

FLAMING GUITAR

One-Shot

by

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PAGE ONE

PROLOGUE

- 1 We open on a dark, damp alley. Very wet, very grubby, very English.
- 2 Suddenly, a security door flies open. 'Dirtball' is thrown out of the club by a big, burly security guard.
- 3a Dirtball lies in the alley on a pile of boxes, dirty, loose tie and collar.

DIRTBALL
HEY, S'NOT MY FAULT!
(link)
I THOUGHT SHE SAID YO, NOT NO!

- 3b Close up of Dirtball's unshaven face.

DIRTBALL
HUH. BITCH. JUST WAIT TIL
I GET MY HANDS ON --

CHELSEA
(off panel)
GET OFF ME!

- 3c In an alley bathed in shadow there is a pool of light, in which we see Chelsea and her boyfriend arguing.

BOYFRIEND
FINE. DON'T COME CRAWLING BACK TO ME
IN THE MORNING.

PAGE TWO

1a Higher angle of the alley, the boyfriend stomps off to the left, leaving Chelsea alone, vulnerable. She holds out her arms in disbelief.

BOYFRIEND
GOODNIGHT, CHELSEA.

1b Medium close-up of Chelsea, angry, worried.

CHELSEA
WANKER.
(to herself)
GREAT, CHELS, GREAT. WHAT ARE YOU
GONNA DO NOW?

1c Over Dirtball's shoulder as he looks predatorily at Chelsea, smaller in the frame.

2a Side on as Dirtball approaches Chelsea, passing a small set of steps leading up to a doorway.

DIRTBALL
(to himself)
HEH. LOOKS LIKE MY LUCK'S
PICKED UP.

2b As 2a, but a little further along now, just past the steps, which are now to the left of the panel. The voice has made him jump, spinning around, his suit jacket spinning. The voice comes from a figure on the stairs, barely silhouetted in the shadows.

PLAYER
I WOULDN'T DO THAT, MATE.

DIRTBALL
WHAAA?!! JESUS! DON'T DO THAT!
(link)
HEY, I'M TALKING TO YOU!

2c No response. As 2b, exactly, with Dirtball leaving the frame to the right.

DIRTBALL
GET LOST, PAL. I GOT SOME BUSINESS
TO TAKE CARE OF...

3a Straight onto the guy sitting on the steps, still covered in shadow. Dialogue from off.

DIRTBALL
HEY BABY. YOU NEED A LIFT?

CHELSEA
NO, I'M OKAY, THANKS, I'M GETTING - -

She is cut off.

DIRTBALL
NO.

3b As 3a, but closer in, still in shadow. Dialogue from off.

DIRTBALL
YOU **MISUNDERSTAND**. I WASN'T ASKING.

3c As 3b, but closer still, a medium close up in the shadows. Smoke is starting to pour from the shadowy eye sockets.

SFX
(sizzling across both eyes, vertically)
FZZZZT
FZZZZT

PLAYER
OH, *HELL*.

PAGE THREE

1 Half page, no border, the shadowy eyes have ignited into terrifying balls of fire.

SFX
(diagonally up right-left, before
the left and after the right eye)

FWHOOSH
FWHOOSH

2b From a low angle, looking up at Dirtball, dominating the frame, now brandishing a knife. Real nasty look in his eyes, sneering down at his prey.

DIRTBALL
WHAT D'YA SAY, BABY?
(link)
WANNA HAVE A LITTLE *FUN*?

2b Skewed angle from Dirtball's right hip, knife in the foreground catching the light, looking down at Chelsea, smaller in the frame again, vulnerable, terrified.

CHELSEA
PLEASE, MISTER, I DON'T WANT ANY
TROUBLE.

DIRTBALL
WHAT YOU WANT DOESN'T REALLY **CONCERN**
ME, *HONEYBEE*.

2c Closer on Dirtball's disgusting, menacing face.

DIRTBALL
IT'S REALLY **NOT YOUR NIGHT**, *IS IT?*

3 Over Chelsea's shoulder, Dirtball is upon her, knife held towards her throat, his hand reaching for her shoulder. A huge, ominous shadow on the ground behind Dirtball. The lettering for Flaming Guitar from here is in a flaming, fiery font.

FLAMING GUITAR
(off)
HEY!

PAGE FOUR AND PAGE FIVE

Double-page spread.

- 1 A fist strikes hard across Dirtball's face. Blood flying from his nose and mouth. A flaming fist and flaming eyes light up the right hand side of the frame, having delivered this huge, savage blow.

SFX

THWAKK

DIRTBALL

GARR!

- 2 Dirtball's face again in the foreground, to the right of the frame, recoiling from a smash across the face with a guitar. Teeth missing and broken, more blood, eyes closed tightly in pain, cheek indented. Flaming Guitar is left of panel, still shadowy, leaning, having put so much force into swinging the guitar. Both hands and eyes are fire, elements of fire also in the long hair.

SFX

WHUDD

FLAMING GUITAR

THE LADY

(link)

SAID

(link)

NO!

PAGE SIX

1a Medium close-up of the Dirtball, trying to crawl away through a puddle, gasping for breath. We're at ground level.

DIRTBALL
NNRRAA. I WASN'T GONNA...

DIRTBALL
(small text)
I WAS ONLY...

1b Side-on close up of Dirtball's face being stomped into the puddle.

