

**Page 1 - 5 panels**

#1 - Young HOLLY GREENE (age 10) is hiding on her belly under her bed, hands flat on the floor, eyes wide with fear. The room is dark, a blue monochrome. A small amount of light from the blinds illuminates HOLLY, creating slits of light across her face.

CAPTION: There's a good reason the spook set is only mostly single men and women. No one back home waiting for them.

#2 - Same view as 1 – two sets of feet indicate a fight. It's clear that one person is behind the other. The person in the back is shoeless in pajama bottoms and has their feet flat on the ground. The person in the front is wearing sneakers, kicking one foot in the air, trying to unbalance their assailant.

CAPTION: No one home when some assassin crawls through a window and tries to cut their heart out in the night.

#3 - Opposite HOLLY, we see LAWRENCE GREEN on his back, strangling the assassin on top of him. LAWRENCE is in his 40's, healthy, and solidly built. He's shirtless, allowing us to see him straining as he strangles his attacker. The assassin's eyes bulge as he involuntarily reaches out towards HOLLY.

LAWRENCE: Close your eyes, HOLLY! Ugh!

#4 - Closer on LAWRENCE now – his eyes are wide with exertion and specks of spittle fly out of his mouth as he yells at the viewer.

LAWRENCE: Shut your fucking eyes, girl!

#5 - Back on HOLLY again, whose face is all eyes now as the assassin's hands reach out toward her.

CAPTION: This is the night I learned what my dad did for a living.

**Page 2 – 2 panels**

#1 (Insert) Adult HOLLY stares out at the reader through the rain. She's soaked through and miserable.

CAPTION: And when it finally catches up with him, this is the day I put him in the ground.

#2 - Pull back to see HOLLY at a sparsely-attended funeral on a gray, rainy morning. In attendance is the elderly, dapper CHESTER "CHELSEA" TEAL who is carted around in a wheelchair by an attractive male nurse in white; various other onlookers are older, sketchier-looking lot. The coffin is being lowered into the ground as the priest officiates.

CAPTION: After everything, it was all the sad old bastard had left.

**Page 3 – 4 panels**

#1 - HOLLY walks alongside CHELSEA, who is being wheeled back to his car by his nurse.

CHELSEA: Glad to see after all was said and done Her Majesty did right by your father. Shame about the poor turnout, though – a peril of the job is that you don't live to have many old friends.

#2 - Close on Chelsea. He looks kindly at HOLLY.

CHELSEA: I don't suppose you've heard from your mother?

#3 - A young GOODLUCK N'DELE stands at the center of a montage of big action events looking like a warrior goddess in black. Some of the events in montage are GOODLUCK aiming a sniper rifle with the distant target reflected off the scope, and GOODLUCK curling herself into a crowded baggage compartment – it goes on like this in a ring around the center figure.

CAPTION: Mother.

CAPTION: The only thing worse than her leaving us was the prospect of her ever coming back.

#5 - Closer on the woman to reveal an older version of GOODLUCK, still looking intimidating in her middle age.

HOLLY: Mum was never the sentimental type, Uncle Chelsea.

**Page 4 – 4 panels**

#1 - In a limo with CHELSEA and HOLLY. CHELSEA is unscrewing a whisky flask while HOLLY looks numbly out the window.

HOLLY: Chel – did he see it coming?

CHELSEA: What? Oh. Your father... he'd reached a point where he had more enemies than friends.

#2 - HOLLY looks over at CHELSEA who's tipped the flask to his mouth to take a deep swig.

HOLLY: How did you rank?

#3 - Reverse on CHELSEA from outside his rain-streaked window. He's looking away from HOLLY.

CHELSEA: Me? Sometimes I think I was the only friend the old boy ever had.

CHELSEA: Sad as that sounds saying it out loud.

#4 - CHELSEA holds the flask out to HOLLY who refuses with her hand up and a nod.

CHELSEA: I gather you'll be going 'round to collect his things, then.

HOLLY: I don't know where he lived. We hadn't talked in a while.

HOLLY: I don't know if he told you that.

**Page 5 – 4 panels**

#1 HOLLY stands outside of a nondescript apartment building, grimy and indistinct from the rows of other tenement homes. The light rain bounces off of her umbrella.

HOLLY: Chelsea! How long –

CHELSEA: Lawrence liked to keep out of the way, luv. The expensive cars and hotel rooms were just part of the job.

