

ONE DAY IN BRISTOL – ISSUE ONE

PAGE 1: NINE EQUAL PANELS (THE CLERK)

Panel 1. A complete absence of light. An alternative dimension with perceptions stretching to infinity. This is a world beyond ours, a realm of watchers which cannot be comprehended by mortal senses aka A black panel.

2. Close up of a flashing light on a computer panel. It says “WARNING” above it.

3. This is our first sight of THE CLERK. He is short, stout, spectacled with a scruffy beard. His general appearance is of someone aware that a shirt and tie are necessary, but after 15 years in the job knows fully well he won't be promoted regardless of his actions. Instead he focusses his attentions onto far more important matters.

He looks up from his sudoku puzzle and looks left at the flashing light next to where his feet are resting on the desk.

His face holds the expression of bemused concern. This is the most eventful thing to happen at work since Mildred decided to switch back to butter in the canteen sandwiches. That was seven years ago.

4. The Clerk flicks the light out of curiosity.

5. The Clerk turns around and consults a large poster on the wall outlining “SIGNS OF AN ONCOMING APOCALYPSE”. The list should remain largely illegible, but the top point can be made out to read “Flashing light on desk”.

For reference the rest of the list is as follows:

Severe Depression

Arrive of the Four Horsemen

Zombie Invasion

Minor Celebrities Regaining Former Glory

Hollyoaks: The Movie

Some seriously fucked up shit

6. A close up shot of the Clerk's face as he slowly assesses what is going on and realizes the severity of the situation.

CLERK

Bugger!

7. The Clerk sits at his desk with a phone receiver propped up to his ear by his shoulder whilst he is thumbing through an edition of “Surviving the Apocalypse for Dummies”

CLERK

Hi, is that Helpdesk?

PHONE

Hallo?

CLERK

I think there's a problem with my system. I've got a light flashing and it doesn't look good. It's red.

PHONE

What?! Are you sure? Have you tried flicking it?

CLERK

Yeah, but it's still flashing.

8. Another angle of the Clerk, now with phone in one hand and the book hanging from the other.

PHONE

Look, it's probably nothing. Restart your system and notify us if there are any further developments. Most likely it's a false alarm.

SFX: CLICK!

9. Clerk resumes position at desk with sudoku in his lap.

CLERK

I hate this job.

"Of first and last"
written by John-Paul Bove
FIVE PAGES

NOTE: This story is told in 5 pages of 4 widescreen panels, each panel spanning the width of the page. The story can be told in one go or the first two pages can set up with the last three scattered throughout the anthology as necessary.

Page Two (Four Panels)

PANEL ONE

A lovely wide-screen panel of the Clifton Suspension Bridge. We're looking down it towards the Non Bristol end. A small wisp of fog licking in.

PANEL TWO

Same shot, now with even more fog. A sound beginning to emerge from the mist.

SFX (small): curclump curclump curclump

PANEL THREE

Same shot, but the bridge is now a ghostly silhouette through the fog which is completely masking the other side of the bridge. We should just be able to see a silhouette of a four horse drawn carriage coming towards us, but it should still be vague at this point.

SFX (small): curclump curclump CURCLUMP

PANEL FOUR

Same shot, but the carriage has emerged from the fog and

is moving towards us. Two rows of two horses (one white, one pale, one black one brown) pulling a Victorian looking carriage.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

Page Three (Four Panels)

PANEL ONE

Close on a withered hand is stretched out of the carriage window and is dropping old silver coins into the coin bucket on the toll bridge.

SFX: CLINK CLINK CLINK

PANEL TWO

From inside the glass toll booth the Toll Operator looks on as the carriage enters from the right of frame. An angled view of him to just be able to see his surprised expression.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

PANEL THREE

Panning along a little, we're still in the booth, but now we're looking out from behind the Toll Operator, the horse drawn carriage moving out of panel.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

PANEL FOUR

Panning along further we can see now that the Toll Operator is dead, his face skeletal, his jaw stuck open, vomit trailing his face. Maggots eating out of his eyes. Depending on the view the carriage is either off panel now or is visible in the distance.

SFX (OP): CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

Page Four (Four Panels)

PANEL ONE

A crowd of people of all ages, young and old, watch as the carriage enters frame in the foreground. They look excited at this old fashioned slice of history trotting past.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

PANEL TWO

The horse drawn carriage is now mid frame, a little dust being kicked up into frame, obscuring the crowd behind.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

PANEL THREE

As the carriage moves off panel we can see that the whole crowd, all of them, are dead. It should look like they've starved to death, emaciated corpses curled up on the ground.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

PANEL FOUR

High up. looking down. The carriage moving through a Bristol street. A massive trail of bodies tracks the path its taken.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

Page Five (Four Panels)

PANEL ONE

A young couple in the foreground, their held hands crossing the panel and meeting in the middle. In the background the carriage moves into view.