SFX
KRRUNCH
DIRTBALL
AGKK!

1c View from above Dirtball, lying face down in a puddle. He groans to show us he's not dead.

DIRTBALL
UHhhh.

2 High angle panel of the alleyway, Dirtball lying face down in the dirt, Chelsea sunken to her knees. Flaming Guitar, holding the guitar out behind him, extends out an arm as if to help, but he cannot touch her.

CHELSEA
TH-THANK YOU. HE WAS GOING TO...

FLAMING GUITAR
RAPE YOU AND **KILL** YOU. AND YOU *WOULDN'T*
HAVE BEEN THE FIRST.

CHELSEA
WHO-WHO ARE YOU?

PAGE SEVEN

Full page hero shot. Flaming Guitar turns to face her properly for the first time, eyes and hands of fire blazing in the darkness of the alley. He has spun towards her, his long coat twirling behind him. He holds the guitar by the neck, the body out behind him, hunched on one knee. The lettering is the same as the book logo.

FLAMING GUITAR

I'M **FLAMING GUITAR.**

PAGE EIGHT

1 Establishing frame of a huge office building in the heart of London; Big Ben and the London Eye can be seen in the background. This is the headquarters of BMAA (beamer) - British Metahuman Affairs Agency.

CAPTION

FLAMING GUITAR? WHAT THE **HELL** KIND OF NAME IS *THAT*?

CAPTION

TELL ME ABOUT IT. BUT HE'S *REAL*, ALRIGHT.

2a Our central cop character, Detective Samuels, bald and black, is talking to a regular, uniformed policeman. Samuels is in a brown suit with a long, lighter brown overcoat.

SAMUELS

I'VE BEEN CHASING THIS GUY ACROSS THE COUNTRY FOR MONTHS.

(link)

NEWCASTLE, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOW RIGHT HERE IN *LONDON*.

COP

WHAT'S THIS GUY'S STORY? THEY **ALL** GOT A STORY, DON'T THEY?

2b Closer on Samuels and the cop. A mid-shot as they talk.

SAMUELS

WELL, THERE'S **LOTS** OF DIFFERENT STORIES ABOUT THIS GUY. *ALIENS, TOXIC EXPERIMENTS, MAD SCIENTISTS*, THE USUAL.

COP

WHEN DID THE WORLD **GET** LIKE THIS? THESE *GODDAM METAS* KEEP MULTIPLYING QUICKER THAN *GODDAM RATS*.

3a Side on Samuels' face in the foreground, looking off left at the cop. Cop is facing, frustrated/angry.

COP

I MEAN, COME ON, THERE **WAS** NO BMAA* THREE YEARS AGO 'COS THERE WAS NO **NEED** FOR IT. THERE WERE NO *METAS*.

SAMUELS
WELL, THAT'S THE THING. I'M NOT CONVINCED
THIS ONE IS A META...

CAPTION
*BRITISH METAHUMAN AFFAIRS AGENCY

3b Altered colour tone, very dark - possibly black and
white? Side on view of Player driving, a mid shot. Rainy,
stormy night.

CAPTION
...NOT STRICTLY SPEAKING, ANYWAY.

CAPTION
THE STORY WE'RE GOING WITH HAS HIM AS A
REGULAR GUY TO START OFF.

PAGE NINE

1 A rainy night. Wide, from-behind shot of a car pulled up at a set of traffic lights. Same black and white image, expect for the red of the light.

CAPTION
SO WHAT HAPPENED?

CAPTION
STORY GOES THAT HE WAS JUST A *NORMAL GUY*,
A **STRUGGLING MUSICIAN**. TRYING TO MAKE
MONEY TO SUPPORT HIS WIFE...

2a Over Player, focusing on his wife in the passenger seat. Dark hair, very beautiful, very pregnant.

CAPTION
...WHO WAS CARRYING HIS **UNBORN KID**.

CAPTION
JEEZ, I DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING
ALREADY.

2b Close-up as Player has his hand on the bump, her hand on his.

3a Front angle of the car, through the windscreen. Very rainy. Player is happy, his wife is laughing, glowing. Car headlights approaching from behind, through the rear window.

CAPTION
SO IT'S A *RAINY NIGHT* AND THEY'RE
STOPPED AT THE LIGHTS. DETAILS ARE
SKETCHY. MAYBE SHE WASN'T WEARING HER
SEATBELT...

3b Repeat of the image from 3a, but the lights are right upon them now. Player is looking at the rear view mirror, sudden fear on his face. Wife is turning to look.

CAPTION
...BUT THEY GET *HIT* FROM BEHIND. **AT
SPEED**.

PAGE TEN

1 A plain white van smashes into the back of their car, sending it hurtling through the air. We see it mid-flip, before it is going to land on its roof. No other traffic around, still the red traffic light the only discernible colour in the frame. The lights are at a crossroads. Still lots and lots of rain.

SFX

KERRASSHH

2a Close in on Player's bloody, dazed car-crash face, side-on, his head on the steering wheel. Cuts and swelling. Red blood.

CAPTION

OUR GUY *SURVIVES*. A FEW BROKEN BONES,
MAYBE.

2b From Player's POV, an empty passenger seat covered in shattered glass. A huge hole in the windscreen. Lots of red blood sprayed around.