CHELSEA: We'll wait here for you.

#2 - HOLLY leans down and looks in through the window of the limo, touching CHELSEA's hand affectionately. This is the first time we've seen her smile.

HOLLY: No. Go on.

#3 - HOLLY is standing again looking down into the limo.

HOLLY: Besides, if you stick around it'll spook our tail on the motorcycle back there.

CHELSEA: Noticed him, too?

HOLLY: Lawrence was a shit father but he taught me a thing or two about watching my backside.

HOLLY: Goodbye, Uncle Chel.

#4 - Close on the black helmet of the motorcyclist. The visor is down, fully covering his/her face. Reflected off the visor is HOLLY waving goodbye to CHELSEA in the departing limo. The image is slightly warped on the convex surface of the visor.

**Page 6 – 6 panels**

#1 - HOLLY is inside her father's apartment. The place has the overstuffed look of the home of an older person who's started collecting things since they haven't got anything else in their life. Stacks of newspapers rise up to waist height and nothing in the place looks newer than 20 years old. The apartment is fairly lightless and cold – even if someone lived here it was never a home.

CAPTION: Lawrence – my father – always told me to travel light.

#2 - In the bedroom, stacks of boxes with country names stamped on the side – AFGHANISTAN, EAST GERMANY, UKRAINE – rise to the ceiling.

CAPTION: "The less you're bogged down with things and people," he'd say, "The quicker you can get on with your life."

CAPTION: Bastard.

#3 - HOLLY bends over next to the bed, feeling around under the frame for something.

CAPTION: The man was smoke. He was barely there even when he was actually there. I didn't really know much about him.

#4 - A closeup of a key in her hand.

CAPTION: To this day I don't know if Greene is really our last name or just some alias that stuck.

#5 - Cut to the apartment door – a rain-soaked boot edges over the threshold, and a gloved hand slowly pushes the door open.

CAPTION: He would have said it didn't matter. To keep pushing forward.

#6 – In the bathroom, HOLLY is reaching around above the medicine cabinet now, groping for something. Behind her, the door is ominously ajar.

**Page 7 – 4 panels**

#1 - The intruder – in silhouette – pushes at the bathroom door.

#2 - HOLLY smashes the lid of the toilet over the head of the shadowy intruder. The silhouette is in a better view now and it's obvious that this isn't the motorcyclist from downstairs.

SFX: KERASH!

ROOSTER: Oof!

#3 - HOLLY stands above the intruder with the remains of the lid in her hands, ready to swing again – she looks downright savage and we can see she gets some of it from her mother.

#4 - HOLLY lowers the lid and looks bemused down at the intruder. A hand unsteadily reaches up towards her for help.

HOLLY: Is that you, Rooster?

ROOSTER (off-panel, his text is a little wavy from the concussion): Awright, Holly luv?

**Page 8 – 4 panels**

#1 - ROOSTER – a brawny man in his 70's with an eye patch, muttonchops, a vest, and balding – sits on a couch that's been cleared off. HOLLY fussily dabs at the trickle of blood on the back of his head with a towel. ROOSTER looks downright pleased to see HOLLY and is unfazed by the attack.

HOLLY: Stay still. What are you so happy about?

ROOSTER: Like old times, innit, luv?

HOLLY: The “scared out of my wits by killers in the dark” old times, you mean?

ROOSTER: Ah, we had fun, you, me, ‘n your da.

#2 - HOLLY has dropped the towel and has angrily turned ROOSTER towards her. ROOSTER looks like a slapped puppy.

HOLLY: What the hell are you doing here, Rooster? And who's the spotter on the street?

#3 - ROOSTER looks confused now. He stands and looks at HOLLY.

ROOSTER: Spotter?

#4 - Reverse on ROOSTER looking out the window at the street.

ROOSTER: No one but me.

**Page 9 – 2 panels**

#1 - HOLLY has collapsed onto the couch and is holding her head in her hands. She looks completely spent. ROOSTER is walking back towards where she's sitting.

HOLLY: Figures.

ROOSTER: I'll put in a call with Branch –

HOLLY: Please don't.

ROOSTER: But –

HOLLY: The last thing I want is to get dragged into another of dad's dangling plots.

