

Zhou Flees Mob (4 Panels)

Notes: The overriding colour of this page is green - a stark change from the warmer colours of the Chunk, indicating a location shift to **KHIRIAYA**. This tropical location should resemble Thai jungles such as Khao Sok. The people in it should appear in period-appropriate clothing - 17th century Thai or South Asian styles - mostly wrapped cloth or silk with wide or no sleeves. Useful garments to reference will be *sarongs*, *sabai* (wrapped binder), the *panung* (pleated skirt) and *chang kben* (wrapped trousers). For nobler types, useful references will be the *suea pat* (shirt) and *pha biang* (shoulder shawl).

Dialogue on this page will be represented by a collection of indecipherable symbols - the Khiriyayan language. The Khiriyayan dictionary spreadsheet can be referenced for spellings and meanings, while a custom typeset should be used for the text. English translations will be underlaid for the ease of readers.

1: *Establishing shot, high-angle, large panel.* The dense jungle foliage stretches back towards the horizon. Along a rough path, a female figure dressed in red robes - **ZHOU** - runs at the head of a mob. Her face is painted with teardrop-shaped red marks of paint. The mob is mostly comprised of men - some armed, some poorly dressed and others more lavishly. Rich or poor, they scramble through the brush with gleeful rage. This is a witch hunt.

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Saran! Ma'pan nama sey! *Witch! You'll burn too!*

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Shenoh! *Whore!*

2: *Close-up, low-height.* Zhou's cut, bruised and bare feet churn up the forest floor as she runs. There is a length of rope tied to one of her ankles.

MOB (OP, KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Juya gum aijit, esan-cauoh! *Come back here, dyke!*

3: *Close-up, over-the-shoulder.* Still running, she shoots a glance back towards the mob. We see only part of her face, but her expression is one of fear and distraughtness. The green of the forest is a blur as Zhou rushes forward.

MOB (OP, KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Baan sang jou fa min mako! *Don't make this hard for yourself!*

4: *Reverse shot, Zhou's perspective.* The crowd begin to close on her.

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Shen! Ma lan nu bakhai! *Bitch! You're a disgrace!*

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Juya aijit! Ju'pan haru nao sar xan lii ma! *Come back! I'll fuck that curse out of you.*

