

DAWN OF  
**THE WALKING DEAD**

**Volume 1: Camp Nowhere**

**Issue #2**

**Jacob Adams**

**PAGE 1:**

**FULL-PAGE SPREAD:** Thomas, Michael and Becky are starring - and aiming their weapons - at a group of panicked people standing by the gates and entrance sign.

At the front of this group is DENNIS (29) - full beard, dressed in smart clothing, with a look of innocence. He looks more worried than anyone else.

Behind him stands SARA (20) - beautiful, African-American, wearing a dress. She's holding her pregnant stomach and looks to be in pain. GEMMA (21) - smug, arrogant, and in military greens - is holding her up.

Besides Gemma, hand resting on his own gun - MARCUS (16) - scared, just through puberty, stubble on his chin and wide eyes, trying to look manly.

DENNIS: Please, let us in!

**PAGE 2:**

**PANEL 1:** Benjamin is sitting at the end of his bed, the bottle of whisky now empty and sitting heavily in his hands. His eyes are shut, and he looks deep in thought.

DENNIS (O.P): My wife... She's about to have a baby!

**PANEL 2:** Benjamin has opened his eyes, and his face is marred with panic. His hands have clutched onto the pistol on his bedside. He looks ready to fight.

BENJAMIN: Sh\*t!

**PANEL 3:** Benjamin has rushed out of the door for his cabin, and with one hand is shutting the door behind him. With the other, he is holding his pistol. He looks desperate - panicked.

BENJAMIN: Come on! Come on!!!

SFX: SLAM!

**PANEL 4:** Benjamin's P.O.V, with the grave of Trudy in the distance, and the armed Michael and Thomas looking at the new arrivals suspiciously. Dennis and Sara have now stepped through the gates into the camp. Benjamin looks furious.

BENJAMIN: Dammit!

**PANEL 4:** Benjamin has reached the grave, steadied himself and aimed his gun at Dennis. Michael and Thomas are looking at him suspiciously - Megan and Becky are cowering.

BENJAMIN: Stop right there! Don't move a muscle.

**PANEL 5:** C.U. on Dennis's desperate face. His hands are lifted above his head, and his eyes are shut. His group behind him stand with uncertainty.

DENNIS: Please... Please don't shoot. My... my wife's about to have a baby. I just want to find a place for her to give birth. Please... don't shoot.

**PAGE 3:**

**PANEL 1:** Thomas, Michael, Megan, Becky, Dennis and Marcus are sitting beside the fire, tins in their hands. Our group look solemn, the other two look thankful. Dennis looks to be mid-speech.

DENNIS: Thank you for this... I, erm, I understand why you feel suspicious but we'll prove our worth. My wife - Sara - went into labour around an hour ago. Gemma, the other woman, she's a doctor. Sara-

**PANEL 2:** Thomas is standing over Dennis. He looks friendly, although the wear of the previous day is present. He has a hand on Dennis's shoulder.

THOMAS: Look, Dennis, we're happy to help. Your wife will be safe here; we'll make sure of it.

**PANEL 3:** Megan is now standing, although she hasn't approached the rest of the group. Thomas has yet to notice her, although Dennis is watching.

MEGAN: Are we really safe, though? After last-

MICHAEL: Don't thin' 'bout last night. Don't even try to.

MEGAN: Why? Why forget?

**PANEL 4:** Dennis is looking at Thomas, quizzical. Thomas, who has now sat down again, is refusing to meet Dennis's eyes. There's a sadness on his face. Michael is now standing, looking at Megan.

DENNIS: What... What, erm, happened last night?

MICHAEL: Crap. Crap happen'd. Nothin' more, nothin' less.

**PANEL 5:** Thomas has now made eye contact with Dennis. There's a false attempt of reassurance in his eyes, and Thomas's hands have found rest on Dennis's shoulders once more.

THOMAS: We lost a girl - Trudy. But we were outnumbered; now we're not. There's safety in numbers - we can *make* this place safe.

**PAGE 4:**

**PANEL 1:** The storage hut - small but well kept, with bookcases lining the walls filled with food cans. A few cobwebs hang from the ceiling, left untouched. The entrance to the storage hut is open, and the silhouette of Thomas is in the doorway.

**PANEL 2:** Thomas has stepped into the room, is scanning the tins. He's starring directly at a tin called 'AL GONE'S TOMATO SOUP'. Behind him is the silhouette of Megan.