SFX: CURCLUMP CURCLUMP CURCLUMP

PANEL TWO

The young couple are now locked with their hands wrapped round each other's throats, their faces wracked with hate and fury. The carriage is now in the centre of the panel.

SFX: CURCLUMP CLUMP CLUMP

PANEL THREE

The man now has his finger plunged into his girlfriend's eye, a thick bloody mess spilling out of the socket, as they both begin to sink down the panel. The carriage is no longer moving through panel. If there's room we may just see the carriage door beginning to open.

GIRL: aaaaAAAAAAIIIIIEEE

PANEL FOUR

Now at the base of the carriage, the young couple have killed each other. A foot steps over the carnage.

NO COPY.

Page Six (Four Panels)

PANEL ONE

This is the beginning of a sequence of shots tracking up the to give us a good view of the carriage occupants: The four horsemen. From left to right: War, Famine, Pestilence, Death. They need to be pretty true to what you'd expect but not too clichéd. So 'm imagining war as being very modern in army gear with guns, utility belts, hunting knives, scars, the works. Famine I see as being emaciated but well dressed, almost Victorian. Pestilence should have rotten features, decaying skin, etc. Lastly Death who I pretty much imagine as a skeleton in black robes as I don't think there's a better way to describe him!

This first panel we start low on their feet now that they've all stepped out of the carriage. We may see some carnage behind them.

NO COPY.

PANEL TWO

Tracking up, looking at their bodies now, but not yet revealing their faces.

NO COPY.

PANEL THREE

Now we're looking at their faces and this needs to be the money shot. War should look nuts, perhaps pestilence is dabbing the corners of his mouth with a handkerchief. Death's skeletal face visible from his cloaked robes.

DEATH: Well...

PANEL FOUR

Top down on the scene. The four horsemen viewed from above, the carriage behind them and as many dead as can be fit onto the panel lying all about them.

DEATH: ...time to go to work.

PAGE SEVEN: FOUR PANELS (STOLEN HEARTS) by Neil Barnes

Panel 1: We open with a view of an egg cracking open and the white and the yolk caught at the very moment of falling, frozen in time. Fingers might be visible gripping the egg, but really this panel's all about the action.

Panel 2: We concentrate on one of the characters, Simon, cooking. He's the guitarist for the band that the story is all about, the Ellington Family Settlement. He's talking to Luke, the singer, who's off panel, but really his attention is on what he is cooking, which is a pretty tasty looking fry-up. Perspective might make it difficult to really show the fry-up, but an apron and fish-slice in his hand should serve to show what he's up to.

Simon: "Breakfast?"

Luke (off panel, small text): "Urrhh. Yeah."

S: "Sounded like a pretty bad argument last night. Alice isn't coming down?"

L: "No. She left."

Panel 3. Now we shift our perspective to Luke. He looks pretty frazzled. He's had a rough night, and only some of it deserved. He's wearing a cotton shirt and bottom pyjama suit. Yeah, I know you only ever see them worn by girls in anime, but his ex liked him to cosplay in bed, okay :>

S: "Pity. Are you going to be okay for the gig tonight?"

L: "Not really. Thing is, when I said she was cutting my heart out, I didn't think I meant it literally."

Panel 4: We zoom in on Luke as he pulls open his shirt, and there's a bloody hole where his heart should be. We can see broken ribs and torn lungs in the ruin of his chest. It's best if the panel cuts off his face, but his hands are visible holding his shirt open.

Simon (off panel): "Suddenly I'm not so hungry."

PAGE EIGHT

The first three panels should be in a row, like a newspaper gag strip.

Panel 1: A side view of Simon peering into Luke's chest. He's so far beyond freaked out that he's in a zone of calm where having realised that the universe has gone completely incomprehensibly wrong, he's able to function logically and rationally. Yup, he's pretty fucked up.

S: "Does it hurt?"

L: "Only a little bit. The thing is I can't sing. Something in my lungs isn't working."

Panel 2: The same side view except that Simon has tentatively reached out a finger to poke into the space in Luke's chest.

Panel 3: Exactly the same as the previous panel.

Luke: "Please don't do that."

Panels 4&5 could form the next row beneath the row of three

Panel 4

In this panel Luke is fastening his shirt up again, and he's turned his back on Simon to do it. He has suddenly got an idea of how vulnerable he feels, and he doesn't like it.

Simon: "So what do we do?"

Luke: "I need to talk to her. Before tonight."

Panel 5

We show our heroes running down the stairs in a real action movie shot. I've been watching a lot of Life on Mars, so I feel this should look like a scene from the Sweeny or something.

S: "Where do we find her?"

L: "I don't know. Anywhere."

Panel 6

We see them in a car.

S: "Where do we look?"

L: "Everywhere."

