KARMA INCORPORATED
PART ONE OF THREE

WRITTEN BY DAVID HOPKINS
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM KURZANSKI

PAGE ONE

1- Straight ahead shot of Marsha Elliot sitting on the left side of a bench at a bus stop. Marsha is wearing over-sized dark sunglasses and a long coat. She's reading the newspaper, Dallas Times Herald. The headline reads: *City council to address safety concerns*. On the back of the paper is a half-page ad for an upcoming Gun Show. The bus stop is on the corner of an intersection. The immediate surroundings are impoverished-- litter on the ground, gang markings, etc.

PHILLIP: (off panel, right side) Dammit!

2 - Side shot. Marsha, in the foreground - left side, looks down the street. A man Phillip, in the background - right side, is walking up the street towards the bus stop. Phillip is a businessman. However, he is a complete wreck-- unshaven, clothes haphazardly put together, tie a mess. Phillip looks as though he survived a war, barely.

PHILLIP: (mumbling to himself) Damn showerhead-- gotta call the plumber. Brand new too! Damn, damn, damn--

3 - Close on Phillip. Talking to himself, half-crazed.

PHILLIP: (mumbling to himself) I set my alarm clock. My clock! Damn! It's my clock.

4 - Phillip next to bench, pointing at it, looks at Marsha. She looks back. Her newspaper neatly folded in her lap.

PHILLIP: You mind?

5 - Close on Marsha, half smile. She's looking up at Phillip (off panel).

MARSHA: Hello. Marsha Elliot. Pleased to meet you.

6 - Phillips sits on bench, looking over at Marsha who has resumed reading her paper.

PHILLIP: You wouldn't believe the day I've had.

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PAGE TWO

1 - Flashback. Phillip is asleep on his bed, wearing boxers and a t-shirt. The blanket and bed sheets are tossed to one side of the bed.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): First off, I overslept.

2 - Same panel. Phillip sits up in a panic. Eyes wide open. Dear god, he overslept.

3 - Close on his hand turning on the water to the shower.

4 - In the shower, instead of water, it's some odd black sludge that sprays Phillip. He recoils in horror.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): And then, the shower was broken.

5 - Peers out from behind the shower curtain. The towel bar is empty.

PHILLIP: Where are my towels?

PAGE THREE

1 - At his dresser, hair still soaking wet, he holds up one sock. He's confused.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...couldn't find a single matching sock...

2 - Dressed. He's in the kitchen, holding a glass of milk. He spits milk out in disgust.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...the milk was sour...

3 - He's in the garage in front of his car, with the hood open.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...my car was running fine last night...

4 - He's trying to open the door from the garage. It's locked.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...swear I didn't lock the door...

5 - He's walking on the side of the road, similar to page one, panel 2. There's a large water puddle in the street. A small RV approaches in the distance.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...it's been one mishap after another...

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6 - Car drives by, hitting the puddle, splashing him.

PAGE FOUR

1- Flashback over. Marsha and Phillip sit at the bus bench. Marsha looks at him, intently.

2 - Same as panel 1.

MARSHA: I had to wait in line for ten minutes to get my breakfast bagel.

3 - Marsha walks away. Phillip looks completely defeated.

MARSHA: I love those bagels.

4 - As Marsha walks off with Phillip in the background, she raises her wristwatch to her mouth-- speaking into it. She's in "business mode."

MARSHA: Cue the bench.

PAGE FIVE [FULL SPLASH PAGE]

1 - Marsha continues to walk off, a smug look on her face. The bus bench breaks in two with Phillip crashing to the ground.

TITLE: KARMA INCORPORATED, part 1 of 3

CREDITS: written by David Hopkins
illustrated by Tom Kurzanski
colored by Marlena Hall

PAGE SIX

1 - Late afternoon. Exterior establishing shot of Karma Incorporated warehouse/office, located in the heart of the Dallas industrial area, near downtown (I'll send you the reference photos soon). On the front of the warehouse is a sign with the letters "KI" on it.

CAPTION (ART): This is a bad idea.

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2 - Interior establishing shot of warehouse. High angle. The five members of Karma Incorporated gather in the lounge area of the warehouse. Lots of space. Decorated with a modernist mid-century look, like what you might find here (http://www.orbitin.com). Very swank. This panel should focus on the overall layout of the interior, while the five people can be quite small in this panel. Art Gellman stands in front of a projector with a small movie screen behind him. Everyone else is on the couches.

ART: This is a very bad idea.

3 - Closer. Art Gellman stands in front of the movie screen, motioning to it. On the screen is a photo of "Rob Wilson", a basic headshot. The other four Karma Incorporated employees are on the couches. We only see the backs of their heads, from left to right: Marsha, Terry, Malcolm, and Susan.

ART: Hello?! Rob Wilson? He hired us a year ago to take care of his boss. If we do this job, he'll know it's us screwing with him.

TERRY: Puh-lease!

4 - Terry McKay on the couch, sitting next to the stoic Marsha. He's over-animated, throwing his arms in the air, rolling his eyes.

TERRY: Oooh, I'm Rob frickin' Wilson. I'm a desk clerk. I'm so tough. I own a mini-van.

PAGE SEVEN

1 - Art points to himself, wide-eyed and about to pick a fight with Terry.

ART: Terry, I was a desk clerk. Seventeen years. You want to mess with me?

2 - Art glares at Terry who sits casually on the couch. Susan and Malcolm watch this exchange with great interest.

3 - Terry reclining on the couch, eggs Art on.

TERRY: What would you do? Report me to the IRS?

4 - Susan and Malcolm, sit anxiously at ringside-- the mood has gotten tense.

SUSAN (whispering): meow.

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PAGE EIGHT

1 - Art moves closer to the seated Terry. Art is pointing menacingly at him. Terry is amused.

