

Lucifer #4
"Born with the Dead"
Script by Mike Carey



PAGE ONE PANEL 1

A suburban cemetery, London, present day. It's late Summer, shading into Autumn, with the first leaves falling and an edge to the breeze although it's still a bright, sunny day. A funeral is in progress. There is a small crowd of grieving relatives around the grave, with the coffin still standing on trestles above the grave mouth, waiting to be lowered.

Elaine Belloc is among the mourners. She is in her school uniform and looks awkward and unhappy. Her parents, who are young and attractive and middle class, are on either side of her in formal black. Mona's parents stand opposite. We probably won't see much of this detail until panel 2, but Mona's father is a heavy-set man, whose brutality and lack of imagination are mirrored in his hard, sullen features. He's a man who's made a lot of money out of crimes that fall short of murder but not by much. Normally he dresses well, but flashily: his funeral suit is from Moss Bros and is slightly too large. His wife is tall, brassy, coarse, heavily made up: a glamour girl who's grown up into a fairly unattractive woman. She's crying into a handkerchief, while her husband looks somewhere between serious and bored. In the background, the spectral figures of the dead squat on their graves or on the grass round about: they are all staring intently at Elaine, with some degree of excitement, curiosity or wonder.

NB: all the captions in this issue are extracts from Elaine's diary, which she burns at the end of the story. This can be reflected in the lettering - certainly by putting it in some sort of script font, perhaps on ruled lines as in a kid's diary, and perhaps also by reproducing the effect of the burning in some way. Charred edges to the text boxes might be effective (Shelly Roeberg, 1999).

CAPTION: Tuesday 15th of November. Mona's funeral. I knew it was coming so I was okay with it. Sort of.

CAPTION: But I had to go straight from school, and Dad didn't bring me a change of clothes.

CAPTION: And of course all the dead people were watching me from the other graves. It's really hard to pretend they're not there.

PAGE ONE PANEL 2

Detail of the crowd around Mona's graveside, with her father and mother centre-stage. Mona's father looks away, face set in an expression that could be either sombre or disinterested. Her mother weeps in flamboyant anguish, hankie poised at the ready.

CAPTION: Mona's Mum was crying and her face was all red, but she wasn't thinking about anything much.

CAPTION: Her Dad had the same creepy crawly things in his mind that he always has. Money, and tied-up women, and all the different kinds of drugs he sells. Yeuk.

PAGE ONE PANEL 3

The rather pokey and disordered council flat in which Mona lives with her parents. The living room, full of too much furniture and cheap ornaments. Some unidentifiable boxes and packets under the table, which is a dining table and has a serving hatch in the wall behind it - the room serves as dining room as well. There's a midi hi-fi stack on a sideboard at the back of the room. Mona's father sprawls on the sofa, talking animatedly to his cellular phone, while the girls are stretched out on the floor across the room from him, poring over the pages of a body piercing magazine: it's open to a page showing two pierced navels. Mona looks enthusiastic and cheerful, Elaine more dubious.

CAPTION: I remember once I went round to Mona's house after school. He never looked at us once. He just talked on his phone the whole time, to lots of people.

MONA: Not even in your ear? It's really cool. Scary Spice has got one in her tongue.

ELAINE: Mmm. My Mum and Dad would go crazy.

PAGE ONE PANEL 4

The same room, a little later. The girls are standing by the hi-fi, and clearly they've been dancing. Mona's father is on his feet now, and he's standing over Mona, bawling at her, while she stands with her head down trying not to antagonise him. Elaine looks on with round eyes.

CAPTION: Until Mona put on If you Wanna be my Lover and we danced. Then he came over and shouted at her to

keep the noise down.

CAPTION: He kept on shouting for a long time, but only at Mona: it was like I wasn't even there.

PAGE ONE PANEL 5

Mona's casket is lowered into the grave, while an Anglican minister stands at the head of the grave and makes a rather understated sign of the cross.

CAPTION: The vicar said god loves children most of all. I mean! Children! Mona was twelve. She had her period and everything.

CAPTION: I didn't listen to the rest of it. I was thinking why? Why did she do it?

CAPTION: Without even telling me something was wrong. Without even giving me a chance to help.

PAGE ONE PANEL 6

The front hallway at the Belloc house, which is a well-appointed but fairly ordinary suburban semi. Elaine's Mum is a solicitor, her Dad a househusband and part-time writer: their tastes are modern and their means a little better than modest: prints and arty photos on the walls, a Persian rug on the hall floor. Elaine is heading up the stairs to her room. Through a doorway off the hall we can see her Dad chopping vegetables in the kitchen. He's done a quick change into jeans and sweater. Visual detail: the staircase has a wooden bannister rail with a nule post at the bottom end of it - Mr. Belloc's jacket hangs over the nule post.

CAPTION: Then Mum went back to work and Dad drove me home. And all the way he was feeling relieved, like "thank god that's over and I can drop this sad face."

CAPTION: Only it wasn't over. The worst part still hadn't happened yet.

PAGE TWO PANEL 1

Tight on Elaine as she opens the door and reaches for the light switch which is just inside. Out of the darkness a hesitant voice calls to her. This is Mona, who as we've already heard is dead. Ideally this should be reflected in her speech balloons.

CAPTION: And by this time I really wanted to get it over with.

MONA: Elaine. Don't turn on the light. Please.

PAGE TWO PANEL 2

As Elaine walks on into the room, the ghost of Mona is revealed. She is sitting on Elaine's bed, her hands folded in her lap, miserable and self-conscious. She looks as she must have done immediately after her death, which was under the wheels of a car (or several cars, as she tells us shortly): she has severe crush and scrape wounds over much of her body. Elaine looks at her quite calmly, although with some pain or at least unhappiness. This panel will also allow us to see more detail in Elaine's room, which is a fairly typical room for a twelve-year-old girl: pop posters (maybe B*Witched, Robbie Williams), clothes, a vanity table with a lot of make-up strewn on it, a big portable CD player, a TV and games console, a lot of clutter everywhere. There's a set of shelves next to the door, on which there are a few books and CDs and an electric torch: the torch will figure later.

NB: Mona is a ghost, obviously, with no physical substance at all. We need a specific visual effect for her, which has to be different from that used for the Tarot card figures in issues 1-3. Perhaps we could do her as a slightly rough, black and white pencil sketch figure that stays uncoloured.

MONA: I look a real mess.

PAGE TWO PANEL 3

Elaine walks on past Mona to the wardrobe, where she takes off her jacket. She's looking at what she's doing rather

than at Mona, and her face is set hard. Mona stares at Elaine's back, feeling the snub, looking more unhappy than ever.