THOMAS: Why'd Michael let you leave the fire?

MEGAN: I told him I needed a pee.

THOMAS: So instead of pissing, you stalked me?

MEGAN: Yep.

**PANEL 3:** Megan has walked further into the room, and is now standing beside Thomas. Thomas is refusing to make eye contact, as he now holds the soup.

MEGAN: You... You lied to Dennis, didn't you?

THOMAS: ...

THOMAS (CONT.): Yeah... I did.

MEGAN: You said we could 'make this place safe', but you don't think any place can be safe anymore.

**PANEL 4:** C.U. on Thomas - an internal conflict is burning within him; he still refuses to look at Megan. Megan is ever closer to him.

THOMAS: The man's wife is about to have a baby; I felt maybe showing *some* sympathy might help.

**PANEL 5:** C.U. on Megan, starring uncertainly at Thomas. She's intrigued but doesn't seem to trust him.

MEGAN: Lying isn't... It isn't helpful! We could have lied to Trudy, told her she'd survive... But even if we had lied, it *wouldn't* save her - she'd still be... dead.

**PANEL 6:** C.U. on Thomas. Megan has turned away to face the door - is making her exit. Thomas is returning the can of soup to the shelf. There's a look of regret on his face.

THOMAS: This isn't the old world, Megan. This isn't fairy tale world where there's right and wrong and good and bad. This world... This world simply *is*. And the sooner you realize that, the better...

MEGAN: ...

MEGAN: I know already. I *killed* Trudy; you didn't.

**PAGE 5:**

**PANEL 1:** Sara is lying on a bed, mouth open in a scream. The sheets cover her lower end, but struggle to cover the hump of her stomach. Standing beside the bed, smug and nonchalant - Gemma. Standing by the door, looking down at his boots - Benjamin.

SARA: AAAAHHH!

**PANEL 2:** C.U. on Benjamin, looking down at his shoes. His right-hand rests on his holster. In the background, Gemma is adjusting some pillows for Sara.

BENJAMIN: So, you're a Doctor, huh? How many babies you' deliver'd?

**PANEL 3:** C.U. on Gemma, turned away from Benjamin, smiling smugly. She's still adjusting the pillows. In the background, Benjamin's hand has tightened even more on his pistol.

GEMMA: Yes, I'm a Doctor. And I've delivered too many babies to count. Not that that's my profession.

BENJAMIN: What is your profession?

**PANEL 4:** Gemma's turned to face Benjamin. There's a smile on her face that suggests an unexpected calmness, and it clashes with Benjamin's look of uncertainty.

GEMMA: Neurosurgeon. I was examining a patient when the world turned to sh\*t.

BENJAMIN: And who would that be?

**PANEL 5:** C.U. on Gemma's expression. She looks dangerous.

GEMMA: Marcus - the boy who's with us. He was having headaches, I was giving him a scan. Turned out to be nothing.

**PAGE 6:**

**PANEL 1:** Benjamin has moved from his position by the door, and his right hand has let go of the pistol. Gemma seems to have noticed this - she's looking down at his gun.

BENJAMIN: So how did ya' meet the other two, then?

GEMMA: They were desperate, looking for help outside the hospital. Some soldiers were about to shoot Sara, said she could be carrying a Dead One inside her...

**PANEL 2:** C.U. on Gemma's face again, even more deadly. She looks like she is snarling.

GEMMA: ... So, I shot them. Not sure if that makes me a bad Doctor, but it felt damn good.

**PANEL 3:** Benjamin's hand has returned to the holster, and his hand has gripped the gun. Gemma has returned to adjusting pillows, and Sara is screaming once more.

SARA: AAAAHHH!

**PANEL 4:** Benjamin's taken a step closer to Gemma. His gun is out of the holster, swinging by his side. He looks deadlier than ever, but Gemma does not seem to care.

BENJAMIN: Now you listen to me, Gemma... You hurt Thomas, I don't give a crap. But you touch a hair on the head of Michael, Becky or Megan and I'll blow a hole in your skull. Even if you're the good guy, I'll kill ya'.

**PANEL 5:** Gemma's frowning, Benjamin is returning his gun to his holster.

GEMMA: You just try, prick...

## **PAGE 7:**

**PANEL 1:** Back to the fire. The sun is beginning to set. Megan and Becky are sitting to one side, silent but starring at each other. Marcus sits near them, edging close as if he would like to talk. In the background, Thomas, Michael and Dennis eat silently.