#2 - ROOSTER is on alert now, looking around the apartment like the trained spook he is. HOLLY's still on the couch, in the same position as the last panel. This large panel has ROOSTER checking several nooks and crannies furiously while he talks.

ROOSTER: That's why I'm here.

HOLLY: Oh god.

ROOSTER: Nothin' like that, luv. I'm bettin' he's all settled up with anyone who cares by now.

HOLLY: Hm.

ROOSTER: No. I'm here to collect his old files for Branch.

HOLLY: You didn't think to call and ask first?

ROOSTER: Be honest, luv, I didn't twig you comin' back for the funeral. Ye find his drop key yet?

**Page 10 – 5 panels**

#1 - Close on HOLLY's hand holding out the key to ROOSTER.

#2 - At the last moment, HOLLY closes her hand around the key.

#3 - HOLLY looks up at ROOSTER, who seems confused.

HOLLY: What's the scheme, Rooster?

ROOSTER: What are you on about?

HOLLY: You're skulking about for dad's old things? Someone's following me from the funeral –

#4 - Holly tosses the keys over to ROOSTER who catches them awkwardly at chest level.

HOLLY: You know what? Forget it.

#5 - HOLLY heads for the door to leave.

HOLLY: Whatever secret society bent on world domination or crazed MP dad got something over on before he died can just go to hell. I'm out. Completely.

**Page 11 – 6 panels**

#1- Outside of the building HOLLY leans in the doorway on her cell. She's shivering in the cold, wrapping her free arm around her body.

HOLLY: I'm just done here, babe. Y'know, Headmistress Smythe gave until Monday to come back to work. What say you and I...

HOLLY: Balls. Lemme call you back.

#2 - Same shot, the motorcyclist is standing in front of her, silent and vaguely threatening as he reaches for something behind his back. She notices him and is surprised for a second.

HOLLY: Look, you. I don't know what your game is and I don't care. Want to go through the old man's things then you're welcome to go up there and fight Z-Branch for it.

#3 - HOLLY's furious now and closes the distance hitting the cyclist with all her might in the chest, knocking him/her to the ground. The object they were pulling from their back – some kind of modified stun gun – misfires some kind of dart away from HOLLY.

HOLLY: Oh, like hell!

#4 - HOLLY stands over the rider who's now on their back. HOLLY is shaking her fist threateningly. The rider seems genuinely cowed by this turn of events.

HOLLY: I won't be bothered! Do you hear -

#5 - (Insert) Behind HOLLY, the dart is actually making a curve in its trajectory coming back towards her.

#6 - The dart hits HOLLY in the back, causing her body to cramp up and her eyes to close in pain.

HOLLY: Oh, you basssssssssssss...

**Page 12 – 1 panel**

#1 - HOLLY is lying solitary in nothingness on her back.

CAPTION: Growing up Lawrence Greene's daughter, this was of course not the first time I'd been knocked out by some stupid sci-fi dart.

CAPTION: As always, the hope was always that none of the thousand things that can go wrong with being dosed by some exotic drug wouldn't go wrong this time.

CAPTION: What if it was something as simple as too big a dose?

CAPTION: Or some unknown allergy to the random cocktail of somatics and psychotropics?

CAPTION: Most importantly, how was this idiot going to get me to wherever he was taking me on his little motorcycle?

**Page 13 – 6 panels**

#1 - HOLLY is tied to a chair in a pitch black room. Her arms are behind her back and her hair is disheveled. A lone spotlight shines down on HOLLY, illuminating her face and torso, as well as a nearby table. She winces as she comes to.

VOICE (off panel): Ms. Greene.

HOLLY: Before you ask, I don't know.

VOICE: ...

VOICE: What?

#2 - Same shot, HOLLY is grimacing into the darkness at her invisible inquisitor.

HOLLY: Whatever person, place, or thing that my dad was mixed up in before you obviously killed him. I don't know anything about it.

HOLLY: You people are smart enough to know that he and I weren't close.

#3, 4, 5 - Single shots of the table with a black gloved hand slapping down photos of HOLLY and LAWRENCE. The first is of the two of them when she was a child. She's smiling and happy, sitting on his shoulder. The second has her as a teen standing beside him as they both wear shooting range gear (goggles, headphones). She's holding a much-too-big-for-her rifle and smiles into the camera. LAWRENCE has his arm around her in this one. In the last photo HOLLY is an adult sitting next to her father at a fancy dinner table. Neither is smiling and HOLLY's body language communicates that she'd rather not be there.

