

OFFICER (LANGE, from below): <Ludin?>

PANEL 2

We're on the ceiling looking down at an old Gothic Church inside the main house of the Castle. Plate glass window letting in light. THE VAMPIRE's TOMB has been put in the middle of the room in a large 'grave' that has been dug into the floor, so it is ten feet down in its 'pit'. The Two Officers we saw with Ludin in the woods in Act One are here (one is more nervous than the other. This is Lange). As is Ludin. And also the rather terrifying looking German Priest. The Tomb is uncovered here. All its carvings and symbols (the bloodstains still on it from the Concentration Camp diggers are still on it. Ludin approaches it, Tentatively. They are ALL very tentative here. Scared by this, unsure.

OFFICER (LANGE, from below): <... Are you sure about this?>

PANEL 3

That scary-looking Priest. He is part of this dark operation. He looks like he's seen terrible demonic things.

LUDIN (o/s): <Ardennes...>

PANEL 4

Ludin, intense. Staring at this otherworldly thing.

LUDIN: <The Americans are in Ardennes. Hours from the border. The Allies are about to take Ravenna, northern Italy.>

LUDIN: <The Russians have reached Budapest.>

PANEL 5

The two Nazi officers. One (Lange) looks very unsure. The other (Becker) is all duty. Unreadable.

LUDIN (o/s): <Your family, Becker? They are still in Munich?>

BECKER: <Yes.>

LUDIN (o/s): <Your wife and child, Lange? Regensburg, yes?>

LANGE: <... Yes.>

PAGE FOURTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

PANEL 1

Close-up on Ludin. There's a tired, cold desperation and determination in his eyes here. A human being, rather than a moustache-twirling evil. He turns to look at us. They've all lost too much to turn back now. The plate glass window is behind him. Christ looking down on him.

LUDIN: <What choice do we have?>

PANEL 2

Ludin looking at the two officers. Any hint of vulnerability is gone. Now, all officialdom and orders. Of the two Nazi Officers, one of them (LANGE) is younger, and is feeling the fear more. He is not on board with this, really.

LUDIN: <The internal doors system? We are confident it works?>

OFFICER (BECKER): <Yes, Kommandent.>

LUDIN: <The dishes behind the religious symbols? The electricity?>

OFFICER (LANGE): <The scientist says his field will be turned on, yes.>

PANEL 3

Ludin doesn't hesitate. He turns to that scary-looking old Priest. The two officers behind him.

LUDIN: <Begin your ceremony.>

OFFICER (LANGE): <The Prisoners.>

OFFICER (LANGE): <What do we tell them when it starts happening?>

PANEL 4

CUT TO: Night. The huts. Lights inside. It is a cloudy evening. The moon is up.

LUDIN: <I don't care.>

PAGE FIFTEEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Inside the hut. Close up on Nocona. He lies on his bunk. Hands behind his head. Staring up at 'us'.

SOLDIER (o/s): Not exactly the Ritz, this, is it?

PANEL 2

Wider shot of the room. Men having chosen their bunks. Nocona lies on the lower bunk of a bunk bed. This is a very rudimentary shack. Bunk beds. Wooden boards for flooring, walls and ceilings. Harrah and Powell share a bunk bed nearby.

SOLDIER: I shall request The Times with breakfast.
Inform the concierge immediately!

HARRAH: Hey, Powell! Your bed's bigger than mine. Swap, ya little weasel!

POWELL: They're all the same size, Harrah! What do ya...

PANEL 3

Nocona's POV. Cook - nervous, damaged, leans over the top bunk.

COOK: Nocona.

NOCONA: Yes, Cook.

COOK: Do you believe in God?

PANEL 4

Nocona. Lying back on the pillow. Unreadable as he considers this. He's seen things in this war. All these men have.

NOCONA: I believe in right and wrong.

PANEL 5

Cook, up on top bunk, worried, scared. Behind him, Hancock and Dils have entered the hut and are standing at one end of the room.

COOK: I'm a Chaplain. I only ask because... well... he used to speak to me but... I think...

COOK (small): ... I think he's gone...

DILS: GUYS! LISTEN UP!

PAGE SIXTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

PANEL 1

Hancock and Dils stand there. Hancock in officer mode. No smiles now.

HANCOCK: Earlier pleasantries aside, it's time we got down to business.

HANCOCK: Gentlemen, as we are all **well** aware, we are NOTHING without duty.

HANCOCK: If you've been sent here, it's because you've already tried escaping from a camp. The Hun like to believe that Neusschzellern is ESCAPE PROOF.

PANEL 2

Dils steps forward a touch. He's a hard, inspiring heroic figure. Huge man, huge hands. Like he could tunnel himself out with bare brute force. You BELIEVE him. You'd follow him.

DILS: They're wrong. And we're gonna prove it.

DILS: I've tunnelled outta three camps thus far, fellas. Last time I got as far as a town on the Swiss border.

DILS: This time, I'm going to make it. We ALL are. I promise you.

PANEL 3

The hut now. The prisoners listening. Harrah looks disgruntled. Some of the other men looks a little unsure.

HARRAH: Yeah? You got wings, Sergeant Dils? 'Cos in case you ain't noticed, this place is on top of a fucking mountain!

DILS: Not a camp built I can't get us out of.

HANCOCK: Sergeant Dils is our ace-in-the-hole here, Gentlemen. He was a Civil Engineer prior to the war. Tunnels are his expertise.

PANEL 4

Back with Nocona, suddenly distracted by McCallum, who is down on one knee and by the other side of his bed. Hancock, Dils and the prisoners' attention is down the other side of the hut. No one is paying attention to McCallum here.