ELAINE: Hello, Mona. What took you so long?

MONA: Well it was hard to think, at first. It was the North Circular.

MONA: Seven or eight cars went over me before they could stop.

PAGE TWO PANEL 4

Coming in tighter on Mona. She holds up one scraped and blood-scored arm and examines it glumly.

MONA: Then I went home, but no one could see me. So I came to you because... because you were sort of shining and I could see you from a long way away.

MONA: I'm sorry. I'm leaving blood all on your bed.

PAGE TWO PANEL 5

Looking past Elaine towards Mona. Elaine is sliding her jacket onto a hanger, her statement as before. Mona looks surprised and confused.

ELAINE: No you're not. You're not really bleeding. And you don't have to look like that, either.

MONA: I don't?

PAGE THREE PANEL 1

Tight on Elaine. She lets her head lean forward, resting her forehead against the wardrobe door, eyes closed. A tear trickles out from under one eyelid, and her real pain and sadness show for the first time.

ELAINE: No, it's just what you... you know, what you're expecting because of how you died. You can look like Britney Spears if you want to.

ELAINE: Why'd you do it, Mona? Why'd you go and walk under a car?

PAGE THREE PANEL 2

Mona reacts with pain, anger and indignation at this, leaning forward on the bed to shout at Elaine, who turns around to face her, surprised and curious now.

MONA: That's great! That's really great! I knew you'd come on like my Mum!

MONA: Do you think I wanted to be dead?

ELAINE: Well didn't you? I mean, I thought... you know... it was because your Dad was...

PAGE THREE PANEL 3

Tight on Mona. She looks furious and affronted, hands out flat on the duvet to either side of her.

MONA: No I didn't, Elaine Belloc!

MONA: I was bloody murdered, if you must know!

PAGE THREE PANEL 4

Elaine reacts in shock and horror, coming in closer to Mona and staring down at her. Mona looks away, lapsing into self-pity again after this small act of self-assertion. She wipes her nose with the back of her hand - an automatic gesture, as though weeping has made her nose run.

ELAINE: Murdered??

ELAINE: Mona, don't say things like that!

MONA: It's true. Some m... man just came up behind me and pushed me off the overpass. Right into the traffic.

PAGE THREE PANEL 5

Elaine sits on the bed beside Mona, still not wanting to believe this and profoundly disturbed by it. Mona looks up at Elaine sidelong, looking on the brink of tears which she's no longer physically able to cry.

ELAINE: Oh my god. Then I... I've got to tell someone. This was when you were coming out of school, right? Did anyone else see?

MONA: No. I had a detention. Mr. Waddington gave me a whole hour for running in the corridors.

MONA: There was no one around.

PAGE THREE PANEL 6

Coming in tighter on Mona. She buries her head in her arms, surrendering to misery and despair.

MONA: I don't even know why he did it. He just picked me up and th... threw me.

MONA: Oh, I'm so scared, I'm so scared.

MONA: Please, Elaine. Please help me.

PAGE FOUR PANEL 1

Elaine sits and watches Mona folding herself in on herself, wretched and hurting and of course beyond the reach of any embrace. Her face shows a mixture of compassion, awkwardness and frustration. She actually reaches out to touch Mona's shoulder, but her fingers just go through.

CAPTION: And that did it, I guess. At Northcote she was so much tougher than me. She hit Gordon Bosch in the face once because he pushed me.

CAPTION: She never, never cried.

ELAINE: Come on, Mona. Don't... Don't get upset, okay.

PAGE FOUR PANEL 2

Looking past Mona towards Elaine, who has crossed to the door and now locks it. At the same time, from the shelves beside the door she takes an electric torch. Mona watches her, drawn slightly out of herself by curiosity.

CAPTION: Then I remembered what Grandma Furness said - about why some dead people lie down and some don't.

MONA: What are you doing?

CAPTION: And I thought maybe there is something I can do to help.

PAGE FOUR PANEL 3

Tight on Elaine as she turns to face Mona, torch raised in her hand, statement brisk and decisive.

ELAINE: Mona, you're a troubled spirit. You've got unfinished business and you won't be able to lie quiet in your grave until it's all sorted.

ELAINE: Come over here.

PAGE FOUR PANEL 4

Elaine sits cross-legged on the floor of her room, holding the torch (which is now lit) down between her knees with the light pointing upwards. Mona sits opposite her, knees hugged to her chin, and watches with intense but fuddled concentration.

CAPTION: Most of them just come when I say their names, but Grandma Furness said I should light a candle or a torch.

CAPTION: "There's got to be some formalities, my sweeting. It's just a matter of respect."

ELAINE: Grandma Dickman, Grandma Shaw, Grandma Furness.

ELAINE: Can you come, please? I know it's still daylight but it's really, really important.

PAGE FOUR PANEL 5

The air begins to darken and thicken around the two girls as Elaine's family ghosts begin to manifest themselves. Mona looks around her, shaken and frightened. Elaine, by contrast, is completely calm and assured.

MONA: Wh... what's happening? Stop it, Elaine!

ELAINE: They're just ghosts, Mona. You can't be scared of ghosts.

PAGE FIVE

- as I see it is really a splash page with panel 1 as the splash and panels 2 and 3 as inserts within it.

PAGE FIVE PANEL 1

The family ghosts emerge into our reality, springing up from the floor or out from the walls to surround the two girls. Go to town on this one: the ghosts are long-dead and only vestigially human - perhaps consisting mainly of huge, vague faces and textured stipplings in the air. They're scary without being intentionally threatening - because actually their intentions are entirely good. The strongest and most dominant of the bunch is Grandma Furness, who in her lifetime was a practising witch and still has some power and a great deal of knowledge. Mona gapes, almost too amazed to be frightened, while Elaine sits with her head slightly bowed, familiar with this procedure and letting it happen. The torch is down below her chin so her face is lit up dramatically from below.

ELAINE: Anyway, they're on our side. It's the guy who killed you who's got to worry.

PAGE FIVE PANEL 2

The ghosts are fully manifest now, and they hover in a swarm around Elaine and Mona. Most of their attention is focused on Elaine, who they know and love: Mona is largely ignored.

GRANDMA DICKMAN: Hello, darling.

GRANDMA SHAW: Hello, Lainie. Where's the fire?

GRANDMA FURNESS: What are you getting these old biddies up so early for?

ELAINE: Grandmas, this is my friend, Mona. She... she was murdered.

GRANDMA SHAW: And she needs a guide to the dry lands?

