

**Dungeons and Dragons – ISSUE 1 – # PAGES****NOTES TO ART TEAM:**

Any overall personal or general notes about the script to the art team. If you repeat anything out of the ordinary in your writing, give them a heads up here.

**LETTERING/WRITING KEY:**

Underlined = Bold

Italic = Italic

Capitalized = Display

(OP) = Off Panel

// = Direct Notes and reminders

If the word "CAMERA" appears above a panel description, no specific shot or angle is specified.

Scene 1	1 page	Hank Cemetery
Scene 2	4 pages	Guards/Hank Amusement Park
Scene 3	2 pages	Police Station
Scene 4	2 pages	Bobbie in Wyoming
Scene 5	3 pages	Parents enter park after dark
Scene 6	2 pages	Kids make their way to the Coaster p14
Scene 7	3 pages	Wyoming storm Uni teleport p17
Scene 8	4 pages	Investigating park Shadow Demons attack
Scene 9	1 panel	Cops arrive
Scene 10	1 page	Shadow demon chase

**PAGE 01** ----- scene 01 (1 page)

**Panel 1**

EXT. CEMETARY – DUSK

A homeless guy's shopping cart rests in front of a wrought iron fence beyond which lies a beautiful scene of old oak trees and rolling hills of pristinely cut grass; the perimeter fence to a cemetery. No headstones in view here.

The shopping cart looks real rough, the collection of junk in it dirty and unkempt. Hints to a survivalist owner speckle the cart: rope, tarp, tree branches with one end wrapped in pitch covered cloth to create simple torches.

Lastly is an important item that shouldn't be the focal point of the cart (or panel), but can be spotted by any reader taking more than a second to review the cart; a plastic bucket hangs from the side of the cart with its bottom cut out and a trash bag hung within, creating a make-shift *quiver* type container. A hand-crafted simple bow, again made from a tree branch, and the back ends of a dozen crude arrows protrude from the top of the container.

In the background, a partial silhouette of the HOMELESS MAN maneuvers down the cemetery side of the fence.

**Panel 2**

CLOSE

The Homeless man's dirty, fingerless-gloved hands carefully pick flowers from the ground. Attention is paid not to destroy the plant, but only pick some of the flower heads.

**Panel 3**

CAMERA

The back of a cross-shaped headstone faces the camera. The Homeless man kneels before it on the proper side.

He holds the stone with his one hand momentarily pinning a nice bouquet of fresh picked wildflowers. The flowers are intricately and artistically organized with baby's breath—it's not just a clump of flowers ripped up from the ground.

The Homeless man wipes away the dirt and grime from the front of the headstone with his other hand.

**Panel 4**

CLOSE

The Homeless man's dirty fingerless-glove rests on the headstone, blocking the last name after "Lyssa". The following IS visible carved on the stone;

"Lyssa

Beloved mother.

Beloved Wife.

She always believed."

**Panel 5**

CRANE

The Homeless man kneeling, with his head down in grief, gripping the top of the stone tightly with one hand.

**PAGE 02** ----- scene 2 (4 pages)

**This next location, the abandoned amusement park, is the main location of the next two issues. Keep in mind, when we first see the location, we don't want the readers to 100% know where they are, and we certainly don't want them to know it's the D&D amusement park, until the big reveal on page 14.**

**Panel 1**

EXT. ABANDONED AMUSEMENT PARK – NIGHT

Two security guards walk towards the camera, MIGUEL points his flashlight off toward the side on an old convenience stand closed up, boarded up and heavily overgrown with weeds. No signage on the stand.

The other security guard, JONES flashes his light straight ahead. He has a disgusted look on his face.

Both guards have belts with a taser and handcuffs.

JONES               Gotta make these rounds three times a shift.

MIGUEL             This place has bad mojo, man.

JONES               It's a fuckin' easy paycheck, the worst—aww,  
fuck.

JONES               Anybody tell you about this asshole?

**Panel 2**

CLOSE

Jones grasps the corded mic on his lapel and clicks it to call HQ.

MIGUEL (OP) Nah, what asshole?

JONES Dispatch. Better get a call into local PD, the Roach is back.

DISPATCH Roger that, callin' it in.

**Panel 3**

CAMERA

The security guards step into an old amusement park games structure. An overhead roof supported by some columns with a back wall that leads into some small rooms.

