

THE MONTAUK PROJECT.

ISSUE 01

Matt Marshall - 2009

Page 1

Panel 1

We see the swastika-shaped Denver airport building from the air.

Caption: Denver International Airport. 1995

Caption: Art. Art can change the world. It can reach into our souls and unleash our desires, can change the way we think, and can unite or divide us as a society. And it can happen in the most ordinary of places. In Denver Airport for example, there is a mural.

Panel 2

Inside the airport. Bored people milling about. A man in a post uniform is pushing a trolley. Dominating the picture is a huge mural full of screaming children and burning buildings

Caption: A mural that depicts a burning world, stalked over by faceless men in SS uniforms.

Panel 3

Close up on the image of a gas-masked SS man. The postman wheels his trolley past it

Caption: Authorities call it art.

Panel 4

The postman wheels the trolley into a lift.

Caption: Others call it a sinister plan. A warning

Panel 5

We see him insert a key. The floor number -13 lights up.

Caption: We ignore it. We love our humdrum world

Panel 6

We see the lift from above as it descends

Caption: We don't want to know about what evils may lurk beneath.

Page 2

Panel 1

An underground bond villain-esque complex. Nazi soldiers in classic World War 2 uniforms are milling about. The lift doors are in the centre of the image, opening with a ding.

Caption: Denver airport. Floor - 13

Panel 2

The postman, Germain, wheels the trolley in with the tip of a hat and a smile. He has a small parcel wrapped in brown paper in his hand.

Germain: Delivery for a Mr Richter

Panel 3

Richter, our chief villain in an SS commanders gear, wheels round. He has an eye patch and a bulky mechanical clockwork arm (much like Travis from Blake's 7)

Richter: Oh, that's... wait, who the hell are you, I'm not expecting anything!

Panel 4

The postman rips off a full-face mask to reveal his true face. It is our hero, Germain, a middle aged man with a look of aristocratic mania about him. He grins widely. In his other hand is the package, slightly torn to reveal the barrel of a gun

Germain: Strange, because it's got your name on it!

Panel 5

We see Germain from behind, facing all the Nazi soldiers. In one hand is his gun, in the other he now has an official ID which he is waving about

Germain: Okay, I'm with the US Government Montauk Project. You are all under arrest, put down your weapons and surrender quietly or I will be forced to use lethal force

Panel 6

Same shot. Everyone in the room raises their gun at Germain with audible clicks

Page 3

Panel 1

Germain fires his gun

Panel 2

*With a *chink*, we see Richter holding the bullet between his thumb and forefinger. He smiles widely*

Panel 3

The soldiers assemble between Richter. He places his hand into a fist

Richter: Really Germain, after all we've been through together, you expect to stop me with this?

Panel 4

Germain, holds up a pad with a button, grinning

Germain: No, I expect to stop you with this

Panel 5

He presses the button. There are several DOOM sounds around him, as government special forces pour through portals that appear around him.

Germain: Okay, lets try this again. You are all under arrest. Stick those Nazi hands of yours in the air and prepare to hand over any illegal time travel equipment you may possess.

(Link)

We are not liable for any breakages that may occur.

Page 4

Panel 1

A gunfight breaks out. Close-up on government soldiers firing

Panel 2

Birds eye view of gunfight. Lots of shooting and men fighting on a monorail.

Panel 3

Germain calmly walks forward with the carnage around him. He looks quite serene as explosions blossom behind.

Panel 4

Closer on Germain. He is lighting up a cigar.

Germain: You know, Richter, building an underground base under Denver airport might have worked. If only you hadn't painted your plans onto the lobby walls and built the airport in the shape of a swastika. Rookie error...

Panel 5

A wall panel rotates, taking Richter with it

Panel 6

Close up on Germain's bemused face

Germain: ...and I really need to stop talking so much.

Page 5

Panel 1

An explosion. Some Nazis fall off the monorail

Panel 2

A soldier runs up to Germain. Slightly less shooting in the background now.

Soldier: Sir, we're mopping them up now...