PAGE FIVE PANEL 3

Looking through the ghost-figures towards Elaine, who is deadpan as she answers.

ELAINE: No. She needs revenge.

PAGE SIX PANEL 1

The grandmas roil and swirl around the two girls, with Grandma Furness as the most powerful and defined presence. She glares a terrifying, spectral glare.

CAPTION: Grandma Furness lived a long time ago, and she used to be a witch. I knew she'd have some good ideas.

GRANDMA FURNESS: Black magic. Hex the bugger till 'e bleeds out of 'is ears.

PAGE SIX PANEL 2

Coming in tighter on Grandma Furness, but showing Grandma Shaw as a lesser presence behind her. Grandma Shaw is alarmed, dismayed, wittering. Grandma Furness doesn't even acknowledge her.

GRANDMA SHAW: Oh lord, Peggy, that's not a thing for...

GRANDMA FURNESS: You can do a summoning. A lesser demon will tell you the killer's name.

GRANDMA FURNESS: And then you can use the name to curse 'im.

PAGE SIX PANEL 3

Elaine stands facing the fearful apparition which is Grandma Furness, her statement calm but thoughtful.

ELAINE: But we don't know how to summon a demon, Grandma. Not even a lesser one.

GRANDMA FURNESS: Spill blood, my poppet, and then drink it. Dance naked. Call his name.

GRANDMA FURNESS: If he's minded to come, he won't be holding off for spells or candles.

PAGE SIX PANEL 4

The kitchen at the Belloc house, which we glimpsed on PAGE ONE. Elaine stands in front of a tidy work surface on which stands a leg or shoulder of lamb on an oval plate. Elaine has poured off some of the blood from this joint into a saucer, and she is now drinking it gingerly from the saucer, tilting it up to let the liquid drip into her mouth.

CAPTION: Great. Where was I going to get fresh blood from in Kensal Rise?

CAPTION: I came up with some pretty gross ideas, but in the end I just borrowed some from the kitchen. Wussy or what?

PAGE SIX PANEL 5

Back up in her room, Elaine dances - but she's wearing a vest and knickers. The dance is in a sort of teenie disco style, so she's throwing herself about and waving her arms a lot. Mona watches from the bed, earnest and interested. Elaine's statement is solemn, intense.

CAPTION: Then I did a sort of stupid disco dance, kind of like you do for Two in a Million. I kept my knickers and vest on, though, because I didn't want a demon to see me with no clothes on.

CAPTION: I shouted three names. Grandma Furness said they were all good.

PAGE SIX PANEL 6

Tight on Mona, who frowns, worried and a bit frustrated. She flicks her hair back from her eyes with one thumb - a habit carried over from when she was alive.

MONA: Nothing's happening, Elaine.

MONA: I don't think this is going to work

PAGE SEVEN PANEL 1

High angle shot looking down on Elaine. She tilts back her head and calls out, reckless and excited.

CAPTION: What I did next was pretty stupid. But I felt like such a prat standing there in my underwear.

ELAINE: Hello Satan! Hello Lucifer! Are you receiving me?

PAGE SEVEN PANEL 2

Grandma Furness reacts instantly, appalled and angry. She surges up and thrusts her face (or what she has in place of a face) into Elaine's. Elaine shrinks back just a little, surprised at the intensity and suddenness of the response.

GRANDMA FURNESS: ARE YOU MAZED, girl? Be silent!

GRANDMA FURNESS: If he deigned to answer you he'd shrivel your soul like a salted slug!

GRANDMA FURNESS: YOU KNOW we could do nothing but watch!

PAGE SEVEN PANEL 3

Elaine stands with her arms at her sides, tired from the dancing and crestfallen because she's been so heavily dropped on. Around her the family ghosts swirl into an inward-facing pattern, arguing among themselves. Mona can be seen dimly through them, still sitting on the bed, head slumped, giving way to misery and despair again.

ELAINE: I'm sorry.

GRANDMA DICKMAN: It was wrong to make her try, Peggy Furness.

GRANDMA SHAW: A child doing black magic!

GRANDMA FURNESS: Aye, well that's the nub of it, I suppose.

PAGE SEVEN PANEL 4

Coming in tighter on the family ghosts, and on Grandma Furness in particular. She scowls a terrible, black scowl, annoyed that this weaving has come to nothing.

GRANDMA FURNESS: You're too young, poppet.

GRANDMA FURNESS: Why should a demon hale himself from the hobs of hell to answer a spotless virgin who couldn't give her soul away if she tried?

GRANDMA FURNESS: There's no profit in it.

PAGE SEVEN PANEL 5

Elaine shrugs a sweatshirt on over her vest, looking down at Mona who returns her gaze: both are equally flat and disconsolate, but Elaine is making an effort to hide her feelings and be reassuring.

CAPTION: That was when Dad called me down for supper.

ELAINE: It's okay, Mona. There's something else we can try tomorrow.

ELAINE: Don't worry. We'll get him.

PAGE SEVEN PANEL 6

Dinner table scene, with Elaine sitting between her parents who are tucking into a meal of roast lamb and rice pilaf. Mrs. Belloc is now dressed in a sort of classy power two-piece suitable for a moderately high-flying business-woman. Mr. Belloc is still in his jeans and sweatshirt, and Elaine is also casually dressed now. She eats thoughtfully, looking into the middle distance, while her mother talks and her father listens.

CAPTION: It's a good job I've got the grandmas.

CAPTION: Mum just talks about shares and investments and stuff all the time, and Dad's only into kids' books.

CAPTION: They wouldn't know the first thing about finding a murderer.

PAGE EIGHT PANEL 1

Small establishing shot. A modern housing estate in West London, with small redbrick houses most of which are actually broken up into flats (apartments). It's one of those estates which is essentially modular, with all the elements - clusters of houses, driveways, little four-bay parking areas - repeated endlessly. Tidy but soulless, in other words. Elaine is walking across the estate in her school uniform with a satchel over her shoulder. Mona tags along unwillingly behind her.

CAPTION: The next morning we set off for school, but when we got to the end of the road I turned left instead of right. To the Roundhey estate. To Mona's school.

PAGE EIGHT PANEL 2

An overpass which leads from the estate to another similar set of streets on the far side, over a busy three-lane road. The overpass is basically just a pedestrian footbridge with chest-high walls made of sheet steel painted industrial grey. Various people have used the space to post flybills advertising local events, hit singles and so on: there's also a fair amount of litter on the ground. There are also hooped bars of steel at intervals, arcing up from the walkway over the heads of pedestrians as they cross: clearly this is meant to support safety netting of some kind, but it's never been installed. The place is deserted. Elaine turns back to look at Mona, who has now come to a dead stop. Mona is agitated and afraid, while Elaine is calm and implacable. Mona points out onto the walkway with a hesitant finger.

