

ISSUE #2 - THE REBIRTH OF THE FALLEN SON

PAGE 1 = 3 PANELS

Panel 1 (large): The camera is in front of the Sentry, who is standing on the edge of a building mid day. His head is down, his eyes are closed. He is concentrating.

Inner Dialog: SOUND.

Inner Dialog: AN OBJECT PRODUCES IT, WHEN IT VIBRATES IN MATTER. THOSE VIBRATIONS PUSH THE MOLECULES AROUND THE VIBRATING OBJECT INTO EACH OTHER, WHICH RESULTS IN A CHAIN REACTION OF COLLISIONS. THOSE COLLISIONS TRAVEL IN WAVES.

Inner Dialog: ONCE THESE WAVES REACH THE EAR, THE EAR DRUM VIBRATES AND CONVERTS THOSE VIBRATIONS INTO ELECTRIC SIGNALS, WHICH YOUR BRAIN INTERPRETS AS SOUND.

Inner Dialog: AS THE SOUND WAVES TRAVEL AWAY FROM THEIR ORIGINAL SOURCE, THEY BECOME WEAKER AND WEAKER, UNTIL THEY EVENTUALLY STOP, DUE TO THE NEEDED ENERGY TO MOVE THE MOLECULES IN THE MEDIUM.

Inner Dialog: IN THEORY IT SHOULD BE **IMPOSSIBLE** FOR YOU TO HEAR A MINOR EVENT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY, BUT -- YOU **ARE** THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Inner Dialog: YOUR EXTRAORDINARY POWERS INCREASE YOUR AUDITORY PERCEPTION TO UNIMAGINABLE LEVELS. NO MATTER WHERE THE SOUND SOURCE IS, YOU CAN HEAR IT BY PERCEIVING THE VIBRATING MOLECULES AROUND IT.

Panel 2 (small): Close shot on the active sirens of a police car.

SFX: WHEEE-EEEEEEEEEE!

Panel 3: The camera is in front of the action, a police chase in the streets of New York. We see a car approaching us with two masked thugs in the front and one in the back, shooting out of the window at the police car, that is chasing them. The police car is partially in the picture as well.

SFX: BANG BANG BANG

PAGE 2 = 5 PANELS

Panel 1: We see a side shot of the getaway car. It's almost in front of a pedestrian, who was crossing the street and will probably get hit in a second, unless...

Thug 1: LOOK OUT!

Thug 2 (Driver): OH @\$%\$!

Panel 2: Same angle. The Sentry appears in front of the pedestrian, followed by a golden / bluish streak. We see the Sentry stomping onto the hood of the car. Naturally the hood gets smashed and the car starts flipping over. Maybe we could also show the airbags, which went off upon impact.

Panel 3: The Sentry is standing there and holding the car upside down in the air. The police car came to a halt. The policemen are getting out of the car. People are gathering around the scene and looking curiously. We can hear chatter.

Person 1 (Whispering): LOOK, IT'S THE SENTRY!

Person 2 (Whispering): DIDN'T HE DIE FEW YEARS AGO?

Person 3 (Whispering): COSTUMED WEIRDO.

Person 4 (Whispering): WHAT'S HE GONNA DO TO 'EM?

Person 5 (Whispering): WAIT UNTIL I TWEET THIS!

Panel 4: The Sentry puts the car with the thugs down. Policemen are around it already and pointing with their guns at the thugs, who are already holding their hands up. An older policeman, who has his best years behind him, is approaching the Sentry.

Policeman X: FREEZE! HOLD YOUR HANDS UP IN THE AIR, WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM!

Policeman (Old): THANKS FOR THE ASSISTANCE, YOUNG MAN.

Sentry: IT HAS BEEN AN HONOR.

Panel 5: Sentry takes off into the sky and leaves the scenery behind him. Some people down below are cheering and pointing their phones at him to take more pictures.

PAGE 3 = 4 PANELS

Panel 1: Sentry is hovering in the sky above the city. His eyes are closed. He is concentrating again.

Inner Dialog: CAN YOU HEAR HIM, SENTRY?

Inner Dialog: HE HAD BEEN INSIDE YOUR HEAD FOR YEARS. DIRECTING YOUR EVERY ACTION. DAY IN, DAY O --

Inner Dialog: -- AH... THERE HE IS.

CLOC (Caption): -- E HOME, MASTER ROBERT.

CLOC (Caption): WELCOME HOME, MASTER ROBERT.

CLOC (Caption): WELCOME HOME, MASTER ROBERT.

CLOC (Caption): WELCOME HOME, MASTER ROBERT.

Inner Dialog: CLOC.

