

Flawed

Issue # 1

Reid Gillis  
reid.m.gillis@gmail.com  
780-953-7880

PAGE ONE (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. Establishing shot of Washington DC downtown in an alternate reality. This city, and the entire world in this reality, are paleo-futuristic. Technology is advanced and prolific, but lacks nice layouts or displays. Large signs display ads, the most common and eye catching of which read "Vote Today." On the street, there are several small lines of affluent citizens dressed in nice clothing and mostly white.

CAP 1:  
Washington DC 2005.

Panel 2. Establishing shot of the White House exterior. A black SUV is leaving.

Panel 3. The SUV drives by a school in a poor neighborhood with a massive line that stretches down the street and goes off panel. The occupants in line are mostly people of color and are dressed in blue collar work clothes or casual clothing. This area is in decay, with trash everywhere. The woman at the front of the line argues with the poll worker. Mason talks from inside the SUV.

WOMAN AT FRONT:  
What do you mean the polls are closed?

MASON:  
It's beautiful, isn't it? We're finally taking this country back.

PAGE TWO (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. GENERAL (50's), good old boy, decorated war hero, and MASON (30's), senator wearing nothing but ten thousand dollar suits, looks intelligent and smug, both sit in the back seats of the SUV.

GENERAL:

All I see is a long line and no action.

MASON:

Is that why you're making super soldiers?

Panel 2. Small panel, tight on General's face. General looks at Mason in shock.

GENERAL:

You're not authorized to know that.

Panel 3. Small panel. General's looks at his phone.

MASON:

You expecting a call?

Panel 4. In the foreground, a phone lays beside a city map on a table in a Neo-Nazi trap house. Around the table is the aftermath of a SWAT police raid with various Neo-Nazi's in military tactical gear being subdued and restrained. The SWAT Officer's weapons are beefy. Their guns and tactical gear are black with hints of blue neon. Neo-Nazi-1 lays face down with SWAT Officer-1 kneeling on his back and cuffing his hands. Neo-Nazi-2 kneels on both knees with his hands raised as SWAT Officer-2 points a shotgun at him. Neo-Nazi-3's face is pressed into the table by SWAT Officer-3. Amo and explosives' are everywhere.

NEO-NAZI-3:

I'm not telling you shit.

Panel 5. Small panel. Tight on Neo-Nazi-3's face smooshed into the table next to the map. The map has three locations circled.

SWAT OFFICER-3:

We already know your plan. I just wanted to smash your head.

Panel 6. Small panel. Tight on Neo-Nazi-3's face looking at the phone. The phone is a black screen.

PAGE THREE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel, 1/3 of page. Vantage point from inside the SUV. Mason is in the back seat with General beside him. Mason's security guard, SEMA (40's), body of a line backer, is in the drivers seat looking forward. General is looking at his phone.

MASON:

You can stop looking at your phone. You're insurgents were arrested.

Panel 2. Medium vertical panel. General's face is filled with rage. General lunges towards Mason's neck.

Panel 3. Medium vertical panel. Sema's head whips around towards the backseat.

Panel 4. Medium vertical panel. Sema's fist cranks General's face, breaking his nose.

Panel 5. Large panel, 1/3 of page. General holds his nose. Sema points a gun at him.

GENERAL:

Who the hell do you think you are?

SEMA:

The one holding the gun.

MASON:

And the one calling the shots.

PAGE FOUR (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Medium panel. Mason hands General a folder labelled "Top Top Secret." General glares at Mason.

MASON:

I want to see the test the next week.

GENERAL:

I can have you arrested for having that.

Panel 2. Medium Panel. Close up of General's face looking at a phone displaying a picture of the phone from the Neo-Nazi trap house in an evidence bag. Mason holds his phone up to General's face. The sleeve cuff should indicate this is Mason's hand, and not General's.

MASON:

Going to be hard when you're linked to terrorists.

GENERAL:

Those men are patriots.

Panel 3. Small panel. On Mason's neckline. His hands reach below his neck line beneath his collar.

MASON:

I agree... In private.

Panel 4. Small panel. On Mason's neckline. His hands hold a small black chain. The pendant is still hidden beneath his collar.

MASON:

But our best weapon is legislation.

Panel 5. Small panel. On Mason's neckline. Mason's hand holds a Black Sun pendant, a lesser known symbol of the Nazi's.

MASON

We're on the same side.