ART: I've got access to information. Don't forget that. Credit history, insurance records, bank statements, FBI files. I've got ways. Don't push me.

SUSAN (off panel): mm-rrr-oww!

2 - Close on Terry. He raises an eyebrow.

TERRY: Are you threatening *me*?

3 - Art leans in closer to Terry. The two stare each other down.

ART: I might be.

TERRY: I think you are.

4 - Art leans towards Terry.

ART: I'd kick your ass, Princess.

5 - This got to Terry. He jumps up from the couch. The two are girl-fighting, slaps and hair pulling.

TERRY: Take that back!

PAGE NINE

1 - Marsha sits calm as Terry and Art go at each other.

MARSHA: Ladies, stop it.

2 - Terry and Art stop fighting. Looking worriedly at Marsha... don't mess with her.

3 - Marsha stands to address the group. Art stands close by, still ruffled from the cat fight.

MARSHA: Mr. Gellman is right. This is a bad idea.

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ART: Exactly.

4 - Marsha turns her head to address Art.

MARSHA: However, we've had other hard cases. So when we do this, we do it carefully.

ART: Oh, come on--

5 - Marsha motions to the movie screen.

MARSHA: Please continue.

PAGE TEN

1 - Art, returning to his presentation, opens a notebook.

ART: He lives with his wife and 6-year-old son not far from here.

2 - Close on the notebook, filled with receipts, memos, e-mail printouts, and photos.

ART: Our records indicate he comes home straight from work and spends a lot of time in his garage.

3 - Art reads from his notebook.

ART: He's made recent purchases that tell us he's taken up building powered model planes as a hobby.

4 - Scene change. Rob Wilson, in his garage with tools neatly arranged, works on a large model plane. There's a remote control within arms reach, and a phone mounted on the wall nearby.

CAPTION (ART): In fact, I'd bet fifty dollars that's what he's working on right now.

5 - On his tiptoes, his son Jeffrey stands behind Rob trying to see what he's doing.

JEFFREY: Whatcha doing, Dad?

6 - Rob holds the plan in front on his wide-eyed son Jeffrey.

ROB: It's a new plane. Almost finished.

JEFFREY: Cool.

PAGE ELEVEN

1 - Rob holds his son. In his free hand, he lifts the model plane high overhead.

CAPTION (ART): He's an all-around nice guy, attends church and coaches his son's soccer team.

ROB: Test flight this Saturday?

JEFFREY: Alright!

2 - The plane now rest on the worktable. Rob has lifted his son over his head and is "flying" him around the garage. Both are happy.

ROB: So when do we test fly *you*? Now?

JEFFREY: Noooo.

ROB: Right now!

3 - Continues to "fly" his son around the garage.

JEFFREY: Hahahahahahaha... stop it!

4 - Art shuts the notebook in disgust. The others observe his frustration.

ART: I can't do it. He's Ward Cleaver. I'm not going to target a guy who doesn't deserve it.

MALCOLM: If this man hired us a year ago, he can't be too clean.

5 - Susan asks the obvious question.

SUSAN: Exactly. So who hired us?

6 - Wide shot of everyone in the room.

MARSHA: His wife.

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PAGE TWELVE

1 - The Wilson household. Kitchen. Rob's wife Teresa is on the phone (not cordless) with someone. She's cautiously looking to the side, hoping no one catches her.

TERESA: You know you shouldn't call me here... shut up... no, not now, later... I'll call you later okay?

2 - Teresa, with the phone, smiles like a schoolgirl. Shrugs her shoulders a bit, being coy.

TERESA: Stop it... no, I won't... ooohh... later, alright?

3 - Rob walks up behind Teresa, still on the phone. His "happy dad" demeanor is gone; he appears solemn and slightly intimidating.

TERESA: Yeah, you too. Bye.

4 - She nervously hangs up the phone. Rob is still behind her.

ROB: Who was that?

TERESA: Carol from work. She had a question about a thing. It’s silly. Office politics, you know.

5 - Rob has left. It's now just Teresa, alone with her guilt. She looks up (looking for divine intervention?).

TERESA: Aw, hell.

6 - Wide shot of the Wilson family sitting at the dinner table. Like a Norman Rockwell gone horribly wrong, mother and father look disconnected and depressed. The son is unaware of the strife.

CAPTION (ART): This isn't right.

PAGE THIRTEEN

1 - Back at the Karma Incorporated office. Susan is stationed at her computer, entranced. Susan's work area is a mess. She built her own super computer. There's post-it notes surrounding the monitor, crunched "Zolt! Cola" cans, candy wrappers, and a little plush zombie doll sits on top of the monitor. Art is behind her with a notepad, running his hand through his hair, worriedly trying to make sense of things.

ART: I don't get it. This is doesn't make any sense...at all! Why would the wife hire us?

SUSAN: Why not?

2 - Susan, in the foreground, is losing patience with Art who's in the background, stressing.

ART: Too many things don't add up. He hired us a year ago. Now she hires us. Why are we getting involved?

SUSAN: Because she paid us!

3 - Susan spins around in her swivel chair to more directly address Art.

SUSAN: I don't care if he's Desmond Tutu. If someone offers the money, I'll rain on Tutu's parade! Since when did it matter if he's a good guy?

4 - Art looks away from Susan. Susan slumps in her chair.

ART: Susan, do you know what my wife did to me?

SUSAN: Not again...

PAGE FOURTEEN

1 - Art pours some coffee, from a nearby coffee maker, into his "SG" mug.

ART: She left me. I spent most of life providing for her, providing for the kids, to give them the type of life they had grown accustomed to.

2 - Small panel. A wall clock, the hands point to 7:05. Panel 2 could overlap panels 1 and 3.

3 - Art, in the background with his coffee, continues talking. Susan rests her head on the table. She's heard the story one too many times.

