

SERIAL TWINS

Rising

Comic Book Format

By

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## **PAGE 1 - PANELS: 6**

### **PANEL 1**

CAPTION: SAWPIT, COLORADO  
PRESCOTS' Basement, NIGHT

Wide shot down the basement stairs. JAKE, 49, balding, warm smile and KAREN, blond hair, angelic face, descend the metal stairs. Identical 4-year-old twins MEGAN, black hair, hazel eyes, and KATHRYN follow hesitantly, clutching their teddy bears. The harsh, dim light casts long shadows across their faces.

Their footsteps make the chain link fences rattle. Prisoners, in various states of despair, cower in their cages. Some cry out.

On the floor, caked with filth, stands a large meat grinder; a few meters beside it stands a table with dog cans on it.

JAKE Megan, Kathryn, it's time  
you two learn how to rid  
society of its lowlifes.

### **PANEL 2**

Medium shot. Karen sits on a stool next to a meat grinder, her face lit by a chilling grin. A dog food can labeled "JAKE'S CHOW" sits on the table beside her.

### **PANEL 3**

Two shot of the identical twins. Megan and Kathryn's wide, terrified eyes stare at Karen. Megan hugs her teddy bear tighter, Kathryn starts to cry silently.

MEGAN What's happening?

KATHRYN Mommy...? Sniff-sniff

### **PANEL 4**

Close-up. Karen's manic grin stretches as she turns the crank with ease.

Human flesh noodles slide out of the grinder into the can. Blood stains her hands.

KAREN Dogs just love the taste of  
human flesh.

(CONTINUED)







**PAGE 4 - PANELS: 5****PANEL 1**

Medium shot. They surround him towering.

HOMELESS                      Please don't hurt me.  
MAN

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of the Punk Leader craning his neck toward the homeless man, his grin growing.

PUNK LEADER                  We wouldn't do that. Right  
   boys?

They all snicker.

**PANEL 3**

Close-up. The homeless man, head bowed, asks nervously:

HOMELESS                      What do you want?  
MAN

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot. The punk leader holds out some coins.

PUNK LEADER                  To help. Want some change?

**PANEL 5**

Close-up. The homeless man cowers his head, barely nods.

**PAGE 5 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of the Punk Leader tossing coins down the alley. The coins bounce and roll into the distance.

PUNK LEADER                      You can have that old man.  
If, you can get to it.

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot. The man inches down the alley, gets kicked in the rib, clutches his side.

**PANEL 3**

Wide shot of the punks kicking and punching him as he curls into a defensive ball.

HOMELESS                              Please... stop  
MAN

**PANEL 4**

Medium close-up of the Punk Leader, leaning down toward the homeless man. His grin sadistic.

PUNK LEADER                      What did you say?

CAPTION:                              Female voice with  
authority.

FEMALE    (O.S.)  
VOICE    He said leave him alone.

**PANEL 5**

Close-up of punk leader.

PUNK LEADER                      Who the hell is that?!

**PANEL 6**

Medium shot. A BOTTLE SHATTERS behind them; the punks react spooked, except the leader.

PUNK LEADER                      So that's it?! You're not  
going to show us your  
face?! Scared?!





**PAGE 7 - PANELS: 8****PANEL 1**

Wide shot. A shadowed figure leaps from above, delivering a brass knuckle punch that knocks the Punk Leader out cold.

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of the remaining three punks, TURNING around in fear. Their fists are up, but they're visibly shaken.

PUNK 1                      Were'd she go?

**PANEL 3**

Action shot (wide). The Vigilante jump-kicks one of the punks, sending him flying backward into trash cans.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot. She turns to the remaining punks, wearing a black ninja GI with a gavel logo. Small teddy bear clicked to her belt. Her face is masked. Threatening.

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot. One of the punks sprints off into the main streets, leaving the alley and his buddies behind.

**PANEL 6**

Medium shot. The remaining punk strikes at the female with haymakers. She dodges with ease.

**PANEL 7**

Wide shot. Catching his fist with her left hand, and delivers a right jab to his face.

**PANEL 8**

Wide shot. The female rummages through the punk leader's pockets, taking out wads of cash while the man watches, shocked and relieved.

**PAGE 8 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Wide shot. She walks over to the man -- he shudders.

FEMALE I'm not going to hurt you.

She extends some cash to him, his trembling hand accepts.

**PANEL 2**

Medium close-up. The female pulls out a can of BLACK SPRAY-PAINT from a holster strapped to her left leg.

**PANEL 3**

Close-up homeless man, standing:

HOMELESS MAN These bullies have been  
terrorizing us for months.

**PANEL 4**

Wide shot -- sudden reveal:

Bullies lying on the ground,  
stencilled "**GUILTY**" on their foreheads.

