

FINNEGAN

SCRIPT BY IVAN JAMES

22 SCRIPT PAGES
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PAGE 1 (FULL PAGE PANEL)

PANEL 1: Open on a full page panel of a disheveled, tired, and hopeless looking Michael Finnegan. He sits against a brick wall in a dark smoky back alley, lost in a blank stare. He wears a jacket, t-shirt and jeans that look like they have not been changed or cleaned in quite a while. He is in Hell. The fifth dimension version of Hell from *Tom Judge: The Rapture* - an urban environment interlaced with the twisted horrors of hell. (Note: This panel should be reminiscent of the panel where Tom Judge first approached Jackie Estacado and gave him hope.)

FINNEGAN THOUGHT BOX: Truth of the matter is... I DESERVE to be here. Never been much of a "GOOD man" as they say...

FINNEGAN THOUGHT BOX: I lived a life of crime... One which eventually led me to the employ of a Mr. ESTACADO, a powerful New York mob boss with quite the DARK side... He believed in me. It's a shame I repaid that belief with utter failure...

FINNEGAN THOUGHT BOX: I was tasked to watch over his daughter - HOPE. A name both beautiful AND fitting for the destined child...

FINNEGAN THOUGHT BOX: But instead of protecting her, I was murdered by an English piece of SHITE wielding a katana. How's THAT for irony? A lifetime of failure capped with being murdered by the hand of a limey BASTARD...Being done in by an English NOB should have been HELL enough...

FINNEGAN THOUGHT BOX: But NO... To top it off, I get sent here to rot for eternity... A place where souls are a commodity and mine is worth NOTHING.

FINNEGAN THOUGHT BOX: The only reason it was acquired by my DEMON bidder - was because I used to be a BEARER. One of the THIRTEEN. What the poor tit didn't realize was that I had come here WITHOUT my Artifact. He didn't know he was bidding on worthless ol'--

OFF PANEL VO: -- Michael Finnegan?

PAGE 2 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to a medium shot of Finnegan looking up at the off panel person who called out his name. He is squinting. He has one arm raised across his forehead providing shade to his straining eyes, helping him gain focus on the off panel figure.

FINNEGAN: That, that YOU boss?

PANEL 2: Cut to a point of view shot of Finnegan looking up at a mostly back lit shadowed figure. The orange glows of the fiery skies of Hell surround him. The figure is lighting a cigarette and the flame from the lighter reveals that it is Tom Judge, dressed in his traditional open collared priest uniform attire.

TOM JUDGE: You know, it's funny. You're almost sitting in the EXACT spot he was many moons ago.

TOM JUDGE: But regardless, you need to come with me. There are some things set in motion that we CAN'T let happen.

PANEL 3: Cut to a two shot of Judge and Finnegan. Judge still towers over Finnegan who now sits more upright but still too weak and tired to stand. He is looking up at Judge, trying to determine if he knows him or not. He looks familiar. Judge looks down at him, exhaling the last drag of his cigarette.

FINNEGAN: Your FACE... It's familiar - but I can't PLACE it...

TOM JUDGE: Yeah well, you can thank Jackie for that. Everything's now a little OFF - if you will.

PANEL 4: Cut to the same two shot as above but zoom in a bit to expose Finnegan's look of surprise. Judge is now squatting down in front of Finnegan, as if he were perched, so that he is at eye level with him about an arms distance away.

FINNEGAN: Jackie? You've SEEN him? What about HOPE? Is she ALIVE?!

TOM JUDGE: She's FINE. And I'll explain everything, but right NOW, we need to GO. And oh yeah--

PANEL 5: Cut to Judge grabbing Finnegan's face in his brimstone hulk Rapture form. His thumbs cover Finnegan's eyes. Finnegan's head is snapping back from both the force and his surprise. Finnegan is grabbing at the Rapture's wrists - trying to fight him off, but yet succumbing to the hulk's power. Judge is speaking to Finnegan, but not aloud. He is speaking to with some form of telepathy.

FINNEGAN: --GAAHHHH!

TOM JUDGE (TELEPATHY BUBBLE/BOX): You are NOT a FAILURE. You were dealt a bad hand that never had a chance of winning. Your NEW life starts here, right now. One that YOU control. Hope IS eternal. KNOW this, for I RELEASE you from this prison!

PAGE 3 (SIX PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to another two shot of both Judge and Finnegan. Judge is standing again and has almost fully transformed out of brimstone hulk/Rapture mode. He now looks more human than brimstone. Finnegan has come to, reinvigorated with life. He sits completely upright looking aware, present, and looking at Judge with realization and a hint of joy. Judge is smiling down at Finnegan, proud that he was able to give him hope.