ART: A marriage is an investment. It takes time. She couldn't see that. She left, took the children, took the house, took damned near everything. But I loved her, still do.

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4 - Small panel. A wall clock, the hands point to 7: 40. Panel 4 could overlap panels 3 and 5.

5 - Art, now standing closer to Susan, continues talking. His shirt unbuttoned now, with his white undershirt visible. She's fast asleep, drooling on the desk.

ART: I guess we didn't have enough in common. We were different people. Some people say I'm a mysterious person. Most women are attracted to that quality, but not her. She didn't want adventure.

6 - Small panel. A wall clock, the hands point to 8:17. Panel 5 could overlap panels 5 and 7.

7 - Art stands next to Susan, who was asleep at her desk. His hand is on her shoulder. She is abruptly awoken by the action-- she looks like she's about to vomit.

ART: Art Gellman and Susan Adley. We're very much the same. Both free spirits. That's us. You wonder why nothing has ever happened between us before.

SUSAN: Wha--?

PAGE FIFTEEN

1 - Susan explodes out of her seat, yelling at Art.

SUSAN: DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME AGAIN!!!

2 - Art looks off to the side, wounded by Susan's reaction. Susan is indignant.

ART: Looks like it's *somebody's* time of the month.

SUSAN: What did you say?!

3 - Susan walked over to the coffee maker. She's grabs the coffee pot.

SUSAN: You did not just say what I think you said.

4 - Susan hurls the coffee pot at Art. Art holds his arms up, trying to shield himself from the hot black coffee going everywhere.

ART: Holy crap!! Ouch!!!

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5 - Close on Susan. She's in complete "you go, girl!" mode. Hands on hips, head cocked to the side.

SUSAN: The next time you blame it on my time of the month you better make damned sure it's not!

PAGE SIXTEEN

1 - Evening. Terry waits outside the Lakewood Movie Theatre (another reference photo). He leans against the wall, smoking a cigarette. On the wall is a framed movie poster, NOW SHOWING: THE LAST TRAIN. It's a poster for a *Daisy Kutter* movie with Daisy and Tom poised in a spoof of the "Gone with the Wind" movie poster.

2 - Marsha walks out of the theatre. She's been crying, mascara runs black. In the background, Terry notices her walking off.

3 - Terry catches up to Marsha who is hurriedly wiping the tears and mascara from her eyes.

TERRY: You always cry at movies?

MARSHA: Maybe.

4 - Marsha continues to walk off. Terry grabs her arm.

TERRY: Is it getting to you?

5 - Now Terry stands in front of her. She stops, a little irritated by the scene.

MARSHA: Why the questions?

TERRY: General concern for my employer.

MARSHA: As a professional courtesy, leave me alone.

6 - Marsha, quietly upset, walks past Terry.

TERRY: Is the job getting to you?

MARSHA: Stop profiling me. Go home.

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PAGE SEVENTEEN

1 - Her back is to us and Terry. However, we need it angled so we still get a nice profile shot of Terry. Marsha's stopped walking away.

2 - Same panel.

MARSHA: Terry?

3 - Same panel.

TERRY: Yes?

4 - Reserve angle. We see that Marsha is upset and surprisingly vulnerable. Over the shoulder is Terry standing in the background.

MARSHA: For once, I'd like to save the day, not ruin it. But I seem to be awfully good at one and not the other.

5 - Wide panel. Marsha walks away from Terry.

MARSHA: All of this is ridiculous. I've been thinking about it for some time. I'm done with Karma Incorporated.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1 - Morning. Est. shot of a small RV (same one from page three) out in a grassy field, in the middle of nowhere. There is a line of trees off to the far left.

CAPTION (MARSHA): On Saturday, when Malcolm and Susan come back. I'll announce that we're going out of business.

2 - Inside Susan and Malcolm are camped out. The interior of the RV has been converted into a mobile network surveillance center-- typical spy movie stuff. Malcolm has a box of donuts. He offers them to Susan. Susan is holding a large remote controller for a model airplane.

MALCOLM: Donut?

SUSAN: I don't eat.

MALCOLM: Sorry, I forgot.

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3 - Malcolm munching away on a donut.

MALCOLM: Art's not too happy with you right now.

4 – Susan has a smug look. Malcolm still eating.

SUSAN: Who me?

MALCOLM: So funny. This morning, he kept flinching any time anybody reached for the coffee pot.

5 – Malcolm moves to the computer console. On the computer screen, there's a small image, similar to page nineteen, panel 1. It doesn't need to be terribly detailed, just a faint impression of the subject matter.

MALCOLM: We have a visual. Let's get to work.

PAGE NINETEEN

1 – Wide panel. Rob Wilson and his son Jeffrey stand in a large field. The model plane is on the ground in front of them. Jeffrey is holding the remote control.

CAPTION (MALCOLM): Rob Wilson, today's your day.

2 – In the field, close on Rob who looks to Jeffrey (off panel).

ROB: Are you ready?

3 – In the RV, close on Malcolm who looks to Susan (off panel).

MALCOLM: Are you ready?

4 – In the field, close on the excited Jeffrey with the remote controller.

JEFFREY: Yeah!

5 – In the RV, close on the mischievous Susan with the remote controller.

SUSAN: Hell yeah.

PAGE TWENTY

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1 – Wide panel. Rob and Jeffrey watch the model plane take off from the field.

2 – Overhead aerial shot. The plane is high in the air. Father and son look up at it from the ground below.

3 – In the RV, Susan with the controller.

SUSAN: Start running.

4 – Close on the airplane as takes a sudden dive.

5 – The airplane continues its dive towards Rob and Jeffrey on the ground.

ROB: Jeff, no horse play. Keep the plane level.

6 – The airplane continues its dive toward Rob and Jeffrey.

