

TERMINUS

A



Tale

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PAGE ONE (6 panels)

Panel 1. We open on Kenny, a frazzled-looking man in a rumpled suit, sat in his car in his driveway, the door open. He has a desperate look on his face as he unsuccessfully tries to get his car to start. From what we can see of the exterior surroundings, it's early morning, the light still dim in the sky. **This role will be filled by our Kickstarter cameo backer.**

KENNY:
FUCK! FUUUCK!

SFX:
KKRRRCH! KKKKRRCHTT!

Panel 2. Kenny is running out from his driveway now, grasping at his jacket pocket as his phone vibrates in the inside pocket. He looks completely exasperated. I'm thinking our POV is fixed in front of Kenny, putting us closer into his panicked mindset. But from what we can see of the wider surroundings, I want this to seem like a somewhat nice suburban street, not anywhere in Sinkhill.

SFX:
vvvr! vvvvr! vvvr!

KENNY:
FUCK IT!

Panel 3. Kenny is running down the street, panting for breath as he tries to speak into the phone pressed to his ear at the same time, a look of panic in his eyes.

KENNY:
Carol, I... *huff, huff*... I know, I... *huff, huff*... I'm on my way now, okay?

CAROL (ELEC)
Where are you, Kenny? And why are you out of breath?

KENNY:
Don't lose the heid, right? The... *huff, huff*... the car's gubbed, but... but I'll be there.

(more)

PAGE ONE (continued)

Panel 4. Kenny has arrived at a glass bus shelter, leaning against its side with the palm of his hand as he catches his breath, an expression of dismay on his face.

CAROL (ELEC):

So now it's the car. There's always an excuse, Kenny, and I'm sick of it.

KENNY:

No, it's not like that--

CAROL (ELEC):

He's waiting for you. Even after everything, he's so sure that you won't let him down.

CAROL (ELEC):

You better make sure you're here in the next hour. Or don't bother showing your face at all.

Panel 5. Kenny is looking off past the left edge of the frame now, phone held up to his ear with one hand as he extends the other hand outwards towards the road. He is being illuminated by the headlights of the approaching bus. A look of worry is still etched on his face.

KENNY:

I'll be there, I promise. That's my ride here now, actually.

SFX:

klk.

KENNY:

You tell the wean I won't let him down. I'll never let him down again. Carol? Hello?

Panel 6. Kenny is looking ahead with determination, as at the left edge of the frame, the bus has pulled to a stop in front of him. It may not be immediately apparent in this panel, but it's Busman Boab's bus.

SFX:

FFFSSSHT.

PAGE TWO (5 panels)

LETTERING NOTE: Shawn, you'll see Alex has extended the splash from page three into page 2, making it a double-page splash. But the 5 panels of this page can now be found in the top corner of that splash.

Panel 1. Boab POV looking down at Kenny, who has already taken one step up onto the bus, hands gripping at the sides of the door. He has a desperate, pleading look on his face.

BOAB (O.P.):
All full up.

KENNY:
Mate, please, *please*... you have no idea how important this is to me. I *need* to be on this bus!

Panel 2. Reveal of Busman Boab. We're now positioned behind Kenny as he stands at the bus-stop, looking up with him through the open bus door, with Busman Boab sat in the driver's seat, looking down at Kenny with cool contempt. Continuity note: I don't know if at any point you'll draw an angle of the bus from behind, but if you do, please have an ad on the bus that reads "BACK PAIN?" Just so it's in place for a beat that comes up much later in the issue.

KENNY:
I'll stand, I don't mind. I'll pay you double the fare. Please just let me ride.

Panel 3. Focus on Boab as he lazily leans around and looks over his shoulder at the bus behind him. He's thinking.

Panel 4. Hold the focus on Boab, now looking out in Kenny's direction at the door again with an indifferent expression.

BOAB:
Fine.

Panel 5. A grateful, relieved Kenny has stepped onto the bus, flashing a thumbs up at Boab while Boab surveys him coldly.

KENNY:
Mate, you've just saved my life. Thank you so much.

PAGE THREE (3 panels)

Panel 1. Establishing shot of the bus interior. As with the last time we saw the bus back in issue #7, it is a red-strewn bloodbath, a chamber of horrors, every seat and much of the floor filled with all manner of mangled corpses. In the front row to the right of the frame there are a couple of decayed dead bodies, and the body on the aisle side has a crushed skull, one of the eyes popped out of its socket. And the foreground, around in line with these bodies in the front row, is Kenny, screaming, in the middle of turning around on his heel to head for the exit.

KENNY:
AAAAAAAAAH!

Panel 2. A battering ram with spiked edges has launched out from the edge of the front row seat on the left side, extending across the length of the aisle and plunging multiple spikes into Kenny, hauling him off his feet and pinning him into the seated corpses on the right side established in the previous panel. The spikes have hit at around his thigh, some in his arm and torso, and one is going through his cheek.

