

THE GORBALS VAMPIRE

A



Tale

Story by John Lees

Art & Colours by Alex Cormack

Letters by Shawn Lee

PAGE ONE (6 panels)

Panel 1. This chapter is a flashback to when Chrissie Woods, our protagonist from *Sink #11*, was a child, around 10 years old. It's a dull, dreary daytime, and it's raining heavily. Chrissie and her younger brother Douglas are walking through an area of what would in the present day be seen as The Speakeasy, standing in front of an old quarry building that looks something like this:

<http://smg.photobucket.com/user/9505367/media/Dechmont%20Firing%20Range/DSCF0083.jpg.html>

Doesn't need to be exactly like that, just the idea of an old outhouse-type building in the wilderness. Probably better if it's a little bigger than this. It's completely walled-in by a tall, spiked fence that encircles the building completely. But, on the outside of the fence, next to Chrissie and Douglas, is a tall tree, overhanging over the fenced-in area, with plums dangling from the branches. Both the kids are dressed in pretty dirty, raggedy clothes. Douglas looks anxious, while Chrissie smiles down at him, bemused.

CAP:
SINKHILL.

CAP:
70 YEARS AGO.

DOUGLAS:
We shouldn't be here. Gregor Smith says The Devil lives in there

CHRISSIE:
Gregor Smith eats his own bogies. The Devil could go anywhere he wants, he's no' choosing Glasgow.

CHRISSIE:
People have been saying that auld spook story for years...

Panel 2. Inset panel, tight focus on a bunch of plums hanging from one of the branches. This can be a little window panel.
Lettering note: This dialogue might read better placed in panel 1, overlapping into this panel

CHRISSIE (O.P.):
"Likely to keep other eejits from those plums."

(more)

PAGE ONE (continued)

Panel 3. Douglas looks up from the ground, frightened, as Chrissie climbs up the tree. She's looking down at Douglas, a mischievous grin on her face.

DOUGLAS:

Chrissie, stop kidding on, get down.

CHRISSIE:

Not 'til I've got us some plums. I'm gonnae steal from The Devil, aye?

DOUGLAS:

Noooo...

Panel 4. Chrissie is now high up on the tree, and has shimmied along one of the overhanging branches, leaving her hanging over the fence, suspended above the fenced-in building. She has a look of intense concentration as she reaches out to grab a bunch of the plums. They seem to be just inches from her fingers.

CHRISSIE:

Just... a bit... more...

Panel 5. This can be another small window-type panel. A tight focus on the branch at the point it's beginning to snap.

SFX:

KRRK!

Panel 6. Chrissie looks shocked as she and the branch start to plummet downwards into the fenced-in area.

CHRISSIE:

AAAAAH!

DOUGLAS (O.P.):

CHRISSIE!

PAGE TWO (4 panels)

Panel 1. Chrissie POV shot looking up at the sky, the sun peering through partially behind heavy, dark clouds, the raspberry tree looming over us, and perhaps the fence visible on the periphery. Maybe have this shot look a little hazy or unfocused, suggesting that Chrissie has been dazed by her fall.

Panel 2. Tight focus on Chrissie's face as she lies on the ground, looking dazed and bleary-eyed. She has a cut on the side of her forehead.

DOUGLAS (O.P.):
Chrissie!

DOUGLAS (O.P.):
Chrissie, get up!

Panel 3. We can see now that Chrissie has fallen on the other side of the fence, and is within the fenced-in area. Douglas is standing pressed against the outside of the fence, looking panicked, while Chrissie is up on one knee and looking over her shoulder towards us, in the direction of a noise coming from the off-panel building, looking worried.

DOUGLAS:
You need to get out of there. The Devil!

CHRISSIE:
Away chase yourself. I'm more worried about nearly breaking my head than some silly...

SFX:
EEE...

Panel 4. We're behind Chrissie now, looking at what she's looking at: the door of the old building slowly swinging open. We can see nothing inside, only intense blackness.

SFX:
EEEEEE...

PAGE THREE (5 panels)

Panel 1. Douglas is standing looking terrified as Chrissie struggles to squeeze through a space between two bars of the fence. Now she's looking afraid too.

DOUGLAS:

Come on, come on! Get out!

CHRISSIE:

Nng... I'm trying!

Panel 2. Similar shot as the previous panel, but now Douglas is pulling on Chrissie's arms as she dangles through the space, her upper half outside the fence while her legs dangle inside. She's jammed in around the torso area. Both kids look frenzied now.

CHRISSIE:

I'm stuck! Help me, Douglas! Quickly!

Panel 3. Similar shot again, but now both kids have collapsed on a heap on the ground on the outside of the fence, Douglas having successfully pulled his sister through.

DOUGLAS:

Ah!

CHRISSIE:

Ungh!

Panel 4. A frightened Douglas is tugging at Chrissie's arm, trying to pull her away. Chrissie has stood up, but she's looking ahead at something off-panel, startled.

DOUGLAS:

Let's get out of here. We can't say a word about this to Da, he'll wring our necks!

DOUGLAS:

Did you see the Devil?

CHRISSIE:

No...

Panel 5. A Chrissie POV shot looking through the fence at the old quarry building. Through the hole on the side of the wall, we can now see a humanoid silhouette looking out at us. The specific details are unclear.

CHRISSIE (O.P.):

I don't know what I saw.