MARCUS: Errrr... Hey. I'm Marcus.

**PANEL 2:** Neither girl turns to look at him, even though Marcus seems to be sliding himself closer towards the girls. Dennis is watching him, a smile on his face.

MARCUS: Is there *anything* fun to do around here?

**PANEL 3:** Megan has turned to look at Marcus - is trying to give him a smile. Becky is now starring into the fire, it's embers spitting up into the atmosphere.

MEGAN: Apart from poking each other with sticks and pretending to be happy campers, nope.

**PANEL 4:** C.U. on Marcus. He's smiling, adjusting a cap on his head. Closer, he looks even more childish.

MARCUS: Well, erm...

MEGAN (O.P): Megan.

MARCUS: Well, Megan, I've been pretending to be a happy camper for the last couple of weeks. So-

**PANEL 5:** Thomas is standing up, beside Marcus. Megan is looking down at the floor once more, and Becky continues to stare at the fire. Dennis has turned his head away.

THOMAS: Please, be quiet. Talking attracts Walkers, and Walkers mean death. So... Shhh!

**PAGE 8:**

**PANEL 1:** Thomas is still standing up, and Marcus is now looking down at the floor. He almost looks guilty, but he's trying to smile. Behind him, the door for one of the huts has opened, leaking light into the outside world.

**PANEL 2:** Dennis is now standing up, rushing towards the open door. His face looks deadly serious. Thomas is sitting down again; Megan has picked up a stick.

DENNIS: How is she? Is anything wrong?

**PANEL 3:** Benjamin is walking past him, heading towards the fire. Dennis has stopped walking himself, dumbfounded with terror. Michael is now standing up, as is Marcus.

BENJAMIN: Sit down. We need to talk.

DENNIS: Is she okay? Is she-

SARA (O.P): AAAAAH!

**PANEL 4:** Dennis is rushing to the door; he's in a run. Benjamin has made it to the fire and is beginning to sit down. Everyone is looking at Benjamin, expecting him to speak.

BENJAMIN: She's okay now, but she won't be. She's in a hell o' a lot of pain, and we ain't got nothin' to help. She needs morphine or somethin' like that.

**PANEL 5:** Dennis has stopped running, and has turned to look at Benjamin. He's worried, and the fear on his face is in contrast with Benjamin's calm collectiveness.

DENNIS: What... Where do we get morphine from?

**PANEL 6:** C.U. on Benjamin's uncaring face. Standing behind him, beside the fire - Thomas.

BENJAMIN: A Hospital, if we're lucky.

**PANEL 7:** Dennis looks panicked - he's brought his hands up to his face to shield them. Benjamin still looks unaffected.

DENNIS: We can't go back to the Hospital! They tried to kill Sara; it isn't safe!

**PANEL 8:** C.U. on Benjamin and Thomas. Benjamin's smiling menacingly, but Thomas looks empathetic.

BENJAMIN: The world's gone to sh\*t, man. Ain't no one gonna be at a hospital anymore. If you want to help your wife, you need to go to that hospital.

THOMAS: No, he doesn't. Dennis can stay here. I'll take Marcus and Michael with me to the Hospital. We'll get in quickly and get out even faster. I'll go grab some equipment; we'll go in the next ten minutes.

#### **PAGE 9:**

**PANEL 1:** Michael and Benjamin are sitting beside the fire, alone on a log. Nearby, Megan and Becky sit starrng at the stars and Marcus is checking through a rucksack. Michael and Benjamin are looking away from each other.

**PANEL 2:** Benjamin has turned slightly to look at Michael, but Michael is refusing to make eye contact. Benjamin doesn't look worried by this.

BENJAMIN: So... is it that you're pissed that *I* didn't bury Trudy, or are ya' pissed that I don't want ya' leaving?

**PANEL 3:** Michael is now looking at Benjamin. There's an anger in his glare, but he still looks kind.

MICHAEL: I ain't pissed at ya', Benjamin. Just frustrated.

**PANEL 4:** Benjamin looks slightly confused, not taken aback but confused ever the less.

BENJAMIN: Why?

MICHAEL: 'Cause you're refusing to trust anyone. You hate Thomas, and one of us always has to be with the girls, as if no one else can be trusted to look after 'em.

**PANEL 5:** Benjamin now looks angry. He's moved closer to Michael, and it's clear he's confrontational. Michael is trying to back away, although he doesn't look worried.



