

**DEFILING THE SONNET:**  
**Cerebral Apocalypse**

Premise/Quick Pitch:

A meteor hurls towards Earth to change the lives of humanity. It crashes in the life of an unexpected gentle giant, Hero, going through hard love struggles. Once the meteor hits, it leaves behind rare Apocalyptic Cerebral Fungi. Once the fungi is ingested it consumes the brain causing horrific adverse reactions. It is up to Hero, and his newfound community, to find Hero's loved one, destroy the propagating fungi, kill the infected, and repopulate the world.

Part I:

PAGE ONE:

Panel One:

INT. NIGHT- HERO'S HOUSE

The gentle giant Hero sits at a desk with a big, thick, brown leather book on the edge of the desk that has "The Complete Works" written on the spine. He is holding his head with hair between his fingers with one hand and looks as if fiercely writing with the other. He is doing this by candle light, so, the only light only glows around him and the desk, the rest of the room is darkened.

CAPTION

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;

Each changing place with that which goes before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for scythe to mow:

And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand."-William Shakespeare  
Sonnet 60

Panel Two:

Hero is reading over the letter he was writing.

Panel Three:

He is holding the letter in one hand and head in the other.

HERO

I hope this is good. I don't even know why I'm doing this, feel like I just have to.

Panel Four:

He holds the letter down on the desk with both hands, and leans in close to it, for reading.

HERO

Let's see what it sounds like out loud. Probably crazy.

PAGE TWO:

## SPLASH PAGE

A hand written letter that reads:

I don't intend to make this awkward or hard. I feel so strongly that I have to try more than once. It's true what I said, "que sera, sera." What will be, will be. But I'm coming to terms more and more with myself, I have to take my advantages, and do the things I'm good at to make them. I'm weird and awkward about speaking straight from the heart and mind.

The present, and most likely the future, of people use sex and other things to pursue their life. I'm old fashioned, if you will, I believe in striving and working for what you want and deserve by using words and good qualities to get there. Some speak from the heart; I can too, but it's limited; I write. And I strongly believe we are worth, at least, a chance. I know and understand the things you're going through. Give me a chance to prove myself, help you forget, and realize there is so much more out there.

I said I was a hopeless romantic. I honestly don't do this totally from my heart; for I had a glass heart broken through the years down to the iron core, never to be broken again. I do this for something much more important to me. I do it for my mind, to calm and settle, and I do it for your heart.

Someone once told me, "fail to plan, plan to fail." I don't plan to fail in my life, and this is another step I must take. I've gone through many difficulties in my life and I deserve nothing but great things, as do you. I refuse not to do what I want, or get what I want, and try as I might to get what I deserve.

I really don't want to make troubles with you. If all else fails, then I know I did all I could to try, and didn't give up after the first. No one can ever change someone else's feelings, but they can always insist.

I beseech you, at least give it a little thought, and feed my compulsion of three; and have dinner with me. This is try number two, my third is to cook for you. If we just become greater friends, then so be it, but at least it is in my head that I didn't give up, and neither did you.

Let's have a great fun time and create more stories to always look back on and smile upon, inside and out. If you agree to have a great time and dinner with me, then call me to tell me your thoughts and feelings, honestly. Grant me two things, I pray you, not to deny me and to pardon me.

I've also attached a poem I wrote a while back, just because it's amazing how appropriate it is in this case; on the fact of our position in this Shakespeare play, and that it is written as an

English Sonnet in iambic pentameter. It's not really a proposal, so don't get scared. Just let me show you what a real man is like.

PAGE THREE

Panel One:

INT. NIGHT. Hero, who is a big strong looking person; like a hero; sits in a dark corner with a bat in hand and a frustrated look on his face.

CAPTION

When I gave her that letter, that was the last time I saw and spoke to her. Before all this crazy shit happened

Panel Two:

ANOTHER ANGLE ON SCENE. Hero is in the corner and the window on the wall to his back has a "zombie" behind it trying to look in the room and lightly banging. The full moon shines brightly behind the "zombie" with rain pouring down.

