

HELL RISING: Strife After Death

One-Shot

Created by Christopher H. Wolf

PANEL ONE – INT. LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

We see a TELEVISION SET, displaying a handsome WEATHER MAN as he gives his report in front of a MAP. The map displays a large STORM. The bottom corner of the screen tells us we are watching WVPR NEWS.

CAPTION: The pretty-boy weathermen didn't know what they were talking about. Big surprise, right?

PANEL TWO – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – NIGHT

We now see one of Twilight City's many streets. A RAINSTORM dumps buckets of rain down onto the few citizens who are out. Most are prepared with umbrellas and raincoats.

CAPTION: Rained in Twilight City for near on two weeks straight. No one had anticipated that kind of deluge, and everything started flooding. Whoever designed this hell hole should be shot.

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – NIGHT

A LARGE SEWER RAT sits atop a NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE. Flood waters have begun to lick at the bottom of the machine. The headline on the current newspaper reads "FREAK STORM CANCELS FLIGHTS".

CAPTION: The snob-nosed socialites and their toy dogs used to clog the sidewalks. Now they were being replaced by overworked maintenance men and sewer rats the size of toddlers. I mean the chubby, fast food eating kind of toddlers.

PANEL FOUR – EXT. DARK ALLEY – NIGHT

We now see a CORPSE lying in an rain soaked ALLEY WAY. This poor sap has been stabbed, and most likely robbed. Even though the body is pretty fresh, some MUSHROOMS are starting to bloom on its flesh. Similar fungus is slowly taking over the general area.

CAPTION: Folks on the news said people were getting crazy... the result of too little sunlight and too much rain for too long. A lot of ghastly things happened in the hot, oppressive murk of that storm. No one had seen the sun rise in what seemed like forever.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. DARK ALLEY – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the fungus-covered corpse's eyes open as his body arches violently. His mouth is open wide as if he's screaming.

CORPSE: Hhkkkkk!!!

CAPTION: And that's when the *fungus* started sprouting. The spores got into your system and laid dormant. Waited until folks were dead... and took over.

PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE – INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Back on the television set, we now see a news anchor looking quite glib as an inlayed graphic displays a crude, almost comedic rendering of a classic zombie.

CAPTION: For a while the news anchors couldn't keep a straight face. People kept calling into the stations, hollering about zombies, vampires and ghouls. The talking heads treated them like Bigfoot sightings and had a good chuckle about it.

PANEL TWO – INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The television now displays a TEST PATTERN.

CAPTION: Then there wasn't any news no more.

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – NIGHT

This large stonework building looks as if it has suffered the brunt of rioting. The same strange fungus is climbing the walls of the building, taking root in the cracks and crevices. The entryway and broken out windows are heavily barricaded from inside. Various ZOMBIES shamble about outside the building, generally uncoordinated in nature.

CAPTION: Those who survived the initial waves of horror took to hiding themselves away in groups. To them, it meant strength in numbers.

ZOMBIE #1: Hungry! Hungry!!

ZOMBIE #2: Sss...starrvinnn...

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

We now see a close up of THE COMMANDER as he stands in front of the building. Wearing a beret, fatigues, and a "USMC" shirt, it's clear that he was once a military man. Now, however, he is a ZOMBIE. A cold and calculating look plays upon what's left of his skeletal face. His muscular limbs are largely intact. A few gashes across his midsection and throat tell the tale of his demise, and the mushrooms sprouting from him denote the method of his resurrection. He holds a CROWBAR in one hand. Were he not a homicidal undead fiend, this might be classified as a heroic pose. A few zombies are behind him, the beginning members of his army.

CAPTION: To me, it meant a lot of fish in one big barrel.

THE COMMANDER: Look at you wretched bags of filth! I've seen bloated road kill that was more motivated than any of you. Follow me, I'll lead you to the biggest all-you-can-eat buffet in this God-forsaken city.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander leads as all of the zombies around him begin pummeling the barricades in unison. The Commander himself is hauling back with his crowbar maniacally.

CAPTION: All of the flesh-eaters were the same. Talk to them, give them some kind of motivation, and they'd fall in line behind you like dogs. The damned fungus didn't steal away their ability to take direction.

PANEL SIX – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

This is another close up of the Commander's face as he turns to shout orders to the others. Strings of sickly, rancid saliva stream from his mouth and there is a wild look in what's left of his eyes.

THE COMMANDER: You worm-eaten carcasses! Do you want to go to bed hungry? Push!

CAPTION: The ones that could still speak referred to me as "The Commander". That suited me just fine.

PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, several POLICE OFFICERS line up on the roof of the building, aiming PISTOLS and SHOTGUNS down on the crowd of the undead. CAPTAIN MANNING, one of the officers, shouts down at the zombies.

CAPTAIN MANNING: This is Captain Manning of the Twilight Police Department. We are sympathetic to your suffering, but you are hereby ordered to leave the area and cease all violent activity. Refuse this order and we *will* open fire!

PANEL TWO – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander looks down at the crowbar in his hand as MEL, a fellow zombie dressed in a fast food service uniform complete with name tag stands next to him, pleading.

CAPTAIN MANNING: (off panel) We realize you are disoriented, but please understand that you are already dead. You do not need to bring others down with you. I repeat... you must leave this area immediately.

MEL: Whatta we do now? I'm... I'm *starving*....

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Back on the line of police officers, the Commander's crowbar rockets upward through the air, all but taking off one of the policemen's head in a violent collision.

SFX: (crowbar on head) THWAKK!

CAPTAIN MANNING: Christ!

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander renews the undead horde's vigor as a hail of gunfire rains down upon them. Some of the fiends are immediately shot through the head, while the majority continues their push into the building.

CAPTION: We weren't what you'd call "human" anymore. We became predators. If there's one thing that sends predators into a craze, it's a hint of fresh blood in the air.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk! Krakk!

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

From the darkened interior of the lobby, we see the Commander and the undead horde as they break through the barricade and pour in.