PAGE FOUR (5 panels)

Panel 1. Exterior daytime establishing shot of Sinkhill Primary School, the same school we saw back on page 2 of Sink #4. But while the structure is the same, the surrounding area is less built up. No housing here now, with a work yard with stables next to the building.

CAP/ANNE:

"That's them found another wean deid in the Gorbals."

Panel 2. We're now inside the cafeteria, with a focus on a young Anne Jackson (who we saw Chrissie visiting in hospital in *Sink #11*) sat at her table, looking ahead intensely as she relays this scary story.

ANNE:

That makes three now. This one was found in the Southern Necropolis.

Panel 3. Establishing shot of Glasgow's Southern Necropolis - Google images has a whole bunch of reference:

https://www.google.co.uk/search?q=Glasgow+Southern+Necropolis&source=lnms&tbm=isch&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwio167vusDrAhXRtXEKHR_IDfkQ_AUoAnoECBsQBA&biw=1366&bih=654 - at dawn. A lone working class man is walking through the graveyard, though he isn't in close focus here.

CAP/ANNE:

"A girl this time, a little younger than us.

Panel 4. Draw in our focus as he looks ahead with shock at something off-panel.

CAP/ANNE:

"No human could have left her body in the state it was in.

MAN:

!!

Panel 5. Man POV shot of a young girl slumped against one of the headstones. Like Robbie at the end of *Sink #11*, she has a chunk bitten out of her neck, the blood drained, her head lopped awkwardly to the side as she stares ahead with glassy eyes.

CAP/ANNE:

"It was the handiwork of Iron-Tooth Jack!

CAP/ANNE:

"He kills any wean who gets too close to his secret lair. Sucks the blood right outta them."

PAGE FIVE (4 panels)

Panel 1. We're now inside the cafeteria, and now we can see Anne and Chrissie Woods are sat next to each other, eating lunch, and that it's Chrissie Anne is talking to. Anne is talking excitedly at Chrissie, gesturing with her fork, while Chrissie clutches at the tissue she's tucked into the front of her blouse and is using like a napkin, her brow furrowed in annoyance as she focuses on the food on her plate. Anne is dressed immaculately, while Chrissie, even in what she says are her best clothes, looks grubby, her attire ill-fitting and her hair unkempt.

ANNE:

That lair's in the Necropolis, for sure. Glenda Wallace says her cousin's friend saw him dragging a body through the graves. She barely got away.

CHRISSIE:

Save the tall tales, Anne. My mind's on not dripping lunch onto my good clothes before the class photo.

Panel 2. The pair of kids are now walking through a school corridor, Anne looking very grave and solemn as she employs some dramatic body language, like she's sharing a very important secret, while Chrissie smirks and casts her a dubious sideways glance.

ANNE:

Imagine the last thing you see being Iron-Tooth Jack grinning and flashing that mouthful of razors...

CHRISSIE:

My wee brother, Douglas, was telling me a spooky story his friend told him the other day. But he has the excuse of being seven.

Panel 3. Anne and Chrissie have now stepped outside and are making their way down the front steps of the school, other kids milling around them in the background. They're smiling at each other, Anne excited, Chrissie looking more incredulous.

ANNE:

What, do you think those weans opened up their own throats? Something's out there, Chrissie!

CHRISSIE:

Doesnae mean it's a vampire. There are enough rotten things already in the world without making up more...

Panel 4. We've zoomed in our focus on Chrissie, who is now looking straight ahead, eyes wide with dismay.

CHRISSIE:

No!

PAGE SIX (6 panels)

Panel 1. Reveal of Jim McKee, Chrissie's father, standing outside the school gates, glaring out at us.

CHRISSIE (O.P.):
Da!?

Panel 2. Chrissie has cautiously approached the school gates, looking up anxiously at Jim, who is now gripping the gate, looking down at her angrily.

CHRISSIE:
What are you doing here?

JIM:
That's no way tae speak tae yer father, is it?

JIM:
Yer needed in the yard. There are briquettes to be loaded in the cart.

Panel 3. Focus on Chrissie through the gate, eyes widening with panic.

CHRISSIE:
No, I have the photo this afternoon. I told you about it. I'm in my best clothes!

JIM (O.P.):
You're needed.

Panel 4. Jim has now opened the gate, and is pointing with his thumb towards the neighbouring yard. His stance is menacing, but he has a little smirk on his face, like he's enjoying spoiling this for Chrissie. Chrissie looks up pleadingly at her father, still rooted on the spot within school grounds.

CHRISSIE:
Please, Da, I'll do double the work after school. I just need--

JIM:
What's yer problem? Are you ashamed to be seen workin' fer a livin'? Are ye ashamed of yer Da?

(more)

PAGE SIX (continued)

Panel 5. We've pulled back to a wider shot of the playground in front of the school now, as various kids - Anne included - look down awkwardly as Jim bellows angrily at Chrissie, whose head has fallen downwards, defeated.

JIM:

I'm no' ashamed to let all your wee friends know that **CHILDREN OF MINE DO AS THEY'RE TELT!**

JIM:

YOU'RE COMIN' TAE THE YARD TAE PUT BRIQUETTES IN THE CART RIGHT NOW!

Panel 6. Chrissie is walking out of the school gates behind her father, looking totally dejected. Jim is walking ahead of her in the foreground, smirking once more.

CHRISSIE:

Okay, okay, I'm coming now, Da. Please just stop shouting.

