

Shadow State #1 final

05/30/95

Fatale

Title "Who Is Like Unto the Beast" Part 1

Credits Created by Broadway Comics
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Drawn by
Inked by
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Lettered by

Cast of Characters

Donna, the sacrificial virgin
J. P. Fitzgerald ("Fitz"), a rich industrialist and cult member
Donny, a retarded 14 year old boy
Duke, Fitz' Man Friday, a former Green Beret

Ms. Ogun, another daughter of the beast and Fatale's half sister
Reynolds and Smith, Ogun's former and future chiefs of staff

Page 1 3/14/95

Panel 1 1/6 flapjack

A 1970 Plymouth Duster is coming towards the camera. All we see is the highway, woods, car approaching, headlights blazing.

Caption Route 222, outside of Reading, Pennsylvania.
December 23, 1971. 11:35 PM.

Panel 2 1/6 flapjack

The car has just passed the camera, taillights going away, a swirl of leaves in its wake. We can see a sign that says "Kutztown 29 miles" and an old-style gas station with lights on in front of them, way in the distance. Car is not quite as far away as it was in panel 1.

Panel 3 2/3 page

Inside the car. There is a 16 year old girl, Donna, in the passenger seat, and a 50 year old man, J. P. Fitzpatrick, at the wheel. Shoot 3/4 past the girl.

She's wearing his large trenchcoat. Underneath, she's got on a scanty, diaphanous ceremonial outfit. He's wearing a turtleneck and a sportcoat. They're both kind of ruffled up. She used to have a fancy hairdo, but it's falling down, jewelry in her hair, trenchcoat so large and loose we can see a bit of the ceremonial outfit underneath, jewels around her neck. She's an incredibly beautiful girl who has sustained a shot to the head...black eye, swollen. He's got a lot of dried blood on his shirt and a cut above his eye. He's been very quiet, because he's been busy thinking.

Fitz You know, you're a very brave little girl. How old are you, seventeen?

Donna Sixteen.

Title: "Who Is Like Unto the Beast"

Credits: [see cover page]

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Panel 1 1/3 page horizontal

The car is approaching gas station, in the middle distance. Some plaid-clad guys are standing by their pickup which has a gunrack. Shoot as if from the back seat from behind Fitz.

Fitz You've held up pretty well through all of this. I think we're safe for the moment.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Fitz is leaning forward a bit, now looking at gas station guys, who are looking at his car. We can clearly see the pickup's gun rack, which holds several rifles or shotguns. Shoot from 3/4 behind him.

Fitz We probably lost them at the bus station in Dayton.

Panel 3 1/3 page

Fitz reaches for a gun, which is lying on the seat between them. He just places his hand on it, ready to pick it up, but doesn't pick it up. Silent. Shoot from straight on side, so we see the truck and rednecks through Fitz' window. The car is passing the gas station. The guys are looking straight at him.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Straight on shot of Fitz; we can see the gas station behind them now. His hand has returned to the steering wheel.

Fitz There's not much time to talk. I know you must be exhausted, Donna, but there are some things that are important for you to know.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Focus on Donna. We can see a bit of Fitz—he's cropped, so we see a bit of his arm and shoulder, gun on the seat. She has her head down, but her eyes are open, looking up. It's that "Oh my god what is going to become of me" expression.

Fitz We're going to a little house in the hills. I own it, but it can't be traced back to me. You'll be safe there.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Shoot from just outside of his window. He's looking straight ahead, resolutely. She's looking at him, supplicatively.

Donna Can't you just take me home, Mr. Fitzgerald?

Fitz No...if you surface anywhere, they'll kill you in minutes.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Close up of her face starts to scrunch up to cry, as if every time she thinks about this tears pour out.

Donna Why? Who are those people?

Fitz [op] Bunch of humanitarians...

Page 3 3/17-20

Panel 1 1/9 page

She's crying hard. Favor her, but show Fitz.

Donna They hurt me.

Fitz Donna, tell me what you remember.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Silent. Shoot from outside her window. She's looking out of it, with a blank look on her face. We can see reflections of outside scenery -- a highway sign, a truck stop, whatever -- on the glass, superimposing her face.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Close up on her face. Outside the window still; she's still looking out of it so her head is turned, same blank look. We can still see a reflection on the glass, different from last panel, and her breath on it.

Donna I'd been Christmas shopping...

...and I was waiting for the bus to go home.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Extreme closeup of Donna, struggling to remember things that seem long ago.

Donna Then somebody grabbed me, and then...I don't know.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Silent flashback of Donna being kidnapped at a bus stop, from her point of view. A light snow is falling. She can see a piece of a guy with hooded parka and a scarf over his face and a hypo in his hand, coming for her. Her hand is up, trying to fend off the hypo, but another guy is holding her from behind and his hand is pulling her hand back. He'd dragged her a few feet and we can see tracks in the snow. Another guy in the background is picking up her handbag and shopping bag.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Pull camera to outside windshield, straight on shot of her, still looking out the window. See a little bit of Fitz, cropped.