Panel 3

Large shot. Germain, cigar in one hand is sorting through some scraps of paper left on a desk.

Germain: ...but their commander's escaped, yes I know. Still, we've got everything we came for right here.

(Link)

Fire up the Doom Gates, lets leave this time zone and get ready to return to...

Title(big): THE MONTAUK PROJECT

Page 6

All panels on this page are page-wide strips

Panel 1

A pencil-line sketch of Mondrian's face, merging across into straight geometric lines

Caption: "Pieter Cornelis Mondrian. Artist. Born 1872, died 1944."

Panel 2

Mondrian is painting at his desk, looking bedraggled. A breakaway shows the geometric lines he is creating

Caption: "Rather than record nature, his paintings strove to record spirituality."

Caption: "To record truth."

Panel 3

Montage. Charts and nature. An older Mondrian frantically scribbling away, all fading into more lines and blocky colour.

Caption: "His compositions became more complex, seemingly random yet carefully measured. Decoding the universe on canvas."

Panel 4

Montage again. An old Mondrian lies dead, slumped over his easel. German tanks roll across the land.

Caption: "And then he died mysteriously in 1944 as the Second World War was drawing to a close."

Panel 5

Hitler! The aging dictator is hunched over a desk, studying Mondrian's painting as if battle plans. He has a paintbrush tucked behind his ear.

Caption: "But was it too late? Had a young Austrian artist becomes fascinated with Mondrian's theories. Had he, in the dying days of the Second World War, taken Mondrian's genius and with it his life. Had he found a way to push this new science of art to the extreme?"

Page 7

Panel 1

We are in a briefing room. Germain is facing a group of variously interested, uncaring and downright bored soldiers. Collins, a bulky, typical grunt figure is one of the latter

Collins: ...yeah, uh Germain sir. If the answer to any of those questions is 'no', you've just wasted thirty precious minutes of my life.

Panel 2

Germain grimaces. He has an old fashioned pointer stick in his hand which he taps against the screen. It displays a geometric satellite image of a town which resembles a Mondrian painting

Germain: Luckily for your short and precious existence then Collins, that this is indeed relevant. From the raid in Denver, we found evidence of communications to a small suburban down in Northern Delaware called Perseverance. Notice anything strange about these satellite photos?

Panel 3

Quinn, another rather more weedy soldier, looks slightly startled. He's actually a good boy and has been making notes

Quinn: But that's...

Panel 4

Close-up on Germain's face. We see the satellite image more clearly now.

Germain: Exactly. And unless some of the most evil men to have ever lived have suddenly gone bonkers and decided to build housing projects in the style of dead French artists, I'd say we have something odd.

Panel 5

Even closer shot of Germain.

Germain: And I don't LIKE odd things.

Panel 6

Quinn raised a hand as if in school

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Quinn: Sir, has there been any odd events or occurrences noted nearby. Strange lights or dis-

Germain: No, I've had it checked out. Its boring. Ordinary. And way too quiet. Which is why we're going in to find out what exactly IS going on. Before we blow the place to hell

Page 8

Panel 1

Establishing shot from the sky. The actual view of Perseverance at the same angle as the satellite photo.

Caption: Perseverance.

Panel 2

We see the main street. Shops on all sides, people slowly walking down in single file, oblivious to the world around them, almost like robots. Everything looks clean and new, there is no disorder, no litter on the streets. A young woman, Sarah, is standing outside her car on her phone.

Sarah: Hello? Hello? Bloody reception. Bloody thing. Bloody car.

Panel 3

She throws the phone down. Smoke is rising from her car bonnet.

Sarah: It would HAVE to be the rudeness capitol of America I break down in, wouldn't it?

Panel 4

She tries to stop a passer-by. They just stare vacantly ahead.

Sarah: Look, sorry but... hello?

Panel 5

The passer-by walks off.

Sarah: Hello? Hello? Am I invisible to you? God this country gets worse and worse

Panel 6

Close-up of Sarah

Sarah: (Yelling) Hello? God? Is there anybody out there? Give me a sign

Panel 7

She pauses like a rabbit in headlights as she is bathed in blue light and a massive DOOM sound.