CAPTION: But when we got close to the North Circular we could hear the cars. Mona got really scared.

ELAINE: Is this where it happened?

MONA: Over there. By the posters.

MONA: I'll stay here, Elaine. Is it okay if I stay here?

PAGE EIGHT PANEL 3

Elaine stands on the footbridge and concentrates, staring straight out ahead of her. All around her, images from the recent past begin to congeal into visibility: men and women and children swarming over the bridge, each figure trailing a blurred ghost-echo of itself like fast-moving cars shot on very slow film. They walk through Elaine as well as around her.

CAPTION: Looking into the past is sort of like whole-school assembly. Where you sit on the balcony and you're looking down, and there are so many faces you can't really see any of them.

CAPTION: Because the past doesn't stop. The more you look, the more of it there is.

PAGE EIGHT PANEL 4

Elaine frowns, narrowing her eyes, squinting in concentration. Most of the ghost images are gone now, but there is a blurred ghost-figure of Mona, darker in colour than the rest, mouth open on a shout or a scream as she falls or is pressed against the wall of the footbridge - and there is a much more indistinct image, a human figure, possibly a man, who appears several times near the Mona figure, moving purposely around it but too indistinctly for us to see what he is doing.

CAPTION: I thought I could see Mona. And maybe there was a man - near her, moving around her, before she fell -

CAPTION: But moving too fast, in the dark, and her fear was still fresh, like a big stain over everything. I couldn't see his face.

PAGE EIGHT PANEL 5

Elaine sets off across the footbridge at a determined stride, her face intent and thoughtful. Behind her Mona looks puzzled and unhappy.

CAPTION: So I kept on looking backwards - further away in time. Keeping my eyes on him as he went back and back, always the same distance behind Mona.

CAPTION: All the way across the overpass and back down Sutton Road. To the gates...

ELAINE: Come on, Mona.

MONA: Come on where? Did you see him?

PAGE EIGHT PANEL 6

The gates of Mona's school, which is at the other end of the road that leads to the overpass. Elaine and Mona are walking through the gates into the schoolyard. A sign beside the gate says ROUNDHEY COMPREHENSIVE, and then in smaller letters below that LONDON BOROUGH OF BRENT. This is an older and shabbier school than Elaine's - a run-down and underfunded inner city comprehensive, with a Victorian main building surrounded by a cluster of portakabins on brick foundations. There's a lot of litter and some graffiti. Elaine is still looking thoughtful, while Mona now looks around her in a sort of nervous wonder: coming back to such a familiar place as a ghost feels very strange.

CAPTION: He was following her.

CAPTION: All the way from the school.

PAGE NINE PANEL 1

Inside the school. Elaine and Mona stand at the intersection of two corridors, looking away down one of them. There are classroom doors and a girls' toilet to one side of them. There's nobody else in sight. Mona points towards us, and Elaine looks in the same direction.

ELAINE: Where did you do your detention?

MONA: B12. It's that way. Elaine...

MONA: How come you can see me when my Mum and Dad couldn't?

PAGE NINE PANEL 2

Elaine leads the way towards one of the classroom doors, which has B12 on a small black plastic nameplate beside the door handle. Mona follows.

ELAINE: It's not just dead people. Remember in year three when Mrs Sewell got cancer?

MONA: You could see that?

ELAINE: I could hear it. B12, right?

PAGE NINE PANEL 3

Inside the room. Elaine stands in the doorway, holding the open door with one hand, and looks out across rows of empty desks. The room is as dilapidated as the exterior of the building. The desks are the old-fashioned kind where an iron frame holds both desk and seat as one unit. There's a blackboard of the kind that scrolls up and down, with a box of chalks and an eraser on the teacher's desk beside it. There are educational posters on the walls but some are torn or have come away at one corner. There's an overall air of neglect.

CAPTION: It was just a room. A school room. Horrible old wood polish smell. Crummy old desks with the chairs fixed in.

CAPTION: At Bishop Laud's we have carpets. And chairs with legs.

PAGE NINE PANEL 4

Back outside in the corridor. Elaine suddenly swivels, her hand still on the door handle, as a man in a suit bears down on her at a rapid stride. This is Mr. Waddington, the headmaster of the school and Mona's killer. He's tall, medium build, in his forties, with short, mid-brown hair, a neat appearance and an easy, not quite arrogant authority. Elaine is intent on her own thoughts and doesn't see him coming. Mona looks towards him, though, and her eyes widen in dismay.

ELAINE: He wasn't with you in here. He must've...

WADDINGTON: Excuse me! You girl! What are you doing out of class?

MONA: Oh no! Elaine, it's Mr. Waddington! My headmaster!

PAGE NINE PANEL 5

Mr. Waddington stands in front of Elaine, staring sternly down at her. Elaine tries to look meek and innocent.

WADDINGTON: That isn't a Roundhey uniform. Who are you?

ELAINE: I'm sorry, sir. I came to... to tell my friend something. She's in...

ELAINE: ...in Mona Doyle's class.

PAGE TEN PANEL 1

Elaine and Mr. Waddington still stand face-to-face, but he reaches out now and grasps her arm, glaring at her in frank suspicion. Elaine looks back at him, standing her ground without fear but with round, concerned eyes. Behind her, Mona prompts her in an intense whisper, even though nobody but Elaine can hear her.

WADDINGTON: In Mona Doyle's class? And who would that be?

MONA: Say Diane Hornby.

ELAINE: Umm... Diane Hornby.

WADDINGTON: Then we'll just go and ask Diane Hornby if she knows you, shall we?

PAGE TEN PANEL 2

Looking past Elaine towards Mr. Waddington. He has turned his back on her now and strides off ahead of her down the corridor, dragging her after him by her forearm. Elaine stumbles along behind him, docilely enough because this is an adult and an authority figure. This could be a low angle shot, so set up the nasty revelation that's coming in the next panel.

CAPTION: I was in enough trouble already. But I thought, I'll just take one look.

CAPTION: See what's on his mind...

PAGE TEN PANEL 3

And we see what Elaine sees as she peers into Mr. Waddington's thoughts: the murder of Mona, from the murderer's point of view. It's the same moment that she witnessed on the footbridge, with the girl struggling in the man's arms, one of his hands clamped over her mouth as he lifts her off the ground - but all of this is seen through Waddington's own eyes, from a point above and behind Mona. It also needs to be shown in such a way that we know it's a memory - perhaps in a sort of deadened monochrome, or with a different panel border.