ROB: Jeff?

JEFFREY: It's not me.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1 – Rob runs from the plane. He has a panicked look on his face. This panel should be a humorous homage to Cary Grant in the film *North by Northwest*. (If you search on www.imdb.com, it will provide some good reference photos.)

ROB: Jeff!!!

2 – Rob belly flops to the ground as the plane flies over him, barely missing.

ROB: Uhh!

SFX: Thud.

3 – The plane crashes into the ground.

SFX: Smash!

4 – Low angle. Rob and Jeffrey stand over the wrecked airplane. Rob is furious. Jeff is bewildered.

ROB: Dammit, Jeff! I asked you to keep plane level.

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5 – Wide panel. Susan and Malcolm sit in the RV, watching the scene on their TV monitor. Both a little surprised at Rob's harsh reaction.

VIA RADIO (JEFFREY): Dad, it wasn't me.

SUSAN: Why do I suddenly feel like worse person in the world?

MALCOLM: We're going to hell.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1 – In front of the Wilson household, Rob and son are walking from the car to the front door, which is open.

JEFFREY: I swear I didn't do it.

ROB: Jeff, I'm not going to tell you this again—

2 – As Rob and Jeff approach the front door, a strange man walks out. Rob is caught off guard. The strange man is larger than Rob, with long hair and a goatee. His name is Greg. (reference: http://www.vipercomics.com/images/bios/bio_greg.gif)
Teresa stands at the threshold wearing something sexy. Use your imagination.

ROB: --stop lying to me?

3 – Close on the shocked Teresa and her trashiness.

TERESA: You're home early?

4 – Rob pushes Greg.

ROB: So this must be "Carol".

5 – Greg punches Rob across the face.

GREG: Please to meet you.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

1 – In the background, Teresa at the doorway. In the foreground, Greg has Rob's arm behind his back and pinned face into the ground.

TERESA: Greg, stop it! Stop it!

2 – Greg is walking away. Jeffrey stands next to his father, who is on the ground. Rob has a bloody nose.

JEFFREY: Are you okay?

3 – Large panel. Rob looks like he's on the verge of tears. Jeffrey tries to console. Teresa stands at the door.

ROB: What's happening?

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

1 – In the living room of the Wilson house. Teresa is seated on the couch, still in her sexy outfit. She looks hung-over. Rob is standing, furious. There's a coffee table in between them. On the table are some magazines and a few business cards (obviously too small to see the print).

ROB: What the hell? What the hell, Teresa! What's going on?

TERESA: I guess I got your attention now.

2 – Teresa holds up a business card from the coffee table. It clearly reads "KARMA INC".

TERESA: Have a bad day?

3 – Teresa seated on the couch. Rob standing. He can't believe what he's hearing.

ROB: You called them?

TERESA: I got the idea from you.

ROB: But I'm your husband!

4 – Teresa looks positively evil.

TERESA: I want a divorce.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

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1 – Later that day. Rob stands in his garage next to the worktable. The broken airplane is on the table. There's a phone mounted on the wall nearby. This panel looks as though shot from the far end of the garage. Rob is far away and alone.

2 – More in closer. Rob makes some attempt to fix the airplane. Truly sad.

3 – Rob looks to the mounted phone.

4 – Rob is on the phone. He leans against the worktable.

ROB: Hi, Simon, this is Rob. I need a favor.

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

1 – Establishing shot of the Karma Incorporated warehouse/office. The RV is parked in front.

2 – Art, Susan, and Malcolm are standing in the meeting area, all looking quite forlorn.

ART: I finally found a job I'm good at, and now Marsha's shutting down the whole operation.

3 – Susan marches toward Marsha's office.

SUSAN: This is absurd. We're not calling it quits.

4 – Susan bursts into Marsha's messy office. There are boxes everywhere. Marsha is behind her desk, packing up stuff.

SUSAN: What are you doing?!

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

1 – Close on Marsha. Perfectly nonchalant.

MARSHA: Excuse me?

2 – Susan puts both hands on the desk, leaning it toward Marsha.

SUSAN: You heard me.

3 – Marsha leans in toward Susan.

MARSHA: Ms. Adley, all this bickering amongst ourselves is becoming cliché.

SUSAN: And your periodic nervous breakdowns aren't? Don't drag us down with you.

4 - Close on Marsha as she opens a file drawer with various tabbed manila folders in it.

MARSHA: Want to point out my failings? Dig into my life? I know some secrets too.

5 – Marsha holds up a file folder. It's all about Susan. Marsha has the upper hand. Susan appears as though someone punched her in the stomach.

MARSHA: For instance, I know your name is not "Susan Adley".

SUSAN: How do you--?

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

1 – Marsha holds the file in front of Susan.

MARSHA: You're wanted by the FBI for more tech crimes than I have time to name. But that's not why you changed your identity.

2 – Marsha continues. She gives Susan (off panel) a knowing look.

MARSHA: Terry doesn't know he has a daughter, does he? He'd probably put two and two together, if he knew your actual name.

3 – Susan looks off innocently to the side. She's a terrible liar. Marsha gestures to Susan with the file.

SUSAN: That's not true.

MARSHA: Yes, it is. And he deserves to know.

4 – Susan walks off, head down. Aw shucks!

SUSAN: Nevermind. I'm out of here.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

1 – Marsha alone in her office.

MARSHA: Good job, Marsha, your people skills are getting better all the time.

2 – Marsha alone in her office. Back to work.

3 – Marsha looks up.

ART (shouting, off panel): Marsha!

PAGE THIRTY [FULL PAGE]

1 – Marsha steps out of her office. Rob Wilson is in their warehouse. There's a police officer named Simon standing next to him. Simon has his gun drawn. While Art, Malcolm, and Susan look completely distraught, Marsha sighs, knowing it was bound to happen sooner or later.