Inner Dialog: HE IS USING A NEW FREQUENCY, WHICH IS WHY YOU NEEDED LONGER TO SPOT HIM. HE PROBABLY CHANGED IT FOR SECURITY PURPOSES.

Panel 2: Side shot. The Sentry starts flying. There is a sonic boom behind him.

SFX: BOOM

Panel 3: The camera is up in the air, behind the Sentry, who is slowing down somewhere on the outskirts of New York and looking down to the ground.

There seems to be construction work going on for a gigantic building on, but there are no construction workers. The outer walls of the building are jet-black. We're looking at the foundation of the

Watchtower.

Panel 4: The camera is still behind the Sentry. He lands on the ground behind Watchdog, who is hovering in the air and dragging black, metal plates, which are linked to the chain in his mouth. CLOC is hovering above Watchdog and has tools in each one of his five tubes: a driller, a hammer, some nails.

Both have not realized that the Sentry is behind them.

Sentry: HEY GUYS!

PAGE 4 = 7 PANELS

Panel 1: Close shot on CLOC and Watchdog. Both have turned around. CLOC has dropped the tools, Watchdog has dropped the chain. It's impossible to see the emotion in CLOC's face, since he is just a metallic orb, but we can see the disbelief on Watchdog's face.

Watchdog: ARU..?

CLOC (Caption): -BZZT- ... MASTER RO -- ... -BZZT-

Inner Dialog: HMM, THAT'S WEIRD...

Panel 2: Watchdog bullrushes into the Sentry and takes him off his feet. CLOC is approaching the Sentry as well.

Watchdog: ARF! ARF! ARF!

CLOC (Caption): -BZZT- ... MASTER ROBERT! ... -BZZT-

Panel 3: Sentry is lying on cracked ground. Watchdog got so excited, that he lost control for a moment and rammed the Sentry into the ground.

Watchdog is now above the Sentry, pressing his head against Sentry's chest and wagging with his tail. CLOC is hovering above them.

Watchdog: ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

CLOC (Caption): WELCOME ... -BZZT- ... BACK ... -BZZT- ...
-BZZT- ... BACK ... -BZZT- ... MASTER ... -BZZT- ... ROB ... -BZZT-

Inner Dialog: WEIRD, BUT INTERESTING. THEY'RE TOO EMOTIONAL. AT LEAST TOO EMOTIONAL FOR ROBOTS... THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE YOU PROGRAMMED FOR BOTH OF THEM, MUST HAVE EVOLVED ON ITS OWN OVER THE YEARS.

Panel 4: We see the Sentry standing up. Watchdog is hovering in the air in front of him, looking down to him and wagging with the tail. CLOC is next to Watchdog.

Sentry: I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU TOO, GUYS.

Panel 5: Close shot on the Sentry. He is smiling.

Sentry: THANK YOU FOR BEING SO LOYAL.

Sentry: AND I MUST SAY, I'M IMPRESSED BY YOUR WORK ON THE FOUNDATION OF THE WATCHTOWER..

Panel 6: Close shot on CLOC and Watchdog.

CLOC (Caption): ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, WE WILL NEED APPROXIMATELY 2 MORE YEARS TO REBUILD THE ENTIRE WATCHTOWER.

CLOC (Caption): PLEASE ACCEPT OUR APOLOGIES, SIR.

Panel 7: Close shot on the Sentry. His eyes are shining bright.

Sentry: DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. YOU DID GREAT, BUT --

Sentry: -- IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST...

PAGE 5 = 1 PANEL

Panel 1: The camera is behind the Sentry, Watchdog and CLOC. They're tiny in scale with that's the main focus of the shot. The trio is looking up into the sky to the Watchtower, that is being created. It's almost complete, but parts are still missing, yet materializing out of the nothing and floating towards the overall construct. On top of the Watchtower we can already see a big, golden orb shining bright and almost being the new light source with the Sun settling down on the horizon. The walls are black and the windows are golden.

Inner Dialog: YOUR FORTRESS. THE **WATCHTOWER**.

CLOC (Caption): SIR, ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, YOUR ACTION HAS SAVED US 714 DAYS OF WORK AND 2.4 BILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF MATERIALS.

Sentry: YEAH, PRETTY COOL, RIGHT?

CLOC (Caption): YES SIR, PRETTY COOL AND NECESSARY. CURRENTLY THERE ARE 629.44 DOLLARS ON YOUR BANK ACCOUNT.

Sentry: UGHHH...

Watchdog: ARF!

CLOC (Caption): SIR, WOULD IT NOT HAVE BEEN BETTER TO MOVE SOMEWHERE ELSE, GIVEN YOUR HISTORY WITH MANY OF THE METAHUMANS IN THIS CITY?