Donna I woke up in this big room, and I could see out the window. I was in the mountains.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Silent flashback of Donna waking up, again her point of view. She's laying on the bed. She can see a matronly caretaker looming over her, and another nurse carrying a tray with juice. It is an opulent bedroom, pretty, airy, light and beautiful. There's a large window and we can see the Rockies.

Panel 8 1/9 page

Shoot outside the windshield from Fitz's side, past his hand on the steering wheel. He's still looking straight ahead. She's turned and is sitting forward, but is slumped down -- as if having a failure of memory.

Donna After that, everything's kinda hazy.

Fitz It's a drug they gave you in the juice. It makes you compliant and disoriented.

Panel 9 1/9 page

Shoot from the floor at her. She's looking down, still blankly. We can see a little cleavage, since she's leaving over. The trenchcoat has fallen away and we can see her leg is bare underneath.

Donna I remember, um...they gave me a bath...

Page 4 3/17-20

Panel 1 1/9 page

Crop shot of Donna, chin down. She's touching her throat, as if remembering being prepared.

Donna ...and massaged me and put on perfume and dressed me.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Silent flashback panel of Donna being prepped for the ceremony, again from her pov. She is sitting at a vanity and is looking at herself in the mirror. Her hand is in a matching position on her throat as Panel 1. She has a drugged look on her face. We can see attendants putting jewels in her hair and fussing with it.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Dead on shot of Donna. She looks scared and is pulling the coat around her tight.

Donna Then they took me into this big room and they put me on a table. When they put the handcuffs on me...I got really scared.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Very extreme closeup of her eyes and nose, maybe a bit of her hair. Don't forget one eye is blackened; crop away most of the bruise. Angle on her head is kind of up, that arcs her brows a little more, so she looks scared.

Donna I wanted to scream or run but...it was like a bad dream, I couldn't move.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Silent flashback panel of the ceremony beginning, from Donna's pov. She's laying on an altar, being chained, looking up at her captors. We can see the cuffs going on her wrists. We can also see the priestess, small, in the background, presiding over. The priestess holds a big ceremonial dagger.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Shoot past Donna. She is holding her arm up and looking at the cuff and a bit of dangling chain, which obviously has been cut. She wants to disbelieve her memories, and yet there on her wrist is proof. He is driving, but has taken his eyes off the road and is looking at her, understanding what she's going through.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Close up of Fitz, grim-looking.

Fitz And then...?

Panel 8 1/9 page

Donna tightening up, clenching her hands into fists at her chest.

Panel 9 1/9 page

Silent flashback. Donna's POV. Demon mounting her. See tastefully subtle layout.

Page 5

Panel 1 1/9 page

Donna's hands are open now, palms up, coming up towards her face.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Silent flashback. Donna's POV. Demon humping her. See discreet, subtle layout.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Donna hands are up to her face, on her eyes.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Silent flashback. Donna's POV. Close up of dragon's face.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Donna, head sunk down in her hands.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Shoot from Donna's side, crop her a little if necessary. Donna is crying full out. The trenchcoat has fallen away from her legs a bit and we can see blood on her thighs. Fitz looking at her, a miserable expression on his face.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Close up on Fitz, grim.

Fitz I was hoping you didn't remember.

Panel 8 2/9 page

Car is pulling into the driveway of a small frame house. See floor plan and map.

Fitz (op) We're here.

Page 6

Panel 1 1/3 page horizontal

Inside the living room. This isn't an opulent place. Seven foot ceilings, very plain. She's standing huddled in the middle of the room; freezing, on one bare foot. Her other foot is on top of the first, in that "the floor's cold" kind of way. Most of the cheap furniture is covered, but the covering sheet has been pulled off of one couch. No overhead lights, all lamps. Light coming in from the hallway. He's fiddling with the thermostat.

Caption Christmas Eve, 1971. 12:07 AM.

Fitz Don't worry, it ought to warm up in here pretty soon.

Panel 2 1/9 page

He's looking back at her, she's still in the middle of the room.

Donna Um, where's the bathroom?

Fitz Down the hall. I'll show you.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Shoot from inside the bathroom. She's close to the camera, he's standing in the doorway. She's bent over the tub so she can reach the faucet, running the water, still clutching the trenchcoat around her.

Fitz I just lit the pilot on the water heater. It'll take a little while for it to warm up.

Hey, that water must be freezing.

Donna I don't care.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Shoot from behind Fitz and Donna, i.e., we see their backs. She's stepping out of the trenchcoat -- it's hanging off of one arm -- and has started to tear the flimsy ceremonial stuff off with her other hand. Her back is to him, and she's completely oblivious to him. Be discreet. Fitz is in the foreground, looking at her, in an awkward stance, flustered.

Fitz Can I help you? I mean, is there anything I can do for you? Do you want me to leave you alone?

Donna Yes, but...please don't leave...and don't close the door.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Medium shot, from the side, sitting in the tub. Her long hair is wet and hanging, straight down. A blank expression is on her face. She's leaning forward slightly so that her arms hanging down cover her nipples.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Camera pulls back in the hallway; bathroom doorway frames the panel. She's sitting in the tub in the center of the shot, slumped forward slightly, looking weary and wasted -- she hasn't moved. On the floor of the bathroom are the clothes she's cast off.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Pull back down the hallway more to reveal head and shoulders of Fitz. His back is to the wall and his head is turned toward the bathroom door, with a longing look. In the background we see Donna, as before. The implication here is that Fitz has a Lolita thing for her. Make sure that this is identifiably Fitz.