THE COMMANDER: Root out the breathers! Get your bellies full, and then bring me anyone who's left alive.

ZOMBIE #1: GRRAHHH!!!

ZOMBIE #2: GNAW THEM. HURT THEM!!

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The police on the rooftop now turn to face the undead, now spilling out of the stairwell and approaching them. A few of the officers are being accosted by the first wave of the horde. Among the zombies is Mel.

MEL: Hahahaha!! Fresh meat! Fresh meat!!

PANEL TWO – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Mel ravenously chomps down on the face of a downed officer as the officer fires his shotgun into the air.

OFFICER: AAARGGHH!!

SFX: (shotgun) FOOM!

MEL: Mmmngghh!! Bacon!

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Captain Manning remains on his feet as he blows off a zombie's head with a blast from his pistol. Of course, two more approach quickly.

CAPTAIN MANNING: Damn it! Think about what you're doing, you monsters!! For the love of God, stop!

SFX: (pistol) POOM!

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The undead overtake Captain Manning, swarming him like a pack of starving animals.

CAPTAIN MANNING: Nooo!!!

PANEL FIVE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The zombies suddenly stop attacking, and instead hold Captain Manning in place. Mel stands nearby, pointing a grizzled finger at Captain Manning.

MEL: Wait! Leave him whole for the Commander. He'll want this one.

CAPTAIN MANNING: W... what?

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – AT THAT MOMENT

This is a shot of a MEN'S ROOM DOOR. A single BLOOD HANDPRINT marks the door where someone has previously pushed it open.

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

We are now in the MEN’S ROOM, where a WOUNDED OFFICER has crawled into the room, leaving a bloody path from the door. The wounded officer clutches a bite mark on his neck.

WOUNDED OFFICER: Oh Lord... Oh Lord in Heaven...

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The wounded officer hauls himself up to a sink and looks at his wound in the MIRROR above it. Reflected in the mirror, behind him stands a SHADOWY FEMALE FIGURE who has escaped his notice.

WOUNDED OFFICER: Ow – Damn it.

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Stepping from the shadows, we now see that the female figure is BATHING BEAUTY, a thin, attractive woman in a bikini who looks as if she has just come in from a swim. Her flesh is largely eaten away, presumably by aquatic life. Her long blonde hair hangs down around her, damp and colored slightly by blood.

WOUNDED OFFICER: Oh no...

BATHING BEAUTY: I shouldn’t... I... shouldn’t eat any...

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Bathing Beauty bears down on the wounded officer, her wretched hands outreached and her rotten teeth exposed.

BATHING BEAUTY: But you won’t... you won’t tell anyone if I do, right?

WOUNDED OFFICER: Aaahhh!!!

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – MOMENTS LATER

The Commander now stands in front of a small handful of police officers. Captain Manning is among them. They are bloodied and beaten, but still breathing. A large boarded-up window lies behind the officers, and a group of zombies stand nearby, barely able to keep from devouring the humans..

THE COMMANDER: You're sympathetic to our hardship. Isn't that what you said? Well... rest assured that's a one way street. However... I'm a fair man, so give me what I ask and I'll return the favor.

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander stands face to face with a bloodied officer.

BLOODIED OFFICER: Just kill me already, you sick piece of garbage.

THE COMMANDER: Ha! Be careful what you wish for. A snap of my boney fingers and you're a dessert platter. If you do what I ask we won't kill you. Sure, someone or something else will, but that's all I can offer you.

BLOODIED OFFICER: Well then tell us what you want!

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander grins as best he can, given the nature of his face.

THE COMMANDER: Unlock the weapon vault.

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Captain Manning holds up a KEY CARD, clear disdain on his face.

CAPTAIN MANNING: Here's the key card. If you want it so bad, take it. Now let my men and I go.

OFFICER #2: (off panel) No, Captain!

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, a pair of sleek arms with clawed, bloody hands reaches through the window behind the Captain Manning, wrapping around his midsection. Needless to say, the officer is caught by surprise.

CAPTAIN MANNING: AAHHH!!!

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Captain Manning is pulled out through the window, into the darkness. Other hands similar to the ones that grabbed him reach through the window, trying to snatch the other bloodied officers.

OFFICER #2: THE BLOODSUCKERS ARE HERE!!!

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander leaps out the window, passing the small group of similarly fungus-infested VAMPIRES that grasp though the window.

CAPTION: Some of the dead didn't exactly end up like me. The same spores that kept me kicking made *them* into grotesque blood drinkers... creatures with a fondness for terrorizing and torturing folks before draining the life out of them.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – SECONDS LATER

The Commander stands in the street, staring down a finely dressed, yet bloody SUIT- CLAD VAMPIRE, who in turn has a hold of Captain Manning.

CAPTION: For lack of a better term, Vampires. They skulked around, belching blood... their eyes giving off some sort of bio-luminescence like those butt-ugly cave fish that suck around the bottom of an ocean.

SUIT-CLAD VAMPIRE: Away, rotter! Your awful scent burnssss!

THE COMMANDER: You friggin' buzzard! That's *my* kill you're stealing and he has something I want. I want it bad enough to go through *you* to get it.

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The suit-clad vampire drags Captain Manning backward, acting as a feral beast would when another threatens to take its meal.

CAPTION: Whatever strain of fungus got into the bloodsuckers made them super-sensitive. The freaks could smell a drop of plasma from a hundred yards away and tell you how deep the wound was.

SUIT-CLAD VAMPIRE: I ssssaid AWAY with you! Your blood may be rancid, but I will drain you jussst the same!

PANEL TWO – EXT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander still approaches, unaffected by the vampire's threats. He raises his fists as if ready to brawl..

THE COMMANDER: Then let's see you choke it down.

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – AT THAT MOMENT

The remaining zombies inside the building struggle with a small group of vampires, fighting for the humans who have now become nothing more than prey to be squabbled over. The Vampires clearly have the upper hand, slashing and biting at the zombies.

ZOMBIE #1: Nnnnnngghhh!!