Panel 6. Medium panel. General looks out the window. Through the window he sees the long line of disenfranchised people waiting to vote.

GENERAL:

Your way takes too long. But, I'll give you access to the test.

PAGE FIVE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel, 1/3 of page. Establishing shot of a massive warehouse in the middle of no-where. Black SUV's and military Hummers are parked in neat lines.

DR. WARREN: (OP)

Determining what genes influence a specific trait requires modifying one gene at a time in a embryo and seeing the result.

Panel 2. Large panel, 1/3 of page. A massive bloody battle royal between tens of teen soldier who each have one of three abilities: super strength, durable bones or hard-wearing skin and muscles; however, the degree of the abilities and ethnicity varies (yet 90% of them are white). Bodies explode, bones snap, detached limbs everywhere. They're in a barren warehouse with a two-way mirror one story up.

In the center of the panel is Nate and Olga. NATE (15), white, super strength with a heavy build, excreting golden retriever energy and wears his heart on his sleeve. Everyone except for Nate is punching/kicking or getting hit. Nate swings the a corpse as a weapon. OLGA (15), indestructible bones, looks like a militarist Ronda Rosie, stoic, and very Russian runs toward Nate.

Dr. WARREN: (OP)

Repeat thousands of times with thousands of genes.

Panel 3. Medium panel. Olga punches at Nate.

Panel 4. Medium panel. Nate swings half a corpse by the legs, POPPING out his shoulder.

Panel 5. Medium panel. Olga's hand connects with the corpse, splitting her skin and muscles open and exposing her solid unscathed bone.

PAGE SIX (TWO PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel. Pregnant Woman-1, black, nurses a baby and covers it's ears. She is turned away from the two-way mirror next to her and has her eyes closed, trying to zone out what is happening on the other side. Half of the two-way mirror is covered in blood. Through the other half, we can see several soldiers in the battle destroying each other. Beside Pregnant Woman-1 is a line of Doctors With Clip Boards, observing the battle through the glass. The doctor closest to Pregnant Woman-1 is DR. FRANKLEN (50's), slicked back hair, sinister smile, looks down at the baby in Pregnant Woman-1's arms.

DR. WARREN: (OP)  
Science and progress are slow.

DR. FRANKLEN:  
Cute baby. What's his name?

PREGNANT WOMAN-1:  
Henry.

Panel 2. Large panel. DR. WARREN (40's), look and energy of Jeff Goldblum in Jurassic Park, gives a presentation/tour to MASON (40's) and GROUP OF GENERALS. Around them are rows pregnant women nursing or playing with babies. The women and baby's are mix of diverse backgrounds, with people of colour making up 50% and people of European backgrounds making up the other 50%.

DR. WARREN: (OP)  
Today's test should determine which genes make it to phase 2.

PAGE SEVEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel. A sea of dead soldiers with five survivors. Nate, Olga and Morel are the only soldiers left standing. MOREL (20's), black, impenetrable skin and muscles, slender, looks intelligent with a no nonsense face. SOLDIER 1, SOLDIER 2 crawl and slide, a majority of their bones broken. They look more worm than human. Morel stands above Solider 1 and Solider 2 with ripped clothes and his forearm bent 90 degrees; however, compared to everyone else he's looking pretty good.

DR. WARREN:

The breakthrough will come when the genes for strength, indestructible bones and impenetrable skin are combined.

Panel 2. Small panel. Tight in on Olga from the waist up. Her ripped fresh exposes bone in several locations. She looks angry and in fight mode.

OLGA:

Punch me you pussy.

Panel 3. Small panel. Tight in on Nate from the waist up. Nate clutches his dislocated shoulder wincing. A broken bone sticks out from his arm. He is clearly in a lot pain and his face shows it.

NATE:

If I punch you, we both die!

Panel 3. Small panel. Tight in on Morel from the waist up. Several of Morrel's bones are broken but he's mostly unhurt. His facial expression looks casual, like he's not feeling any pain.

MORREL:

Only her bones are invincible.

Panel 4. Medium panel. Olga runs at Nate from a distance.

Panel 5. Medium panel. Olga's leaps at Nate in a superman punch pose.



PAGE EIGHT (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Medium panel. Nate dodges. He is twisting at the waist with his fist clenched, winding up for a side hook punch.

DR. WARREN: (OP)

The phase one soldiers are but a stepping stone.