SFX:
SHOONK!

Panel 3. Focus on Kenny, lying still, his body still pinned to the crushed-skull corpse by the spikes, blood already oozing from his mouth and from the multiple entry points.

PAGE FOUR (7 panels)

Panel 1. Exterior establishing shot of the bus running along a residential street, the sun now rising.

Panel 2. A trio of panels with a focus on Kenny, pinned to the seat in the front row. Here, he has just lurched back into conscious, coughing as fresh blood oozes down the side of his mouth, his face etched in pain.

KENNY (weak):
koff! koff!

KENNY (weak):
uuurrrr....

Panel 3. Kenny's eyes are frantically rolling around now, as he weakly tries to grasp at his inside pocket where he keeps his phone. But his arms are pinned to his sides with the spikes, rendering it out of reach.

KENNY (weak):
uuuurr!

Panel 4. Kenny's eyes have now settled on the corpse up close next to him, his head inclined slightly towards it. He's staring at it with pure horror.

KENNY (weak):
heelkch...

Panel 5. Exterior shot of the bus as it drives past the familiar Sinkhill road sign.

Panel 6. Back inside the bus with a tight focus on Kenny's mangled face, as tears flow down from his terrified eyes.

KENNY (weak):
heelkch... kchlee...

Panel 7. Back to an exterior shot of the bus as it drives down the quiet stretch of road with trees on either side that we last saw on page 20 of *Sink #7*, with the closed TERMINUS gates up ahead.

PAGE FIVE (5 panels)

Panel 1. It's full daylight now, and the bus is now in the terminus, drawing to a halt. We can perhaps see Busman Boab through the glass of the bus door, looking ahead with dead eyes. We might also once again see the blue vans parked in a row in the background.

Panel 2. Inside the bus, Boab has now left the driver's seat and walked down the aisle. He's now standing over Kenny, surveying him with mild annoyance as he weakly gurgles.

BOAB:

tt

BOAB:

I apologise. Things normally work more efficiently. But this does happen from time to time.

KENNY (weak):

gllllb...

Panel 3. Busman Boab is leaning down over the "seated" Kenny, patting him on the head like a dog. Boab's lip is curled in disgust, like he's reluctantly touching something he finds gross, while Kenny stares up at him with frightened, pleading eyes.

BOAB:

There, there. I'll fix it for you.

KENNY (weak):

puh... puh...

Panel 4. Boab has now tightly gripped onto the top of Kenny's head with the hand he'd been patting him with, while he's clamped the other hand over his mouth. He looks serious and focused, while Kenny's eyes widen with a last burst of terror.

KENNY:

MMM!

Panel 5. Boab, still with the same focused expression, has sharply twisted Kenny's head, snapping his neck.

SFX:

KRRKK!

PAGE SIX (6 panels)

Panel 1. Here, Kenny's dead body is being carried by two clowns, one holding him under his arms, another holding his legs. But that won't be apparent on this panel, with us tightly focused on his head and torso, as the phone in his inside jacket pocket rings once more.

SFX:

vvvr! vvvvr! vvvr!

Panel 2. The two clowns swing Kenny's body into the massive sinkhole at its centre, previously seen in *Sink #7*. All the other dead bodies from the bus are piled up in a big heap next to the hole, with other clowns wading through them to help in picking them up and disposing of them. Nearer the foreground, Allan - the clown we saw transformed way back in the first issue, and who has appeared a couple of times since - is standing with his hands on his hips, observing.

Panel 3. Allan has now turned, looking over his shoulder at us with a mad grin.

Panel 4. Busman Boab and Allan now stand in profile, facing each other, Boab with a wary, defensive stance as Allan stands in front of him, stepping closer. Allan's grinning intensely at Boab, staring right into his eyes, arms extending out by his sides, coiled back like springs ready to release.

BOAB:

I don't know what it is you want with me--

Panel 5. Hold the angle, but now Allan has clamped his arms around a shocked Boab in a tight hug, burying his face into Boab's shoulder.

BOAB:

Oof!

Panel 6. Pull back to a longer angle taking in the parked bus, the hole and the other clowns doing their work in the background, while Allan continues to hold the embrace with Boab, and Boab lets him, arms hanging limply by his side, staring ahead in a daze.

PAGE SEVEN (7 panels)

Panel 1. It's later in the day now, still daylight, and now we have an exterior establishing shot of the bus as it drives down a main road, past a sign that says "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING GLASGOW." Something to suggest that Boab is driving far and wide to source bodies for his bus rather than it being concentrated in such a small area where bus-fulls of missing people would be more quickly noticed. Here's a reference pic to give you an idea of what the sign would look like: <https://c8.alamy.com/comp/P826HP/a82-a-82-you-are-now-leaving-glasgow-sign-great-western-road-glasgow-uk-P826HP.jpg>

CAP/BOAB:

"Everyone's in such a hurry to get somewhere."