ZOMBIE #2: NAH!! ARR MANNSS...

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander returns as the vampires successfully sweep away the officers. The Commander comes through the door, holding the wrist of Captain Manning, who is still firmly grasping the key card in his hand. The Commander seems to be dragging the deceased officer back into the building, though we can only see his upper body at this point. Mel approaches the Commander and talks to him.

MEL: You did it! You got him back!

THE COMMANDER: Let those leeches take them. I've got everything we need.

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT POLICE DEPARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The Commander holds up Captain Manning, and we can now see that he only has the officer's body from the waist up. The rest of him is gone.

THE COMMANDER: I settled for half.

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – LATER

A large DUMP TRUCK rolls down the center of the street. Barbed wire lines the edge of the truck bed, and the cab has been reinforced. In the bed of the truck stand several SURVIVORS in helmets and various types of combat gear. They fire ASSAULT RIFLES down on the undead as the truck plows through. The truck has clearly been augmented specifically for the purpose of exterminating zombies and vampires. The truck bears the name "SCREAM-ROLLER" spray painted on the side.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk!

PANEL TWO – EXT. SCREAM ROLLER – CONTINUOUS

We watch as two of the survivors fire down at the undead, taking down several of them.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk!

SURVIVOR #1: Haha! Come get some.

SURVIVOR #2: Over here, sweet cheeks!

PANEL THREE – EXT. SCREAM ROLLER – CONTINUOUS

The survivors continue the slaughter. A BRAWNY SURVIVOR bashes a FEMALE ZOMBIE in the head with a BASEBALL BAT as she tries to climb up to them.

SFX: (baseball bat on head) TUNK!

BRAWNY SURVIVOR: Always thought it was just a saying... But I actually have to beat these ladies off with a stick!

SURVIVOR #3: And here I assumed you'd do anything that moves.

PANEL FOUR – EXT. SCREAM ROLLER – CONTINUOUS

The brawny survivor looks down, presumably to where the female zombie has fallen. The survivor he was speaking with stands by his side, looking down as well.

BRAWNY SURVIVOR: Well she ain't moving anymore.

SURVIVOR #3: Let it go, man. There'll be others.

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

The dump truck continues to push through the throngs of the dead, living up to its name by steam-rolling a few of them under its large wheels.

CAPTION: It wasn't too long before the tide began to turn. Survivors took up arms and fought back against us. Hell, they even organized preemptive strikes. They threw their little hissy-fits and told us they weren't dying quietly.

PANEL TWO – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

We see a manhole in the street, its cover being lifted off from below by undead hands.

CAPTION: By that time, I was ready for them.

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

Now that the cover is off, Mel's upper body pops out of the manhole. He is aiming a high-powered ASSAULT RIFLE, with a twisted look of giddy concentration on his face.

MEL: Please drive up! Hee hee!

PANEL FOUR – INT. DUMP TRUCK CAB – MOMENTS LATER

We now see the DRIVER of the dump truck, a grizzled and obese trucker, as bullets shatter the windows, riddling him.

CAPTION: They thought they could exterminate us like vermin. We taught them who the exterminators were.

SFX: (bullets) SPAK! SPAK! SPAK!

DRIVER: Aaaarrh!!

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

Still half in the sewer, Mel turns and gives a thumbs-up toward a lofty FIRE ESCAPE. The Commander and a few others stand on the fire escape, but are a good distance away.

MEL: All yours, boss!

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE – EXT. SCREAM ROLLER – CONTINUOUS

The group of humans standing in the back of the dump truck notices that the truck has stopped moving. They are still firing at the undead, but are more than a little concerned.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk!

SURVIVOR #1: What the Hell? We're not moving!

SURVIVOR #2: Drive! Gus, you fat slug, drive!!

PANEL TWO – EXT. FIRE ESCAPE – CONTINUOUS

The Commander and a few of his horde stand on a FIRE ESCAPE. The Commander has a TEAR GAS GRENADE in his hand, and his compatriots are wearing flak jackets and assorted random riot gear from the police station.

THE COMMANDER: Fire in the hole, gentlemen.

PANEL THREE – EXT. SCREAM ROLLER – CONTINUOUS

The group of survivors riding in the dump truck watch as the tear gas grenade spirals down toward them.

SURVIVOR #1: Tear gas!!

SURVIVOR #2: Damn it! We've got an Einstein somewhere out there. Everyone go! Now!

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

The ill-fated survivors leap from the dump truck as its bed fills with a cloud of tear gas. The crowd of dead below is more than happy about this.

CAPTION: If they wanted to take me on, I was more than happy to oblige.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. FIRE ESCAPE – AT THAT MOMENT

Another close up of the Commander as he lights a cigar in his horrible, grinning jaws.

THE COMMANDER: What kind of idiots go to war against a dead man?

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

Most of the survivors who managed to escape the dump truck are immediately set upon by the undead as they hit the ground. Some are able to fire off a few shots but their demise seems inevitable.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk!

SURVIVOR #1: Scatter! Spread out!

PANEL TWO – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

The brawny survivor seems to be one of the few actually holding his own, firing his weapon into the crowd wildly.

SFX: (gunshots) KRAKK! KRAKK!

BRAWNY SURVIVOR: Someone send up the flares! Call the others before it's too late!!

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

As the brawny survivor runs out of ammo, the Bathing Beauty emerges from the bullet riddled and stunned zombies around her. She shambles toward the brawny survivor.

BATHING BEAUTY: Do... Do I scare you? Please... Am I beautiful?

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

A group of zombies encircle and swarm the brawny survivor as the Bathing Beauty clasps her hands against his face.

BRAWNY SURVIVOR: AAAAHHHHH!!!

PANEL FIVE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

The dump truck is now an empty husk as a bloody feast takes place around it. The undead tear into the now deceased humans as The Commander surveys the damage, cigar still clenched in his teeth.

CAPTION: Every victory seemed to fall perfectly into my hands. As a matter of fact... things got *too* easy. It was definitely time to up the ante.