FEMALE (OFF-PANEL)  
... Not anymore!

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot. She walks toward the main street.

FEMALE (OVER HER SHOULDER)  
These guys aren't  
bullies... they're pussies.

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of the man smiling thinly.







**PAGE 12 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of male anchor, RON HOONER, an elderly man with a prominent mustache, is visible on the screen. (Dialog besides drawing, no text balloon here for entire dialog block.)

HOONER                               For months now, here in the great city of Austin, Texas, criminals have been found guilty by a vigilante dubbed "The Gavel." Suspected muggers, rapists, and thugs have been spray-painted with the word "Guilty" and left incapacitated by the unknown rescuer.

**PANEL 2**

INSERT - NEWS HIGHLIGHTS: Various mugshots over the months of criminals arrested with the "Guilty" spray-paint.

**PANEL 3**

His face has a serious expression:

HOONER                               It's believed that until recently The Gavel hadn't taken a single innocent life.

**PANEL 4**

INSERT - PHOTO: Jameson Graham on the beach, smiling with family.

**PANEL 5 - (HALF PAGE)**

His expression even more serious.

HOONER                               But this evening on the University of Texas college campus, a young student named Jameson Graham, twenty years old, was found strangled. So what do you think? Has The Gavel snapped and gone from judge to executioner? Courage or Cruelty? Tune in nightly to stay updated. Goodnight, and be safe, Austin.

(CONTINUED)

**PANEL 6**

Wide shot, slightly different angle, of Megan and Kathryn staring at the TV. Megan looks horrified; Kathryn appears neutral, almost resigned.

MEGAN

What-the-fuck?!

**PAGE 13 - PANELS: 5****PANEL 1**

CAPTION: UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS SCHOOL  
OF LAW, MARCH 1, 2011.

Wide shot of the University of Texas campus. Students walk along paths, books in hand, while the iconic campus tower looms in the background. The vibrant greenery of spring surrounds the scene. Birdsong in the distance.

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Megan and Kathryn walking through the campus. Kathryn carries a backpack, looking casual. Megan, in a tight top and denim jeans, carries a book bag over her shoulder. A group of boys whistle and catcall as she passes.

KATHRYN Show off.

MEGAN Not my fault.

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of HOWARD (20), a nerdy but handsome guy in glasses, walking nearby.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Megan notices him and smirking.

MEGAN Hey you!

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot of Howard stopping, surprised. He points to himself nervously.

HOWARD Me?









**PAGE 17 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Jock #1 gasping, clutching his chest as his friends panic.

JOCK #2 (MUTTERING)  
Dude! You okay!...

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Megan who winks at Howard; he backs away from the confrontation...

**PANEL 3**

Wide shot of Megan standing in front of the punching bag, hitting it with a THUNDEROUS strike.

MEGAN ... He's not okay, dudes.  
Couple more minutes, he's going to die.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up JOCK #3.

JOCK #3 What the hell!

**PANEL 5**

Close-up of Megan.

MEGAN (TO HOWARD)  
Come on, Howard. Your turn.

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of Howard, confused and hesitant.

HOWARD What?

MEGAN Hit him!

**PAGE 18 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Howard weakly punching Jock #1, who is helpless and still gasping.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of Jock #2 holding up his hands, pleading.

JOCK #2                      We're sorry! Stop!

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of Megan poking Jock #1's ribs again, releasing the pressure. HISS. Air rushes back into his lungs.

MEGAN                      No more messing with  
Howard. Got it?

**PANEL 4**

Wide shot of the jocks dragging Jock #1 away as Megan and Howard watch.

JOCK #2                      Come on man. Let's go.

**PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Megan turning back to Howard, who is standing awkwardly, holding his bag.

HOWARD                      Thanks.

MEGAN                      No problem. Those guys  
bother you a lot?

HOWARD                      All the time.

MEGAN                      Not anymore.

**PANEL 6**

**CAPTION:**                      MEN'S SHOWER STALLS.

Medium shot of Kathryn sneaking into the taped-off shower area, glancing around cautiously

KATHRYN                      (TO HERSELF)  
Nothing out of place. But  
no struggle either...

(CONTINUED)

**PANEL 7**

Medium shot of Kathryn kneeling by the stall where Jameson was killed, studying the floor and walls.

KATHRYN

(TO HERSELF)

The stall's too clean.  
Whoever killed him, he  
trusted.

**PAGE 19 - PANELS: 5****PANEL 1**

CAPTION: BACK TO

Howard, looking at a wall clock in the gym. Megan stands nearby, holding a towel. Wide shot

HOWARD Thanks. I got to go.

MEGAN Aren't you going to finish your workout?