Panel 2. Medium panel. Motion lines show a side hook. The panel shows the impact of Nate's punch at the moment of contact. Nate punches Olga's boob from the side, his fists exploding as it impacts Olga's breast tissue. The punch is a side hook (not a straight on jab) and only connects with Olga's breast, avoiding her bones. Olga's breast explode apart exposing her rib cage.

DR. WARREN: (OP)

This test shows the potential, but know these soldiers are um... flawed.

Panel 3. Medium panel. Soldier 1 lays face up. Almost all of his bones are pulverized to dust, but his body is held together by his impenetrable skin. He looks like a puddle of flesh. Morel, causally smoking, stands above him.

MORREL:

Sorry bother, but they said only three survivors move on.

Panel 4. Morel presses his boot on down hard on Soldier-1's neck. Due to Soldier-1's bones being disintegrated, Morel's boot sinks into his neck with the skin folding around Morel's laces.

PAGE NINE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Nate, shirtless, desperately tries to stop the bleeding from Olga's chest by using his shirt to clot blood while applying pressure.

OLGA:

You win.

NATE:

Fuck you. All we had to do was not fight.

Panel 2. The bones in Solider 2's upper body are in tact, but her legs bones and hip bones are powder. She reaches up toward Morel with one arm

SOLDIER 2:

Kill me. I'm in so much pain.

Panel 3. Morel stands on Soldier-2's neck and pushes down with more force. Soldier-2's neck is in tact so he needs to use all his weight. Soldier-2's eyes pop out as she suffocates. She looks like she's in a lot of pain

MOREL:

Must be nice. At least you feel something.

Panel 4. Moral is the only soldier standing. He looks over at Nate and Olga. Nate is collapsed on Olga's lacerated chest plate. Both Nate and Olga look barely alive.

Panel 5. Small panel. Morel calls out to the staff on the other side of the glass.

MOREL:

Ya'll better hurry or there might only be one survivor.

PAGE TEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel, 1/3 of page. Nate lays nonconscious in a surgery room. His arm is cut open from shoulder to fingers in a clean surgical slice. The bones in his fingers and forearm have been replaced with solid chrome bone.

Panel 2. Panel within panel. Small panel. Close up of a gloved hand and Nate's cut open bicep. A surgeon's hand places the final metal bone into Nate's bicep.

Panel 3. Large panel, 1/3 of page. Olga lays unconscious in a surgery room. The left half her chest and the lower half of her arms is torn to shreds, with much of her flesh missing and her bones exposed.

Panel 4. Panel within panel. Small panel. Close up of Olga's chest and a gloved hand placing a piece of skin onto the left side of her chest. The right half of her chest has already been grafted. It's repaired, but looks like bumpy shredded meat from different sources. The left side of her chest looks like a shotgun shot off her breast point blank. The surgeon's hand is placing the skin overtop the wound on the left side, covering up part of it.

Panel 5. Large panel, 1/3 of page. Olga is flanked by two dead soldiers on separate hospital beds. Doctors peel back skin from the soldiers bodies with a tool that's essentially a large cheese peeler.

PAGE ELEVEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1: Morel lays on a hospital bed reading a unreleased scientific paper by Dr. Warren. His left forearm is bent and clearly broken, but he's showing zero signs of pain. UNEXPERIENCED DOCTOR taps a needle.

Panel 2: Small panel. A doctor snaps the needle of a syringe on Morel's left shoulder.

Panel 3: Morel gives Unexperienced Doctor a "Really" look. Unexperienced Doctor points at Morel's broken arm.

MOREL:

Impenetrable skin man. Give me a cast and call it a day.

DOCTOR:

Your fracture requires surgery.

MOREL:

Well then I'm fucked aren't I?

Panel 4. Close up of the scientific paper. It's titled "The Genes Linked To Skin Durability".

MOREL:

Can you get Dr. Warren for me?

DOCTOR:

Why?

PAGE TWELVE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1: Dr. Warren and Morel argue at the foot of the bed. Morel waves the scientific paper angrily.

MOREL:

Because this is some unscientific racist bullshit!

DR. WARREN:

Skin durability is linked to pigment.

MOREL:

Tens of genes are linked to durability. This paper cherry picks one. Why?

Panel 2. Dr. Warren looks up at a camera and mic in the corner.

Panel 3. Dr. Warren pulls Morel in close with one arm.

Panel 4. Dr. Warren presses a "play" button on touch screen sound system with the other hand. Music plays.