Panel 2. Interior establishing shot of the bus, which we can see is now pristine, cleaned, and empty of all "passengers," though a couple of seats have mechanical rigs like the one we saw in *Sink #7* set up in them. At the front of the bus we can see Busman Boab at the wheel, staring ahead, apparently talking to himself.

BOAB:

But really, there's only one place that we're all headed, isn't there?

BOAB:

I take them straight to the final destination. Not that it's appreciated, like. Not that anyone ever spares a second thought for the driver.

Panel 3. We're now in the driver's compartment with Boab, and we can see, tucked away in a shelf next to the wheel, what he's actually talking to. A yellowed human skull, missing a jawbone.

BOAB (O.P.):

It's a good thing I have you to talk to, eh?

Panel 4. Exterior shot of the bus with its indicator on, drawing into a bus stop, where an old man with a walking stick is emerging from a glass bus shelter, holding out his hand.

(more)

PAGE SEVEN (continued)

Panel 5. This is a trio of Boab POV shots, looking out through the open bus doors at someone standing at the stop, ready to come in. Each time it's going to be a different shelter and a different time of day, to suggest a montage effect. Here, it's the old man at the bus shelter we saw in the previous panel, smiling politely as he holds up his bus pass.

OLD MAN:

What do I do with this bus pass again, son?

Panel 6. Here we see two women in their 40s, dressed for a night out, standing by a more sparse bus stop, just the sign. It's night time now and pouring rain, with one holding up an umbrella over the two of them. Both look cold, wet and miserable.

LADY:

About time! Two singles into City Centre.

Panel 7. Here it's daytime again, and we're at a bus shelter again, this time looking out at a young woman pushing a baby in a pram, smiling up hopefully at us.

MOTHER:

Room for a pram?

PAGE EIGHT (21 panels)

Panel 1-20. I'm sorry! Look, this doesn't need to be 20 panels, that's just a ballpark figure. But I'm thinking of this like a full page splash, with all these panels a collection of jagged little shards hovering over the primary image at the bottom of the page. All these small panels have a montage effect, a snapshot of various moments, from piercing spikes and crushing bars killing various passengers, to bus stop signs, to one image of Boab arranging a mangled corpse in place in one of the seats, to a couple more moments of Allan hugging Boab. I won't get into specifics too much, as I want to give you some flexibility to craft the page, but if you're looking for more particular ideas of what to depict, just get in touch.

Page 21. Focus on Boab driving at the wheel, dead-eyed, all the previous panels hanging over his head like a cloud.

BOAB:

All full up soon.

PAGE NINE (6 panels)

Panel 1. It's night time now, and Busman Boab's bus is driving down a quiet stretch of road. I'm thinking the bus is in the foreground here, and up ahead, we can see a brightly-lit shelter, populated by one person. It's a woman sat on the bench in the shelter, hunched forward. She's wearing a jacket with a furry hood pulled up over her head, completely obscuring her face, and her hands are tucked in her pockets. To establish for later, there is a narrow dirt track a little bit past the shelter, obscured by hedges.

Panel 2. The bus is now parked at the bus shelter, the doors open. In his driver's seat, Boab is looking out glumly at the hooded figure sitting in the bus shelter. I'm thinking they're in the foreground of the frame here, out of focus, almost like we're looking over their shoulder at Boab.

BOAB:

Where you going, pal? I don't think you'll get any more buses going past this way at this time, so this might be your best bet.

Panel 3. Boab POV looking out at the woman sat in the shelter. Her position hasn't changed. She's still sat hunched forward, unmoving, silent.

Panel 4. Reverse angle POV of Boab, looking in at her through the bus doors. His expression has softened here, offering the ghost of a smile as he tries to tempt the woman into the bus.

BOAB:

Look... are you sleeping rough? You can't be out here on a cold night like this.

BOAB:

Let me take you to a shelter I know, they'll have a bed for you. No fare, free ride. Okay?

Panel 5. Hold the angle on Boab, but now his expression has soured again, his patience running thin.

BOAB:

...

BOAB:

Hello? You awake? Look at me when I'm talking to you.

Panel 6. Focus on the hooded woman, and now she's lifted up her hands to the edge of her hood, about to pull it back.

PAGE TEN (4 panels)

Panel 1. Reveal of Charlotte as the woman under the hood. We hold the focus on her as she pulls her hood back, staring ahead at the off-panel Boab with intense eyes.

Panel 2. Focus on Busman Boab, brow furrowed with confusion. In the background, through the window on the driver's side of the bus, we can see the blurry, out of focus figure of Mr. Dig charging towards the bus, shovel raised.

BOAB:
Huh?

Panel 3. Hold the focus of the previous panel, but now Mr. Dig's shovel has come crashing through the driver's side window next to Busman Boab. He is letting out a cry of shock, shielding his face from the raining glass with his hands and recoiling away.