PAGE SEVEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Establishing shot of the work yard we saw across from the school earlier. It's a small, rundown place, with great heaps of coal stacked up, and a small stable home to a single scrawny horse, and a cart set up nearby. We can see Chrissie and Douglas both working in the yard, Douglas brushing up while Chrissie carries an armful of coal briquettes - small, condensed blocks of coal - towards the cart.

Panel 2. Focus on Chrissie as she drops the briquettes onto the card, with a small cloud of dust rising up in their wake, making Chrissie wince.

SFX:
THOOMPH.

Panel 3. Chrissie looks down at her blouse and hands, now all stained black with coal, a look of dismay on her face.

Panel 4. Hold the angle on Chrissie as she now looks across, and we can now see in the background a group of better-dressed kids standing at the school gates, pointing and laughing.

Panel 5. Focus on Chrissie's face, fuming with anger.

PAGE EIGHT (5 panels)

Panel 1. Interior establishing shot of the school assembly hall. Most of the group of 30-something kids are organised on a couple of benches, though a couple of stragglers are still standing around. The teacher – **our backer cameo** - is looking at them cheerfully, while a photographer stands with his back to us, assessing his camera, set up on a tripod some distance in front of the kids.

TEACHER:

Now, children, let's all get into position. You all look wonderful for your photograph, well done.

TEACHER:

Before we begin, are we all here?

Panel 2. We're behind Chrissie as she slams open the assembly hall door, the teacher and a couple of the pupils looking up in shock.

SFX:

WUDD!

Panel 3. The teacher looks down horrified at the trail of sooty footprints Chrissie has left in her wake walking past them. Chrissie is just stepping off the edge of the frame, so we can only see her back leg and arm and a little of her torso, but what we see is filthy.

(NOTE: I changed the line from Miss to Sir to accommodate the backer cameo. But Tyler, if the backer for this issue happened to be a woman, turn it back to Miss.)

CHRISSIE:

Pardon me for being late, Sir.

Panel 4. Chrissie is up on the benches, walking past a cluster of kids to get into her position. The kids are all drawing away from her, noses curled in disgust. The girl who speaks, Betty, will appear again later. Chrissie is in profile, so again we don't get a full view of her, but it's clear she's covered in dirt.

BETTY:

Ew, don't touch me, you'll get me manky!

Panel 5. A black and white panel, us seeing the class photo. Now all the kids have snapped into looking ahead and smiling for the camera, including Chrissie, with a manic grin and a slightly deer-in-the-headlights look about her eyes.

PAGE NINE (7 panels)

Panel 1. It's early morning now, and we're outside an old, rundown tenement building. Chrissie and Douglas are up next to a pile of paint tins and junk by the side of the building, Douglas standing a little back, looking hesitant, while Chrissie is leaning over the pile, pulling back a sheet.

DOUGLAS:

Da will be ragin' if he finds out you've been taking food out of the house. We barely get any as it is!

Panel 2. Focus on Douglas and Chrissie peering under the lifted sheet, revealing a small stash of food, from which Chrissie is placing some bread and an apple into her satchel. Douglas looks worried, while Chrissie gives him an impatient sideways glance.

CHRISSIE:

Aye, that's why you're not going to tell him, right?

Panel 3. Chrissie and Douglas are walking down the street together, past a row of similarly grimy tenement buildings.

CHRISSIE:

You said we don't get fed much, and you're right. But do you really think we have nothing?

CHRISSIE:

Da makes money. We make it for him before he takes it all from us.

CHRISSIE:

But when my shoes get too wee for me, he doesn't get me a new pair.

Panel 4. Focus on Chrissie, lifting up her foot and cupping it in her hands, showing that her toes are poking out of an open slit at the end. She has a look of exasperation on her face.

CHRISSIE:

He just takes a knife and does *this*.

CHRISSIE:

He's our Da, but he's a mean, mean man.

(more)

PAGE NINE (continued)

Panel 5. Douglas and Chrissie are now in the Speakeasy, walking towards the fenced-in quarry building we saw back in the opening scene. Douglas is lingering back, looking afraid, while Chrissie walks confidently towards it.

DOUGLAS:
Chrissie...

CHRISSIE:
Aye, we have it rough, but there is always someone who has it worse. Someone we could look down on like them at school look down on us.

Panel 6. Chrissie is slipping through a space in the bars of the fence, with greater ease than on her attempt to get out at the start of the issue, a look of concentration on her face as she puts her hand into her satchel. We can see Douglas hanging in the background, looking worried as he calls after his sister.

DOUGLAS:
Chrissie, what are you doing!?

CHRISSIE:
Someone who's stuck living out here having to listen to folk making up stupid stories about him.

Panel 7. Focus on Chrissie as she solemnly sits down the little parcel of food next to the door of the building.

CHRISSIE:
I don't want to be like Da or them at school. I want to be better.

PAGE TEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Chrissie and Douglas have arrived at the school gates, Douglas branching off in his own direction, while a curious Chrissie walks towards Anne, who is standing waiting for her excitedly by the gates.

ANNE:
Chrissie! Where have you been?

ANNE:
I've been waiting to tell you... everyone's going to the Necropolis tonight to hunt for Iron-Tooth Jack! You have to come with me!

CHRISSIE:
Aw come on, you're not still banging on about this, are you?

Panel 2. Chrissie is rolling her eyes as Anne stands in front of her, letting out a comical snarl as she holds up each of her index fingers to her teeth like little fangs.

ANNE:
What, you're not scared that the Gorbals Vampire vaants to suuck your bloood, are you?