PAGE 9: LABORATORY - DICKON HARRIS

The page will have one long thin panel on the left hand side, roughly a third of the width and running three quarters on the length(1). There are three panels (2,3,4) to the right of this splitting the length into equal quarters. The final quarter of the page is split into three panels across the bottom (5,6,7)

Panel 1: Exterior shot of Bristol University science building. Caption boxes cascading down intermediately down the page.

CAPTION 1: I think the job is getting to me

CAPTION 2: Things have changed so much here since I started

CAPTION 3: The indifference of the students

CAPTION 4: The endless grant applications

CAPTION 5: Even those bloody stupid animal rights idiots

Panel 2: Interior of building, a grey canteen is lit only by rays of sun through the grimy window. It's a miserable place devoid of life, which is perfectly summarised by the face of FRED, who is the main subject of this view. He is an aging man who is probably only in his early forties, but the stress of his job and the long poorly paid hours have taken their toll. We see him over the shoulder of his dining companion, who currently is only defined by a shoulder seen in a lab coat.

FRED: I am starting to have had enough.

Panel 3: We look over Fred's shoulder and see ARNOLD, a colleague of Fred's who fulfils his academic credentials by his high volume of facial hair. He looks concerned.

ARNOLD: C'mon, you know you're making a difference

FRED: Am I? Have we really, Arnold?

Panel 4: Cut back to Fred, but this time he is looking away lost in thought.

FRED: I feel sometimes... just so much time seems to be wasted and we could be doing... well, better.

Panel 5: New scene set in a corridor. There is a large man, will just call him SUPERVISOR for now, on the left looking down at Fred standing on the right.

Supervisor is dressed in an immaculate black suit and is clearly dominating proceedings; he probably has a similar build to Kingpin from Marvel Comics. He is so smart it highlights just how scruffy Fred really is despite the lab coat. In fact the smoothness of the lines on Supervisor are in direct contrast to the ruffled and overly worn jacket that Fred wears. Fred is looking very dejected.

SUPERVISOR: We're not making any progress here at all. I know your team has been working hard, but...

FRED: But you're going to cut us off

Panel 5: Shot of Fred's face, the background faded into shadow. Distressed isn't the word, although it's quite close. Desperate, forlorn... Ah hell, the guy's life is

being pulled apart and there's nothing he can do. (I know you'll hate this panel Rose, but at least it's quite small!)

SUPERVISOR (OFF SCREEN): No, that's not what I'm saying. I'm saying we need to review the situation.

FRED: I can't believe this! I mean we're so close... this is my life's work. You're taking away my life!

Panel 6. Shot on supervisor looking down on Fred. Being the very model of professionalism his face betrays no emotion (Don't say I never help you out Rose!)

SUPERVISOR: Calm down Fred, I know this has been an important project to you, but I need some serious results. The wastage has been *horrendous*. You have a month, maybe two. After that, it won't be me you'll need to convince, it'll be the department heads.

Little insert: If it fits, put a little panel of Fred's head bowed in dejection.

PAGE 10:

The top half of the page is split into two wide panels showing the lay out of the laboratory (1,2). Then there is the main panel of the page (3) with three small vertical panels on the right hand side. (4,5,6)

Panel 1. Rows of test tubes line a series of shelves, cover with scribbled labels with dates and sample codes. The captions are spread out all over the place to indicate streams of consciousness.

CAPTION 1: I'm not used to this sort of pressure

CAPTION 2: These conditions tend to encourage mistakes

CAPTION 3: I'm sceptical about all my results

CAPTION 4: Arnold keeps trying to assure me the data is fine

Panel 2: Another view of the laboratory, this time we see more of the equipment and several jars with preserved animals parts and small rodents. A few have electrodes attached to them. Captions same as before.

CAPTION 1: It better be

CAPTION 2: I can't go on like this

CAPTION 3: Sarah called again this morning

CAPTION 4: I can't believe I forgot it's our anniversary tomorrow

Panel 3: We see the main functioning part of the laboratory, which has Fred injecting a monkey with one of those overblown needles only ever seen in B movie horror and poor quality comics :P

The monkey is strapped to an operating table and in the background there are several dissected corpses of previous victims. Did I say victims? I meant patients, of course.

CAPTION: She was so upset I didn't know how long we've been married.

Panel 4: A shot of the monkey's outstretched hand

Panel 5: A twitch in the tips of the fingers

Panel 6: The fingers curl halfway towards a fist.

In the bottom right of the page:

FINAL CAPTION: I sometimes wonder if I should have stayed a teacher.

PAGE 11: NINE EQUAL PANELS (THE CLERK PT. 2)

1. The Clerk is on the phone again. He is looking tired and stressed.

CLERK

Look, I just want one of your maintenance guys to fix this light. It's really beginning to bug me... No, I've checked with marketing, we've got nothing planned for weeks. There's no one in the whole realm who would...

2. Tight shot on Clerk as his eyes bulge

CLERK

Paul D. Hewson! It's come from outside, someone has hacked from the surface!