SFX:
KSSSCCHHH!

BOAB:
AAAAH!

Panel 4. Full reveal of Mr. Dig standing behind the smashed window, reaching through into the bus and grabbing the startled Boab by the collar.

MR. DIG:
Busman Boab, I presume.

MR. DIG:
Have you dropped off any wee boys in Sinkhill lately, Boab?

PAGE ELEVEN (7 panels)

Panel 1. A small panel with a tight focus on Boab's fist hammering a red button on his dashboard with his palm.

SFX:
BAM!

Panel 2. A row of blades, like the edge of a saw, have shot up from the base of the window, pulverising what remains of the shattered glass and cutting a slice into Mr. Dig's forearm. He's letting out a yell of pain, retracting his arm and releasing a rattled Boab from his grip.

SFX:
SSSSHHKK!

MR. DIG:
NNG!

Panel 3. As Mr. Dig clutches at his arm, a trail of blood trickling onto the ground, the bus wildly veers away from the bus shelter. In the shelter, Charlotte has stood up now and is rushing towards the bus as it starts to drive away.

SFX:
SKREEE!

Panel 4. Focus on Busman Boab in the bus as he drives, clutching the wheel white-knuckled, screaming with panic.

BOAB:
MR. DIG?! FUCK IT!

BOAB:
Why me?! What did I ever do to anybody?!

Panel 5. Mr. Dig is running down the street in pursuit of the bus, his back to us, but the bus is more distant now, and Mr. Dig is clutching at his side.

MR. DIG:
Argh! Stitches!

(more)

PAGE ELEVEN (continued)

Panel 6. Charlotte has stepped onto the road and into view now, and is approaching Mr. Dig with an annoyed expression. Mr. Dig has turned back to face us again, clutching at his side and looking down at his injured arm, eyes brimming with frustration. Both of them are walking in the direction of the path at the side of the road just past the bus shelter.

CHARLOTTE:

Look at the...FFT... state of you. Remember your wife is... only letting you out to play tonight because... FFT... I said I wouldn't let you... get hurt. You're still healing.

Panel 7. Charlotte and Mr. Dig are standing side by side on the dirt path now, looking ahead at something off-panel, Charlotte with a smirk.

MR. DIG:

Never mind that, Charlotte. He's getting away.

CHARLOTTE:

Good for us then that we have... FFT... a way of catching up...

PAGE TWELVE (5 panels)

Panel 1. Reveal of Charlotte's blue van, parked in the dirt road. It's partially obscured in darkness, but we can see enough of the front to see that Charlotte has customised it since we last saw it. On the bonnet (that's hood in American!) is a crude image of a clown's head in red spray-paint, with crosses for eyes, indicating that it's a dead clown.

CAP/CHARLOTTE:

“Even if... FFT... this van was intended for hunting... something else.”

Panel 2. Exterior shot of the van in profile driving at speed down the main road, well lit by streetlights. We can now see that on the side of the van, also written in red spray-paint, is the message, "THIS VAN EATS CLOWNS". From this angle we may see Charlotte in profile through the driver's open side window, looking ahead with serious focus. If not, Shawn, just have the word balloon coming from the van.

CHARLOTTE:

You should... put on your seatbelt, Rojan.

Panel 3. We're inside the van now, with a focus on Charlotte and Mr. Dig in their respective seats. Charlotte is behind the wheel, still looking ahead intently, while Mr. Dig is casting her a sideways glare as he bandages up his forearm, an open First Aid kit sat in the space between them.

CHARLOTTE:

All those nights... FFT... freezing my arse off in... bus shelters, and he... FFT... finally shows up. Guess the stories... are true.

MR. DIG:

All bad stories about Sinkhill are true. You should know.

MR. DIG:

I don't know if he had anything to do with Robbie Carmichael. Boab's victims don't turn up on street. They disappear.

(more)

PAGE TWELVE (continued)

Panel 4. Focus on Mr. Dig, looking at him through the passenger side window as he stares out with angry eyes, head leaning against the door.

MR. DIG:

But maybe he knows something. And even if he doesn't...

Panel 5. Back to an establishing shot of the stretch of road, and now we can see Charlotte's van is gaining on the bus, almost at its back.

Lettering note: Charlotte and Mr. Dig might be visible through the windscreen of the van here, but I imagine they'll be too distant to get a sense of their expression. Do you think it would still be best to have a word balloon for Mr. Dig here, or would a caption read better?

MR. DIG:

...he's fucked with my city long enough.

PAGE THIRTEEN (8 panels)

Panel 1. Focus on the front of the van as it rams into the rear of the bus.

SFX:
WAMM!

Panel 2. Focus on Charlotte and Mr. Dig in profile, Charlotte staring ahead with her face etched in concentration, while Dig turns to face her with exasperated eyes.

CHARLOTTE:
I'd really... advise that seatbelt...