Panel 3. Anne is now walking after Chrissie, rushing to catch up to her and tugging on her sleeve with an exaggerated pleading expression. Chrissie is trying to look annoyed, but is flashing the hint of a smile to suggest she's being won over.

ANNE:
Pleeese come with me, Chrissie. I'm scared to go alone!

CHRISSIE:
I don't know, my Da needs me to work once school's done.

ANNE:
Tell me...

Panel 4. Cut to a classroom, where Chrissie is behind her desk, looking ahead with uncertainty while kids around her are looking intently down at their desks and writing on paper.

CAP/ANNE:
"Are you gonnae spend all your life working for your Da?"

(more)

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

PAGE ELEVEN (4 panels)

Panel 1. Daytime establishing shot of the entrance to the Southern Necropolis (https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/4/47/Southern_Necropolis_gatehouse%2C_Glasgow.jpg, <https://secretscotland.files.wordpress.com/2017/10/southernnecropolisgate.jpg?w=584>) as clusters of kids flock towards it from various different directions. In the foreground, Chrissie and Anne approach, exchanging excited glances at each other, Anne holding up a couple of rocks. One note: I could only find reference pics of the entrance in the present day, but back in the 1950s I presume there wouldn't be the streetlights or so polished a road, so maybe take a little artistic license in imagining how it would look back in the day.
Lettering note: Shawn, just for reference as it caught me off at first glance: the word balloons go to the two girls further in the background, not the two more centrally framed.

CAP:
The Southern Necropolis.

CHRISSIE:
So many kids from all over! No way there's a vampire in here, or they'd already have found it.

ANNE:
Well, I brought us weapons, just in case.

Panel 2. Anne and Chrissie are in the Necropolis now, walking down the path from the entrance gate (https://sghet.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/08/3215181197_3b1dcee2d2_o.jpg) and looking around, Anne cautious, Chrissie more fascinated.

ANNE:
This place is spooky. I'll tell you, if there was such thing as vampires, this is where they'd live.

Panel 3. Focus on a group of tough-looking boys in tatty clothes, a little older than Chrissie and Anne, maybe around 12, all wielding large strips of wood. They've congregated around a particularly large and Gothic headstone with a demonic-looking cherub on top. The boys all have mean scowls on their face.

CAP/ANNE:
"Everyone wants to be the first to find Iron-Tooth Jack. I heard gangs have already claimed parts of the Necropolis as their turf."

CAP/ANNE:
"And none of them are letting any grown-ups in anywhere."

(more)

PAGE ELEVEN (continued)

Panel 4. Focus on Anne and Chrissie, Anne grinning at Chrissie like she's sharing some juicy gossip, while Chrissie looks off ahead, as if deep in thought.

ANNE:

It's like the whole Necropolis has become a children-only kingdom.

CHRISSIE:

So, we're in charge here? We make our own rules?

PAGE TWELVE (7 panels)

Panel 1. Anne is putting out a picnic blanket on a patch of grass near a small headstone, but both her and Chrissie are looking up at the approaching group, Anne nervously, Chrissie with an angry glare. The group is led by Betty, seen back on page 8, and is made up of a few boys and girls.

BETTY (O.P.):

No. Nuh-uh. I don't want you anywhere near our spot, Chrissie.

Panel 2. Focus on Betty, flashing a mean smirk, while her friends chuckle behind her.

BETTY:

You should just go home. No vampire will come out with you around. The stink will keep him in his grave.

Panel 3. Focus on Anne and Chrissie, Anne looking across sorrowfully at Chrissie, while Chrissie glares hatefully ahead at the off-panel Betty.

ANNE:

Chrissie...

Panel 4. Hold the focus, but now Anne is following Chrissie with a look of concern as Chrissie has turned away and is storming off, headed for the periphery of the frame.

CHRISSIE:

Come on, Anne, I saw a better spot.

(more)

PAGE TWELVE (continued)

Panel 5. Chrissie and Anne are now up at an elevated section near the back end of the Southern Necropolis, under the shade of a large tree. They are removed from most of the other groups, some of whom we can see some distance ahead around headstones, statues, etc. Anne is laying out her blanket again, looking angry, while Chrissie is intently focused on the tree, pushing her weight down on one of the branches jutting out.

ANNE:

I don't know who put Betty on a high horse. She lives in Sinkhill, it's not like she's Lady Muck!

CHRISSIE:

They can all say what they want. Look at the view we've got from here, we can see all around the Necropolis...

Panel 6. Tight focus on Chrissie's hands as she breaks off the branch from the tree.

CHRISSIE:

If there's any vampire here...

SFX:

KRAKK!

Panel 7. Focus on Chrissie as she stares down at the branch in her hands.

CHRISSIE:

...nobody's gonnae find it before me. Then we'll see what they say.

PAGE THIRTEEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Night-time establishing shot of Chrissie and Anne's spot by the tree. Anne and Chrissie are lying side by side on the blanket. We won't get a good look at their expressions in this panel, I don't think, but Anne has another cover wrapped around on top of her, looking huddled up, while Chrissie lies uncovered on top of the blanket, her head rested on her clasped hands.

ANNE (O.P.):

This isn't fun, Chrissie. I'm cold and scared. How can anyone sleep out here?

CHRISSIE (O.P.):

It's not so bad, Anne. I like sleeping outside.

Panel 2. We're looking down on Anne and Chrissie from overhead as they lie down, still in the positions they were in previously. Anne is looking nervous and uncomfortable, while Chrissie stares up at the sky with a look of melancholy.