3. The Clerk dashes over to a screen panel and starts to flick some switches.

CLERK

Someone must have gained access to our vaults using one of the old portals.

4. This panel is taking place on the other end of the phonenumber. We see a kid sitting at a desk, he looks a bit like the spotty teenager in the Simpsons. Clearly this guy is a try-hard. He had a cleanly pressed shirt and a tie clip and everything on his desk is in perfect order. Possibly seen in the background are posters with slogans like: "There's me in team" and "Quantity not Quality".

TRY HARD

What? Well how could there be an breach? all the portals were sealed millennia ago!

5. Back to the Clerk on the phone. He is frantically tapping away at his computer.

CLERK

I don't know, they slipped in without setting off the alarms.

TRY HARD

Well find them!

CLERK

I'm tracing the pathways now.

6. A shot of the Clerk's computer display. It has a map of the UK on it and a target over the South West. We know where the centre is, but we're not close enough to see exactly where that is on this panel.

CLERK

It's somewhere in South West England.

7. Alarms sound and the Clerk is suddenly surrounded by flashing lights. The phone receiver has fallen and is resting on his desk. Try Hard's voice filters through.

TRY HARD

What is it? Have you found them?

CLERK

No, quite the opposite.

8. We see a giant screen showing corpses rise from their graves. The back of the Clerk's head is in the bottom right.

CLERK

It's the consequences of their actions.

9. The clerk looks down at the computer display, which is now zoomed closer to reveal the location of the breach.

CLERK

The people of Bristol are going to have a very bad day.

LAST CALL by Dickon Harris

Page 12 has two panels at the top. Panels 3,4,5 stretch down the left hand side running parallel with panel 6.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

1. Close up on keypad as a hand presses the numbers
2. Mid shot on GRAHAM, a tired looking guy in his mid twenties. He's has the receiver in his right hand but holding it up to his left ear. He's leaning on his left arm, which is pushed against the glass as if blocking out the world.

He is waiting nervously for someone to answer.

3. An attractive girl, AMY, answers the phone.

AMY

Hello?

4. Graham looks reluctant to speak.

GRAHAM

Hi Amy.... It's me.

5. A look of shocked concern is on Amy's face.

AMY

Graham? Is that really you?

6. Graham has shift himself in the booth so that he is facing the other way and is now leaning on his right arm. Over his shoulder we see a group of people walking down the hill behind him.

The dialogue is intercut across the whole panel.

GRAHAM

Yeah... Look, I'm sorry I haven't been in touch.

AMY

In touch? You haven't called in over a week! Where the hell have you been?

GRAHAM

I've been busy. I was gonna call, but I needed some space an-

AMY

Space?! What kind of excuse is that?

GRAHAM

Listen, I've been doing some thinking...

AMY

Thinking now is it? Too busy thinking to answer a phone? And whose number is this anyway, where the hell are you?

GRAHAM

Amy, I don't we should see each other anymore.

AMY

WHAT?!

PAGE 13

This page is split into six panels as well. The left side has two on top of each other and the right side split into four.

Panel 1. Graham is leaning on his right side whilst holding the phone away from his left ear. He doesn't notice the crowd have now approached the outside of the booth and is in fact an army of the undead.

Dialogue blares out from the phone.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're breaking up with me?! How dare you break up with me! I'm the best thing that ever happened to you! You are in no position to do the dumping!

2. Closer in on Graham's face with a zombie looming in the background.

GRAHAM

Look, I have to go now. I think there are people outside wanting to use the phone.

3. Graham turns to see the zombie mob who are looking menacing.

4. Arms smash through the glass and start to pull at Graham who is clinging to the phone as his last remaining life line.

Amy is still shouting through the phone at him.

AMY

I can't believe you, you're such a coward! Calling me from a phone box because you're afraid to see me.

5. The phone is falling from Graham's grasp as the zombies finally pull him out of the phone box and tear him limb from limb.

AMY (CONT'D)