**PANEL 2**

Close-up. Howard looks at the broken machine, frustrated.

HOWARD No. The only machine I know how to use is broken...

**PANEL 3**

Medium shot of both characters. Megan leans casually against the machine, curious.

HAMILL ... And without Jameson monitoring me, it doesn't feel safe. Plus, I'm late for class.

MEGAN Which class?

HOWARD Criminology & Religion. That's where I met him.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up. Megan's expression softens as she tilts her head slightly.

MEGAN Was he your friend?

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot. Howard slings his bag over his shoulder, sentimental.

HOWARD (SENTIMENTAL)  
Yeah, he was.

**PAGE 20 - PANELS: 5****PANEL 1**

FLASHBACK panel - wide - in **muted tones**. Jameson, a large and muscular figure, helps a skinny younger Howard with a machine.

HOWARD (OFF-PANEL)  
So he showed me how to use  
some of the machines, and  
we had plans to hit the  
punching bag.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up. Megan smiles warmly, touched by Howard's story.

MEGAN I could train you.

**PANEL 3**

Medium shot of both characters. Howard checks the clock, smiling.

HOWARD Sure. But can we hit  
punching bags instead of  
bullies?

MEGAN Deal..

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of both characters.

MEGAN I don't mean to be naive  
about the obvious but are  
there any seats in the  
class left?

HOWARD A couple

**PANEL 5**

Two shot Megan and Howard.

MEGAN Where do we find the  
teacher?

HOWARD Not sure. Mr. Hamill  
Doesn't have an office  
'cause he's an adjunct  
instructor, but his phone  
number is in the  
syllabus... Bye.



**PAGE 21 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of the gym. Megan's POV: Howard dashes out of the gym with a grin on his face. Megan watches him leave, slightly smitten. (Megan's POV.)

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Megan. Kathryn appears behind Megan, startling her slightly.

KATHRYN                      Staying out of trouble?

MEGAN                         Never. What did you find?

**PANEL 3**

Close-up. Kathryn leans closer, whispering confidentially.

KATHRYN                      Nothing. But I did notice something.

**PANEL 4**

FLASHBACK panel with Kathryn's narration. The stall Jameson was murdered in is shown, eerily clean and intact.

KATHRYN                      (OFF-PANEL)  
The stall he was murdered in looked normal. No signs of a struggle. No cameras either. Good place to kill someone.

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot of Megan and Kathryn. The two ponder together, serious.

KATHRYN                      Which leads me to believe whoever killed Jameson... it was someone he knew. It wasn't a surprise.

MEGAN                         That makes sense.

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of Megan, thinking aloud. Megan's face is thoughtful.

MEGAN                         Word around the campfire here is he lifted weights. If attacked, he clearly could have handled himself. (CONTINUED)









**PAGE 25 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

CAPTION:                    THAT NIGHT.

The twin's apartment.

Megan twists the knob of a POLICE SCANNER (till it CLICKS OFF).  
Kathryn examines a fingerprint under a light.

MEGAN                            So wat's the plan?

**PANEL 2**

Kathryn sets the fingerprint down, looking thoughtful.

KATHRYN                        We're not a police station  
with records. So, I thought  
we'd lift fingerprints from  
the classroom and see where  
they match up.

**PANEL 3**

Megan yawns, leaning back.

MEGAN                            How are we going to do  
that?

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of Kathryn holding up a pencil.

KATHRYN                        Easy. Every student uses  
pencils or pens, right?

**PANEL 5**

Megan raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

MEGAN                            Right

**PANEL 6**

Kathryn smirks, pulling a small fingerprinting kit out of a drawer.

KATHRYN                        Then, we're just going to  
have to borrow theirs  
during class long enough to  
pull a print.

(CONTINUED)







**PAGE 27 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

CAPTION: THE FIRST DAY OF CRIMINAL  
JUSTICE 305.

Mr. Hamill writing "VIGILANTISM" on the board in large, bold letters

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of Mr. Hamill turning to face the class, scanning the room with a calm, authoritative gaze.

HAMILL Hello.

**PANEL 3**

Medium shot of the students turning their heads toward the twins sitting at the back. Megan sits upright, while Kathryn leans back casually.

HAMILL Do I need my glasses  
checked? I'm almost seeing  
double.

**PANEL 4**

The class laughs softly. Megan and Kathryn exchange a look.

HAMILL Auditing

SFX:

**PANEL 5**

Megan raises her eyebrows slightly, her tone defiant.

MEGAN (MILDLY  
BELLIGERENT)  
Is that okay?

**PANEL 6**

Hamill smirks, his hands resting on his desk.

HAMILL Students usually get  
consent from the instructor  
before they sign up to  
audit a class.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

**PANEL 7**

Close-up of Hamill, smirking as he gestures to them with a slight shrug.