Sentry: THE SAME QUESTION WENT THROUGH MY HEAD, CLOC AND THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER TO IT...

Sentry: FOR SOME REASON NEW YORK SEEMS TO BE THE CITY, THAT ATTRACTS MOST OF THE METAHUMANS AND THE FIGHTS THEY PROVOKE OR AT LEAST GET THEMSELVES INTO. THIS CITY IS CONSTANTLY IN GREAT DANGER, WHICH IS WHY WE HAVE TO STAY HERE AND BE **ESPECIALLY** VIGILANT.

CLOC (Caption): I UNDERSTAND.

Watchdog: ARF! ARF!

Sentry: COME ON, LET'S GO INSIDE.

PAGE 6 = 6 PANELS

Panel 1: Sentry, Watchdog and CLOC have hovered to the Watchtower entrance and are landing in front of it. The doors are opening automatically for them.

Sentry: CLOC, THE COMPUTERS ARE BACK ONLINE, BUT --

Sentry: -- DON'T INITIATE THE EMERGENCY PROBABILITY CALCULATION JUST YET. I'LL NEED TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS FIRST.

CLOC (Caption): AS YOU WISH, SIR.

Sentry: SPEAKING OF WHICH...

Panel 2: The trio is inside the Watchtower, walking down the entrance hall. It's very dark inside. The walls are black.

Sentry: I KNOW THAT YOU'VE GIVEN REED MY DIARY AND THAT YOU'VE ALSO BROUGHT UP THE IMPORTANCE OF PAGE 19.

CLOC (Caption): YES, SIR.

Sentry: DID HE GIVE YOU SOMETHING LATER ON?

CLOC (Caption): NO, SIR.

Panel 3: The trio has walked into a room with a big desk in front of them. The walls are black and the windows golden with equally big clocks above them (as portrayed in the early pages of SENTRY V2 #2).

Sentry: I KNOW REED. THE SCIENTIST IN HIM MUST HAVE URGED HIM TO FULFILL MY REQUEST... THE REALIST IN HIM HOWEVER -- PROBABLY THOUGHT THAT I WOULDN'T COME BACK.

Panel 4: Sentry is sitting on a chair next to the big desk. He is leant forward and is petting Watchdog, who is in front of him on the ground on his back and offering the Sentry his belly. CLOC is hovering above them.

Sentry: I'LL GO TO THE BAXTER BUILDING AND GET THE ITEMS I NEED.

CLOC (Caption): SIR, IF I MAY... YOU HAVE BEEN GONE FOR A VERY LONG TIME. ARE YOU NOT HUNGRY? I CAN PREPARE SOMETHING FOR YOU.

Sentry: NO, I'M... I'M...

Panel 5: Close shot on Sentry's head. He has a thoughtful look on his face with almost a little bit of sadness sprinkled in as well.

Sentry: YOU'RE RIGHT. I **AM** HUNGRY.

Panel 6: Sentry has stood up. Watchdog is sitting on the ground and looking up to him. Sentry is face to face with CLOC.

Sentry: I WOULDN'T MIND A CHILI DOG, CLOC. PREPARE ME FEW OF THOSE AND I'LL TAKE A HOT SHOWER IN THE MEANTIME.

CLOC (Caption): AS YOU WISH, SIR.

PAGE 7 = 5 PANELS

Panel 1: We see the Robert standing in the shower with his head down and under the the shower cap. His hair is wet and hanging down. He is supporting himself against the wall with both of his arms. Steam is ascending.

Inner Dialog: YOU WILL **GO** TO THE BAXTER BUILDING?

Inner Dialog: GIVEN WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME REED AND HIS FAMILY SAW YOU...

Panel 2: We see a flashback from the Siege event. The Void is standing in front of some downed heroes and is shooting black, fiery lightning upon and through them. The heroes are twitching in pain, unable to do anything.

Void: HA HA HA HA HA!

Void: I WILL DESTROY YOU ALL!

Panel 2 (small): Close shot on Robert hand turning the water off.

Panel 3: Robert got out of the shower and is in front of the big mirror in one of the many bathrooms in the Watchtower. Even this room has black walls, but it's still pretty bright.

Inner Dialog: MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T LET THEM KNOW, THAT YOU WERE THERE...

Inner Dialog: BREAKING INTO THE BAXTER BUILDING. HA. WELL, IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME YOU DID JUST THAT.

Panel 4: Close shot on the mirror. Point of view. Robert wipes away

some of the vapor / water on the mirror. He is looking at himself in the clear area, while everything around is blurry.

Inner Dialog: AND THEN THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE... THE COMICS, WHICH YOU ONCE GAVE REED FOR HIS SON...

Robert: CLOC, SCAN THE INTERNET FOR "THE AGE OF THE SENTRY" COMICS. I NEED **ALL** OF THOSE.

