

Midnight Manor

A Comic Script

Al Taylor

PAGE 1

Panel 1

A video on YouTube is playing. It's captioned "NEW CASE: GHOST MURDER?!?!?" and has thousands of views. LILITH, a goth-looking woman, around 25 years old, with an undercut and brightly dyed purple hair, gestures at an unseen camera. She wears black lipstick, dark eye makeup, and a black t-shirt with a logo for her blog. A conspiracy board is hung behind her, a dark red yarn connecting photos and notes together.

LILITH: Welcome back to *You Had Me at Ghost!*

Panel 2

Focusing on the video, we see Lilith smile, and she waves a hand at the audience.

LILITH: I'm your host and part-time medium, Lilith!

Panel 3

Holding a letter to the camera, we see Lilith gesture at the camera. She smiles excitedly and points at it. The old yellow letter is written in cursive handwriting. We can't make out what it says.

LILITH: Today, we have a real treat! A ghost named Elanor is asking for us to investigate her death; right here in Massachusetts.

OFFSCREEN: Shit.

Panel 4

The video is paused. Lilith's face is frozen on the screen, mid-explanation. A pale thumb hovers in the corner.

OFFSCREEN: Shit. Shit. *Shit.*

Panel 5

TOBIAS sits on a victorian-style couch. It's dark red velvet and very dramatic looking. He's a vampire, seemingly in his mid-thirties. He's pale, has stubble shadowing his chin, and has dark, slicked-back hair. He resembles a greaser and even wears a dark leather coat. Tobias is upset. He clenches his phone tightly.

Panel 6

Looking down at the screen, Tobias's face is illuminated. He scowls and grips the phone tighter.

TOBIAS: Well, I have to do something about *her*.

SFX: 'SSSScHCK' As the phone screen begins to crack.

Panel 7

Looking back at the video, Tobias has cracked his phone screen. A harsh crack runs right through the still-paused video, slicing through Lilith's neck. It decapitates her on the screen.

PAGE 2

Panel 1

We jump to Lilith in real life, who stands in front of a large, victorian-gothic house. The house looks in disarray, though it's apparent that someone has tried to repair it at multiple points. Some of the windows are cracked, while others are boarded up. It's sunset, and Lilith carries a camera bag tucked into her side. She wears the same outfit as she did in the video, with the addition of a black leather jacket. Her jacket has various pride and cryptid-related pins and patches. She stares at the large door in front of her eagerly.

Panel 2

Lilith raps her knuckles against the door, knocking.

SFX: Knock, Knock!

Panel 3

There is no response to her knock, and we focus on her face. Lilith stares ahead, confused, as she pushes the door open. She arches an eyebrow, clearly having expected a response.

LILITH: Hello? Mrs. Magdonaldo?

Panel 4

As the door opens, Lilith steps inside Magdonaldo Manor. We get a wide shot of the place. A large foyer with floral carpet runs through and up the master staircase. The house is old but in good condition, as if it had been renovated throughout the years. Detailed paintings line the walls, and the furniture is covered with white sheets. Lilith stares up in amazement.

LILITH: Woah . . .

Panel 5

A ghostly hand reaches out for Lilith's shoulder. It's connected to an unseen, shadowed figure. The ghost's hand hovers just inches above an oblivious Lilith, threatening to grab her.

LILITH: Hello . . . ?

Panel 6

The ghost fully emerges, turning out to be a nice-looking lady, ELANOR. Elanor wears a high-collared victorian dress, her hair is done up in a neat bun, and she has a kind face. She looks around the same age as Lilith. Lilith notices Elanor appear and startles.

ELANOR: You must be Lilith!

LILITH: Ah!

PAGE 3

Panel 1

Elanor looks sheepish and has her hands raised apologetically. A blue blush creeps along her cheeks.

ELANOR: Sorry! So sorry.

LILITH (OFF SCREEN): It's fine, don't worry.

Panel 2

Elanor floats in front of Lilith, and we see the two women from the side. Lilith grins and holds her camera out, ready to film. Elanor looks a little flustered and smiles politely.