HAMILL

Clearly, the Assistant Dean  
was swayed by a pair of  
pretty faces.

**PAGE 28 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

Close-up of Kathryn frowning, her eyes sharp as she responds.

KATHRYN                      That's sexist!

**PANEL 2**

Hamill leans back, gesturing to the board behind him.

HAMILL                      Prove me wrong. Tell me  
what that word on the board  
means to you.

**PANEL 3**

Wide shot of the classroom, students turning to look at the twins.  
Megan leans forward slightly, narrowing her eyes.

MEGAN                      Who do you want to go  
first?

**PANEL 4**

Hamill sits down behind his desk, leaning back in his chair with an  
amused grin.

HAMILL                      Whoever was born first.

**PANEL 5**

The class chuckles quietly. Close-up of Kathryn smiling faintly,  
ready to speak.

KATHRYN                      A vigilante to me, means—

**PANEL 6**

Megan cuts Kathryn off, her voice sharper.

MEGAN                      (AGITATED)  
Someone who can do what the  
cops can't.

**PANEL 7**

Hamill sits up straight, his smile fading. He stares directly at  
Megan.

HAMILL                      Care to explain, Ms...?



29 CONTINUED:

MEGAN

There's only one version.  
Break the law, you get  
punished.





## **PAGE 32 - PANELS: 8**

### **PANEL 1**

Wide shot of Megan and Kathryn standing, leaving the classroom. The entire class watches in stunned silence.

### **PANEL 2**

Close-up of Megan as she walks, her expression set in determination.

### **PANEL 3**

Close-up of Kathryn, smirking faintly as she glances back at the class.

### **PANEL 4**

The door SLAMS shut behind them, leaving Hamill staring at the empty doorway.

### **PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Megan and Kathryn walking side by side down a dimly lit hallway, the conversation casual but their expressions focused.

KATHRYN                    Do you think you could have  
                                 been a little more  
                                 abrasive?

### **PANEL 6**

Close-up of Megan rolling her eyes, her tone dismissive.

MEGAN                        I didn't like him.

### **PANEL 7**

Medium shot of Kathryn smirking as she waves a piece of paper in front of Megan's face.

KATHRYN                    Oh really. I didn't notice.

### **PANEL 8**

Close-up of Megan snatching the paper from Kathryn, staring at it intently. The text on the paper reads "Sign-In Sheet."

MEGAN                        How'd you get this?









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43.  
34

**PANEL 8**

Wide shot of Megan sliding out of the closet, closing the door silently behind her, the dimly lit hallway stretching ahead.

**PAGE 35 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Megan moving down the hall, her movements deliberate and quiet. She pauses outside room 112, listening at the door.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of her ear pressed against the door, faint muffled voices heard from the ongoing lecture inside.

**PANEL 3**

Wide shot of Megan continuing down the hall past several doors, pausing outside Mr. Hamill's classroom.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of Megan testing the door handle. It's locked.

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot of Megan pulling out her lock-picking kit, working quickly and expertly to unlock the door.

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of the lock clicking open.

**PANEL 7**

Medium shot of Megan slipping inside the dark classroom, closing the door silently behind her.

**PAGE 36 - PANELS: 8****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of Megan standing still near the door, letting her eyes adjust to the darkness, scanning for any signs of danger.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of Megan crouched by the easel, carefully grabbing the signed photo of Jameson by its corners.

**PANEL 3**

Medium shot of Megan sliding the photo into her empty backpack, zipping it closed.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of Megan's face, tense as she listens for any sounds outside the room.

**PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Megan returning to the door, cracking it open slightly to peer into the hallway.

**PANEL 6**

Over-the-shoulder shot of Megan watching as the door to the Forensics classroom opens. Students begin filing out.

**PANEL 7**

Medium shot of Megan slipping out of Hamill's room and silently closing the door behind her.

**PANEL 8**

Wide shot of Megan blending into the crowd of students exiting Forensics, moving unnoticed among them.

**PAGE 37 - PANELS: 8****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Kathryn sitting at the table, her laptop open with the Student HUB displayed on the screen. A student's profile photo is visible.

KATHRYN (MUMBLING)  
Copy... and paste!

**PANEL 2**

Over-the-shoulder shot of Kathryn sifting through her sketches, matching one to the photo on the screen.

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of Kathryn writing the student's name on the sketch, her handwriting neat and precise.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Kathryn typing the name onto the digital photo, then saving it into a folder labeled "SUSPECTS."

**PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Kathryn startled by the sound of the door opening. Megan enters, looking tired but confident.

KATHRYN It's about time!