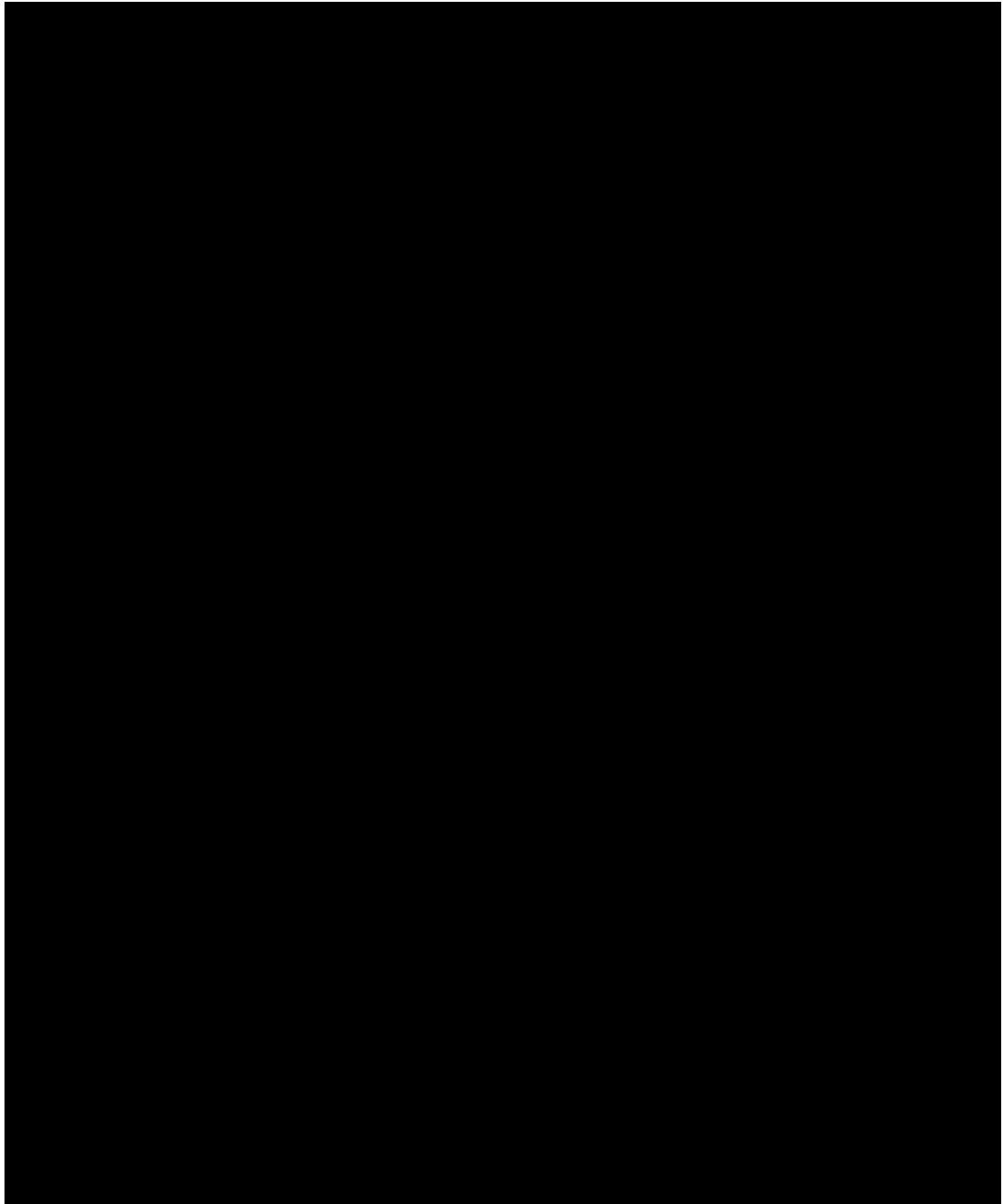
You better pull yourself together because I'm telling you right now...