ELANOR: I'm Elanor Magdonaldo, the one who sent you that letter.

Lilith: Lilith Vance. It's nice to meet you, Mrs. Magdonaldo.

ELANOR: Oh, just Elanor is fine.

Panel 3

Elanor beckons for Lilith to follow her.

ELANOR: I was very curious about your . . . methods. How do you manage?

LILITH (OFFSCREEN): You mean with the mysteries?

Panel 4

Lilith follows Elanor down a hallway lined with intricate floral wallpaper. Old portraits line the walls, and the hallway is faintly illuminated by candles, which light up as Elanor passes them.

Lilith holds her camera and looks slightly flustered as she rambles, while Elanor is genuinely curious.

LILITH: Oh . . . I'm a witch. My whole family are, actually. It makes investigating easier, what with enhanced intuition and all. Spells have definitely come in handy more than once.

Panel 5

Elanor smiles, beginning to float through a set of closed double doors. Her head and torso stick out from the wall while her lower body has gone through it, disappearing into the room behind the doors. She clasps her hands together in thought.

ELANOR: Witch or not, it's rather impressive what you do. A girl who used to stay here introduced me to your . . . *blog*. You really have a knack for this.

Panel 6

Lilith blushes at Elanors comment, opening the double doors to reveal a cozy living room. A small fire crackles, and the walls are lined with old books. Dark brown furniture surrounds the fireplace, dusty and abandoned.

LILITH: Thanks Mrs—um—Elanor.

Panel 7

Lilith scratches the back of her neck awkwardly. She looks expectantly at Elanor.

LILITH: Do you mind telling me what happened?

PAGE 4

Panel 1

Elanor looks happy to talk with Lilith and smiles politely. As she details her death, a wash of sepia colors floods the bottom of the panel.

ELANOR: It was in August . . . 1843.

Panel 2

We switch from the present day to the past, the colors going fully into the sepia palette. Past Elanor is identical to how she looks now, except more alive and stressed. Her hair isn't as neat; she has lines under her eyes. The house is clean and new.

ELANOR (V.O.): I had married Robert, my husband, two years prior.

Panel 3

Past Elanor sits at a dinner table, looking forlornly at the food in front of her. The table is long and elegant, and Elanor sits far from her unseen husband. The atmosphere feels tense, although we aren't sure why.

ELANOR (V.O.): I don't think he was terribly fond of me.

Panel 4

Past Elanor walks through a hallway. Her head is tilted downward, and she looks tired. A shadow follows her.

ELANOR (V.O.): I barely remember how it happened.

Panel 5

A tight shot of a hand wrapping over Elanor's mouth from behind. Her eyes are wide, scared, and frantic. Blood splatters the bottom of the panel.

ELANOR (V.O.): But it was over quickly.

Panel 6

Cutting back to the present, Elanor shakes the thought from her head. She's scared and distant.

Lilith looks at her sympathetically but with a thoughtful face.

LILITH: Do you suspect your husband?

ELANOR: I don't want to . . . but I do, yes.

PAGE 5

Panel 1

Lilith nods. She fiddles with her camera, flicking it on to mess with the settings.

LILITH: Sorry. Do you mind if I—?

Panel 2

Elanor waves her hands, smiling awkwardly. A blush creeps over her face.

ELANOR: Film? No, not at all. I could give you the tour if you'd like.

Panel 3

Lilith blushes and flicks on her camera's recording button.

LILITH: That sounds nice.

SFX: Click!

Panel 4

We cut to a found footage -esque recording of Elanor leading, presumably Lilith down the hall.

Elanor holds herself stiffly, hands placed behind her back.

LILITH (O.S.): Oh hey, the camera's working. As I was saying . . . how'd you manage to keep the place up and running?

Panel 5

Elanor turns to face Lilith, waving hello at the camera.

ELANOR: After I died, Robert sold the house. He wanted nothing to do with it.

Panel 6

Elanor sighs, looking up at the walls. The candles flicker behind her.