**PANEL 6**

Medium shot of Megan setting the photo of Jameson on the table and reaching for Kathryn's fingerprint kit.

MEGAN I took the long way home.  
You know, like Samuel  
taught us.

**PANEL 7**

Close-up of Kathryn raising an eyebrow, annoyed.

KATHRYN I don't suppose you thought  
to grab something for  
dinner on your way home?

(CONTINUED)

**PANEL 8**

Medium shot of Megan glancing up while inspecting the fingerprint kit.

MEGAN

You know I don't have any money. We spent it all on those classes.



**PAGE 38 - PANELS: 8****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of Kathryn slamming her hands on the table, frustration written on her face.

KATHRYN                      Yeah, well, it's wasted money if you're going to pick a fight with every instructor!

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of Megan, her face hardening as she leans forward slightly.

MEGAN                         This is the life we wanted, remember?

**PANEL 3**

Medium shot of Kathryn standing, her voice rising in anger.

KATHRYN                      Bullshit! This is the life you want! I actually want an education. Do you ever consider that?

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of Megan, her jaw tightening, silent but visibly angry.

**PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Kathryn gesturing emphatically, her tone sharp.

KATHRYN                      We're not feral animals, Megan. Why can't you see that?

**PANEL 6**

Medium shot of Megan spinning around to face Kathryn, her expression fierce.

MEGAN                         You know what I see? What I saw in that classroom today? Us in front of the whole orphanage again, humiliated, abused.

(CONTINUED)

**PANEL 7**

Close-up of Kathryn, her face falling as the memory hits her. She hangs her head, sick at heart.

**PANEL 8**

Wide shot of Megan grabbing her leather jacket and slamming the door shut behind her.

**PAGE 39 - PANELS: 8****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of Kathryn throwing herself onto the couch, curling up in a ball, and burying her face in a pillow.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of the wall. Faint yelling can be heard through it.

**PANEL 3**

Medium shot of Kathryn sitting up abruptly, her expression shifting from sadness to concern.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of Kathryn pressing her ear to the wall, listening intently. The faint sound of a little boy CRYING is heard.

**PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Kathryn standing, grabbing a butterfly knife from her duffel bag, and tucking it into her waistband.

**PANEL 6**

Two stage shot (wide) of (1) Kathryn marching to the neighbor's door in the dimly lit hallway.(2) BANGING on the DOOR.

**PANEL 7**

Medium shot of the neighbor's door cracking open, revealing a mother with a bruised eye peering out nervously.

MOTHER                                  Yes?

**PANEL 8**

Close-up of Kathryn looking at the mother with empathy, her tone soft.

KATHRYN                                  Are you okay?

**PAGE 40 - PANELS: 8****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of the mother trying to close the door, but Kathryn wedges her foot in the frame.

MOTHER                                I'm fine.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of Kathryn's foot jammed in the door frame as she speaks firmly.

KATHRYN                                What are you doing?

**PANEL 3**

Wide shot of Kathryn pushing her way into the apartment, her determination evident.

MOTHER                                Excuse me! You need to  
leave.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Kathryn glancing around the room, her focus on locating the source of the crying.

**PANEL 5**

Close-up of Kathryn hearing the sound of running water behind a closed bathroom door.

**PANEL 6**

Wide shot of Kathryn bolting toward the bathroom door, her movements swift and purposeful.

**PANEL 7**

Close-up of Kathryn kicking the door open, the door frame splintering from the force.

**PANEL 8**

Medium shot of Kathryn pulling out her butterfly knife, flipping it open with a practiced motion.

**PAGE 41 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of Kathryn dragging the blade across the shower curtain, slicing it cleanly. The curtain drops to the floor.

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of a naked husband standing in the bathtub, dumbfounded with water streaming down his face.

HUSBAND                      Who the hell are you?!

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of Kathryn punching the husband square in the jaw. His head snaps to the side.

**PANEL 4**

Wide shot of the husband slumping unconscious in the bathtub.

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot of the mother standing in shock, her hands trembling as she speaks.

MOTHER                      You can't do that!

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of Kathryn turning to the mother, her expression calm but firm.

KATHRYN                      And neither can he.

**PANEL 7**

Close-up of Kathryn gently caressing the mother's bruised eye.

KATHRYN                      Make sure they arrest him  
this time. That is, if  
you're tired of protecting  
him.

**PAGE 42 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of the mother breaking down, sobbing as Kathryn turns to leave.

**PANEL 2**

Wide shot of Kathryn standing in the neighbor's kitchen, spotting the little boy hiding under the table. His wide eyes peek out as he clutches a stuffed animal.

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of the wall behind the table, a splattered BIRTHDAY CAKE smeared on it. Cake frosting drips onto the carpet.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Kathryn crouching to meet the boy's gaze, her expression soft but pained.