CHRISSIE:

I mind when Douglas and I went to the fair. Da was supposed to come get us after, but never bothered. We were stuck in a field, scared and alone.

CHRISSIE:

The travellers there found us, took us in.

Panel 3. Tight focus on Chrissie's face, looking sad.

CHRISSIE:

They gave us each a big potato on a stick to hold over the fire. I was so happy.

CHRISSIE:

When Da finally appeared, he chased them off for trying to snatch us away. But they were just looking after us.

(more)

PAGE THIRTEEN (continued)

Panel 4. Back to the overhead angle, but now Anne's eyes are closed and she has fallen asleep, Chrissie casting her a crestfallen sideways glance. An eerie glow is now coming from just beyond Chrissie's side of the frame.

ANNE:

zzzz..

CHRISSIE:

I remember wishing they had taken me away with them. I wanted to spend every night under the stars, always looking up from a different place, somewhere nobody knew me...

CHRISSIE:

Anne?

Panel 5. Chrissie is rising to her feet now, staring anxiously ahead in the direction of the off-panel glow. We can now see fog swirling in from the periphery of the frame, too.

PAGE FOURTEEN (4 panels)

Panel 1. Reveal of a burial plot, with a large, foreboding headstone. But the grave itself is now an open hole, out from which the mist is billowing, and the eerie light is glowing from. In the foreground, we can see Chrissie tentatively approaching.

Panel 2. The dominant panel taking up the bulk of the page. Iron-Tooth Jack has risen from the hole, hovering up vertically. Here he appears in the shadowy, indistinct form we saw him in when he appeared in Chrissie's visions in *Sink #11*. His hands are crossed over his chest, in a manner like we're used to seeing depictions of dead bodies in coffins with their hands folded over them. Only in Jack's case, his fists are clenched shut.

Panel 3. Focus on Chrissie, petrified as Iron-Tooth Jack's clenched fists extend in from the fore of the frame towards her face, turned so the knuckles are facing downward.

Panel 4. Chrissie POV looking at Iron-Tooth Jack - expressionless and implacable - his hands pushed out into the foreground towards us. His fists have unclenched, revealing a coal briquette in the palm of each hand.

Lettering note: Can we find a font to give Iron-Tooth Jack an inhuman, monstrous voice here? Maybe dispense with a word balloon altogether and just have the letters on the panel?

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
YOU'RE NEEDED.

PAGE FIFTEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. Focus on Chrissie's face. It's morning, and she's back lying on the blanket. Her eyes have snapped open, she's just woken up, looking startled and disoriented. The encounter on the previous page was a dream.

ANNE (O.P.):
Chrissie!

Panel 2. Chrissie is sitting up now. Anne is kneeling next to her, still looking tired and sluggish. Standing next to them is a nervous-looking Douglas.

ANNE:
Your brother's here.

Panel 3. Douglas and Chrissie are walking side-by-side along a path through the Necropolis, Douglas looking agitated and Chrissie looking impatient. In the background, we can see some kids playing among the headstones.

DOUGLAS:
Da wants you back home.

CHRISSIE:
I bet he does. I figured he'd send you here to pass on his messages.

DOUGLAS:
That's not fair. I tried to do both our jobs last night to cover for you.

Panel 4. Focus on Douglas, looking fearful.

DOUGLAS:
But it wasn't enough, and he's not happy.

DOUGLAS:
He's taking it out on me!

(more)

PAGE FIFTEEN (continued)

Panel 5. Douglas is looking at Chrissie pleadingly, reaching out his hand towards her sleeve, but she's swatting his hand away, looking annoyed.

DOUGLAS:

Can't you just come home? You said you don't even believe in vampires.

CHRISSIE:

I don't! That's not even the point. This is something that's mine, that I'm doing for me.

CHRISSIE:

So, you can either be brave and stay with us, or you'll have to just manage on your own.

Panel 6. Douglas has turned and is walking away, shoulders slumped, as Chrissie angrily shouts after him.

CHRISSIE:

And you can let Da know that if he wants me back, he can come get me himself.

CHRISSIE:

If they'll let him through the gates, that is!

PAGE SIXTEEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. I'm thinking the first three panels on this page will act as a kind of time lapse, with Chrissie framed the same in each panel but the surrounding context changing. In each panel, Chrissie is sat on the blanket, intently focused on the branch she pulled from the tree, which she has sat on her lap, vigorously scraping away at it with one of the rocks Anne gave her. In this panel, it's daytime, cloudy but dry, and Anne is walking towards the blanket with a paper bag full of food in her hands, looking upbeat.

ANNE:
I'm back! And I brought us food!

ANNE:
I was thinking today we might walk over to the middle of the Necropolis, there's a big group telling ghost stories...

SFX:
SKRIKK! SKRIKK! SKRIKK!

Panel 2. In this panel, it's pouring rain, with Chrissie at least partially sheltered under the tree. Anne is sat next to her wearing a jacket with the hood up, looking dejected as she leans forward towards Chrissie, trying to make eye contact.

ANNE:
We've been here two days now, and nothing! I suppose it is all nonsense like you said. A whole bunch of kids have left already.

ANNE:
Chrissie?

SFX:
SKRIKK! SKRIKK! SKRIKK!

Panel 3. In this panel, it's night-time, the rain has stopped, and Anne is gone, Chrissie continuing on alone.