SFX

Bam! Bam! (on the window)

HERO

Fuckin' zombies.

Panel Three:

ANOTHER ANGLE. Close Up of Hero getting angry and gripping the bat tightly.

CAPTION

I don't even know if you're alive, or one of them. I hope you're surviving, because I will find you. I have to. I keep looking back on that crazy ass night.

SFX

Gripping the bat.

Panel Four:

ANOTHER ANGLE. Hero is standing with the window directly at his left and the "zombie" has it's face pressed on it, leaving breath marks.

PAGE FOUR

Panel One:

FLASHBACK

INT. NIGHT. BAR. There is nice mood lighting and a band playing on the stage. The projection screen next to them reads Fort Marshall Swing Band. Hero and Verity ,short and petite with blonde hair and green eyes, are swing dancing on the floor. They look like they are having a great time.

SFX

Music from the band.

LEAD SINGER

Lord she was my pretty Frauelein...

Panel Two:

ANOTHER ANGLE ON SCENE. They do a little jig.

LEAD SINGER

By the same stars above you. I swear that I love you. Oh, you are my pretty, Frauelein...

Panel Three:

ANOTHER ANGLE. Hero and Verity walking up to a semicircle booth that has a candle lit in the middle and three of her friends sit around looking bored.

VERITY

So, you guys are ready to go?

ALL THREE FRIENDS

Yes.

Panel Four:

ANOTHER ANGLE. Verity hugging Hero closely.

VERITY

Well we gotta go. It was great night though.

HERO

Yeah. Well, I have something for you before you leave.

Panel Five:

He hands her a folded letter.

HERO

I know we already talked about this, but just read it at your own discretion. I feel something big coming and I have to take chances.

Panel Six:

Verity smiles and puts the letter straight into her little white velvet purse. Her friends are already walking out of the bar.

VERITY

Okay.

HERO

Be careful tonight.

VERITY

You too.

Panel Seven:

People dance around Hero as he stands solemnly with his hands in his pockets, watching Verity walk out the door.

PAGE FIVE

Panel One:

INT./EXT. NIGHT Hero is driving through the city smoking a cigarette.

Panel Two:

ANOTHER ANGLE. He leans over the steering wheel and looks up through the windshield at the moon.

Panel Three:

EXT. NIGHT. Close up of the moon shining brightly and a fiery green ball, almost half the moon's size, is at an angle from the moon.

Panel Four:

Close up of Hero's face with a curious look.

HERO

What the fuck is that?

Panel Five:

EXT. NIGHT. He stands by his car with the key in the door, locking it, and looking up at the sky.

HERO

I have a really bad feeling about this.

Panel Six:

INT. Hero has opened the door to his apartment and his dog Max, a border collie, sits and waits for him in front of the door.

HERO

Hey Maxie Max. What's up dog? You wanna go outside?

Panel Seven:

Max stands on his back legs, paws in the air, barking at him. Hero is grabbing the leash off the table next to the door.

SFX

Max barking.

HERO

Okay, lets go then.

PAGE SIX

Panel One:

EXT. Max is on his leash sniffing around in the grass and Hero stares at the sky smoking another cigarette.

Panel Two:

Many darker clouds have formed in the sky. The moon barely shows and the mysterious ball seems closer.

Panel Three:

INT. Hero is back in his apartment letting Max off the leash.

Panel Four:

Hero has opened the blinds to the patio window and is sliding the door open. Max stands waiting go out on the porch.

Panel Five:

EXT. Hero standing and staring at the sky again with his hands in his pockets. Max has his paws on the wooden ledge looking out. Smoke is slightly spiraling from the porch next door.

MISS BEV

Hero?

HERO

Yes Miss Bev?