McCALLUM (whispered): Hello.

NOCONA: Uh... Hi.

McCALLUM (whispered): You're Comanche, aren't you? I asked about you.... I saw you. When you came in.

PAGE SEVENTEEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Nocona and McCallum now. Side on. Looking at each other. Clearly an immediate attraction between the two men. McCallum has done this before, you sense. He has an easy confidence. Nocona... Hasn't.

McCALLUM (whispered): My name's McCallum... Ian. You can call me Ian.

NOCONA (whispered): ... Nocona.

PANEL 2

McCallum now. Smiling. He's a good soul. Good-looking too. He knows what he's doing here. But this is a genuine moment of attraction.

McCALLUM (whispered): I...

McCALLUM (whispered): ... I hope you don't mind me staring. It's just...

McCALLUM (whispered): I've never seen someone like you before.

PANEL 3

Reaction shot from Nocona, who is largely unreadable, but he's clearly not looking away from McCallum's eyes. He's a bit shaken here. McCallum is gay and comfortable with it. Nocona is far more guarded.

NOCONA: ...

McCALLUM (whispered): Lost for words, eh?

PANEL 4...

McCallum suddenly snaps out it. The closeness of the moment and the whispering gone, to be replaced by 'THE JOB'. He tries to lift up Nocona's mattress, getting him to move.

NOCONA: Huh?

McCALLUM: Sorry old son, but you're the unlucky sod who just happens to have bunked down on top of something rather important.

PANEL 5

Underneath Nocona's bunk - McCallum removes a couple of slats of the bed, and we can see that there's a TUNNEL HOLE underneath the mattress. McCallum smiles up at Nocona.

McCALLUM: We've been tunnelling away here for some time before you arrived!

McCALLUM: You chaps have got here just in time to join the party.

PAGE EIGHTEEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

Harrah steps in, immediately. Grabs Nocona by the shirt. McCallum looks on, shocked!

HARRAH: Don't show him! He's a **spy**!

McCALLUM: Hey!

HARRAH: He speaks to the Germans! I've seen him! They talk in Kraut!

PANEL 2

Nocona pushes Harrah away, both hands. Not a punch. A 'get away from me!' Hard though. Harrah doesn't like that. He's the big man. Powell is in back of shot, leering Harrah on.

POWELL: He's gonna turn us all in and we'll get the firing squad!

NOCONA: I'm **not** a spy!

PANEL 3

Harrah punches Nocona. Clean on the nose. Not a superhero-ish punch. Men fighting. Real world.

HARRAH: Fucking **traitor**!

PANEL 4

Nocona isn't knocked down, but he's staggered and his nose is bleeding and he holds the dripping blood in his hand. Behind him, Harrah is held back by McCallum.

HANCOCK (o/s): STOP THAT! STOP THAT! THAT'S AN ORDER!

HARRAH: Go on! Run to yer Guard pals!

McCALLUM: Dammit, man! What's wrong with you?

PANEL 5

CUT TO: Wide shot. Outside the hut. Nocona stumbles out the door, holding his nose. It is a dark night. The full moon is up.

HARRAH (from inside): Talking to him in a language
he'll understand. Sir.

SOLDIER 2 (from inside): Hahahah!

PAGE 19 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1

A shadow darts by in the foreground. Nocona's head has snapped toward it.

NO COPY

PANEL 2

Close on Nocona.

NOCONA: Hello?

NOCONA: Is someone there?

PANEL 3

Nocona's POV. The camp is completely still. No one else in sight.

NO COPY

PANEL 4

Nocona in the midst of turning around suddenly toward the source of an off-panel voice.

VOICE (small, untethered, off-panel): <Hladový.>

PANEL 5

Close again on Nocona. He's looking off to the side. Concern on his face. Over his shoulder we see a FIGURE emerging from the shadows. It seems like a moment of impending doom for Nocona...

NOCONA: ... who's there?

PAGE 20 (SIX PANELS)

PANEL 1

A hand grabs Nocona on the shoulder. Nocona's eyes go wide.

NO COPY

PANEL 2

Nocona turns to find DILS. Relief for Nocona and the reader.

DILS: You okay?

PANEL 3

Favoring Nocona.

NOCONA: Sergeant Dils...Yes. Just needed some air.

PANEL 4

Favoring Dils.

DILS: It can get a little intense in those huts. Lots of frustrated people been locked away for a long time.

DILS: Claustrophobia. I spend half my life in tunnels but I don't care for it.

PANEL 5

Two shot of Nocona and Dils in profile. In background of shot, another shadowed figure is growing between them. Almost like it's made of shadows itself.

NOCONA: I didn't know you spoke Czech,
Sergeant Dils.

DILS: Czech? What do you mean?

PANEL 6

Extreme Close up on Nocona's eyes. They've gone wide with fear.

VOICE (weird, from off panel):

<Hladový.>

PAGE 21

PANEL 1

Large Panel. A splash, effectively.

Nocona's POV of the VAMPIRE biting Dils from behind him. A big bloody mess aimed at his neck, near decapitating Dils' head. This is no small tidy bite. The spray of blood hides most of the details of the vampire, including his face (we'll save a proper good establishing shot for later). But we see enough to get the sense that this is a demonic creature. This is not a traditional vampire image. It's more like the hellform of this creature. Like a humanoid bat demon. Its teeth are huge. IT is HUGE and powerful. It is a nightmare made real. And there is NO WAY Dils will survive this.

NO COPY

PANEL 2

Indent. Close up on Nocona's terrified eyes, as some blood splatters on his face... He is staring right at this thing.

VOICE (weird, from off panel):

<Hladový...>

END OF ISSUE ONE