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE – EXT. GAS STATION – NIGHT

This is your average fill-up station with outdoor pumps and a large canopy. All seems quiet at the moment.

CAPTION: The game plan changed. We began cutting the humans off from their supplies.

PANEL TWO – EXT. GAS STATION – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the entire station goes up in a massive explosion.

CAPTION: If they wanted to play around with trucks, they'd have to invent an alternative fuel pretty quick.

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY HOSPITAL – NIGHT

The hospital's main doors are smashed open, fires raging inside. A stray wheelchair lies on its side in front.

CAPTION: Next were the hospitals and clinics. No medicine meant unchecked disease and more fatalities. More corpses on my side, marching to my drum beat. My horde became so attuned to me that the right gesture of my hand brought unholy brutality down upon any living thing that dared cross my gaze.

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – NIGHT

We are now inside the main area of a church. Among the overturned pews and scattered papers are a host of freshly murdered citizens. A few straggling zombies are hunched over the bodies. The Commander stands at the center, cleaning the blood from a MACHETE.

CAPTION: After I got the enemy's back up against the wall, I crippled their morale. We took out any safe house located in a school or church... made sure to leave enough of a mess to make a statement.

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander looks at his own reflection in the gleaming blade of his machete.

CAPTION: Even the big man in the sky couldn't put a stop to what I'd begun.

THE COMMANDER: Alright, troops. It's time to meet up with the others and unify the front. Sixty seconds to eat, then we move out!

PANEL SIX – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander angles his blade just enough to see the reflection of a VAMPIRE nearly hidden in the shadows behind him.

CAPTION: Though they *do* say he works in mysterious ways.

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The zombies now come to the Commander's side as the vampire approaches him from behind. The Commander doesn't turn to face him.

VAMPIRE #1: Hhssh!! Mindless onesss! Pathetic maggots feasting on filthy entrails!

THE COMMANDER: Better to be a writhing maggot than a parasitic leech. Come to steal our provisions again?

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The vampire grins as more of his kind emerges from the darkness around him, wearing the shredded and tattered garb of many different classes. A VAMPIRE FIREFIGHTER among them carries a FIRE AXE.

VAMPIRE #1: Steal? No! Come to sssslay.

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander is now facing the vampire who has spoken to him. The other vampires and zombies follow their respective “leaders” like rival gangs about to break into a brawl.

THE COMMANDER: Is that right? I knew *one* of you pale-skinned pansies had to have a pair. I’m impressed.

VAMPIRE #1: You destroy the humansss. Ssssoon there will be none, and we will all sssstarve! Cease your mad quessst or we will eviscerate you!

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander laughs directly in the vampire’s face.

THE COMMANDER: Ha ha ha! What’re you goth kiddies gonna do? Write bad poetry about me?

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The vampire turns back to his cohorts, raising his arms in the air.

VAMPIRE #1: He choosessss the embrace of Death!

VAMPIRE #2: Hsss!!

VAMPIRE #3: Ssssssssss...

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The vampire’s back is still turned to the Commander, who has had enough of this. The Commander puts his fist through the back of the vampire’s head with a shower of gore.

SFX: (fist through head) SLUUTCHH

VAMPIRE #1: GLLKKK...

THE COMMANDER: The only thing I'm embracing is your grey matter, "Vlad".

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The tension finally comes to a head as the zombies and vampires clash in a brutal display of gore. The vampires slash and tear at the zombies, who in turn grapple and gnash at them. The Commander extracts his bloodied hand from the vampire's head.

ZOMBIE #1: HHAARRRRRR!!!

VAMPIRE #2: HSSSSS!

ZOMBIE #2: CRUSH!! KILL!!

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Vampire Firefighter swings his axe, striking the Commander in the side.

VAMPIRE FIREFIGHTER: Haaaahhhh!

SFX: (axe blow) Chutt!

THE COMMANDER: Ah! Damn it!

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander takes the Vampire Firefighter by the throat, squeezing the "life" out of it. As he does, the vampire screams.

VAMPIRE FIREFIGHTER: Eeeeeeahhh!! He... He refuses to fall! COME FORTH, BEHEMOTH!!

THE COMMANDER: Shut up and die like a man!

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

A low rumbling echoes through the church as the vampires slink back away from the Commander and his remaining zombie comrades. A large STAINED GLASS WINDOW towers near the group. The fire axe is still buried in the Commander's side.

RUMBLING: RrrrrRRRRRRrrnnnnNNNnnGgg...

ZOMBIE #3: Nnngh.. Nnoise...?

THE COMMANDER: What...

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The stained glass window suddenly explodes into a myriad of rainbow colored shards as a tremendous, muscular male figure, THE BEHEMOTH, leaps through it. The Behemoth is a vampire and former boxer. His rippling muscles and almost inhuman stature seem supernatural, but are not uncommon for a body-building heavyweight. He's wearing boxing trunks and sneakers, his massive fists taped.

SFX: (shattering glass) Krrssshhh

BEHEMOTH: RRRRNNNGGGHHH!!!

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander stands in front of the Behemoth, who towers over him. The fire axe is still buried in the Commander's side. A crazed and blood thirsty look augments the 'roid rage on the Behemoth's face.

CAPTION: Billy "Behemoth" Gorham, champion prize-fighter... and apparently a new recruit for the leeches. The vamps really lucked out with him.

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Behemoth delivers a crushing blow to the Commander's grimacing face, knocking him for a loop, though he remains standing.

SFX: (punch) CHOK

BEHEMOTH: Punk!!!

THE COMMANDER: Ufff!

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Behemoth delivers another blow with the opposite fist, this time he's sent the Commander flying.

SFX: (punch) WHOK

BEHEMOTH: Weakling!!!

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Behemoth nearly obliterates a few of the rotted zombies who approach him with overwhelming physical power.

BEHEMOTH: I chew up weaklings an' spit out their bones!

ZOMBIE #1: Uuurraagghhh...

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – AT THAT MOMENT

Down but not out, The Commander draws a PISTOL from his boot.