FINNEGAN: I know you... Tom Judge... The RAPTURE.

TOM JUDGE: And I know YOU Michael Finnegan...

PANEL 2: Point of view up angle shot of Finnegan looking up at Judge. Judge is displaying the blue Glacier Stone pendant in front of him.

TOM JUDGE: ...Bearer of the GLACIER STONE.

PANEL 3: Cut back to a medium two shot of Finnegan and Judge. Finnegan has jumped to his feet with excitement. He is cupping

the pendant in his hand, marveling it, as Judge still holds it out in front of him with a friendly smirk on his face.

FINNEGAN: How - how did you FIND it?

TOM JUDGE: I was vacationing in Mexico and came across it. I thought it should have been returned to its RIGHTFUL owner. Lord knows I have my hands full with my own. Anyway, put it on. We need to get you back to the dimension of the living. We have WORK to do.

PANEL 4: Cut to a wide shot of Finnegan and Judge walking out of the alley they were in onto a large Hell ravaged urban street corner. Finnegan is looking down at the the Glacier Stone pendant that he has placed around his neck. Judge follows behind and his attention has been drawn to a purple plume of smoke out on the street in front of them. A monocle sporting demon, dressed in business suit attire, is stepping out of the smoke. The demon is puffing on his cigar looking at Finnegan with excitement.

DEMON: FINALLY! I thought you'd NEVER get it back. About time I get some damn return on INVESTMENT around here--

TOM JUDGE: -- Well I hate to disappoint ya, but we were just leaving.

PANEL 5: Cut to a shot of the demon looking over Finnegan's shoulder at a smirking Tom Judge. The demon is in complete shock. The cigar is falling from his awe gaped mouth.

DEMON: HOLY SHIT! AND you bring me the RAPTURE?! GREED is GOOD!

PANEL 6: Zoom into an overlaid close up of the demon's face. He is yelling as loud as he can.

DEMON: THE RAPTURE IS AMONG US YOU MORONS! ATTAAAAAAACK!

PAGES 4 & 5 (FULL PAGE DOUBLE SPREAD PANEL)

PANEL 1: Zoom out to a double spread shot of Judge and Finnegan surrounded by various kinds of blood thirsty demons in the middle of a Hell twisted Time's Square. Some buildings are wrapped in flesh and horror, there are fiery skies with shadows of flying demons circling above, and miscellaneous demonic Hell activity occurring all around. Judge has transformed into the Rapture and stands at the ready. Finnegan stands in a state of frozen shock, taking in the sea of demons that surround them.

(MONOCLED) DEMON: A MILLION SOULS to whoever can BRING me the RAPTURE!

VARIOUS DEMONS: KILL THEM!

VARIOUS DEMONS: He's MINE!

VARIOUS DEMONS: The RAPTURE will belong to ME!

VARIOUS DEMONS: MAKE - THEM - SUFFER!

TOM JUDGE: Remember how to use that thing? Cause I'd say now would be a good time.

FINNEGAN: Huh? Oh yeah - RIGHT.

PAGE 6 (SEVEN PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to a closer zoomed in shot of the previous double spread. Finnegan has transformed into a frost giant in a grand dramatic fashion. His arms are outstretched and his head is back - calling out to the surrounding demons with authority.

FINNEGAN: FEEL THE WRATH OF THE WINTER KING!!!

PANEL 2: Cut to Finnegan's frost giant shell shattering and bursting off of him. His human form that resides at the core of the frost giant, is taken aback by this occurrence. He is both frightened and confused. Shards of the frost giant shell are impaling various demons that surround him. The Rapture has

caught a demon by its throat in front of Finnegan as he looks back and addresses him with concern.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: Now's NOT the time for stage fright Finnegan!

FINNEGAN: I don't know what's WRONG! It's CHANGED!

PANEL 3: Judge has delivered a mighty punch to the demon he caught. The demon is crashing into other demons that were in his path. Finnegan is looking down at the Glacier Stone pendant with worry. The stone is clear and empty - no longer the trademark glowing blue it has always been.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: WELL FIGURE IT OUT!

FINNEGAN: JAYSUS! - GIVE ME A DAMN MINUTE WILL YA!

PANELS 4,5,& 6: A series of small overlay panels illustrate a point of view shot of Finnegan looking down at the Glacier Stone pendant that he holds in his hand. The clear empty stone of the pendant slowly fills back up with blue energy in each panel, starting from the bottom filling upward - much like a mercury thermometer rising in temperature. The stone should be fully blue and glowing in Panel 6.