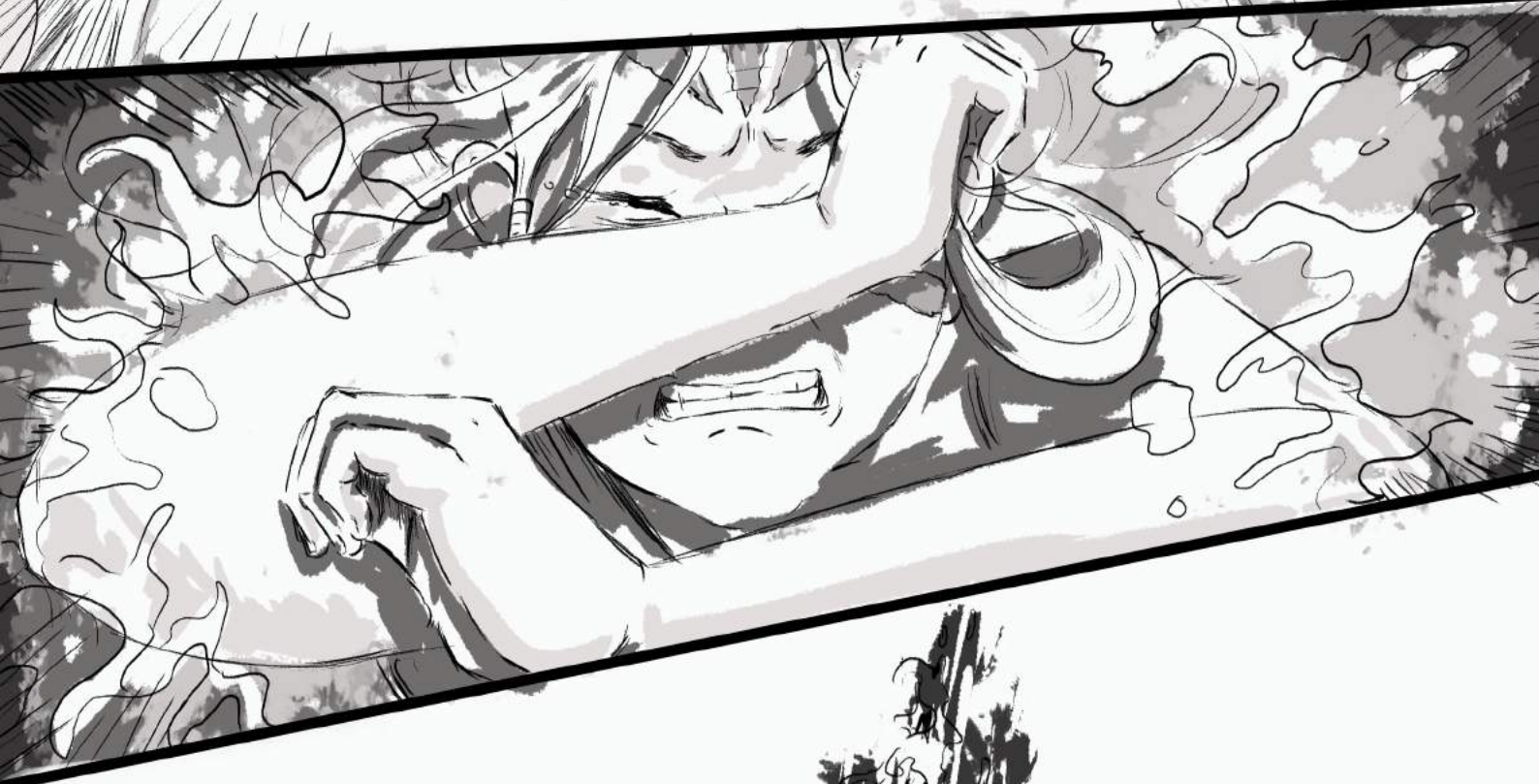
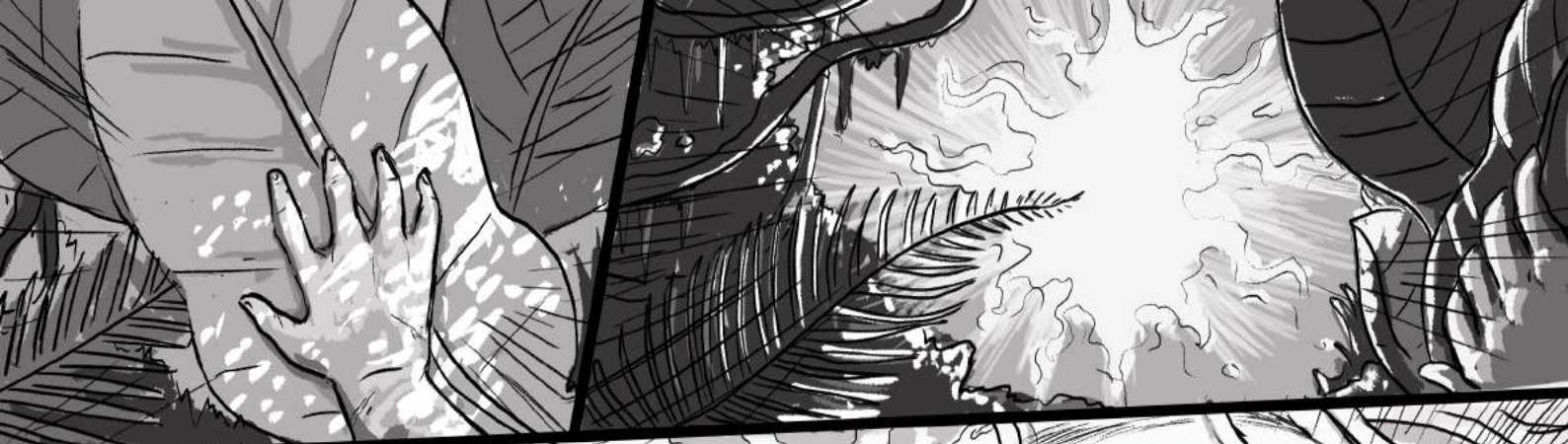