CAPTION

THE WIFE WASN'T SO **LUCKY**.

2c As 2a, but Player's head is up, he realises what has happened. Slightly skewed angle perhaps; he is distraught, the realisation that his wife is dead.

CAPTION

OUR GUY'S LIFE IS SHATTERED IN FIVE
SECONDS.

CAPTION

AND IN THAT TIME HE'S *VULNERABLE*.

PAGE ELEVEN

1 High angle of the carnage and devastation. The car lies in ruins. The white van is nowhere to be seen. Glass covers the road. The car door is open. In the centre of the crossroads, Player cradles the dead body of his wife, in a pool of blood. Red blood, still with the red light.

CAPTION
VULNERABLE?

CAPTION
UH-HUH. THIS ALL HAPPENS AT A
CROSSROADS, WHAT OUR LAB GUYS ARE
CALLING A 'METAPHYSICAL CONVERGANCE
POINT'.

CAPTION
A META-**WHAT**, NOW?

CAPTION
GATEWAY TO HELL. OR SOMETHING LIKE
IT.

2 Front, mid-shot view of Player cradling his dead wife, very *Death in the Family*. No background, black. No panel, background of this picture forms the background for the page.

CAPTION
IN THAT SPLIT SECOND OF GRIEF AND ANGER,
HE'S OFFERED A DEAL. *HE TAKES IT.*

CAPTION
A DEAL WITH THE *DEVIL*?

CAPTION
DEVIL, DEMON, MAGE, WITCH, WHATEVER
THE HELL YOU WANT TO CALL IT...

3 From above, Player still cradles the dead body of his wife, as before. A perfect circle of fire surrounds them.

CAPTION
...BUT IT WAS DEFINITELY SOMETHING **EVIL**.

CAPTION
I GUESS HE WAS PLANNING ON BRINGING HER
BACK?

CAPTION
MAYBE AS A BONUS, PICKING UP SOME SUPER-
GUITAR SKILLS?

CAPTION
MAYBE. BUT SOMETHING WENT **VERY WRONG.**

PAGE TWELVE

1a Totally black quarter-page panel.

CAPTION
WRONG?

CAPTION
YUP. NO IDEA WHAT. BUT HE'S GONE,
POOF, JUST LIKE THAT.

CAPTION
WE HAVE NOTHING ON HIM FOR THE NEXT
THREE YEARS.

1b Close, side-on view of Player, face down in a public park.

CAPTION
THEN, FROM NOWHERE, LOCAL POLICE GET
A CALL ABOUT A *NAKED GUY* WANDERING
AROUND THE SHOURI GARDENS, NEAR
STONEHENGE.

1c Player wanders aimlessly through a country park, naked, his modesty covered by bushes. A couple at a picnic bench stare on in horror from behind (AT his behind). Perhaps she is spitting out her picnic food.

CAPTION
FINGERPRINTS AT THE SCENE SHOW IT'S
DEFINITELY OUR GUY.

CAPTION
HE SEEMS TO HAVE NO *MEMORY* OF WHO HE IS.
HE JUST WANDERS FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

2 An evidence board on the wall of the police station. Case file #19022008 'Flaming Guitar'. A selection of crime scene photos depicting the brutality of the captions.

CAPTION
THEN WE PICK UP HIS PRINTS IN A BUNCH
OF PLACES.

CAPTION
MANCHESTER, TONY QUINN, DRUG DEALER AND
PIMP. TWO BROKEN LEGS AND EIGHT MISSING
TEETH.

CAPTION

NEWCASTLE, MARK FULLER, PAEDEOPHILE.
BROKEN NOSE, FOUR CRACKED RIBS,
FRACTURED STERNUM.

CAPTION

BIRMINGHAM, ERIC STEWART, LOCALS FOUND
A STIFF IN HIS CELLAR AT HOME. MR
STEWART IS NOW MISSING HIS TONGUE. IT
WAS **BURNED** RIGHT OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

PAGE THIRTEEN

- 1a Back in the MAA building. Samuels leans against a desk holding a polystyrene coffee cup. The cop is opposite, at his desk, thumbing through the file.
- 1b Insert of Samuels' face, matter of fact, finishing his story.

CAPTION
AND NOW THIS ONE LAST NIGHT.

- 1a As described above.

SAMUELS
ALL FOUR VICS - IF YOU CAN CALL THEM
THAT - DESCRIBED THEIR ASSAILANT...
(link)
...SIX-FOUR, HANDS AND EYES MADE OF
FIRE, CALLS HIMSELF 'FLAMING GUITAR'.

- 2a Closer in on the cop at his desk, looking towards us. He is holding a picture of Player, a puzzled look on his face.

COP
AND YOU'RE SURE THIS IS OUR GUY?

- 2b Up on Samuels, drinking his coffee.

SAMUELS
S.O.C.O.* HAS HIS DNA AND PRINTS AT
EACH CRIME SCENE.
(link)
LOCAL BARS HAVE A GUITAR PLAYER WHO
MATCHES THE DESCRIPTION OF OUR GUY ON
EACH NIGHT.

CAPTION
*Scene Of Crime Officer

- 3 Both the cop and Samuels now back in the frame, Samuels with his back to us, looking out over the London skyline.

COP
SO WHO IS HE?