SFX:
SKRIKK! SKRIKK! SKRIKK!

(more)

PAGE SIXTEEN (continued)

Panel 4. Focus on Chrissie as she holds up the branch in front of her face. It's now been fashioned into a quite polished-looking stake. Chrissie is blowing some dust from its surface.

CHRISSIE:
Phwooph!

Panel 5. We're behind Chrissie now, looking with her in the direction of one of the boundary walls, where we can see a shadowy figure in the distance clambering over the wall into the Southern Necropolis. It's actually a homeless woman, a wicker basket dangling from her arm, but that won't be clear until the next page.

CHRISSIE:
?!

PAGE SEVENTEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. We're behind the homeless woman now as Chrissie jumps down in front of her path, one of Anne's rocks raised overhead and braced for attack. Her mouth is pulled back in an angry snarl, but her eyes are a little afraid.

CHRISSIE:

Stop! What are you doing here?

Panel 2. Reverse angle on the previous panel, so now we're behind Chrissie, looking at the homeless woman, only dimly lit by the moonlight and so still somewhat shadowy. But from what we can see of her, she's been given a fright by Chrissie's sudden appearance, clutching her basket tight in front of her.

WOMAN:

I... I live here.

Panel 3. Chrissie has lit a match and is holding it up between her and the woman, who is now anxiously opening up the tip of the basket, inside which we can see a couple of cats.

WOMAN:

I like bringin' ma babies here for a run aboot, naebody bothers us.

WOMAN:

But with all you weans runnin' wild in here, we've been stuck oot in the street. No' safe for them oot there.

Panel 4. The woman and Chrissie are both looking up in surprise in the direction of the off-panel Betty's voice.

WOMAN:

Just let me get the bag I've got stashed here and I'll be away--

BETTY (O.P.):

OI!

(more)

PAGE SEVENTEEN (continued)

Panel 5. Reveal of a smirking Betty, holding up a lantern. A few other kids are gathered behind her, their expressions ranging from mean to frightened.

BETTY:

Why are you prowling around in the Necropolis at night? Are you Iron-Tooth Jack's burd?

Panel 6. Betty is flashing a vicious grin as she grasps at the old woman's basket, the old woman's eyes widening with panic as the other kids tug at her arms, pulling her in the opposite direction so she's on the verge of losing her grip on the basket. The cats inside the basket look distressed.

Lettering note: The chant at the end, I'm thinking of being disembodied text, like a sound effect, rather than balloons linking to any one individual.

BETTY:

She must be a witch! Look at the cats!

WOMAN:

Leave them alone! None o' you should be out here, it isnae right!

BETTY:

Grab her! Keep her here 'til sunrise!

KIDS:

WITCH! WITCH! WITCH!

PAGE EIGHTEEN (5 panels)

Panel 1. Chrissie has burst in between Betty and the woman, swiping Betty's hand away and now standing protectively in front of her. She's staring with determination at Betty while the other surrounding kids glare at her angrily.

CHRISSIE:

Get back from her.

Panel 2. Betty and Chrissie stare at each other, Betty smirking while Chrissie's expression remains determined and impassive.

BETTY:

How? Is she your maw or something? I mean, for all you know, she could be.

BETTY:

What are you going to do? Fight us all off?

CHRISSIE:

Of course not, Betty...

Panel 3. Focus on Chrissie, who has now raised up the rock, arm coiled back and ready to strike, looking eerily calm.

CHRISSIE:

But I reckon I'll have time to hit you square between the eyes. A rock isn't much good on a vampire, but it should do for you.

CHRISSIE:

You might have better clothes and nicer hair than me, but you cannae hide a fucked nose.

Panel 4. Focus on Betty, now looking nervous and uncertain.

CHRISSIE (O.P.):

Well? What'll it be?

Panel 5. Betty has turned to walk away with a scowl, the other kids following her. Chrissie and the woman look on as they depart, relieved.

BETTY:

Come on. It stinks here.

PAGE NINETEEN (6 panels)

Panel 1. It's morning again, and we're back to an establishing shot of Chrissie's spot under the tree. She's sat cross-legged on her blanket, palm rested on the tip of the stake as the point presses into the ground, looking out over the Necropolis with a stern expression.

Panel 2. Ground level shot of Jim McKee's feet as he walks through the grounds of the Necropolis.

Panel 3. We're now behind Jim as he walks down the gravel path. We can't see his face here, but we can see various groups of kids camped out on the grass looking at him hesitantly.

Panel 4. We're still behind Jim as he approaches Chrissie at her vantage point, casting his shadow over her. She's turning to face him, flashing him an angry glare and reflexively pointing the stake in his direction.

CHRISSIE:
No. I'm not coming!

CHRISSIE:
Whatever this is, I'm seeing it through to the end, so you'll have to drag me out. And I won't make it easy...

Panel 5. Hold the same angle, but now Chrissie's expression has changed to one of worry. In the foreground, Jim's shoulders have slumped, his back still turned to us.

CHRISSIE:
What? What is it?

Panel 6. Focus on Jim's face, and he looks heartbroken, tears running down his cheeks.

CHRISSIE (O.P.):
What is it?!

PAGE TWENTY (4 panels)

Panel 1. We've switched locations to a cobbled street in the Gorbals, still in the morning, with an overhead shot looking down on the dead boy of Douglas. He's lying discarded on the road, a bite taken out of his neck like the others.

CAP:

Iron-Tooth Jack's latest victim had been found that morning. And not in the Southern Necropolis.

