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STEEL RISING #0

"One More..."

PAGE ONE

PANEL ONE: The right hand of a small child, fist closed, palm up.

PANEL TWO: The hand open, a small spark and tiny puff of smoke rise from the palm.

SFX

Fisss

RAYNA (OP)

Argh! I can't **do** it!

DAD (OP)

It's okay, sweetie. Concentrate.

PANEL THREE: Hand closed again, just like panel one.

DAD (OP)

Let's give it one more try.

RAYNA (OP)

'Kay.

PANEL FOUR: The hand open, this time a small flame rising from the palm.

SFX

Fwoosh!

RAYNA (OP)

I did it, I did it!

DAD (OP)

Good job, kiddo.

PANEL FIVE: It's a small apartment. 6 year old Rayna is kneeling on the floor, hand still smoking. Dad (mid 30's, glasses) in the recliner with the newspaper in his lap, leaning forward smiling at her.

Front door to the left, the kitchen to the right with the table set for dinner. Mom's in the kitchen but we can't see her.

MOM (OP)

Rayna, Bill, dinner's ready.

PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE: Apartment hallway. Close on four pairs of armor booted feet, the first very large, climbing the steps.

PANEL TWO: Dad at the dinner table. Fork raised near his mouth. (and just for reference and later set-up: square table. Dad at the head with his back to the front door. Rayna to his left, Mom to his right.)

DAD

Did you see the paper? MEA took the Johnson's yesterday.

PANEL THREE: Hallway. Close on a rifle held at the shoulder by a black gloved hand.

PANEL FOUR: Mom at the dinner table. Shocked. Frozen midway in spooning some mashed potatoes.

MOM

The Johnson's? Really? That's **terrible**, I can't believe it.

PANEL FIVE: Hallway. The back of a black uniform. "MEA" printed across it.

PANEL SIX: Rayna at the table, plate untouched. Smiling happily. Her hand held in front of her, a small flame dancing in her palm.

MOM (OP)

How are our detection wards? Have you checked them today?

PANEL SEVEN: Outside the apartment door. Pulled back and seeing the four fully uniformed and heavily armed MEA agents. One human on the far side of the door right against the wall, left hand raised with fingers in a count of "three".

Two more humans agents on the other side of the door, weapons raised.

And right in front of the door, the biggest damn Troll you've ever seen. The rifle is like a pistol in his hand.

PAGE TWO (CONT)

PANEL EIGHT: In the apartment. Wider shot at the table, focused on Rayna and Dad. Dad's head tilted toward Rayna and winking at her. She's smiling.

DAD

I strengthened everything this morning. Even whipped up a little something **extra special** for Rayna.

PAGE THREE

FULL PAGE: Time to have some fun. Inside the apartment. Thinking of the view as the "camera" facing the door from the kitchen area.

The completely demolished door flying inwards at us.

The foot of the Troll that just kicked it in still outstretched from the kick. His rifle held down at his side. He's not too concerned about his own safety, the big brute.

MEA Agent #1 (the guy who was by himself outside), weapon raised, moving through the doorway at the troll's side.

The other 2 MEA Agents also weapons raised coming in on the other side.

SFX

CRAAACK!

MEA AGENT #1

MEA! Get **down!** On the ground!

MEA AGENT #2

Do it **now!** On the ground!