SAMUELS
CLASSIFIED. BUT APPARENTLY, NOW HE CALLS
HIMSELF 'PLAYER'.

CAPTION
PLAYER?

-

PAGE FOURTEEN

1 Top, frontal view overlooking the Blackpool coastline (romanticised, obviously). Open panel, the sea shore at the bottom, fading to black, forming the background for the page. We see the familiar tower in the distance, arcades line the sea front, the beach, pretty lights. An open-top red bus is passing by. It's early evening.

CAPTION

PLAYER? WHAT KIND OF NAME'S 'PLAYER'?

2a Closer on a bar on the seafront, 'R&R Rockhouse', emblazoned with posters for various bands. There's a line outside, it's obviously busy.

CAPTION

HELL IF I KNOW. BUT HE SURE IS **GOOD**.

2b Inside the bar, over the bar itself, the stage in the background. Player is standing, playing guitar and singing a song to a captivated crowd. We focus on Smokie, standing hunched over the bar, annoyed, talking to the bartender, cleaning a glass. Smokie has a long moustache and long hair, a scar across his eyebrow. In the background to the right we can make out a dark-haired woman sitting with a blond - they are important for later.

SMOKIE

HE DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH TO ME.

BARTENDER

SHEESH, SMOKES, JUST LOOK AT THE CROWD.

2b Closer on Smokie, face on, threatening, angry.

SMOKIE

YEAH, AND? YOU SAYING THESE PEOPLE
WOULDN'T'VE BEEN THE SAME IF I WAS UP
THERE RIGHT NOW?

(link)

LIKE I SHOULD BE. PRICK SHOULD'VE BEEN
FINISHED AN HOUR AGO.

3 From beside Smokie, catching the side of his face, over at the Bartender, who is visibly shaken, pouring Smokie another drink from a whiskey bottle.

BARTENDER

SORRY SMOKES, I, UH, I DIDN'T MEAN
NOTHING BY IT.

SMOKIE
I HOPE NOT, FOR YOUR SAKE.

PAGE FIFTEEN

1 Open panel. From on stage, from behind Player, low angle, forming the background of the page. Crowd are clapping and cheering, waving their arms in the air. We see the bar off, the bartender giving the glass of whiskey to Smokie.

PLAYER
THANK YOU VERY MUCH. THANKS.

BARTENDER
LOOK, HE'S FINISHING UP.

SMOKIE
ABOUT FREAKING TIME.

PLAYER
MAYBE JUST ONE MORE?

2a From the bar again, Smokie storms off over towards the stage. The bartender is visibly worried. The crowd are going crazy.

CROWD
YEAHHH!

SMOKIE
SON OF A...

2b Closer on the stage, higher angle looking down. Smokie takes the stage, furious.

SMOKIE
HEY, WANKER. GET OFF THE DAMN STAGE.
THIS IS MY SHOW.

PLAYER
IS THAT RIGHT, NOW?

3 Wider of the stage, from behind the audience, lots of bodies, looking up in adoration.

PLAYER
SORRY GUYS, THIS NUMBNUTS IS KICKING
ME OFF. PEACE OUT!

Crowd boos Smokie.

SMOKIE
WANKER.

4a Repeat of opening angle, this time with Player at the bar instead of Smokie, who is onstage. The crowd are beginning to walk away.

BARTENDER
HE SURE DIDN'T LIKE YOU MUCH.

PLAYER
MAYBE I WAS BETTER'N HIM.

BARTENDER
NO CONTEST. BUT I THINK IT MIGHT HAVE
TO DO WITH HIS GIRL MAKING EYES AT YOU
ALL NIGHT.

4b Closer on Player, frontal view. A smile on his face and a glint of mischief in his eye. From behind right we see a pretty dark-haired girl smiling in his direction.

PLAYER
HUH. WHICH ONE?

BARTENDER
PRETTY YOUNG THING OVER THERE.

PAGE SIXTEEN

1a Player is walking off towards the dark-haired girl.

BARTENDER
WAIT, PLAYER! DAMMIT! THIS AIN'T
GONNA END WELL.

1b Open panel, high view of the girls' table, them looking in awe at Player as he reaches them. Player is leaning onto the table with his hands on the desk to the left of frame. Background becomes the page background.

PLAYER
EVENING LADIES. ENJOYING THE SHOW?

BLONDE
OHMYGOD, YOU WERE SO AWESOME! WHERE DID
YOU LEARN TO PLAY LIKE THAT, IT WAS SO
BEAUTIFUL - -

BRUNETTE
EASY, SHARI. YOU WERE SMOKING OUT THERE
TONIGHT.

PLAYER
HUH. YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.

2a From onstage, over Smokie's shoulder, silhouetted in the foreground, we see the girls' table in the distance, Player leaning on it, both girls mesmerised. Sparse crowd now.

2b Close in on Smokie's face, eyes skewed. Now he's really angry!

SMOKIE
SON OF A...

2c Over the girls' table, Player on the right, Smokie has burst across the room from the stage towards them. Both girls are startled.

SMOKIE
HEY!
(link)
WHAT THE HELL D'YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING WITH MY WOMAN?

PLAYER
HUH. **YOUR** WOMAN? WHICH ONE'S YOURS?
THE **UGLY ONE** OR **THE DUDE IN DRAG**?

3a Smokie punches Player clean across the table.

