

camera while smiling like, well, an idiot. CAMERA IDIOT has a backwards baseball cap, a goatee, and is so easily distracted by the shining light and camera that he seems to have no concern for the dead child on the ground behind him.

1 REPORTER: Matthew, like the rest of the steadily increasing number of victims, appears to have been eaten alive. The wounds...

2 CAMERA IDIOT: Woo! Hey! Hi!

3 REPORTER ...are viciously catastrophic bites.

Panel 3: We've pulled out of the actual scene and are now viewing it on a widescreen TV with a \$999 yellow price tag on the bottom right corner of the screen. On the TV the camera pans away from the crowd, and likewise the IDIOT, and pulls back to the original shot.

1 REPORTER (TV): Witnesses continue to claim that which has been heard all around the city; that monsters, *zombies* some have said, are responsible for the attacks.

2 REPORTER (TV): Authorities have remained quiet on the subject, advising citizens to remain calm. Tom, back to you.

Panel 4: Pull back over Cynthia's shoulder to view a wall of various sizes of TV's, all running the same news program. The screens have all gone back to a studio setting now with an older man behind a desk. His hair is going white but still thick – he wears thin glasses and is dressed in a simple dark grey suit, the jacket of which is buttoned. His face, if clearly visible, is serious.

1 MALE REPORTER (TV): Thank you, Patricia. Reports like this have been coming in from all over the country and the nation is concerned.

2 MALE REPORTER (TV): In a surprising move, given the silence thus far, the President will address the nation in an 8-minute special broadcast from the Oval Office at 7:00pm EST. Locally, authorities urge anyone with information...

3 CYNTHIA (WHISPER): Bullshit.

Page 2 (3 panels)

Cynthia stares down the TV's, gesturing angrily as she goes on a tirade. The page follows her as she paces in front of them, yelling. As the page progresses she clearly becomes more and more incensed until her rage reaches a fever pitch.

Panel 1: Close on Cynthia from the front, her fists clenched and her eyes shut tightly as she yells. Her hair is in motion as she shakes her head with anger.

1 CYNTHIA: BULLSHIT!

Panel 2: Pulled back slightly now and shot from behind Cynthia. She is pacing in front of the TV wall now with one of her hands in the air while the other runs through her hair.

1 CYNTHIA: They know *exactly* what's going on! They know it and they're *letting it happen!*

Panel 3: Cynthia, now close to one of the larger televisions and stooped over to look at the images on it – the shot on the television is a close-up of the reporter as he speaks, making it appear as though he and Cynthia are eye-to-eye. She has her hands pressed flat against the screen.

1 CYNTHIA: And it's happening everywhere now? *EVERYWHERE?!*

Page 3 (5 panels)

Cynthia is yelling directly into the screen now. As her rage peaks she pauses for breath and is interrupted by a timid and slightly frightened young clerk. The boy, no more than 17, is approaching Cynthia with caution.

Panel 1: Cynthia's face continues to contort as she shouts at the reporter on the TV. Her hands smudge the screen, leaving the reporters face obscured. She is on her knees now.

1 REPORTER (TV): In other news, a new threat has been leveled by...

2 CYNTHIA: Other news? Fuck other news! Aren't you listening?!

Panel 2: Shot pulls back now, showing a young CLERK in a blue polo timidly approaching Cynthia. His hair is messy and his face glazed with slight acne. His eyes are wide with nerves, but not *terrified* – just nervous.

1 REPORTER (TV) ...which has elevated the terror alert to orange...

2 CYNTHIA: *THERE ARE MONSTERS KILLING PEOPLE!*

Panel 3: Shot is from behind the two so that CLERK'S profile is visible – Cynthia appears not to notice. The timid CLERK has managed to slink his way up next to Cynthia and is looking at her quizzically. He's pulled into himself in much the way a turtle might pull into its shell when in danger – his head seems to have come in line with his shoulders and he seems to have shrunk slightly in his approach.

1 CLERK: Uh...miss? You...you can't, uh, I mean please don't touch the...um...TV...

Panel 3: The birds suddenly shift their direction, cutting a sharp turn towards the reader.

1 CAP (CITIZEN 2) ...He was just a kid!

Panel 4: The birds change direction again, just as quickly.

1 CAP (CITIZEN 3) ...maybe there really *are* monsters...

Inset: Our lead bird tilts its head back straight, inclining it upwards.