THE COMMANDER: Right. Been a while since I've needed this...

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

As the Behemoth rips into a zombie with his powerful jaws, the Commander fires a few shots at him. The bullets strike the Behemoth, but don't seem to be immediately affecting him.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk! Krakk!

BEHEMOTH: Uunnhhg?

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Behemoth charges at the Commander, delivering another devastating punch as the Commander fires a few more largely meaningless shots at him.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk!

THE COMMANDER: FAH!!

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

Unsteadily, The Commander and a few of his zombie underlings again attack the Behemoth. The Commander tackles the Behemoth as the other zombies gnaw and latch onto the Behemoth's limbs.

BEHEMOTH: Hhhsssss!!

THE COMMANDER: GNAW HIS LIMBS OFF!!

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Behemoth shakes off the zombies with little effort, slamming the Commander against an ALTAR with crushing power. A large CRUCIFIX stands nearby.

BEHEMOTH: I eat punks like you for breakfast!

PANEL SIX – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the Behemoth head-butts one of the very few remaining zombies. This shatters the zombie's skull.

SFX: (skull shattering) GLUNNCCH

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – AT THAT MOMENT

The Commander regains his bearings in front of the church's altar. He is also pulling the FIRE AXE from his side.

THE COMMANDER: Hey, muscle head! If you're gonna eat anyone, you can eat me.

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander wields the bloody fire axe in one hand, and the oversized crucifix in the other as he prepares to take on the Behemoth, who is literally crushing a zombie's head in his hands.

BEHEMOTH: Hurr hurr hurrrr... stupid punk's been watchin' too many movies. Crosses don't hurt us none.

THE COMMANDER: Really?

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander slams the crucifix against the side of the Behemoth's head with tremendous force, drawing blood.

SFX: (cross on head) THWOKK

THE COMMANDER: So this doesn't bother you?

BEHEMOTH: Ufft!

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander follows up with an axe blow to the Behemoth's thick neck, barely breaking the surface.

SFX: (axe on neck) CHOKK

THE COMMANDER: What about this, then?

BEHEMOTH: Aaahhrrr!!

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Behemoth angrily slaps the Commander away like a gnat, causing him to drop the crucifix.

BEHEMOTH: Uuhrrrr... Gonna pull out your heart and spit in yer rib cage, fool.

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander once again hauls his wretched body back to his feet. He's looking quite the worse for wear, his head and side now bloodied from the various wounds.

THE COMMANDER: You always *did* pack a good punch, kid. I used to bet on you all the time for just that reason.

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Behemoth takes another swing at the Commander, who dodges and readies his axe.

BEHEMOTH: Grruuhh!

THE COMMANDER: Until you got knocked out and lost me close to a grand.

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander cracks the Behemoth in the face with the fire axe's handle, jarring loose one of the vampire's fangs.

SFX: (handle on head) THUMPP

THE COMMANDER: Because of your... Damned...

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

While the Behemoth is disoriented, the Commander uses the opportunity to distance himself a bit from the brute and sling the fire axe backward, underhanded, in line to strike the Behemoth as one would throw an uppercut.

THE COMMANDER: Glass...

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The Commander swings the axe blade forward and upward, driving it solidly through the Behemoth's neck and face from below.

THE COMMANDER: Jaw!!

BEHEMOTH: Ullkk!

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

As the Behemoth slumps to the ground, the very few remaining zombies pick themselves up. The Commander shouts to whoever is within earshot, a crazed look on his face.

THE COMMANDER: You see that, you pathetic bastards? You see what happens when you get in my way? I know you're watching, bloodsuckers! Face me or I'll bring the walls down around you!

PANEL TWO – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

A dejected and defeated vampire stands before the Commander, its vampire brethren slinking from the shadows behind him. The vampires carry various types of blunt and bladed weapons.

THE COMMANDER: If you haven't picked up on it by now, leeches... There is nothing you can throw at me that I can't handle .

PANEL THREE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

A close up of the battle-weathered and bloody Commander.

THE COMMANDER: You have exactly two seconds to join the revolution or be crushed beneath it. You're either with us or against us. You're under my thumb or under my boot. So which is it going to be?

PANEL FOUR – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

A close up of the vampire facing the Commander. He looks downward, clearly angry and frustrated.

PANEL FIVE – INT. TWILIGHT CITY CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

As the vampires stand before the Commander, they drop their weapons nearly in unison.

CAPTION: That's when things got *really* interesting.

PAGE TWENTY ONE

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

We now see a large PROCESSION of VEHICLES, making their way through the streets. A few ARMORED CARS surround a LIMOUSINE. Oddly enough, there are no undead visible.

CAPTION: With our own little turf war ended, we joined and become stronger than ever. I had built a shambling slaughter house... and it was unstoppable. The targets became even grander.

PANEL TWO – INT. ARMORED CAR – AT THAT MOMENT

We see two heavily armed BODYGUARDS sitting on this armored car. Both of them look on edge. One of them is smoking a cigarette.

CAPTION: I'd picked up some info on a politician making his way through the city. Probably thought he could rebuild whatever was left of the government.

BODYGUARD #1: So you're smoking now?

BODYGUARD #2: Heard from a friend of a friend that cigarette smoke kills the spores in your system. No spores, no turning into a ghoul when you die.

BODYGUARD #1: Keep puffing away like that and we'll soon find out.

PANEL THREE – INT. ARMORED CAR – CONTINUOUS

From out of nowhere, Mel leaps onto the hood of this armored car, pressing his face against the windshield. Needless to say, the bodyguards are caught by surprise.

SFX: (Mel's face on windshield) FUMP!

MEL: Ohhh! Vehicular assault! I hope you have insurance.

BODYGUARD #1: AHH!

BODYGUARD #2: Damn!!

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

A tremendous MOB of zombies and vampires sweeps out of every conceivable shadow and alley way, engulfing the armored cars and limousine. The mob carries all manner of GUNS, SPORTING EQUIPMENT, and TOOLS for use as weapons.

