

*ARTISAN BURGER*

A



Tale

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**PAGE ONE (12 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Sorry, Alex, it's been too long since I've fucked you with a 12-panel grid! For this, I'm thinking a series of extreme close-ups in intimate detail, making the process of preparing a burger look as grisly and unappetising as possible - and whenever we see the hands preparing it, let's have some long, grubby fingernails to up the ick factor! I'm thinking the hands will belong to Blossom Melbitoste, for the sake of reference. Think like the opening credits of *Dexter*, where all the innocuous stuff looks murderous and sinister. This page is all taking place in the kitchen of Artisan Burger Co, though we're unlikely to see any of the surroundings. This first shot is a close up of a chunk of meat being sliced with a cleaver.

SFX:  
SHUNK!

**Panel 2.** Focus on the meat as it is pulped through a meat grinder into a bowl waiting below, coming out in gloopy strands.

SFX:  
SCHLICK!

**Panel 3.** Tight focus on a chopping board as an onion is being roughly chopped with a knife. Have some motion lines to indicate fast movement.

SFX:  
CHIK-CHIK-CHIK-CHIK...

**Panel 4.** One hand is upending a bottle of Worcestershire sauce into the bowl of ground meat, while the other tips in the chopped onions.

SFX:  
GLUG.

**Panel 5.** Tight focus on an egg being cracked against the edge of a worktop. This tight in, this should look like a violent, destructive action, like someone's cranium being cracked open against the edge of a sidewalk. Little fragments of shell and spatters of yolk are flying out from the point of impact.

SFX:  
KRKK!

**(more)**

**PAGE ONE (continued)**

**Panel 6.** Focus on the bowl with its lumpy mix of ground meat and sauce and onions, with an egg yolk now sat on top, as it all gets swirled around with a wooden spoon.

SFX:  
SLOOSH!

**Panel 7.** Tight focus on the chef's hands as she rubs a clump of the ground meat mixture into a ball. Their hands are covered in flakes of yolk and meat bits, with one stringy bit dangling from under their nail.

SFX:  
SQUICK!

**Panel 8.** Focus on a meat ball sat on a baking tray as the chef slaps it down into a patty shape with the palm of her hand. We can maybe see a couple of other already-shaped patties on the tray next to it.

SFX:  
SPANK!

**Panel 9.** Extreme close-up of the flame on a gas hob as it is switched on.

SFX:  
PHOOM!

**Panel 10.** Tight focus on the burgers in a buttery, greasy frying pan, smoke rising off them as they cook.

SFX:  
SSSSS!

**Panel 11.** A thin slice of cheese is being spread over one of the patties, and is bubbling and blistering in a pattern that vaguely resembles a screaming human face.

SFX:  
SSSSS!

**Panel 12.** A steel bowl is clamped down over the cooking burger, something restaurants do once the cheese has been placed on the patty to trap the heat.

SFX:  
SHUUM!

**PAGE TWO (3 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Focus on a beautiful, appetising finished cheeseburger sat down pristinely into an open brioche bun on a rectangular plate, flourishes of herbs on top, with Blossom's hand daintily lowering the top of the bun down onto it. In the background behind the burger, a little out of focus, Blossom has lowered her face down to eye-level with the burger, eyeing it as if entranced by its beauty.

BLOSSOM (small):

Glad tidings on your journey, my majestic, tasty friend.

BLOSSOM:

Order up, table three!

**Panel 2.** Focus on Emma Callaghan, who has lifted up the plate and is carrying it out of the kitchen, grinning as she glances back towards the smirking Blossom in the background. This is the same kitchen of Artisan Burger Co that we saw back in *Sink #12*, and Emma is wearing the same waitress uniform she was wearing in her appearance then.

EMMA:

Mmm! You think they'd mind if I took a wee bite out the side, here?

BLOSSOM:

If you do, my darling, I'll take a wee bite out your arse.

EMMA:

Aw, come on, Blossom! We can pretend it's, like, decorative, or artistic interpretation, some wanky shite like that.

**Panel 3.** We've pulled back now to an establishing shot of the Artisan Burger Co dining area. It's a quite busy night, with the majority of tables occupied. Emma is one of a couple of waitresses milling around the floor. Also, can we establish that one of the tables on the middle of the floor (not one of the window booths) is occupied by two men, one of whom is a smug looking guy in a suit with quite long, slicked-back blonde hair, and the other is **our backer cameo**. They'll show up in the next scene. Emma is walking through the floor with the burger on a tray, while one of the other waitresses is grinning down at a group of new arrivals, who all look up at her, clutching their menus in hand.

WAITRESS:

Hello and welcome to Artisan Burger Co! How can we make your faces delicious tonight?

**PAGE THREE (7 panels)**

**Panel 1.** As a transitional shot to indicate some passage of time, I'm thinking we have a little image of a couple sat in a booth facing each other, smiling at each other as they both munch on their burgers. Maybe make it a Kieran and Louise cameo?

**Panel 2.** A little time has passed, and now our focus is honed in on the table with the smug asshole established on the last page, **our cameo backer**. He's leaning back in his chair, smirk on his face, hand held up while he clicks his fingers. The man sitting next to him has a hand to his mouth, struggling to suppress a chuckle. We can see that the smug asshole's plate is almost empty, with only a single mouthful of burger left, while his blonde-haired companion's plate is empty. Emma is nearby, faced away from the pair, looking around with an exaggerated expression of confusion.

SFX:

KLIK! KLIK! KLIK!

SMUG ASSHOLE:

Here. Here.

EMMA:

Oh no! Has someone's dug got loose on the restaurant floor?

EMMA:

Is it my dug?

**Panel 3.** Emma has now spun round on her heel and is leaning down over their table, grinning politely at the smug asshole. The smug asshole has his lip curled in disgust as he gestures down at his plate.

EMMA:

Oh, you weren't calling a dug, you were talking to me! Sorry! Hiya, how can I help?