ELANOR: Families came and went. Some tried to modernize it; others wanted to tear it down. I scared most of them away. My home ended up being condemned. The last group to stay were ghost hunters. Big fans of yours.

PAGE 6

Panel 1

Elanor approaches a large wooden door. It's been boarded up. She nods her head toward it.

ELANOR: This is Robert's old study.

LILITH (O.S.): Can we go in?

ELANOR: If you can get the door open.

Panel 2

Lilith puts the camera down, and we see her approach the door. Her eyes are purple.

SFX: Hm . . .

Panel 3

Lilith kicks the door, her foot emitting a vaguely purple cloud of mist. The doors swing open on impact, wood splintering beneath her feet. Elanor is shocked and blushing; a hand help up to her face in surprise.

SFX: CRACK!

Lilith: Huff!

Panel 4

Inside the study, Lilith records the bookshelves and antique desk. Everything is untouched, and a portrait of Robert and Elanor lies above his desk. Robert is a thin, sunken-looking man with a pitiful mustache and sad eyes. Elanor hovers in a corner near a globe.

LILITH (O.S.): Woah . . .

Panel 5

Elanor stares, lost in thought. She hovers a hand over the surface of the globe.

ELANOR: He always loved the study.

Panel 6

Switching away from the camera perspective, we see Lilith filming. Her eyes flash a bright purple. She falters, staring determinedly ahead.

LILITH: Do you see that?

PAGE 7

Panel 1

Lilith, eyes still purple, moves toward Robert's desk. She follows a trail of glowing, purple footprints. They lead up to the desk, swirling over its surface and down the side.

ELANOR (O.S.): See what? What is it?

Panel 2

The purple trail stops at a locked drawer in Robert's desk. Lilith squats on the ground, so she's at eye level with it, investigating. Her eyes fade back to their normal black color.

LILITH: Oh, what do we have here?

Panel 3

Lilith raises her finger, watching as a purple, ghostly key emerges from it.

Panel 4

Close-up shot of Lilith sticking her finger toward the lock of the drawer, watching as it clicks into place.

SFX: Click!

LILITH: Aha!

Panel 5

The drawer is empty. Lilith looks confused.

LILITH: . . . Why lock an empty drawer?

Panel 6

Lilith presses inside the drawer, opening a secret compartment. Letters spill out immediately.

Each one is written in neat but bold cursive. A few on top are signed with a single letter “T.”

LILITH: Gotcha.

PAGE 7

Panel 1

We cut to a night scene. A sleek, black car is driving down a winding road. The moon hangs in the sky, and trees curl inward toward the road. A sign in the foreground reads, “Now Entering: Massachusetts.”

Panel 2

We see that Tobias is driving, irritated. His eyes glow red in the dark. In the distance, out of the window, a hitchhiker sticks out their thumb, signaling for a ride.

Panel 3

Tobias pulls the car to a stop, opening the backseat passenger door from inside his car. The hitchhiker smiles and thanks him while he climbs in. Tobias remains cool and collected, uncaring. Although the exterior mirror faces him, Tobias does not have a reflection.

HITCHHIKER: Thanks, I was starting to lose hope anybody would drive by.

TOBIAS: Don't mention it.

Panel 4

Tobias grins, his slender, pale fingers pressing a button on the door to lock the car.

TOBIAS: You're lucky . . . not many people out this late. Great news for me, though.

SFX: Click!

Panel 5

Tobias turns back to look directly at the hitchhiker. He flashes his eyes brighter, the red light illuminating the car and fully encompassing his sclera. He runs his tongue across his pointed fangs.

TOBIAS: No one will hear you scream.

Panel 6

From the road, we see Tobias's car parked. Looking up at it, we see blood splatter across the backseat window.

SFX: AHHHHHHHHH!

Panel 1

We're back with Lilith, who sits on a large bed in an elegant guest room. The room is teal-toned, with hardwood floors and heavy curtains covering the windows. A candle sits by Lilith's bed on the nightstand. Meanwhile, she stares at a collection of Robert's letters laid out before her. Her camera is pointed toward her, recording light on.