CLOC (Caption): YES, SIR.

CLOC (Caption): SIR, THE SEARCH HAS BEEN COMPLETED AFTER 0.0002 SECONDS. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN HEARING THE RESULTS.

Robert: YES, PLEASE PROCEED.

CLOC (Caption): THE FULL SERIES HAS BEEN FOUND 4 TIMES ON EBAY. TWO AUCTIONS ARE ENDING IN 5 DAYS AND THE OTHER TWO IN 7 DAYS.

Panel 5: Close shot on Robert's head. He has a skeptical look on his face.

Inner Dialog: OKAY, SO IT'S EITHER GOING THROUGH A VERY AWKWARD CONVERSATION WITH REED AND WAITING 5 DAYS PLUS FOR THE COMIC DELIVERY, OR BREAKING INTO THE BAXTER BUILDING AND STEALING REED'S WORK AND HIS SON'S COMICS...

Inner Dialog: HMMM --

PAGE 8 = 5 PANELS

Panel 1: The camera is slightly behind Robert. He is in front of the entrance to the Baxter building. He is wearing regular street clothes. A black hoodie with the hood down. Jeans, boots... He is holding half of a chili dog.

Inner Dialog: -- WHY THE HELL NOT.

Panel 2: We see Robert inside the building, hovering slightly above the ground in a corridor. We can see him only vaguely, with almost no color to him (or however we're gonna portray invisibility). We do see a

slight golden glow around him, though. It's a force field.

Inner Dialog: NOW IT'S ABOUT MAKING SURE THAT REED'S SENSORS DON'T SPOT YOU. FOR THAT YOU TRY TO THINK OF EVERYTHING.

Inner Dialog: THE MOST IMPORTANT PRECAUTION IS TURNING INVISIBLE. YOU ACHIEVE IT BY DEFLECTING LIGHT AND RADIANT EMISSIONS.

Inner Dialog: EVERYTHING ELSE IS JUST THE ICING ON THE CAKE: FLYING TO AVOID PRESSURE SENSORS, ADJUSTING YOUR BODY TEMPERATURE APPPOSITE TO THE ROOM TEMPERATURE TO AVOID HEAT SENSORS AND STOPPING **ALL** OF YOUR BODY FUNCTIONS TO AVOID NOISE SENSORS. AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, A CUSTOMIZED FORCE FIELD TO CONTAIN YOUR SCENT.

Panel 3: Robert is hovering next to Reed Richards and Sue Storm, who are walking down a corridor and are already in their pajamas. They're still mad in love like always. They don't see Robert, since he is invisible.

Inner Dialog: IT'S NICE TO SEE THEM AGAIN, AFTER SO MANY YEARS.

The Thing (Off-Panel): SOON IT'LL BE MUNCHIN' TIME, KID!

Panel 4 (small): Close shot on Robert's head. He is looking to an open door down the corridor, where the voices are coming from.

Panel 5: We see Robert hovering into a new room. The camera is behind him, but the focus is on the big kitchen table in front of him. Left from the kitchen table, there is an open refrigerator. Johnny Storm is standing in front of it and looking at the stored food. The Thing is cooking a soup in a big pot. Behind the Thing there are some kitchen cupboards attached to the wall.

Johnny Storm: I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF YOUR BREW. IT SMELLS SOOO WRONG!

The Thing: BAH! SUIT YOURSELF, HOTSHOT!

PAGE 9 = 6 PANELS

Panel 1: Same angle, but Robert is closer to the desk. Johnny is still checking out the refrigerator, maybe looking at something specific in there.

The Thing has turned around and is searching for something in the cupboards.

Robert is looking down on the kitchen table at the pot and the seasonings next to it.

The Thing: NOW WHERE'S MY **SECRET** INGREDIENT?

Johnny Storm: **PEPPER** IS NOT EXACTLY WHAT I WOULD CALL A "SECRET" INGREDIENT, BEN.

Panel 2: Same panel, same angle. The only differences are that Johnny is closing the refrigerator and that Robert has telekinetically moved a small cup above the pot and is pouring its white content inside the pot. A lot of it.

Panel 3: Same panel, same angle. The small cup is back on its place. Johnny and the Thing are gathered around the pot with the Thing seasoning his soup with pepper.

The Thing: AIN'T NOTHIN' BETTER THAN PEPPER!

Panel 4: Close shot on the Thing. He is tasting his soup.

Panel 5: Same panel, but his face has changed. He is looking very... well grim!

The Thing: JOHNNY... YOU'RE DONE...

Panel 6: Close shot on Johnny. He is confused.

Johnny Storm: WAIT... WHAT? WHAT'S WRONG?