Page 7 3/20

Panel 1 1/3 page horizontal

Medium shot, full figures, establish the whole kitchen. She's sitting at the kitchen table. A cup of tea is sitting there; so is an open toolbox. He's kneeling in front of her, having sawed three of her manacles off

and is working on the last one on her ankle. She is wearing a one of his sweatshirts, very baggy on her, and a pair of his jeans, one sock on (the unshackled foot), the other sock draped over a knee. She has a towel wrapped around her head in a turban. He's focused on sawing the manacle, not looking at her.

Caption 1:02 AM.

Fitz Donna, I'm going to have to leave soon.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Pull in close, cropping Fitz and Donna, so we can clearly see the sawing of the manacle.

Fitz Listen carefully. The people who are after us control or influence almost everything: the government, the police, even the church....

Donna Who are they?

Panel 3 1/9 page

Medium shot, full figure, from 3/4 overhead. The manacle is off, and on the floor. He's kneeling in front of her, in a submissive position, rubbing her bruised ankle. He's looking at her ankle. She's looking down at him.

Fitz An exclusive little club...some of the most powerful people in the world.

Donna Like you?

Panel 4 1/9 page

Closeup of Fitz's hands on her slim, girlish ankle.

Fitz Yes. I was a member. During the last couple of years, though ... well, let's just say I haven't seen eye to eye with the others.

This isn't the kind of club you can just quit...so I started making contingency plans.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Longish medium shot. We can see the whole house, the whole car, and a little environment. Balloons to the house.

Fitz I have houses like this all over the country...nondescript cars under fake names kept ready and waiting for me in hundreds of towns...caches of gold, diamonds, currency...and weapons. And a few people I can trust.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Long medium shot, through the window. He's kneeling in front of her, putting the sock on her foot. She's sitting woodenly in the chair.

Fitz Even so, we were very lucky to get away.

Donna Why did they...do that to me?

Panel 7 1/9 page

Bust shot, close on her, starting to cry again. She's clutching her shirt, fist clenched. He's standing; she's framed by the side of his body and his arm. He's got the manacle in his hand.

Fitz Every year there's a meeting in a private chateau near Aspen They hold a little ceremony. A young girl is brought in...and you know some of what happens to her.

Donna Why me?

Page 8

Panel 1 1/6 page

Close medium shot, cropped to Fitz' waist. Shoot at Fitz, who's turned away from Donna, walking toward the camera. He's putting the manacle in his jacket pocket. Donna swings around to look at him, an unbelieving look on her face.

Fitz Choosing you as the sacrifice was their way of punishing me.

Donna Just 'cause you were my mother's friend?

Panel 2 1/6 page

Closeup of Fitz, looking down, his back to Donna.

Fitz Years before you were born, long before she married your father, I was in love with your mother. I lost her because I was busy building an empire...but I couldn't forget her.

Panel 3 1/6 page

Longish medium shot. He's standing at the kitchen table, putting the tools away.

Fitz I stayed in touch, I helped out as much as she'd let me. I even got myself on the board of the college where your dad taught -- he got his tenure because of me.

Panel 4 1/6 page

Close medium shot, diagrammatical. He's turned to her. She's looking down, he's looking at her.

Fitz I was devastated when she died. You were ten then, right?

Donna Uh-huh.

Panel 5 1/6 page

Close medium shot. He's turned toward her; his crotch is at about her head level. He's lifting her chin, gently. She's looking up at him, stunned.

Fitz You...are the spitting image of your mother. Do you know that?

Panel 6 1/6 page

Straight on closeup of Donna, her chin raised at the angle his hand left it. lips slightly parted, very wide-eyed. Her expression is as if a light bulb has turned on over her head. Silent.

Page 9

Panel 1 1/9 page

She's in the background. He's in the foreground, already in the living room, tucking the gun into his waistband.

Fitz I have to go. Make a few arrangements...lay some false trails. I'll be back in two weeks, three at the outside.

Remember, you can't trust anyone. Don't leave this house for any reason.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Profile Donna. She hasn't moved, she's still looking forward, stunned. He's in the distance. He's putting his trenchcoat on, not looking at her. Little bit of a profile of him, turning his head so his voice carries, but not turning fully toward her.

Fitz Put a shade up in the back room and the boy from the house down the hill will bring you groceries. He's slow--retarded--but he's dependable. He won't ask any questions, and no one's likely to question him.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Bust shot. He's cracking a curtain and peering out the living room window.

Fitz There's no phone here. If you absolutely have to get a message to me, if it's a real emergency, say these words to the boy: critical mass. He'll call a number I gave him and hang up. One of my contacts will let me know and I'll get in touch with you.

Panel 4 1/9 page

He's standing at the door, ready to open it and go out. Full figure, looking down.

Fitz I'm sorry about this. When I get back, I'll take you away someplace safe where they'll never find you. I'll make it up to you...I'll make a good life for you...