BENJAMIN: Of course I don't trust anyone! Thomas only showed up a day or two ago, told us we weren't lookin' after the girls right, and then led us head first into a fight that *killed* Trudy!

**PANEL 6:** Michael has leaned towards Benjamin now, and he too looks confrontational.

MICHAEL: You're bein' stupid. Thomas knows more about this world than we do.

BENJAMIN: It's not just Thomas, though! You're willin' to trust these *new* people around these girls - to go jolly ridin' with frickin' Thomas and Marcus, whilst I have to keep an eye on everyone!

MICHAEL: You don't have to keep an eye on everyone! Learn to trust other people and we might just all survive...

**PAGE 10:**

**PANEL 1:** Sara's hut. She's leaning back against the pillows in a deep sweat, her mouth open in a scream. Dennis is clutching her hands, looking at her with love. Gemma is standing at the end of the bed, watching. An old-time lantern hangs from the ceiling - the only source of light in the room.

SARA: AAAAAAAHHH!

DENNIS: It's okay! We're... We're gonna make the pain go away. Marcus is just-

**PANEL 2:** The door for the hut is open, and standing in the doorway is Marcus. The rucksack is now on his back, and his facial expression shows his uncertainty. Dennis is starring at him.

**PANEL 3:** Dennis is standing by the bed, starring at Sara. Dennis has averted his eyes back to his screaming wife.

SARA: OWWWWW!

MARCUS: ...

MARCUS: I, err... We're leaving now; we'll be back soon. I, err-

DENNIS: Thank you, Marcus. I... I know you didn't have to go with Thomas and Michael, you could have just stayed here. Safe. But you're going; thank you.

**PANEL 4:** C.U. on Marcus's face. He's worried - terrified, in fact.

MARCUS: You want the honest truth? I'm crapping myself. I... I didn't volunteer for this. I was *told* I was going. I mean, we don't even *know* these people.

**PANEL 5:** Dennis is looking at Marcus once more, trying to reassure him. He's put his right hand on Marcus's shoulder.

DENNIS: All I *know* is that these people gave my wife a place to give birth, and these people are risking their lives to help her. Have some faith...

**PANEL 6:** Dennis no longer has his hand on Marcus's shoulder; he's looking at his screaming wife once more. Gemma is watching Marcus as he opens the door, revealing the dark outside.

SARA: OOOWWWWWW!!!

#### **PAGE 11:**

**FULL-PAGE SPREAD:** Thomas, Michael and Marcus walking down a long, straight road of old gravel. It's night time, and the only sources of light are the moon and the torches in the trio's hands.

Besides the group are a row of cars, now beginning to rot and age. One of the cars fails to conceal a WALKER, missing everything below the torso. It has the long hair of a woman but the rotting face of a monster.

In the background, the Orlando skyline. Beautiful and pristine, somehow ageless despite the disaster that has only recently occurred.

#### **PAGE 12:**

**PANEL 1:** C.U. on the female Walker, dragging away from the car towards the road, mouth open ready to bite. Dead eyes somehow embracing a range of emotions.

WALKER: Grrrrr!

**PANEL 2:** An axe now rests in the base of the Walker's head, and blood is splattering up in every direction. The Walker's eyes truly look dead now.

SFX: THUNK!

**PANEL 3:** Thomas stands above the Walker, and he's just pulled his axe out of its head. Even more blood is splattering, catching the rims of his trousers.

SFX: SHUNK!

**PANEL 4:** Thomas, Michael and Marcus are walking down the road again. Thomas has the axe over his shoulder, and its dripping blood onto his backpack. In the foreground, the corpse of the Walker lies in a heap.

**PAGE 13:**

**PANEL 1:** Thomas is sitting in the gravel, looking off into the distance. Behind him, Michael and Marcus lean against the frame of a car, digging their hands into their rucksacks in search of something. It is still night time.

**PANEL 2:** Thomas remains in the same position, but Michael and Marcus are now drinking from water bottles. They look to be taking deep gulps.

**PANEL 3:** Marcus is still drinking, but Michael has taken his bottle away from his lips. He's looking at a distracted Thomas, and his mouth is open in a question.

MICHAEL: Why're ya' here, Thomas?

**PANEL 4:** Michael is still looking at Thomas, and Thomas has turned to face him. Marcus is no longer drinking - he is focusing on the pair.