FX: DOOOOM

Page 9

Panel 1

The street. We see Germain step out in the same formal wear, gun and badge in hand as his team of a dozen soldiers emerge from the Doom Gate behind him. He waves his badge about again.

Germain: Okay people, nothing to panic abo.. uh?

Panel 2

We see that people pass by oblivious to their presence

Collins: You would really imagine a government taskforce leaping out of a bright blue circle that's shouting "DOOM" would at least get some attention.

Panel 3

Quinn hugs himself as the soldiers loiter about looking puzzled

Quinn: This is very odd

Collins: Yes, I noticed that, Einstein.

Panel 4

Quinn is peering at one of the entranced townsfolk, poking him as he walks past

Quinn: Shut up Collins. WHAT'S happening here is the question. Is it a trance? Some sort of technology? Alien possession?

Panel 5

A soldier runs up to Germain

Soldier: Sir, we found a girl hiding under her car praying to God

Germain: Well, I'm not an obnoxious entity with a messiah complex, but I'm the closest you're going to find. Bring her to me.

Page 10

Panel 1

A second soldier brings Sarah to Germain. She is crying.

Sarah: L-look, I take back what I said, go back to hell or wherever you came from... I think I'm going crazy

Panel 2

Close-up on Germain. He looks taken aback.

Germain: ... Sarah?

Panel 3

Sarah is still sniveling, but looks up quizzically

Sarah: ...and please don't hurt me, I didn't mean to be here and... how do you know my name?

Panel 4

Germain rubs his temple

Germain: You... you just remind me of someone I knew once, that's all. Collins, get these people off the streets. I don't know why they're walking about like dazed daytime TV fans, and I don't like it.

Sarah: But who are...

Panel 5

Germain is getting a bit annoyed

Germain: Now young lady, you get out of he-

Panel 6

Wide shot. Germain has turned, hand outstretched as if locked around someone's throat.

Sarah: What the... are you guys the mime police or something?

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Panel 1

Wider shot. We see the ground. Germain's shadow is seen clutching another , unattached shadow by its throat. the other shadow is struggling.

Germain: (Through gritted teeth) Shadowmen. They've got goddamn SHADOWMEN here. This must be something big.

Panel 2

Soldiers start to run, panicked. Collins is waving them on

Collins: Jesus, everyone MOVE now. We need to get inside.

Sarah: I don't get it, what's wrong?

Panel 3

Close-up on Germain, arm still outstretched, looking somewhat strained.

Germain: Look down, keep your head and find me something that looks sharp in silhouette

Sarah: Oh god

Panel 4

Close-up on the ground. Germain's shadow is seen clutching another, unattached shadow by its throat. the other shadow is struggling.

Sarah: Oh god... they're everywhere

Page 12

Panel 1

Wide shot. Shadows are everywhere. A soldier falls down dead near Germain

Panel 2

Germain is sweating somewhat, teeth gritted

Germain: Yes yes, quick, give me something... a piece of paper will do.

Panel 3

Sarah fumbles in her purse

Sarah: Here, a banknote. Its only a five

Germain: I... I don't care. Fold it into a point

Panel 4

Germain holds up the now pointy banknote. He looks pleased with himself

Panel 5

Germain thrusts it into the air. Behind him soldiers are grappling in the air against invisible enemies

Panel 6

We see the shadow at Germain's feet bleeding darkness as the point goes into it, falling loose

Panel 7

Germain dusts his hands, looking pleased with himself as another soldier falls behind him

Germain: Okay, I guess that means they know we're here, lets get some cover quick!

Page 13

Panel 1

Germain turns as Collins runs back up, rifle in hand

Collins: Sir, we've been trying to get inside. But the doors, they're just bricked up. Its all fake! It's a trap!

Panel 2

Wide shot. The street is bathed in shadow, all the houses are dark. The town hall stands in the middle of the scene, bathed in light.

Germain: If its all fake, why's the town hall wide open? For the fairies? Lets go!