PANEL 7: Cut to a shot of Finnegan looking down at the Glacier Stone he holds in one hand while his other arm is raised and encased with steaming cold frost armor. The blue energy encased in the Glacier Stone has gone down a slight bit. Finnegan sports a look of focused realization. The Rapture is in Panel as well. A couple of Demons have jumped the Rapture and are latched on. He struggles to remove them.

FINNEGAN: ... It's become - limited...

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: A little HELP HERE!

PAGE 7 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to a shot of the two demons that had jumped the Rapture falling dead to the ground - tongues out, eyes rolled back into their heads. Two one handed axes, made of solid ice, have been embedded into their skulls. The Rapture is looking off panel in the direction from which the axes came.

SOUND FX: THWAP!

SOUND FX: THWAK!

PANEL 2: Cut to shot of Finnegan who is down on one knee. His arms are outstretched from his sides. They have been transformed into large ice spires that are impaling a demon on each side of him. Blood runs down the spires that are pierced through the demons' abdomens. The Glacier Stone hangs down around his neck and is about three quarters full of blue energy.

SOUND FX: SPLURK!

SOUND FX: SKLURK!

FINNEGAN: You OWE me a new ARTIFACT! You GIMPED this one!

PANEL 3: Cut to a shot of both the Rapture and Finnegan back to back. They are analyzing the demon horde that surrounds them. Finnegan has equipped himself with a steaming ice katana and ice gauntlets. His eyes are now a glowing blue and smoke with icy steam as well.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: I didn't do anything. Talk to JACKIE. Besides - looks like it still gets the job done to me.

FINNEGAN: Aye. It'll do - for NOW. What's the plan here Judge?

PANEL 4: Cut to the Rapture giving a mighty uppercut to a flying demon that dove in. Finnegan has lunged forward, in the opposite direction of Judge, stabbing a charging demon through the chest.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: We need to get to the TRAIN STATION. I got a guy who can get us a ride out of here.

FINNEGAN: Can he mow down the SEA OF DEMONS we got surrounding us too?

PANEL 5: Cut to The Rapture smashing two demon heads together with great force while Finnegan has jumped into the air spraying a demon frozen with ice with one hand, and stabbing another demon in the neck with an ice dagger he wields in the other.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: Nope. That's all on US.

FINNEGAN: Well then please - lead on GANDALF.

PAGES 8 & 9 (FULL PAGE DOUBLE SPREAD PANEL(S))

PANEL 1: Cut to a montage of ass-whoopery. The Rapture and Finnegan beat the crap out of a plethora of demons. The Rapture utilizes strikes, slams, and smashes that accentuate his brute strength fight style. To illustrate Finnegan's new agile finesse-like fight style, include shots of Finnegan:

- Creating an ice wall that when touched instantly freezes the person, or in this case demon, who touched it.
- An ice slide kick or punch where Finnegan skims across an ice slick with great speed to strike the target with more power. If it is a punch give him an ice encased gauntlet. If it is a kick, give him an ice encased boot.
- Stabbing/slicing a couple of demons with Wolverine type claws to further enforce that he can create any type of ice weaponry he can imagine.
- Illustrate his Glacier Stone fluctuating levels of blue energy to further illustrate that his power is metered. (Note: It regenerates rather quickly depending on the strength of the power used.)

PANEL 2: Last shot of montage (or an overlaid panel). Finnegan and the Rapture stand above multiple fallen demon bodies (including the monocle wearing business suit demon). They are

looking around for others to attack. Finnegan looks at his bloodied ice encrusted hands in disbelief.

FINNEGAN: Whoa...

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: Looks like you learned how to IMPROVISE. Let's move. Train station is up a few more blocks.

PAGE 10 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to a frontal shot of the Rapture and Finnegan running down the street. Something off panel has given Finnegan a look of concern.

FINNEGAN: Oh SHITE.

PANEL 2: Cut to a behind the back shot of Finnegan and the Rapture. Another large horde of demons are charging in at them. Finnegan stands at the ready with an ice shield in one hand and a medieval ice long sword in the other.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: You had to know a round two was inevitable.

FINNEGAN: Aye, but I don't know how much longer the Glacier Stone will last. It's been fluctuating erratically.

PANEL 3: Cut to a zoomed out side shot where Finnegan and the Rapture are in defensive positions on one side of the panel, and the demon horde is jumping and charging in at them on the other.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: Well let's HOPE a while longer.

OFF PANEL VO: STOP!

PANEL 4: Cut to Finnegan and Judge (back in human form) walking through the middle of the demon horde with looks of uncertainty. All of the demons of the horde have frozen in place, some even in mid air.

TOM JUDGE: This wouldn't happen to be YOUR work would it?

FINNEGAN: Negative. I encase MINE in ice.

OFF PANEL VO: Hahahaha. Oh Judge... For an FBI agent you sure aren't too astute are you?