MARSHA: Oh god.

SIMON: You think you can play jokes on people? You think it's funny? We know what you're up to.

All of you are under arrest!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN CHAPTER TWO]

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KARMA INCORPORATED
PART TWO OF THREE

WRITTEN BY DAVID HOPKINS
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM KURZANSKI

PAGE ONE

1 - Wide panel. Marsha's POV. Straight ahead shot of Rob Wilson sitting in front of Marsha's desk in her office. He looks completely helpless.

CAPTION: One year ago

ROB: Let me see if I understand correctly. You ruin a person's day, and make it look like an accident.

This is your business?

2 - Over the shoulder of Rob, Marsha sits poker-faced at the desk. Terry stands behind her, playing the role of Marsha's right hand man.

TERRY: Still interested?

3 - Rob places a shoebox on the table before Marsha and Terry. The box is duct taped shut.

ROB: I have the money.

4 - Terry leans forward and place a hand on the shoebox.

TERRY: Okay then. Who's the target?

5 - Rob is disgusted as he speaks about his boss.

ROB: My boss. Donald Williams, but he makes us call him "Mr. Donny". This asshole has tormented me from day one. I'm sick of his staff meetings, his memos, and that ridiculous cowboy hat.

PAGE TWO

NOTE: For the next couple of pages, we jump back and forth between (1) a conversation at a water cooler and (2) the events with Mr. Donny. We may want to use some sort of

visual device to clarify the two different scenes. Maybe the water cooler panels would be without panel borders, while the Mr. Donny panels would have borders? I don't know. You're pretty good at organizing my clutter.

1 - Wide panel. Interior of an office building. An angry Mr. Donny (reference - http://antiherocomics.com/images/mrdonny.jpg) marches to his office door. Jennifer, his sexy secretary, stands at the doorway, nervous. Her own small desk is positioned on the other side of the doorway.

MR. DONNY: What is it now?

2 - Wide panel. At the water cooler, Rob, with a half-smile, stands next to his co-worker. In the near background, and off to the right side is a janitor with his cleaning cart. It's Art from Karma Incorporated.

CO-WORKER: Did you hear about what happened to Mr. Donny this morning?

ROB: No.

CO-WORKER: He was trapped in the elevator for three hours.

ROB: Really?

3 - Wide panel. Back to the moment from panel 1. Mr. Donny walks past her toward the doorway of his office.

JENNIFER: Mr. Donny, your wife called. I think she knows about us, and she--

MR. DONNY: I'll be in my office.

PAGE THREE

1 - At the water cooler, the co-worker explains the "elevator" situation.

CO-WORKER: Three hours in stuck in an elevator. It took maintenance forever to show up.

2 - In the office, Mr. Donny is at his desk, working on his computer. He looks confused. There's a Newton's Cradle on his desk.

MR. DONNY: Jennifer? Where are all the files on my computer?

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JENNIFER (OFF PANEL): Some girl from tech support said she had to reimage your hard drive.

3 - Mr. Donny takes off his hat, revealing his bald head. He's completely given up.

MR. DONNY: You're kidding me.

4 - At the water cooler, two shot of the co-worker and Rob.

CO-WORKER: From what I heard, Mr. Donny started crying after the second hour.

5 - In the office, Mr. Donny looks up. He notices something on the ceiling.

MR. DONNY: What the hell?

PAGE FOUR

1 - At the water cooler, reaction shot of Rob.

ROB: He was crying?

2 - Mr. Donny stands on his desk with a golf club, poised to swing. There's a cockroach on his ceiling. He looks menacingly at the tiny bug. The ceiling is drywall, divided into rectangular segments, typical of offices.

MR. DONNY: Jennifer! There's a dang cockroach on the ceiling. Go get a paper towel.

3 - Close on the cockroach.

4 - At the water cooler, close on co-worker confirming the story.

CO-WORKER: Oh, he cried like a baby.

5 - Mr. Donny swinging at the cockroach with his golf club. His golf club tears a hole in the ceiling.

MR. DONNY: Yee-haaw!

6 - In the office, cockroaches pour out from the hole in the ceiling onto Mr. Donny, standing on the desk with the golf club. He looks completely repulsed.

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PAGE FIVE

1 - Jennifer the secretary walks into the office with a roll of paper towels.

JENNIFER: Mr. Donny, did you get the cockroach --?

2 - Jennifer looks at Mr. Donny, covered in cockroaches. Mr. Donny looks at Jennifer. Both scream.

MR. DONNY/ JENNIFER: Aaaaaaaahhhh!

3 - Mr. Donny, still covered with cockroaches, runs past the mortified Jennifer.

JENNIFER: Oh god. I'm going to be sick.

MR. DONNY: Aaaaaahhhh!

4 - Rob and co-worker at the water cooler. Different angle, so we see Mr. Donny's open office door in the background.

ROB: Did you hear something?

5 - Same shot. Rob and co-worker at the water cooler-- both turn their heads to see the spectacle. In the background, Mr. Donny has fled his office, screaming and covered in cockroaches.

MR. DONNY: Get them off me! Get them off me!

PAGE SIX

1 - Close on Mr. Donny running, covered in cockroaches. The door to the men's restroom is directly in front of him.

2 - Same shot. Wouldn't you guess it? Malcolm from Karma Incorporated opens restroom door. Mr. Donny collides into it. Malcolm is wearing large headphones, listening to tunes, dressed as a maintenance man. Malcolm acts completely oblivious.

SFX: SLAM!

3 - Overhead shot. Mr. Donny disoriented and on the floor-- the cockroaches crawling on him.

4 - Co-worker and Rob at the water cooler. Wide-eyed. What the hell just happened?

CO-WORKER: Did you see that?

That was awesome.