MR. DIG:
I drive taxi, aye? I know about safe driving. But how about focusing on the nutcase in front of--

Panel 3. Cut to a focus in profile on a hateful Busman Boab behind the wheel in his bus, a hateful expression on his face as he slams his foot down on the brake and clutch for an emergency stop.

SFX:
REEEE!

Panel 4. Cut back to outside the vehicles, where we can see the sudden stop of the bus has made Charlotte ram her van into its rear, putting a big dent in the bonnet. Charlotte, still in the driver's seat, is also wincing with the impact. One detail: Mr. Dig's shovel is still sat inside the van, next to where he was previously sitting.

SFX:
THOOM!

Panel 5. Mr. Dig has been sent crashing forward through the windscreen.

SFX:
KSSSCHH!

(more)

PAGE THIRTEEN (continued)

Panel 6. Mr. Dig is bouncing off the rear corner of the bus as it sharply turns, connecting with it on the small of his back, eyes clenched shut with pain. There's an ad on the rear of the bus that says "BACK PAIN?"

SFX:
WUDD!

Panel 7. Charlotte looks out the driver's side window with concern as she circles around the discarded body of Mr. Dig. He's lying face-down on the tarmac.

Panel 8. The van has taken off again in pursuit of the bus, both vanishing around the corner onto the next street. In the foreground, Mr. Dig has lurched to life, a single arm jutting up and forward, pointing ahead with his index finger.

PAGE FOURTEEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Ground level shot of Mr. Dig lying face-down on the road. In the foreground, the wheel of a bicycle has drawn up next to him.

SFX:
EEE.

Panel 2. Hold the angle, but now Mr. Dig is beginning to stir, pushing up on his hands and starting to wearily look over his shoulder. In the foreground, a foot in a cleated cycle shoe has touched down on the ground next to the wheel.

CYCLIST:
Uh... mister?

Panel 3. Reveal of the cyclist standing with one foot on the road to keep his bike stationary, looking down at Mr. Dig with concern. Mr. Dig is up on his knees, back to us, looking up at him.

CYCLIST:
That looked like a nasty collision there. I think you might need an ambulance, and if you need to make an... insurance claim...

Panel 4. Mr. Dig is standing now, facing the cyclist, gripping tight onto the front of his bike to stay upright. He's staring hard at the cyclist, who is starting to shrink back, intimidated.

CYCLIST:
What? Did... did I say something wrong?

Panel 5. Charlotte's van and Boab's bus are both veering round the corner and out into another stretch of main road now, this time it may even be motorway. The van is starting to draw level with the bus.

SFX:
VROOOM!

PAGE FIFTEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Focus on Charlotte's van as she swerves the wheel hard to the side, ramming into the side body of the bus. Through the shattered windscreen we can see Charlotte, jaws clenched as she braces for the impact.

SFX:

THAKK!

Panel 2. Focus on a flustered Boab behind the wheel of the bus, as he hauls a flare gun out from the glove compartment.

BOAB:

Come on, come on...

Panel 3. Boab is leaning out of the window and firing the flare gun up into the sky, looking up at the rising flare grimly. Charlotte is also looking up at the flare from her place in the van.

SFX:

FFFFFFFFFFFFFF!

BOAB:

Okay.

Panel 4. Boab has now swerved the wheel of the bus, ramming into Charlotte's van and pinning her towards the side of the road. She remains focused ahead while Boab shouts angrily across at her. We can see a little distance up ahead there are some roadworks directly ahead, with some glowing arrows pointing for drivers to move into the next lane. If Charlotte stays in the lane she's currently pinned into, she's headed directly into this.

SFX:

THAKK!

BOAB:

You should have picked on somebody your own size!

(more)

PAGE FIFTEEN (continued)

Panel 5. Focus on Charlotte in profile, staring ahead anxiously. The shovel is still propped up against the passenger side door in the background, out of focus. And beyond that, the side of the bus is pinned against the passenger side door.

Panel 6. Hold the focus on Charlotte, but now she's turned across to look at the shovel, now in focus.

PAGE SIXTEEN (9 panels)

Panel 1. I've written 9 panels for this page, but don't feel the need to make this a 9-panel grid. The high-panel counts through this sequence of pages is to create a sense of chaotic fast motion, so feel free to have some panels bigger, some smaller, and be looser with the layout. Here, we are greeted with the almost comical image of Mr. Dig riding the bicycle, knees jutted outward and him wobbling slightly, but staring ahead with intense seriousness, as he takes the bike up a foot bridge.

MR. DIG:
huff... huff...

Panel 2. Mr. Dig has crashed the bike into the barrier of the bridge and launched himself over the side, arms spread out. We can see, on the road down below, the bus is just about to pass under the bridge.

MR. DIG:
HNNGH!

Panel 3. Mr. Dig has landed on his belly on the top of the bus, wincing in pain from the impact.