Panel Six:

Miss Bev and Hero have leaned over the ledge a bit to look at each other. Miss Bev. is a lady in her sixties with long dirty blonde and grey hair. She's smoking a cigarette and smiling.

MISS BEV

How'd it go tonight?

HERO

Really well, it was a full house tonight. So, everyone had great energy.

MISS BEV

That's good. Did you give her the letter?

HERO

Yeah. We'll see what happens.

MISS BEV

I can't wait to hear.

PAGE SEVEN

Panel One:

Hero looks and points at the sky and Miss Bev looks up too, in shock.

HERO

Have you seen that?

MISS BEV

No! What is that?

HERO

I don't know. But it's getting closer.

Panel Two:

Close up on Miss Bev with a worried look.

MISS BEV

What do you think it is? What's gonna happen? Something bad?

Panel Three:

Close up on Hero giving a reassuring look.

HERO

I'm sure it's nothing to worry about. We'll be fine.

CAPTION

I lied.

MISS BEV

Can I borrow your phone? I'm going to call my mother.

Panel Four:

He hands her his cell phone.

MISS BEV

I'll bring it right back.

HERO

Okay. My patio door will be open. Just yell.

Panel Five:

Miss Bev turns around, phone in hand, and Hero stares back at the sky, concerned.

MISS BEV

Alright. That thing is so weird.

HERO

Yeah.

PAGE EIGHT

Panel One:

He sits on the right corner of his couch next to an end table, and grabs a Sherlock glass pipe off the table.

Panel Two:

Jason sits with the pipe in his mouth and is lighting the bowl.

CAPTION

Think of all the possibilities that fiery thing could be and bring.

Panel Three:

Jason sits on the couch with his laptop on his lap and has been typing.

MISS BEV

Hero!

Panel Four:

EXT. Hero and Miss Bev are leaning over the ledge and she is handing him his phone.

MISS BEV

Here's your phone. Thank you.

HERO

You're welcome. How's your mom?

MISS BEV

Okay, but scared now.

Panel Five:

Miss Bev looks and points up.

MISS BEV

You see it?

Panel Six:

The sky is full of darkness. All that can be seen is the slight glow of the moon, and the bright green glow beneath it.

Panel Seven:

Jason staring up and Miss Bev giving him a scared look.

HERO

Huh. Well shit.

MISS BEV

I really don't like this.

HERO

Me either. Expect the worst, hope for the best.

PAGE NINE

Panel One:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

MISS BEV

I'm hoping, I'm hoping.

HERO

Me too. Whatever happens, we'll be okay in the long run. I'm going to bed I don't want to think about this.

MISS BEV

Goodnight.

Panel Two:

INT. NIGHT. Hero is in bed asleep.

Panel Three:

EXT. Miss Bev is on her porch looking up, and her dog, a cocker-spaniel, has her paws on the ledge barking fiercely.

SFX

Dog barking.

MISS BEV

Hero! Hero!

Panel Four:

Hero has his eyes open while still in bed.

Panel Five:

Hero is walking to the patio and Max is banging on that door with his paws and barking.

SFX

Dog Barking

HERO

What the hell is wrong with you dogs?

MISS BEV

Hero!

Panel Six:

EXT. Jason tiredly leans over the ledge and looks at Miss Bev who is pointing up with a horrific look. Max is looking over the edge and barking at the sky.

SFX

Dogs barking

HERO

What's going on?

MISS BEV

Look!

Panel Seven:

The sky still is covered in dark clouds and the fiery green ball is pushing through the clouds. Hurling towards impact on the Earth.

PAGE TEN

Panel One:

Close up of Jason wide eyed and mouth agape.

HERO

Holey Shit!

Panel Two:

Hero looking at Miss Bev sternly and Miss Bev looking at him frightened.

HERO

Get inside! Find a safe spot!

MISS BEV

What's going to happen?

HERO

We're gonna get slammed.