Panel 3

They run. shadows flood the streets. Collins, looks behind him in fear as the soldier next to him falls, dead.

Collins: Ah hell

Panel 4

Germain, leading the group, skids to a halt, surprised

Germain: Nearly there... oh.

Panel 5

At the door, bathed in light, is Richter, gun in hand, and a bunch of soldiers

Richter: Ah, Germain. I have a gift with YOUR name on it

Panel 6

Blam. He shoots Germain.

Panel 7

Fade to black

Page 14

Panel 1

Germain, Collins, Quinn, Sarah and the surviving soldiers are in a dank cell. Germain is pressing a shirt to his bleeding shoulder. Sarah is tending to it.

Caption: Later

Germain: ...its really not that bad, honest. I've had worse. Its not like I'm bleeding caterpillars or anything.

Quinn: Ugh don't remind me

Panel 2

Close up on Sarah and Germain. Germain is looking slightly disheveled at this point

Sarah: ...so you're the government, right? I'd hate to think I was running about with the bad guys.

Germain: Unless swastikas have suddenly become the new logo for Benedictine monks, then yes, its a pretty safe bet... ow

Panel 3

Sarah is pushing on his wound, slightly angry

Sarah: Hey, don't talk to me like I'm twelve, you got me into this mess, you owe me an explanation

Panel 4

Close up on Germain. Quinn leans in.

Germain: Pfft. We're known as The Montauk Project. For fifty years we've been cleaning up the world, taking care of all the weirdness and making this planet a safe place to be.

Quinn: We're a conspiracy theorists wet dream. Yeti, unicorns, the loch ness monster...

Panel 5

Sarah: What, the Loch Ness Monster is real?

Germain: You know that photo of it that looked a bit like a log?

Panel 6

Sarah: Yeah?

Germain: It was a log.

Sarah: Oh.

Panel 7

Closer on Germain's face, fading into a scene of men attacking a monstrous log!

Germain: ...but it was a vicious log from 200 million years in the past where sentient trees ruled the Earth, blasted free by nearby quarry work. We lost many good men that day.

Page 15

Panel 1

Sarah isn't looking quite impressed at this point

Sarah: Uuuh. The JFK Assassination?

Panel 2

Germain's face fades away into another scene, this time a line of people, including families, queuing up as if at a carnival to shoot JFK

Germain: Some guy in the future with a time machine set up the grassy knoll as a spectator sport. There's currently about forty shooters identified.

Panel 3

Sarah face palms, looking like she's about to cry at the ridiculousness of it all. Germain is pointing at Quinn and Collins

Sarah: Oh god why is this happening to me? I'm gonna die locked in a cellar with a bunch of government goons, shot in the head by leather nazi fetishists.

Germain: No. No you won't, I promise. Look, I know you Sarah, we've met. In my past and your future. We get a lot of time travel nonsense so I KNOW you survive this. Right now. these bozos are finding a way out of here.

Panel 4

Close-up on Quinn. He is holding a toothpick out triumphantly.

Quinn: Well actually sir, I have this toothpick I hid in my jacket lining. With it, I can jimmy the lock and...

Panel 5

Collin's leaps at a poor Quinn, grabbing the toothpick

Collins: Give me that! Guard! Guard!

Panel 6i - iii

*In quick succession, we see three quick panels, all face close-ups
i) – The door opens*

Guard: What? What's the...

ii) Collins leaps at him, toothpick in hand, quite angry

Collins: AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

iii) Cut to everyone looking away in disgust

Guard (oov): Ach. Mein eyes. Ach! Mein stomach. Ach! Mein pe-

Page 16

Panel 1

Even Germain is wincing as he holds a hand out in front of the scene

Germain: That's enough Collins, leave the poor man alone

Panel 2

Collins turns, crouched over the body of the guard, bloody toothpick still in his grasp

Collins: But sir, he's a Nazi, we're ALLOWED to do stuff like this to them. I'm sure it's in my contract...