CAPTION: The poor suckers hadn't heard. The only law around here was *mine*.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

Mel wields a lit MOLTOV COCKTAIL while he stands on the roof of the armored car. A handful of vampires quickly wrestle the two bodyguards out of the vehicle.

MEL: Careful! Beverages may be served hot! Hee hee!

PANEL SIX – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – MOMENTS LATER

The Commander is now on top of the limousine, pulling a doughy, well-dressed, and quite petrified POLITICIAN through the shattered moon roof by the lapels.

CAPTION: When I finally cracked open that limo, I didn't even recognized the geek inside... though I know I sure didn't vote for him.

PAGE TWENTY TWO

PANEL ONE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – LATER

The Commander stands atop the limousine as the armored cars smolder. The horde of the undead, vampire and zombie alike, feast upon the recently deceased.

THE COMMANDER: Attention, corpses! Not too long ago, I made a promise. A promise to each and every soldier in my army...

PANEL TWO – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

The Commander steps down off of the limousine as the Bathing Beauty stuffs her face with what remains of the politician nearby.

THE COMMANDER: I vowed that if you followed me, I'd lead you to the biggest banquet your fungus-addled minds could envision.

PANEL THREE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

The Commander continues to address the mob as he stands in front of a group of bloody, freshly fed vampires.

THE COMMANDER: Divided, we were strong... but together we are supreme!

PANEL FOUR – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

The crowd of undead cheers the Commander as we look down from above. The Commander stands with arms outstretched, roaring his words toward the heavens above.

THE COMMANDER: The time has come for our greatest feast! Who's with me?!

ZOMBIE #1: URRAAHHH!!

VAMPIRE #1: YESSS!!

VAMPIRE #2: FEASSST!

ZOMBIE #2: YEERRAAAAGGHH!

PANEL FIVE – EXT. TWILIGHT CITY STREETS – CONTINUOUS

A close up of The Commander as he grins evilly.

THE COMMANDER: That's what I thought.

PAGE TWENTY THREE

PANEL ONE – EXT. FORT HOWARD – NIGHT

This large, heavily protected MILITARY INSTALLATION sits on a RIVER at the edge of Twilight City. Watchtowers and large walls surround the inner area. A spray painted message on the front gates reads "NO VACANCY". A large sign reads "FORT HOWARD, est. 1979". A large TANK sits out front, crippled but not destroyed. A gunner's CHARRED CORPSE hangs out of the top of the tank, just over its large cannon.

CAPTION: Fort Howard. The kind of target most military leaders can only dream about. Its seemingly insurmountable defenses were hiding countless flesh-bags inside. We'd need some heavy firepower if we wanted to put a dent in Fort Howard's defenses.

PANEL TWO – EXT. FORT HOWARD – CONTINUOUS

The Commander and Mel stroll up beside the tank, the Commander puffing away on one of his cigars. They stand just below the charred corpse on top of the tank.

CAPTION: Luckily, the humans left that firepower lying around where any cold hearted son-of-a-bitch psychopath could find it.

PANEL THREE – EXT. FORT HOWARD – CONTINUOUS

The Commander looks up and addresses the tank's charred corpse.

THE COMMANDER: What're you doing up there, son?

CHARRED CORPSE: ... What does it *look* like?

PAGE TWENTY FOUR

PANEL ONE – EXT. FORT HOWARD – MOMENTS LATER

The Commander addresses Mel directly, placing his hands firmly on Mel's shoulders.

THE COMMANDER: Mel. You're my second in command. You've been with me since the beginning. When we blow the gates, I want you to lead the first assault.

MEL: Awww... and my mom said I'd never even make assistant manager...

PANEL TWO – EXT. FORT HOWARD – CONTINUOUS

The Commander once again addresses his horde. This time they are divided into groups. To one side stand the BIOHAZARDS, all of the most rotten and putrid zombies. These are the real disgusting piles of waste. In the center stand all of the other zombies, who are in better condition. To the other side stand the vampires.

THE COMMANDER: This is what we've been working for. Every drop of undead blood spilled by the living will now be repaid in full. This is the final skirmish. We cannot be denied, we cannot be destroyed, and we will not be defeated!

PANEL THREE – EXT. FORT HOWARD – CONTINUOUS

The Commander looks upward and addresses the charred corpse in the tank. The charred corpse in turn salutes The Commander as best he can.

THE COMMANDER: You know what to do, soldier!

CHARRED CORPSE: SIR YES SIR!!

PANEL FOUR – EXT. FORT HOWARD – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, a blast from the tank blows Fort Howard's gates wide open. The Commander is in the fore ground, barking orders over the blast.

SFX: (blast) F-TOOM!!

THE COMMANDER: It's put up or shut up time, ladies! Wave one, go!

PANEL FIVE – EXT. FORT HOWARD – CONTINUOUS

Mel leads the group of run-down, decaying, and generally falling apart biohazard zombies as they rush toward the now opened gates.

CAPTION: The first ones in were the "Biohazards". The zombies that were so decayed and putrid their slimy, malodorous mouths carried all manner of disease. They'd take the largest amount of casualties, but none of them were capable of realizing it. Their mission was to spread their plague and soften up the defenses.

MEL: Bite off anything you can chew!

ZOMBIE #1: Gnnuurrr!!

ZOMBIE #2: Uurroooggghh...

PAGE TWENTY FIVE

PANEL ONE – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – AT THAT MOMENT

We are now inside the gates of Fort Howard. An army of living human beings have amassed here to defend the building. They are all soldiers, dressed in combat fatigues and gear, holding assault rifles.

SOLIDER #1: Weapons free! Base has been compromised! Take headshots! Go, go, go!

PANEL TWO – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

The mass of biohazard zombies flood in through the gates as a hail of bullets cuts them down. A small percentage escape the initial gunfire, Mel included.

SFX: (gunfire) Krakk! Krakk! Krakk! Krakk! Krakk! Krakk!

BIOHAZARD ZOMBIE #2: AANNGGHH!!!