Panel 5 1/9 page

He's in the foreground. Shoot from outside the door. He's turned and is looking at her. She's in the background, looking at him. Imply a scared resignation in her look; this shot echoes the bathroom shot.

Fitz ...for us. You'll see.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Car pulling out of the driveway, coming towards the reader. Focus on the driver's side, light coming out of the window of the house and reflecting on the ground.

Panel 7 1/3 page

3/4 overhead of the kitchen. She hasn't moved out of the chair, lots of the empty house around her. She's all alone in the world.

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Panel 1 2/9 page

Diagrammatic shot. Donna is sitting up in bed, leaning back on her arms. The bedroom is very simple -- no decorations on the walls. Donna is wearing a man's T-shirt. The blankets are scrunched around her legs so we can see a small patch of thigh. The shade on the window is down. Silent.

Caption December 29, 1970.
9:37 AM.

Panel 21/9 page

Full figure shot. Donna is in the kitchen, wearing baggy sweatshirt, rolled up men's pants, socks, men's slippers that don't nearly fit. She's up on her tiptoes, looking in cabinets. They're empty, several are open. There's a wastebasket in the foreground; in which we can see are several empty tin cans....i.e., she's run out of food.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Bust shot. She's standing at the doorway of the bedroom. She's in the foreground, looking thoughtfully at the shade, which is down.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Shot from outside. We can see the whole window frame, 45o angle. Her hand on the shade, letting it up. (This exact shot will be echoed through the story every time she lifts the shade to summon Donny...the differences will be reflected in light and seasonal changes.) This is December, in the morning, so the lighting should be as if an overcast, bleary day.

Panel 5 1/9 page

She's sitting at the kitchen table, writing on a scratch pad.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Close up of her hand and the pad so we can see enough of what she's written, in girlish round handwriting (circles as dots over the i's). A number of pages have been folded back.

Diary December 29, 1971

This is the eighth day since it happened. I've decided to write everything down that I remember about it in case something happens to me. Maybe somebody will find this

Panel 7 1/9 page

Bust shot. Her in the foreground, looking up. In the background, we can see the front door. She's still writing, and stops to look up at the door.

Caption 11:30 AM.

SFX Nok nok nok

Panel 8 1/9 page

Diagrammatical medium shot of her, stepping out one step of the door. There are grocery bags on the porch. The retarded boy, Donny, is some distance away, just turning the corner of the driveway. She would have arrived at the door in time to catch a glance at him, no more. He's thin, about 14, dressed in farm boy clothes -- plaid jacket, jeans, boots, cap with earpatches. Some patchy snow on the ground. She's looking not at the groceries, but towards him. He's not looking at her, just shuffling away.

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Panel 1 1/9 page

Donna is peering out the kitchen window, waiting for Fitz' car. It's getting dark out. She's pulling the curtain a little, leaning against the wall, in the kitchen corner.

Caption January 14, 1972.

5:02 PM.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Shot where we can see the whole window frame, 45o angle. There's her hand on the shade, pulling it up. This is a not-quite-matching shot of the previous: there's no snow on the sill, we can see a bit of her sleeve, the light is brighter since it's noon, etc.

Caption January 28, 1972.
12:01 PM.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Full figure of Donny, walking forward near the road curve. Past him we can see her in the kitchen window, pulling the curtain back a bit, looking at him.

Caption 1:32 PM.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Shoot from behind Donna. The kid is kneeling on the front step, putting the groceries down, and is looking up in surprise.

Donna Hi! Can--can I talk to you for a minute?

Donny Whuh--

Panel 5 1/9 page

180o from the last shot. He's stood up and is backing off a bit. She's framed by the doorway, reaching out a bit to him.

Donna Sorry if I scared you -- my name is Donna! What's your name?

Donny Brot'cher gro'shries.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Her face is on the right side of the panel. Shoot over her shoulder, at Donny, backing away.

Donna Have you heard from Mister Fitzgerald? Do you know what's going on?

Donny Any speshul gro'shries you want? I'll get 'em, yes'm.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Close up of Donna, pleading with Donny.

Donna Please, can't you tell me anything?

Donny (op) Y'want s'more gro'shries?

Panel 8 1/9 page

Upshot at Donna from past the groceries. She's slumped slightly, looking dejected and resigned. Silent.

Panel 9 1/9 page

Long medium shot. She's stepped out onto the porch. She's still looking down at the groceries, resigned to her fate. He's walking down the road.

Donna Yeah...uh, next time...could you bring me some magazines?

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Panel 1 2/9 page

Full length shot, angled so we can see her and her reflection. She's in the bedroom. She stands looking her body profile in a long door mirror. She's pulling the t-shirt up with one hand, holding her stomach with the other. She's nearly four months pregnant here. She has a concerned look on her face. She's got pants on, zipper down a bit to accommodate her tummy, boxers underneath.

Caption April 20, 1972.
11:14 AM.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Close up on hand, writing on the pad on the kitchen table.

Caption May 1, 1972

Diary 5/1 -- 17 yrs. old today

Still no word from Mister Fitzgerald. Something must have happened to him. I don't know what to do. I've never been so scared or lonely in my life. Some birthday, huh?