Panel 5: We see the group of birds coming to rest now on a stone arch above a familiar high wooden door. Above them stained glass is visible.

1 SANDRA (OFF PANEL): Father Peter? Do you... Do you have a minute?

Page 6 (4 panels)

Sandra and Father Peter speak within the church where the priest, as well as a nun and an altar boy, is cleaning. Sandra ultimately decides to make her confession after years of silence, leading us to a disturbing flashback of her childhood.

Panel 1: Father Peter is tidying up around the church, sweeping between pews. A middle-aged nun and an altar boy are also seen in the background also cleaning; dusting and polishing, changing candles, etc. Sandra is standing defensively nearby the priest, arms folded and posture pulled in – she’s clearly nervous and perhaps a bit frightened. **Father Peter is closest to Sandra, on the right.**

1 FATHER PETER: Of course, dear! My time is yours.

Panel 2: Father Peter has rested his broom against a pew and stepped out into the aisle. Sandra has settled a bit, but is still clearly uncomfortable. Her smile is uncertain as she

Panel 2: Sandra at the park now, with her father looking on from the bench with what appears to be a beer in hand. There's a spread of food on a blanket between them and she's flying a kite with her mother. Smiles and sunshine abound.

1 CAP (SANDRA): We'd head over to Reilly Park afterwards if it was nice enough, spend the day outside.

Panel 3: Back in the church, although Sandra is now in a different yet still adorable dress while her mother is beginning to take a turn for the worse. She's gone slightly gaunt, lost some weight, but her eyes are still bright. Sandra is looking at her rather than the dais now, concerned.

1 CAP (SANDRA): Even when mom got sick we were here every Sunday. I think it was the bright spot of her week.

Panel 4: We're in the hall just outside a nice bedroom in Sandra's home. Inside Sandra is standing next to a large bed with her mother in it. Various hospital machines can be seen around her, IV's, a heart monitor, etc. A hospice nurse is in the corner, reading a magazine. In the hallway, her father is silhouetted outside the door, bottle in hand.

1 CAP (SANDRA): Daddy inherited a lot of money when I was a baby, which meant we never wanted for much. When mom needed treatment, we could afford to have it done at home.

Panel 5: Sandra in the pew again, now dressed in all black. There's a large vacancy next to her where her mother always sat. Sandra's hand is on the seat where her mother would be and she's looking at the empty spot, hurting. Her father is on her other side.

1 CAP (SANDRA): That didn't last long though. The cancer was quick, a gift and a curse all rolled into one.

2 CAP (SANDRA): You know all this, though. It's what came after...

Page 9 (4 panels)

A manic page, illustrating the terror of a child under attack – the panels should be broken and tossed, difficult memories for Sandra. As a child, Sandra is beaten by her drunken father for the first time. It's only a few months after her mother's passing. We see it happen quickly and her father shows no remorse. Whether it's the loss of his wife or his love of the bottle, he's no longer a father but a monster.

Panel 1: A shot from behind showing Sandra as a child on the floor as her father reaches back to hit her again.

1 CAP (SANDRA): He'd always loved his drink, but after mom died... Daddy was possessed by it.

Panel 2: Kid Sandra curled on the ground now, her nose bleeding and her face reddened. Tears stream down her face. In her hand is a picture, folded and creased and not yet visible to the reader. Her father seems to have exited the scene.

1 CAP (SANDRA): Just seeing me, it reminded him of her I think. And when I'd cry...

Panel 3: Sandra's father re-entering the scene, now with a belt in hand. Sandra has curled up in a ball on the floor, unsure of what to expect. Her eyes are squeezed shut and her face wet with snot, that stream of blood, and tears.

Panel 4: Close on Sandra's hand and the picture in it – it's of her and her mother at the park. Her father is in the image but it's been curled such that he is mostly obscured. The picture is wet with tears and maybe a droplet of blood between Sandra and her mother.

Page 10 (7 panels)

Sandra through the years as she grows up – we see her as she grows stronger, numb to the abuse. She still attends church on Sunday's though her father has long since abstained. More memories of his dead wife and guilt over what he's become waiting for him there. Finally, he makes what will be his final attempt at abuse against young Sandra.

Panel 1: Sandra, now a little older – in her early teens. She's got a backpack on and is walking down the street away from the church.

