

London Calling, Issue 2

By

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PAGE 1

PANEL 1:

INT. TROCADERO ARCADE, DAY

We're inside the Trocadero arcade on Shaftesbury avenue, two floors of game machines inside a shopping/cinema complex. A group of 5 friends are clustered around the controls of a fighting game, BOY 1 and BOY 2 intent at the joysticks. They're a pretty good subsection of London teenagers. Black, Indian/Asian, White. Dressed in fashionable street clothes. They're around 16-17 years old. One of the group is Danny, a young asian man pretty indistinguishable from his friends.

PANEL 2:

Closer on the group. BOY 1 is looking pissed off in a good-natured kind of way, BOY 2 laughing as he beats him, BOY 3 and BOY 4 laughing with him. Danny is in foreground turned away from them, taking out his cellphone which is ringing/vibrating in his hand.

BOY 1
What! No! You BASTARD. You
cheating... BELLEND.

BOY 2
Hahahaha

SFX
musical notes from phone

PANEL 3:

Small panel. CU. on Danny's phone, he's got a text message.

PHONE DISPLAY
~SARAH~ Just got off tube at
Leicester sq

PANEL 4:

Danny is walking away from his friends, raising one hand as he calls back at them. BOY 2 looks over his shoulder from the controls of the game while BOY 3 takes BOY 1's place, 1, 2 and 4 all grinning as they taunt their friend.

DANNY
Gonna go pick up Sarah from the
station, back in a bit.

BOY 4
Oooooooh, SARAH!

BOY 2

Haha, take as long as you want,
mate.

BOY 1

mwah! *mwah!* (kissing noises)

PANEL 5:

Danny makes his way though the crowded Trocadero, which is bustling with people - it's a Saturday so there's schoolkids and parents and tourists. Typical West End weekend mob.

PANEL 6:

CU on Danny pushing open a glass door, half out onto Shaftesbury avenue, having walked through one of the tourist-tat shops to get out. He's shielding his eyes from the light, his eyes not quite adjusting. Which is just as well really given what's coming on the next page.

PAGE 2

Splash page. Title, credits etc. Danny stands at the Shaftesbury Ave. entrance to the Trocadero, looking towards Piccadilly Circus. The city looks like something out of the better class of disaster movie, no lights, no people. Everything is grimy and dilapidated from years of neglect. Many windows are broken. Grass grows in the gutters, there are large pools of stagnant water. Black cabs stand rotting in the streets. The statue of Eros has moss and weeds growing around it. The sky is a glowing overcast grey/white, so I suppose some things never change. Even the Trocadero that Danny has just stepped out of is a grimy semi-ruin.

PAGE 3

PANEL 1:

EXT. Queen Elizabeth Hospital, morning. A complex of two-story buildings with a weird sail-like canopy out the front like an inverted tent. It's a pretty ugly building really, but for once it's a sunny day.

CAPTION:

QUEEN ELIZABETH HOSPITAL,
WOOLWICH, LONDON

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PANEL 2:

INT. Hospital. We're seeing the door to Parfett's room from Darrow's POV, his shadow an outline on the closed door, a small window showing a glimpse of the room beyond. On a clip mounted on the door is a chart with the words "EMILY PARFETT" clearly visible.

PANEL 3:

We're now inside the room, still from Darrow's POV. The single hospital bed is empty but obviously slept in, an IV with an empty bag at its side with the tube dangling lifelessly. Sleeping in a chair next to the bed is Wace, his arms crossed over his chest, his head tilted back, mouth slightly open. He's still wearing the same clothes we saw him in last issue. And on the foot of the bed is a folded piece of paper with "Michael" written on it in neat handwriting.

PANEL 4:

Framed on the note so we can more clearly see it, Darrow's arm reaching into frame to pick it up. Dark suit jacket sleeve with white shirt, expensive cufflinks.

PANEL 5:

The note. Handwritten on a small piece of lined paper, like a notepad.

NOTE

Dear Michael, Get fucked. -
Emily. X X X

PAGE 4

PANEL 1:

Now we see Darrow, he's looking up from the note, a thin, humourless smile on his face.

PANEL 2:

Wace is waking up, rubbing his eyes. He's still groggy, and has no idea that Parfett has done a runner.

WACE

Ughhh... what time is it?

PANEL3:

Darrow slips the note into his breast pocket his smile disappearing, still looking straight ahead, not bothering to face the confused Wace.

DARROW
It's too late, Wace.

PANEL 4:

We're back to Darrow's POV now, staring at the open window, the curtains being blown around slightly by the breeze.