PAGE 10 = 6 PANELS

Panel 1: The Thing smashes the kitchen table. Johnny is backing off.

Johnny Storm: WOW! CALM DOWN, BIG FELLA!

The Thing: YOU CAN MOCK ME, BUT RUININ' MY FOOD TAKES IT TOO FAR!

Panel 2: We see Johnny running out of the kitchen and the Thing running after him!

Johnny Storm: I DIDN'T DO IT, MAN!

The Thing: YOU GONNA BLAME GHOSTS NOW, KID?!

Panel 3: Close shot on Robert. He is smiling.

Panel 4: We see Robert approaching another door, which is in the kitchen as well. It opens up for him.

Inner Dialog: THAT WAS FUN.

Inner Dialog: AND A NECESSARY DISTRACTION TO OPEN THIS DOOR WITHOUT ALARMING THEM.

Panel 5: Robert is hovering through another corridor and towards yet another door.

Inner Dialog: THERE IT IS -- REED'S LAB. IF THE DESIRED ITEM IS ANYWHERE, THEN THERE.

Panel 6: We're inside Reed's lab now. Robert is hovering inside, with the open door behind him. He is looking around.

Inner Dialog: WHERE IS IT, WHERE IS IT?

PAGE 11 = 6 PANELS

Panel 1: Close shot on a safe in the wall.

Inner Dialog: THERE!

Panel 2: Same panel, but in bigger. The camera is behind Robert, who is hovering in front of the safe and approaching it with one hand. The safe door starts glowing in the middle and black dots are raising up from the energy signature.

Panel 3: Same panel. The safe door remains closed, but it's morphing

and de-materializing in the middle, still covered in golden energy with black dots. Robert has reached inside.

Panel 4: Same panel. Robert pulls something out of the safe. It's a brown diary and one CD. The safe door starts closing in the middle.

Panel 5: Close shot on Robert. The camera is below. We see him holding his diary and the CD. He is looking at them.

Inner Dialog: THANKS, REED. THIS WILL COME IN HANDY.

Panel 6: Same panel. Robert is looking up at the ceiling.

Inner Dialog: JUST ONE MORE THING...

PAGE 12 = 5 PANELS

Panel 1: The camera switches the location. It's inside of Franklin Richards' room (Reed's and Sue's little son). The door to the room is wide open. The strongest light source is outside in the corridor. Robert is hovering in front of the door and has the diary and the CD in one hand.

Panel 2: Robert is inside the room now and hovering towards a wardrobe. He puts the diary and the CD inside the pocket of his hoodie.

Panel 3: The door of the wardrobe is open. Robert is kneeling in the air and opening a box, that's on the bottom.

Panel 4: Franklin is waking up, opening his eyes and raising up.

Panel 5: The camera is behind Franklin. He is looking in the direction of the wardrobe, where his comics are floating in the air.

Franklin Richards: WH -- WHO'S THERE?

PAGE 13 = 2 PANELS

Panel 1 (large): Same angle, the camera is still behind Franklin, but now the Sentry is hovering in the air and glowing slightly, while looking

at Franklin. He is holding all the comics in his hand.

Franklin Richards: SENTRY!

Panel 2: Close shot on the Sentry. He is smiling.

Sentry: HELLO FRANKLIN.

PAGE 14 = 5 PANELS

Panel 1: The Sentry hovers closer to Franklin, who is sitting on his bed and looking up to the Sentry.

Sentry: I'M SORRY I WOKE YOU UP.

Franklin Richards: THAT'S OKAY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, SENTRY? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

Panel 2: Sentry sits down on the bed next to Franklin.

Sentry: I... I WANTED TO BE ALONE. I NEEDED A BREAK.

Sentry: AND I CAME HERE TO COLLECT FEW THINGS I NEED, BUT DON'T TELL YOUR PARENTS. IT'S... IT'S COMPLICATED.

Franklin Richards: OKAY, I PROMISE.

Panel 3: Same panel. This time Sentry is holding the comics up.

Sentry: I ONCE GAVE THESE COMICS TO YOUR DAD, SO THAT HE CAN READ THEM TO YOU, BUT I'M AFRAID I NEED THEM BACK. I HAVE ALREADY ORDERED NEW ONES AND I'LL SEND THEM TO YOU IN FEW DAYS.

Franklin Richards: THAT'S OKAY, SENTRY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO. MY DAD READ ME THE STORIES SO OFTEN, THAT I 'MEMBER EVERY LAST BIT.

Sentry: STORIES, HM? I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT PART...

Franklin Richards: WAIT, YOU MEAN ALL THE STUFF IN THE COMICS REALLY HAPPENED?!