1 CAP (SANDRA): I took care of myself, really. He made sure I didn't starve but otherwise hardly left the house. I kept to myself and he kept away...

Panel 2: Sandra walking into the house, carefully opening the door – we're close on her as she peers in, a black eye obscured by hair across her face.

1 CAP (SANDRA): Mostly.

Panel 3: Sandra is older still, sitting in the living room reading a book – LORD OF THE FLIES – and keeping to herself. She's much closer to what we know her as now, filled out but still with a young face. The living room is sparsely furnished, a couch and side table with a television set on a stand ahead of it. There's a lovely set of windows behind the television and sunlight, orange and red, filters through and onto the various bits of floor and furniture.

1 CAP (SANDRA): I was 18, then. I was ready to do whatever I had to just to get out. I was so close...

Panel 4: Sandra's father stumbles into the room, drunk. His shirt is open and there's a bottle in his hand – dark liquor rings the bottom of the mostly empty container.

1 FATHER: You... you look just like her. Y'know that?

Panel 4: Sandra whirls around with the neck of her father's bottle in hand, smashing it on his face. Glass explodes as the bottle comes apart on impact. Her father's face is a mixture of pain and surprise. Blood and liquor spill as amber and red fluids fly through the air.

Page 12 (4 panels)

Sandra is left holding the broken bottle neck, jagged and sharp as her father staggers from the blow. Recovering, he reaches for her and begins to throttle her, enraged beyond sanity. In self-defense she kills him, jabbing him in the side with the jagged bottle. She stands, shocked as he collapses at her feet.

Panel 1: Sandra turns to run as her father clutches his head, staggering from the blow. She's still holding the jagged bottle neck, although it shouldn't be something we focus on – we want it to be a bit of a surprise.

Inset: A firm hand clutches Sandra's shoulder.

Panel 2: Sandra has been forced around and her father, broken and bloody and enraged, is nose to nose with her. His hands are around her neck and squeezing. Her eyes are surprised and scared, wide with lack of breath and overwhelming fear. Her father is also bleeding from a deep gash in his cheek from the bottle-blow Sandra dealt him. Larger panel.

Panel 3: Tight now on her father's face, his eyes wide with surprise of their own. Blood is speckled across his nose and his lips. Sandra is straining for air but has a manic "fight for survival" look in her eyes.

Panel 4: Elongated panel - Sandra's father has fallen low as we see Sandra from the hip up. Her face is bowed and obscured by shadows – orange light falls in slices across her. In her hand is a bloodied bottle neck, her arm raised and crossed in front of her. Her hands and arms are spattered with blood, as is her clothing.

Page 13 (2 panels)

Sandra is standing over her father's freshly dead body, blood pooling underneath. The shot is pulling away as we leave her confession, taking on a birds-eye view of the scene, as though a camera were perched on the ceiling. We see that her father's body looks almost exactly like the flashback in issue 3, when she saw her father in place of the dead 'awakened'. He's rolled onto his back as he breathes his last. The blood pool reaches her feet and we see that she's dropped the bottle neck into the blood. Sandra resumes her narration, the horror having come to a close.

Panel 1: Large panel taking up most of the page – Sandra is standing over her father's body while blood pools beneath it. Her arms are at her sides now and the scene has taken on a sepia/past tense feel. She no longer holds the bloodied bottle neck. Orange and red light continues to cut across her.

Panel 2: Wide panel. Close on the bottle neck, now dropped into the pool of blood which has also reached Sandra's feet, beginning to envelope her soles in blood. Her father's hand may be visible in the foreground.

1 CAP (SANDRA): The cops knew my dad, and not for the right reasons. No charges were brought up. Self-defense, they said.

2 CAP (SANDRA): After that I didn't think I could ever come here again. I couldn't **believe** anymore. I wouldn't.

Page 14 (5 panels)

Back in the confessional now, Sandra lays it all bare for Father Peter: why she lost her faith and what about the 'awakenings' brought it back. I know working within the confessional is going to be a pain, but we'll do our best to make the talking heads dynamic, yeah? Then it's back outside, I promise.

As Sandra continues speaking with Father Peter, we leave the church and follow our little bird friends to July where we run into Daniel at Reilly Park. He's sitting on the bench, watching as a barrier is being erected around the park in order to mark a clear dividing point in the city.