DR. WARREN: (WHISPER)

Talk quietly. The army has a white supremacist problem.

MOREL:

You don't say.

DR. WARREN:

It's the mark of an educated mind to be able to entertain a thought without accepting it.

MOREL:

That's a gross twisting on Aristotle. There's nothing to entertain.

PAGE THIRTEEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Large Panel. Dr. Warren and Morel stand looking out the window at ten mothers nurse babies. Half the mothers are women of color and half are white.

DR. WARREN:

Racist generals need a reason to have diverse super soldiers.

MOREL:

Well this is fucked. Find a different way.

DR. WARREN:

Used to be 1/10. Now it's 50/50.

Panel 2. Medium panel. Morel throws the paper into the trash. Motion lines extend from his hand to the trash can. The paper is at the rim of the trash can.

MOREL:

You could have just gotten rid of the racist.

Panel 3. Small vertical panel. Dr. Warren shrugs and raises one eyebrow.

DR. WARREN:

We'd have no army left.

Panel 4. Medium panel. Tight on Morel looking over his shoulder back at Dr. Warren.

MOREL:

Just don't publish this fucking paper!

Panel 5. Small panel. Dr. Warren looks down at the trash can.

DR. WARREN:

I'd never want my name on anything this absurd. I just hope no one digs too deep.

PAGE FOURTEEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Tight on Nate's face. Nate dumps a pill bottle into his mouth.

Panel 2. Nate and Olga hold onto parallel bars and walk toward nurses guiding them in physiotherapy. Nate struggles, clearly in immense pain. Olga grits her teeth and pushes through any discomfort.

NATE:  
You never thanked me for saving you.

OLGA:  
How strong man be so weak? Put pills in your vagina, they work faster.

Panel 3. Dr. Warren looks on at Nate and Olga struggling to walk with the support of the parallel bars.

NATE:  
Screw you! I feel shit. You look just as bad by the way.

OLGA:  
Speak for self. I be back fighting in month.

DR. WARREN:  
Actually you're being discharged after therapy.

Panel 4: Medium panel. Olga lunges at Dr. Warren.

OLGA:  
What?

Panel 5: Medium panel. Olga falls.

PAGE FIFTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Nate's arms shake as he struggles to stand. Nurses bend down to help Olga up from the floor.

Panel 2. Olga slaps the nurses hands away.

Panel 3. Olga, holding onto on the bars, lifts herself halfway back up.

OLGA:  
This is joke! I FUCKIN kill you!

NATE: (OP)  
You don't need us? We're you're top soldiers.

DR. WARREN: (OP)  
This program is multi generational. We're done with your generation.

Panel 4. Medium panel. Nate smiles.

NATE:  
It's over.



PAGE SIXTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1: Large panel, 1/2 of page. Olga and Morel lay in separate beds getting a sponge bath. Olga is looking at Morel's groin--curious. Nurse 1 gives Morel a sponge bath near his groin. Nurse 2 gives sponge bath to Olga. There are windows through which two pregnant mothers can be seen nursing babies.

MOREL:

Like what you see?

OLGA:

So what if I do? Thought you couldn't be cut.

Panel 2. Panel in panel. Small panel. Close up of Morel's groin. Nurse's hand is near Morel's testicles, and covers anything R-rated from view. In Morel's groin area, between his leg and testicles is a three inch scar from an incision.

MOREL:

That's from before I joined this program.

OLGA:

I know this scar. Only thing keeping me from MURDERING Warren is thought of family.

Panel 3. Large panel, 1/3 of page. Olga looks toward the pregnant mother nursing on the other side of the window.

OLGA:

Big decision to make so young.

MOREL: (OP)

Well I'm not evangelical or ignorant.

OLGA:

No. Just hot asshole.

Panel 4. Medium vertical panel, 1/6 of page. Tight in on Olga and Morel talking. Morel looks like a dad giving a life lesson to his children--over confident. Olga looks stoic.

MOREL:

I'm an ass? Pot calling the kettle black.

OLGA:

I don't know what mean, but seems racist.

MOREL:

Only an true asshole wouldn't thank someone for saving their life.

PAGE SEVENTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Nate, Morel and Olga load a jeep. Behind them is the warehouse in the middle of nowhere.

Panel 2. Medium panel. The jeep drives off.

Panel 3. Medium panel. Dr. Warren and Mason look down at a mass grave.