SFX

THWAKKK

3b Closer on Player, getting to his feet, blood from the corner of his mouth, with a smile.

SMOKIE

YOU AND ME, OUTSIDE.

PLAYER

WHY WAIT?

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1 Out in the alley way, the window of the bar smashes open as Player and Smokie come hurtling through.

SFX

KKRASSH

2a Low angle beside Smokie, on top of Player, pinning him down, punching.

SFX

KRRUNCH

SMOKIE

JUST WHO THE HELL D'YOU THINK YOU ARE?

2b Reverse side-angle, Player head-butts Smokie. Blood flows.

SFX

THWAKK

SMOKIE

UGGHH!

3 Over Player's shoulder at Smokie, now supported by three cronies.

SMOKIE

YOU GOT SOME KIND OF DEATH WISH, BOY?

PLAYER

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

(LINK)

C'MON, C'MON!

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1a Side view as one of Smokie's goons hands him a knife from his belt.

SFX

SNIKKT

1b Over Player's shoulder, looking down at his hands.

PLAYER

C'MON! DAMMIT. NO GODDAM
POWERS WHEN YOU NEED 'EM.

2a Smokie, grimacing, coming at him with the knife.

SMOKIE

YOU WANNA DANCE?

2b Player, angry, still smiling.

PLAYER

YOU KIDDING ME? IF YOUR DANCING'S
AS BAD AS YOUR SINGING YOU'RE
REALLY IN TROUBLE.

3a Goon #1 takes a swing at Player, he ducks.

3b While ducking, he punches #2 in the stomach.

SFX

KRRUNCH

GOON #2

HUGGGH!

3c Player spins, punching Goon #1 hard. Smokie is behind him now, knife glistens in the light.

SFX

THWAKK

GOON #3

UFF!

SMOKIE

HEY.

PAGE NINETEEN

1a Black background, Close-up as Smokie plunges the knife through Player's chest. Red blood flows.

SFX

SNNIKT

PLAYER

UUGGHH!

1b Player falls to his knees, side on, knife sticking through his chest.

2 Player lies in a pool of his own blood, view from above.

PLAYER

HUHHHHH.

3 Half-page panel. From Player's POV, lying in the alley, looking up at the knife in his chest, the tower above him lit in the background. Starry night sky.

PLAYER

HUH. STABBED AGAIN. FUNNY, LOOKS SO
PRETTY FROM DOWN HERE - -

CAPTION

DETECTIVE SAMUELS!

PAGE TWENTY

1a Inside the BMAA building again. Samuels is sitting at his desk pouring over a case file.

COP
(off panel)
DETECTIVE SAMUELS!

1b Over Samuels' shocked shoulder at the office doorway. The cop has burst into Samuels' office, obviously in a hurry.

COP
WE GOT A HIT ON YOUR GUY, PLAYER -
GUITAR FIRE-GUY.

SAMUELS
WHAT?! WHEN?

2a Closer on the cop, pleased with himself, framed in the doorway of the office.

COP
CALL FROM BLACKPOOL, THEY GOT A STIFF
ONE OVER THERE, JUST BROUGHT TO THE
MORGUE, GOT YOUR GUY'S PRINTS.

2b Wider shot from the cop's POV. Samuels has shot out of his seat, reaching for his jacket.

SAMUELS
CALL THE LOCALS, TELL THEM TO EVACUATE
THE SURROUNDING AREA AND SURROUND THE
BUILDING.
(link)
NO-ONE IN OR OUT UNTIL I GET THERE.
(link)
AND I NEED A CHOPPER, *STAT!*

3a Medium close-up of the cop leaning relaxed on the door frame, his hands held out in a 'why?' motion.

COP
WHY THE HURRY? HE'S *DEAD*, AIN'T HE?

3b Samuels is now past the cop in the doorway on his way out. We see them both together, Samuels is panicking, his coat spinning out behind him as he is rushing out.

SAMUELS
YOU'D THINK. THERE'S SOMETHING I DIDN'T
MENTION - -

3c Close-up on Samuels, over his shoulder to the cop behind him.

SAMUELS
HE MAY BE DEAD NOW...

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1 Establishing shot of the morgue, rows of trolleys laden with toe-tagged bodies.

CAPTION

...BUT HE WON'T STAY LIKE THAT FOR
LONG.

2 Medium close-up of Player's pale face, definitely dead.

CAPTION

JENNY! OH GOD, PLEASE, JENNY, NO.

3 Black panel.

CAPTION

I CAN HELP YOU. YOU WANT TO BE HELPED,
DON'T YOU?

CAPTION

PLEASE JENNY, OH GOD, PLEASE.

CAPTION

GOD ISN'T IN RIGHT NOW. I CAN HELP YOU.
BUT I NEED SOMETHING FROM YOU IN RETURN.

CAPTION

PLEASE, PLEASE.

Five diagonally -slashed frames:

4a A purple-robed figure, surrounded by darkness is barely visible at the side of the frame.

4b Close up of Player's hands on the slab in the morgue.

SFX

FZZZZT

4c Player cradling his dead wife.

4d Close up on Player's dead face.

SFX

FFRRRRRRRRSH

4e A skeletal hand reaches out through the robe.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1 1/3 page. Side view as Player bolts upright, his hands and eyes on fire.

PLAYER

AARRGGH!

