

PAGE ONE (five panels)

Panel 1. We open to a city scape. It very much seems like a large city of our own reality. We can see lights in the pervading darkness. There is a caption reading: NEW GAMORRAH.

NARRATOR:

This is the **belly** of the **beast**. **Womb** of a ragged, **buck-tooth** whore, that crawls on her stomach in the night from **John** to **John**. And I love her... I love **HER**... She **speaks** to me, calls to **me** with velvet **tongue** and open **thighs**. You sweet **whore**...

Panel 2. We see a woman, she's walking alone past strangers in the night. Her golden hair shimmers amidst flashing hot neon and explosive flares of incandescence of an overhead marquis. Steam rises from an adjacent grate as cars pass by to unknown destination. It is chilly as she walks by in a refined and expensive looking trench coat with designer blue jeans and open toed shoes.]

NAR:

She sits **nestled** near the **red light**, knowing all must **stop** to meet her **someday**. **Praying** on the **weak** and **desperate**, **wearing** a **shit-eating** grin like **a mask**, that hides her true **intent**.

Panel 3. She passes by an alley, two neo-nazi looking thugs (skin-headed, white t-shirt, camo pants, combat boots, Arian tats) leaned up against the wall, smoking their dope. They take notice of this voluptuous vixen

NAR:

And when they've let their **guard** down, she **stabs** them in the **back**.

Panel 4. Alright, now we get a shot from between her legs. Nazis following in hot pursuit of what they want. We see one has taken out a knife as his compatriot follows close

NAR:

It gets me **hard** seeing you at **work**. It makes my blood **pump** living on the **edge**. It **gets me off**, being a step away from **death**. A cruel world of **ultra-violence** and **hyper-sexuality**.

Panel 5. The punks draw up the poor girl and grab her by her long golden locks. He places the knife to her throat. She is visibly terrified and crying. The second fiend places his fat hand on her mouth to silence her as they drag her to seclusion

NAR:

That's why **we're** here. The **divide** between **order** and **chaos**. The **people**, our **sheep**. The **criminals**, the **wolves** that try to eat **them**... **one** by **one**.

PAGE TWO (five panels)

NEO-NAZI #2:

Don't you make a god-damned sound bitch. The second you do, my boy Rudy'll tear you new hole to fuck, right there where that knife is pointed. Understand me whore?

GIRL:

Mmmgthh

RUDY:

Shit Billy, you dumb fuck, you just said my name!

BILLY:

Fuck you asshole, so did you!

Panel 2. Billy begins to tear open her trench coat, taking what he thinks should be his. The woman, her face contorted in disgusted agony, overwhelmed by the sickening situation, her perilous predicament. Rudy is tracing designs down her throat with the point of the blade and laughs as he would any other small animal caught in his snare.

BILLY:

You really are a fine piece of ass, but you know that don't you? Bet you hear that all the time from those niggers, huh? Bet you like it too you traitor cunt. Coming from one of the nigger joints I bet. What you think Rudy? She got their stink on her?

Rudy:

Sure does, Billy. I think I know how to get rid of it.

Panel 3. We get an overhead shot of two figures dropping down from above. They are shrouded in shadows, all black against the cold alley light. The thugs are visibly shocked, mouths agape.

NAR:

No longer must this city **go** to the **wolves**. **Tonight** we sate our **hunger** for **vengeance** on **avarice** and **bloated egos**. We **sharpen** our **teeth** on **cracked bones** of these sick **degenerates** and **rip** at their **sinews** with **rabid glee**.

BILLY & RUDY:

What the fuck?!?!

Panel 4. The shadows land on the punk's shoulders, crush them under foot. The boys let out a terrible scream as they feel their bodies collapsing beneath unrelenting weight. Exposed flesh meets concrete as blood is shed. Red spills on the pavement. Red blushes the white of their Arian wear. The girl screams and stumbles backwards, knocking her head against the wall. She is disoriented.

RUDY:

Oh Jesusfuckingchrist Billy, I can't move!! I can't fuckin move!

BILLY:

OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK!!!

Panel 5: This shot is angled up from ground level. The shadows are revealed to be two men. The first brother is a tank, massive and muscular. (Grit-one on left) He has short, militaristic hair. He wears a long leather coat. All black attire. He is equipped with weaponry of all types, mostly those meant to maim. A scowl marks his furrowed brow. (Edge-one on right) The other is slightly smaller, possessing more lean muscle. He has longer hair and wears a jacket with paramilitary gear beneath it. Cargo pants and heavy steel-toed boots. He possesses blades and small arms.