#6 - HOLLY is looking down angrily at the pictures.

VOICE: No. You weren't close in the end. Why?

**Page 14 – 6 panels**

#1 - Shown from profile, HOLLY's jaw is set with tension. She's spitting mad.

HOLLY: Because he was a son of a bitch. Can we skip the psych-ops and get to the questions?

VOICE:...

#2, 3, 4 - More individual photos dropped on the table this time on top of the previous ones. Each is an autopsy photo of LAWRENCE from a different angle. Each shows an older man, in his 60's, a little thick around the middle. There's a gunshot wound in the middle of his head but beyond that his body seems to have been beaten severely pre-mortem. One of his eyes is swollen shut and his mouth has been smashed in.

#5 - HOLLY looks away from the photos, obviously pained.

HOLLY: God!

VOICE (modulated): Why, Ms. Greene?

HOLLY: What, damn you?

VOICE:...

VOICE: Why?

#6 - Close on HOLLY's eyes, staring out at the interrogator.

HOLLY: Because it wasn't any goddamn life for a child!

HOLLY: The dead bodies... the cool detachment... the fucking mess of gadgets that probably give you tit cancer!

HOLLY: Or the endless, goddamned tedious circus of women who'd try to slip a bomb in his bed and nearly kill us both!

HOLLY: I avoided that man out of self-preservation.

**Page 15 – 6 panels**

#1 - A length-wise shot with HOLLY, the table, and the INTERROGATOR leaning across it to look at her. He/she wears a business suit and black gloves, with a tight-fitting sack over his head, masking his/her features. The grubby-looking sack is a contrast with the posh suit and tie. There is menace in his pose.

INTERROGATOR: Why. Did. You. Kill him?

#2 - Same shot, but HOLLY has thrown her head back in a full-bodied laugh.

HOLLY: Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!

INTERROGATOR: !

#3 - (Insert) Close on HOLLY's hands as she struggles with the ropes.

#4 - Again, the same shot, HOLLY has her head forward now, her eyes streaming with tears from the laughter.

HOLLY: Oh, God. I was worried for a moment that you people might be somewhat competent.

HOLLY: Seriously, are you from Z-Branch? MI-6? One of David Icke's people?

#5 - (Insert) The ropes are looser now.

#6 - The INTERROGATOR looks uncomfortable and defeated if that's even possible with the mask and the dark.

INTERROGATOR: We have evidence.

HOLLY: Anyone can dummy up a crime scene. I learned how to do it when I was 12. What else?

**Page 16 – 5 panels**

#1 - CHELSEA wheels himself into the spotlight beside the interrogator. He's all business now, gone is the cheerful bonhomie of the earlier scenes.

CHELSEA: It's not faked, darling. We've checked.

#2 - On HOLLY now. He aims a remote which activates a floating video display.

HOLLY: You can't believe –

CHELSEA: I know.

#3 - On the video, multiple screens laid out in floating displays from different angles at different times – it shows HOLLY and LAWRENCE walking side-by-side, obviously engaged in an argument, HOLLY shoving her father, HOLLY going for something in her coat.

CHELSEA (V.O.): At 20:15 HRS GMT a CCTV recorded you walking alongside your father, arguing with him violently.

CHELSEA: Not wanting to make a scene he pulled you into an alley. You might not have noticed the camera in the alley. It got the next bit.

CHELSEA: It gets kind of rough, love.

#4 -Back on HOLLY. She looks betrayed and a little beaten.

HOLLY: I was framed.

CHELSEA: Perhaps. But unlikely.

CHELSEA: In any event you're not going anywhere until –

#5 -HOLLY leaps across the table at the INTERROGATOR with the rope in her hands. CHELSEA is wide-eyed with shock.

CAPTION: "You're not going anywhere" is code for "we're going to drug you to the gills until we hear what we want."

CAPTION: No thanks.

**Page 17 – 5 panels**

#1 - HOLLY has the INTERROGATOR pinned on his back with the rope at his neck. For his part, the INTERROGATOR is reaching out to her face, trying to push her back.

INTERROGATOR: Gah!

CAPTION: Point of fact, this was a bad move.

CAPTION: I didn't know where I was or how many men CHELSEA had with him.