Panel 3

Germain has straightened up, and is looking around, barking out orders

Germain: Listen up. We go straight to the heart of this place, if its the only real building here, its the only place anything interesting will... Collins, don't bother dressing up as the guard, there's no time

Panel 4

Collins is halfway through the process of removing all the guard's clothes

Collins: Uuh yeah, dressing up...

Panel 5

Sarah is pretty much frozen in shock, hand over her mouth. Germain turns to her

Germain: I PROMISE you we're better than this

Page 17

Panel 1

Two guards are standing by a door looking quite bored

Guard 1: ...and if it weren't for that horse, I wouldn't have spent that year in college

Guard 2: Wow

Panel 2

Germain pops up behind the guards, grinning widely. One guard starts to turn around

Germain: Excuse me gentlemen, where can I find the toilet?

Guard 1: Oh, its just...

Panel 3

THWAM! As both turn around, Germain punches them both in the face

Panel 4

Germain slams one of the guards against a wall, quite angrily

Germain: Now then, what ARE you up to, buddy? I must warn you, my friend has a VERY sharp toothpick

Panel 5

Closer on the guard, he's sweating slightly

Guard 1: Hey, hey... this is just a job, no need to hurt me. We... we're inside a computer. A BIG computer

Panel 6

Germain nonchalantly drops the guard, looking away

Germain: As we theorized. The town is some sort of giant computer. The Mondrian blueprints are a way of discovering truth, people walk along them like data packets... but where's the processor? There needs to be a focus point...

Panel 7

Quinn is walking along, flicking rapidly through some notes

Quinn: Maybe they've got some sort of mystical focus like a talisman. Or a supercomputer. Or a copper Pholot. Or... my god...

Page 18

Panel 1

We see them emerge into the main base of operations. Guards with guns cover them. Richter is standing there, besides a beautiful woman clad in robes, surrounded by runes. He strokes her chin with a mechanical finger.

Richter: No, not YOUR gods, you forgot them. Welcome to the interior.

Panel 2

Close-up on Richter. He sports an evil grin

Richter: Beautiful, isn't she Germain? We found her alone from her pantheon, bound her in runes and ported her here. Still, a far less... final fate than you would have given her, isn't it? And you call us the sick ones...

(Link)

Oh, and deus ex machine jokes are verboten. It gets old fast.

Panel 3

Germain strides forwards, everyone in the room pointing a gun at him.

Germain: What you are trying to do here is MADNESS, pure and simple.

Panel 4

Richter strokes a finger down the body of the bound woman, the darkness behind him resolves itself into Shadowmen, eyes visible everywhere

Richter: We have turned mankind into a computer. We are unraveling the codex of the universe, and very soon the very fundamentals of reality will be open to us to do with as we wish.

(link)

You're a joke, Germain. A petty amusement to pass the time. You're my reality television - crude, laughable, painful to watch and in the end, utterly disposable. You and your little band only got this far because you weren't important enough to deal with. Don't make me have to kill all your little friends. Again.

Panel 5

Germain is closer to Richter now. Richter raises his pistol to point at Germain's head

Richter: They say that you can't die Germain, that you made a deal with the devil himself.

Germain: THEY say a lot of things

Page 19

Panel 1

Richter has the gun pressed against Germain's temple. Germain is standing there just staring calmly at his fob watch

Richter: Indeed they do. I know who you are, I know what you've done, and I KNOW about what you did in 1612 you bad BAD boy. Its over. Lie down and gracefully die, your time has come old man.

Panel 2

Germain pauses by the goddess, stroking her chin

Germain: Speaking of time, thanks for letting me keep my watch

Richter: It's an anachronism, like you. It's got no fancy gadgets, hidden functions or life-saving devices, has it?

Panel 3

Germain steps forwards, holding his watch so that it fills up the panel. It ticks to the time 4:00 exactly

FX: Tick

Germain: No, but it keeps the time EXCEEDINGLY well

Panel 4

Cut to a digital readout of the same time. 16:00

FX: Tick

Panel 5

Zoom out to a satellite in space, of which the digital readout is a part of. It fires a blinding blue beam at the Earth

FX: Tick

Panel 6

Back in the room. It explodes in light as the beam punches through the roof. People start to scatter. The beam engulfs the goddess

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Richter: You... idiot! What have you DONE?