PAGE SEVEN [FULL SPLASH PAGE]

1 - Same scene as the full page spread on page thirty of issue one.

Rob Wilson is in the Karma Incorporated warehouse. There's a police officer named Simon standing next to him. Simon has his gun drawn. Marsha stands next to her office, quietly observing. Art, Malcolm, and Susan are understandably uneasy with the situation, being that there's a gun pointed at them.

Note: It may be off panel, but we'll need a chair somewhere in the room for later on (page 13). We'll also need a flat screen television mounted where the slide projector screen was in issue one (for pages 27-29).

CAPTION Present day

ROB: No more games. Your business is over.

TITLE: KARMA INCORPORATED, part 2 of 3

CREDITS: written by David Hopkins
illustrated by Tom Kurzanski
colors by Marlena Hall

PAGE EIGHT

1 - Malcolm, with hands up, cautiously approaches Simon, gun still raised.

MALCOLM: I don't understand what you're talking about. We're a data solutions company.

SIMON: If you could please not take another step.

2 - Susan gives an evil grin.

SUSAN: Malcolm, I dare you. Take another step.

3 - Turning around, Malcolm glares behind toward Susan (off panel). Simon still has his gun aimed at Malcolm.

MALCOLM: Shut up!

SIMON: Excuse me. I need your attention, right now.

4 - Susan becoming a little too casual with the situation. Malcolm turns around to speak with Susan. Simon is getting nervous, still holding his gun.

SUSAN: Five hundred dollars if you take another step. I dare you.

MALCOLM: Holy crap, Susan. Are you off your medication?

SIMON: I'm not going to ask you again!

5 - Susan starts singing and doing a little groove dance.

SUSAN: Bad boys, bad boys. Huh! Whatcha gonna do? Whatcha gonna do when they come for you? Bad boys.

6 - Close on Simon's hand holding the shaking gun. His hands are sweaty. The finger is slightly squeezing the trigger.

SIMON: If you could all stop talking for a moment--

PAGE NINE

1 - Terry is standing behind the nervous Simon, unaware. Terry is holding a fire extinguisher, ready to hit Simon with it.

SIMON: --I need everyone to keep their hands in the air.

2 - Terry hits Simon across the back of the head with the fire extinguisher.

SFX: wack!

3 - Simon is on the ground unconscious. Terry smiles, quite proud of himself. Rob is standing nearby, in utter disbelief with the turn of events.

TERRY: Assaulting a police officer. Brand new felony for me.

4 - Rob makes a run for the front door.

5 - Art starts running after Rob.

ART: I got him.

PAGE TEN

1 - Exterior of the K.I. warehouse/headquarters. Rob is running outside of the Karma Inc warehouse with Art following behind. As you draw the exteriors, don't forget Simon's police car parked somewhere out front.

2 - Rob running. He looks behind him to see if Art is chasing him. And yes, while Art is behind him, he's struggling to keep up.

3 - Rob runs down the sidewalk. Art chases after, but the gap is widening. Art looks more and more worn out.

4 - In the foreground, Art has stopped running. He's hunched over with his hands on his knees, trying to regain his breath. In the distant background, Rob is getting away.

ART: gasp!

PAGE ELEVEN

1 - Closer on Art, still hunched over with his hands on his knees, trying to regain his breath.

ART: Wait-- hold on-- one second-- I'm coming.

2 - Over the shoulder of Art, Rob is even further in the distance... running away.

ART: Crap. I lost him.

3 - Art hunched over, trying to breathe.

ART: gasp!

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4 - Susan walks up behind Art, who is completely worn out from running those few yards.

SUSAN: You are such a loser.

PAGE TWELVE

1 - Malcolm and Terry stand over the unconscious police officer, Simon. The two are arguing. (Off panel: Susan watches the argument. Marsha sits on the couch nearby, thinking. Art paces.)

MALCOLM: Why the hell did you do that?

TERRY: My mistake. I thought maybe you'd like to not go to jail!

2 - Close up on Simon. He's regaining consciousness.

SIMON: Oooohh...

3 - Susan points at Simon. Malcolm and Terry stop their fight.

SUSAN: He's waking up.

4 - Susan kicks Simon in the stomach. Malcolm freaks.

SIMON: Unghh!

MALCOLM: What are you doing?!

5 - Susan tries her odd reasoning with Malcolm.

SUSAN: I don't know! Make him unconscious again?

PAGE THIRTEEN

1 - Art is pacing back and forth, running his hand through his hair.

ART: We are so screwed.

2 - Close on Simon at their feet. He's pushing up off the floor. Still woozy.

SIMON: I need everyone... hands in the air...

3 - Susan is grabbing for a chair.

SUSAN: Maybe if we hit him with something?

MARSHA (off panel): How about--

4 - Marsha seated on a couch. She is, as always, well composed and confident.

MARSHA: Let's stop hitting the nice man and just tie him up?

PAGE FOURTEEN

1 - Small panel, inset in panel 2. Close on Rob. He's looking nervously over his shoulder.

2 - Large panel. Rob's escape has forced him to walk home. He stands in the middle of a Mexican barrio in east Dallas. (reference photos coming soon). There's flock of pigeons gathered in an empty lot, along the building tops. [Note: The pigeons don't have to be in every single panel, but I would be interested in them serving as extras in the cast. Subtly in the background.]

3 - Wide panel. Three young adults are hanging out in front of a convenience store. LUJAN, the leader of this trio, wears a large Cowboys jersey, a blue bandana tied as a three-point head covering, worn backwards (knot in the front), and a pair of over-sized blue jeans. He has a thick mustache. Lujan is physically imposing. MOLINA wears a buttoned-all-the-way-up short sleeve collared shirt and nice beige khakis. His hair is greasy and slicked back, clean-shaven. SHAFER, white guy, wears a filthy dirt-stained tank top and a pair of blue jeans torn in the knees. He's made a pitiful attempt at a mustache and goatee, a few wiry hairs-- buzz haircut. SHAFER is skinny, a disgusting mix of trailer trash and heroin addict.