Zhou Slips (3 Panels)

1: *Close-up.* Zhou's eyes narrow as she glimpses something ahead of her: a tear in reality. The light emanating from it reflects in her eyes.

2: *Medium close-up.* Throwing up her arms to protect herself, Zhou continues her pace, screaming with fear and exhilaration.

3: *Mid-shot, flat angle.* As she steps through the tear, Zhou's body is cut in half: on one side of a shimmering, angled line of blue we see her legs, still in motion, and on the other she is gone. Tendrils of energy lick out from the portal and pull at the air around Zhou's lower half, pulling her in.



Zhou's Flight (2 Panels)

1: *Wide-shot.* Zhou falls through time, crying out. Around her, reality folds and unfolds into complex, geometric shapes. Worlds echo across the planes; energy simmers and crackles. Screaming galaxies, cosmic debris, a million points of light. This is an unstable slipgate tunnel - it's a miracle Zhou's body hasn't already been rent into a thousand uncoiled springs.

2: *Close-up, inset panel.* She closes her eyes.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):

Dylou...ju tem tomi. Dylou...I'm so sorry.

Ju'pan telay ma. I'll find you.

Watching Ofbirta (5 Panels)

1: *Mid-shot, low angle.* Kline sits on a ridge beside **OFBIRTA**, a slipgate, with their legs dangling below and their headphones around their neck. Having disgorged most of the contents, Kline sits with their open backpack beside them. In one hand they hold a canteen and in the other a book with old Noglisch script on the cover. They have a battered tin filled with crystalline leaves sitting in their lap, next to the rifle. Between their legs is a jarcel (half a loaf of bread with a metal ring around the edge, with a centre full of some sort of fruit). Kline's expression is one of calmness - almost meditative. They've been sitting here, watching, for a while. Far above, strange birds circle against the bright, colourful sky. In the background, Ghoul is curled up in a ball, asleep.

GHOUL (SFX):

Zzzzz

2: *Medium close-up.* Kline absentmindedly screws the cap back onto the canteen as they spot something in the distance.

KLINE:

Ghoul, you see that?

3: *Aerial long-shot.* From behind Kline, the full vista they look out upon is revealed: a scene similar to the opening panels of the chapter - the desert, full of debris and detritus. There is a large crater off in the distance, with fissures in the earth emanating from it. It's almost as if a dent was made in a pane of glass. The shatter gives off a purple glow and seems to be darker towards the centre.

4: *Mid-shot.* They pick up the sniper rifle to look through the scope.

5: *Extreme close-up/long-shot, a magnified view through Kline's rifle scope.* A herd of **RUMINORS** (strange cow-like creatures) are moving hurriedly in the wide valley below; they've been startled.

KLINE (OP):

Something's stirring up the wastelins...

Running To Zhou (5 Panels)

1: *Aerial long-shot.* Kline and Ghoul watch from the ridge as the crater seems to explode with light. At the centre, this light bends and warps - the black hole grows.

OFBIRTA (SFX):
CRACKLE

KLINE:
Hey...something new's on the way...

2: *Medium close-up, down Kline's rifle barrel, inset panel.* Kline reacts with a mix of excitement and worry.

KLINE:
Ghoul! Get up!
It might be a new fridge!

3: *Mid-shot, flat angle.* Kline, having slung the rifle and left their bag on the ridge, leaps over an obstruction as they run down the slope towards the crater. Ghoul is playing catch up.