BIOHAZARD ZOMBIE #3: AWPP!

PANEL THREE – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

The first few biohazard zombies are now reaching the human soldiers. While some of them are being shot, others successfully sink their teeth into some of the soldiers. Mel is still faring rather well.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk!

BITTEN SOLDIER: Aaaaaaugh!

PANEL FOUR – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

As the seething mass of biohazard zombies begin thinning and the human soldiers seem to be gaining the upper hand, Mel grabs one of the soldiers from behind and sinks his teeth into the soldier's shoulder.

MEL: GRRAHHH!!!

BITTEN SOLDIER: Nooo!!

PANEL FIVE – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

The human soldiers have suffered casualties, but are still going strong. One of the soldiers shouts out a command to the others.

SOLDIER: Dump the bodies and secure the area! Get those corpses out of here before they turn. There's no time for mourning.

PANEL SIX – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

As the soldiers carry their own dead to the opening in the gates, one of them looks outward with an expression of dismay on his face.

DISMAYED SOLDIER: Jesus Christ! There's more!!

PAGE TWENTY SIX

PANEL ONE – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – AT THAT MOMENT

The VAMPIRES begin flooding in through the gates. The soldiers hurry to drop the cadavers they are holding, but the vampires are already largely upon them.

CAPTION: The vampires were the second wave. Their senses helped them weed out the sick and the injured. Once they culled the weak, the path would be clear for the third and final attack.

SOLDIER #1: Ohhhh no... Bloodsuckers! They're working together!

SOLDIER #2: No frickin' way!

PANEL TWO – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

One of the human soldiers has his assault rifle aimed at Mel, who is on his knees. Mel holds his hands out, as if to stop the soldier from shooting.

MEL: Wait! Wait!! Ha ha ha. I'm not a zombie. No, I'm still alive like you.

PANEL THREE – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

Mel tugs at his bloody fast food uniform shirt, showing the blood stains to the soldier.

MEL: This is ketchup.

PANEL FOUR – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

The soldier blasts Mel point blank in the face, obliterating his head.

SFX: (gunshot) KRAKK!

PANEL FIVE – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

As Mel's headless body slumps over, a vampire sweeps in and latches onto the soldier who shot him.

BITTEN SOLDIER: Aiiee!

PAGE TWENTY SEVEN

PANEL ONE – INT. FORT HOWARD GATES – CONTINUOUS

The human soldiers begin to retreat into the fort as the vampires continue to pluck out stragglers and bleed them dry.

RETREATING SOLDIER: Mary, Mother of God!! Fall back!

VAMPIRE #1: Hssss!!

PANEL TWO – FORT HOWARD DOCK – AT THAT MOMENT

We now see a DOCK behind the fort. There are a few BOATS here, as well as two frantic human SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER: Prepare the gun boats! We need to move the refugees.

PANEL THREE – FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

One of the soldiers stands at the end of the dock, looking down into the dark water as it ripples.

SOLDIER: What in the name of...

PANEL FOUR – FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the Bathing Beauty emerges from the water at the end of the dock, firmly gripping the soldier's ankle.

BATHING BEAUTY: A... man in uniform. Please... Come swim with me...

SOLDIER: AAH!

PANEL FIVE – FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

A second soldier approaches the now empty end of the dock, looking for the soldier who was just pulled under the water.

SOLDIER #2: Tulley? ... Tulley where'd you get to?

PANEL SIX – FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

We now see the Commander, clad in a WET SUIT, emerging from the water, climbing onto the dock behind the puzzled soldier. The Commander has a large KNIFE in his teeth and an uncaring expression on his face.

SOLDIER #2: Tulley! Ah, crap. Tulley, answer me!

PAGE TWENTY EIGHT

PANEL ONE – EXT. FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The Commander is now standing behind the soldier on the dock, holding the knife to the soldier's throat.

THE COMMANDER: Shhhhh. I don't think he's gonna answer you, son. Next time you see him, you'll both be taking orders from me.

SOLDIER #2: Ackk!

PANEL TWO – EXT. FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

A horrible realization washes over the soldier as the Commander continues to hold the blade to his throat.

SOLDIER #2: Y.. your voice. No way. Are... Is that you, Kemp?

THE COMMANDER: Good ear, kid.

SOLDIER #2: But your orders were to *wipe out* the undead!!

THE COMMANDER: Yeah.

PANEL THREE – EXT. FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

A close up of the Commander as the blood from the soldier's throat spatters across his uncaring face.

THE COMMANDER: Didn't pan out.

PANEL FOUR – EXT. FORT HOWARD DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The Commander stands over the dead soldier's body. The Commander lifts a flare gun into the air and fires it.

SFX: (flare gun) FSHOOM!

THE COMMANDER: Dinnertime.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. FORT HOWARD GATES – AT THAT MOMENT

The remaining group of able-bodied zombies stands in front of the fort as the FLARE soars through the air behind the fort.

ZOMBIE #1: Finally!!

ZOMBIE #2: Nooo escape... hurr hurr hurr.

PAGE TWENTY NINE

PANEL ONE – INT. FORT HOWARD MESS HALL – MOMENTS LATER

This large room is in chaotic disarray. Tables and chairs are overturned, spilled food mingles with gore. Many SURVIVORS are scattered about, beset by VAMPIRES and the ABLE-BODIED ZOMBIES that made up the final assault.

CAPTION: On my signal the final wave swept in... zombies who still possessed the ability to think and fight on the same level as those they were hunting. We found a wealth of survivors hidden away in the fort's mess hall. For the most part, I think the irony was lost on them.

PANEL TWO – INT. FORT HOWARD MESS HALL – CONTINUOUS

The Commander seems giddy as he slaughters survivors left and right, slashing at them with his blade and a large meat cleaver he's picked up. It looks as if he's finally lost all semblance of sanity.

THE COMMANDER: Let the blood flow! Let the gore spill! For the glory of your leader and for the glory of the horde!! This safe house is now a meat locker!