Germain: In the event of capture, at a prearranged time a space borne laser was programmed to pinpoint my location, and then five seconds later, fire

Richter: Goddamn it Germain, next time I'M TYING YOU UP

Page 20

Panel 1

Everything goes up in flames as guards scatter in panic. The laser starts moving, drilling through the building. Sarah turns to Germain accusingly. Germain doesn't seem to care that much.

Sarah: You BASTARD. This is the worst escape plan EVER! AND you killed that poor woman!

Germain: She's a god, it just burned off the binding glyphs. Now I think this is our cue to leave!

Panel 2

As everything explodes, Richter still stands tall in the middle of the confusion, directing his remaining guards

Richter: Open fire! Kill them all!

Germain: Oh yes, DEFINITELY our cue to leave!

Panel 3

The ceiling starts to cave in, aflame, as the building crumbles. Germain and co duck behind a large piece of masonry.

Collins: Bloody hell Germain, you shot an entire town. Got to hand it to you!

Germain: Think of it more as surgery. At least I hope there's no mystical powers invoked in Jackson Pollock's work

Panel 4

We see the Shadowmen burnt away by the light of the beam, more lasers raining down, joining the first one as the town is cut to pieces

Panel 5

Germain drags the goddess over. She is unconscious

Collins: Now sir, I know you're not that good with the ladies, but still...

Panel 6

Germain grips the goddess firmly by the chin

Germain: Shut up.

(Link)

TAKE. US. HOME

Panel 7

The building explodes into a fireball.

Panel 8

Whiteout.

Page 21

Panel 1

White back in. The good guys appear on a grassy mountainside, looking quite disheveled.

Panel 2

Closer on everyone looking about to take their bearings. Quinn adjusts his uniform

Quinn: Uuuh if this is heaven I'm feeling a bit gypped right now.

Panel 3

Germain stands up, brushing himself down and looking about

Germain: Typical. She took HERSELF home. We're in Greece, if I'm not mistaken.

Panel 4

Sarah waggles a finger at Germain, not too impressed at being stuck in Greece

Sarah: You COULD have asked her nicely, you know. She might have taken you back home AND stuck around

Germain: Yes, well, I'd rather be ALIVE than polite given the choice.

(Link)

RIGHT we've got a long way to walk home!

Panel 5

Sarah: Heh. Like you're going to walk all the way to Montauk from Greece

Germain: Montauk? You really think we'd be stupid enough to house The Montauk Project in MONTAUK? Tell me Sarah, have you ever been to the moon...?

Panel 6

We zoom out as everyone starts walking, tiny against the scenery

Panel 7

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Still at the same far away distance. One of them (Sarah) stops, lagging behind the rest of the group.

Sarah: Wait, like that's any CLOSER..?

Page 22

Panel 1

We see the rubble of the town hall. All is still and smoking.

Panel 2

THOOM. A gauntleted hand smashes out. Richter emerges, disheveled. He is PISSED.

Richter: WHERE is he? WHERE is Germain? I will CRUSH him with my bare hands!

Panel 3

Two bespectacled, trench-coated men stand in front of him, both with identical smirks on their face. One of them extends a hand to help pull Richter from the wreckage

Stranger 1: Strangely enough, Herr Richter, all is well.

Stranger 2: The Fuhrer is pleased despite the loss of the operation. We have already gathered all the necessary data.

Panel 4

Richter is completely hauled out of the rubble now. He brushes himself off with a scowl.

Richter: You mean...

Stranger 1: Yes. Welcome to the Inner Circle, Herr Richter...

Stranger 2: ...Though next time, please remember to kill your enemies BEFORE they can escape.

Panel 5

Close-up on Richter's face, fading into black. He is grinning rather evilly

Richter: Oh I will. You have my WORD on that. We're going to change the world...