Panel Three:

Miss Bev holds her wild dog tightly for comfort.

MISS BEV

Oh Pipy! Hero will you come over here? I can't be alone.

Panel Four:

Jason hurrying into his apartment.

HERO

Be right there. Come on Max!

Panel Five:

INT. Miss Bev is closing her door, Jason is searching around, and both dogs are next to each other on the porch barking.

MISS BEV

What's going to happen? What will it be like?

HERO

I don't know, but we need to be as safe as possible.

Panel Six:

He is pulling the dogs inside, and Miss Bev is starting to close the patio door.

HERO

Come inside, slide the door shut, and close the blinds. In case the windows break.

MISS BEV

You think they will.

HERO

They might.

Panel Seven:

He pushes the dogs into the bathroom and Miss Bev is following behind them.

HERO

This is the safest spot.

MISS BEV

Should we call someone?

HERO

No one can help us now.

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel One:

Jason, Miss Bev, and the dogs cram the best they can in the small bathroom.

MISS BEV

How long until it hits?

HERO

Don't know. Have to be cautious and prepared for anything.

Panel Two:

Miss Bev has tears in her eyes and Hero sits hunched over with his hands clasping together.

MISS BEV

Are we gonna die?

HERO

I don't...No. No we're not going to die.

Panel Three:

ANOTHER ANGLE ON SCENE.

MISS BEV

I've been watching the news, listening to the radio, and no one has said a word about this.

Panel Four:

Hero takes out his cell phone.

HERO

Because no one ever knows what the hell's goin' on. I have to know if she's okay.

Panel Five:

Hero sits frustratingly holding his head with one hand and the phone close to his ear with the other.

Panel Six:

His arm is throwing the phone against the wall and it is breaking as it hits. Miss Bev and the dogs give him a shocked look.

SFX

Phone hitting and breaking.

Panel Seven:

He sits head in hands.

HERO

Phones aren't working. Damn it!

PAGE TWELVE

Panel One:

They all are sitting around because they've been waiting quite a while, but Hero's head is up and listening intently.

HERO

I hear it now. Like a freight train from the sky. We better take cover.

Panel Two:

They get in huddled positions as best they can.

Panel Three:

EXT. The meteor slams into the ground leaving a huge crater and causing a gigantic mushroom cloud to billow up and cover everything.

SFX

Meteor crashing and smoke billowing.

Panel Four:

INT. They are all holding tightly and things are shaking and falling off the shelves and walls.

MISS BEV

Oh my God!

END FLASHBACK

Panel Five:

INT. NIGHT. Back to Hero standing with the bat next to the window, gripping tighter and screaming. The “zombie” still has his face planted against the window.

HERO

Aggggghhhhh!!! Fuck this!

Panel Six:

He swings the bat at the window, shattering the window, busting the zombie’s head, and breaking the tip of the bat; all in one motion. The blood the thing leaves behind is black, not red.

SFX

Shattering, busting, and breaking.

Panel Seven:

Hero standing firmly holding the broken bat.

HERO

I will survive. I have to.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Panel One:

Close up on Hero with a determined look and a tear in his eye.

HERO

I have nothing and no one left to live for. Except her.

Panel Two:

Hero has bat in one hand, and the doorknob; leading to the outside; in his other hand.

HERO

What is this world going to be like now? I know the possibilities. I know a little of what this infection has done and will do, but time has past and things are probably worse.

Panel Three:

The door is open and he sets out.

HERO

I have to know. No sense in setting up shop, and I don't need anyone to help me find her.

Panel Four:

Close up of Hero wide eyed.

HERO

It's Hell on Earth. It's the Apocalypse.

Panel Five:

Hero stands looking out unto the world that shows destruction in dark, rainy, and hazy weather. Cars crashed into one another, trees broken, not too many signs of life. But in all the darkness and destruction, there are colorful mushrooms spread around.