2a Player sits on the bed, holding his hands out on front of him. The flames are dying already, his eyes have returned to normal.

CAPTION

GREAT. STABBED AGAIN. THAT'S WHAT, SIX TIMES NOW?

2b Frontal view as he examines his new wound, stitches around the knife that killed him.

CAPTION

STILL CAN'T CONTROL IT. CAN'T SUMMON IT. I NEED TO -

2c The morgue door slams open as two orderlies wheel in a fresh body. One is smaller, with dark hair and glasses. The other is taller and bigger built, with short blond hair.

SFX

SLAM

3 The orderlies stand beside the trolley, the little one, 'Orderly 1', smiling. The other is looking nervously off-panel.

ORDERLY 1

--AND SO I SAYS, "IT'S NOT YOUR DAY IS IT?!" HA HA! WHAT'S UP WITH YOU?

ORDERLY 2

YOU SEE THAT, LARRY? THAT BODY JUST MOVED!

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

1a Close on the little orderly's face. He's ugly.

ORDERLY 1
YEAH, YEAH. YOU KNOW THEY DON'T MOVE.
THE BOSS LIKES IT BETTER THAT WAY.

1b Wider on the pair of orderlies. It's clear that the little one is the ringleader.

ORDERLY 2
HA HA! GOOD ONE, LARRY.

ORDERLY 1
SO, YOU GET A LOOK AT THIS ONE?

1c Medium close-up from above as a body bag is opened, revealing a beautiful girl with a slit throat.

SFX
ZIPPPP

ORDERLY 2
SHAME. SHE'S PRETTY.

ORDERLY 1
YEAH. PRETTY DEAD!

2a The bigger orderly is doubled over, laughing. The smaller one looks pretty pleased with himself.

ORDERLY 2
HA HA! YOU'RE ON FIRE TONIGHT, LARRY!

ORDERLY 1
WE BETTER CALL THE BOSS, HE'S GONNA
WANT HER WHILE SHE'S STILL WARM.

2b View from above on Player, lying motionless on the slab, medium close-up.

CAPTION
WHAT THE HELL HAVE I STUMBLED INTO NOW?

3 On Player, pretending to be dead on the slab. Over his body, looking at the two orderlies. The smaller one is heading through the door.

ORDERLY 2
YEAH, HE WON'T WANNA GET THE COLD
SHOULDER!
(link)
GEDDIT? COLD SHOULDER?

ORDERLY 1
LEAVES THE JOKES TO ME, BENNY.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

1a Player sits upright on the slab, looking around the room.

CAPTION
GREAT, JUST MY LUCK.

1b Player walks across to the door, we can see the orderlies in the hall outside through the window in the door.

CAPTION
I CAN'T GET ANY PEACE AND QUIET.

CAPTION
NOT EVEN IN THE GODDAM MORGUE.

2 In the corridor as the orderlies call their boss. We can see Player spying on them through the door, their backs to him.

ORDERLY 1
YEAH, BOSS. SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. NICE AND
FRESH. SEE YOU IN FIVE.

CAPTION
HE BETTER NOT MEAN WHAT I THINK HE MEAN.

3a Player standing by the door, his head back against it.

3b Wider shot, revealing that he's not wearing any clothes.

CAPTION
HUH. NEED CLOTHES.

3c Player pulls on his shirt.

SAMUELS
(off panel)
FREEZE!

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

1 Wide, medium shot, over Player's shoulder, facing Samuels, gun trained on Player.

SAMUELS
DO NOT MOVE OR I WILL SHOOT YOU.

PLAYER
GO AHEAD. WON'T HELP.

SAMUEL
HUH.
(link)
GUESS NOT.

2a Samuels lowers his gun. They stand, face to face.

PLAYER
SO. WHAT NOW?

SAMUELS
I'M FROM BMAA, I'VE BEEN TRACKING YOU
ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

PLAYER
WHAT'S BEAMER?

2b Closer on their faces, in profile - Samuels to the left, Player to the right.

SAMUELS
'BMAA'. BRITISH METAHUMAN AFFAIRS
AGENCY. I KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO.

PLAYER
HUH. YOU PROBABLY KNOW MORE THAN ME.

SAMUELS
I KNOW A LOT MORE THAN YOU.

PLAYER
COME AGAIN?

3a Close on Samuels, serious.

SAMUELS
YOUR NAME IS JACK FAIGAN. YOU'RE FROM
MANCHESTER.

3b Player looks confused, as if fishing for a memory that's not there.

PLAYER
JACK...?

SAMUELS
YOUR WIFE'S NAME WAS ---

3c Closer on Player, angry, confused.

PLAYER
WIFE? I HAVE A-

VOICE
(off panel)
JUST GET HER OUT HERE!

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

1a Samuels steps around the corner, gun held ready.

SAMUELS

HIDE!

1b Wide shot of the orderlies as they enter for the body. Samuels is behind a wall to the right of the panel while Player hides behind a trolley in the foreground.

ORDERLY 1

HE'S GONNA BE HAPPY WITH THIS ONE!

2a The orderlies wheel out the girl's body.

2b Samuels stands, arms out, confused. Player is still angry.

SAMUELS

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?

PLAYER

WAIT A SECOND, YOU SAID I HAVE A WIFE.