Panel 1: Outside the church now, we see our little bird friends have been waiting for us. They look around quizzically as we hear Sandra continue on inside.

1 SANDRA (OFF PANEL): You said it yourself – more people are finding their way here.

2 SANDRA (OFF PANEL): I think maybe they feel it too. And I want to help, any way I can...

Panel 2: The birds take flight, flying high above the church and into the afternoon sky. Beneath them, the world talks again.

1 CAP (CITIZEN 1) ...telling people that they have to decide: stay in or get out!

Panel 3: Continuing their flight, they set their sights on Reilly Park. The park is a bright point on an otherwise dreary map, all life seeming to flow there from the city. The park sports a fountain

1 CAP (CITIZEN 2) ...something about 'safe zones' and an emergency curfew...

Panel 4: The birds have come in for a landing, hopping around a large stone fountain in the center of the park. Lush green grass rolls outward and trees are visible in many directions. Off panel there is a bench, on which Daniel is sitting. He's in view of the fountain and the birds.

1 CAP (CITIZEN 3) ...what the hell are they doing to fix all this anyway?

Page 16 (7 panels)

Daniel's frustration shows as he recounts his last attempt at contact with his superiors. The page is peppered with panels of just static. He observes the building of the initial perimeter, marking Reilly Park as one of the far extensions of what will soon be an enclosed city. The parts of the fence that are already erected are high, approximately 10 feet tall. The park is mostly empty but for him, the birds, and the workers putting up the fence, and a policeman observing the work. A few people can be seen strolling in the distance, however, including a young man who will soon become Daniel's first true lab rat... For now he walks by himself, gazing at the trees and happy. This day is sunny, though clouds pass overhead casting shadows on the ground below.

Panel 1: Daniel front and center, sitting on a park bench near the fountain. In the background the birdies are hopping about. In the distance, we can see workers busily beginning to raise parts of a fence within the park. Some people can be seen milling about, though the park is far from full of patrons. Daniel is in somewhat casual clothes, though certainly not sloppy – likely a nice shirt and some slacks.

1 CAP: July 12th...

1 CAP (DANIEL): No answers.

Panel 2: A screen full of snow and static takes up the entire panel, like a television without service. Daniel's reflection, a bare ghost in the screen, is looking hopeful. Here he's wearing his typical lab attire.

1 CAP (DANIEL): No response.

Panel 3: Static again. Daniel's reflection now getting angry.

1 CAP (DANIEL): Cut off.

Panel 4: Daniel looking towards the birds as they hop hither and thither, not a care in the world.

Panel 5: Closer on the workers now, segments of the fence already erected as they stop to take a break. They're chatting with a police officer amicably.

1 CAP (DANIEL): There's only one conclusion:

2 CAP (DANIEL): They expected it.

Panel 6: Our last static panel, Daniel's reflection crestfallen.

1 CAP (DANIEL): They sent me here to fail.

Panel 7: Daniel presently crestfallen.

Page 17 (3 panels)

Nearby, an 'awakening' seems to begin and Daniel makes a decision which will change him, perhaps with no means of return. The young man we saw casually strolling through earlier collapses suddenly, causing a ripple of panic in the park. Daniel approaches, assessing the scene.

Panel 1: Daniel looks up suddenly as a shout pierces the easy silence of the park. It comes from off panel and he looks beyond the fountain, towards the workers with concern.

1 MAN (OFF PANEL): NnnnnnnAAAAAAH—

Panel 2: Tight shot pulled in on the scene which Daniel is observing – the young man we saw earlier casually strolling about has fallen to his knees and is hunched over, clearly in pain. The police officer and the workers are in the background observing – they’ve slowly begun to approach the young man, though the officer has an arm out in front of the workers to prevent them from getting too close.

1 YOUNG MAN: Nnnnnnngh!

Panel 3: The police officer is standing over the man, who has now fallen on his side. He’s looking down on him with a hand on the butt of his gun. The workers are well behind him. The officer has a mixture of concern and fear on his face. Sunlight falls across both the officer and the man.

Page 18 (3 panels)

Daniel approaches the scene and makes a fateful decision – he will do whatever is necessary to uncover the cause and solution of these ‘awakenings’, even at the expense of his own morality. The entire scene is cast in shadow and darts of sunlight, with Daniel consistently obscured by darkness. He seems to loom over the scene, no longer the bright charismatic spot on the page he’s been these past five issues.