Panel Six:

In the distance there is a human creature, “zombie,” bashing another ones head into a tree, as it busts with darkness.

Panel Seven:

The “zombie” has turned toward Hero, and is screaming angrily with a bigger than normal mouth, and very sharp teeth and claws.

CAPTION

Cerebral Apocalypse.

PAGE FOURTEEN

Panel One:

The “zombie” begins to run towards Hero, as Hero’s eyes get bigger.

HERO

Fuck fuck fuck fuck!

SFX

“Zombie” screeching.

Panel Two:

The panel is split into three sections with close-ups

Panel 2a:

The thing is closer, and Hero has lifted the bat slightly and stares at the broken tip.

Panel 2b:

Hero looks back at the close beast angrily.

Panel 2c:

Hero forces the broken bat through the fuckers head, pushing all the way through. The thing still looks like it is screaming, Hero is yelling with adrenaline, black blood and brain parts are crammed in the crevasses of the broken tip; and drip off the end.

HERO

Agggghhhh!!!

Panel Three:

Hero is getting the “zombie” off his bat by kicking it in the chest, and pulling the bat out.

Panel Four:

Hero stands over the thing.

HERO

Take that you sick son-of-a-bitch.

Panel Five:

Hero has turned to see his car crushed underneath a tree.

HERO

I’m not exactly sure what the hell is going on, never thought I would have to be this person. Kinda like a bad ass. I figure, survival of the fittest at this point. Can’t give a shit about anyone or anything anymore.

Panel Six:

Hero turns a corner and sees a car running while parked over a curb with the door open.

HERO

All I care about is getting to her as soon as possible. Just go to her house, and hope she’s there.

Panel Seven:

This Panel is split in half.

Panel 7a:

Hero gets into the car.

HERO

I know she lives somewhere on 54<sup>th</sup>. Maybe I'll see her car.

Panel 7b:

Hero shuts the car door.

HERO

No one should mind if I borrow this to get there.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Panel One:

INT./EXT.- HERO'S CAR- NIGHT

Hero drives as fast as he can down the road. Determined.

HERO

"...To give away yourself keeps yourself still;

And you must live, drawn by your own sweet  
skill.”

CAPTION

Sonnet 16

Panel Two:

Hero drives on a one-way lane bridge, and on the parallel other-way lane bridge, he sees a car slamming into the side of another car towards the side of the bridge, falling to the streets below.

Panel Three:

The cars are falling off the bridge.

Panel Four:

Hero looking forward wide eyed.

HERO

These things can drive? What the fuck is going on?!

Panel Five:

A green highway sign that says, “EXT 254 56<sup>th</sup>- 53<sup>rd</sup> St.

1 mile”

Panel Six:

Hero is taking EXT 254 which leads to a slightly destroyed downtown area.

Panel Seven:

Hero takes a right by a sign that says 54<sup>th</sup> St.

HERO

Start off to the right I guess.

PAGE SIXTEEN

Panel One:

Hero is driving and can see a guy standing outside of his car puking.

HERO

Well, at least some things are still normal.

Panel Two:

Further down the road he sees a police officer “zombie” beating someone else fiercely with a night stick.

HERO

Holy shit.

Panel Three:

This panel is split in half.

Panel 3a:

The car is put into park.

Panel 3b:

Hero is looking at the rear view mirror which shows the cop beating the person

HERO

Fuck it. Never in a million years could I do this.

Panel Four:

Hero is getting out of the car with the bat.

Panel Five:

Hero is walking towards the direction of the cop.

Panel Six:

As Hero approaches the cop stomping on the victim's chest, the cop is looking at Hero with a vicious look.

Panel Seven:

Hero is brutally beating the cop

Panel Eight:

The cop lay on top of the person that was beaten, who is clearly dead, and Hero is walking away; back to the car.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Panel One:

Hero is getting back into the car.

HERO

Always wanted to do that when they deserve it. They get away with enough shit while supposed to be protecting and serving. My ass.