SMUG ASSHOLE:

This is disgusting. I'm not paying for it.

EMMA:

Well, sir, you've eaten most of the burger, so it can't have been that disgusting.

(more)

**PAGE THREE (continued)**

**Panel 4.** Focus on the plate with the morsel of burger remaining. We can see a blonde, greasy strand of hair stuck to the top of the bun.

SMUG ASSHOLE (O.P.):

There's a hair on it. One of your dangles fell off your big head and onto my plate.

EMMA (O.P.):

Sir, this particular dangle is blonde. Maybe I can see that because I'm wearing glasses—

**Panel 5.** The smug asshole is holding up a hand with an outstretched palm towards Emma's face to shush her, a smirk of condescension on his face. His tablemate is chuckling in the background. Emma, meanwhile, has stood back from the table, fists clenched, fuming with anger.

SMUG ASSHOLE:

Shush-shush-shush. I'm a VIP online reviewer. A 1-star rating from me has consequences.

SMUG ASSHOLE:

So, you're going to ring up my meal free of charge. My friend's, too. And you're going to get us another round of drinks to compensate us for the distress.

**Panel 6.** The smug asshole is now leaning back triumphantly in his chair, smirk widened on his face, making a shooing gesture with his hand as his friend makes a mock wince at the sick burn. Emma has turned and begun to walk away here, and is almost out of the frame.

SMUG ASSHOLE:

That's right, off you pop. And you should try smiling more. Even plain lassies look nicer when they smile.

**Panel 7.** The smug asshole is leaning further back in his chair now, feet propped up on the table, hands clasped behind his head, flashing an insufferable know-all smile at his friend (one of those smiles that's so big that he has to close his eyes to do it). His friend shakes his head in jovial disbelief.

SMUG ASSHOLE:

See, you've got to be strict. It's not like they're real people, they're here to serve us and keep us happy.

SMUG ASSHOLE:

In a way, it is like calling a dog.

FRIEND:

You're terrible.

**PAGE FOUR (4 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Emma has shot back into the frame, clearing the table with as single leap and connecting with a dropkick square in the shocked smug asshole's chest, knocking him backwards off his chair. His horrified friend has recoiled backwards, hands covering his mouth.

SFX:  
WUDD!

EMMA:  
YAAAAAH!

**Panel 2.** We've jumped forward again to later in the evening. Here we have an exterior establishing shot of Artisan Burger Co. We can see that the restaurant is now empty of customers, the interior lights off. There is a CLOSED sign hanging on the front door.

**Panel 3.** We're back in the restaurant kitchen now, but now it is almost empty, with most of the lights off save for the one over one counter. Emma is alone in the kitchen, her back to us. We can't see what she's doing, but she's repeatedly punching a ball of burger meat.

SFX:  
THOK! THOK! THOK!

**Panel 4.** Harry Melbitoste has walked into the kitchen, an easy-going smile on his face. Emma is looking up with a start, surprised by his entrance.

HARRY:  
Woah there, dropkicking my customers isn't enough, you've got to beat the shit out that poor, innocent burger patty as well?

EMMA:  
Harry!

**PAGE FIVE (6 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Emma looks up sheepishly as Harry casually saunters towards her, chuckling.

EMMA:

I'm sorry about that tonight, Harry.

HARRY:

Eh, fuck him. He can take that pointy one star off his online review and ram it up his arse.

HARRY:

We can afford to lose customers who treat staff like that.

**Panel 2.** Focus on Emma, anxiously kneading her battered patty into a ball as she stares down at it.

EMMA:

It wasn't just him that's got me all wound up, to tell the truth. There's this Glasgow Burger Bash coming up tomorrow, and I'm not ready.

EMMA:

I know I'm representing Artisan Burger Co. and if this burger's shite, that reflects on you.

**Panel 3.** Flashing a lopsided smile, Harry gestures towards a couple of identical burger-themed trophies sat on one of the shelves.

HARRY:

Aw, Emma, I don't want you to think once about representing us. Blossom and I have won this trophy twice already, we have nothing to prove.

HARRY:

And if not for you, we wouldn't even be in the running this year.

**Panel 4.** Focus on Harry, his smile faded and with him looking a little melancholy.

HARRY:

You can't trip over one burger shop in Glasgow without falling into another one. And we've got so wrapped up in this competitive culture.

HARRY:

That was part of setting up shop here. Get out of that scene, start afresh, just focus on the food.

**(more)**



**PAGE FIVE (continued)**

**Panel 5.** Emma and Harry are smiling at each other, Emma looking up at him while Harry, looking more upbeat again, has put a hand on her shoulder.

HARRY:

So, when Artisan Burger Co got invited to compete this year, I almost just turned it down. But then I thought our own Emma Callaghan could benefit from this platform.

HARRY:

I know you don't want to be a waitress for me forever. You've got a talent in the kitchen. You can use this to launch your own career as a chef.

**Panel 6.** Similar framing to the previous panel, but now Harry has taken his hand off Emma's shoulder and is turning away, looking a little shamefaced.

EMMA:

That means so much. You and Blossom have both been so kind to me, giving me this job, letting me practise in our kitchen.

EMMA:

It's way more than I deserve.

HARRY:

...

HARRY:

Come with me a minute. I want to show you something.

**PAGE SIX (5 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Establishing shot of the darkened, closed dining area, Harry visible at the kitchen door in the background.

HARRY:

I remember the first time I ever met you.

**Panel 2.** We can see Harry's pointing hand extending in from the foreground, and can see he's pointing at a booth, the booth Emma and Jordan sat at back in issue #5.

HARRY:

You were here with your wee Dickhead pal. You ordered a Lord Humongous burger. I was very polite... to your face.

**Panel 3.** Focus on Harry, looking ashamed.

HARRY:

And when I walked away, I muttered "scum" under my breath.

HARRY:

We'd just left our business in the West End. I was doubting myself and feeling resentful. But that's no excuse.