PAGE TEN PANEL 4

More memories, but this time overlaid on one another. We see Mona falling from the bridge, eyes open in shock, arms outstretched and groping for a lifeline that isn't there. At the same time we see a suitcase lying in the corner of a room: an old, battered suitcase, closed, with an old airport label on the handle and a dented corner.

PAGE TEN PANEL 5

Back in real time. Looking past Mr. Waddington towards Elaine. He turns his head to watch her as she suddenly sprints off down the corridor in headlong panic.

WADDINGTON: Come back, girl! Come back here!

WADDINGTON: Are you mad?

PAGE ELEVEN PANEL 1

External establishing shot of Mr. Waddington's office. The door has J. WADDINGTON, HEADMASTER painted on its glass panelling. A middle-aged secretary types at a desk nearby, and on a chair beside the door sits Elaine, looking glum and self-absorbed.

PAGE ELEVEN PANEL 2

Inside the office. It's laid out as you'd expect, with a filing cabinet and desk, degree certificates and school photos on the walls. Elaine's father sits across the desk from Mr. Waddington, dressed now in shirt and trousers. He is uncomfortable and embarrassed, while Mr. Waddington is being magnanimous and compassionate.

MR. BELLOC: I can't tell you how sorry we are. They were best friends all through primary school...

WADDINGTON: No, no, Mr. Belloc. No harm done. It's very hard for children to cope with such a sudden loss. Hard for all of us.

PAGE ELEVEN PANEL 3

Coming in tighter on Mr. Waddington. The thoughtful narrowing of his eye is at odds with his kind words. He's clearly been more affected by this incident than he's admitting.

WADDINGTON: Young girls get very involved in these romantic friendships. Share their... secrets, and so on.

WADDINGTON: But time is a great healer.

PAGE ELEVEN PANEL 4

In the school car park. Mr. Belloc leads Elaine by the hand, his statement angry. Elaine looks distressed and miserable.

MR. BELLOC: I just wish you'd talked to us, Elaine.

ELAINE: I'm sorry, Dad. I wanted to see... where she died. Please don't get mad.

MR. BELLOC: I'm not mad. I'm disappointed.

PAGE ELEVEN PANEL 5

Elaine's room. She is lying on her bed, staring out at nothing. There are some books and papers strewn around her, which she ignores completely.

CAPTION: I got the Dad treatment, then the Mum treatment, but not the Mona treatment. She didn't come back that night.

CAPTION: She always hated getting in trouble. Maybe she just wanted to forget the whole thing now. Get on with being dead.

PAGE ELEVEN PANEL 6

Coming in tighter on Elaine's face, which is grim and determined.

CAPTION: But I didn't. Things look different when you've been inside a murderer.

CAPTION: And if Mona didn't know how to be an unquiet spirit I'd just have to do it myself.

PAGE TWELVE PANEL 1

A bus stop near Elaine's house. She is stepping onto a night bus which has pulled up at the stop. There's very little other traffic in sight. Elaine is now dressed in casual daytime clothes - jeans, a jacket over a turtleneck sweater or similar.

CAPTION: I waited until about one - nothing but snores from Mum and Dad's room. Mr. Waddington lived in Burnt Oak. I fished that out of his secretary's thoughts.

CAPTION: There was a night bus that would take me to Brent Cross, and then I could walk it.

PAGE TWELVE PANEL 2

Repeat of the image of the suitcase which we saw in Mr. Waddington's mind earlier - only this time we see it as real and solid, with no overlaid images.

CAPTION: It was that stuff I saw in his mind. He was thinking about killing Mona.

CAPTION: But he was thinking about this suitcase, too. In his garage. As though Mona reminded him of it.

CAPTION: So I thought, if I get a look inside the case there might be some kind of proof that he did it.

PAGE TWELVE PANEL 3

Elaine walks through the darkness along a tree-lined suburban street. Mona falls into step to one side of her and a foot or so behind. Elaine turns in that direction, sensing her friend's presence and both surprised and pleased by it. Mona looks as nervous as ever, glancing off to one side as if she's being followed.

CAPTION: Halfway along Burnt Oak Broadway I felt this kind of prickling. Like someone was breathing on my neck.

MONA: Elaine, I'm sorry I ran away. I would've come back before, but...

MONA: There's this girl who's following me around. I've been trying to lose her.

PAGE TWELVE PANEL 4

Tight on Elaine. She smiles very slightly.

ELAINE: Black hair and amazing eye shadow, right? You can't lose her, Mona.

ELAINE: But you're okay if we stick together. Anyone who's with me she sort of ignores.

PAGE TWELVE PANEL 5

Flashback to the two girls, aged about nine, standing together in a school playground. They are in school uniform, and they're leaning against a brick wall. On the tarmac in front of them a hopscotch game is marked out - not in chalk, but painted onto the tarmac. In the distance there is a climbing frame, heavily overloaded with young kids. Elaine is looking up at the taller, sturdier Mona with something like adoration. Mona has taken her hand and is holding it in a complex finger-to-finger clasp.

MONA: You say "Till death us do part" - you know, like in a wedding. It means you'll keep the secret forever.

ELAINE: Till death us do part.

PAGE THIRTEEN PANEL 1

Elaine and Mona walk stealthily up Mr. Waddington's driveway. He has a detached house in a cul-de-sac at the end of a quiet street. It has a mock-Tudor frontage with black beams and white masonry. The garage is at the side of the house and attached to it. In the driveway, a shiny and impressive BMW is parked.

CAPTION: It felt good having Mona there. It made me think about when I was nine and we used to do everything together.

CAPTION: About dancing to The Spice Girls singing that friendship never ends.

CAPTION: Like they know.

PAGE THIRTEEN PANEL 2

Elaine stands at the garage door, holding a huge set of keys and trying one of them in the lock. There is a click as the lock turns.

CAPTION: Dad used to work for the RAC, and he had a set of keys that he used to open cars when people locked themselves out. Some of the keys were called skeletons, and he told me once they worked on any lock.

SFX: CLICK!

CAPTION: It didn't take long at all.

PAGE THIRTEEN PANEL 3

Elaine seen from inside the garage, silhouetted in the doorway and holding the door open with her hand. She stands on the threshold, steeling herself to step into the lion's den. Inside the garage, vague bulky shapes are piled up: clearly the garage has only ever been used as storage space rather than to house a car.