LILITH: —It's so strange. All these letters are sent from a "T. Sullivan," but each one is blank. Why send out blank letters? Why keep them?

Panel 2

She picks up a letter from the stack, looking it over. Lilith makes a concerned face, squinting as she investigates it. In the background, her candle flickers a light purple color.

SFX: Fwoosh.

Panel 3

Lilith looks like she just got an idea and leans over to grab the candle.

LILITH: I wonder . . .

Panel 4

Lilith holds the candle underneath the letter, watching in amazement as words begin to form.

The handwriting is bold and messy, written in cursive.

SFX: Fshhhhhhhh . . .

LILITH: Woah! Invisible ink . . .

Panel 5

Lilith begins reading the letter out loud, watching as the previously invisible ink becomes more visible.

LILITH: Dear Mr. Magdonaldo . . . thank you for reaching out regarding the circumstances of your wife. She will be taken care of shortly, per our agreement. Please see that your payment is paid in full before our designated date Signed . . . Tobias Sullivan.

Panel 6

Lilith looks up at the camera in shock. Her mouth is wide open, and she clutches the letter tightly.

LILITH: We have our killer.

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Panel 1

Lilith quickly grabs more of the “blank” letters, using the candle to reveal the hidden text. Her eyes scan over each page, and she mumbles the contents out loud.

LILITH: . . . Please remove all crucifixes . . . is your home built on hollow ground . . . avoid silver . . .

Panel 2

Something clicks, and Lilith looks up. She’s working out the details and turns to her camera.

Panel 3

Lilith grins, holding a letter to the camera. She points at a line on it.

LILITH: Our killer’s a vampire!

Panel 4

Lilith waves her hands as she articulates her point, the letter she’s holding flapping and swishing as she talks. She’s deep in concentration, and her brows are furrowed.

LILITH: I mean, think about it. Why else would he have so many strange requests? Hollow ground? No silver? Dude’s totally a vamp.

Panel 5

Lilith grins, finally putting the letter down and picking up her camera to talk into it.

LILITH: A vampire *hitman*. I've got to tell Elanor.

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Panel 1

Lilith stands up, carrying her camera as she gets off the bed. She leaves the letters behind and begins approaching the door.

LILITH: Elanor—?

Panel 2

Lilith peeks her head out of her room, looking down the hall. She carries her camera with her, though it's now off.

LILITH: I think I have a lead.

Panel 3

Elanor fades into view. She smiles at Elanor expectantly and holds her hands together. Lilith beams at the sight of her.

ELANOR: Oh! Good news, I hope. What did you find?

Panel 4

Lilith steps out of the room, though she now looks nervous. A dark blush creeps over her cheeks, and she raises an arm to her neck hesitantly. She avoids eye contact with Elanor.

LILITH: Well . . .

Panel 5

Lilith grimaces, sucking air through clenched teeth. She sways, clasping her hands together and finally looking at Elanor.

LILITH: Is there any reason Robert would have hired a hitman?

Panel 6

Elanor shrinks under Lilith's gaze. She appears frozen, expression grim and blank.

ELANOR: Oh . . . I see.

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Panel 1

In an above perspective wide shot, Elanor turns away, waving a hand for Lilith to follow her.

Lilith looks guilty but takes a step forward. Elanor has her back to Lilith, leading her down the hall.

ELANOR: . . . Come with me. Please.

Panel 2

Lilith puts the lens cap on her camera, realizing this isn't the time. She looks disheartened.

LILITH: Okay.

Panel 3

A black background fading into the fire. It crackles. Lilith and Elanor are talking offscreen.

ELANOR: I—I may not have been entirely honest earlier.

LILITH: . . .

ELANOR: I loved Robert. I did. Just . . .

Panel 4

We see Elanor with a maid in a sepia-colored flashback panel. They are undressed, Elanor in vintage lingerie, unbuttoning the maid's top. They're happily kissing; it's very tender.

ELANOR: Not like I loved her.