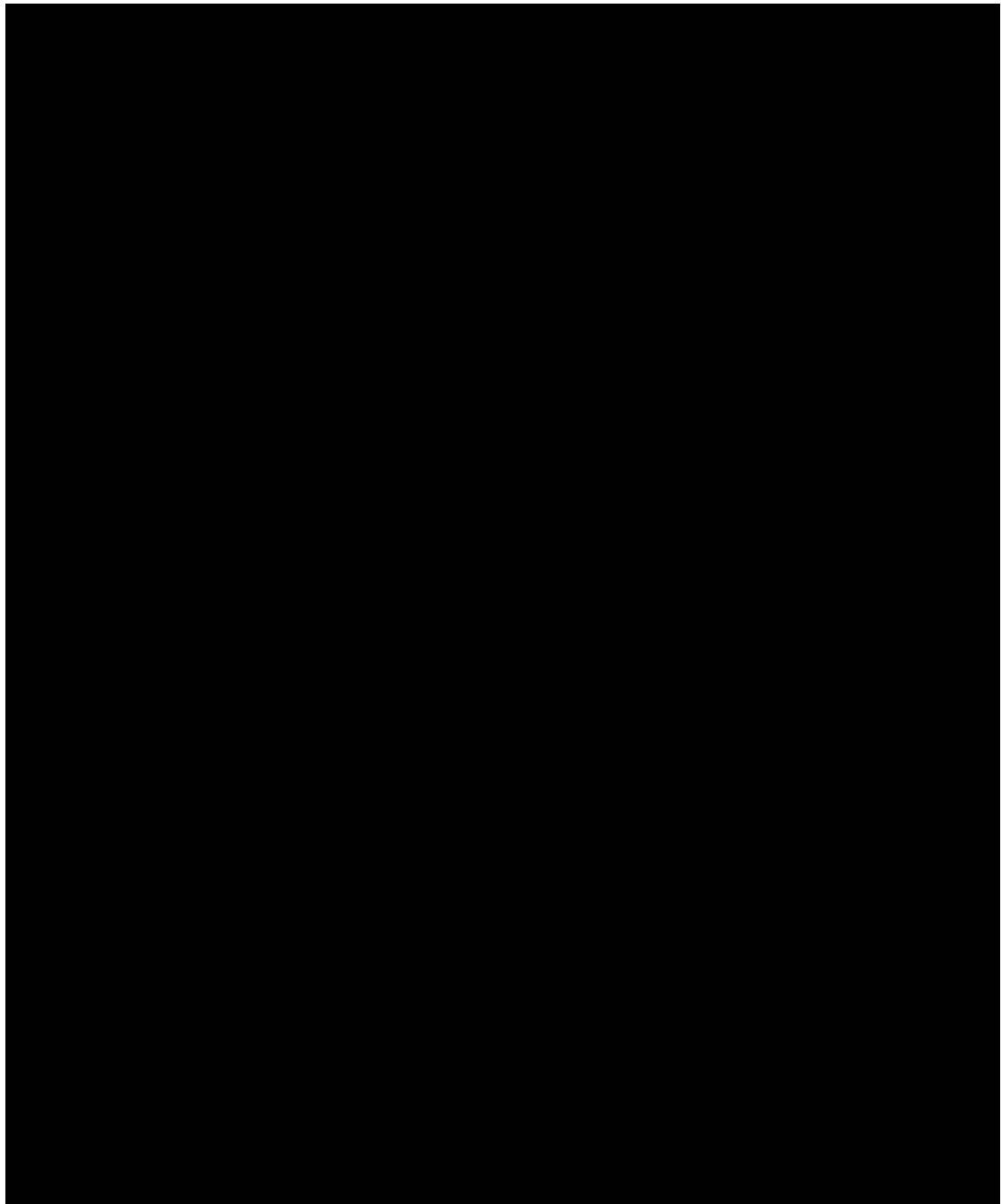
6. The main object in the panel is the phone receiver, but in the background we see Graham's head staring blankly into the middle distance and a pool of blood spreading from his body.

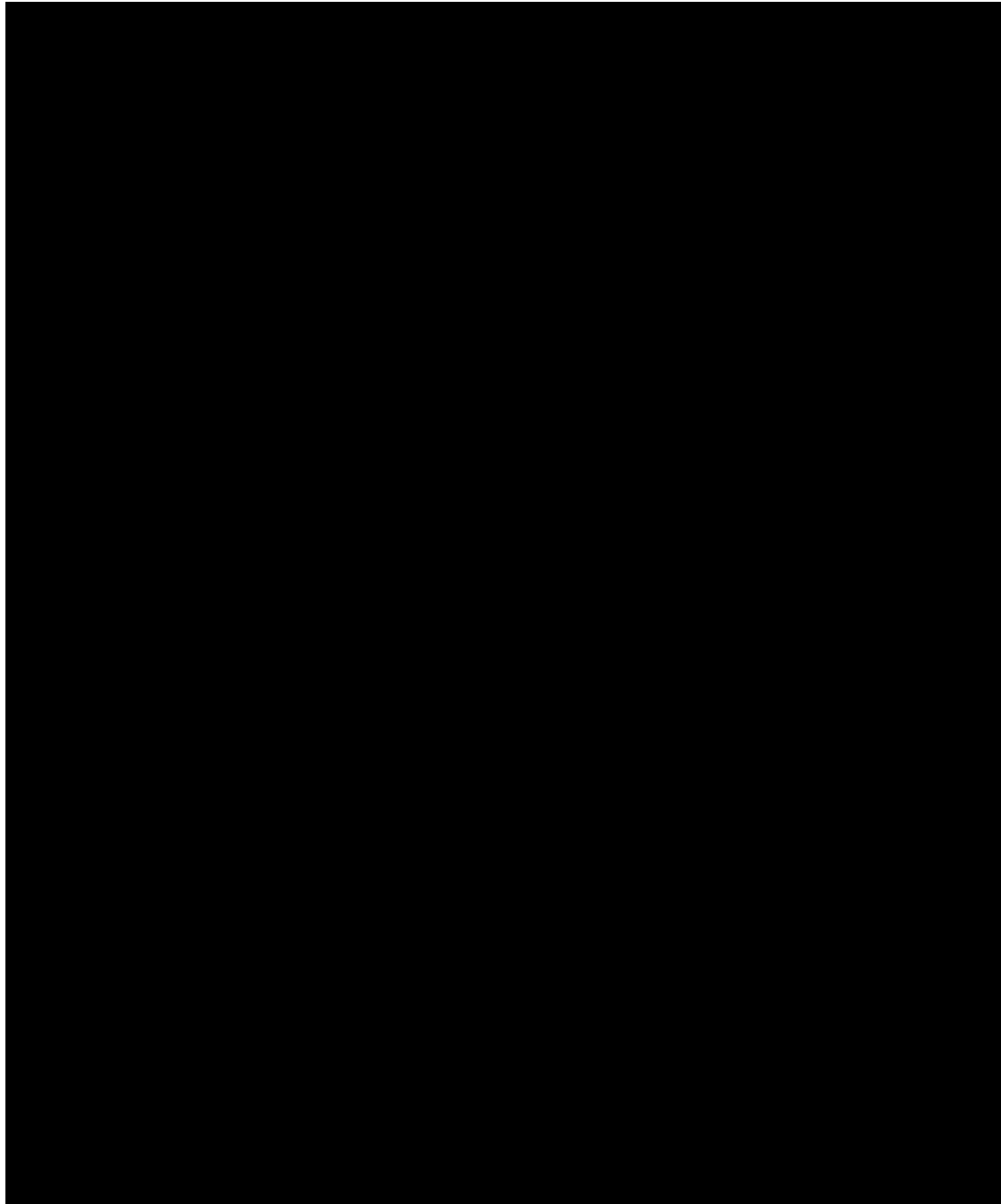
AMY (CONT'D)