The whole area is covered in modern graffiti and overgrown with weeds.

Directly inside this area, there's a recently constructed tree branch lean to. There's lots of plant matter hanging from the ceiling, specific herbs and flowers drying. The pastime of a skilful ranger. A small fire surrounded by stones burns on the ground and the Homeless guy's shopping cart rests nearby.

Basically, it looks as if someone has been camping out here.

JONES Most of the time it's kids sneaking in to get some or get high, or both...

JONES But this fuckin' guy, I call him the Roach. No matter what we do, he always fuckin' comes back. Like clockwork. ~~shows up like clockwork.~~

**Panel 4**

CAMERA

Jones stomps out the fire and screams out, irritated that he actually has to do his job.

JONES                   Yo, Roach! How many times I gotta tell you? You  
                                  can't be sleepin' your stank ass in the park!

**Panel 5**

CAMERA

Jones wrestles with the cart. Miguel bends down to pick up  
some of the Homeless guy's shit on the ground.

JONES                   Go on and grab that other shit on the floor, we  
                                  gotta take it all to the dumpster.

**PAGE 3 -----**

**Panel 1**

The Homeless man stands at the entrance to his hobble (the  
spot the guards walked in through). He holds a stick over one  
shoulder with two dead rabbits tied off on its end, the  
night's spoils of the hunt.

He brings a hunting knife up to his mouth with a slice of  
fresh cut apple on it.

The homeless man has a glazed look in his eye. He's totally  
indifferent to the guards being in his home. Like he doesn't  
even recognize they're there.

For the first time, we get a clear look at the Homeless guy's  
face. It's HANK, but older and broken.

MIGUEL               (OP) Oh shit, he's got a knife!

**Panel 2**

CAMERA

Miguel fires his taser that hits Hank square in the chest, zapping him. Jones reaches out to stop Miguel but it's too late.

JONE                    Nah, Chill... Chill. Chill.

**Panel 3**

CAMERA

Miguel slams a stunned Hank to the ground, holding him in an arm bar.

Jones struggles to pull Miguel off Hank.

JONES                  God damn it, man. Get off him, he ain't violent.

MIGUEL                What you so pissed for? Fuck this homeless crackhead.

JONES                  Cause now we gotta fill out a shitload of paperwork.

JONES                  Let me get him, you just take his cart to the dumpster.

**Panel 4**

CLOSE

Hank's face twists as if someone just declared they were about to perform the most heinous crime ever known to man.

Hank                    NOOOO!

**Panel 5**

CAMERA

Hank sweeps the leg of Miguel, sending him falling backwards in a big way.

**PAGE 04** -----

**Panel 1**

MEDIUM

Jones fumbles to draw his taser. His face lit up with surprise.

**Panel 2**

CLOSE

Hank grabs Jone's taser hand with both his hands and pulls the weapon out to the side. Jone's arms are extended, Hanks are bent, setting up the next panel.

HANK                    You can't take it!

**Panel 3**

CAMERA

In a sudden display of clarity and skill, Hank throws his elbow back into Jone's face.

SFX                    CRACKKK!

**Panel 4**

CAMERA

Holding his bloody nose with one hand, Jones hammer-fist swipes at Hank with his taser, but Hank ducks under it by a mile.

**Panel 5**

CAMERA

Hanks lunges up and clothes line Jones, throwing Jones' feet out from under him.

**PAGE 05** -----

**Panel 1**

Hank stumbles against his cart, feeling around on it frantic.

HANK                   The Rod! It's not here!

HANK                   Where is it? What did you do with it!?

**Panel 2**

CLOSE

Hank pulls his bow and a few arrows from the quiver on his cart.

**Panel 3**

CAMERA

Hank takes off running into the woods.

HANK                   I've got to find it!

**Panel 4**

CAMERA

Jones leans on one of the pillars of the structure they're in, slightly hunched over while, trying to stop the blood from his nose. He's winded.

Miguel shines his light in the direction Hank took off, holding his taser out, pointed toward the ground in his other hand.

MIGUEL               Do we go after him?

JONES                Fuck that. We go back and have a drink. You never touched him and he never touched us.

MIGUEL               We just let the cops deal with him?

JONES            Believe me, in this place, the cops are never  
                     gonna catch him.