Panel Two:

Hero is driving again and looking around.

HERO

This is going to take for fuckin' ever.

Panel Three:

Hero sees someone sitting on the ground holding someone else, as if cradling them and crying.

HERO

A normal person who needs help.

Panel Four:

The car is stopped in front of them and Hero has rolled down the window.

HERO

Hey! You okay? You need help?

Panel Five:

The person who is cradling the other is looking up with pieces of flesh falling from it's mouth. There are other pieces lying scattered around.

Panel Six:

Hero is wide eyed and the thing is spitting out the flesh.

HERO

SHIT!

Panel Seven:

Hero is driving away from the situation and the thing is back to pulling more flesh off.

HERO

This is messed up. It wasn't even eating, just pulling and spitting.

Panel Eight:

In the distance through the windshield a white Mustang with red racing stripes can be seen.

HERO

Yes! That might be it.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel One:

Hero stops with the Mustang on the right through the passenger window.

Panel Two:

A "zombie" has jumped on the hood of his car. The thing is like a gorilla, and yells like King Kong; and Hero screams too.

SFX

Roaring of the “zombie”

HERO

Aggghhhhh!

Panel Three:

The thing is slamming it's fists on the hood like Donkey Kong, cracking the window even slightly.

Panel Four:

Hero has taken off in the car and the thing is slamming into the windshield, rolling over the top.

Panel Five:

The thing is tumbling off the roof and going in the air.

Panel Six:

It hit's the ground and Hero is a little ways ahead of it now with the brakes and reverse lights on.

Panel Seven:

Hero has his left arm and head out the window looking back at the thing on the ground.

HERO

Look at the head and aim for the head.

Panel Eight:

The tires spin, squeal, and smoke.

SFX

Tires squealing.

Panel Nine:

The wheel causes the head to burst and flatten.

PAGE NINETEEN

Panel One:

The car stays parked over where the head used to be.

Panel Two:

Hero is getting out of the car.

Panel Three:

Hero squats by the tire, looking at the squished head and the dark blood spreading everywhere.

HERO

Look Ma, road kill! Ha, ha, ha!

Panel Four:

Hero walks away, toward the Mustang.

HERO

This isn't very promising for her to be okay. Why do they bleed black?

Panel Five:

Hero is looking into the window of the Mustang, seeing a guitar case in the backseat.

Panel Six:

FLASHBACK.

Verity is sitting on the hood of her car outside a theatre in downtown, playing an amazing looking red electric guitar; while Hero watches with a big smile on his face.

SFX

Music from the guitar.

VERITY

I never go anywhere without Janis. She's my baby.

CAPTION

Flashback

Panel Seven:

BACK TO PRESENT.

Hero is smiling slightly, bangs on the roof, and points in the window at the guitar case.

SFX

Banging on the roof.

HERO

This is Mustang Sally because that has to be Janis. She's got to still be here.

Panel Eight:

Hero is walking toward the apartments in front of where the car is parked.

HERO

Whether or not she's in the right frame of mind, I don't know.

PAGE TWENTY

Panel One:

He walks down the apartment hallways, everything symmetrical and exactly the same on both sides.

HERO

The only difference is the fuckin' numbers. How am I supposed to do this?

Panel Two:

He stands in the middle of a small courtyard, surrounded by separate apartment buildings, that all look the same; and all have sidewalks connecting and weaving, leading to the center where the pool is with a area of picnic tables, benches, and small barbeque pits.

HERO

Shit. Fuck it.

Panel Three:

He walks around, still holding the bat, and yelling.

HERO

Verity!

Panel Four:

He walks down a hallways of a building.

HERO

Verity! Anyone!

Panel Five:

He's stopped and stunned looking up because someone is speaking from above. On the third floor above him is someone leaning over the rail. They aren't very visible.

SOMEONE

Psst! Up here!

HERO

Huh?

SOMEONE

Come up here.