Panel 3 1/9 page

Pull back. Donna's sitting at the kitchen table, and looking up at the door, very startled, and afraid.

SFX nok nok nok

Panel 4 1/9 page

Shoot from behind her, long medium shot. Donny is standing in the doorway, grinning, holding a parcel-post box.

Donny A package come.

Donna For me?

Panel 5 1/9 page

He's standing inside the doorway. The package is on the ground, she's kneeling in front of it, starting to tear it open. Shoot from behind his head, past his shoulder, down at her.

Donny An 'm s'pos'd tuh give yuh this message.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Diagrammatical, from the side. She's on her knees, holding up a '70s style dress (with an obvious waistline) out of the box. The dress will obviously not fit her in her current condition. See sketch.

Donny Happy birfday to you, happy birfday dear Donna, happy birfday to you!

Panel 7 1/9 page

Shoot straight on him, digging into his coat pocket.

Donny And I got something fr yuh.

Panel 8 1/9 page

Donny's pov. We can see his arm extended toward her, holding a Tasty Kake cupcake package, slightly mangled. She's in the background, standing now, hand to her face, kind of smiling/crying under her hand.

Donny It's cake, see?

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Panel 1 1/9 page

Close up of Donna, big smile, slightly teary.

Donna Thank you.

Panel 2 2/9 page

Long shot from the other end of the room.

Donna Would you like to come in and have some?

Donny F'r real?

Panel 3 1/9 page

Slight downshot, He's sitting upright at the table, smiling, "oh boy cake". She's arriving at the table holding two saucers with cupcakes. There's a half gallon carton of milk sitting on the table, and two full glasses.

Donna What's your name?

Panel 4 1/9 page

Close up of him, looking sheepish.

Donny Well, I ain't s'posed to say but...it's Donny.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Bust shot of Donny, walking out of the door. Shoot from outside. There are chocolate crumbs on his face. Donna behind him.

Donna Thank you, Donny. It was really nice to have somebody to talk to.

Donny Bye, Miz Donna. See you next week with more gro'shries!

Panel 6 2/9 page

Donna is standing in front of the mirror, looking at her body profile; match previous mirror shot. Her hair is now kind of stringy and a bit dirty. She's wearing one of Fitz' dress shirts, buttoned to her the top of her tummy. She's nearly eight months pregnant. Her tummy is sticking way out; the boxers are over her hips and butt but dodging down around her belly. Silent. She's looking very, very troubled.

Caption August 30, 1972.

11:14 AM.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Sitting at the kitchen table, sideways (her tummy's too big), writing in her diary, cup of tea on the table. Medium shot so we can see enough environs of the kitchen -- it's not as tidy as it used to be, the dishes aren't done.

Page 14 3/31

Panel 1 1/9 page

Close up of hand and diary, which is now a spiral-bound notebook with some loose pages from the scratch pad diary stuck into it. The list of names should appear in the margin of notebook (letterer note: cross out "Scarlett" and "Carrie Dee"; circle Jeremy and Madeleine).

Diary 8/30

My baby could come at any day now. What if Mr. Fitzgerald doesn't get back in time? I'm so scared that I'll be all alone in the house when my baby is born.

Jeremy Rachel
Peter Madeleine
Michael Scarlett
Robert Michele
Sean Brenda
Brian Carrie Dee
Lelania
Sandra

Panel 2 2/9 page

Donna is sitting in front of the television, sunk into a couch in the living room. She's wearing what she was wearing last panel, barefoot. It's August, hot, and she's fanning herself with a magazine. The house is a bit messier now, and there are stacks and stacks of magazines around the living room. The television is b&w and has rabbit ears. On the tv is a talk-show like set (circa 1970!), a man in a suit is speaking.

Caption 1:34 PM.

TV ...can't stress enough the importance of pre-natal care!

Panel 3 1/9 page

Shoot from behind the television. She is struggling mightily to rise from the couch.

TV And how often should a woman visit her obstetrician, doctor?

At least once a month, even more often during the final trimester!

Panel 4 1/9 page

Almost matching shot of the window as Donna raises the blind. It's bright summer light, the window is open, there's a screen on it. Silent.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Donna is standing at the curve of the driveway, waiting for Donny. We can see Donny walking up the hill toward her, around 20 feet away from her.

Caption Soon...

Donny I just brot'cha grosheries yesterday, miz Donna. Y'need s'more already?

Panel 6 1/9 page

Donny is now five feet from her.

Donna Donny, listen to me. Critical mass, okay? Do you understand?

I'm scared, all right?

Donny Yes'm.

Page 7 2/9 page

Shoot from the floor up at Donna. Close foreground, we can see an envelope that has been slipped under the front door. Donna is in the background, in the kitchen, standing in front of the refrigerator. The fridge door is open, she's pouring milk into a glass, but she's noticing the envelope. She's wearing a pair of Fitz' jeans, cut off, zipper down in the front to accommodate her tummy.

Caption September 16, 1972
9:40 AM.

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Panel 1 2/9 page

She's sunk to her knees in front of the front door, reading the letter, shocked look on her face. Silent.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Close up on her hand holding the letter, which is written in hurried masculine script.