CAPTION (DARROW)
...Too bloody LATE.

PAGE 5

PANEL 1:

Tall, page length panel. Full body shot of Parfett as she hails a cab on Artillery Road. She's barefoot but determined, her long coat buttoned up around her, a hospital gown just showing underneath.

PARFETT
Taxi!

PANEL 2:

Parfett gets into a typical Londond Black Cab, the driver looking back at her in his rear-view mirror.

DRIVER
Alright miss? Where to?

PARFETT
Firstly; where exactly am I?

DRIVER
Uh...Woolwich.

PANEL 3:

CU on Parfett as she looks out the window, her head close to the glass, an amused, wry smile on her face.

PARFETT
(quietly to herself, smaller font than usual) Christ... SOUTH of the river?

PARFETT
(normal volume/font) Just take me to Blackheath, would you?

PANEL 4:

The cab pulls away into the busy traffic.

PARFETT
 Not QUITE civilisation, but it
 will have to DO.

PAGE 6

PANEL 1:

Darrow strides away from the front entrance of the hospital, a grim expression on his face. A short distance behind is Wace, hands spread in a pleading gesture.

WACE
 Look, how was I supposed to know
 she'd wake up and do a runner?
 She'd been in a coma for 19
 hours!

PANEL 2:

Darrow's driver holds the door of his car open for him, a large dark-grey european luxury sedan. Wace is still trying to explain.

WACE
 None of the nurses could stand to
 be in the same room with her for
 long, I think she still had some
 sort of residual.. weirdness even
 asleep.

PANEL 3:

Inside the car. Darrow and Wace sit in the backseats as it pulls away. Darrow has finally snapped, and is about to give Wace a piece of his mind. Wace, on the other hand, is frantically patting down his pockets.

DARROW:
 I give you ONE fucking job, Wace,
 and you...

WACE
 Oh SHIT.

DARROW
 WHAT?

PANEL 4:

CU on Wace's face. He's looking worried and slightly sheepish.

WACE
 ...She's nicked my wallet.

.

PANEL 5:

CU on Darrow, rolling his eyes with a disgusted expression on his face, clearly wondering why he saddled himself with this idiot.

PAGE 7

PANEL1:

Back to a two-shot of Wace and Darrow, Wace looking despondant, Darrow very carefully controlling himself as he stares out the window next to him.

DARROW

Your incompetence is the stuff of LEGENDS, Wace. Generations of mothers will lull their children to sleep with tales of how utterly USELESS you are.

DARROW

Fortunately for you, I have other options for keeping track of Ms Parfett.

PANEL 2:

CU on Wace as he looks sideways at Darrow.

WACE

Victory Ace?

PANEL 3:

Back to Darrow, his face reflected in the glass of the window giving us another hint of his dual nature.

DARROW

You don't go looking for a needle by burning down the haystack. No, the man we're going to see... I would call him an old friend.

PANEL 4:

EXT. Nightmarish London Street, night. Similar framing to panel 3, but it's a much younger Darrow - about 30 years younger, his face all blues and greys in the weird night. He's yelling at someone off panel.

CAPTION (DARROW)

Though I'm sure he wouldn't say the same of ME.

DARROW: KYROS!

PAGE 8

PANEL 1:

EXT. Nightmarish London Street, night. Large panel.

Someone has taken a normal street and warped it into something horrible. The brick terrace houses are distorted, their tops jagged points, the city as a maze. FRANK BLAKEY stands in the middle of the street, shadows stretching from him in every direction, the cause of the twisted aura of darkness. He's an older man, late 50s but still stocky and powerful. His grey hair is thinning under his flat cap, crude tattoos cover his knuckles and arms. He's obviously been in a fight, one eye swollen, scrapes on his face, his shirt torn. He's holding KYROS ANDREOU at knife point, a tall, lanky man about the same age as Darrow, dressed similarly but in dark brown rather than charcoal, a switchblade just grazing his throat. A short distance away is Darrow, a pistol raised towards them, two dead bodies at his feet, victims of Blakey's aura.

CAPTION: 1977

PANEL 2:

Mid shot on Darrow. His eyes are glowing white, no pupils. The first time we've seen him exhibit any actual powers.

DARROW
Let him GO, Frank

PANEL 3:

CU on Blakey and Andreou. Blakey is sweating, his teeth gritted with the effort of resisting Darrow. Andreou looks scared, a trickle of blood running down his neck from where the point of the knife has dug in.

BLAKEY
Shut your gob you fucking CUNT.
I'm not one of your little
PUPPETS. I know what you REALLY
are.

ANDREOU
Michael...