SFX:
THOOM!

MR. DIG:
Oomf.

Panel 5. On top of the bus, Mr. Dig is back on his feet, keeping a low stance as he runs along the roof, headed towards the front of the bus, looking serious and focused.

Panel 5. In the van, Charlotte is holding the shovel in one hand, arm poised back like she's holding a javelin, while the other hand grips onto the wheel. She's staring ahead anxiously, sweat starting to bead on her forehead.

Panel 6. Mr. Dig is now at the front of the bus, kneeling and gripping onto the side above the window, carefully peering down and across at Charlotte in the van. Below him, Boab is still driving, looking ahead intently.

(more)

PAGE SIXTEEN (continued)

Panel 7. We're positioned over Charlotte's shoulder now as she continues holding the shovel in the same position. From this angle, we can see the planned trajectory of her throw, the head of the shovel lined up with the wheel of the bus outside her window.

Panel 8. Mr. Dig is swinging in through the window, kicking through the spikes with his boots and kicking into Busman Boab, turning his head away from the van. As he launches himself into the window, Mr. Dig's head is arched back to shout at Charlotte.

SFX:
THWAKK!

MR. DIG:
NOW!

Panel 9. Tight focus on Charlotte's hand as she launches Mr. Dig's shovel like a javelin.

PAGE SEVENTEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. A small window panel of the shovel sliding in above the wheel and snapping as it's caught up in the mechanism, the wheel itself grinding to a halt.

SFX:

KRKKK!

Panel 2. Busman Boab's bus is lurching forward, the back wheels rising up off the ground as the front of the bus begins to tilt to the side. Next to it, the van has hit the brakes, swerving away from it.

SFX:

TRRRRKCHH!

Panel 3. The capsized bus is now on its side, sliding along the surface of the road.

SFX:

SSSCHHHHH!

Panel 4. Interior establishing shot of the front half of the bus. Mr. Dig is slumped against the front windscreen, the cracked glass snaking out all around him like a spider's web, like the impact from him hitting it was the centre of an expanding crater. He's momentarily dazed, eyes half shut. I'm not sure if the driver's compartment will be visible next to him, but if it is, Busman Boab isn't there. In the foreground, we can see heaps of dead bodies that have all fallen out of their seats into a pile, with the bus now being on its side.

Panel 5. Focus on Mr. Dig, looking down at the driver's compartment (if I've worked this out right in my head, with the bus on its side the driver's compartment will now be on the ground), eyes glaring angrily, as Busman Boab isn't in there.

BOAB (O.P.):

You've destroyed my place of work, my *home*.

Panel 6. We're now looking down the length of the bus towards the back, where we can see Busman Boab (hurt, with a gash on his head and cuts on his arms, his clothes tattered), standing shakily up near the rear windows, glaring out furiously at Mr. Dig, doing the "come here" motion with his hands. Mr. Dig is in the foreground, back turned to us, looking up at him.

BOAB:

You want me? Come get me.

PAGE EIGHTEEN (8 panels)

Panel 1. For these first four panels, we're positioned in front of Mr. Dig, watching him move towards us. Mr. Dig is walking forward purposefully, about to step over the side of the front row seats, from where we saw the spike battering ram emerge back on page 3.

Panel 2. The spikes have launched upwards from the seat, but Mr. Dig has just managed to evade them, taking a graceless diving leap forward out of their path, eyes wide with shock.

SFX:

SHOONK!

Panel 3. Mr. Dig has face-planted into a heap of the mangled, blood-soaked corpses, blood splashing up with his impact. He also seems to have tripped another trap mechanism, hence the clicking sound here.

SFX:

SPLUD.

SFX:

klk.

Panel 4. Mr. Dig is rising up to his feet again, one of the corpses bundled over his shoulder just as a set of long, rusty nails fire in a semi-circle arc into the corpse's back. Mr. Dig is now dripping in gore, staring ahead with wild, furious eyes.

SFX:

FUT! FUT! FUT! FUT! FUT!

Panel 5. For these next four panels, we're positioned behind Mr. Dig as he makes his way towards Busman Boab. Here, Mr. Dig is tossing the nail-riddled corpse to the side, wading through corpses on his forward trajectory, as a worried Busman Boab is reaching above him to press one of the red "EMERGENCY STOP" buttons on the hand rails, which would normally be rising from the floor of the bus vertically but now run in a horizontal line overhead.

SFX:

klk.

(more)

PAGE EIGHTEEN (continued)

Panel 6. A big jagged-edged pipe like the one that killed Jordan in *Sink #7* has launched out from the floor of the bus, meaning here that it's launched out from the left side of the frame. Mr. Dig is having to wildly swerve *Matrix*-style to avoid being impaled by it, though we could have it slicing through the fabric of his sleeve to show how close a call it was. In the background, Busman Boab looks horrified that this last trap has failed.

SFX:
SHUNK!