PANEL 5: Finnegan and Judge have walked through the frozen horde and are exposed to Sabine decked out in her shadowy starry formed glory. Finnegan is surprised to see her. Judge lights a cigarette none too impressed.

TOM JUDGE: Hello Sabine. How's the ANGELUS? Pick you yet? Oh... that's RIGHT...

SABINE: BASTARD.

PAGE 11 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Sabine has teleported behind Judge. She has delivered a mighty stomp kick to his back that has bowed him backward sending him flying forward through the air unexpectedly. His lighter and cigarette hang in mid air.

TOM JUDGE: UNGH!

PANEL 2: Judge has landed a few feet from Finnegan. He is unconscious. Finnegan has a steaming cold ice bow and arrow trained on Sabine - his eyes blue and steaming. Sabine finds this humorous.

FINNEGAN: Gig's up SLAG. May the cat eat YOU and the DEVIL eat your cat.

PANEL 3: Cut to a shot similar to panel above. Finnegan has let loose the ice arrow and it is cutting through the air. However, there is only a plume of black shadowy smoke left where Sabine once stood.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 4: Cut to a frontal reaction shot of Finnegan still holding the bow realizing Sabine has disappeared. It is a look of surprise and worry. Sabine has reappeared behind him and can be seen smiling wickedly over his shoulder. Her arms/shadowy tendrils are cocked back for an attack. He hears her talking behind him.

SABINE: Why is it the Irish have such FOOLISH sayings?

PANEL 5: Cut to Finnegan down on his knees being choked from behind by two shadowy tendrils that are essentially Sabine's elongated arms. Finnegan gasps for air as the whites of his eyes fill with darkness. He is trying to pry the tendrils from his neck loose, but their hold is too tight. The sides of his jet black hair have turned gray as Sabine begins to age him. Sabine has an immense look of enjoyment on her face. Another thin shadowy tendril that is an extension of Sabine's hair has wrapped itself around the Glacier Stone pendant around Finnegan's neck.

FINNEGAN: KLRRRKKK

SABINE: You have something I NEED Mr. Finnegan.

PAGE 12 (SIX PANELS)

PANEL 1: Tom Judge has transformed back into the Rapture and is shoulder charging Sabine with great force. This surprising blow has caused her to release her grasp on Finnegan who has fallen forward to his hands, trying to regain his breath.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: It's going to have to WAIT!

SABINE: --GAH!

PANEL 2: The Rapture slams Sabine into a building's wall, embedding her into the concrete/brick.

SOUND FX: SLAM

PANEL 3: Cut to the Rapture helping Finnegan to his feet. Finnegan is still a bit shaken.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: Come on. That won't hold her long. But I think I have an IDEA of what will.

FINNEGAN: What the hell she DO to me?

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: Just added a couple of years - could have been worse.

PANEL 4: Cut to the Rapture holding a manhole cover in one hand and motioning down into the sewer with the other. His eyes however are trained on the wall embedded Sabine across the street. Finnegan stands over the manhole street opening looking down at it with hesitant concern.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: Down we go.

FINNEGAN: You think going down THERE is a good idea?

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: YES.

PANEL 5: Cut to a shot of Sabine dislodging herself from the wall stepping forward, struggling free from her crater.

SABINE: FOOLS. There is nowhere for you to RUN. Just GIVE me the Glacier Stone and be DONE with it!

PANEL 6: Cut to the Rapture standing above the manhole. He has whipped the manhole cover like a Frisbee at Sabine. However, the manhole cover has gone through a shadowy smoke plume where Sabine once stood.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: You underestimate us Sabine. Now's YOUR chance to turn and RUN.

SHADOWY SMOKE PLUME/SABINE: Must you DRAG this out? TIME is IRRELEVANT to me!

PAGE 13 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Finnegan and The Rapture run through a Hell flavored sewer tunnel illuminated by torches and flaming oil patches that float on the knee high water. Finnegan runs out in front of the Rapture, unsure as to where he is going.

FINNEGAN: Where the Hell are we going Judge?

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: The Gates. Up two more intersections then right.

FINNEGAN: The Gates?

PANEL 2: Cut to a shot of Sabine. She has dropped in from the manhole opening and landed into the water. She sees the Rapture and Finnegan running up ahead. She wears a playful smirk on her face.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 3: Cut to a shadowy/smoky Sabine who has just teleported in front of Finnegan further down the sewer. She has attempted to strike Finnegan with shadowy tendrils, but he is performing an ice slide back bend on his knees that is avoiding the attack. He leaves a small patch of ice trail behind him on the water's surface. The Rapture is frozen in mid air heading toward Sabine, one arm cocked back, about to land a mighty haymaker across her face.