Panel 4: Close shot on the Sentry. The camera is down below and looking up. The Sentry has opened one of the comics and is looking at them.

Sentry: SOME OF IT, YES, BUT PROBABLY NOT EVERYTHING.

Sentry: YOU MUST KNOW, THESE COMICS WERE WRITTEN BY A WRITER, WHO RECEIVED MY MEMORIES. HE THOUGHT OF THEM AS HIS IDEAS AND TURNED THEM INTO A COMIC.

Sentry: HOWEVER, THE CONCEPT OF MEMORIES IS VERY COMPLEX, EVEN UNPREDICTABLE.

Sentry: EACH MEMORY IS A BRAIN WIDE PROCESS. WHEN WE REMEMBER SOMETHING, THE CELLS IN OUR BRAINS ARE BEING TRIGGERED AND FIRED, WHICH BUILDS NEW CONNECTIONS AND LINKS... THE CIRCUITRY OF OUR MIND IS BEING **REWIRED**.

Sentry: EACH TIME WE REFLECT ON A MEMORY AGAIN, OUR BRAIN FIRES UP AND REWIRES AGAIN. WE PHYSICALLY CHANGE THAT MEMORY IN OUR MIND AND EVERY TIME THAT MEMORY IS ALTERED A LITTLE BIT, REFLECTING OUR CURRENT THOUGHTS.

Sentry: REMEMBERING IS AN ACT OF IMAGINING AND CREATING AND THE MORE WE REMEMBER AN OLD MEMORY, THE LESS ACCURATE IT BECOMES...

Panel 5: Sentry moves the comic closer to Franklin. Franklin gets closer to the Sentry as well.

Sentry: HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU.

PAGE 15 = 7 PANELS

Note: For the next panel we could maybe use the direct panel from THE AGE OF THE SENTRY comic, which is being referred to, to keep things simpler and more engaging.

Panel 1: The camera is close on the comic. Sentry's finger is pointing at one panel in one of THE AGE OF THE SENTRY comics (#4, PAGE 14 (?)).

One that panel we see the Sentry with his full face mask landing in

front of a man and a woman. The man has red hair and a blindman's stick. It's Matt Murdock and the dialog between Sentry and him is:

Sentry (Comic): WHAT'S UP, COMMISSIONER MURDOCK?

Matt Murdock (Comic): **TERRIBLE** NEWS, SENTRY. AN **ENTIRE SUBWAY TRAIN** HAS GONE **MISSING**.

Sentry (Comic): **NO!**

Sentry (Off-Panel): FOR EXAMPLE, THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT...

Panel 2: We see Sentry and Franklin sitting next to each other again.

Sentry: MATT MURDOCK IS NOT A COMMISSIONER. HE IS A LAWYER.

Sentry: IT WAS EITHER ME, OR THE WRITER, WHO MESSED THAT PART UP. IT'S HARD TO TELL... I... I ERASED MY OWN MEMORIES QUITE A FEW TIME AND SORTING ALL THE SMALL DETAILS BACK TOGETHER WAS VERY CHALLENGING, AS YOU CAN IMAGINE.

Franklin Richards: BUT HOW WILL YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AND WHAT DIDN'T?

Sentry: THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, FRANKLIN... I'LL HAVE T --

Sue Storm (Off-Panel): FRANKLIN?

Panel 3: Close shot on Franklin. He has turned around and has a surprised look on his face.

Franklin Richards (Whispering): ON NO, MY MOM!

Panel 4: The camera switches over to the door. Sue is just getting into the picture from the corridor.

Sue Storm: FRANKLIN, WHY ARE YOU STILL AWAKE?!

Panel 5: Sue has entered Franklin's room and is near the bed. He is lying on the bed again and looking to her. The Sentry is gone.

Franklin Richards: I'M SORRY MOM, I COULDN'T SLEEP.

Sue Storm: DID YOU HAVE A BAD DREAM?

Panel 6: Same angle. Sue is next to the bed and tucking Franklin up.

Franklin Richards: NO, NOT AT ALL, MOM.

Sue Storm: WELL THEN, YOUNG MAN, GO BACK TO SLEEP. IF YOU DON'T, THEN YOU WON'T GROW BIG AND STRONG, NOW WILL YOU?

Panel 7 (small): Franklin is smiling.

PAGE 16 = 5 PANELS

Panel 1: The camera changes its location again. We're outside the Baxter Building again, up in the air. We see a golden silhouette hovering in the sky above the building.

Inner Dialog: HE...

Panel 2: Close shot on the Sentry looking down on the building.

Inner Dialog: HE **TELEPORTED** YOU OUTSIDE! AND YOU'RE FEELING JUST FINE!