Rob walks past attempting to ignore them. A few pigeons on the sidewalk.

LUJAN: You look lost. ¿Dónde está su carrucha? What happen to your car?

PAGE FIFTEEN

1 - Lujan catches up with him. Rob stops. He knows he can't avoid this situation.

LUJAN: I bet you drive a Lexus, huh? You got one of them Lexus cars.

ROB: I don't want any trouble.

2 - Lujan puts his arm around Rob with Shafer and Molina close behind.

LUJAN: What? You got a problem, cabrón? You think we some gang?

SHAFER: Anybody is welcome in our neighborhood.

3 - The joking among friends stops. Lujan gets serious and looks directly at Rob.

LUJAN: Hey cabrón, you have twenty dollars I can borrow?

ROB: I don't have any cash.

4 - Rob's POV. Lujan, Molina, and Shafer stand in front of him. Lujan lifts up his jersey. There's a gun tucked in front of his jeans. Partially visible, his last name "LUJAN" is tattooed across his muscular stomach in a nice thug-ish Old English font. A pigeon in the background is flapping its wings.

LUJAN: Es bueno. There's an ATM in this store. Let's just go in. Veinte dólares.

PAGE SIXTEEN

[Note about pages sixteen and seventeen-- Karma Incorporated is a blend of both humorous and serious moments. Some of the best stories do that. To me, this moment is the turning point of the story. Rob crosses that line, from prey to predator. It's a serious moment. It will set the tone for when we next see Rob on page 24.]

1 - In a moment of complete daring, Rob swipes the gun from Lujan's jeans. A nervous pigeon flaps its wings.

2 - Rob nervously holds them at gunpoint. Clearly, with his limp grip, Rob has never fired a gun before. The "tough guy act" has completely disappeared from the trio. They are nervous.

SHAFER: Damn.

LUJAN: Shut up, Shafer.

3 - Close on Rob holding the gun. He's a little crazy, a little scared.

ROB: Today has been the worst day of my life. You know that? I'm tired of people pushing me around.

4 - Close on Lujan. He's no longer the thug. He's worried for his life.

LUJAN (to Rob): Nothing stupid, man. I got two boys. Taking them to the State Fair tonight. I promised them.

5 - The flock of pigeons in the empty lot takes to flight. Startled by the gunshot.

SFX: Bang!

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1 – Straight shot on the newly empowered Rob, with an expression of sick satisfaction, as he walks away. On Rob's shirt, light blood splatter, but nothing excessive (since it's a gun shot at point blank). In the background, the trio, Lujan is on the ground bleeding. Molina and Shafer are at his side, tending to him.

2 - Molina and Shafer hold Lujan, who is bleeding profusely from his chest. He is in great pain. Molina puts his hand over the chest wound of Lujan, blood still going everywhere.

LUJAN: Uh... uh... uh...

MOLINA (calling for help): Alguien llame a una ambulancia. ¡Necesitamos ayuda!

3 - Lujan tries to get up. He's completely delirious at this point. Blood everywhere. They left side of his body is completely unresponsive. Molina is still calling for help.

MOLINA (calling for help): ¡Ching! Alguien llame a una ambulancia. Mi amigo a recibido un disparo.

4 - Reserve angle. The sidewalk is empty. Wherever Rob is, he's not there anymore. Lujan has stopped moving. Molina is calling for help. Shafer is standing, looking away.

MOLINA (calling for help): ¡Alguien ayúdenos! Él no se esta moviendo. ¡Necesitamos ayuda!

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1 - Susan is in front of her computer, hard at work. On the other side of the counter, in the lounge area, is Simon tied to the chair. His walkie-talkie is on the counter next to the computer. (Everyone else is in the office, but off panel. Malcolm and Terry are on the couch. Art is at the coffee maker. Marsha leans against the wall, a few feet from Simon.)

SUSAN: This is unfortunate.

SIMON: What?

2 - Susan leans over the counter to address Simon. She has a sour look on her face.

SUSAN: I hacked into your personal records.

You still live with your mother?

3 - This got Malcolm's attention; he's sitting in the lounge area reading a copy of the magazine, 2600: The Hacker's Quarterly (www.2600.com). Terry is sitting next to him, bored.

MALCOLM: I think we've got blackmail material right there.

TERRY: Let's just kill him.

4 - TERRY's POV. Simon's tied up. Susan stands next to her computer. Both characters look at Terry (off panel).

SUSAN: That's not in my job description.

5 - Close on the walkie-talkie on the desk.

DISPATCH: 10-200 to 1209, East Grand and Samuell, we have a shooting with the suspect in close proximity. Please be advised.

6 - Simon looking desperately at the walkie-talkie on the desk.

SIMON: Once the Dispatch radios my 10-20 and I don't respond, they're going to start looking for me.

PAGE NINETEEN

1 - Art at the coffee maker with his coffee.

ART: Didn't I say this would be a bad idea? We shouldn't have taken the case.

2 - Close on Marsha leaning against the wall.

MARSHA: Lest we forget— you let Rob get away.

3 - Terry still on the couch.

TERRY: I suggest some serious damage control and then we leave town.

4 - Susan, incredulous, walks towards Terry.

SUSAN: Leave town? Is that your answer for everything?

TERRY: You'd be amazed how effective it is.

PAGE TWENTY

1 - Marsha, smirking, joins the conversation. Susan is dead serious ("Don't tell my secret.")

MARSHA: Susan, you've become quite a pro at escaping the authorities. Maybe you could give your *dad* a few pointers?