Panel 5

Zooming into the background behind Elanor and her mistress, we see Robert staring into the room, furious. His fists are clenched, and the women are oblivious to him.

Panel 1

Back in the present, Elanor stares at the fire. Despite being a ghost, she's illuminated warmly.

Lilith sits beside her on the floor, facing the fire but not looking at it. She stares at Elanor tenderly, with newfound warmth and empathy across her face. Her lips are parted slightly.

LILITH: I'm sorry.

Panel 2

In a side view of just her, Elanor laughs, still staring at the fire. The expression feels haunting and forced, like she's putting on a face.

ELANOR: It's quite alright.

Panel 3

We look to Lilith, who appears shocked and flattered. She blushes.

ELANOR (O.S.): It's part of why I asked for you.

LILITH: Me?

ELANOR (O.S.): You're so . . . unapologetic.

Panel 4

Elanor reaches for Lilith, hands passing through, but the thought is there. She smiles warmly, looking at the other woman. Lilith, meanwhile, is flustered and taken aback.

ELANOR: I've heard about your blog. It's so . . . daring. You aren't afraid to be yourself.

Panel 5

Elanor smiles fondly, pointing at Lilith's camera, sitting abandoned on the floor.

ELANOR: The house has been foreclosed for ages . . . but people still investigate. Everyone wants a peek at the poor ghost who died so violently . . .

LILITH: I'm sorry.

ELANOR: No.. it's alright.

Panel 6

Elanor turns her gaze to Lilith. It's soft and warm.

ELANOR: After all, that's how I heard about you.

Panel 1

In another sepia flashback, we see Elanor staring out a boarded-up window of the manor. It's dark outside.

ELANOR (V.O.): Ghosts are tied to their unfinished business, as I'm sure you know. Mine is the house . . . I think. You don't always know.

Panel 2

From the perspective of Past Elanor looking out the window, a van pulls up to the front of the house. We watch a small film team clamber out carrying microphones, cameras, and gear. They look like they're going to shoot a movie. A logo is faintly visible on the side of their van.

ELANOR (V.O.): People come and go. Try to get the story straight. Last time, it was a group trying to make a documentary about ghosts . . . something about advocating for their right to own their haunts? I don't remember.

Panel 3

Still in the past, Elanor watches the crew unload their equipment and take pictures in the foyer.

One of them wears a shirt with Lilith's blog logo on it.

ELANOR (V.O.): They were fans of you . . . it's how I found out about what you do.

LILITH (V.O.): Aw.

Panel 4

Elanor floats above two crew members as they eagerly show her something on the phone. The glow lights up all three of their faces in the dark. Elanor is blushing.

ELANOR (V.O.): I was enthralled . . . and hopeful.

Panel 5

Another crew member writes out a letter to Lilith on the floor while Elanor hovers above them. Her mouth is open as if talking to them, and it's clear she's dictating what the letter should say.

ELANOR (V.O.): They helped me contact you. You . . . your videos . . . I knew I had to reach out.

You just sounded so . . .

Panel 6

Back in the present, Elanor stares at Lilith. Her eyes are wide and sparkling, a fond smile plastered across her face. She's leaned in close to Lilith.

ELANOR: Wonderful.

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Panel 1

Lilith suddenly looks flustered and uncomfortable. She turns her gaze from Elanor, pushing a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

LILITH: Well, it took a while to get like that.

Panel 2

Lilith sits with her knees pulled up to her chest, arms folded over, and resting on top. She lays her head on her arms, looking away.

LILITH: After I came out, a lot of people reacted badly.

Panel 3

Lilith is illuminated by the fire, looking back to Elanor but still resting her head on her knees.

LILITH: But you can't let that stop you, Elanor. And, if it's any consolation, I think you're pretty brave.

Panel 4

Lilith and Elanor lock eyes. There's a mutual admiration shared between them. Both women smile fondly, blush creeping over both their cheeks. The fire is soft behind them, flames crackling into a deformed heart.

Panel 1

Lilith turns away, suddenly very flustered. She covers her mouth with her hand, looking back to Elanor but facing away from her.