Letter D.

DON'T LEAVE THE HOUSE. THEY MAY BE WATCHING. L WILL COME FOR YOU AS SOON AS I CAN.

DON'T LEAVE THE HOUSE!
F.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Pull the camera back, away from Donna, so that she's small in the panel. This is a level shot, camera is about a foot off the floor.

Donna [small] What am I gonna do? I can't do this by myself!

Panel 4 1/9 page

Pulling up shade matching shot. It's late summer now, light should be brighter and warmer. Silent.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Donna is sitting by the kitchen window, pulling the blind open a little bit. This should be colored in summer late morning light.

Caption 10:50 AM.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Match panel 5, she's in the same position but now she's not holding the curtain open. Her head is turned toward the window, looking out it. Room is now lit in late afternoon light.

Caption 5:35 PM.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Match panel 5, she's in the same position. But now she's looking down, in hand-wringing despair.

Caption 7:50 PM.

Panel 8 1/9 page

Donna peeking out the door, it's dark outside.

Page 16

Panel 1 1/6 page

Donna heading down towards Donny's house, down the driveway. Shoot from an angle where we can see part of her house, her figure small on her driveway, evidence of the other house at the bottom. Fairly high angle.

Panel 2 1/6 page

We can see Donny's house by the road at the bottom of the hill, the road, and the driveway up to Donna's house. Donna is approaching Donny's house cautiously, positioning herself behind a tree. Long shot, she's in middle ground.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Shoot from inside the house. We can see that it is abandoned -- faded wallpaper with light rectangular patches in areas where photos were taken off the wall and where the wall phone used to be. No furniture, scraps of newspapers, leftover from hurried packing, on the floor. Donna can be seen peering into the window, shielding her eyes up against it.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Bust shot of Donna, from the side, reacting to the sudden light that is pouring out of the window. She's shocked and scared, pulling back. See sketch.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Donna's back is now to the house wall, hiding. A small bit of her arm is still in front of the window (making us wonder if whoever is shining that light might spot her!).

Panel 6 1/6 page

Pull around to the front of the house. A car is idling, and two shadowy figures are inside it. They're shining a floodlight through the front window of the house.

Panel 7 1/6 page

Back to Donna's side of the house. Donna is peering around the corner of the house. Past the house, we can see the car pulling out.

Page 17

Panel 1 2/9 page

Shoot from 3/4 behind Donna, running up the driveway, staying on the side of the road toward the woods as much as she can. She's holding her tummy as she runs, turning her head over her shoulder to look back—as if fearing that she is being pursued.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Shoot from inside the house at Donna, having just come in the door, her back to it and pushing it shut in fright.

Panel 3 1/6 page

Bust shot, close on her, bent partway over in pain, clutching her tummy.

Donna Aaaaahhh!

Panel 4 1/6 page

Donna staggers over to the couch.

Panel 5 1/3 page

Shot from slightly overhead. Donna on the couch, holding the baby to her breast, looking awful, tired, stringy hair, blood everywhere -- childbirth + hemorrhaging. Sheet covering her. Her other arm is limp and bloody, dangling off the couch. Her eyes are nearly closed. Her diary and a pen are on the floor near her hand.

Caption 5:42 AM.

Page 18

Panel 1 1/9 page

Shot includes door and couch. She's not moving at all, though someone's pounding on the door.

SFX Blam blam blam

Panel 2 1/9 page

Booted foot kicks in door. From same angle, closer on door.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Shoot from the ground up towards Fitz, who has stepped into the door, angled to include her bloody limp hand, dangling off the couch, i.e. close up hand foreground and Fitz medium shot. Include the diary, foreground.

Fitz Donna!

Panel 4 2/9 page

Medium shot. Fitz kneeling beside her. Closed diary/thick spiral notebook, with loose papers tucked into

it, and pen should be on the floor underneath the hand. The diary cover has "My Diary" and "Donna" in girlish script (or balloony lettering)

Fitz Donna! Donna! Oh, my God!

Donna [small] Mr. Fitzgerald?

Panel 5 1/9 page

Two shot (see layout).

Fitz I got here as soon as I could --

Donna [small] ...won't stop bleeding...

Panel 6 1/9 page

Donna is trying to look at Fitz, trying to smile a little.

Fitz Gotta get you to a doctor -- I know one I can trust, but it's far...

Donna [small] 'S a girl! Isn't she beautiful? Her name is Madeleine.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Donna is looking at the baby.

Donna Take care of my baby.

Panel 29 1/9 page

Close on Donna as her head slumps back.

Page 19

Panel 1 2/9 page

Overhead shot, she's lying in blood as Fitz holds her, his head buried in her shoulder. Diary on the floor.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Fitz has gotten up and is holding the baby, he is looking down and sees the diary.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Match his entry shot. Hand visible, but no diary. Fitz walking out the door with the baby (and diary).

Panel 4 2/9 page

Long medium shot of house and environs. Fitz is 15-20 yards from house, but heading into the woods, uphill. He's looking up, as if trying to spot helicopters.