PAGE 9

PANEL 1:

CU on Darrow. His expression is even more grim, if that's possible, his glowing eyes open wide as he uses his abilities.

PANEL 2:

CU of Andreou. His expression is suddenly blank, his eyes going white as he's affected by Darrow's power.

PANEL 3:

Wide. Andreou suddenly throws himself sideways, blood erupting from his neck in a dramatic spray as he drags himself across the edge of the blade.. Blakey hasn't even had time to react.

PANEL 4:

Darrow opens fire on Blakey.

SFX: BLAM

PAGE 10

PANEL 1:

Wide. Blakey has begun to react, shadows coiling up in front of him like water, an instinctual move that's completely ineffectual as Darrow's bullet punches through them and hits him in the shoulder.

PANEL 2:

Back to Darrow.

DARROW: DROP.

PANEL 3:

Long on Darrow and Blakey. Blakey is still standing, but swaying slightly. Darrow still has his pistol raised, pointing directly at him. Andreou lies on the ground motionless.

PANEL 4:

Same as 3, but Blakey falls to the ground.

SFX: THUMP

.

.

PANEL 5:

Darrow stands in the middle of the street, the scene now a normal London street at night, lit by orange streetlamps, his gun lowered, a contemptuous look on his face.

DARROW
You have NO idea.

PAGE 11

PANEL 1:

EXT. Myddleton Road, Bounds Green, London. Present day. Similar framing to Panel 5, Page 10, but Darrow is in the middle of the (different) street because he's crossing it, Wace following behind.

PANEL 2:

Darrow and Wace have stopped outside a menswear shop that looks like it hasn't been open since sometime in the 80s. Dusty, faded gloves, ties and jackets crowd the dingy window displays, stained, greying curtains behind them hiding the interior of the shop. A "closed" sign hangs in the doorway.

WACE
Doesn't look like anyone's...

PANEL 3:

Darrow ignores a slightly-shocked looking Wace, pushing open the unlocked door and stepping into the shop.

PANEL 4:

INT. shop. The interior of the tiny shop is just as bad as the exterior, ancient mannequins dressed in unfashionable clothing, dusty and unloved. Darrow ignores all this, moving purposefully towards the back of the dimly lit room, heading for the faint illumination coming from windows somewhere in another room at the rear of the building.

DACE:
...should we really be...

PANEL 5:

EXT. Backyard, day. Darrow pushes open the back door of the house/shop, stepping out into the sunlight again after walking through the building.

PAGE 12

PANEL 1:

EX. Backyard, day. Large panel. Andreou sits at a wrought-iron outdoor table-and-chair set. He's a tall, lanky man about the same age as Darrow, dressed in a loose shirt and khaki slacks. His hair is short and thin, but a long beard frames his face, obscuring the ugly scar on his neck. Large dark glasses cover his eyes - or rather the ruined sockets where his eyes were. His hands rest on the top of a cane. Behind him is his garden, a miserably small plot of land like all North London back yards, but one that he's made into a tiny eden. The grass is neatly trimmed, healthy-looking plants are everywhere, in hanging baskets, in neat rows in the ground etc. In contrast the fences that surround the small plot are high and mismatched. Crumbling brickwork at the back, thin horizontal strips of wood at the sides.

ANDREOU

Well Michael, what have you come to take from me THIS time, hm? My BALLS perhaps, to better make me your TIRESIAS?

PANEL 2:

Darrow pulls out one of the chairs, about to sit down.

DARROW

Perhaps another time. You know why I'm here, Kyros.

PANEL 3:

CU on Andreou.

ANDREOU

Of course I do. What surprises me is that you came ALONE.

PAGE 13

PANEL 1:

Wace stands awkwardly behind Darrow, who has a tight smile on his face, pleased that he's about to have the upper hand again.

DARROW

Kyros, I don't beleive you've met Mister Wace. Thomas Wace, this is Kyros Andreou.

WACE

Hello.

PANEL 2:

Andreou recoils in horror, as if a ghost has spoken to him, unable to sense Wace's presense at all.

ANDREOU

WHERE... Why can't I...

PANEL 3:

Back to Darrow and Wace, the latter looking distressed at Andreou's reaction but not sure what to do about it.

DARROW

Go into hysterics in your OWN time, Kyros. I need ANSWERS.

PANEL 4:

Andreou pulls himself together with an effort, wiping a handkerchief across his forehead.

ANDREOU

Yes, well.... Yes. Let's go somewhere where I can get a better VIEW, shall we?

PAGE 14

PANEL 1:

EXT. Alexandra Palace, day. Wide, establishing shot taking in the radio tower.