(link)

HOW COME I DON'T REMEMBER? WHY DON'T I REMEMBER ANYTHING?

(link)

WHY -

SFX

FZZZZT

3 Wide shot of the room, Samuels approaching Player, who is in obvious pain, staggering back.

SAMUELS

WHAT IS IT?

PLAYER

IT'S... IT'S HAPPENING.

(link)

I CAN'T... CAN'T...

SFX

WHOOSH

4 The glow of fire reflects in Samuels' close-up, looking on. Perhaps a reflection in his glasses?

SAMUELS

MY GOD.

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

1 Full page of Flaming Guitar, in all his fiery glory,
surrounded by the death of the morgue.

FLAMING GUITAR
THERE IS A MAN IN THE CORRIDOR WHO BUYS
DEAD GIRLS FROM THIS MORGUE. YOU *DON'T*
WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE DOES WITH THEM.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

1 Overview of the morgue, Samuels is visibly shaken. Width panel provides the page background.

SAMUELS
WAIT - JACK, PLAYER.

FLAMING GUITAR
HE'S NOT HERE RIGHT NOW.

2a Over Samuels' shoulder as he peers into the hall, we see the goons from earlier with the dead girl in the background.

SAMUELS
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

2b Close up on Flaming Guitar's face, clearly showing the skulls behind his fiery eyes.

FLAMING GUITAR
EVERYTHING.

3a In the corridor, the orderlies have wheeled the body to their BOSS, who is shirtless, bald, wearing leather gloves. He has a swastika tattooed across his chest. He is sadistically creepy.

ORDERLY 1
YOU LIKE, BOSS?

3b From the dead girl's POV, up at Boss' face, evil, sadistic grin.

BOSS
HELL, YEAH. YOU'VE DONE WELL, BOYS. I
MIGHT EVEN SAVE YOU A PIECE.

4 Flaming Guitar bursts through the door, kicking it through.

SFX
KRRRAASSSHHH

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

1 Half page on Boss and the goons, cocky.

BOSS
WHO'S THIS CLOWN?

ORDERLY 1
I DUNNO BOSS, HE WASN'T IN THERE
BEFORE, I SWEAR!

BOSS
NO NEED TO WORRY. I GUESS THIS IS A
MORGUE AFTER ALL --

2a The Boss pulls out a semi-automatic and fires at Flaming Guitar.

BOSS
-- MIGHT AS WELL ADD ANOTHER **BODY!**

SFX
THUDDATHUDDATHUDDATHUDDA

2b Medium-shot on Flaming Guitar, emotionless as the bullets ricochet off his body.

SFX
PITCHOWW

FLAMING GUITAR
BULLETS? AMATEURS.

2c Orderly 2 swings his baseball bat at Flaming Guitar.

ORDERLY 2
I'LL GET HIM, BOSS.

2d Flaming Guitar blocks the bat, holding it.

SFX
THUNK

FLAMING GUITAR
BENJAMIN. YOUR GRANDMOTHER WILL BE
SO DISAPPOINTED.

4 Orderly 2 flies through a plate glass window, shattering it.

SFX
KRRASSHH

URGH! ORDERLY 2

PAGE THIRTY

1a Samuels bursts into the corridor, brandishing his gun.

SAMUELS
DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

1b The Boss and Orderly 1 spray bullets everywhere.

BOSS
I'M THINKING, NO!

SFX
BUDDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

1c Side view as Samuels goes down after he is hit in the shoulder.

SAMUELS
ARRGGH!

2 Wider panel of Flaming Guitar standing over Detective Samuels. The Boss looks on in fury, Orderly 1 is trembling with fear.

FLAMING GUITAR
YOU WILL LIVE, SAM SAMUELS.
(link)
VICTOR MARCEZ. THE THINGS YOU DO TO
THESE WOMEN - *DEAD OR ALIVE* - ARE
UNIMAGINABLE.
(link)
NO MORE!

3a Flaming Guitar swings down his guitar, slicing The Boss' arm clean off.

SFX
SLLASH

BOSS
UUGGGGHH!

3b Mid-shot of The Boss, arm severed, on the floor.

BOSS
MY ARM! MY ARM!

3c Flaming Guitar picks up The Boss's severed arm, brandishing it as a weapon.

PAGE THIRTY - ONE

1 Flaming Guitar strikes The Boss across the face with his own arm.

FLAMING GUITAR
SHUT UP.

SFX
THWAKK

2a Orderly 1 raises his gun to Flaming Guitar.

2b Orderly 1 is visibly shaking.

FLAMING GUITAR
SERIOUSLY?

2c Orderly 1 turns and runs away.

2d Orderly 1 has left the panel, a very faint smile from Flaming Guitar.

3a Samuels has staggered over, looking down at The Boss, bloodied on the floor.

SAMUELS
MY GOD. HE DEAD?

FLAMING GUITAR
NO, HE'LL LIVE. AS WILL YOU. HOLD
STILL.

3b Flaming Guitar places his fiery hand down over Samuels' bullet wound, expelling steam.

SFX
SSSSSS

SAMUELS
ARRGGH!

PAGE THIRTY - TWO

1 Wider shot of the Samuels and Flaming Guitar in the morgue corridor, Samuels is no longer doubled over.

SAMUELS
WHAT...WHAT DID YOU DO?