MICHAEL: Ya' said we're all gonna die. Why're ya' here? This woman don't need any drugs to get through the pain - she'll probably've given birth by the time we get back. So why are ya' riskin' your life for this? Why are ya' doin' this?

**PANEL 5:** C.U. on Thomas's face, deep in thought. It's clear he's asked himself this very question before.

THOMAS: ...

THOMAS (CONT.): We're all gonna die, and that's a fact. I'd rather die being a good man than a selfish one.

**PANEL 6:** Michael has begun to drink again, although he still stares at Thomas, unsure of his answer. Marcus is putting his drink bottle back into his bag. Thomas is starrng into the Orlando skyline.

**PAGE 14:**

**PANEL 1:** Thomas, Michael and Marcus are walking down the road once more. The Orlando skyline appears closer. Marcus seems to be slightly ahead of Thomas and Michael. The sun is beginning to rise.

**PANEL 2:** Marcus is walking with determination and speed. Thomas is close behind him, reaching out with a hand to put it on Marcus's shoulders.

**PANEL 3:** C.U. on Thomas's hand as it grabs onto Marcus's shoulder. It has a firm grip.

**PANEL 4:** Marcus has turned to look at Thomas, confused. Thomas has let his hand drop down to his side - he looks innocent, as if he never committed 'the act'.

THOMAS: We don't wanna go rushing into a Herd of Walkers; slow it right down.

**PANEL 5:** Marcus has turned to look at the road again, and is walking once more. This time he walks besides Thomas and Michael.

#### **PAGE 15:**

**PANEL 1:** Sara is leaning up, and her mouth is open in a scream. Tears are streaming down her face, and she's clutching onto Dennis's hand. Dennis looks petrified as Gemma fiddles around with towels.

SARA: OWWWWW!

**PANEL 2:** C.U. on Dennis's caring face, as the man tries to comfort his wife. His hand is turning pale from the clenching.

Dennis: It's okay! I'm here with you!

**PANEL 3:** Sara's face, taken over by pain. The tears are increasing, as is the strength of her hand. Dennis is trying not to squint from the pain of being crushed.

SARA: I don't give a f\*ck! Just get this *thing* out of me!

**PANEL 4:** Dennis looks disgusted at his wife swearing, but he tries to hide this from his screaming wife. Gemma, at the end of the bed, tries to hide a smirk.

#### **PAGE 16:**

**PANEL 1:** The entrance to Camp Foxwood, with the gates closed and the fire dancing in the background. The sun has begun to rise over the Camp, and Benjamin, Megan and Becky appear to be sitting by the fire eating from tins.

**PANEL 2:** Benjamin, Megan and Becky look shattered. They are all staring into blank space as they eat from their tins, oblivious to the world around them.

SARA (O.P.): AAAAAAAHHHH!

**PANEL 3:** Benjamin has turned to look at Megan and Becky, and is attempting a smile. His attempt simply emphasises how tired he is.

BENJAMIN: Get any sleep last night.

BECKY: ...

BECKY (CONT.): No. You?

**PANEL 4:** Benjamin is now starring at his tin, mixing it with a spoon. Megan has picked up a stick, and is poking the fire with it.

BENJAMIN: Nope.

**PANEL 5:** Benjamin is standing up now, walking away from the fire and almost O.P. Becky and Megan are looking at him, shocked that he is leaving.

MEGAN: Are... Are you leaving us? On our own?!

BENJAMIN: I'm gonna go get more wood for this fire. Don't follow me.

**PANEL 6:** Back by the sign again. In the background, Benjamin is walking away from the fire, looking down at the ground as the girls watch him go. In the foreground - our focus - the frame of a GIRL WALKER in a GIRL SCOUTS outfit pressing its hands against the gates.

**PAGE 17:**

**PANEL 1:** Benjamin is striding through the forest, a plastic bag in his left hand with twigs and branches inside and his machete in the right. He's currently stepping over a fallen log.

**PANEL 2:** Benjamin is bending over besides a tree to pick up a big chunk of dry wood. He's smiling.

BENJAMIN: Perfect...

**PANEL 3:** In the background, Benjamin is putting the piece of wood into his plastic bag. In the foreground, a BOY WALKER in a BOY SCOUTS outfit is emerging from around a tree, hands ready to grab and mouth open wide.