PANEL 2:

Another wide panel. We're behind Darrow, Andreou and Wace as they stand looking down at London from outside the palace buildings, the city spread out in front of them. Clouds have begun to gather but the sky is still bright.

ANDREOU

(italics, he's quoting) Consult the genius of the place in all;/That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;/Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,/Or scoops in circling theatres the vale.

ANDREOU

(normal font again) She's a somewhat MUCKY garden but I'm sure you take my point.

DARROW
I would rather you ARRIVE at one.

PANEL 3:

Now looking towards the three, Alexandra Palace behind them. Andreou is now wearing a coat as proof against the wind.

ANDREOU
What do you see down there,
mysterious Mister Wace?

WACE
Uh... buildings.. some trees...
um...

ANDREOU
- tsk - Michael? I know YOU can
see more than that.

PANEL 4:

CU, on Darrow's profile, a frown creasing his features, caught in an almost vulnerable moment of concentration.

DARROW
There are... shadows on my city.

PANEL 5:

Andreou places his hand on Darrow's shoulder.

ANDREOU:
You're getting OLD, Michael. Let
me show you what I see.

PAGE 15

SPLASH PAGE

Similar to Page 14, panel 2, but Wace is missing and Darrow and Andreou are silhouettes, K still standing with his hand on Darrow's shoulder. What was once the normal cityscape of London is now a weird glowing double, triple, quadruple exposure, buildings from several eras overlaid on each other with no sense of scale. There's fire and war and chaos as well, all jumbled together like several cyanotypes all mashed together.

PAGE 16

PANEL 1:

Darrow and Andreou stare at the eerie view, all colors washed out by the weird light. K points out at the view with his free hand.

DARROW

My GOD.

ANDREOU:

IMPRESSIVE, isn't it? The conjunction is quite advanced now. People will be already slipping through the CRACKS, never mind the inevitable increase in ghosts, black dogs and the like. Look, see the hot spots? There, there and.. THERE. Those were your "shadows"

PANEL 2:

CU on Andreou, the lenses of his sunglasses reflecting the weird glow.

ANDREOU

All your.. all OUR sacrifices last time, it appears they weren't ENOUGH. This looks even WORSE, so I hope you've got a damn good plan rattling around in that icy BRAIN of yours.

PANEL 3:

CU on Darrow, his expression unreadable, obviously thinking about what Andreou's shown him. None of this is much of a surprise but it does force him to accelerate his plan.

DARROW

Hm.

PANEL 4:

We're back to reality as Andreou takes his hand from Darrow's shoulder. Wace is wondering what's going on, not being privy to any of the visions, just the conversation that accompanied it.

PANEL 5:

Close on Darrow.

DARROW
Where is EMILY, Kyros?

PAGE 17

PANEL 1:

Andreou smiles sadly at Darrow

ANDREOU
Ah, I SEE.

PANEL 2:

Andreou turns away from Darrow, staring back at the city.

ANDREOU
Impressive return wasn't it? Like
a punch to the stomach.

ANDREOU
South... she's near Blackheath,
Michael. Not for long, I would
imagine, she can be very evasive
when she wants to be. What will
you do if you don't find her?

PANEL 3:

CU on Darrow, the same unreadable expression on his face.
He knows that Andreou is aware of his likely fate if
Parfett can't be tracked down.

PANEL 4:

We're back to Andreou.

ANDREOU
Yes, well. I shan't make any long
term investments, shall I?

PAGE 18

PANEL 1:

Andreou, Wace and Darrow walk back up towards Alexandra
Palace and Darrow's waiting car.

ANDREOU
I've had about as much of you as
I can stand for the moment,
Michael. Go and do what you feel
you must. I can find my own way
home, it isn't far.

DARROW
I'll be in touch.

PANEL 2:

Andreou watches the departing car, his hand on his neck, rubbing the long scar that's hidden by his beard.

PANEL 3:

CU on Andreou's neck so we can see his thumb running along the evil-looking scar.

PANEL 4:

Inside Darrow's car. Darrow is speaking into his cellphone, while Wace cranes his head back to catch a final glimpse of Andreou through the back window.

DARROW
Hello Comissioner. Good, thank you, and you? Listen, I have some information about that terrorist attack in Woolwich...

PAGE 19:

Montage, no dialogue. Pages 19 and 20 will mirror each other. Page 19 will be Order, 20 will be Chaos. Panel 1 will be long (page height), LHS of page, with panels 2-4 beside it on the right, regular sized and taking up the rest of the page

PANEL 1:

Ext. South London street, late afternoon. Two policemen are asking passers by if they've seen Parfett, showing them a b/w composite sketch.