KLINE:
Come on!

4: *Mid-shot, high angle.* This panel might look somewhat like Caspar David Friedrich's *Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog*. Kline, having reached the edge of the pit, looks down towards the centre. Though their body obscures the centre, their posture indicates something. A curling, ill-coloured fog twists up from the pit, rolling from the centre.

5: *Wide-shot, low angle, from in front.* Down in the pit, beyond a veil of purple cloud and micro-lightning, there is a shadow - the outline of a kneeling humanoid figure: Zhou. Her clothes are torn and burned; her hair is messy and her face is streaked with a mixture of blood, tears and red paint.

Fight Or Flight (5 Panels)

Continuity: Though it is part of Zhou's character design, special care should be paid to the presentation of Zhou's hairpin in these scenes as it will become relevant as a prop on the next page.

1: *Wide-shot.* Kline and Zhou face off. There is an obvious imbalance: Kline, on the high ground, towers over the newcomer, despite the distance between them. Zhou looks up at Kline, disoriented but aggressive.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):

Jai no har? Jo lon ju? *What the fuck? Where am I?*

Jai xan saro lan ma? *What the hell are you?*

2: *Mid-shot, low angle, Zhou's perspective.* Kline, standing high on the ridge, is almost silhouetted against the bright sky behind them. Ghoul sits on his rear end beside them; both seem stunned, with mouths agape.

3: *Close-up, inset panel.* Zhou's expression furrows. She's in fight or flight.

4: *Mid-shot, low angle, repeat perspective (2).* Kline starts to clamber down over the ridge into the pit.

5: *Wide-shot, low angle.* With Kline down in the pit, the two are on the same plane. Kline approaches Zhou with their hands kept low. Zhou doesn't seem to be backing down.

KLINE:

...uh, hi there.

Are...you okay...?

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):

Juma aijiit! *Stay back!*

Zhou Attacks Kline (7 Panels)

1: *Mid-shot*. Zhou starts to back away...

ZHOU:
Aagh!

2: *Mid-shot, repeat perspective (1)*. ...but tumbles backward.

3: *Mid-shot, low angle*. Kline walks towards Zhou, taking care to keep a cautious and non-threatening stance. They reach out an open palmed hand in a reassuring gesture, hoping to help her up. Zhou, weakly pushes herself up and reaches up to her hairpin.

KLINE:
Careful, there. You're safe now-...

4: *Close-up, high angle*. Zhou's reaction is gritted teeth and a fierce stare. She shouts at Kline.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):
Jun ju aijit, sarokhon! *Take me back, demon!*

5: *Close-up*. Zhou's hand clasps around her hairpin, pulling it from her hair.

6: *Mid-shot*. Kline jumps backwards as Zhou jumps forward to thrust the impromptu weapon towards them. She clearly misses, but the look on Kline's face shows that they were caught off-guard. Zhou's hair, loose from the pin, is a mess.

KLINE:
Woah, woah!

7: *Wide-shot, low angle*. Kline raises their arms, half in defense, half in surrender. Zhou scrambles to her feet, holding the hairpin out at arms length.

KLINE:
Friend! I'm your friend!

Leaving Ofbirta (6 Panels)

Notes: As per the previous page, Zhou's hair is now let down and chaotic - a description that should persist.

1: *Close-up*. Ghoul, very displeased with Zhou's behaviour, pulls a face that is far from friendly.

GHOUL:
Grrrarf!

2: *Aerial/long-shot*. Using her momentum, Zhou runs across the pond, away from Kline.

KLINE:
Wait!

3: *Mid-shot, high angle*. Zhou clammers up the edge of the pit. Kline and Ghoul have started following in hot pursuit.

KLINE:
Stop! It's dangerous out here!

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):
Jum song liya ju! *Get away from me!*

4: *Mid-shot, high angle*. Kline awkwardly flops up the ridge and raises an arm to try and wave Zhou down. Ahead, Zhou weaves between various rock formations and obstacles embedded in the sand as she flees.