SABINE: The STONE Finnegan!

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: DUCK! And do NOT stop!

FINNEGAN: Oh FECK!

PANEL 4: Cut to the Rapture's punch cutting through black starry smoke. Finnegan can be seen turning the corner down another sewer corridor.

SOUND FX: PFFT

PANEL 5: Cut to Sabine standing a ways out in front of Finnegan in the sewer tunnel he turned into. Finnegan stares her down with his glowing blue steaming eyes, plotting his next move. (Note: This panel should look like a classic high noon stand-off). Sabine has her hands raised, displaying multiple shadowy tendrils twirling about awaiting orders. Finnegan's hands and forearms are ice encrusted also steaming and glowing a bright blue. Finnegan's head is forward, but he is trying to direct his voice behind him over one shoulder.

SABINE: Time's up my little McFAIL!

FINNEGAN: Is it now?

FINNEGAN: JUDGE - I COULD USE A TIDAL WAVE!

PAGE 14 (SIX PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to a frontal shot of a wickedly smiling Finnegan with his arms extended in front of him ready to unleash streams of frost. Flying above him is the Rapture in a spread out pre-belly flop pose.

TOM JUDGE/RAPTURE: ON IT.

FINNEGAN: AYE.

PANEL 2: Cut to a side shot of the Rapture crashing into the sewer water in front of Finnegan, sending a huge wave of water toward Sabine. Sabine's eyes have widened and her teeth are gnashed together. She has sent her tendrils forth toward Finnegan but they are being absorbed by the wave's water.

SABINE: NO!

PANEL 3: Cut to Finnegan leaning into a power pose, unleashing streams of frost from each hand. The streams have frozen the wave and the majority of the water in the sewer canal, encasing Sabine in a thick solid ice tomb - freezing her in the same pose as the previous panel. The Rapture is jumping over Sabine, avoiding her and Finnegan's frost.

FINNEGAN: OH YES!

PANEL 4: Cut to Finnegan gingerly walking passed Sabine addressing her with a smug look on his face. He is running a hand through his now salt and pepper colored hair.

FINNEGAN: Would expect nothing else from a PIG but a GRUNT.

PANEL 5: Cut to the Rapture almost completely transformed back into Tom Judge. He stands at a ladder that leads up to another manhole with one hand resting on a rung. He looks at the approaching Finnegan with a confused look on his face.

TOM JUDGE: What'd you just say?

FINNEGAN: Ah nothing. Just an old saying me mum used to say.

TOM JUDGE: Right. Well, up we go.

PANEL 6: Cut to a close up shot of the manhole cover opening on a darkened city street.

SOUND FX: SNIFF - SNIFF.

PAGE 15 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Sabine is bursting out of her ice prison, sending shards of ice flying out every which way. She looks furious and is screaming out in frustration.

SABINE: ARRRGH! AMATURES!

PANEL 2: Cut back to above ground. Tom Judge and Finnegan are standing beside the open manhole at their feet, looking at something off panel. Tom Judge is giving a wave with an expression that says, "hope this wasn't a stupid idea." Finnegan stands dumbfounded, as if he had laid eyes on some great horror.

FINNEGAN: Jaysus - H - Christ...

TOM JUDGE: Hey there. Thought I'd bring ya a visitor. Hope you don't mind.

PANEL 3: Cut to a similar shot as the previous panel but Sabine has now teleported in behind them. She has the jump on them. She has tendrils outstretched ready to strike both Judge and Finnegan down.

SABINE: DIE WORTHLESS VESSELS!

PANEL 4: Cut closer to Sabine. She has abruptly halted her attack because her gaze has finally caught hold of what Judge and Finnegan were looking at off panel. She looks like she has seen a ghost. She wears a look of both disbelief and fear.

SABINE: YOU...

PANEL 5: Cut to a close up of the stunned expression on Sabine's face.

SABINE: CAN'T be...

PAGE 16 (FULL PAGE PANEL)

PANEL 1: Cut to Sabine, Finnegan, and Judge standing at the grand urban version of the Gates of Hell. Guarding those gates, is the caste warrior sent to retrieve the Wheel of Shadows for Sabine (In the *Angelus*). She is now a skeletal warrior that rides on the back of a skeletal Cerberus, a large menacing three headed skeletal Hell hound. Surrounding her, is a troop of other skeletal warriors who ride various skeletal Hell beast mounts as well. The caste warrior is enraged to see Sabine. She has pulled the reigns of Cerberus causing him to rear on his hind feet. She is pointing at Sabine with her wicked looking Hell spear, booming out a command. Sabine is motioning to her - hands pleading out, in an attempt to calm her.