Panel 7. Mr. Dig has now reached Busman Boab. Boab is letting out a frantic cry as he swings a wild punch, which Mr. Dig is easily parrying with his forearm.

BOAB:
EEAAH!

Panel 8. Mr. Dig is knocking Busman Boab off his feet with a punch to the gut.

SFX:
THOK!

PAGE NINETEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Mr. Dig stands over Busman Boab, glaring angrily down at him with clenched fists as a kneeling Boab looks ahead pensively, seemingly ignoring him.

MR. DIG:

Robbie Carmichael was just young kid. He was murdered, dumped like trash. What do you know about it?

BOAB:

Every life's a story. So, so many passengers, every one with dreams, fears, loved ones waiting for them. And I took their stories from them.

Panel 2. Focus on Boab, smiling proudly.

BOAB:

Do you know how powerful that makes me?

BOAB:

No one spares a second thought for the driver. But I exist. I matter.

Panel 3. Tight focus on Boab's hand behind his back as it grasps onto the fragmented skull from his shelf, now tucked into the back of his waistband.

BOAB:

And nobody rides for free...

Panel 4. Busman Boab has launched himself up to his feet and is taking a wild, lunging swing at Mr. Dig with the skull, brandishing it like a weapon with the shattered jaw its jagged end. He's letting out a scream as he does it, and has swung so hard he looks unbalanced, like he's collapsing forward again. Mr. Dig has side-stepped the attack, glaring at him with contempt.

BOAB:

AAAAIEEEEEEE!

(more)

PAGE NINETEEN (continued)

Panel 5. Tight focus on Boab's face and upper torso. He's still frozen in an attack position, the skull wielded overhead, but now his eyes are wide with surprise. He has just propelled himself forward into the erupted pipe, though it's currently off-panel.

BOAB:
!!!

SFX:
shhkh!

Panel 6. Full reveal of Busman Boab, impaled on the pipe jutting through his stomach, arms now hanging limp, mouth dangling open, eyes rolling up in his head.

BOAB:
...

BOAB (weak):
Shite.

PAGE TWENTY (5 panels)

Panel 1. Focus on Mr. Dig, standing next to the dead, slumped-forward Busman Boab. Mr. Dig is looking up in the direction of the call from the off-panel Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE (O.P.):
Mr. Dig!

Panel 2. Outside the upturned bus, where Charlotte is standing in front of it, staring ahead, fuming with rage. Up on top of the bus, Mr. Dig is emerging from an opened window, looking ahead with grim focus.

CHARLOTTE:
We have... company.

Panel 3. Further down the empty road, a single blue van is parked, and Allan is standing next to it, grinning, hands in his pockets.

Panel 4. Mr. Dig is leaping off the side of the bus to be next to Charlotte, both of them staring ahead intently, braced for a fight. In the foreground, we can see Allan's feet walking down the road towards them.

ALLAN:
Now, stop me if you've heard this one before...

Panel 5. Focus on the grinning Allan, with insane, gleaming eyes.

ALLAN:
There are worse things out on the streets of Sinkhill on a Friday night than the Dickheads.

ALLAN:
Worse things even than me.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE (7 panels)

Panel 1. Focus on Mr. Dig, a look of dismay in his eyes.

MR. DIG:
Burnside boy?

Panel 2. Focus on Allan, still grinning. In the background, we can see his blue van parked, and now another two clowns are standing next to it, also grinning.

ALLAN:
Allan. Or I used to be, anyway.

ALLAN:
It all changed for me, on that night I met you. I met Boab on that night, too. The three of us, we are linked in a special way.

Panel 3. Focus on Charlotte and Mr. Dig, Charlotte scowling angrily ahead while Mr. Dig looks over his shoulder in the direction of the bus.

ALLAN (O.P.):
Or were.

CHARLOTTE:
None of the clowns I... met before were... FFT... much for talking. How come you... can't shut up?

Panel 4. Back to the focus on Allan, smiling with what almost looks like sympathy as he motions towards the scars on his mouth with a twirling finger. In the background, two more blue vans have pulled up, and now several more clowns are standing peppered around the vehicles with various forms of smiles and grins.

ALLAN:
Hurts, doesn't it? Talking gets easier with time.

ALLAN:
And I have more to say than my brothers, because I have been chosen. I get to spread the gospel of the Black Door, for the pathway shall soon be open.

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-ONE (continued)

Panel 5. Focus on Charlotte and Mr. Dig, both looking ahead with unease at the off-panel arrival of even more clowns.

CHARLOTTE:

I've killed clowns before.

MR. DIG:

I haven't, but there is first time for everything and I'm fast learner.

Panel 6. Focus on Allan, smiling knowingly. The background is now filled with clowns, multiple vans parked all around, all of them staring out at us with expressions of insane glee.

ALLAN:

All of us? There are more of us every day. That's all we do, what we live for.