Inner Dialog: EVERY TIME YOU TELEPORT UNDER YOUR OWN POWER, YOU FEEL LIKE THROWING UP. YOU KNOW IT'S JUST SOMETHING YOU WOULD HAVE TO GET USED TO, BUT WHY EVEN BOTHERING, WHEN YOU CAN FLY TO **ANY** DESIRED LOCATION IN A HEART BEAT?

Panel 3: Sentry is holding the diary with the CD and the comics up. They're de-materializing, covered in a golden glow with some black dots around it.

Sentry: CLOC, I'M SENDING YOU THE ITEMS.

Sentry: INSTALL THE INCLUDED PROGRAM, BUT DON'T RUN IT JUST YET. I'LL HAVE TO LOOK OVER ITS SECURITY PROTOCOLS. REED'S FIREWALLS ARE NOT THE BEST... BACK IN THE DAY I FOUND THAT OUT THE HARD WAY.

CLOC (Caption): AS YOU WISH, SIR.

Panel 4: Same panel. The books and the CD have de-materialized into nothing. Maybe we can still see a slight glow and few remaining particles.

CLOC (Caption): SIR, YOU HAVE BEEN OUTBID ON EBAY 13 MINUTES AGO.

Sentry: ARGH, I HATE IT WHEN THAT HAPPE --

Panel 5: Close shot on Sentry's head. He is looking to the side with a vigilant look on his face.

Inner Dialog: -- SOMETHING IS WRONG. A SUBTLE CRY FOR HELP, 3 MILES AWAY.

PAGE 17 = 3 PANELS

Panel 1: Big, clear shot on 5 thugs. 4 of them are holding a helpless woman and dragging her into a dark alley. The last one is pointing with a knife at a pedestrian and yelling at him.

Thug X: \$@%& OFF, \$@%&\$!

Inner Dialog: ONE VICTIM. TEARS. FEAR. TENSITY. INSANE HEART RATE. SHE IS TERRIFIED, UNABLE TO MOVE.

Inner Dialog: FIVE OFFENDERS. ADRENALIN. EXCITEMENT. NO SWEAT. NO HEAVY BREATHING. IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME THEY'RE DOING SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

Panel 2 (small): Close shot on Sentry's eyes. He is angry.

Panel 3: We see the Sentry flying over the city.

Inner Dialog: THIS IS A JOB FOR --

Page 18 = 7 PANELS

Panel 1: We're in the alley now. The thugs have gathered around the

woman. Two of them are holding her, while one of them is pulling her shirt up. One of them has his hand on her mouth, so she can't scream. Tears are running down her cheeks.

In the background we see Robert standing there. He is wearing his regular street clothes and has put the hood up. Shadows are keeping his face hidden.

Inner Dialog: -- ROBERT REYNOLDS.

Inner Dialog: YOU HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT THEY DON'T SEE YOUR FACE. THAT WAY, THEY WILL CONSIDER EVERYONE IN THE CROWD A POTENTIAL, OVERWHELMING THREAT, FROM THIS DAY ON.

Robert: LET HER GO!

Panel 2: The camera switches over to the thugs and the woman. The thugs are looking at Robert and laughing.

Thugs: HA HA HA HA HA HA!

Thug X: GET THE \$@%& OFF, YOU STUPID \$@%&!

Panel 3: Close shot on Robert. His head is down. His face is almost not visible. We can just see his mouth and his neck.

Robert: **MAKE** ME.

Panel 4: The camera switches over to the thugs. They're still laughing. The thug with the knife is approaching the camera and grinning.

Thugs: HA HA HA!

Thug X: YOU'RE \$@%&ING DEAD, YOU KNOW THAT?!

Panel 5: Side shot. The armed thug is running towards Robert and preparing himself to stab him down.

Panel 6: Robert catches the attackers arm and punches against it. It snaps. Bloody bones are sticking out.

SFX: SNAP

Thug X: AAARGH!

Panel 7 (small): Robert kicks the leg of the attacker. It snaps as well.

SFX: CRRRACK

Thug X: YIAAARRRGHHH!!!

PAGE 19 = 8 PANELS

Panel 1: The camera is on the thugs again. They're a little bit shocked, but still haven't realized what's about to happen to them. One thug is still holding the helpless woman, while the other 3 thugs are approaching the camera.

Thug X: KILL HIM!!!

Panel 2: The three thugs are rushing towards Robert, who is in a battle pose.

Panel 3: One thug attacks Robert with a punch, but Robert dodges it.

Panel 4 (small): Close shot on Robert's fist hitting the attacking thug so hard, that it breaks his jaw, which comes off. Even an eye pops out.

SFX: POP

SFX: CRRRACK

Panel 5: The other two attackers leap at Robert, but one of them only meets Robert's fist, which hits him at the shoulder and breaks more bones.