TOM JUDGE: I believe you two may have MET?

TOM JUDGE: Sabine - meet the caste warrior you sent here to get you your precious WHEEL, who you then STABBED in the back.

TOM JUDGE: Caste Warrior, that now rides Cerberus I might add, meet Sabine - your once faithful leader who STRIPPED you of your flesh and once prestigious TITLE.

TOM JUDGE: I'm sure you two may have a LOT to talk about, so my friend and I will let you two have at it. ENJOY!

CASTE WARRIOR: DECIMATE the one who wields the Wheel! Strip her of her flesh and artifact! BREAK - HER - BONES!

SABINE: WAIT! This is MADNESS! HE has the RAPTURE! Surely HE is more desired than ME!

PAGE 17 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: The caste warrior and her army of skeletal riders, are pouncing on Sabine in the background. In the foreground, Tom Judge and Michael Finnegan walk away from the battle.

FINNEGAN: Well played.

TOM JUDGE: Yeah well - come here often enough and you learn a few things. There's ALWAYS someone here who has it out for you - doesn't matter WHO you are.

PANEL 2: Cut to a closer mid shot of the two conversing walking down an alley away from the Gates of Hell.

FINNEGAN: Even more reason to get our arses OUT of here. I don't feel the need to come across any MORE of my admirers.

TOM JUDGE: Couldn't agree with you more. Luckily for us, the train station is right around the corner.

PANEL 3: Cut to a close up of Finnegan looking at Judge with an expression of gratitude.

FINNEGAN: You know I never properly THANKED you for coming here and getting me... Especially for ridding the depression I was in. I was in a DARK place Judge and you pulled me out.

PANEL 4: Cut to a close up of Judge responding to Finnegan with a slight smile.

TOM JUDGE: No thanks needed. It's kind of what I do. Just don't ever ask me for ADVICE. THAT I don't do - didn't work out so well the last time.

PANEL 5: Cut to Finnegan and Judge exiting the alley onto another Hell flavored city street side walk. Judge is lighting a cigarette as Finnegan looks ahead with an expression and body language that reads...

FINNEGAN: You've GOT to be KIDDING me.

OFF PANEL VO: End of the LINE Judge. The Rapture WILL be OURS!

FINNEGAN: Does it ever END?

PAGE 18 (FULL PAGE PANEL)

PANEL 1: Cut to a full page panel of Judge and Finnegan being confronted by yet another mass mob of demons of various flavors. They all stand guard and salivate at the chance to obtain the Rapture. They fill the street as far as the eye can see. The train station can be seen in the distance behind the demon opposition. Judge's body language makes it clear that he realizes there is no way they will make it. Finnegan is looking down at his Glacier Stone pendant. It is only about a quarter full of blue glowing energy.

FINNEGAN: If THAT'S the train station, we're FECKED. I don't have enough power to even fight a half DOZEN of these pigs.

TOM JUDGE: Even if you could, this would be one of those times where you just need to turn around and - RUN!

RANDOM DEMON: GET THEM!!!

PAGE 19 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Judge and Finnegan have retreated back into the alley they came. Demons are pursuing them, funneling into the alley behind them. Judge is reaching into a breast pocket within his jacket. Finnegan is looking wide eyed over his shoulder at the pursuing horde.

TOM JUDGE: Time for plan B.

FINNEGAN: Why the Hell wasn't Plan B plan A?!

PANEL 2: Cut to Judge looking over at Finnegan beside him as they continue to run down the alley. Judge is playfully smirking at him as he holds up a small yellow smiley face pin. Finnegan looks confused, frightened, and he is straining to keep up his speed.

TOM JUDGE: Jury's still out if it will even WORK - experimental TECH if you will. But what do we got to lose right? We're in HELL - Can't go DOWN from here.

FINNEGAN: Fair enough.

PANEL 3: Cut to Judge screaming into the smiley face pin still attempting to outrun the numerous tailing demons that have continued to funnel into the alley behind him. Finnegan attempted to put up an ice wall, but the lead demon is shattering through it.

FINNEGAN: Figure it out JUDGE! We're running out of TIME!

TOM JUDGE: TILLY come in! Fire up the GIMP! Two of us inbound ASAP! ...Things didn't really go according to plan.

TILLY VO (FROM SMILEY PIN): And you thought they WOULD? I had that equation pegged the second you left. Locking on now. Prepare for delivery.

PANEL 4: Judge and Finnegan have exited the alley back into the area of the Gates of Hell. They are screeching to a halt, wide eyed at what they see. Judge is slightly in front of Finnegan

with his arm extended blocking Finnegan from going further. Judge has grabbed hold of Finnegan's chest. Sabine stands at the center of a massive pile of bones that belonged to the caste warrior, Cerberus, and her skeletal army. She looks exhausted and just as surprised to see Judge and Finnegan - as they are to see her. The trailing demons have caught up and are all lunging in for attacks on Judge and Finnegan.