MASON:  
I'm shutting this down.

DR. WARREN:  
Good luck. You're not even authorized to be here.

MASON:  
It needs guard rails. The cause isn't worth this. Do your science without the battles.

Panel 4. SUPER-SOLIDER 1 (10) and SUPER-SOLIDER 2 (8) punch each other. They both have indestructible bones and impenetrable skin, making their skin, muscles and bones stay in tact.

DR. WARREN: (OP)  
The battles were never for science. It was thinning the herd and controlling resources.

CAP 1:  
Generation 2 is looking promising.

PAGE EIGHTEEN (FIVE PANELS)

CAP: 25 YEARS LATER

Panel 1. Small panel. Close up of a computer screen showing a status bar at 84% under "Encrypting Files."

Panel 2. Small panel. Close up of a different computer screen showing an email with three paragraphs.

Panel 3. Small panel. Close up of the "Save to Drafts" button with the mouse cursor pressing it down.

SFX: (WHISKERS)  
Click

Panel 4: Small panel. Close up of Dr. Warren's feet running.

Panel 5. Large panel. From a high vantage point we see a soldier training facility that looks like a mix between indoor Olympic track and field stadium and a military combat training program. The floor is divided up into rectangle sections and different fights, training and test take place in each section. A pathway separates each section, with a central pathway going unbroken from one end to the other. Dr. Warren runs down the center pathway.

CAP 1:  
Dear Team, We have a massive problem. Some of you have noted our diversity problem, but there is a reason for that. This program was created to bring about a civil war and turn the country into white-ethnostate. Please believe me.

Panel 6. Medium panel. Dr. Warren runs through an open door. The space behind him looks dark and ominous. The sun shining through the open door looks bright and golden.

CAP 2:  
I was wrong to think I could fix this but it's unfixable. This is my registration letter and a warning to some and plea to others.

Panel 7. Medium panel. Dr Warren runs in a grasses area.

CAP 3:  
Some of you want to start a war with the very country you fight for. Some of you will be asked to join them. Some won't.

Those who don't join or were never asked will be their enemies,  
but hopefully Americas savior. Please remember your vows.  
Sincerely, Dr. Warren.

PAGE NINETEEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Small panel. Close the computer screen with the status bar at 100% under "Encryption Complete."

Panel 2. Small panel. Close up of a smart watch with an alert "Encryption Complete."

Panel 3. Small panel. Close up of same smart watch with a finger hovering over a "Send" button.

Panel 4. Large panel. Dr. Warren stands at the top of a large grassy hill about 2 km away from the warehouse and the massive amount of infrastructure that's been built in the last 20 years. There are boarding buildings, bunkers, shooting ranges and mass graves. He looks back at the facilities, pushing his finger into his watch.

DR. WARREN:

Send. Fear is pain arising from the anticipation of evil.

Panel 5. Large panel. Back in the training facility/track field area soldiers, generals, doctors and scientist check their phones. Everyone is confused, shocked, in disbelief and angry. Out of everyone in the panel, General is the most prominent. General pulls Kernel by the collar towards him with one hand, while raising his fist and tightly gripped phone into the air as if he was about to smash it. Soldier-5 and Hispanic-Soldier are the second most prominent. Soldier-5 pats Hispanic-Soldier on the back while smirking.

SOLDIER 3:

What the hell is this?

SOLDIER 4:

Is he calling us racist. I'm the least racist person I know.

KERNEL JAMES:

We can't find him sure.

GENERAL:

Call Henry. Locate Warren and I'll handle damage control.

SOLDIER 5:

How can we be racist if we're friends with Mexican's.

HISPANIC-SOLDIER:

I'm from Canada bro. And my family's Columbian.

PAGE TWENTY (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel. Nate (40's), dressed in nurses scrubs, casually pushes a hospital bed down a hall with PATIENT on the bed. His hands are heavily scared. He doesn't notice but his hands are gripping the bed frame so tightly that he's bending the frame.

Panel 2. Medium panel. Patient and Nate are in a hospital room. Patient sits upright in bed and looks at Nate. Nate's hands shake as he grips an IV and holds it near Patients arm

Panel 3. Small panel. Close up of the IV needle shaking next to Patients arm.

PATIENT:  
You're shaking quite a bit.

NATE:  
Long day. I'll get another nurse.

Panel 4. Medium panel. Patient points at the end of the bed. On the bed frame, in the two spots where Nate was gripping, there are four groves. They look like the finger grooves on the handles of guns or tools.