KATHRYN                                 Sorry, kid. Life isn't  
  always like this...

**PANEL 5**

FLASHBACK

Wide shot of the Prescott villa's dining room, adorned with red balloons and streamers. A young Kathryn and Megan, 8 years old, sit at a large table with two BIRTHDAY CAKES in front of them.

JAKE/KAREN                                 (O.S.)

HAPPY EIGHTH BIRTHDAY!

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of the twins smiling and inhaling deeply, ready to blow out the candles.

## **PAGE 43 - PANELS: 5**

### **PANEL 1**

Wide shot of the front door BURSTING open. BOOM! SWAT officers flood in, their rifles raised, shouting commands.

### **PANEL 2**

Medium shot of the twins frozen in fear as two SWAT officers grab them by the arms.

### **PANEL 3**

Close-up of Jake and Karen being slammed against the wall and cuffed. Despite the chaos, they offer reassuring smiles to their daughters.

### **PANEL 4**

Wide shot of the parents being escorted outside in handcuffs. Through the villa's large front window, the terrified twins watch from the arms of SWAT officers.

### **PANEL 5**

Medium shot of the twins being loaded into a police van. The door slides shut with a resounding thud.

## **PAGE 44 - PANELS: 6**

### **PANEL 1**

Wide exterior shot of an aged orphanage set against the backdrop of the sprawling Colorado mountains. A squad car pulls up to the wrought iron gate.

CAPTION:                                 SIX MONTHS LATER.

### **PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Sister Lindsay, 60, standing outside the orphanage. Her white, stringy hair blows slightly in the wind. She watches the approaching car with a calculated smile.

### **PANEL 3**

Close-up of a police officer with a cleft palate stepping out of the car and opening the back door for the twins. The girls hesitate, frightened.

POLICE	Ma'am, here are the Prescot
OFFICER	twins. Take good care of
	them.

### **PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Sister Lindsay reaching for the twins' hands, her expression warm but unnerving.

### **PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Father Miller, a thin and weary priest, holding up a camera as the officer, Sister Lindsay, and the twins pose for a photo. The officer's hand rests stiffly on one twin's shoulder.

SISTER	Officer, why don't you join
LINDSAY	us? It is a special day,
	after all.

### **PANEL 6**

Close-up of the camera's flash going off as Father Miller takes the photo.



**PAGE 45 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Interior shot of Sister Lindsay's chamber, the twins sitting nervously across from her. Sister Lindsay smiles, her hands clasped tightly around her rosary.

SISTER                                    I personally requested to  
LINDSAY                                    rescue you girls.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of Sister Lindsay's face, her smile fading as her expression turns somber and sinister.

SISTER                                    You remind me of my  
LINDSAY                                    daughter.

**PANEL 3**

Medium shot of the twins exchanging a worried glance, their fear growing.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of Sister Lindsay gripping her rosary tighter, her knuckles whitening as her face contorts slightly.

SISTER                                    I know what's best.  
LINDSAY

**PANEL 5**

Wide shot of Sister Lindsay rising from her chair, towering over the twins, who shrink back into their seats.

**PANEL 6**

Medium shot of the twins being led out of the chamber by a nun, their expressions blank but clearly unsettled.

**PAGE 46 - PANELS: 4****PANEL 1**

Nighttime shot of the orphanage dormitory. The twins are in their bottom bunk, whispering quietly as the other girls sleep.

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of a large female bully standing at the foot of the bunk, pointing at Kathryn's shoes.

FEMALE                                      I want your shoes.  
BULLY

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of Kathryn clutching her shoes protectively.

KATHRYN                                      No.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of the bully grabbing Kathryn and trying to yank the shoes off her feet.

**PAGE 47 - PANELS: 4****PANEL 1 - WIDE**

Wide shot of Megan kicking the bully in the head from the top bunk, knocking her back.

**PANEL 2 - MEDIUM**

Medium shot of Megan jumping down, standing protectively in front of Kathryn.

MEGAN                                  Don't ever touch my sister!

**PANEL 3 - WIDE**

Wide shot of the defeated bully walking away, throwing a parting threat over her shoulder.

FEMALE                                  Just wait! Sister Lindsay  
BULLY                                      is going to whip you like a  
   horse!

**PANEL 4 - SMALL - CLIFF-HANGER**

Close-up of the twins lying in their bunk, their eyes wide open in the darkness, afraid.

## **PAGE 48 - PANELS: 7**

### **PANEL 1**

Wide shot of the orphanage yard at night. Torches cast flickering light across the terrified faces of the orphans. Sister Lindsay stands at the front, a sinister silhouette against the flames.

CAPTION:                      A WEEK LATER.