FINNEGAN: Well I'll be...

SABINE: You TWO! Foreplay OVER?

TOM JUDGE: TILLY! DO IT ALREADY!

TILLY VO (FROM SMILEY PIN): Simmerrr...

PANEL 5: Cut to the same setup as the panel before. Both Sabine and the demons are lunging in at Judge and Finnegan with their most powerful strikes, however Judge and Finnegan have disappeared. They have been teleported away from the scene leaving behind two small bright orbs of light.

VARIOUS DEMON BATTELCALLS: ARRRRGHHH!

SABINE: DIE FOOLS!

PAGE 20 (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to Judge and Finnegan bent over puking on each side of the Gimp - which is located in the basement of a dark abandoned warehouse. A half broken fluorescent light barely lights the room, save for the glow that is emanating from the powering down Gimp. The Gimp is a new variation of the one that appeared in *Tom Judge: The Rapture*. It's not as sophisticated, but still has the concentration camp barbed wire around the top of it and is now adorned with other decorations of great negative emotional energy such as bloodied children's clothing, a noose, a rusted blade, etc. etc.

FINNEGAN: HURRRRUHHHH!

TOM JUDGE: GLURRRRRG!

PANEL 2: Cut to a shot that exposes Tilly Grimes but still has Finnegan and Judge in the panel. Tilly sits behind a makeshift desk that has multiple monitors displaying various readouts that highlight her in a slight glow. She is leaning back in her chair, arms folded, looking unimpressed. There are mathematical equations written all over the walls behind her. Both Judge and Finnegan are leaning forward, hands on knees, but they are looking up at Tilly. Judge has one arm up motioning to her.

TILLY: That's ATTRACTIVE.

TOM JUDGE: Michael Finnegan - Tilly Grimes. Tilly - Michael.

FINNEGAN: Nice to meet ya. Thanks for doing... whatever it is you did to get us OUT of there.

TILLY: No worries - Just had to power up an old FRIEND and hope for the best.

PANEL 3: Cut to Finnegan now standing, addressing Judge and Tilly with a look of uncertainty. Judge, now standing as well, is lighting another cigarette. Tilly is moving the red hair that hangs down from the non shaven half of her head out of her face.

FINNEGAN: So uh, this IS the REAL world right? It's not like some purgatory or something.

TILLY: I don't know if I would call it the REAL world, but it is the world we NOW live in thanks to your buddy Jackie. The world you knew BEFORE, is no longer.

FINNEGAN: And how's that?

PANEL 4: Cut to Judge sitting in a chair that is backwards, straddling it - his arms resting on the top of its back support. He is exhaling some smoke into the air. Finnegan is looking over at him with a look of confusion. Tilly still sits at her desk behind her monitors.

TOM JUDGE: Well Michael, the world as you knew it prior to your... DEMISE, is no longer. A new one was created when the thirteen were gathered. And I believe Jackie had a heavy hand in its CREATION. So some things are little OFF as we've noted. For instance - HOPE. Remember her? More importantly, remember how OLD she was when you last saw her? Well now she's EIGHT. And

remember Jackie's JENNY? Well she's alive now - and Hope's MOTHER.

FINNEGAN: ...Impossible... SARA is her--

TILLY: -- Eh, eh, ehhh - WAS her mother.

PANEL 5: Cut to a similar panel as the one above but Finnegan is looking down, lost in thought.

TOM JUDGE: Something happened when the thirteen gathered. The world reset, but somehow Jackie was able to create the world HE wanted. He tried to mix up the Artifacts and HIDE them. But it's only a matter of time before the greatest primal forces of EXISTENCE reemerge. That's what led us to you.

FINNEGAN: How?

TOM JUDGE: Because Tilly here has a certain, GIFT.

TILLY: Not a gift Judge, SCIENCE. Numbers and equations SPEAK to me. They led me to Tom, and they had me lead Tom to YOU.

PAGE 21 (SIX PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to Judge now standing again, snuffing out his cigarette on the ground with his foot. Finnegan is looking at him while Tilly remains in her seat. Finnegan has an expression of slight realization.

TOM JUDGE: Listen. Long story short, the Artifacts are stirring, they know something's up. They can FEEL it. They will all be drawn together again - such is the CYCLE. But being the primal forces they are, each one is always looking for an EDGE over the OTHERS. The reason Sabine was after you, is because her and Ms. Glorianna Silver plan to open PANDORA'S BOX and share the power of its MADNESS.