**Panel 4.** Emma smiles pragmatically at Harry, indicating he's forgiven. But Harry is pacing along the floor, looking ahead with focus rather than at Emma.

EMMA:

To be fair, we were probably acting pretty scummy.

HARRY:

But once I got to know you, I learned there's so much more to you than any first impression. That's what you're going to show the judges at this contest tomorrow.

**Panel 5.** Emma looks determined now as Harry turns back to face her, pointing at her with that same focused look, giving her the pep talk.

HARRY:

So, stop driving yourself up the wall trying to get your burger right. You already had it right weeks ago. You are ready.

HARRY:

You're gonna give all those burger pricks a shock to their system.

**PAGE SEVEN (5 panels)**

**Panel 1.** We've cut to the live audience of a TV show. In the crowd is Emma's mother, Linda, and her dog, Bastard, both looking excited.

CAP/KELLIE:

"Welcome back to the Glasgow Burger Bash! Our finalists are all hard at work preparing their culinary creations.

CAP/KELLIE:

"By the end of the night, the year's best burger will be crowned."

**Panel 2.** Focus on Kellie Cooper, her eyes filled with disdain. She is a short woman in a trouser suit in her 30s. She carries the expression of someone whose dreams of being a news anchor or host of a prestigious morning show have been thwarted, and who in her downward spiral of despair has been reduced to hosting burger competitions for regional television.

KELLIE:

If you're joining us from the comfort of your living room this evening, you can thank the utter dearth of original programming that a burger contest makes it onto Scottish TV.

**Panel 3.** Interior establishing shot of the TV studio. The stage area is made up like a kitchen, with five workstations, each occupied by a chef, with their ingredients around them, all in the process of cooking their burgers, all looking focused on the work in front of them. Emma Callaghan is wearing an apron with Artisan Burger Co. branding. Betty Buchanan is a plump, middle-aged black woman dressed like a nice suburban housewife in her best Sunday dress, looking very glamorous. Alfonzo Jizoom looks like a 30-something guy who never grew out of being an edgy art student, his lank hair dyed multiple colours and styled in an arch undercut, dressed all in black with a black leather apron that looks more like something worn by a serial killer than a cook, arms are covered in tattoos and multiple ear and nose piercings. Chef Ito is a Japanese man whose likeness is quite clearly based on manga author Junji Ito, wearing a suit minus the jacket with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and an apron on top with a massive spiral pattern. Sister Patty is a cheerful woman dressed like a nun. Standing at the front of the stage, looking into the camera, is Kellie. As Kellie unenthusiastically gestures towards the stage, Emma is centrally framed as she works at her station, forming her patty. She is looking up ahead nervously, into the off-panel audience.

KELLIE:

Our coalition of sponsors have selected a shortlist of five of the most buzz-worthy Glaswegian restaurants, with each sending a representative.

KELLIE:

Right now, they're each crafting their best burger, to be presented to our panel of judges. There can be only one winner.

**(more)**

**PAGE SEVEN (continued)**

**Panel 4.** Emma POV shot looking out into the audience, where we can see Linda and Bastard. Linda is smiling proudly and waving. Bastard is sat on the seat next to her, tongue lolling out to his side as he looks up at the ceiling. The person on the seat next to Bastard looks anxious.

**Panel 5.** Focus on Emma, a smile on her face, as if seeing her family in the crowd has given her a boost.

**PAGE EIGHT (7 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Focus on Emma's thick burger patty being slapped down roughly on the pan.

SFX:  
THWAPP!

**Panel 2.** Focus on a strip of bacon being slid down onto a second pan, joining another strip already cooking.

SFX:  
SSS!

**Panel 3.** Dramatic, low-angle shot looking up at Emma as she wields the two pans in the foreground, one with a trio of burger patties and another with a half dozen strips of bacon, wielding the handles of each pan like they're a pair of guns. She looks intensely focused.

SFX:  
SSSSSS!

**Panel 4.** Focus on the burger as a peanut butter mixture is slicked over the top of its surface with a knife.

SFX:  
SCHLIKK!

**Panel 5.** Hold the focus on the burger as its flipped with a spatula.

SFX:  
FWUP!

**Panel 6.** Tight focus on Emma's face, a bead of sweat on her forehead, looking apprehensive like she's in the process of defusing a bomb.

EMMA:  
Careful, *careful*...

**Panel 7.** Focus on Emma's hands as she daintily sets the two halves of a sliced bun face-down on a large grill, joining two other sets.

**PAGE NINE (6 panels)**

**Panel 1.** For this page, I'm thinking we're taking on a camera POV of sorts. Not through any obvious "camera lens" effects, but simply by virtue of the fact that all the characters are looking directly out at us and talking to us. Here, a dour Kellie is gesturing towards the trio of judges, now sat behind a booth. The first is James Lees (yes, I've absorbed my cousin into the world of *Sink*, the synchronicity of him running a burger blog was too much to resist, I'll send you likeness photos), who is smiling and waving. Next to him is a paunchy middle-aged man in a suit with a stern expression, stroking his chin pensively. And sat at the end of the table is a mascot dressed like a giant burger with google eyes on top, holding a comically large knife and fork which he is battering down on the surface of the booth.

KELLIE:

The burgers are done, and it's eating time. Please welcome our panel of star judges.

KELLIE:

James Lees, owner of food blog James VS Burger.

KELLIE:

Angus Codsgurne, veteran columnist.

KELLIE:

And Bun-Bun Barry, beloved mascot of longstanding local franchise Goofy Burger.

BUN-BUN BARRY:

BUN-BUN... IS... HUNGEE!

**Panel 2.** Focus on Alfonzo Jizoom holding up a plate with one of his burgers on it. His burger is wrapped in barbed wire, with shards of glass and nails sticking out from all over the patty. A cigarette has been stubbed out on top of the bun. He's shouting angrily at the screen, holding a clenched fist up in the air.