...The next time I see you, you're dead.

PAGE 14







PAGE 17: Last Day by Sam Harrison. Part 1
Nine exactly equal panels in a 3 x 3 grid. All close-ups.

Panel 1 – A digital alarm clock on a bed-side table. The time is 8am.

Caption

This is my *Last Day*

Panel 2 – The main character's (Jeremy) face. He is an average guy, nothing particularly remarkable or special about him. He has short-cropped hair and a small scar on his chin.

Panel 3 – Jeremy's hand on his clock, turning off his alarm.

Panel 4 – Jeremy’s feet on a wood-panelled floor.

Panel 5 – Paste on a toothbrush.

Panel 6 – A metal showerhead, one of those old-style ones.

Panel 7 – Jeremy’s hand reaching for a towel, hooked on the wall.

Panel 8 – A blue shirt on a hanger in an Ikea-style wardrobe. Think the apartment Ed Norton lived in at the beginning of Fight Club.

Panel 9 – Jeremy putting gel in his hair, styling into one of those new-fangled styles everyone likes so much.

Page 18

Two panels, the first taking up the first third of the page and the second the other two thirds of the page. The split is vertical and the second panel has three smaller panels inside it.

Panel 1 – A full body shot of Jeremy picking up a record bag and putting it on his shoulder. His face is fairly expressionless, he’s wearing smart-casual clothes, so the shirt from earlier and jeans with a brown jacket.

Caption

I’m fed up.

Caption 2

Nothing interests me anymore.

Panel 2 – Jeremy reading through his letters. This is a side-on shot. The internal panels are all small, each one is a letter, clearly a bill.

Jeremy

Bill... Bill... Junk... Bill...

Page 19

Three panels, the top third split in two and the bottom two thirds one large panel.

Panel 1 – Jeremy putting his iPod headphones on.

Panel 2 – The iPod’s screen, showing he has turned his volume all the way to the top.

Panel 3 – Jeremy walking down the street from his flat, in the background an army of ghost pirates runs past not interacting with Jeremy at all and he is oblivious of them. Maybe some of the pirates are trashing stuff, pushing over prams and old ladies.

Caption

There’s never anything going on.

The page is done as a two panels. The first panel shows them looking for Alice in a particular place, the second shows a flashback to Luke and Alice in 'happier' times, to give a sense of their relationship.

Panel 1: Exterior view, Alice's flat. She's got an intercom, and Luke and Simon are waiting at the outer door.

L: "Alice?"

Flatmate (speech bubble should make it clear that this is coming from a speaker):
"She's not here loser. Now f--- off!"

Panel 2: Same angle as before, but now it is night. Luke is outside, obviously drunk. He's just (well, about three hours ago) finished a gig, and he's dementedly happy and determined to share the fun. He's also hoping for sex.

Luke: "...Eyyyyyyyyyyyyeeeeellllll will always love you" [there can be little musical notes floating around to show that he's singing]

Alice (through the intercom): "Simon, that's cute, but you just woke me up."

Flatmate (this speech bubble should be partly obscured by Alice's): "It's three in the morning, I'll kill that little bastard."

PAGE 21: NINE EQUAL PANELS (The Clerk pt 3)

Panel 1. Clerk is back on the phone and looking stressed.

CLERK

So what caused all this?!

2. We cut to another office with a similar clerk. CLERK2 is slightly younger and more together, less scruffy. However, he has the same tired expression to show this hasn't been easy for him either.

CLERK2

Well we've traced the breach. It seems like there were two of them trying to gain access to our vaults when one of them went rogue. Thankfully, we managed to find a witness.