SFX: CRACK CRACK

Thug X: AAAAAAARGH!

Panel 6 (small): Close shot on Robert's head being punched by the other thug, but Robert is unimpressed. He didn't even flinch.

Panel 7 (small): Robert grabs the thugs wrist.

Panel 8: Robert rips the thugs arm out. Blood squirts out of both endings and splashes over Robert's clothes as well.

PAGE 20 = 4 PANELS

Panel 1: The camera is behind Robert, who is walking towards the last thug, who was holding the woman, but has let her go. He is going backwards and getting closer to a dead end. Both the thug and the woman near him are in a state of shock and looking at Robert. Robert is dragging the ripped out arm behind him. It's very dark, due to the absence of a proper light source.

Robert: **VERMIN...**

Thug X: LI -- LIS -- LISTEN, MAN, I CAN E -- EXPLAIN!

Panel 2: The camera is still behind Robert. He got closer to the thug already. He has passed the woman, who is running away. The thug is leaning against the wall. He has nowhere to run.

Robert: THERE IS NOTHING FOR YOU TO EXPLAIN. I KNOW EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW.

Robert: I CAN SEE 280 DOLLARS INSIDE YOUR LEFT POCKET. SOME OF YOUR -- FRIENDS -- HAVE EVEN MORE. YOU COULD HAVE USED THAT MONEY TO BUY PROSTITUTES, BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU DID.

Panel 3: Side shot. The thug is sitting down on the ground, still leant against the wall and looking up to Robert, who just tossed the ripped out arm at the thug. The thug tries to protect himself from the impact, but it hits him and splashes blood over his body.

Robert: YOU MADE THE **DECISION** TO PICK AN INNOCENT WOMAN OUT OF THE CROWD.

Robert: WHY?!

Robert: DID YOU WANT TO SAVE THE MONEY, WHICH PROBABLY ISN'T EVEN YOURS?! OR DO YOU SIMPLY GET A KICK OUT OF RAPING WOMEN?!

Thug X: NO -- PLEASEEEE! LIS -- LISTEN TO ME... WE WERE JUST FOOLING AROUND! WE -- WE JUST WANTED TO SCARE HER A LITTLE BIT! THAT'S ALL, I SWEAR!

Panel 4: The camera switches back to Robert. It's placed low and looking up. We see Robert's torso and the contours of his face. It's very dark and shadows are consuming the panel.

Robert: IS THAT SO..?

PAGE 21 = 3 PANELS

Panel 1: The camera switches back behind the wall. Maybe there is a greater light source showing less shadows.

Panel 2: We see a fist breaking through the wall. The fist is covered in blood.

Panel 3: The fist has been withdrawn. In the hole in the wall we see a dark silhouette leaving the alley. If the panel space allows it, maybe we can see few more silhouettes of bodies lying on the ground.

Caption: TO BE CONTINUED...

PAGE 22 = 1 PANEL

Panel 1: This panel will be a close shot on page 19 in Sentry's diary with hand-written text.

December 14, 2007:

One month has passed since my fight with the Hulk...
An encounter I won't forget any time soon. It was very...
unpleasant, to say the least. Funnily enough getting punched
in the face, was the least problem for me...

What really scared me, were my thoughts...

I started losing control over my power. I looked down at my
friends. They were running around and looking for cover,
desperately trying to survive... Like insects.
I was on the verge of going too far and killing them all...
Killing them and then everything else on the planet.

And I didn't care.

That was not the first time such thoughts crossed my mind, but on that day... I almost lost it all. On that day it was not me, who saved the day. The Hulk did. He pulled me back and reminded me that I have a choice... That I get to choose to be the savior or the destroyer.

Sometimes there are days, where I'm sick of it all... Days where I want to scream at the world. Being a superhero sounds great. Being appreciated by many... sounds even better. But the price is high. It's so much responsibility... Too much.

I'm the only one, who gets to deal with so much responsibility. I am the only one, who is capable of saving the world at any given moment.

The others don't know how I feel and they never will. When they consider watching movies, I hear a voice in my head telling me how many people will die hundreds of miles away, if I don't interfere.

And no matter how many I save, it's never enough. Sometimes all my work as the Sentry seems so pointless.

It's wearing me down...

But I want to help. I want to save. I want to be the Sentry of mankind. It's just, that I'm afraid of those dark days, where it becomes too much. For now I'll keep on fighting. I'll embrace the responsibility.

If I ever lose control like that again, I'll have to change my approach... For humanity's sake. I will ask Reed to expand on CLOC's programming and have him calculate the parameters of my emotional responses. The added information should allow CLOC to hold me at bay.

I just hope that it won't be too late...