CAP/KELLIE:

"From the Black Label Burger Kitchen is Alfonzo Jizoom, culinary chaos theorist and experimental meat artist.

CAP/KELLIE:

"His offering today is the **Mad Bastard Burger**.

JIZOOM:

Everything you see in this burger is made to be ED-UH-BILE! CRUSH CAPITALISUUM!

(more)

**PAGE NINE (continued)**

**Panel 3.** Focus on Sister Patty. She has her burger sat on a display podium and is standing behind it, hands clasped in prayer, smiling benevolently at us. Her burger is a massive beast stuffed with toppings, all crammed into a black bun.

CAP/KELLIE:

“Next up, we have Sister Patty of The Church of the Magnificent Burger, with a burger she calls **Black Narcissus**.

SISTER PATTY:

May your taste buds be blessed.

**Panel 4.** Focus on Emma Callaghan, grinning sheepishly as she holds up the plate with her burger on it, a hefty affair stacked with cheese and bacon and dripping with an obscene-looking peanut butter sauce.

CAP/KELLIE:

“Artisan Burger Co. is the new venture from acclaimed restaurateurs Harry and Blossom Melbitoste.

CAP/KELLIE:

“In their stead, they’ve sent protégé Emma Callaghan and her **Peanut Butter Burger**.

EMMA:

It’s good, I promise!

**Panel 5.** Focus on Chef Ito, standing next to his burger on its podium. He has daintily lifted the top bun off from the burger with one hand holding it upside down so the toppings don’t spill, while with the other he is gesturing towards the burger. The patty has been shaped into a spiral, looking more like a curled sausage. His face is a picture of placid pleasantness, a mild smile on his face, in stark contrast to his strange ramblings.

CAP/KELLIE:

“Oishī is a celebrated venue for Japanese cuisine, but now Chef Ito is getting into the burger game with his patented **Spiral Burger**.

CHEF ITO:

I find the spiral to be very mystical. It fills me with a deep fascination...

**(more)**

**PAGE NINE (continued)**

**Panel 6.** Focus on Betty Buchanan, smiling warmly as she holds up her burger, a classic, simple burger, smaller than most of her competitors in a delicate brioche bun, with an aesthetically pleasing zigzag of Jamaican jerk sauce running alongside it on the plate, with the sauce also on top of the burger.

CAP/KELLIE:

“And finally, we have Betty Buchanan, with **The Sweet Jerk.**”

BETTY:

Made with love, and the secret sauce from my old family recipe!

**Panel 7.** Focus on Kellie, looking like she may be about to die from boredom.

KELLIE:

Betty is the returning champion from last year, representing the Happy Hub Kitchen.

KELLIE:

Who will win? The excitement is unbearable.



**PAGE TEN (5 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Focus on Angus Codsgurne letting out a scream of agony as blood seeps out of his mouth!

AGNUS:  
AAAAAARRRRGGGHHH!

**Panel 2.** Kellie is talking to us as if we were the camera again, looking excited for the first time since this sequence began. She's standing next to the judges' booth, gesturing towards Angus Codsgurne in the middle. He's the only one at the booth now, as James has left his seat and is standing back, looking shocked, while Bun-Bun Barry isn't visible here. Angus, meanwhile, is standing hunched over a plate with a Mad Bastard Burger on it, a bite taken out of it and a pool of blood surrounding it. More blood runs out of his mouth as he looks up, aghast.

KELLIE:  
It's high drama at the Burger Bash tonight, as Alfonzo Jizoom has just been disqualified by giving judges what can only be described as a... tainted burger!

CODSGURNE:  
Gluuuh, my mouth! You said this was edible!

**Panel 3.** Jizoom is shouting maniacally as he's dragged away by security, the other contestants looking on with shock.

JIZOOM:  
Everything's edible when you're a *MAD BASTAAAARD*!

JIZOOM:  
ROCK-AND-ROOOOOOOOOLL!!!

**Panel 4.** We can now see Bun-Bun Barry, sat on the floor, knees huddled up to his giant burger chin, rocking himself. Somehow his big googly eyes now have an air of primal terror.

CAP/KELLIE:  
"It's a twin calamity for our judges, following the existential crisis suffered by Bun-Bun Barry.

BUN-BUN BARRY (small):  
Bun-Bun... is... cannibal?

(more)

**PAGE TEN (continued)**

**Panel 5.** Focus on James nervously taking his seat once more, one each of the four remaining burgers in competition sat down in front of him.

CAP/KELLIE:

“That leaves James as our last judge standing.”

JAMES:

Okay, I’ll taste all your burgers. But I also want to hear from each of you.

JAMES:

Tell me why you think your burger deserves to win.

**PAGE ELEVEN (7 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Here, we are positioned behind Emma at her position on stage, looking across at James at the booth as he bites into her burger.

EMMA (small):  
Right, here we go.

**Panel 2.** Hold the same angle as the previous panel, but now Emma is in profile as she looks away from James, wincing. James is chewing on his mouthful of burger, his brow furrowing as he considers what he's chewing.

EMMA (small):  
Fuck he hates it.

**Panel 3.** Focus on James as he wipes his mouth with a napkin, the sloppy burger sat back down on the plate in front of him. His expression is calm, neutral, hard to read in terms of positive or negative impressions of the burger.

JAMES:  
So, Emma, why do you think your burger is the best?

**Panel 4.** Emma stands by her podium, hands clasped in front of her, looking ahead anxiously.

EMMA:  
I don't know if my burger is the best. I'm up against some great chefs, like, proper chefs.

EMMA:  
But you asked before for us to say why our burger deserves to win. And I can maybe answer that better.

**Panel 5.** Draw into a tighter focus on Emma, looking more confident now as she gains momentum with her train of thought.

EMMA:  
I've lived in Sinkhill my whole life. For as long as I can remember, we didn't have any proper cafes or restaurants there, at least none you'd want to go into.