PAGE THIRTEEN PANEL 4

Elaine moves on into the garage and begins to search. There are boxes piled up on all sides, an old filing cabinet, a step ladder, a roofrack on hooks on the wall, an ironing board, some shelving, and all the other bits and pieces that end up in the garage for want of a better place. Elaine shifts a box, looking narrowly down at the floor for signs of the suitcase. Mona hangs back as she always does, looking off to one side as though she is afraid that they'll be discovered.

PAGE THIRTEEN PANEL 5

Elaine shifts the ironing board and reveals the suitcase partially hidden underneath it.

PAGE THIRTEEN PANEL 6

Elaine kneels and opens the case. Our POV doesn't allow us to see what's inside it. Her expression is tense, expectant.

PAGE THIRTEEN PANEL 7

High angle shot looking down past Elaine into the suitcase. It's full of drugs: not heroin or crack, but party drugs - ketamine, amyl nitrate, ecstasy and speed. The ketamine is in small sachets labelled KETAMINE HCL INJ USP, with a small pharmaceutical logo and no other information. The other drugs are in a variety of bottles, jars and packets.

ELAINE: Mona?

ELAINE: Are these what I think they are?

PAGE FOURTEEN PANEL 1

Mona stands beside the case and leans forward to peer into it. She looks surprised. She points at the various items, while Elaine holds a small clutch of them in her hand and stares at it grimly.

MONA: They're drugs. Like my Dad sells. That one's speed, and the little sachets are ketamine, and the stuff in the bottles is called poppers.

ELAINE: Then what's your headmaster doing with them?

PAGE FOURTEEN PANEL 2

Coming in tighter on the two girls. Elaine frowns, frustrated because she was looking for answers and she hasn't really found any. Mona looks puzzled.

ELAINE: Do you think he was buying them from your Dad? Could he have killed you because... because your Dad owed him money or something?

MONA: Maybe. But there's a lot there. Most people would just buy one or two hits at a time.

PAGE FOURTEEN PANEL 3

Elaine stuffs her pockets with handfuls of the various drugs. She looks grimly satisfied: at least she's got some evidence that will get Mr. Waddington into trouble.

ELAINE: Well it doesn't matter anyway. I'm taking some of everything.

PAGE FOURTEEN PANEL 4

And belatedly Elaine turns, having just become aware that she's no longer alone. We are looking towards her past the bulk of some shadowy person or thing which has come between her and the door. It's actually Mr. Waddington in his dressing gown, roused by the suspicious sounds from his garage.

ELAINE: We can send this stuff to the police.

ELAINE: I bet he'll lose his job, at lea...*

PAGE FOURTEEN PANEL 5

Mr. Waddington grabs Elaine by the throat and starts to throttle her. She fights to loosen his grip, teeth clenched, eyes closed, but as with Mona he's just so much stronger that she has no chance. His statement is one of choking, murderous rage.

WADDINGTON: Lose my job? Lose my job?

WADDINGTON: That's nothing compared to what you're going to lose, girl!

PAGE FOURTEEN PANEL 6

Mr. Waddington's face as seen from Elaine's POV, dim and distorted, as she loses consciousness.

PAGE FOURTEEN PANEL 7

Solid black.

PAGE FIFTEEN PANEL 1

The kitchen table in Mr. Waddington's house, seen from Elaine's POV: again, dim and distorted, as she opens her eyes blarily and begins to see again. Ranged on the table in front of her are some of the drugs that she took from the

suitcase, most prominently several sachets of ketamine which will be significant later.

CAPTION: It was feeling so scared that woke me up. I was choking on it. I couldn't even think except to think afraid, afraid, afraid.

CAPTION: I wanted to run...

PAGE FIFTEEN PANEL 2

Answering close-up of Elaine as she recovers consciousness. Her eyes are heavy, her face bruised, and her mouth is slack as she tries to gather her senses. We may not see this clearly until the next panel, but she is tied with lengths of washing-line twine to a straight-backed kitchen chair.

CAPTION: And I couldn't move.

PAGE FIFTEEN PANEL 3

Coming out wide to show the kitchen. It's rather opulent, with a butler's sink, brass fittings, Italian hob and oven, etc. Mr. Waddington lives quite well. He is standing over Elaine now, waiting for her to wake up. He has dressed in the meantime in shirt and trousers. He is putting a bottle of vodka down on the table, holding a full glass in his other hand, and he is looking down at Elaine with undisguised hostility. Elaine stares up at him, wide-eyed.

WADDINGTON: I care about my work, you know?

WADDINGTON: I've made some bad decisions, but I really do care. About the school - the kids.

PAGE FIFTEEN PANEL 4

Low angle shot looking up at Waddington's face, as from Elaine's POV. His statement is grim and threatening. Include the glass of vodka in the shot - the impression we want to create is that he's got to get a bit drunk to nerve himself up to killing Elaine.

WADDINGTON: If you weigh up the good and the harm I've done, anyone would say I'm a decent man.

WADDINGTON: Who else knows?

PAGE FIFTEEN PANEL 5

Elaine stares at Mr. Waddington in perplexity as he stands over her, close enough so that she has to tilt her head back to meet his eye. She is confused, uncertain, even wondering, because his words seem to make so little sense. He grips his glass with more force than necessary. This could be a high angle shot looking down past him towards her.

CAPTION: I tried to figure that out but I couldn't make my mind work. I was going to scream any second.

CAPTION: But part of me was standing off to one side, looking at the fear - -

CAPTION: And then the penny just dropped. Most of it wasn't mine. It was his.

PAGE FIFTEEN PANEL 6

Tight on Elaine. She bows her head to hide her statement, eyes narrowed as she thinks on her feet.

CAPTION: So I took the thing that he was most afraid of right out of his mind, and I told it back to him.

ELAINE: She kept a diary.

PAGE SIXTEEN PANEL 1

Mr. Waddington cups his glass under Elaine's chin and uses it to tilt her face up again so that she has to meet his eyes. He is moved to real anger and frustration at her words. She winces and tries to look away, afraid.

WADDINGTON: Shit! I knew it! Where did you find it? Where is it now?

ELAINE: At... at the school. Room B12.

ELAINE: It's behind the radiator.

PAGE SIXTEEN PANEL 2

Mr. Waddington stalks out of the room, leaving his vodka glass on the table directly in front of Elaine. She lets her head fall again, staring at him from under lowered eyes. His movements are quick, urgent.

WADDINGTON: We'll take up this conversation when I get back. If you're lying you'll have occasion to be very sorry.

ELAINE: But you're... you're going to kill me anyway!