ALLAN:

We spread.

Panel 7. We've pulled back to an overhead shot of the wreckage of the bus. We can make out Charlotte and Mr. Dig by the bus, and Allan standing in front of them, and we can now see a full circle of clowns around the scene, surrounding them. We can also see Charlotte's van a little further back, parked outside of the circle.

ALLAN:

You are all so scared of us, but you don't know us. If you knew us, understood what was coming...

ALLAN:

...you'd be so much more afraid.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (6 panels)

Panel 1. Allan has walked past Charlotte and Mr. Dig and, with a waving motion of his hand, the wall of clowns has parted, revealing an opening in the circle, beyond which stands Charlotte's parked van. He's smiling at Charlotte and Mr. Dig, whose heads are inclined away from us and towards him.

ALLAN:

But you helped me once. So, this one time, I'll help you. I like the thought of you out there, bravely fighting the tide.

ALLAN:

We'll see each other again. At the end.

Panel 2. Mr. Dig and Charlotte are warily walking past Allan, Mr. Dig a little ahead of Charlotte. Allan remains stationary, arm still held outwards motioning for them to walk past, grinning head inclined towards Mr. Dig.

ALLAN:

And don't feel bad about me not making it out of Sinkhill that night. Really, I'm much happier now.

ALLAN:

My eyes have been opened. The things I've seen...

Panel 3. In a sudden motion, Allan has grabbed Charlotte's arm and yanked her towards him. She is taken aback by the movement, staring at him with wide-eyed surprise, while Mr. Dig has spun around towards them, making a dive to grab Charlotte, eyes furious.

CHARLOTTE:

Ah!

Panel 4. Tight focus on Allan's mouth as he whispers into Charlotte's ear, her eyes widening with shock at what she's hearing. What he is saying is unheard by us.

Lettering note: Shawn, can you add a word balloon with small, indecipherable squiggles, coming from Allan?

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (continued)

Panel 5. An angry Mr. Dig has pulled Charlotte away and put himself between her and Allan, glaring furiously at Allan who now stands casually, hands held up in mock surrender. Charlotte stares at Allan, disturbed by what she's just been told. The two of them are continuing to back away from Allan and towards the exit.

ALLAN:

And once you decide to return to where you belong, come find us. We have a canister waiting for you.

Panel 6. Charlotte and Mr. Dig walk through the parted crowd of clowns, striding towards the van, their backs to us. All of the clowns stare at the pair with manic grins, still looming in close and intimidating. Near the front of the crowd, just to the side of the frame, is a clownified version of Richard, the Dickhead confronted by Allan at the end of Sink #10. He still has the condom on his head, and he's still buzzing.

CLOWN 1:

Heh heh...

CLOWN 2:

Hee-hee-hee...

SFX:

ZZZZZZ

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (5 panels)

Panel 1. Charlotte is now in her van and behind the wheel. Mr. Dig is standing next to the passenger side, the door open and ready for him to step in. But he's looking out and ahead at the off-panel Allan.

MR. DIG:

Ho, Allan! This end of yours. How close to it are we talking about?

Panel 2. Mr. Dig POV of Allan, smiling and shrugging as the circle of clowns begins to close around him.

ALLAN:

Oh, about halfway, I'd say. More or less.

Panel 3. Charlotte's van is doing a U-turn and driving away as, in the foreground, the clown vans drive off in the opposite direction.

Lettering note: I'd originally had Charlotte's dialogue as a caption here, but I feel that would be an awkward transition into the caption in the following panel, so could we try it as a word balloon attached to the departing van?

CHARLOTTE (O.P.):

That clown, he... FFT... he told me something you... need to hear.

SFX:

VROOOM!

Panel 4. We've switched scenes to morning again, indicating a little time has passed. Here we have an establishing shot once more of the TERMINUS gates.

CAP/ALLAN:

"I have so much to thank you for, Boab. It was you who started me on my journey, sent me onwards to my destiny."

Panel 6. Allan is standing at the precipice of the massive sinkhole, tightly clutching the limp corpse of Boab in a tight hug, head rested against his shoulder, eyes closed. Boab is the one whose back is closest to the edge.

ALLAN:

And your efforts have brought us so close to our goal. The hole needs fed, and your bounty has been plentiful.

ALLAN:

I'm glad I could be here for you, as your journey comes to its end.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR (4 panels)

Panel 1. Allan, flashing a rueful smile, is releasing the embrace, letting Boab's body fall backwards into the hole.

ALLAN:
Safe travels.

Panel 2. Allan POV looking down into the hole as Boab's body descends, plummeting down into the bottomless black void.

Panel 3. A Boab POV from inside the hole (or, since Boab is dead now and doesn't have a POV, maybe we should consider this a "hole POV"... spooky!), looking up at the increasingly distant Allan as he peers over the edge, grinning and waving.

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

BOTTOM CAP:
SINK.