PATIENT:  
Strong grip you have.

NATE:  
More like long week I guess.

Panel 5. Small panel. Close up of finger groves in frame.

Panel 6. Medium panel. Nate, in the door frame, looks back at patient.

NATE:  
Long week maybe. I'll lay off the grip training.

PATIENT:  
Speaking of which, where can I jerk off?

NATE:  
This is a hospital. No where.

PAGE TWENTY ONE (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Small panel. Close up of Nate's phone's messaging app. It's a text conversation between Nate and Dr. Warren and Dr. Warren has clearly ghosted. The following messages are on the phone, all sent by Nate with no response from Dr. Warren. "I almost out, can you meet tonight." "Two pills left, call me." "Is something wrong, call me." "I'm in a lot of pain and almost killed someone, call ASAP."

Panel 2. Small panel. Close up of Nate with phone to his ear.

Panel 3. Small panel. Close up of Nate's phone's phone app. It shows "Call Failed."

Panel 4. Small Panel. Nate checks his watch, it's 5:00am.

NATE: (THOUGHT)  
Nap time.

Panel 5. Medium Panel. Dr. ABBOT is asleep in the hospital staff sleeping quarters. His lab coat hangs on the door. Nate is peeking in through the door.

Panel 6. Small panel. Close up of Nate's scarred hand squeezing the clip on the ID badge clipped to the lab coat's pen pocket. The ID badge reads "Dr. Abbot" and features a picture that's clearly not Nate.



PAGE TWENTY TWO (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Small panel. Nate swipes the ID badge on a door labelled "Drug Storage. Restricted Access".

Panel 2. Small panel. Nate takes a bottle of pain meds.

Panel 3. Small panel. Nate takes the pain meds.

Panel 4. Small panel. Nate's phone buzzes.

Panel 5. Medium panel. Nate answers his phone.

NATE:

Doc, what the hell is going on? I'm dying over here.

DR. WARREN:

I need to talk to you. I'll get you what you need but I need your help. Things have gotten complicated.

PAGE TWENTY THREE (SEVEN PANELS)

Panel 1. Medium panel. Establishing shot from the vantage point of a drone. A military vehicle drives around an unpaved road toward a bunker in the distance. In the corner of the panel is the head and wing of a drone.

Panel 2. Medium panel. In the back of a military vehicle sit a diverse team of eight super soldiers of varying genders and ethnicities (no one ethnicity is a majority) who have two out of three abilities: super strength and unbreakable bones, super strength and impenetrable skin or unbreakable bones and impenetrable skin.

Panel 3. Medium panel. In the drivers seat, are the remaining two members of the team, Henry (20's), white, redneck, big beard and a confederate flag patch on his arm, and DEBS, black-Jewish background, germaphobe, wears a star of David necklace and rubber gloves. Debs drives. Barry rubs his hands together with a full package of bacon squished between them. Bacon grease squashes from his hands.

Panel 4. Small panel. The tire of the military vehicle hits a huge pot hole.

Panel 5. Small panel. The military vehicle bounces up.

Panel 6. Small panel. Pig fat splashes on Debs face.

Panel 7. Small panel. Close up on Debs. She's pissed.

DEBS:

For fuck sake Henry. Throw that shit out.

PAGE TWENTY FOUR (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Medium panel. Henry is turned around facing the soldiers in the back seats, handing the bacon to TUCKER (20's), white, red neck, super strength and unbreakable bones.

HENRY:

We're all going to hell. These assholes need to know they are as we kill them.

HENRY:

Tucker, rub this on your amo.

Panel 2. Small panel. A bullet rips through the bacon.

Panel 3. Small panel. Henry turns his head back toward the front of the vehicle. Several bullet bounce off his face.

Panel 4. Large panel, 1/4 of page. Head on front view of the military vehicle as bullets rip through the windshield and the clothing of Debs and Henry, but both of them are not harmed. They look straight ahead like nothing is happening.

Panel 5. Large pane, 1/4 of page. Head on front view of military vehicle. Smoke billows out of the vehicle engine. Henry turns back towards the soldiers in the back seat.

HENRY:

They know we're here. Let's fuck'em up.

DEBS:

They took out the engine. We'll be on foot.

HENRY:

I'll get the jump. Everyone else, tight formation behind the bullet catchers.