### **PANEL 2**

Close-up of Sister Lindsay's face, twisted in fervent conviction as she speaks to the assembled children.

SISTER LINDSAY	The sins your parents committed will haunt you children forever. Pain is the only way to release the demon.
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### **PANEL 3**

Medium shot of a nun opening a trunk and pulling out a leather whip. The children visibly flinch.

### **PANEL 4 - WIDE**

Wide shot of the orphans parting like a wave as Sister Lindsay points at Megan and Kathryn in the back. The twins' shoulders sag as they step forward, heads bowed.

### **PANEL 5**

Close-up of Kathryn's trembling hands reaching for the hem of her shirt, lifting it to expose her back. Megan stands beside her, stone-faced, already prepared.

### **PANEL 6**

Medium shot of Sister Lindsay raising the whip high, her face alight with sadistic glee. The torchlight gleams off the leather.

### **PANEL 7**

Close-up of the whip snapping against Kathryn's back. CRACK! Her body jerks forward in pain, her face contorted as tears spill over.

**PAGE 49 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Megan grabbing Kathryn as she collapses.

**PANEL 2**

Wide shot of leading her away. In the background, the next set of children step forward reluctantly.

**PANEL 3**

Interior shot of the orphanage dormitory, dimly lit by a single bulb. Megan sits on the bottom bunk, gently lifting Kathryn's shirt to reveal fresh lash marks. A damp cloth is in her hand.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of Megan dabbing a wound, her expression a mix of anger and sorrow. Kathryn winces from the sting.

**PANEL 5**

Medium shot of Kathryn sitting up, turning slightly to look at Megan.

KATHRYN                      Let me do you.

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of Megan shaking her head firmly.

MEGAN                      No. It can wait. Go to sleep.

**PAGE 50 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

Wide shot of Megan tucking Kathryn under the covers, holding her close as Kathryn drifts off, her breathing calming.

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Megan sitting on the edge of the bunk, her gaze fixed on the door as the other orphans quietly file into the dormitory, their faces streaked with tears.

**PANEL 3**

Medium over-the-shoulder shot of Megan watching the female bully limp to her bunk, her back raw from fresh lashes. Megan's eyes narrow slightly.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Megan slipping away from Kathryn, who sleeps soundly, and walking over to the female bully with the damp cloth in her hand.

**PANEL 5**

Close-up of Megan kneeling beside the female bully, gently dabbing at her wounds. The bully winces but doesn't move away.

**PANEL 6**

Medium shot of the bully glancing down at Megan, her face softening despite the pain.

FEMALE                      I'm sorry.  
BULLY

**PANEL 7**

Close-up of Megan looking up at the bully, her expression unreadable but calm.

## **PAGE 51 - PANELS: 8**

### **PANEL 1**

Wide shot of the bustling streets of downtown Austin at night. Megan walks briskly, weaving effortlessly through the festive crowd. Bright neon signs and party goers create a chaotic, vibrant atmosphere.

### **PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Megan stopping at a crosswalk, the red light glaring above her. Around her, drunken revelers laugh and shout, oblivious to her presence.

### **PANEL 3**

High-angle shot from across the street, focused on the second-floor outdoor bar. A gathering of people celebrates, cheering loudly as a pair of red balloons drift into the air.

### **PANEL 4**

Close-up of Megan's face, staring at the balloons as they rise higher and higher. Her expression is distant, almost haunted.

### **PANEL 5**

Medium shot of a drunk bar hopper bumping into Megan as the light turns green, jolting her from her thoughts. She stumbles slightly.

MEGAN                                  OOF!

### **PANEL 6**

Wide shot of Megan crossing the street, lost in the shuffle of the intoxicated crowd.

### **PANEL 7 - MEDIUM**

Medium shot of a female motorcyclist on the side of the street, struggling to kick-start her Kawasaki bike. Megan approaches.

### **PANEL 8**

Close-up of Megan kneeling next to the bike, tweaking the gears with practiced ease.

MEGAN                                  I know a trick.

## **PAGE 52 - PANELS: 7**

### **PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Megan revving the throttle and giving the bike a hard kick. The engine roars to life.

### **PANEL 2 - SMALL**

Close-up of the female motorcyclist, her face lighting up with gratitude as she takes the bike back from Megan.

FEMALE                                      Thanks! You learn that from  
M.CYCLIST                                      Harley-Davidson?

### **PANEL 3**

Medium shot of Megan walking away, throwing a peace sign over her shoulder.

MEGAN                                      Self-taught.

### **PANEL 4**

Wide shot of a Catholic Church at night. Midnight mass has just let out. Faithful parishioners filter out of the building, warmly greeted by a nun and a priest standing at the entrance.