Panel 5 1/6 page

Medium shot. Shoot from behind Fitz, coming down through woods. In the near distance we see a nondescript car, with Fitz' driver, Duke, standing outside, smoking a cigarette, noticing Fitz' arrival. He's thirty-ish, big, strong, muscular, former Green Beret. The road is a gravel road.

Panel 6 1/6 page

Close medium shot. Fitz' is handing the diary and the baby over to the driver. Duke is looking holding the baby as if it's an alien thing.

Fitz Change of plans, Duke.

Duke Where's the girl, chief?

Page 20

Panel 1 1/9 page

Close up of Fitz's face, looking down slightly, dreadfully sorrowful.

Fitz Dead.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Fitz looks up at Duke, all business now.

Fitz Take care of the baby. Get out of here now.

Duke Hey, where you going?

Panel 3 1/9 page

Fitz looks grim. Duke looks concerned for him.

Fitz Back to burn the body.

Duke I'll come with you!

Panel 4 1/6 page

Fitz has turned and started to walk away. Focus on Duke, who doesn't look happy about being left alone with the kid.

Fitz No! Get the baby out of here! I'll see you at the Missouri safe house!

Panel 5 1/6 page

Fitz heads back into the woods.

Panel 6 2/9 page

Larger sized shot. Foreground, Fitz at the gas stove with a rolled up magazine, lighting it. In the background, we can see the couch with Donna's body on it, with a lot of magazines ripped up and fanned open around the couch.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Bust shot of him, holding the torch, cocking up his head, hearing approaching helicopters.

SFX whupwhupwhupwhupwhupwhup

Page 21

Panel 1 2/3 page horizontal

Shoot from high helicopter's pov, over the house. Show the whole house and immediate environs. Armed men are leaping out of vans, two other military-style helicopters are swooping in, men descending on rope ladders.

Panel 2 2/9 page

Shoot from behind Fitz. He is sprinting towards Donna's body, carrying the torch with one hand, gun drawn in the other, whirling to fire at three guys wearing military/police type outfits who are bursting in through the door.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Couch pov. Fitz tosses torch towards the couch, while firing and being shot at.

Page 22

Panel 1 2/9 page

Shoot from 3/4 above the living room. We can see the whole scene: Fitz in the middle of the room, shooting at the soldiers are rushing in from the front door and from behind him. The torch has landed at about Donna's hand level in front of the couch. Some soldiers are headed toward the couch.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Shoot straight at the couch so that we can see her limp hand and her torso but not her head. The flames are just starting to catch at the magazines on the floor.

Panel 3 2/9 page

Diagrammatical (Kirby-like) shot of Fitz having rolled to his back, blasting away as a bunch of guys pile over him, but not landing on him. See layout.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Match panel 2. The flames are getting bigger, the tips just reaching a bit higher than the seat of the couch.

Panel 5 2/9 page

Shoot from slightly outside the house at the kitchen corner (about where the driveway bends). A bunch of soldiers have blasted through the kitchen wall (but leaving the sink counter intact). The blast hole frames the panel. Invading soldiers in the foreground; in the background we can see the pileup around Fitz...we can see Fitz, down on the floor, obviously shot up a few times (leg, shoulder, etc.)

Panel 6 1/9 page

Match panel 2. The flames are now engulfing Donna.

Page 23

Panel 1 2/9 page

Soldiers filling their helmets with water at the kitchen sink.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Same angle as panel 2, page 22, but pull further out. We can see the soldiers throwing the water from their

helmets at the fire.

Panel 3 1/3 page

Tableau shot. Flames are out, but smoke is everywhere. Fitz is down on the floor, very wounded. Bodies laying around him, other soldiers standing and trying to get up off the floor. Soldiers coughing, near the couch. The commander, wearing a military-style beret, is striding into the room. A soldier is reporting to the commander. Medics are kneeling by Fitz' body.

Soldier She's dead, sir. No sign of the baby.

Commander What about Fitzgerald?

Medic Alive...but just barely.

Panel 4 1/6 page

Close up of commander.

Commander You keep him alive, medic, we're going to want to talk to him later.

Get him in the chopper.

Panel 5 1/6 page

More medics and commander around her slightly charred body.

Commander Let's get her on ice, soldier -- fast!

Medic We've got a refrigerated truck on the way, sir.

Page 24

Panel 1 vertical 1/3 (spans tiers 1 and 2)

Pull back to outside the house shot. See the refrigerated truck coming up the driveway. Fitz' body being lifted in a basket into a helicopter. A lot of soldiers on litters, wounds being attended to. Chaos around the house. Smoke still rising from the house, but thin and wispy (the helicopters would disperse it).

Panel 2 horizontal 1/9 page

Pull way back to include a hill in the foreground. We can see a road in front of us, coming over the hill, and Duke's white car on it, heading towards us. In the background we can see the helicopters, smoke coming from the house.

Panel 3 horizontal 1/9 page

Shoot from behind Duke, looking in his rear view mirror. In the mirror, we can see the smoke and helicopters.

Duke Damn, Fitz.

Panel 4 horizontal 1/9 page

Shoot from past the baby, in the front seat, shooting up at Duke.