KLINE:
Hey, wait up! Stop!
I'm friendly!

5: *Medium close-up*. Zhou, exhausted, stops to lean on a tall piece of debris - still clutching the hairpin in one hand. Behind her, Kline and Ghoul get closer. Kline is waving their arms.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):
Jum song ju kou! *Leave me alone!*

6: *Close-up, flat side angle*. Zhou reacts with sudden fear to something unseen.

Schnufflin Readies (6 Panels)

1: *Mid-shot, Zhou's perspective.* A monstrous, tortured being - a **SCHNUFFLIN** - stalks along the ground towards Zhou.

SCHNUFFLIN (SFX):
SCRAWWRR!

2: *Mid-shot, repeat perspective (previous page, 5).* Zhou adopts a fighting position and holds the hairpin at the centre of her mass, pointed outward like a sword. She's terrified, but ready to fight. Kline, closer now, has also spotted the monster and unslung their weapon.

3: *Close-up, high angle.* The beast looks up and snarls, spitting and dripping saliva. Its eyes are bloodshot and there are scraps of flesh still stuck in its teeth.

4: *Wide-shot, from behind the schnufflin.* Kline arrives and puts their arm in front of Zhou. Ghoul bounds ahead of the two of them to face down the beast.

5: *Mid-shot, low angle, from in front of Ghoul.* Ghoul fixes the schnufflin with a determined look. Behind him, Zhou looks to Kline, unsure but seemingly trusting them momentarily. She still maintains her fighting stance.

6: *Mid-shot.* Kline begins to step backwards, pulling Zhou with them by pressing lightly on her belly. Zhou does not look happy to be touched by Kline, but does not resist.

KLINE (QUIET):
Slowly...that's a schnufflin...you don't want to fight it.
Let Ghoul do his thing.

Ghoul Defends (5 Panels)

1: *Close-up.* Ghoul concentrates a determined scowl toward the Schnufflin, probing it's mind.

2: *Close-up.* The schnufflin's aggressiveness lessens: it bows its head and seemingly grows smaller, slinking away from Ghoul.

3: *Wide-shot.* Zhou lowers her weapon slightly as the schnufflin turns to walk away, but keeps its head turned towards Ghoul, who watches it back.

4: *Close-up.* As the beast steps away, Ghoul turns back to look up at Kline and Zhou with an enormous toothless grin.

5: *Mid-shot.* Kline kneels in front of Ghoul and scratches the skin behind his ears; both are smiling. Zhou stands, slightly dumbstruck and still holding in one hand the hairpin. She is clearly in a position of superiority.

KLINE:

Good job, Ghoul! Well done!

Introductions (5 Panels)

1: *Medium close-up, low angle.* Zhou stows the hairpin in her sash and places a hand on her chest.

ZHOU:
Zhou.

2: *Mid-shot.* Kline stands halfway as they turn back to Zhou. Ghoul is, by this point, on his back, still grinning.

KLINE:
Zhou? That's your name?

3: *Mid-shot.* Kline, now fully standing, points to themself and speaks. Behind them, Ghoul looks up at Kline with puppy-dog eyes, unsure of why the praise stopped.

KLINE:
I'm Kline.

4: *Wide-shot.* Kline smiles and Zhou bows her head in a nod...but she doesn't look quite right. She's queasy from the exhaustion and overwhelmed.

KLINE:
Well, Zhou, welcome to the Chunk.
It's...not often we get visitors.

5: *Medium close-up.* Zhou slumps down onto her knees, collapsing. Kline lunges to catch her.

Fade Out (2 Panels)

1: *Wide-shot, high angle.* Having caught her, Kline cradles Zhou's body. Ghoul bounds over.

2: *Aerial wide-shot.* The scene holds for a moment. The Chunk, in all its chaos, for a moment seems serene.