EMMA:  
And you get used to that. You come to accept some things are just not for you.

(more)

**PAGE ELEVEN (continued)**

**Panel 6.** Focus on James, eyes widening a little, indicating he's moved by Emma's words.

EMMA (O.P.):

I see trendy outsiders visiting Sinkhill for the first time to come to Artisan Burger, and that's nice. But it's not for them.

EMMA (O.P.):

What is really special to me is seeing the locals eat there, to feel welcome eating there. At last, we have a nice place that's ours.

**Panel 7.** Focus on Emma, a rueful smile on her face, one that suggests she knows she's not winning so she might as well just say what she wants.

EMMA:

So, yeah, the Peanut Butter Burger. It's the kinda thing people turn their noses up at, but they might like it if they gave it a chance. I relate to that.

EMMA:

But give us the trophy or don't. We've already won the real reward.

**PAGE TWELVE (4 panels)**

**Panel 1.** We've jumped forward in time now to after the Glasgow Burger Bash. It's night-time, and we're inside a taxi (a large black cab rather than the car Rojan drives). We're in the backseat with Emma and Linda sat next to each other, and Bastard sat on the floor next to them. Emma is staring ahead in a daze, clutching the trophy, while Linda beams proudly at her and Bastard looks up happily at them both.

**Panel 2.** Focus on Emma and Linda, Emma looking ahead and holding up a hand, talking to the off-panel taxi driver ahead, a solemn expression on her face. Linda smiles inquisitively at her.

EMMA:  
Can you stop here and let me off, please?

LINDA:  
You not coming home with us?

EMMA:  
I'll be back later on, Mum. I want to drop off this trophy, first. I want to sit this up on the shelf next to the others.

**Panel 3.** Emma is standing outside the cab now, smiling proudly as she waves at Linda and Bastard inside the cab, both of them looking happy.

LINDA:  
I'm so proud of you, love. Things are really looking up!

**Panel 4.** As the taxi drives away, Emma – her back to us, the trophy slung over her shoulder – walks across the street towards Artisan Burger Co. It's late at night, and the lights are off inside, giving it a vaguely ominous quality.

**PAGE THIRTEEN (5 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Emma is at the front door of Artisan Burger now, trophy still resting on her shoulder as she uses her keys to unlock the door, smiling calmly to herself.

SFX:

klk

**Panel 2.** Interior establishing shot of the darkened restaurant floor of Artisan Burger Co. It may not be immediately noticeable here, but there's a faint light coming from the walkway into the kitchen area. Emma stands in the middle of the floor, cheerfully looking around.

**Panel 3.** Emma looks across at the entrance into the kitchen, spots the faint light coming in from there, suggesting lights have been left on in the kitchen.

EMMA (small):

Hmm? Someone in?

**Panel 4.** Still upbeat and holding the trophy, Emma paces across the restaurant floor, walking towards the entrance into the kitchen.

EMMA:

Harry? Blossom? You in there?

EMMA:

Or have you just left the lights on again and I'm talking to myself like a crazy person?

**Panel 5.** We're in the brightly lit kitchen now, with a focus on Emma as she walks in, her smile fading.

EMMA:

I was wanting this to be left in here as a surprise for you tomorrow, but I guess I'll have to just surprise you... now...

**PAGE FOURTEEN (6 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Reveal of a kid, about 10 years old, around the same age as Robbie Carmichael, sat tied to a chair, a gag over his mouth. The kid, we'll call him Mike, is staring ahead with wide, terrified eyes. We can also see that his chair is positioned in the centre of a circular symbol drawn on the floor, the same symbol we last saw on the floor of the quarry building where the Gorbals Vampire resided back in *Sink #13*. Also, for later on, can you also establish an emergency exit/back door near where the circle is drawn.

**Panel 2.** Emma, an expression of horror on her face, has sat the trophy down on one of the counters and is running forwards towards the boy.

EMMA:  
Oh shit!

**Panel 3.** We're looking at Emma and Mike in profile now, with Emma kneeling in front of Mike. She's pulling the gag down off his mouth and is looking at him with horrified compassion. The boy is looking past her, afraid.

EMMA:  
What happened? How did you get here? Who did this to you?

**Panel 4.** Focus on Mike, staring ahead, deathly afraid.

MIKE (small):  
Your back.

**Panel 5.** We're now looking over Mike's shoulder at Emma. And now we can see that behind her, the boy's assailant is standing over her, clutching the trophy with both hands and holding it up over her head at an angle that conceals its face. But for your reference, it's Harry Melbitoste. Emma's eyes are widening with shocked realisation, too late.

EMMA:  
I'm back? I've not been here all night, I... oh—

**Panel 6.** Plain black panel, with just the sound effect of the trophy hitting her head filling the box.

SFX:  
THUNK!

**PAGE FIFTEEN (6 panels)**

**Panel 1.** We've jumped forward a little now, and Emma is on her feet but slumped, her hands tied with rope overhead to one of the wall-mounted units. Her eyes are bleary, only starting to open up, and her expression is groggy. And there's some dried blood that's run down the side of her head.

HARRY (O.P.):

Wakey-wakey, sleepy head. You certainly *did* surprise me...

**Panel 2.** Reveal of Harry Melbitoste, standing next to Mike (the gag back over his mouth, still looking terrified). Harry is smiling sadly, his hands on his hips.

HARRY:

I forgot all about you having a set of keys. I really wish you'd just gone home tonight, Emma.

**Panel 3.** Emma and Harry are in profile, looking at each other. Emma is fully awake now, eyes wide in shock and fear and tugging at her restraints while Harry grins serenely at her.

EMMA:

Harry?! Please tell me it's not you that killed that wee Carmichael boy!

HARRY:

Don't think of it as killing. Think of it as a process. Like you in here late, trying to get your burger just right.

**Panel 4.** Harry is walking backwards, looking eerily cheery and upbeat, walking past the restrained Mike in the circle. He's grabbed a duffel bag and is reaching his arm into it.

