

## The Mad Trapper

A 5 page brief comic by Michael Lagacé  
June 10, 2013 – September 25, 2013

*The Mounties hunt a killer,  
while winter haunts them.*

### Page 1

#### Panel 1

EXT. NORTHERN MOUNTAIN RANGE – DEEP WINTER AFTERNOON – 1927

Establishing shot of a long icy plateau, in the distance is the base of a mountain range. A storm flurries around ten figures as they trudge through knee-deep snow. Spruce trees around them loom with cold darkness seeping through their thick coats and furs. This is the largest panel on the page, with enough room for the title logo in the top left and credits wherever.

CAPTION

"I'm telling you... he's a ghost."

#### Panel 2

Leading the way is a Native American trapper named GHOSTKEEPER (53) walking alongside a trail of caribou tracks leading toward the mountain. He is wearing heavy furs and wooden snowshoes. The other men are all Mounties, each of them with a backpack and a rifle weighing them down in the snow despite their snowshoes. They stay to the sides of the tracks, with CAPTAIN TAILOR (46) leading them. At the back of the group is COUPER (31), holding his rifle with both hands close to his chest, tired. Near him is QUINCY (38).

QUINCY

Ain't no such thing as ghosts. He's a man, and he already killed two of us.

COUPER

But... our guide, he said - -

Panel 3

Just in front of them is a man named BLEAKLY (38).

BLEAKLY  
Our guide said to go back!

BLEAKLY  
It's the Captain that's got us out here in this damned blizzard.

BLEAKLY  
You ask me, the Trapper's long since dead.

Panel 4

Couper looks upward. The sun is going down. Flurries. Bleakly stops a moment to turn back towards Couper.

COUPER  
You think he's dead?

BLEAKLY  
'Course I do!

BLEAKLY  
What kind of man could still be out here runnin' with just the clothes on his back?!

**Page 2**

Panel 1

From far ahead of them, a bullet hits Bleakly, and he falls backward. The other men are shocked, some ducking down, some reaching for their rifle. Couper watches Bleakly fall.

Panel 2

In the distance, about a hundred yards up, a figure runs down into a large treed valley at the base of an immense, sheer mountain face that surrounds it. The snow flurries around them.

TAILOR  
There he is, men! Let's move!!

Panel 3

They reach where their attacker shot from. There are man-made tracks leading down into a small valley. The Mounties have their rifles aimed down into it, but it's getting dark. The blizzard around them rages.

TAILOR  
There, we've got him cornered, men!

TAILOR  
Spread out 'til you get to the mountain! Watch for tracks! He ain't got nowhere to go but through us!

Panel 4

Couper is on his knee, rifle aimed, just outside the perimeter of the valley. There are men several meters on either side of him.

**Page 3**

Panel 1

EXT. VALLEY RIDGE — DEEP WINTER - EVENING

It is dark now, only traces of sunlight remain. Couper and another man are working on building a fire, the rest are patrolling the ridge. Tailor is shouting down into the valley.

TAILOR (SHOUTING)  
Trapper! This is Captain Tailor of the RCMP!

TAILOR (SHOUTING)  
Give yourself up! There's nowhere to go!

Panel 2

Couper looks past Tailor into the darkness of the valley below. Snow flurries around them.

TAILOR  
Fine. We'll wait the bastard out.

Panel 3

EXT. VALLEY RIDGE — DEEP WINTER — NIGHT

The fire warms a couple men resting beside it. The storm rages. Couper and another man are sitting around the fire, their hands warming over it. Quincy and another man approach them.

QUINCY  
Alright, our turn by the fire. Get out there.

COUPER  
But I ain't even warm yet!

Panel 4

Couper starts walking out on his patrol, and the other man in the other direction. The two new men stand over the fire, hands outstretched, warming up.

**Page 4**

Panel 1

From below, a shot rings out and hits one of the men.

Panel 2

All of the other men return fire into the darkness below. The other man near the fire is hit by a second shot. Nearby, Tailor yells out to them.

TAILOR  
Away from the fire!!

TAILOR  
He can see you!!

Panel 3

The men stand with their rifles aimed into the valley.

TAILOR  
Maintain the perimeter, don't shoot unless you  
see him!

TAILOR  
The sun will be up in just a few hours, we'll get  
him then!!

Panel 4

Couper stands shivering at the edge of the valley, rifle in  
hand, another man within sight beside him.

COUPER (QUIETLY)  
S-sure, j-just... a f-few hours...

Panel 5

Dark. Time passing.

**Page 5**

Panel 1

EXT. VALLEY RIDGE — DEEP WINTER — SUNRISE

Spread out across the valley edge, the men move down into  
the valley with guns drawn. Tailor and Ghostkeeper follow  
the snowed-over tracks. Couper is nearby.

CAPTION  
We moved in slowly. Carefully.

CAPTION  
The Captain reminded us how dangerous this man  
was. He'd killed four Mounties.

Panel 2

Stray beams of light come through the snow-covered spruce branches above. Couper has his rifle drawn, slowly stepping down through the deep snow. Ghostkeeper is beside him.

CAPTION

We checked trees, tree wells. Covered every inch as we moved down.

CAPTION

But our guide says we're never gonna catch him, and he reminds us why.

CAPTION

And now everyone is saying it.

Panel 3

As they all reach the bottom, they are surprised to find themselves facing each other, with no sign of the Trapper. The tracks lead to the face of the mountain and then stop. Couper looks up the cliffside. It's steep, sheer, and straight up nearly five hundred yards. Impossible to climb.

CAPTION

He's a ghost.

**The End.**