Panel 1: A shadow falls across the pair as the officer looks up, startled. The shadow is Daniel, and he’s about to make a bold move. (**Daniel is the figure to the left**).

1 DANIEL (OFF PANEL): Do you know who I am?

Panel 2: The officer is looking agreeable, glad to have somebody else taking charge of the situation. Daniel is partially in view now, though he’s quite the dark spot, particularly his face.

1 OFFICER: Y-yeah. You’re that fed, right? The scientist downstairs.

Panel 1: The shot is from a downward angle in the sky and police tape can be seen drawn across the alley entrance.

1 CAP: August 14th

2 CAP (DERRICK): It was inevitable.

Panel 2: Shot moves downward along the light and closes in on the alley. The focus should be on the yellow tape – POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS.

1 CAP (DERRICK): Something like what's going on in this city, it doesn't just **happen**.

2 CAP (DERRICK): It isn't an event that comes and leaves when it's done.

Panel 3: Now we're looking beyond the tape – there is nothing per se in the alley as we can see it. The alley itself bends around the building on the right and it is behind that building that our action is taking place. What we see is the back of an alley wall with an opening on the right. On the wall we see shadows of figures standing by. In areas that aren't obscured by shadow we see a darkening on the wall that looks liquid-like...

1 CAP (DERRICK): It's never that simple.

Panel 4: Close on the bloody spatter as it dries on the wall.

1 CAP (DERRICK): Something like this comes to the city and infects it.

Page 21 (3 panels)

We turn the alley corner and find what all the commotion is about. There's the body of a woman against the wall. She is sitting upright, though her torso is somewhat slumped and her head lolled to one side. Her body is obscured and shouldn't be the focus of the first panel or the page – no need for gore-porn – but she has clearly been the victim of violence. Though it may not all be readily visible on this page, her shirt is torn and blood is visible on her midsection and legs. Above her on the wall is the graffiti “7” scrawled neatly in blood. Derrick is in the alley with the Chief, the former holding a flashlight on the wall. On the floor around various pieces of evidence are small paper tents with numbers on them, notating the scene.

Panel 1: Largest of the three panels - Derrick's back is turned to the reader. He has his flashlight shining on the wall and the bloody “7” marking there. As such, the body is dim but clearly visible on the page. The chief is standing next to him looking upwards at the wall as well. He's in short sleeves – Derrick is in a button up with the sleeves pushed back. It's a warm night, too warm for a heavy trench.

1 CAP (DERRICK): It festers just beneath the surface, waiting there, biding its time.

Panel 2: Shot over Derrick's shoulder, as he looks downward at the ground, taking in what appears to be a trail of light blood leading towards the alley's dead end. His light is still focused on the wall.

1 CAP (DERRICK): You try to get away.

Panel 3: The light is still focused on the wall but we move onto the dead woman's upper body. Her hair is moist with, presumably, blood and her eyes cast lazily to her right. She is still in shadow so again, the violence is just barely perceptible.

2 CAP (DERRICK): But in the end it's never good enough.

Page 22 (4 panels)

Derrick and the chief converse amidst the scene. Derrick moves around, stepping carefully around the alley to avoid tainting anything, though the evidence has already

been documented. He's clearly trying to visualize the crime and find something that may have been missed. He continues to shine his flashlight around to cast more light on the dark alley.

Panel 1: Derrick has stepped back towards the first blood spatter at the corner where the alley bends behind the building. It's a light spray and a fine line that moves diagonally downward and to the left. His hand is placed lightly on the wall next to the spray and he is looking forwards towards the wall ahead of him.

1 CHIEF (OFF PANEL): We're stretched too thin.

Panel 2: Derrick has turned 90 degrees now and is kneeling. There's a larger blood spatter on the ground ahead of him. He's facing the direction of the dead woman. The number 2 is on the paper tent next to the spatter.

1 CHIEF (OFF PANEL): All the uniforms are busy keeping everything else under control – the evac, the attacks.

Panel 3: Derrick has stepped over the blood stain and stopped a few feet ahead of it. He is looking towards a portion of the wall to his left. On the ground is a messed footprint turned facing the wall. The chief is now visible to the reader as Derrick is standing and has moved closer to him.