PANEL 2:

CU, side view of a red marker making a circle on a map

PANEL 3:

CU of Darrow looking pensive, the back end of the marker against his lips like a shh-ing finger.

PANEL 4:

Darrow is silhouetted against a wall-sized map of London. Red circles dot the map in a strange, mandala-like pattern.

PAGE 20:

Layout mirrors 19, Panel 4 will be long (page height), RHS of page, with panels 1-3 beside it on the left, regular sized and taking up the rest of the page

PANEL 1:

Ext. Aldgate High Street, late afternoon. Shoppers are shocked and frightened by the shadowy apparition of a grim plague cart stacked high with bodies rolling slowly down the street.

PANEL 2:

A man bursts into flames in his bathroom, screaming into the mirror as he combusts

PANEL 3:

CU of one of the Sphinxes at the base of Cleopatra's Needle beside the Thames. Weird, glowing green tears run down its cheeks.

PANEL 4:

Ext. Ruined London, corner of Charing Cross Road and Long Acre. Outside Leicester Square tube station entrance. P stands looking up at the Underground symbol, which is half hidden by unhealthy green moss. Around him the city is still deserted and ruined, damp and partially overgrown.

PAGE 21

PANEL 1:

Wide. Andreou sits on a bench on the park just below Alexandra Palace. It's early evening now, soon getting dark, the city lit up below. There's not as many people around.

PANEL 2:

Almost exactly the same as panel 1.

ANDREOU

He didn't know you were here, did he?

PANEL 3:

The same as panels 1 and 2, but now Victory Ace is standing behind Andreou, his arms crossed.

VICTORY ACE
 Mister Darrow doesn't hold my
 LEASH, Mister Andreou. No matter
 how much he'd like to THINK so.

PANEL 4:

We're look looking back at Andreou and Victory Ace.
 Andreou hasn't bothered to turn around to look at VA,
 still looking out at the city, his hands on his cane.

ANDREOU
 Hm. Underestimating Michael is a
 very good way to end up as a
 CORPSE.

ANDREOU
 I know why you're HERE Ace, so I
 would thank you not to
 underestimate ME as well.

VICTORY ACE
 Do you?

PANEL 5:

As panel 4, but Andreou has taken off his glasses to clean
 them with his handkerchief, revealing his ruined
 eyesockets.

ANDREOU:
 We are both sick of being his
 PUPPET, are we not? I just hope
 you are able to accept the
 CONSEQUENCES.

PAGE 22:

PANEL 1:

Large Panel. A beam of white/green light shoots from
 Victory Ace's outstretched hand and strikes Andreou, who
 is reduced to a glowing white silhouette as he's erased
 from existance. His dark glasses fall from his hands,
 miraculously unscathed.

PANEL 2:

Victory Ace examines Andreou's sunglasses, seemingly
 unmoved by the fact he's just disintegrated someone.

VICTORY ACE:
 We'll have to see.

.

.

PANEL 3:

Classic overhead shot of Victory Ace flying towards the reader and up/away from the bench, Alexandra Palace and London a fish-eye panorama beneath him.

PANEL 4:

Small. Andreou's sunglasses sitting on the empty bench.

PAGE 23

PANEL 1:

Ext. South London Street. Evening. Wace stands on his doorstep at the top of a small set of concrete stairs, unlocking the door.

PANEL 2:

Small. CU of doorbell/plate at side of (now open) door. It's a list of the people that live in the 4 flats that the building is divided into, with separate doorbell buttons beside each. The panel is centered on the listing for flat 2; THOMAS WACE. Just so we know he's going home and not breaking into someone else's house.

PANEL 3:

We're now inside the doorway, stairs leading to the upper flats, a short hallway leading to the ground-floor apartment. Wace is looking down at the mail that's arrived for him today, just bills as always. He hasn't bothered to turn on the light, so the room is dim, lit mainly from the street outside.

PANEL 4:

Wace pushes open the door to his flat proper, the interior brightly lit. He's still looking down at his mail, so he hasn't noticed anything's awry.

PARFETT
(from off-panel). Hello Mister
Wace...

PAGE 24:

Splash Page. Parfett stands in Wace's flat, still wearing her long beige coat but now wearing stylish but not flashy modern clothes, her hair trimmed shorter than when we last saw her. A WW2-era pistol is in her hands, pointed square at Wace in a very businesslike fashion. Wace stands openmouthed, envelopes falling from his hand.

PARFETT
...let's have a little CHAT,
shall we?