WADDINGTON: True. But I've got a great deal of discretion about how long it takes.

PAGE SIXTEEN PANEL 3

Tight on Elaine. She looks groggy, shaken, scared.

CAPTION: I heard the door slam and the car start. Then everything went quiet again.

CAPTION: The school was only about three miles away. I didn't have long.

ELAINE: Mona?

PAGE SIXTEEN PANEL 4

Mona appears directly in front of Elaine, looking towards the door through which Mr. Waddington just left. She is anguished, almost hysterical. Elaine stares at her back, gathering herself, striving for calm.

MONA: He's going to kill you too! Call your grandmas, Elaine. They can do magic on him!

ELAINE: No they can't. They're just ghosts.

ELAINE: They can't do anything any more except talk.

PAGE SIXTEEN PANEL 5

Coming out wide. Mona turns to face Elaine, mystified, as Elaine makes her request. Elaine seems totally calm and centred now.

ELAINE: So let's talk, Mona. The way we used to. Let's share secrets.

ELAINE: Tell me about your Dad.

PAGE SEVENTEEN PANEL 1

Exterior view of Mr. Waddington's house, with his car pulling back into the driveway.

PAGE SEVENTEEN PANEL 2

Looking past Elaine, through the kitchen door and along the length of the hall to the front door, which has just opened. Mr. Waddington, wearing a long coat over the shirt and trousers he wore earlier, is framed in the doorway. He looks angry. The sachets of ketamine are no longer on the table in front of her, although all the other drugs are.

WADDINGTON: It wasn't there.

PAGE SEVENTEEN PANEL 3

Mr. Waddington has come into the kitchen. He looks down at Elaine with a grim, set face, and at the same time he reaches down to pick up his glass of vodka from where he left it, on the table in front of her. Elaine looks up at him, looking muzzy and confused, her eyes half-closed: this is the effect of the drug, although he doesn't realize this.

ELAINE: S... someone must've moved it. That's where it was. Really.

WADDINGTON: Perhaps. Or perhaps you invented the diary so I'd let you live a little longer.

WADDINGTON: In which case, I hope you got the most you could out of the last twenty minutes.

PAGE SEVENTEEN PANEL 4

Looking past Mr. Waddington towards Elaine as he tilts his head back and empties off the glass in one gulp. She looks at him with a bleary, lopsided smile.

ELAINE: I did.

PAGE SEVENTEEN PANEL 5

Mr. Waddington holds the empty glass at chest height, staring down past it towards Elaine. There is the first hint of concern on his face - the dawning realization that all is not quite right.

PAGE SEVENTEEN PANEL 6

Close-up of the floor at Elaine's feet, where the empty sachets of ketamine are lying in plain sight.

PAGE EIGHTEEN PANEL 1

Mr. Waddington goes berserk with fear and rage, realizing that he's been poisoned. He lifts Elaine by her lapels, pulling her up towards him so that the back legs of the chair leave the ground. She stares directly at him, at point blank range, afraid but also determined to see this through.

WADDINGTON: What have you done to me? What did you do??

ELAINE: I... I bit them open and then I dribbled them into your glass.

ELAINE: Mr. Waddington. I think...

PAGE EIGHTEEN PANEL 2

Tight on Elaine, seen from above as from Mr. Waddington's POV. She looks into his eyes, delivering his death sentence quietly and remorselessly.

ELAINE: ...I think you're going to die.

PAGE EIGHTEEN PANEL 3

Mr. Waddington lets the chair fall back, and since it's at an odd angle it falls sideways onto the ground taking Elaine with it. Mr. Waddington is looking into space, hands clenched at chest height, eyes wide, checking for symptoms.

WADDINGTON: Ketamine. It's ketamine. You've poisoned me!

PAGE EIGHTEEN PANEL 4

Half-mad with fear, Mr. Waddington hauls off and kicks Elaine full in the stomach as she lies on the ground in front

of him. A fleck of spittle has appeared at the corner of his mouth.

WADDINGTON: Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! I'll kill you!

WADDINGTON: Oh god! Oh god!

ELAINE: Uuuhf!

PAGE EIGHTEEN PANEL 5

Floor-level shot. Elaine lies slumped, the side of her head resting on the floor, her face twisted in pain. Closer to us, we see Mr. Waddington's legs as he runs out into the hall.

CAPTION: He ran out into the hall. But Mona said, with a ketamine overdose there's not much point calling a doctor.

CAPTION: You've got to make yourself throw up really quick, before your lungs stop working.

PAGE EIGHTEEN PANEL 6

Again, floor-level shot, this time looking from Elaine's POV towards Mr. Waddington. He's reached the phone, but he's knocked it off the hall table in his clumsy attempts to dial 999. He is on his hands and knees, pushing at the buttons on the phone with forefinger and ring finger together. His statement is one of panic fear. The whole scene is awash with psychedelic colours and tilted at a peculiar angle, because Elaine herself is now succumbing to the drug, having swallowed a fair bit of it in the process of poisoning Mr. Waddington's glass.

CAPTION: He was trying to dial. He was saying "Ambulance! Ambulance!" over and over again.

CAPTION: But everything was looking really strange now. Like looking through a marble. I felt like there was this big chunk of ice inside my chest.

CAPTION: And I thought, this isn't fair. It's his death, not mine.

PAGE NINETEEN

Again, conceived as a splash page with panel 3 as the splash, panels 1 and 2 as small inserts.

PAGE NINETEEN PANEL 1

Extreme close-up on Elaine's wide, staring eye, again overlaid with acid-trip colours and effects.

CAPTION: But I must've swallowed too much of the stuff myself.

CAPTION: A little bit for each sachet I chewed open.

PAGE NINETEEN PANEL 2

The tiny figure of Elaine floats or tumbles through an undefined space where swirls of colour meld into one another. The backdrop is her own eye, echoed from the previous panel.

CAPTION: I got sucked in. I got sucked into his death.

PAGE NINETEEN PANEL 3

And now we're in Mr. Waddington's mind, which is not a pleasant place to be: it's like an abstract painting expressing terror, blindness, alienation and approaching death. Elaine alights on a streak of colour that seems to have some solidity. She has her arms outstretched for balance, but it's more as if she's flailing to stay upright than as if she's flying. There is another figure already standing there, with his back turned to her, looking out into the abstract immensity: it's Lucifer.

CAPTION: But there was someone else there too.

CAPTION: Waiting for me.

LUCIFER: Normally when people learn to juggle they don't start with chainsaws.

ELAINE: J... juggle?

LUCIFER: It was by way of being a metaphor. Never mind.