FLAMING GUITAR
CAUTERIZED YOUR WOUND. YOU ARE A GOOD
MAN, SAM SAMUELS. YOU SHOULD BE RELIEVED
OF YOUR GUILT.

2a Close on Samuels' face, shocked.

SAMUELS
BUT, HOW --?

2b Wider on the two of them, face to face.

FLAMING GUITAR
I KNOW WHAT THE HOST DOES NOT.

SAMUELS
THEN YOU'RE JUST A --

SFX
HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

3 Slashed panels, diagonally from left to right, half page vertically.

3a Flaming guitar throws his arms back, his whole body on fire.

3b Flaming Guitar's fiery hand, clenched into a fist.

3c Close on Samuels' concerned face.

3d Close on the clenched fist again, no longer fiery.

PAGE THIRTY - THREE

1a Player on his knees, smoking, but no longer his fiery alter-ego.

PLAYER
HUH. DOESN'T HURT AS BAD THIS TIME. YOU
OK?

SAMUELS
I'LL LIVE.

PLAYER
WHAT WAS IT - I - SAYING? ABOUT GUILT?

1b Wider on the two of them, Player gets to his feet. Samuels to the right of panel.

SAMUELS
I GUESS WE NEED TO TALK. YOU REALLY
DON'T REMEMBER WHO YOU --

RADIO
KZZZT - REPEAT, WE CANNOT RAISE SAMUELS,
ALL UNITS MOVE IN -- MOVE IN - KZZT.

2 Page-width panel, wider on the two of them.

SAMUELS
YOU BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.

PLAYER
YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME IN?

SAMUELS
HA. LIKE I COULD IF I WANTED TO.
(link)
THERE'S SEWER ACCESS THROUGH THE BOILER
ROOM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HALL.

3a Close on Samuels in the foreground, Player in the background, preparing to leave.

PLAYER
THANKS.

SAMUELS
I'LL BE IN TOUCH. HOW WILL I FIND
YOU?

3b Reverse angle, focus on Player this time.

PLAYER
FOLLOW THE BODIES.

PAGE THIRTY - FOUR

EPILOGUE

1 Establishing shot of BMAA offices.

CAPTION
BMAA CASEFILE 19022008
CODENAME: FLAMING GUITAR

2a Samuels sitting at his desk, poring over a case file.

CAPTION
SUBJECT SEEMS TO BE UNAWARE OF PAST
LIFE OR EXTENT OF HIS ABILITIES.

CAPTION
DOES NOT KILL BUT IS SAVAGELY BRUTAL.

2b Samuels is writing a report, close on the pen.

CAPTION
CURRENT META LEVEL: 8

CAPTION
THREAT LEVEL: EXTREME

2c Focus on a box on the written report - 'Current Status?'

CAPTION
CURRENT STATUS: AT LARGE

3a Wider on Samuels' workspace as he picks up his coffee cup.

VOICE
(from telephone speaker on desk)
SO HE GOT AWAY?

SAMUELS
YES, SIR.

VOICE
AND HOW DID THAT HAPPEN AGAIN?

SAMUELS
I WAS INCAPACITATED DUE TO BEING SHOT,
SIR.

3b Closer on Samuels, concerned.

VOICE

AH, YES. THE DRAWBACKS OF BEING A MAN
OF THE FLESH.

(link)

SO HE REALLY HAS NO MEMORY?

SAMUELS

IT SEEMS THAT WAY, SIR.

PAGE THIRTY - FIVE

1a Quarter-page panel of a shadowy, purple-robed figure on the other end of the phone.

VOICE
IMAGINE HOW HE'S GOING TO REACT WHEN HE
LEARNS THAT IT WAS YOU -
(link)

1b Top panel beside 1a, focus on Samuels' shocked face.

- THAT KILLED HIS WIFE?

1c Panel beneath 1b. Close on the pencil as Samuels snaps it in anger, phone speaker in the background.

SFX
SNAPP
VOICE
I KNOW, I KNOW. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
WE'LL JUMP OFF THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE
COME TO IT.
SAMUELS
YES, SIR.

PAGE THIRTY - SIX

1 Player wanders down a city street with his guitar case, hand in his jacket pocket, keeping himself to himself.

VOICE
CURRENT STATUS?

CAPTION
WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN, SIR.

2a Close on Player's tired, weary face. He knows there are answers to be found just beneath the surface.

CAPTION
YOU'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME.

CAPTION
YES, SIR.

2b Player stops outside 'Charlie's Bar', a sign in the window reads 'Musicians/Artists Wanted - apply in back'.

CAPTION
AND THEN WE WILL BRING HIM INTO THE FOLD
WHERE HE SHOULD BE.

CAPTION
YES, SIR.

3 Player walks past an alley - we see a man being threatened with a knife in the background.

CAPTION
HE'LL TURN UP. HIS KIND CAN'T RESIST
HELPING PEOPLE.

PAGE THIRTY - SEVEN

- 1a Close on the man being held with a knife to his neck.
- 1b Player turns his head, as if looking over his shoulder at the attack taking place behind him.
- 1c Close on player's clenched fist, starting to smoke.

SFX

TSSSSSS

- 2 Player stops, the attack taking place behind him.

SFX

FZZZZZT

PLAYER

OH, HELL.

- 3 Fire engulfs the entire panel.

SFX

FWOOSH

END