NAR:

Have you ever **heard**, the sound a **pig** makes when you **stick it**? It's **not** much **different** than **sticking** a **degenerate**. They **both squeal** and try to **get away**... They **never do**.

GRIT:

Look at this **filth**. This **city's** really going to **shit**. **Makes** me **sick**, just **looking** at it.

EDGE:

Guess **we'll** just have to be the **ones** to **clean it up**. **That's** what's **wrong** with this **generation**. No sense of **service**. No sense of **duty**.

GRIT:

It's a real **shame**. Really makes my **blood boil**. Should have been **tossed out** with the rest of the **trash**.

[off frame, speech should be seen from the bottom of panel]

BILLY:

What are you some kind of psychos?! I need a doctor man! Look what you did to Rudy!

RUDY:

Man I can't feel my fuckin legs!!! HELP!! HELP ME!!!

PAGE 3 (five panels)

Panel 1. Overarm shot from the girl's perspective. Grit grows tired of hearing them, picking Billy up by one leg, slamming him against the wall. Billy's head cracks, a chunk barely hanging on by loose scalp. Brain exposed, blood strewn across the brickwork. The girl is regaining awareness, witnessing it. She hears the head split like a fresh cut watermelon. The squelching makes her want to vomit. She is shocked and paralyzed with terror. Edge is still peering at Rudy, unflinching.

NAR:

My **brother** never did have much **patience** for **diplomacy**. He **always** was of the **mindset**, "**might** makes **right**." I'm a bit more **civilized**, more **progressive**.

EDGE:

YOU SEE THAT **PIG**?! **ALL** OF YOU ARE ALL THE **SAME**! **PIGS** PLAYING **WOLVES**! LOOKS LIKE YOU CHOSE THE WRONG NIGHT TO PROWL **SUNSHINE**!

Panel 2. Shot of Edge perched on Rudy. He pulls Rudy near his face with one hand, a gleaming knife in the other. Grit is stuffing a broken Billy in the trashcan. It's starting to pool with blood. Lights are flickering now. The girl hasn't moved.

NAR (EDGE):

Grit may be a **god** on the **battlefield**, but he's a **barbarian**. Overwhelming **force** only offers so **much**. Sometimes you need to leave a **lasting impact**, something **worse** than **death**. I prefer to **see** the **fear** in their **eyes**, hear the **pounding** of their **junky pig hearts** as I bring them **pain** they've never **known**. I want them to **fear me**. It's so much **sweeter** than a **quick death**. A little piece of **me** is always with **them** after that.

EDGE:

Do you remember the **story** of **little** red riding **hood**?

RUDY: WHA-WH-WHAT?!

EDGE:

RED RIDING HOOD, **PIG**! The **wolf** that eats **grandmother** and the **young girl**. You know how the story **ends** don't you?

RUDY:

WH-WH-WH-WHA?!?!

Panel 3. This is viewed through the girl's eyes. The reflection of Grit kneeling near Edge as Edge begins carving up his face, removing a few pieces. There are tears, an empty gaze, pure trauma. There are screams and tearing sounds.

NAR EDGE:

Rehabilitation is as **important** to **degenerates** as it is to **society**.

EDGE:

The **woodsman** came along and **cut** them both out...

Panel 4. Pieces of flesh and a few dismembered pieces lie around. The boys are standing now, Edge, with blood covered hands. They are speaking. The girl is shaking in the spot she hasn't moved from. Eyes are wide. Tears line her face.

NAR (EDGE):

Another **battle** in a **war** we've been drafted **into**. Have to **protect** the **sheep** and **fend** off the **wolves**. **Two less** to bother the **flock**. This was a **clean job**.

GRIT:

Nice work there **Edge**. He's **never** looked **better**.

EDGE:

Thanks, I've been **practicing**.

GRIT:

Let's get **going**.

EDGE:

No, Let's **check** on the **girl**.

Panel 4. Shot of the boys near the girl. The girl is shaking. They speak with her.

GRIT:

We **don't** have **time** for **this**.

EDGE:

Are you **ok** girl?

GIRL:

GRIT:

What's the **matter**? Are you **retarded** or something?

EDGE:

Settle down Grit, the **girl** is in **shock**. **Little lamb** isn't used this type of **action**.

Panel 5: Edge picks the girl up and they start to walk down the alley. View of them walking from the back.