PANEL THREE – INT. FORT HOWARD MESS HALL – CONTINUOUS

The Commander brutally guts a soldier atop a gleaming metal counter usually used to prepare and serve food.

THE COMMANDER: I am no sub-human beast for you to pity... to mock...

SOLDIER: GYYAAAHHH!!

PANEL FOUR – INT. FORT HOWARD MESS HALL – CONTINUOUS

Still standing atop the counter, The Commander has taken the gutted soldier's PISTOL and is now firing it into the crowd, striking several humans in the head.

SFX: (gunshots) Krakk! Krakk!

THE COMMANDER: Through your suffering I gain pleasure. Through your demise I gain power. I am wrath incarnate.

PANEL FIVE – INT. FORT HOWARD MESS HALL – CONTINUOUS

The Commander looks out at the crowd, lowering his pistol slightly. The Vampires and Zombies have prevailed, and are now feasting upon the dead.

THE COMMANDER: I... I... Damn, was that the last of them?

PAGE THIRTY

PANEL ONE – INT. FORT HOWARD BARRACKS – LATER

This is your standard military barracks. Beds and foot lockers sit here in regimented rows. The Commander sits on one of the foot lockers, dressed in the full regalia of a high-ranking official. His shirt is decorated with many pins and medals. He is bathed heavily in shadow, so most of this is obscured for the time being. The Commander is staring forward vacantly.

CAPTION: So we took Fort Howard. Simple as that. I failed to accomplish my mission in life... but now, in death, I ruled supreme.

PANEL TWO – INT. FORT HOWARD BARRACKS – CONTINUOUS

STANLEY, a vampire dressed in soiled work clothes approaches the Commander carefully.

STANLEY: Ssssir? The masses await your instructionsss. They are growing restless.

THE COMMANDER: Hmm? ... Ah.. Thank you, Stanley. Go tell my men that I will address them shortly.

PANEL THREE – INT. FORT HOWARD BARRACKS – CONTINUOUS

The Commander puts his head in his hands.

CAPTION: Heavy is the head that wears the crown. They wanted instructions? We'd done it all! We'd ascended to the top of the food chain and overtook the biggest, most well-fortified military complex in the country. Where else was there to go?

PANEL FOUR – INT. FORT HOWARD BARRACKS – CONTINUOUS

The Commander stands, preparing himself to address his adoring people.

CAPTION: Compared to this, the future held no challenges. Finally, I understood the tragedy of ultimate triumph. I'd climbed too high. I'd gone too far. Nothing else could possibly compare to what I'd already accomplished.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. FORT HOWARD TRAINING GROUND – AT THAT MOMENT

We are now in the expansive, open land that was once used as a training ground. A PODIUM stands on a small STAGE covered in red, white, and blue streamers. It's clear that some occasion took place here before recent events.

CAPTION: They wanted instructions? Didn't they understand the awful loss of purpose that was staring me down?

PAGE THIRTY ONE

PANEL ONE – EXT. FORT HOWARD TRAINING GROUND – CONTINUOUS

The Commander now takes the stage amid the cheering of the undead crowd. He salutes the masses.

ZOMBIE #1: HRRRGHH!!

ZOMBIE #2: COMMANNDDAARR...

ZOMBIE #3: Nrrrrgghh!!

PANEL TWO – EXT. FORT HOWARD TRAINING GROUND – CONTINUOUS

We now see a line-up of faces from the crowd. This includes rotten corpses, freshly killed soldiers, vampires, and the vacant-looking Bathing Beauty.

THE COMMANDER: (off panel) My friends. My people. You have brought about events that will forever change the face of this miserable globe we call Earth. You have served my cause with the utmost loyalty and effort. I can't fully express how proud I am of each and every one of you.

PANEL THREE – EXT. FORT HOWARD TRAINING GROUND – CONTINUOUS

The Commander begins unbuttoning his shirt, an almost sad expression on his face.

CAPTION: At that moment I saw them for what they truly were. Not soldiers... but sludge-brained, slack-jawed children... hoping for scraps from their father's plate. They looked to me for the totality of meaning in their un-lives... and I had nothing more to offer them

PANEL FOUR – EXT. FORT HOWARD TRAINING GROUND – CONTINUOUS

The Commander opens his shirt fully, exposing a myriad of HIGH POWERED EXPLOSIVES strapped to his chest beneath them. He is carrying enough explosives to level the area.

CAPTION: At that moment... I knew I was making the right decision. Our tour of duty was over.

THE COMMANDER: It's been a pleasure serving with you.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. FORT HOWARD TRAINING GROUND – CONTINUOUS

We see a close up of the Commander's face as he closes his eyes, awash in white light as the bomb detonates.

PANEL SIX – EXT. FORT HOWARD – CONTINUOUS

We now see the entire fort from a distance as it EXPLODES in a tremendous FIREBALL, sending debris into the dark sky.

SFX: (explosion) FA-CHOOOOM!

PAGE THIRTY TWO

PANEL ONE – BLANK WHITE SPACE – TIMELESS

This, simply put, is a white panel completely devoid of imagery.

PANEL TWO – EXT. SMALL HOUSE – DAY

We now see a small HOUSE amid the white space. It is a run-down and beaten hovel.

CAPTION: You'll see...

PANEL THREE – INT. SMALL HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

We now see THE COMMANDER, but back when he was a LIVING HUMAN BEING. He looks pretty much the same, but is a few years younger and, of course, alive. He is dressed in military garb with a name tag reading "KEMP" and seems to be addressing someone who is off panel.

THE COMMANDER: You'll see, pop. You know... I'm not the massive screw-up you think I am.

PANEL FOUR – INT. SMALL HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

The Commander turns and walks away, through the front door of the house.

THE COMMANDER: I'm gonna *be* something. Just you wait.

PANEL FIVE – EXT. SMALL HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

We once again see the exterior of the house.

CAPTION: Just you wait... I'll change the world.

PANEL FIVE – BLANK WHITE SPACE – TIMELESS

Another completely blank panel, as our story ends.

CAPTION: END.