TILLY: But what each of them DOESN'T know, is that they both plan on stabbing each other in the back. Each of them wants SOLE custody of the box for themselves. If only they could see the NUMBERS. It's all right there...

FINNEGAN: Wait - I remember now. The Glacier Stone is half the KEY to Pandora's Box. The Ember Stone is the other.

PANEL 2: Cut to Judge pointing at Finnegan to accentuate Finnegan's point. Tilly is still seated but she has swiveled around and is absorbed by an equation she is writing out on the wall.

TOM JUDGE: BINGO. And we CAN'T let them open it. No one knows the madness it could unleash; especially NOW with things the way they are. Everything's upside down, nothing's stable.

FINNEGAN: Well where the hell IS it?

TILLY: Working on it...

PANEL 3: Cut to a different angle of the previous panel's set up. Finnegan has a questioning expression on his face. Judge is nodding with slight annoyance, motioning toward Tilly.

TOM JUDGE: She's only SEEN up to this point.

TILLY: CALCULATED.

TOM JUDGE: ...Calculated.

FINNEGAN: So the plan is to get to the box before Sabine and Glorianna and do what - keep it SAFE?

PANEL 4: Cut to a closer shot of Finnegan and Judge continuing their conversation. You can see Finnegan is making his own calculations in his head.

TOM JUDGE: Yeah.

FINNEGAN: THEN what?

TOM JUDGE: Then we figure out HOW to get our world back... The INTENDED world - NOT Jackie's fantasy.

FINNEGAN: But we can't do ANYTHING until Tilly does her bit with the numbers - that right?

PANEL 5: Cut to same shot as above but Judge has picked up on Finnegan forming his own plan. Judge has a skeptical untrusting look on his face.

TOM JUDGE: Technically - yeah.

FINNEGAN: And you say ALL the Artifacts are back in play?

TOM JUDGE: What are you GETTING at Finnegan?

FINNEGAN: I have a score to settle. I'm thinking I'll be off like a Deb's dress, but don't you WORRY. You figure out where this BOX is, and I'll be back. And again, my sincere thanks for pulling me out of that pit. I owe ya. It will NOT be forgotten.

PANEL 6: Cut to Finnegan walking away towards a flight of stairs that lead up out of the warehouse basement. His back is to Judge as Tilly continues to scribble on the wall, absorbed by her equation. Finnegan is waving goodbye without looking. Judge has his arms out as if he were saying, "you can't be serious."

TOM JUDGE: You KIDDING me? You can't leave NOW. She could figure out the location any MINUTE!

TILLY: ACTUALLY - this one may take awhile...

FINNEGAN: You gave me HOPE Judge. You must have FAITH in there somewhere too. I'll be back in time. Don't you worry...

PAGE 22 (SIX PANELS)

PANEL 1: Cut to an underground Subway station. The place is empty except for a man who wears a black trench coat whose head is leaned over his chest - fast asleep. His long raven hair obscures his face from view. This is Ian Nottingham. The only other person present in the subway is a transit cop who is playing with his baton and walking along the subway platform approaching Nottingham. Flickering fluorescent lights illuminate the scene.

TRANSIT COP: Up and at 'em BUDDY. Ya can't loiter down here. Let's MOVE.

PANEL 2: Cut to the transit cop now forcibly poking Nottingham in the shoulder with his baton looking none too pleased. Nottingham doesn't budge.

TRANSIT COP: I sad WAKE the F up! Get a MOVE on bum! I ain't ASKIN' again.

PANEL 3: Cut to Nottingham now awake. He has sprung into action and removed the baton from the cop's hand. He is now forcibly upper-cutting the cop in the groin with the baton. The cop is bent over; eyes bulged, screaming in pain.

TRANSIT COP: GAHHHH! MOTH - FUCKA!

PANEL 4: Cut to the transit cop crashing into the Subway bench. Nottingham is now standing behind him, and has shattered the baton across the back of the transit cop's head. A look of shock and confusion is seen on Nottingham's face.

SOUND FX: CRACK!

IAN NOTTINGHAM THOUGHT BOX: Holy SHIT. How did I...?

PANEL 5: Cut to Nottingham looking around disoriented. He has no idea where he is and is frightened that someone will come across the scene.

IAN NOTTINGHAM THOUGHT BOX: WHERE am I? My MEMORY...

IAN NOTTINGHAM THOUGHT BOX: WHO am I?

PANEL 6: Cut to Nottingham looking down at the ID he has removed from the wallet he found on himself. He still looks confused. The ID reads: Ian Nottingham.

IAN NOTTINGHAM: Ian Nottingham?

END OF ISSUE ONE