**PANEL 4:** Benjamin's P.O.V, as he is putting the chunk of wood into the bag. In the corner of the panel, the Walker is visible, ever closer and ready to attack.

WALKER: Rrrrrr!

**PANEL 5:** C.U. on Benjamin's eyes - suddenly alert and slightly terrified. He's noticed the Walker - we can see the creature in his pupils.

WALKER (O.P): GRRRRRRR!

**PAGE 18:**

**PANEL 1:** The unsuspecting Walker still reaches out with its arms as a furious Benjamin is in mid-swing with his machete. His eyes are dangerous. The bag of wood has dropped to the ground.

BENJAMIN: AAAAAAH!

**PANEL 2:** The machete has just struck the side of the Walker's face, and blood is squirting everywhere. Brains is revealed below a splintered skull, as the Walker still reaches out for its prey.

SFX: THACK!

**PANEL 3:** The Walker is now a corpse on the ground, its arms still reaching out. Benjamin is mid-way through pulling the machete out of the Walker skull, and more brains are oozing onto the soil below.

SFX: SHLOOP!

**PANEL 4:** Benjamin is bending over to pick up the logs. He has a nonchalant look to him, careless - as if killing Walkers has become a normal part of his life. A massive pool is now beginning to form around the Walker.

**PANEL 5:** Benjamin is now stepping over the log again, slowly and still care free. The bag is swinging in his hand.

**PANEL 6:** C.U. on Benjamin's face, suddenly terrified. A single tear has already begun to droop down his cheek.

MEGAN (O.P): BENJAMIN!!!

**PANEL 7:** Benjamin is now running, the bag of wood no longer in his hands. His machete is lifted ready for action, as blood droops down from the weapon and onto his T-Shirt. He looks terrified, but still dangerous.

BENJAMIN: MEGAN!!!

**PAGE 19:**

**PANEL 1:** Thomas, Michael and Marcus are walking down a narrow street, with houses and shops on either side. Marcus is still slightly ahead, but he looks more relaxed.

**PANEL 2:** C.U. on Marcus, looking back at the other two men. He looks intelligent, yet nerdy. It's clear puberty is still chasing him.

MARCUS: Almost here, guys... Just around this corner.

**PANEL 3:** Michael is smiling, but Thomas's left hand has rested on his axe.

THOMAS: This is East Orlando Hospital, right?

MICHAEL: Who cares? It's a Hospital, any hospital will do.

MARCUS: Correction. Any Hospital *with* morphine will do.

**PANEL 4:** Marcus has turned to walk off again, but Thomas has stretched his left hand out to stop him. Michael looks confused, but he doesn't comment.

THOMAS: Stop! We should take this slow. Who knows what's around the corner?

**PANEL 5:** Marcus looks frustrated. In fact, it looks as if he is sighing. His hands are in his pockets.

MARCUS: I... I know what's around the corner: nothing, 'cause people don't live here anymore.

**PAGE 20:**

**PANEL 1:** Marcus is walking away, further down the street, towards the corner of shops. Thomas still has his hand stretched out. Michael is still standing beside Thomas.

THOMAS: Wait! We do this together, and we do this *carefully*!

**PANEL 2:** Thomas and Michael are walking towards Marcus, who has stopped walking himself and has turned to look at the group.

MARCUS: Haven't been here since the brain scan, nor since the army tried to kill Sara. Should think they're long gone now, unless they're playing the silent game.

**PANEL 3:** Thomas, Michael and Marcus are now all walking side by side, about to turn the corner. They all look deadly serious, with their weapons ready for action. The blood on Thomas's axe appears to have dried.

THOMAS: Guess there's only one way to find out...

**PAGES 21 + 22:**

**DOUBLE-PAGE SPREAD:** Thomas, Michael and Marcus have turned the corner to face—

The ENORMOUS HOSPITAL, with its name written across the wall of the building. Surrounding the Hospital – a massive military fence, barbed wire on the top, with occupied guard towers besides it.

MILITARY PERSONNEL are everywhere, marching around the building or inspecting ARMY TRUCKS parked on the Car Park. They all appear emotionless.

Two ARMED GUARDS are standing by a small entrance, guns already aimed at Thomas, Michael and Marcus. They look totally unaffected by the sight of three men, although their fingers are on their triggers.

Michael and Marcus look shocked and terrified, but Thomas doesn't look surprised. Instead, he looks disappointed.

THOMAS: Silent game it is...

**END OF ISSUE #2**