LILITH: Sorry, sorry—I should get back to work.

Panel 2

Elanor is deflated but looks at Lilith with the same longing. She has a hand curled to her chest as if she was going to reach out to Lilith and then decides against it.

ELANOR: Yes, of course . . .

Panel 3

Lilith stands, smiling at Elanor, who still sits on the floor in front of the fire. Lilith has an arm wrapped around her side, clutching it tightly.

Panel 4

Closing in on her, Lilith's face drops, she looks terrified.

LILITH: Elanor?

Panel 5

Elanor stands, floating above the ground by a few inches. We look at her from below, and she looks equally scared. Her arms are outstretched, and her fingertips are black and fading. The edge of her dress is black as well, singed. It looks like she's turning to ash.

LILITH (O.S.): What's happening?!

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Panel 1

Tobias stands outside, watching a fire begin to rage around the house. He's silhouetted in the dark, a shadow against the fire. He holds a tank of gasoline.

TOBIAS: That should take care of it.

PAGE 17

Panel 1

Lilith runs out of the room, followed closely by Elanor, who's still disintegrating. The two women are scared, running down the hall as it blurs behind them. The wallpaper in the house is peeling, smoke filling up the room. Lilith has a phone raised to her ear.

Panel 2

Lilith and Elanor enter the foyer, though we're focused on Lilith and her phone. She's yelling, panicked.

OPERATOR: 9-1-1, what's your emergency?

LILITH: Fire! At Magdonaldo Manor—

ELANOR (O.S.): Lilith!

Panel 3

Lilith drops her phone, turning to see Elanor, who is standing with arms outstretched. Elanor is tense, half her face melting away and into ash. She's fading fast and looks horrified. Lilith has a hand cupped to her mouth, tears in her eyes.

ELANOR: Help me . . .

Panel 4

Lilith pushes through the manor's front door, Elanor following behind weakly. On the front lawn, Tobias is standing, waiting. Lilith is looking back over her shoulder at Elanor, oblivious to him.

LILITH: C'mon, we're almost there!

Panel 5

Elanor cries, her tears floating away from her face as her body continues to turn to ash. She stands at the edge of the doorway.

ELANOR: I can't . . .

Panel 6

Lilith realizes what Elanor means and looks devastated. Her mouth hangs open, and tears form in her eyes.

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Panel 1

Lilith reaches to pull Elanor, but her arms fall through the ghost's own.

LILITH: No!

Panel 2

Elanor presses a hand weakly to the doorway. An invisible barrier glows faintly, her hand hitting it as if it was glass. Her bun has become slightly undone, and hair falls into her face as she continues turning to ash.

ELANOR: It was nice meeting you . . .

Panel 3

Lilith's eyes glow purple, and she reaches back for Elanor. Elanor looks defeated, and we see the two women lean into the barrier.

Panel 4

Lilith and Elanor rest their foreheads together, Lilith's eyes still glowing a bright purple. It's tender and sad. This is the first time they've been able to touch.

LILITH: I'm sorry.

Panel 5

Elanor pulls away, leaning against the barrier for support. She clutches her side, looking up at Lilith. There's a determined expression on her face.

ELANOR: Go.

Panel 6

Lilith nods solemnly. Her eyes are no longer purple. We see Tobias over her shoulder once again. His eyes glow red in the dark.

TOBIAS: Sorry to interrupt . . .

Panel 1

A close-up of Tobias's face, there's a faint blood splatter across his cheek. He grins, fangs peeking out of his mouth as his eyes glow red.

TOBIAS: But I can't let you leave.

Panel 2

Lilith rages, eyes purple again. She steps toward him, stance defensive and angry. She raises her arms up.

LILITH: You!

Panel 3

Tobias shrugs, dropping the tank of gasoline. He looks nonchalant but still smirks.

TOBIAS: Me.

Panel 4

Lilith runs after him. She's blinded by rage and doesn't think to grab a weapon. A growing fire spreads between her and Tobias, who stays unbothered.