NAR (EDGE):

There are always **casualties** on the field of **battle**.

PAGE 4 (five panels)

Panel 1. They make their way back to their vehicle. It appears to be military grade, one that's seen a lot of action. The paint is etched away from what appears like countless gunshots. It is very large and looks fully equipped with weaponry and defensive equipment. The two brothers load the girl into the vehicle. She has yet to respond and offers no resistance.

NAR EDGE:

We're living in a **generation** of **snowflakes**, **leftist pussies** and **feminazis**... disgraceful. This **lamb** hasn't seen **true horror**. We've been **forged** by it. **Nature** and **nurture** are equally **unforgiving**.

GRIT:

What are doing with **her**?

EDGE:

We're going to take her **home** if she remembers how to **talk**. If **not**, nearest **hospital**.

Panel 2. Inside the vehicle. Grit has taken the wheel and Edge is in passenger. The girl has been strapped-in in the back. They fire up the engine and it roars to life, deafening. There is a luminescent, blue glow from monitors lighting their faces.

GRIT:

Better **find** your **voice** soon, **girl**. We **don't** have all **night**. More **important** things to do.

EDGE:

Excuse my **brother**, Grit. He's **not** one for **words**. I'm **Edge**. What's your name, **Little Lamb**?

[Something clicks, the girl wakes from her shock a bit]

GIRL:

I-I-I-I'm

GRIT:

What the **fuck** is wrong with all these people? **They** can never **spit** out a **god damned** sentence.

Panel 3. Similar view, except Edge turns to look at the girl.

EDGE:

Grit. Go ahead girl, **don't** be **rude**, introduce **yourself**.

GIRL:

I-I'm Selena. Selena Callahan. Wh-What you did to those peopl—

EDGE:

They're **not people**. Luckily for **you**, you stumbled into the **wrong alley** during our **patrol**. You should be **more careful**.

SELENA:

Y-Yes Sir.

Panel 4. View of the vehicle passing through the streets and going around the other cars. Cars are swerving out of the way. There are a couple accidents behind them.

NAR EDGE:

But there's something **more** to this **girl**. She's handling this **better** than **most**. But, at the same time, I can't help **wondering** if this isn't the **first time** she's found herself **alone** in a **car** with **strange men**.

EDGE:

Where do you live, **Selena**?

SELENA:

...300... Manute Dr.

EDGE:

Good **Girl**.

GRIT:

Took her **long enough**.

SELENA:

So... You're the vigilantes...

Panel 5. Caption-Outside McCarthy Apartment Complex, 300 Manute Dr.-The vehicle is stopped outside the complex as they let they prepare to let her out.

EDGE:

Yes, they call us **vigilantes**. This is where **you** get off.

GRIT:

Hurry up, we've **wasted** enough **time**.

SELENA:

Oh-umm, yes...

EDGE:

Make sure you **watch** for the **shadows** from now on. There's **worse** things than **Nazis** girl.

Panel 1. We see Selena walking up the steps. As the vehicle pulls away, she glances over her shoulder, a look of distress. She is disheveled. Clothes torn, makeup that's run, hair wild.

Panel 2. She walks past a row of doors and to the elevator. A woman and her child stare at her as she walks past them.

Panel 3. She enters an opening elevator door, a man steps past her.

Panel 4. She rides in the elevator watching the floor gauge.

Panel 5. She exits on her floor and steps up to her door, which is in front of the elevator.

Panel 6. View from inside the apartment. She opens the door, it's dark.

Panel 7. We see a trail of clothes leading to her bathroom that we can see from this angle.

PAGE 6 (one panel)

Panel 1: She sits on her shower floor, hugging her legs, face planted in her knees. There is steam billowing all around. In the steam, we see images of the traumatic events she has witnessed. We see the distorted faces of her assailants, shadows leaping, gnarled bodies undulating. She sees the exploded head of a man. She sees blood everywhere. A man being stuffed into a can. A man being cut, dismembered. She hears the crack of bones and screams of torment. All the while she sees herself, completely helpless, a passive observer, unable to do anything, the worst horror of all.

PAGE 7 (five panels)



Panel 1. Caption-Gordon Detective Agency- Included concept image possibility. We see the building from the outside.

Panel 2. Inside, the boys sit at the desk in front of Hardigan Gordon, P.I. (Name Plate on Desk) Hardigan is staring out his window, light that looks hatched as it passes through the blinds.