HARRY:

Many years ago, a great man came close to opening a gateway to the Black Door. And now, I'm continuing his work.

HARRY:

I tried doing what he did, taking the blood of an innocent, using it for the ritual. But I see now I need to change up the recipe.

**Panel 5.** Focus on Emma, looking horrified.

HARRY (O.P.):

What if the blood was fresh? What if the child was bled out as part of the ritual?

**(more)**



**PAGE FIFTEEN (continued)**

**Panel 6.** Focus on Harry, crouching and turned away from us, the opened bag sat in front of him. His hands are reaching up to his face, but we can't see what he's doing.

HARRY:

But to just die isn't enough. They must die in terror, to give the blood that extra piquancy. The great man had a vision for that, too.

HARRY:

...

HARRY:

Tell me, Emma...

**PAGE SIXTEEN (4 panels)**

**Panel 1.** The dominant image of the page. A focus on Harry, who has now spun around to face us, revealing his face. He's wearing a modified version of Iron-Tooth Jack's metal teeth. He has the same metallic razor teeth in his upper and lower mouth, a metal prosthetic covering his whole jaw, with the only difference now being that instead of replacing his lower jaw and being screwed onto his skin it has been adapted into a wearable mouthpiece that slips over his actual teeth. His eyes are wild and insane, about bugging out of his head, his hands are clawing at his chest, and he's letting out what could either be a snarl or a maniacal grin of pure vicious joy, it's hard to tell with the teeth in.

HARRY:  
DO YOU BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES?!!!

**Panel 2.** Focus on Emma, screaming in terror.

EMMA:  
EEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

**Panel 3.** The grinning/snarling Harry is standing next to the frightened Mike inside the circle, hunched down with an arm around Mike's shoulder. In his other arm, he's holding up the Bloodstone, the red-hued stone tablet previously established in *Sink #13*.

MIKE:  
Mmmm! Mmmm!

HARRY:  
Just a little nibble to start, I think. We want to make this last.

HARRY:  
Now, I want you to watch closely, Emma. You are about to witness something beautiful.

**Panel 4.** Harry has lunged down and bitten into the side of Mike's neck. Not right through the jugular or anything instantly lethal yet, but enough to bring a decent flow of blood. Mike is letting out a scream through the gag, eyes wide with fear and pain. Harry's eyes, meanwhile, are rolling up in his head like he's in a kind of ecstasy.

MIKE:  
MMMMMM!

SFX:  
SHUUKK!

**PAGE SEVENTEEN (9 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Tight focus on the Bloodstone, some light spatters of blood landing on it.

SFX:

pt-pt-pt!

**Panel 2.** Here, we're positioned just behind the restrained Emma in the foreground, turned away from us, looking ahead at Mike and Harry in the circle. We can see the wall behind them, which is a regular kitchen wall, perhaps with a door to the freezer.

EMMA:

Let him go, you sick bastard! Stop it!

**Panel 3.** Focus on Harry biting down on Mike's neck, his head vibrating as he clamps down. Mike is starting to look faint, like he's about to pass out, more blood running down from his neck, while Harry looks like he's in a wide-eyed feeding frenzy.

HARRY:

RRRRR-RRR-RRR-RRR-RRR!

**Panel 4.** Back to the tight focus on the Bloodstone, the symbol carved on it starting to glow now as heavier splotches of blood land on it.

SFX:

PT-PT-PT-PT-PT!

**Panel 5.** Focus on Emma, her expression one of utter disbelief.

EMMA (small):

Wh-what?

(more)

**PAGE SEVENTEEN (continued)**

**Panel 6.** The same angle as Panel 2, but now instead of the regular kitchen wall in the background, that far end of the kitchen now melts away into the landing of an old tenement close, complete with a stairway going down and up. It's the Dream Tower, a location we've previously only seen in dream sequences in *Sink #2* and *#4*. Harry has stopped biting temporarily to look over his shoulder at the opened gateway.

EMMA:  
What is happening?!

HARRY:  
Yes, yes! The gateway is opening! Keep watching, Emma...

**Panel 7.** We've tightened our focus now on the opening to the Dream Tower, the close landing taking up the full panel in an Emma POV shot of sorts. And it's not in focus here, but we can see a large tendril of The Resident (the monster last seen in *Sink #4*) gripping onto the banister, about to turn the corner.

HARRY (O.P.):  
Something is coming.

**Panel 8.** Focus on Emma, who is now screaming hysterically, in a state of pure horror.

EMMA:  
What is that?!

**Panel 9.** Back to the Emma POV of the Dream Tower, and now the Resident has rounded the corner of the stairway onto the landing, or at least part of its massive form has. It's in the shadows, so we can't see any details of its appearance beyond its great mass and its multiple red eyes.

EMMA (O.P.):  
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!

**PAGE EIGHTEEN (6 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Focus on Harry, who has now turned fully to face the gateway, looking ecstatic.

HARRY:

This is it! I've waited so long for this moment!

**Panel 2.** Hold the focus on Harry, but now his face is twisted in pain, his back arched backwards and his hands reaching out futilely towards his shoulders.

SFX:

SHUNK!

HARRY:

AAAARGHH!

**Panel 3.** Harry has fallen onto his hands and knees, revealing the stake plunged between his shoulder blades. And we have also revealed, standing by the entrance to the kitchen a little behind him, is Chrissie Woods. She's in a stance that suggests she's just finished throwing the stake like a spear or javelin, a look of determination on her face.

CHRISSIE:

I've waited longer for this one.

**Panel 4.** Florence Kilcolm and Si McKirdie (for continuity's sake, still looking beaten up and missing his shades following the events of issue #12) have now entered on either side of Chrissie Woods, Florence and Chrissie both looking down intently at the off-panel Harry, while Si looks across in surprise at Emma in the foreground to the right of the frame, looking back at him filled with relief.