Panel 5

Tobias ducks a punch thrown by Lilith. He looks up at her hand and watches as she misses, mocking her. We don't see Lilith, just her arm throwing the hit.

TOBIAS: Sloppy, really.

SFX: Tsk-Tsk.

Panel 6

Tobias lunges for Lilith, tackling her to the ground and hissing.

SFX: Hssss!

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Panel 1

Elanor watches from the doorway, barely there. She's sunk to the floor, curled in on herself, and wincing in pain as she fades. Through a single, squinted open eye, she spots Lilith's camera resting nearby.

ELANOR: If I could just . . .

Panel 2

She waves a hand over and through the camera, watching as it sparks to life. A light indicates it has started recording.

Panel 3

Elanor smiles, finally giving in. She fades away completely, leaving a trail of ash blowing where she once stood.

Panel 4

Switching to a found-footage perspective, we watch through the camera's lens. Lilith has managed to pull away from Tobias, who is swinging a punch at her. She's bleeding from the head and clutching her side. Tobias looks uninjured but incredibly disheveled, previously slicked-back hair falling out of place.

Panel 5

Lilith rolls past Tobias, grabbing something off-screen. Tobias throws a glare over his shoulder; claws raised to attack.

Panel 6

Lilith re-emerges into view in a fighting stance. Her hair is falling into her face, nose bleeding.

Her dark eye makeup is smudged. Overall she looks worse for wear.

TOBIAS: Oh, I'm *so* scared.

LILITH: Fuck off.

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Panel 1

Lilith dives toward Tobias. She's furious. Her eyes glow a bright purple, and her hands let off purple steam.

Panel 2

Tobias dodges, twisting behind Lilith. He's closer to the house fire now. Behind him, the fire rages, and the smoke almost resembles a screaming face if you squint.

TOBIAS: You'll never do it. I have years of experience, and you?

Panel 3

The fire definitely has a face. Its expression emerges from the flames, stuck in a permanent scream, arms raising from the smoke. Tobias is unaware, still taunting Lilith, but out of breath.

TOBIAS: You're a *blogger*.

Panel 4

Lilith sees the face, lowering the stake. Her mouth is agape in sudden fear.

Panel 5

A twisted version of Elanor rises from the fire, made of ash, smoke, and flames. She yells at Tobias, raising herself over him and lunging. Her arms dive for him, and he now realizes something is wrong, eyes wide and smirk dropped. He looks *scared*.

ELANOR: LEAVE HER. *ALONE*.

SFX: AHHHHHHHHHHH!

Panel 6

Elanor pulls Tobias into the flames, dragging him down. He screams, flesh bubbling and melting as the fire roars around him. Smoke curls up from all around him.

TOBIAS: AH!

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Panel 1

Lilith raises her stake again, diving for Tobias, who still screams in the fire. Elanor pushes him down while he throws his arms up in a desperate panic.

SFX: AHHHHHHHHHHH!

Panel 2

Lilith plunges her stake into Tobias's chest, watching as black smoke erupts from where she's stabbed. Dark black blood sprays out, splashing her.

LILITH: Eat! Shit!

Panel 3

Elanor and Tobias fade at the same time. Tobias turns to a dark goop as he dies, while Elanor returns to the fire, disappearing into it. Lilith's chest heaves, and she hunches over the fire, exhausted and soaked in blood.

SFX: Huff . . . Huff . . .

Panel 4

As Lilith stands in front of the fire, blue and red light begins to flood the environment. The authorities have arrived. Lilith's eyes dart over her shoulder, but she makes no move to turn around, dropping the stake at her feet.

SFX: Wahhhhhhhh, Waahhhhhhhh, Wahhhhhhh. (Siren Noise)

Panel 5

Lilith turns around, raising her hands to the authorities as they approach. It looks bad; she knows it does.

COPS (O.S.): Hands in the air!

Panel 6

The camera feed cuts out, turning to static as Lilith is arrested.

ELANOR (O.S.): Thanks for watching . . .

THE END.