HARDIGAN:

You boys are gonna get yerselves into some deep shit if you keep this up. You hear me? Deep—Shit. I've got the boys at the precinct breathin' down my neck and you go turnin' another alley into a god damned slaughterhouse. Guess that's why they call you the Murdock Street Maulers.

GRIT:

Tread **carefully** old man.

EDGE:

Don't go **drudging** up the **past**. **Believe** me, **we** can **dig** much **deeper**.

HARDIGAN:

Hmmm, you boys are lucky I believe in what you're doing. All these years of playin' by the book and it seems like I've done less to nothin. Rapists, pedos, smack dealers, white collar boys payin' off the judges, and criminal syndicates riggin the game. At least ya get results.

Panel 3. Hardigan walks over to a drawer and pulls out a flask. We can see the boys behind him.

HARDIGAN:

This is fine aged, single barrel bourbon. You know, I used to save this for special occasions, then I realized nothing is. It's all another Tuesday.

EDGE:

That **stuff** will **kill** you.

HARDIGAN:

Heh, when? I've been waiting on that for fifteen years. Got a liver so hard it could stop a bullet.

GRIT:

Wanna **test** that **theory**?

HARDIGAN:

You ever let up tiny? Shit, so tell me boys, what was it this time?

Panel 4. Hardigan is taking a gulp from his flask, Edge is staring over at him. Grit has a taken out a knife and is observing it.

GRIT:

Another **whore** walking **alone** at **night**, Two **punks** got a hold of **her**. One got **trashed**. I don't think the **other** will be much of **threat** to any **woman** after **Romeo** over here.

Panel 5. Hardigan turns around, flash lowered down to his side. He stares at the two beasts.

HARDIGAN:

God damn you boys are sick. God help us if you went for innocent people.

GRIT:

There are **no innocents** Gordon, just those committing **lesser crimes**.

EDGE:

Those **precinct boys** should be **grateful** Hardigan. Because of **us**, they have more time to **sit on their asses**, hand out **traffic tickets**, feel like they're not **completely useless**.

HARDIGAN:

Yeah, yeah, I know, I know. Boys, it's late and my ass is sore from being ridden all day like a Shetland Pony. Come back around some other time to help me finish more of this damned paperwork you caused me.

PAGE 8 (five panels)

Panel 1. Caption-Lil Meeho's Bar and Grill- outside shot.

NAR EDGE:

Even **monsters** need a place to **rest** their head. In the **dark** places, out of **sight**.

Panel 2. We see our heroes sitting in what looks like a basement. It is dingy and minimalist. There's news on in the background they are sitting at a table, bright flat screen illuminating a bit more of the room. We can see weapon racks, war trophies, machinery of all sorts. It is rather spacious in this area.

GRIT:

What was **that** back there **Romeo**? Huh? You going **soft**?

EDGE:

What are you talking **about**?

GRIT:

That **girl**. Taking an **interest** in her like you did, **turning** us into a **god damned** taxi service.

EDGE:

The **girl** was in **shock**, Grit.

GRIT:

Heh, I'm sure **that's** the **reason**. They're **all scared** brother, but **that's** the **first** one you've **cradled** like a **kitten** you found in a **storm drain**.

EDGE:

I was just **doing** what was **right**. Can't **always** leave them next to **hunks** of **meat** catching **flies**.

Panel 3. We see the close up of the screen. We are tuned into GNN (Gomorrah News Network). The blonde reporter is speaking.

NAR EDGE:

Because the **normal** people, they live in **fear**. We exist **beside** it. They just can't seem to **tell us apart**.

LOLA:

Welcome and good evening, Lola Davis, GNN. Reports again of another back-alley massacre. Reports indicate one of the individuals did not survive the encounter. The other is in critical condition at Roark

Memorial. Reports are stating the victim has been maimed, multiple lacerations covering the entirety of his face and body. Dismemberment, including an ear, multiple digits, and emasculation. Chief of Police, Dwight Rafferty had this to say:

Panel 4. Same view of tv, Dwight Rafferty is on screen.

RAFFERTY:

We are disgusted to see this going on in our city. These vigilantes are going around proper law and order and causing more distress than they're alleviating. What we're seeing here is despicable. A complete disregard for human dignity, atrocities. These vigilantes will be apprehended and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. If you're watching this, you animals, know that Dwight Rafferty has your number. Clock is ticking.

Panel 5. Cut back to Lola.