PAGE TWENTY PANEL 1

Lucifer glances round at Elaine, with a sardonic lift of the eyebrow. She looks around her, amazed and appalled. Half-formed figures rise flailing and clawing out of the landscape and then fall back into it.

ELAINE: Where are we?

LUCIFER: Hmm?

LUCIFER: Oh, you're inside his mind. The teacher's. The man you're in the process of murdering.

LUCIFER: Oxygen starvation squeezes the drug high into synaesthetic screams. It feels even worse than it looks.

PAGE TWENTY PANEL 2

Lucifer walks on, away from Elaine, who stares after him in stunned amazement, mouth gaping open.

CAPTION: It just sort of came to me then. Even though he didn't have any horns or anything.

ELAINE: You're... you're him. The devil.

ELAINE: I summoned the devil.

LUCIFER: Don't flatter yourself, child. I'm not here because you called me.

PAGE TWENTY PANEL 3

Lucifer stands at the very tip of the streak of colour on which they're standing, which falls away like a frozen wave. His statement is bored.

LUCIFER: But I did hear your voice, and I wanted to see for myself.

LUCIFER: Someone has been working for a very long time. Chance alone couldn't account for you.

PAGE TWENTY PANEL 4

Lucifer finally turns to face Elaine, looking down on her with a slightly sour statement. She's regained her self-control and faces him with only mild nervousness.

ELAINE: Will he die soon? Mr. Waddington, I mean?

LUCIFER: He should be dead now. I'm the one who's holding him back from that merciful release.

ELAINE: You? But why?

PAGE TWENTY PANEL 5

Tight on Lucifer. He gives an ironic, self-mocking grimace.

LUCIFER: Because as things stand, he'll take you with him. A deck of cards I met recently suggested that I should keep you alive.

LUCIFER: Now take what you want and be quick about it. I have other engagements.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE PANEL 1

The hallway of Mr. Waddington's house. Tight close-up on his face as he lies sprawled on the floor: his mouth is slightly open, and a trickle of saliva is coming down from the corner of it. His haunted eyes stare out at nothing. He is a man locked inside himself, dying but unable to escape into unconsciousness.

CAPTION: I guess I knew what he meant. So I found it, Mona, and I took it. The truth. About why Mr. Waddington killed you

CAPTION: And even though the devil was in a hurry I took a long time doing it. As long as I could.

CAPTION: That was our revenge, you see. That was how we got our own back on him.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE PANEL 2

Flashback. Mona's parents' flat, which is small and poky and cluttered. Mr. Waddington stands just inside the door, passing a large cardboard box to Mona's father. Mr. Waddington looks serious, but Mona's father is grinning. Mona herself is visible in the background, reading a teen magazine on the floor: she's about nine years old.

CAPTION: It was stupid, really. He was the one who was selling the drugs to your Dad - not the other way round.

CAPTION: Even went to your flat a few years back. He noticed you because you were reading More and Roundhey had just banned it.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE PANEL 3

Second flashback. Mr. Waddington stands on the stage in the school hall, behind a lectern. The students are all sitting in rows watching him, and he is looking down directly into the face of Mona, who is about three rows back. His statement is one of barely concealed astonishment.

CAPTION: Then when you started in year seven he recognized you - and he thought you must have recognized him, too. That's why he killed you. To stop you telling anyone.

CAPTION: And the crazy thing is, you didn't remember him at all. He had nothing to be afraid of.

CAPTION: Until he met me.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE PANEL 4

Back in Mr. Waddington's dying mind. Lucifer stands behind Elaine, his arms folded, waiting with cold patience. Elaine looks sad and desolate.

LUCIFER: Satisfied?

ELAINE: No.

LUCIFER: Pity. It makes no difference to the price.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE PANEL 5

Lucifer raises a hand, and in a widening circle around it the colours and textures of Mr. Waddington's hallucinations are shredded by a harsh white light. Elaine turns, surprised.

ELAINE: Wh... where are we going?

LUCIFER: We? I am going on into the realms of pain.

LUCIFER: You to your mortal body. But don't worry. I always call in what's owed to me.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE PANEL 6

Mr. Waddington's house, looking towards the kitchen from the hallway. Two police officers examine his body, while a paramedic squats beside Elaine, who now seems to be unconscious.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO PANEL 1

Elaine being mildly interrogated in a light and airy police interview room designed for this purpose. There are toys and games on shelves and on the floor. Elaine sits on a couch with a police officer sitting on one side of her, her mother on the other. The police officer's manner is tentative, gentle. Elaine looks blank. Her mother is all concern and support, holding her hand.

CAPTION: A lot of people asked me questions afterwards, but they seemed to believe me when I said I didn't remember anything.

CAPTION: I'd been tied up and drugged and beaten. I think they were scared of making me go into shock or something if they pushed too hard.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO PANEL 2

Elaine's room. Elaine stands near the door, having just entered, and the grandmas swirl around her in a sort of ectoplasmic cyclone, lifting up her hair. She smiles, happy to be home.

CAPTION: The grandmas wanted to hear all the details, of course.

CAPTION: Grandma Furness was so proud of me: she said it was as good as some of the vengeance she'd done when she was alive.

CAPTION: Grandma Shaw said she'd pray for my soul.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO PANEL 3

Still in Elaine's room, but light is different because some time has elapsed. Tight on Elaine's bed. Elaine is sitting on the bed, legs folded under her and her diary in her lap. She's sucking on the top of her pen while thinking of the next thing to write. Mona sits next to her, legs crossed, talking, making a suggestion. It's a comfortable, shared moment. Mona now looks like a living girl, in that all her horrendous wounds have disappeared. She looks brighter and more alert than before - not cheerful but interested, drawn out of her lethargy and fear.

CAPTION: And Mona and me wrote this because we wanted the true story about her death to be told at least once.

CAPTION: But we're not going to let anyone else read it. It's our secret.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO PANEL 4

Out in the garden behind the Belloc house. Quite tight on Elaine and Mona. Elaine holds the pages torn out of her diary, which she is carefully lighting with a Zip lighter. Mona watches closely, a little excited.

CAPTION: Mona is still my best friend, and she's going to stay with me as long as she can.

CAPTION: And I think the funniest thing of all is that I tried so hard to do magic and I couldn't call even the smallest demon, and then I ended up talking to the real devil himself.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO PANEL 5

Coming out wide and high. The burning pages flutter off on the breeze, and far below Elaine and Mona watch them go. Mona smiles, while Elaine looks quietly satisfied.

CAPTION: I'm getting lots of offers now.