DUNNIE (O.P.):

AAAAAAAAAARGHHH!

CAP:

They didn't know how Douglas had ended up in the Gorbals from Sinkhill. Nobody much cared to ask.

CAP:

Because now they had their Iron-Tooth Jack.

Panel 2. Focus on Dunnie Walker, a large young man, sat on the ground by the body, Douglas's hand lying spread out in the foreground. Dunnie is covered in Douglas's blood, letting out primal wails of sorrow.

CAP:

It was Big Dunnie Walker, a local lad with mental problems.

DUNNIE:

AAAAAAAAAARGHHH!

CAP:

Police found him there, no fangs but with a knife in his pocket.

Panel 3. An establishing shot of the gates of the Southern Necropolis as groups of sullen, dejected kids walk out of it.

CAP:

And so ended the great hunt for the Gorbals Vampire.

CAP:

Those kids had been scared, but thrilled. We made ourselves believe in this monster because it was something unexplained, something magical...

(more)

PAGE TWENTY (continued)

Panel 4. Now we're back in Sinkhill, with a daytime establishing shot of the outside of Chrissie's tenement home as seen on page 9. Chrissie and Jim stand side by side. Chrissie is staring ahead in a state of numb disbelief, too distraught even for her anger to match her words, while Jim stands next to her, shamefaced, hands in his pockets, unable to find a way to connect with his daughter in her grief.

CAP:

But there's no magic in real horror.

JIM:

He looked up to you, Chrissie. He was trying his best to do everything you'd have done, the way you'd have done it.

JIM:

He was a good boy.

CHRISSIE:

You should have told him that when he was alive, Da. He was terrified of you. We both were. But you don't scare me anymore.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE (6 panels)

Panel 1. Chrissie and Jim both have their backs turned to us. Chrissie has frozen still, her shoulders tensing. Jim is more distant, walking away from us towards the entrance to the tenement.

Panel 2. Hold the same angle as before, but now Jim is out of sight, and Chrissie has turned to look over her shoulder in our direction, a look of sickly unease filling her expression.

Panel 3. Chrissie is at the side of the building now, and has pulled aside the sheet, staring down at the empty space underneath with a frantic expression.

Panel 4. It's early evening now, the light now fading from the sky, and Chrissie is walking with purpose through the Speakeasy, looking ahead with stern focus.

Panel 5. Focus on Chrissie, looking at her through the bars of the fence. She's looking down towards the ground with grim resignation.

Panel 6. Chrissie POV of a satchel (either the same one Chrissie used previously or one identical to it) lying on its side on the other side of the fence, the food inside spilled out and discarded. Douglas was here, alone.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (5 panels)

Panel 1. Chrissie has slid through the fence and is now tentatively approaching the entrance to the quarry building, eyes fixed ahead of her fearfully.

Lettering note: For Jack's voice, can we have an effect with the font and word balloons to suggest a voice that's cracked and distorted? And we should specifically have a different effect from the Iron-Tooth Jack of Chrissie's dream.

IRON-TOOTH JACK (small, O.P.):

Find the door... find the door... find the door...

Panel 2. Chrissie POV of the slightly ajar door to the quarry building. It's dark in there, with no windows, but candlelight is shining out from inside.

IRON-TOOTH JACK (O.P.):

Why won't you show me the Black Door?

Panel 3. Focus on Chrissie as she draws near the door, her face now lit by the glow coming from inside. She's reaching her hand out to push it open, looking deathly afraid.

Panel 4. Back to the Chrissie POV, and now her hand is extending out from the foreground, pushing open the door. We have now more fully revealed the interior of the building, with candles all around, and Iron-Tooth Jack sat hunched and cross-legged with his back to us, in the centre of a large arcane symbol scrawled on the floor. He is clutching the Bloodstone, a red-hued, circular stone tablet with the same symbol on the floor carved into it, in both his hands.

IRON-TOOTH JACK (O.P.):

I've given you the purest blood, drained in terror.

Panel 5. Tight focus on Chrissie's back. She's now standing inside the building, and is reaching with a trembling hand towards the stake that we can now see is tucked into the back of her waistband.

IRON-TOOTH JACK:

How much more do you need?

IRON-TOOTH JACK:

How much more must I give?

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (4 panels)

Panel 1. Full reveal of Iron-Tooth Jack, a Chrissie POV shot as he spins around to face her and us, eyes wide with shock. This is us finally seeing the real Iron-Tooth Jack, not hazy memories or dreams. And while his general outline is broadly similar, this version is much less the stylised vampire we've seen up until now, and more this broken, hideous, human monstrosity. His eyes are bloodshot and there are black bags under them, like someone whom sleep has abandoned long ago. And we can see he is missing his whole lower jaw. In its place is a crude, rusty iron prosthetic making up his lower jaw, screwed into his cheeks. The teeth running along the front are a row of razor teeth, like a shark's. He has a similar, smaller set of teeth in place in his upper mouth, seemingly melded onto his gums, replacing any actual teeth. A criss-cross of scars run up his lips and cheeks from the point where flesh connects with metal. Trails of bloody, frothy saliva stream down from either side of his mouth. Really, he probably shouldn't be able to talk at all, but we'll call that creative license.

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
RAAAAUAH?!!!