FLORENCE:

That was a stoater, Chrissie, I'll gie ye that.

McKIRDIE:

Emma?

EMMA:

Si! Florence!

**(more)**

**PAGE EIGHTEEN (continued)**

**Panel 5.** Florence is pacing deliberately towards Harry, her lip curled with hatred, fists clenched. Harry, meanwhile, is feebly crawling away from her, reaching out towards the off-panel wall where the portal was, looking devastated. In the background, Chrissie is leaning against the counter, exhausted, and Si has his arm around Emma, consoling her as she slumps against him.

FLORENCE:

Yer no' crawlin' away fae this, pal.

HARRY:

No, not now! I'm so close!

**Panel 6.** Reverse angle, ground level, revealing it's just a wall again, all signs of the Dream Tower vanished.

HARRY (O.P.):

Please come back.

**PAGE NINETEEN (5 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Si McKirdie stands over Harry Melbitoste, a foot placed on either side of his torso, so he looms down over him. Si is holding the Bloodstone, looking down at it thoughtfully. Harry is on the floor, on his side, the stake still partially embedded in the small of his back, cowering in fear.

McKIRDIE:

You're talking to a wall, Mr. Melbitoste. There's nobody there.

McKIRDIE:

But there was, wasn't there?

HARRY (weak):

The... the gateway...

McKIRDIE:

That is something of a misapprehension. The Bloodstone is less of a gateway than a looking glass.

**Panel 2.** Focus on McKirdie and Harry, with Harry now crouching down over Harry, holding up the Bloodstone to his face. McKirdie glares intently at the fearful Harry.

McKIRDIE:

To open the gateway would require something truly calamitous. Though what you have done is wretched enough.

**Panel 3.** For this panel, we can repurpose Page 8, Panel 4 from *Sink #12*, as the Bloodstone was actually established back in this scene.

CAP/McKIRDIE:

"The Bloodstone is actually how I knew it was you who killed Robbie Carmichael.

CAP/McKIRDIE:

"I'm kicking myself now, over me not registering it when I first saw it...

**Panel 4.** We've now honed in our focus onto the Bloodstone in Si's hands.

CAP/McKIRDIE:

"But not so much as you should be kicking yourself for putting it so brazenly on display."

(more)

**PAGE NINETEEN (continued)**

**Panel 5.** Si remains crouching over a timid Harry, glaring at him angrily, but now Florence has crouched down on the other side of Harry, grabbing a handful of his hair as she eyes him coldly.

FLORENCE:

Robbie's maw and da asked me tae find who killed their boy. And let's just say they didnae want me handin' ye over tae the polis.

McKIRDIE:

I'll be keeping a hold of this now. You won't be needing it.



**PAGE TWENTY (6 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Reveal of Blossom Melbitoste bursting into the kitchen, screaming with wild, manic eyes, wielding a silver vegetable knife. In the background, Chrissie – in the process of untying Emma’s hands – and Emma are both recoiling back in shock at the surprise entrance.

BLOSSOM:  
THE RESTAURANT IS CLOSED!!!

EMMA (O.P.):  
Blossom!

**Panel 2.** We’re now positioned behind Blossom as she rushes towards the terrified Mike, her knife hand raised. We can see that Si and Florence are both back up on their feet, but they won’t reach her before she reaches the boy.

BLOSSOM:  
Our ritual will be completed!

BLOSSOM:  
AAAAIEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

**Panel 3.** Focus on Blossom as her head snaps to the side, her facial expression suggesting she’s been knocked loopy. Coming in swinging in from the right side of the frame to clock her is the head of a shovel.

SFX:  
DUUN!

**Panel 4.** Reveal of Mr. Dig and Charlotte standing at the now opened back door, with Blossom lying in a crumpled heap in front of them. Mr. Dig is gripping the shovel he’s just finished swinging, glancing back over his shoulder at Charlotte, who stares ahead coldly.

MR. DIG:  
Looks like clown was telling you truth when he whispered in your ear, Charlotte.

**Panel 5.** This and the next panel are both smaller little letterbox panels inside the larger panel 4. This one is a tight close-up on Mr. Dig’s eyes as they widen in anger.

**Panel 6.** A tight close-up on Si McKirdie’s eyes, glaring back knowingly.

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE (1 panel)**

**Panel 1.** Full page splash. Si McKirdie and Mr. Dig stand in profile, facing one another, the bodies of the Melbitostes lying on the floor between them. Si McKirdie has a little smirk, while Mr. Dig's fist is clenched. In the background, we can see Florence, Chrissie, Emma and Charlotte all looking on, each in varying degrees of cautious and ready for everything to kick off.

MR. DIG:  
Si McKirdie.

McKIRDIE:  
Mr. Dig.

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO (5 panels)**

**Panel 1.** I'm playing around with a technique I've noticed in a few mangas I've read lately, of showing a couple of silent transitional panels to indicate the passage of time. Here, we have a (re)establishing shot of the empty front restaurant area, looking ahead to the kitchen entrance.

**Panel 2.** We're back in the kitchen now, with a tight focus on the blood-stained trophy sat on one of the counters.

**Panel 3.** Here, we have a focus on Harry and Blossom, sat propped up against a wall in the corner of the kitchen, their hands tied with rope, looking up fearfully.

FLORENCE (O.P.):  
Chrissie, can you take the wean to A&E?

**Panel 4.** More of an establishing shot of the kitchen. We can see that both Emma and Mike are now out of their restraints. Chrissie is standing by the entrance to the kitchen with her arm around Mike, looking weary. Mike also looks understandably exhausted, though now he has a large, padded dressing over the wound in his neck, the bleeding seeming to have been slowed. Florence is smiling reassuringly at her. Further along in the kitchen, Emma is standing with her arms tightly folded, looking shellshocked, standing near Si, who continues to stand facing Mr. Dig, the two of them glaring at one another. Charlotte is guarding the Melbitostes, staring harshly down at them.