1 CHIEF: We need to catch this crazy bastard before it gets any worse.

2 CHIEF: Bad enough those **things** are killing people – I don't need a crazy son of a bitch on the loose too.

Inset: Close up on the footprint in the dirt, half smeared but still clear enough on the top portion.

Panel 4: Derrick looks up at the wall where he sees a bloody handprint clearly pressed on the wall. It is small and frail, clearly the woman's. There is a piece of paper with the number 3 printed on it taped near it haphazardly on the wall.

1 CHIEF (OFF PANEL): I need you on this, Derrick.

Page 23 (5 panels)

Derrick walks himself through the crime, following the killer as he cuts and eventually murders the young lady. Following first attack he allows her, bleeding, to crawl to the end of the alley where her gut-sticks her and cuts her open. The entire attack reeks of sacrifice, nothing random to be found. The bloody “7” indicates that the killing may have been religious in nature. He stops at the body and looks at it, finally taking notice of something that may have been overlooked before – an antique hand mirror, beautiful and clean, lies just behind the body. Derrick’s flashlight catches it and brings it to his attention.

Panel 1: Derrick steps back, talking as much to himself as to the Chief. He’s looking at the wall where the bloody handprint is emblazoned.

1 DERRICK: He forced her around the corner, stopped her here. He’d already cut her once, just a warning. She tried to stop the bleeding...

Panel 2: Derrick has turned and is looking down the alley. He’s got his light focused on the ground where scuff marks and blood drippings can be seen.

1 DERRICK: He let her crawl away, watching her go to the wall. He was probably taking it in, relishing in the thrill.

2 DERRICK: Like watching a sacrifice crawl towards the altar.

Panel 3: Derrick is further towards the end of the alley where the body sits. He’s hunched over with his arm curled around an imaginary body that would be crawling beneath him. Between his legs is a large drying puddle of blood. He’s reenacting the final blow, a deep gut slash around the victims belly as she crawled towards a dead end.

1 DERRICK: When she went far enough he did it, bleeding her out.

2 DERRICK: He moved her to the wall after that...

Panel 4: Derrick shines his light on the wall, highlighting the “7” scrawled there, dripping and bloody. It’s clearly been done with a brush, not wiped on by hand. He is closer still to the wall and the body now.

1 DERRICK: Then he painted this. He used a brush – you can see the comb marks from the bristles.

2 DERRICK: The “7” indicates this wasn’t random. Could be a countdown, a tally... Could even be a religious thing.

Panel 5: Derrick shines his light down near the body and something shines back at him, surprising him. It’s unclear what at first. The body itself is still obscured by shadow, though the violence is clear enough now that Derrick has explained to us exactly what’s happened here.

1 DERRICK: Hmm.

Page 24 (3 panels)

Big wrap up here, as we visit in with our principle cast and Sandra narrates. We see Derrick closer to the body, looking intently at the mirror while the Chief looks on, Cynthia in her apartment looking skeptically at the gate which cuts a scar through the city, and Daniel in his lab, putting on gloves and picking up a syringe. Things are going south here in the city and the feeling is palpable.

Panel 1: Derrick kneeling next to the body now, looking to its side at the mirror. He’s looking inquisitive while the Chief, behind him, looks on.

1 CAP (SANDRA): And I want to help, any way I can...

Inset: A small, late Victorian-era handheld mirror juts out from just behind the body, its mirrored surface catching the light of the flashlight just so. The gilded handle is just visible as it disappears behind the body.

Panel 2: Next we come to Cynthia as she looks out the window of her dirty apartment. Ripped furniture, dirty dishes, dusty shelves, etc. – she lives the way you might expect her to, based on appearance. She’s looking down at two guards who stand in front of what is now a gate out of the city. One or two awakened can be seen gathering at the fence on the opposite side.

1 CAP (SANDRA): All of this, it’s only going to get worse before it ends.
 People are scared.

Panel 3: Daniel in his lab, his lab coat on and buttoned. He’s putting gloves on and a syringe sits clearly in the foreground, a drop of fluid playing at its tip. Behind him computer screens are alight with running programs. His mouth is the only visible portion of his face as he pulls on his gloves, a concentrated downturn playing on his lips. It’s a cross between determination and disgust. A single jar with an object floating in it is visible on the desk behind him. The object is organic in nature, a small piece of the ‘awakened’ he’s experimenting on.

1 CAP (SANDRA): I just hope we’re all strong enough to make it through.