3. A police interrogation room. Two shadowy figures stand over the witness who is under a spotlight. However, the witness is a demon with a large snout.

CAPTION

It was one of the passion demons. They used to get used all the time to evoke wars but this time they wanted to use it for love.

DEMON

I don't know what it was man.

4. Demon is in the foreground at the bottom of the panel looking up at a woman floating in the air dressed as a giant bumblebee.

CAPTION

It spoke in a weird language that made no sense.

WOMAN

Alright me babber!

5. Same set up as before, but this time the woman is pointing and light is emanating around her.

CAPTION

She started to make strange requests in her unfamiliar tongue.

WOMAN

Hark at thee gert daemon!

6. A shot on the demon's reactions. He is looking disgruntled.

CAPTION

Her heathen dialect offended the demon so he placed a curse on her.

7. Shot of the clerk on the phone

CLERK

Bit harsh of him to destroy a whole city because of an accent.

CLERK2

Have you heard a Bristolian?

CLERK

Fair point. I guess there's nothing left to do then.

CLERK2

I'm afraid not.

8. Clerk opens a safe to reveal a large button.

CAPTION

In times of emergency certain official were granted powers to alter space and time for the benefit of preserving life.

CLERK

Activate the time vortex.

CAPTION

This was a major responsibility as the risks were astronomical and the decision was never to be taken lightly.

9. Close up of thumb pressing down on button.

CAPTION

Bugger it.

**FOUR PAGES OF BLACKBEARD'S STORY BY
PETE RENSHAW
NOT YET SCANNED**

Title: Late Train By Lewis Hammond

Page 26

Panel 1.1

A large trainshed in Bristol. There is a flatbed carriage sat on the track which is the centre of much activity. Metal panels are being welded onto it to form the body and cabin of a crane. The men working on them are dressed in overalls. Attached to the front of the carriage, and leading away into the distance, we can see passenger carriages and an engine. They are all built to the scale of Brunel's broad gauge.

Caption: Hauled from their graves, the spirits of these men toil away. But whose voice instructs them.

Panel 1.2

A small inset panel - we see an extreme close-up of a chin and mouth. There is a cigar in the mouth.

Panel 1.3

Huge steel I-beams are being moved across to the crane suspended from the ceiling on chains. *Off to one side we see a very large diving bell being welded together.*

Caption: It is made, not of iron and steel, but of the memory of iron and steel. Of the imprint they left on the world.

Caption: It is not the strength of the materials that holds it together, it is strength of conviction.

Panel 1.4

A small inset panel - we see an extreme close-up of a pair of eyes. We can just about see the brim of a top hat above the eyes.

Caption: But whose will is strong enough for this task?

Panel 1.5

The crane is complete now. *Next to it on a flatbed truck is the diving bell.* The workmen are getting into the carriages - there should be a lot of carriages. There is steam coming from the engine and from between the wheels. The train is ready to depart.

Caption: It is complete, but whose was the design?

Panel 1.6

A small inset panel of a hand holding onto a handhold as he climbs into the cab of the steam train.

Panel 1.7

The train is now pulling out with much steam. In the cab is a driver. Nearest us, standing next to the driver, looking forward is IK Brunel.

Caption: *His design!* His voice! His will!

Caption: Bristol's favourite *adopted* son is back - and he's in a hurry.

Page 27

Panel 2.1 The cab of the train. Brunel is driving, and there is another man here (the engineer) shovelling coal into the boiler fire.

Engineer: Do you really think they're down there sir?

Panel 2.2 Brunel's face. He looks a little upset.

Brunel: They're down there alright. I can feel them.

Panel 2.3 The Clifton Suspension Bridge. The train is heading up the track towards it.

Brunel (pensive): I've never seen it before now. I died before it was finished. Perhaps that's the connection I feel with them. A... lack of... closure.

Panel 2.4 The train has pulled up on the bridge. The men are starting to climb down onto the line.

Brunel: I don't know what force has brought me here today. Or by whose grace we do this. But we can do this, and by God we will!

PAGE 28: NINE EQUAL PANELS

1. Clerk is looking up at a large display with Brunel's face on it chomping a cigar.

CLERK

Let's hope this works.

2. Clerk looks nervously down at blinking light.

3. The light stops flashing.

4. Relieved, the Clerk leans back in his chair and smiles at his desk.

5. The phone is ringing at the clerk looks at it in shock.

6. He answers the phone nervously, with a tense wide eyed expression

CLERK

Hello?

7. The force of the shouting from the phone causes the Clerk to hold the phone receiver at arms length. Whilst turning his head away

PHONE

What is the meaning of this?! No one initiates a time vortex without my direct approval! Get over to my office right now!!!

8. The clerk looks at the receiver.

SFX: Click!

9. The clerk sits glumly at his desk.

CLERK

I guess there's no pleasing some people.