Panel 2. With frightening speed, Iron-Tooth Jack has lunged forward and closed the gap between him and Chrissie. Standing at full height, it can be seen that the "7 foot tall" reports are indeed accurate with how he towers over her. He has slammed the door shut behind her, trapping her inside, the palm of his long-nailed hand resting against the door and thus leaving him looming over her. She is looking up in wide-eyed terror as he snarls down at her with crazed eyes.

SFX:
WAMM!

CHRISSIE:
AAAH!

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
Yes, you will be the one, I know it. The freshest yet, the sweetest yet...

Panel 3. In a panel that will evoke the single-panel flashback of Page 21, Panel 3 from *Sink #11*, the pair circle one another in the room, a frightened Chrissie backing towards the far wall, but her eyes now looking to the side and downward. Iron-Tooth Jack is facing her, his back to us, clawed hand extended out and ready to lunge.

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
I didn't set out to drink their blood. I was collecting it... for the ritual...

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
But, the thing is...

(more)

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (continued)

Panel 4. We're now looking down with Chrissie, and can see what she's staring at. A small opening in the corner of the room, where some stones are missing, and we can see the open air of outside. Barely big enough for Chrissie to get through.

IRON-TOOTH JACK (O.P.):

I've come to find I've acquired a taste for it.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR (7 panels)

Panel 1. We're now outside the quarry building, where a terrified Chrissie has just scrambled out through the hole in the wall on her hands and knees.

IRON-TOOTH JACK (O.P.):
NOOO!

Panel 2. Chrissie is at the back end of the quarry building now, and here we can see a missing panel of fence leaving a wide gap, but in the space immediately behind it is thick shrubbery. Unable to hesitate, though, Chrissie has already lunged through the opening and partially submerged herself in green, looking over her shoulder fearfully.

Panel 3. Chrissie is grimacing as she forces herself through the dense shrubbery, branches scraping against her skin.

Panel 4. Chrissie has burst out of the other end of the greenery and it's a dead-end at the other side, with the River Clyde running through this stretch of the Speakeasy. Chrissie is swaying unsteadily, arms out to stop herself from tumbling forward into the water, eyes wide with surprise.

CHRISSIE:
!!

Panel 5. Chrissie has now moved around the shrubs and turned her back on the Clyde, moving to go back in the opposite direction.

IRON-TOOTH JACK (O.P.):
Nowhere left to run. It will be over soon.

Panel 6. Chrissie has stopped in her tracks. Standing in front of her, blocking her path out, is Iron-Tooth Jack, who stands glowering at her.

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
But take heart, little one...

Panel 7. Chrissie has been backed towards the edge of the river as Iron-Tooth Jack approaches, looking up at him with wide-eyed horror.

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
You do not want to be here for what comes next.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE (5 panels)

Panel 1. Chrissie's eyes are closed, mouth contorted in a silent scream, as Iron-Tooth Jack has lunged on top of her, doubled down, teeth bared, ready to bite into her neck. His hand is around her throat, pushing her head backwards to expose her neck for his bite.

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
EEEEAAAARGH!

Panel 2. Hold the same angle as the previous panel, but now Chrissie's eyes have opened and she looks up at Iron-Tooth Jack in a state of shock, as she stabs him through the heart with her stake. Iron-Tooth Jack's arms have fallen, and he has started to step back, looking down with surprise at the stake embedded in his heart.

SFX:
SCHUKK!

IRON-TOOTH JACK:
Oh.

Panel 3. Chrissie has released her grip on the stake, and Iron-Tooth Jack has twirled around, clutching helplessly at the stake in his chest, eyes rolling up in his head as he falls backwards towards the River Clyde.

Panel 4. Iron-Tooth Jack's dead body has landed in the water. He's already floating downstream, away from us.

SFX:
SPLLSCH!

Panel 5. Chrissie Woods has been left standing alone at the bank of the River Clyde, the quarry building behind her, head lowered, fists clenched.

CAP:
The Gorbals Vampire had been real all along, and I'd killed him.

CAP:
I knew I could never tell anyone. Who would believe such an insane story from a grieving girl, especially with the body gone?

PAGE TWENTY-SIX (4 panels)

Panel 1. We're in the present day now, in the kitchen from the last scene of *Sink #12*. Our focus here is on old Chrissie Woods, staring ahead with a haunted expression.

CHRISSIE:

Poor Dunnie Walker spent the rest of his days in Carstairs for horrible crimes he didn't commit.

CHRISSIE:

But I could just about live with it, thinking at least I'd gotten justice for Douglas and those other children. Until now. Now, Jack's come back.

Panel 2. We can now see all three participants in the discussion, with Florence Kilcolm, Si McKirdie and Chrissie Woods sat on their chairs in a semi-circle. From this angle, we are looking at Florence and Chrissie in profile as they look across at each other, with Si McKirdie positioned in between them in the background. Florence looks at Chrissie incredulously, while Chrissie returns her gaze with grim certainty. Si, tied to the chair, looks ahead, as if deep in thought.

FLORENCE:

Ye don't really think there's been a vampire lyin' low in Glasgow the past sixty-odd year, do ye?

CHRISSIE:

I think I must not have finished the job last time. I hurt it, but I didn't kill it. Jack, or the evil behind Jack, has lingered here ever since, waiting to take hold again--

McKIRDIE:

Wait.

Panel 3. Our focus is now honed in on Si as he looks out ahead at us solemnly.

McKIRDIE:

There is evil lingering in Sinkhill. On that point, you're quite correct.

McKIRDIE:

I know what happened to Robbie Carmichael.

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

BOTTOM CAP:

SINK.