### **PANEL 5**

Across the street, Megan sits at a bus stop. She gazes upward at the treetops, her face pensive.

### **PANEL 6**

Close-up of the red balloons from earlier, now trapped in the branches above the church. Megan stares at them, lost in thought.

### **PANEL 7**

Medium shot of Megan's face turning grim as she shifts her gaze toward the churchgoers. Her expression is dark, her thoughts clearly elsewhere.



**PAGE 53 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

FLASHBACK: Inside the orphanage cathedral. A wide shot shows teenage Megan and Kathryn sweeping between the pews. The winter sun streams through stained-glass windows, casting a reddish glow over the space.

**PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Kathryn pulling a piece of chocolate from her pocket and handing it to Megan, cautious not to be seen.

KATHRYN (WHISPERING)  
Happy birthday, sis.

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of Megan taking the chocolate, a small, rare smile appearing.

MEGAN Sneaky devil.

**PANEL 4**

Wide shot through the stained-glass window. Megan notices a plume of smoke rising in the distant forest. She pauses, curious, staring at it.

**PANEL 5**

Interior shot of Sister Lindsay's chamber. The twins sit stiffly across from an older, decrepit Sister Lindsay, who grips a ruler tightly, her face.

SISTER LINDSAY Have you girls had your period yet?

**PANEL 6**

Close-up of the twins, clearly uncomfortable, avoiding eye contact. Kathryn bites her lip, and Megan scowls slightly.

**PANEL 7**

Medium shot of Sister Lindsay leaning forward, her voice dripping with menace.

SISTER LINDSAY Do I have to look for myself?



## **PAGE 55 - PANELS: 8**

### **PANEL 1**

Close-up of Father Miller's face as he pauses, his eyes narrowing as he turns to Megan.

FATHER  
MILLER

No. Megan, you recite.

### **PANEL 2**

Medium shot of Megan opening the Bible to the bookmarked page. Her hands shake slightly, but her expression remains cold and focused.

### **PANEL 3**

Close-up of the Bible in Megan's hands, the words of Psalms 32:8 visible on the page.

MEGAN

(OFF-PANEL)  
I will instruct you and  
teach you in the way you  
should go; I will counsel  
you with my loving eye on  
you."

### **PANEL 4**

Close-up of Father Miller's hand on Kathryn's inner thigh. Kathryn's face is just visible, a tear streaking down her cheek.

### **PANEL 5**

Extreme close-up of Father Miller licking the tear from Kathryn's face, his eyes shut in twisted pleasure.

### **PANEL 6**

Medium shot of Megan's hand snapping out and grabbing the rosary around Father Miller's neck. The beads snap and scatter across the floor.

### **PANEL 7**

Close-up of Megan's face, pure fury...

### **PANEL 8**

... as she drives the metal cross into Father Miller's eye. Blood spurts.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

67.  
55

FATHER  
MILLER

You bitch!



**PAGE 57 - PANELS: 6****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Kathryn springing up behind Sister Lindsay, wrapping the rosary wire around her throat.

**PANEL 2**

Close-up of Kathryn's bloodied palms pulling the rosary wire tight, her teeth gritted as Sister Lindsay's face turns red.

**PANEL 3**

Extreme close-up of Sister Lindsay's wide, panicked eyes, freezing as the life drains from her.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Sister Lindsay's lifeless body slumping to the floor. The rosary wire recoils from Kathryn's hands.

**PANEL 5**

Close-up of Kathryn sobbing, her hands trembling as Megan snaps her fingers in front of her face.

MEGAN

Now's not the time. We're  
getting out of here. All of  
us.

**PANEL 6**

Wide shot of Megan grabbing Kathryn's hand and pulling her out of the room. They leave Sister Lindsay's body behind.

**PAGE 58 - PANELS: 7****PANEL 1**

Medium shot of Megan and Kathryn running down the orphanage hallway, their footsteps echoing loudly.

**PANEL 2**

Wide shot of the twins skidding to a stop outside the kitchen door...

**PANEL 3**

... Megan peeks inside to make sure it's empty. Interior shot of the empty kitchen. Pots and pans hang from racks, and a large rucksack sits on the counter.

**PANEL 4**

Medium shot of Megan whispering to Kathryn as they step inside.

MEGAN                           Let's grab a rucksack and  
some food. We're going to  
need it.

**PANEL 5**

Close-up of Kathryn rifling through a pantry, grabbing nonperishable food items.

KATHRYN                        What about getting some  
outdoor clothes from the  
storage room?

**PANEL 6**

Medium shot of Megan, slinging the rucksack over her shoulder, nodding toward the door.

MEGAN                            Yes, that too.

**PANEL 7**

Wide shot of the twins leaving the kitchen, their figures small against the looming, shadowy hallway.