CHRISSIE:  
I'd be glad to. My part in this is done. I don't know how much more I can do.

FLORENCE:  
You've done plenty, hen. It's thanks to you we put this all together.

**Panel 5.** Low-angle shot looking up at Florence, Si, Mr. Dig, Emma and Charlotte all gathered around the Melbitostes, just about visible in the foreground. All of them are staring down threateningly, save for Emma, who is lingering a little further back, looking conflicted.

McKIRDIE:  
It's best the child was gone now anyway, Chrissie...

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE (6 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Exterior night-time establishing shot of Unsunk Hill House, Si McKirdie's home which – as we saw in *Sink #12* – has been commandeered by The Duke.

CAP/McKIRDIE:

“Things are about to get very unpleasant.”

**Panel 2.** Interior establishing shot of Si's drawing room, where Lord Augustus Glory Wetherford VI, AKA The Duke, stands next to a roaring fireplace, clutching the Monkey's Ball (the statue Si re-acquired for him in issue #12) in his hand, holding it out at arm's length, studying it thoughtfully.

**Panel 3.** Focus on The Duke as he calmly tosses the statue into the fire.

**Panel 4.** Focus on the Monkey's Ball lying in the fire, burning.

**Panel 5.** Hold the focus, and now the flames in the fire have taken on a green tint, with green fumes starting to rise from the statue. The Monkey's Ball itself also appears undamaged by the flaming surrounding it.

SFX:

FWOOSH!

**Panel 6.** Focus on The Duke, now surrounded by the green fumes. He is grinning, letting out a little chuckle, his eyes wide and gleaming, taking on a look somewhat like that of the clowns after they inhale the gas, but not so severe. It seems the statue has released a milder, more controlled dose of the same toxin.

THE DUKE:

Heh-heh! Hee-hee-hee!

THE DUKE:

Yes. Show me.

**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR (7 panels)**

**Panel 1.** We're back at Artisan Burger Co. It's early morning now, still dark outside, but getting a little lighter. We're out in the front restaurant area, now with the lights back on. Charlotte, Si McKirdie, Florence Kilcolm and Mr. Dig are all sat at a window booth. Charlotte and Si are on one side, Si furthest away at the window side, while Florence and Mr. Dig are on the other side facing them, Florence furthest away on the window side. They are all exchanging intense glares.

McKIRDIE:

This is nice, isn't it? A chance for us all to sit down and chat.

McKIRDIE:

Everything here will be sorted. I have people who can fix up some documents that show ownership of this place passing to Emma.

**Panel 2.** We briefly flash back to the kitchen for one panel, where Harry and Blossom Melbitoste lie dead in a puddle of blood.

CAP/McKIRDIE:

"As for those two in there, there's someone I can call that can make them disappear."

**Panel 3.** Back at the booth now, with Mr. Dig leaning forward at the table to point angrily at Si, seated diagonally across from him. Si isn't leaning forward, remaining sat back in his seat, eyeing Mr. Dig contemptuously. Both Florence and Charlotte are casting hard looks at Si too.

MR. DIG:

Plenty more deaths you can't make disappear so easily. You're going to answer for them.

McKIRDIE:

My friend, you don't know a thing about me.

**Panel 4.** Emma has arrived, still looking shaken. She's carrying a large tray filled with four plates, and sitting on each plate is a burger that looks to have bacon and egg type filling. Her arrival seems to have momentarily deflated the tension, with everyone turning their attention to her.

EMMA:

Before you all kill each other, you might want to try Artisan's patented breakfast burgers.

EMMA:

I worked dead hard on them. The Melbitostes showed me how they're done, but they're, well...

**(more)**

**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR (continued)**

**Panel 5.** Focus on Emma, a haunted expression on her face as she lays out the plates off the tray.

EMMA:

There's more to what happened than what you saw. Harry and Blossom opened some... window, and I could see...

EMMA:

I could see an old tenement close, but it's one I've seen before. I've seen it in my dreams.

**Panel 6.** We're now positioned behind Emma, to see a reaction shot of everyone at the table. Charlotte, Florence and Mr. Dig are all looking up at her with astounded eyes, while Si looks around solemnly. The burgers have all been sat at their respective places, though no one is touching them at the moment.

CHARLOTTE:

Did... FFT... did you say... a tenement close?

**Panel 7.** Focus on Florence and Mr. Dig, sat next to each other at the booth. Florence is looking down at the table, while Mr. Dig is staring ahead with a worried look.

FLORENCE:

I've had that dream.

MR. DIG:

...

MR. DIG:

So have I.

**PAGE TWENTY-FIVE (4 panels)**

**Panel 1.** Focus on Charlotte and Si McKirdie, Charlotte casting a sideways glance in Si's direction as he smiles wearily, gesturing towards the burger in front of him.

McKIRDIE:

It is clear to me that we've all been brought together for a reason. Soon, we'll have to fight together, all of us. And a few others.

McKIRDIE:

There is much you need to know, and much I can tell you. But let's have some breakfast first, yes?

**Panel 2.** Focus on Florence and Mr. Dig, glaring at each other.

FLORENCE:

I don't like this, and I don't like you, McKirdie. But I could eat.

FLORENCE:

Whit about you, foxy? Ye take off yer mask tae eat or just ram it doon yer eyeholes?

**Panel 3.** We're outside Artisan Burger Co. now, looking in at the booth through the window as everyone eats their burgers. Emma has also pulled up a chair and is now sitting at the head of the table, between Mr. Dig and Charlotte. Everyone is focused on eating their burgers, save for Mr. Dig, who has taken off his mask and has it sitting on the table next to him. He's looking up gruffly at Emma, who is smiling ruefully in response.

MR. DIG:

Emma... you make good burger.

EMMA:

Thanks, I just won a trophy.

**Panel 4.** Our regular closing panel, with the title font on the all-black background.

BOTTOM CAP:

SINK.