PAGE TWENTY FIVE (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel. The terrorist shoots at the super soldiers, however, the super soldiers leading the pack, Debs, Jason and RONNY, all have impenetrable skin causing the bullet to ricochet off their bodies. The eight soldiers move as a unit. The bunker has thick concrete fence with barbed wire and sniper towers protecting the compound inside. In the sky, the faint outline of a military drone is visible.

Panel 2. Small panel. Henry, not holding a gun, leaps at TERRORIST-1.

Panel 3. Small panel. Debs looks over at Henry.

Panel 4. Small panel. Henry bends his knees, preparing to jump. He is next to Terrorist-1. Terrorist-1 doesn't have time to react and is still pointing a riffle where Henry was a moment ago. The only thing that has time to move is Terrorirst-1's eyes, which look down at a crouched Henry.

Panel 5. Small panel. Henry upper cuts a terrorist in the chest.

Panel 6. Medium panel. Henry leaps 50 feet from the ground towards the tower (super-man pose). The terrorist body explodes leaving only his head, arms, legs and a mass of blood surrounding Henry's fist. Bullet bound off every part of his body, causing zero damage.

HENRY:  
Pork's bad for you!

PAGE TWENTY SIX (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel, 1/3 of page. Debs, Jason and Ronny lead the team of eight soldiers to the compound gate. NEENA (20's), super strength and unbreakable bones, is wearing high tech boxing gloves that disperse the impact. They continue to take fire and return fire.

Panel 2. Small panel. Neena leaps at the door (superman pose).

Panel 3. Small panel. Neena punches the door with her high tech gloves. The door splinters.

Panel 4. Large panel, 1/3 of page. On the opposite side of the door, TERRORIST-2, TERRORIST-3 and TERRORIST-4 cry in pain from the tens of wood splinters penetrating their body. Bullets fire from the eight super soldiers in the background, ripping through TERRORIST-5, TERRORIST-6 and TERRORIST-7.

Panel 5. Small panel. Neena lays in pain on the ground, pulling the high tech gloves off.

Panel 6. Small panel. Close up of Neena's mangled hand (the bones are in tact, but the skin and muscle is lacerated). The high tech gloves helped, but they're not perfect.

NEENA:  
Fuckin gloves didn't do shit.

JASON: (OP)  
First floor, clear!

PAGE TWENTY SEVEN (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Debs bends down to help Neena. In the background, TERRORIST-8, a young boy has his hands up. Jason points his gun at the young boy.

JASON:  
Freeze. Not clear.

DEBS:  
He doesn't has a weapon.

Panel 2. Small panel. Henry looks down at the scene.

Panel 3. Small panel. Henry leaps into the air.

Panel 4. Small panel. Henry lands beside Terrorist-8

Panel 5. Medium panel. Henry decapitates Terrorist-8.

HENRY  
Looks hostile to me.

Panel 6. Henry holds Debs shoulder in a slightly threatening way.

HENRY:  
Some big things are coming soon Debs. I think you can be part of the team, but I'm questioning your loyalty.

DEBS:  
Looked hostile to me.

PAGE TWENTY EIGHT (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Medium panel. Establishing shot of Nate yelling under a shady looking concrete bridge.

NATE:  
Doc, you here?

Panel 2. Medium panel. Aerial view from a few feet above a drone. The drone is flying above the bridge. On the left side of the panel is the bridge and on the right side trash filled dingy area under the bridge with Nate looking up at the drone.

Panel 3. Small panel. Nate's hands grab a pipe on the ground.

Panel 4. Small panel. Nate holds the pipe and stands as if he was at bat in major leagues. It's a low angel from below Nate's hips, pointed toward the sky. Nate looks up at the drone.

DRONE:  
Nate, it's me.

Panel 5. Small panel. Profile view. Close on Nate's face and the drone. Nate and the drone stare down each other.

NATE:  
Is all this necessary?

Panel 6. Small panel. Close on Nate's face.

NATE:  
Can I have my pills please?

DRONE:  
No, not yet.

Panel 7. Nate's hand grabs the drone out of the air. Nate's fingers break through the drone's plastic body.

NATE:  
Stop messing around.

Panel 8. Medium panel. Tight in on Nate and the drone. Nate holds the drone inches from his face and stares angrily into the camera.

NATE:

Suppressants and morphine. NOW!

DRONE:

I need your help, and you'll need your strength. You help and I'll permanently fix you.