CAPTION: But sometimes wild, stupid unpredictability will buy you some time.

#2 - On CHELSEA, who's leaning half out of his seat pleading with HOLLY. We can see HOLLY's fist rising up to punch the INTERROGATOR. The INTERROGATOR's hand is still reaching out to stop her.

CHELSEA: Stop, Holly! I say, stop this!

#3 - Same shot, this time HOLLY's fist comes back a little bloody and there's no movement from the INTERROGATOR. CHELSEA is shocked into silence.

#4 - On HOLLY looking at CHELSEA.

HOLLY: Right. Who's pulling the strings, Chel? Why do they think I killed Lawrence?

CHELSEA: We have the video... the fingerprint evidence... blood on your clothes.

HOLLY: I mean what's the "why" of it?

#5 - CHELSEA is downright terrified. He was unprepared for this reaction.

CHELSEA: You were making a sale.

HOLLY: What? Secrets? To who?

**Page 18 – 4 panels**

#1 - HOLLY is standing over the table looking at the photos. CHELSEA is attempting to compose himself in the background.

CHELSEA: We hadn't sussed that out yet. They were local, though. Working through a Swiss company called Coriolis.

HOLLY: You know me, Chelsea.

CHELSEA: That's why I asked to be the one to bring you in. Lightly.

#2 - HOLLY looks back at CHELSEA, still angry.

HOLLY: Meaning you have me in pocket somewhere you can manage. Probably in your basement, right?

HOLLY: Jesus, Chelsea. You KNOW me!

CHELSEA: Stranger things have happened.

#3 - CHELSEA dabs at his sweating forehead with a handkerchief.

CHELSEA: People get desperate for any number of reasons. Politics. Money.

CHELSEA: Maybe they just get mad at a bad father.

#4 - CHELSEA is pleading with HOLLY now.

CHELSEA: Come in with me, Holly. Better you go in than have them drag you in.

**Page 19 – 3 panels**

#1 - HOLLY is searching the unconscious body of the INTERROGATOR.

HOLLY: You know if I go in there's a good chance I'm not coming out. Where are the keys?

#2 - CHELSEA holds out a set of keys to HOLLY. He's resigned now.

CHELSEA: You've got about a 40 minute head start before they come to collect you.

CHELSEA: Take the Bentley.

#3 - HOLLY kisses CHELSEA on the top of his head while grabbing the keys.

HOLLY: You can be a real darling sometimes, Chelsea.

**Page 20 – 4 panels**

#1 - HOLLY is in the garage now, looking at a row of nearly identical Bentleys.

CAPTION: Unfortunately, you also work for Branch, Chelsea. Meaning every one of these cars has Branch riding shotgun somehow in the wiring.

CAPTION: Also: does he drive one of these a week? Should ask him sometime.

#2 - Same shot, but she's aimed the keys at the cars with the remote, causing the lights on the target Bentley to light up.

SFX: TWEET TWEET!

CAPTION: When Branch follows me using the locator that's obviously in Chelsea's car I'll get a better idea of what I'm dealing with.

#3 - HOLLY gets behind the wheel of the car and checks her mirrors.

CAPTION: If they come after me right off then the theory of the murder is that I killed Dad alone.

CAPTION: But if they keep their distance that means they're climbing the food chain.

#4 - HOLLY drives the car out of the garage.

CAPTION: Chelsea gave up "Coriolis" so easily.

**Page 21 – Splash page**

#1 - Reflected in the windshield of HOLLY's car are a dozen or more masked, uniformed Coriolis agents aiming automatic rifles. HOLLY looks forward over the steering wheel anxiously.

CLOSEST CORIOLIS AGENT: Traitor Holly Greene – the Storm Master of Coriolis demands your presence immediately!

CAPTION: Of course, maybe Branch is the last thing I have to worry about right now.

**Page 22 – Teaser Page, three panels laid side by side vertically**

#1 - Close on the waist holster and badge of a branch agent.

#2 - A crowd of Coriolis henchmen raising their hands in worship to a lightning storm with HOLLY in the center.

#3 - A ripped photo of LAWRENCE in better, younger days – on a fishing boat smiling. The people standing next to him are ripped away, but it's obvious that he was there with someone. He looks deceptively like a playboy (a later reveal will have his wife and young daughter on his left and right).