LOLA:

That was Police Chief Dwight Rafferty. In other news, a riot ensued at Gamorrah Sanitorium, or as it's referred to, Little Eden, as infamous maniac slasher, Joe....

[Lola interrupts the report]

MEEHO:

Sounds like you boys have been busy. Really can't help yourselves, can you?

PAGE 9 (four panels)

NAR EDGE:

Panel 1. Meeho is presented. She has brought down two plates of hot Asian inspired pub grub. Meeho is Japanese, long dark hair, fair skin, black lipstick and dark makeup. She carries a katana across her back.

NAR EDGE:

Sometimes, even monsters need to reconnect with their humanity. To step back into the light, for that brief moment.

MEEHO:

Well, here's some food to regain your strength.

GRIT:

Heh, didn't even break a sweat. Those skin-head pussies didn't even fight back.

EDGE:

Thanks, Meeho. It **really** was a **boring** night.

GRIT:

What are **you** talking about **Romeo**? **Caught** yourself some **tail**, didn't you? That **fine ass** you couldn't stop **staring** at when we **left her** on her **steps**.

Panel 2. Meeho has set the food on the table. We see her grabbing a few beers from the fridge in the room. Edge is glaring at Grit.

MEEHO:

Oh, finally? I was starting to wonder about you two. [she says teasingly] You two never show much interest in anything more than violence. It's time at least one of you had a little fun.

EDGE:

Stop Grit. It's **nothing** like **that**.

MEEHO:

Ha! **Whatever** you say **cowboy**.

Panel 3. Meeho has handed out the beers to each of the boys and has one herself. She is sitting at the table with them.

MEEHO:

You two need other activities. All this blood and violence isn't healthy. You watch, it'll wear on you more than it already has. Lighten up a bit some time.

GRIT:

That's what gets people **killed** Meeho. The **moment** you stop **paying attention**, the **moment** you let your **guard down**, **that's** when you get **fucked in the ass**.

MEEHO:

Haha, hey big boy, you never know, you might like it.

GRIT:

[he frustratedly grumbles and gives out a heavy nasally sigh]

EDGE:

Yeah, you may be **right** about **taking some time**. Maybe **after we finish** up this **mission**.

Panel 4. The bottles are raised up together as they toast.

MEEHO:

Well good, but hurry up and eat before it gets cold. Here's to better times!

EDGE:

Better times.

GRIT:

EHH.

PAGE 10 (4 Panel)

Panel 1. We see ourselves in a very clinical sanatorium operating room. There is a doctor strapped on a gurney, a gag in his mouth. He is trying to scream, horrified. He is struggling to break free from his restraints. There are patients in torn and tattered clothing standing near his sides. We see a figure holding a scalpel in hand. He is smiling. He has a very distinct and monstrous appearance: lean bodied, filthy, matted hair, blood strewn face. He has placed an surgical cap on his head. There is blood all over the front of his blouse.

SCALPEL WIELDING PSYCOPATH:

Well doc, looks like we've made a lot of progress with your treatments. You've shown vast improvements, but... we have to expedite! You see, I need... a change of scenery. I'm a little homesick. Haven't seen my boy in a bit. You know how it is. I don't have to tell you. You're a father... You'd give your **right eye**... to see your boy, wouldn't you? I'll do you one better, you'll have the opportunity, to give much, much, more.

DOC:

Mmmmgghh

Panel 2. The man has shifted his face to an animalistic snarl. The scalpel is placed near the doctor's neck and he grabs him by the hair, forcing him to expose his neck.

SWP:

Shhh... shhhh.. Shhh. QUIET!!!

DOC:

...

Panel 3. The man is smiling again. The doctor has soiled himself. The other patients are laughing and jumping around.

SWP:

Don't worry a bit Doc, happens to the best of us. But, we don't have time to discuss it. You see, this riot won't last forever, so we'll have to **cut** it short. Once again, I'm pleased with your treatment and, as a man of my word, I'm going to give you a chance to see your little Michael again. We'll see how much you can give to see your little boy.

DOC:

MMMMMGGGGHHHHH!!!!

Panel 5.

We see that the man walking away from the gurney. He leaves the scalpel planted in his rib cage. The doctor is naked now. Fingers are missing, right eye gone. His nose has been half removed, Ear missing. Part of his abdomen has been partly shaved down to splintered bone, tendons cut, knees stabbed, and much more. In his chest, carved in stylistic cursive-Daddy's Coming Home

Beneath that- Joe Kerr

Cont.