Panel Six:

Hero starts up the stairs.

HERO THOUGHT CAPTION

Can these things talk clearly too? Is it Verity? Doesn't sound like her. Do they know her?

SOMEONE

You cool man?

HERO

What do you mean?

Panel Seven:

ANOTHER ANGLE. Hero is still running up the stairs and the person up there at the rail is becoming clearer. It's clear it's a guy figure with long hair.

SOMEONE

You one of them? Bit, cut, clawed, thrown up on, or had sex with one?

HERO

Ummm...no.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Panel One:

Hero is at the top of the stairs looking at Newt, a scrawny guy with long hair and glasses, resting his elbows out on the rail.

NEWT

Eaten any shrooms lately?

HERO

You mean the ones poppin' up everywhere lookin' pretty, smellin' pretty, talk to you and make you into crazy zombie-like fucks? Nope. However it was tempting.

Panel Two:

ANOTHER ANGLE. They are shaking hands.

NEWT

I'm Issac, but everyone calls me Newt.

HERO

Hero. Newt? Why Newt?

Panel Three:

ANOTHER ANGLE. Newt waves his arms in the air and makes a weird face.

NEWT

Cause I'm the Weird Science guy.

Panel Four:

ANOTHER ANGLE

HERO

Ha, funny.

NEWT

And you're names Hero. Interesting at a time like this.

HERO

Yeah, I guess so.

Panel Five:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

NEWT

Anyway, you're around here looking for someone, right?

HERO

Yeah, Verity.

NEWT

Short, blonde, plays red electric named Janis.

HERO

Yeah.

Panel Six:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

NEWT

She lives next-door.

HERO

Really?! Is she there?

NEWT

I don't think so. I thought I heard her leave in a hard hurry.

Panel Seven:

The run down the breezeway.

HERO

Where's her apartment?

NEWT

Down here. This area's cool from those things. It's been quiet. I see you're prepared though.

Panel Eight:

They stand at her apartment 323 and Hero is able to open the door.

HERO

Yup. Prepared for anything.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

Panel One:

They stand looking into her apartment at the doorway. Her apartment is a mess, almost destroyed even.

NEWT

Anything?

HERO

Shit.

NEWT

Not good news signs.

HERO

Nope. But there's hope.

Panel Two:

There's a desk in the back corner that looks somewhat intact with a flashlight on top. And Hero stares at it wondrously from a distance.

HERO

Hmm, I wonder.

NEWT

What?

Panel Three:

He has crossed over to the desk and sees a few hand written letters scattered somewhere on top, and starts to pick them up. Newt talks from the doorway.

NEWT

Verity! What is it?

Panel Four:

He's glancing at the letters.

HERO

It's my letter, my sonnet's missing though. And a letter she started.

NEWT

What does it say? Verity!

Panel Five:

He hold her handwritten letter in his hand, and reads.

HERO

I never want to make things awkward with you either. Your letter was beautiful. You're sonnet was too, and it was interesting to put that in at this time. I thought we talked about all this when everything came up the first time. I...

Panel Six:

He holds it and starts to crumble it.

HERO

Perfect! That's all there is, the rest is one squiggly line. She got interrupted and never finished.

NEWT

Shit man.

HERO

“...You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;...

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,

That all the world besides methinks are dead.”

Panel Seven:

ANOTHER ANGLE. Newt stares with a slightly scared look and points at the door on the other side of the room where he heard a noise. Hero holds the crumbled letter and has his head tilted up with his eyes closed.

NEWT

What's that?

HERO

Shakespeare, from Sonnet 112.

NEWT

That's cool man, but I meant the noise from the other side of that door.

SFX

Scratching at door.

Panel Eight:

Hero stares wide eyed at the door and has dropped the letters, that are now gliding in the air, and has just grasped his bat he set down. There's another sound from the room.

HERO

Damnit!

SFX

Knock and scratch at door.