Duke I think it might just be you and me now, kid.

Panel 5 2/9 page

Medium shot, straight on the front of a substantially different house than we've seen before. Show enough of it so that this is clear. slightly more posh, with a porch. There is a baby wrapped in a blanket in front of the door on the porch.

Caption September 20, 1972
7:30 AM.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Cropped medium shot. A man has opened the inside door and is looking down in the direction of the baby.

Boyd Ho-o-lee -- !

Enid!

Page 25

Panel 1 1/9 page

Enid has arrived and she is starting to pick the baby up. He's looking confused, thumbs hooked into his waistband. (They've stepped out to the porch, by now.)

Enid Where'd you come from?

You're a mess! You poor dear!

Boyd Who the hell left that here?

Panel 2 1/9 page

Enid and Boyd, close up and cropped.

Enid There's no note or anything.

Boyd You think we ought to call the sheriff? What're we gonna do?

Panel 3 1/9 page

Cropped bust shot of Donny looking through the screen door.

Donny (op) Mama?

Panel 4 1/6 page

Close up on Donny, still behind the screen door.

Donny That's Donna's baby. I just know it.

Panel 5 1/6 page

Medium shot. Donny's come out onto the porch a little. Mom is holding the baby maternally.

Boyd You think this could be that poor girl's child?

Enid We have to keep her, Boyd. Mr. F. would want us to.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Parents taking baby in, background; Donny's at the edge of the porch, foreground, cropped. Looking out.

Donny But where's Donna?

Panel 7 2/9 page

Pull way out to see a medium shot of Duke, some distance away, across the road leaning against a tree. It's clear that he can slip away unseen. Small in the background, we can see Donny and family on the porch.

Page 26

Panel 1 1/3 page

Cut to an opulent spa facility and massage room. High windows, sky lights. Fatale's sister, Ms. Ogun, is lying on a massage table, nude, tummy-side down, head on pillow, towel on butt. She's being massaged by a large Aryan man, older, big, husky, wearing white t-shirt, pants. A male receptionist is holding the door open and an executive-dressed man is walking reluctantly in the door.

Caption Aspen, Colorado.
September 21, 1972.
2:44 PM.

Receptionist You may enter, sir.

Ogun Leave us, Hans.

Panel 2 1/6 page

Hans is almost out the same door that executive came in, background. Medium shot on the woman and the executive. She's still laying on the table. He's standing in beside her, closer to us, her head turned to face him. She's propped up on her arms

Reynolds I have a report, Ms. Ogun, but I could wait outside until...

Ogun This is too important to wait. What is it?

Panel 3 1/6 page

Reynolds is trying to avert his eyes. Closer to is Ogun, cropped, her back to us. Obviously her body is in position so that Reynolds has quite a view, but be discreet about what the reader sees. This panel and the next two should be shot from the same angle.

Reynolds It's Fitzgerald, Ms. Ogun. We tried to keep him alive long enough to extract some information, but...

Ogun So...you let him die before we could find out where he's hidden the baby.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Reynolds is looking down at the floor. Again, arrange Ogun discreetly.

Reynolds Yes, but, but he was badly damaged in the firefight....

Ogun Look at me when you talk to me, Mr. Reynolds.

Panel 5 1/9 page

She's sitting up. He's in a cold sweat, but he's looking at her. Again, be discreet.

Reynolds I'm sorry I let you down, Ms. Ogun.

I'd...like to tender my resignation as chief of staff.

Ogun You do recall our severance policy.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Long medium shot as Reynolds, hanging his head, retreats toward the door he entered through. Ogun is in the same position as previous, watching him with disdain.

Reynolds Yes. I'll do it myself, Ms. Ogun...if you don't mind.

Page 27

Panel 1 1/3 page

An elegant office, decorated with African art. Ogun and Smith sitting on a couch. Her dressed to the nines, sexy but business-like, wearing a short-skirted Chanel suit. Smith is in a suit. On the coffee table in front of them is a formal tea service and finger sandwiches.

Caption 4:04 PM.

Ogun ...Apparently Mr. Reynolds felt so badly about losing Mr. Fitzgerald that he's committed suicide.

I want you to replace Mr. Reynolds as chief of staff.

Smith I'm honored, Ms. Ogun.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Close up of Ogun: cold, matter of fact, holding her cup as if soon to sip.

Ogun It's of vital importance that we find the child. You'll be in charge of the operation. All of our resources are at your disposal.

Do you know what's at stake, here, Mr. Smith?

Panel 3 1/9 page

Close up of Smith, serious. Cropped even closer is Ogun, partially framing Smith.

Smith Our entire organization.

Ogun Yes, and we are the glue that holds this fragile world together.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Medium shot. Smith is standing, Ogun has walked a few steps toward her desk.

Smith To think a little girl is the most dangerous threat the world has ever faced.

Ogun Well, Mr. Smith, she is my half-sister.

Panel 5 1/3 page

Behind the desk is a stylized African image of the dragon. Feature it in this shot as Ogun looks thoughtfully at it.

Ogun We both have a lot of our father in us.

Caption Next issue: "Who is like unto the Beast" pt. 2
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- page
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