SUSAN: I don't know what you're talking about.

2 - Marsha walks toward Susan. Both are glaring at each other.

MARSHA: Yes, you do.

SUSAN: Bitch, don't you say another word.

3 - Standing up, Malcolm grabs onto Susan's arm, to hold her back. Terry also stands.

MALCOLM: Whoa. Whoa. I'm confused. What's this about?

SUSAN: Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

4 – Complete chaos! Malcolm holds Susan back from clawing Marsha's eyes out. Marsha appears ever so slightly peeved. Simon, tied up nearby, looks miserable. Terry walks off, disgusted.

MARSHA (to Susan): Now, this is unfortunate.

SUSAN: Say that again when I have my foot up your ass!

TERRY: Where's my gun?

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1 - Push closer on the scene from page twenty, panel 4. Susan held back as she tries to claw at the reserved Marsha.

SUSAN: There is nothing to tell!

2 – Close on Malcolm, always the peace keeper.

MALCOLM: So what's this about your dad? Why the rage?

[Note: Panels 3-5 need to all be on the same row. So that Marsha in panel 4 is looking at Susan in panel 6 with Terry in the middle— subtly indicating that this is all about him.]

3 – Close on Marsha. She looks to the right, towards Susan (off panel).

4 – Terry is on his hands and knees, in Marsha's office. He's in front of an open steel briefcase on the ground. Eureka! Found the gun. The office door into the lounge area is open.

TERRY: Found it! I knew I left it here.

5 – Close on Susan. She looks to the left, towards Marsha (off panel). Susan is pleading with her eyes. Please- don't- tell- my- secret.

6 – Wide panel. Terry walks back into the room. Marsha is one side, Susan on the other—Malcolm standing close to Susan. Marsha looks at Susan, but Susan has turned away. Terry walks into the middle of this. He proudly holds his handgun (the silencer on) with both hands as though presenting the gun to the group.

MARSHA: Susan's father is in jail. She didn't want anyone to know. That's what upset you.

SUSAN: Yeah, that's it.

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PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1 - Wide panel. Inside the Wilson house, at the front door (open) Teresa is affectionately saying good-bye to Greg. The wide front window is in the foreground.

TERESA: You shouldn't have come back.

GREG: I wanted to see if you were okay.

TERESA: I am. Now go.

2 - Same shot. Door closed. Teresa stands there for a moment, a little relieved.

3 - Same shot. Greg crashes through the front window. Glass flies everywhere. Teresa is startled.

4 - Same shot. Greg is lying on the ground, amidst the broken glass. Teresa stands there in shock.

TERESA: Greg! What happened?

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

1 - Closer on Teresa. There's a knock at the door. She looks at the door with a sense of dread.

SFX: Knock!
Knock!
Knock!

2 - Close on her hand reaching for the doorknob.

3 - She opens the door. Nothing could've prepared her for what she sees. We do not see who is at the door. We only see her reaction-- complete shock.

4 - Same panel. She brings her hand to cover her mouth in astonishment.

TERESA: What have you done?

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

1 - Teresa's POV, we see Rob. He has a vacant look in his eyes, all life drained from him and replaced with some passionless primal instinct. On Rob's shirt, light blood splatter, but nothing excessive. He holds Lujan's gun in his hand, more confidently now. He is a different person. The pushover is gone.

ROB: Am I supposed to say something?

2 - Rob walks into the room with the gun pressed against Teresa's chest. She stumbles backwards as he enters.

ROB: What do you want me to say?

3 - Teresa's stumbles backwards towards the ground, begging Rob who still has the gun leveled on her.

TERESA: Jeffrey is in the garage. He fixed your airplane. Please, not here, not in front of our son.

4 - Push closer on them. Rob, still vacant. He points the gun at Teresa.

ROB: Sit next to your boyfriend.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

1 - Teresa is now sitting next to Greg who is still lying in the glass next to the broken window, presumably unconscious. Rob sits in a chair next to them. He holds the gun with it resting between his legs. For the Freudian reader, the gun is a definite phallic symbol here-- although not too blatant.

2 - Rob's POV. Jeffrey walks into the living room. He is confused as to what's going on.

JEFFREY: Dad, what's wrong?

3 - Over the shoulder of Jeffrey, Rob sitting at the chair.

ROB: Jeffrey, go to our neighbor's, call 911. Okay?

4 - Exterior. Front of the house, Jeffrey is running next door.

5 - Interior. Rob looks at Teresa on the floor.

ROB: Happy? Jeffrey is no longer in the house.

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

1 – Sitting on the couch (from left to right) Malcolm, Susan, Terry, and Art. Bored and bummed out. Marsha, also looks worn out, is standing next to Simon who is still tied up. [Note: You don't need to show everyone in the room, but I wanted to give you a sense of where everyone is located.]

ART: We beat up a police officer, and now have him tied up. Any more bright ideas?

2 - Art pulls out his cell phone.

ART: If you don't mind, I'm going to call my kids and tell them that daddy's going to jail.

3 – Terry sitting on the couch. He holds his gun in the air.

TERRY: Uh, guys? I had an idea.

3 - Close up on the walkie-talkie.

DISPATCH: 10-78 to 1194, 823 Cordova. All units. Major crime alert, citizen holding wife hostage, possible others inside. Code 27. Code 27. Over.

4 - Close on Simon, tied up.

SIMON: 823 Cordova. That's Rob Wilson's house.

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

1 - Simon, tied up, looks to Marsha, pleading.

SIMON: Untie me! I can talk to Rob before he does anything stupid.

MARSHA: I think you're a little late.

2 - Simon pleads with Marsha.

SIMON: We're friends. I came here as a favor to him. I didn't even have an arrest warrant.

MARSHA: That's lovely. What were you hoping to do? Point your gun and shout until we wrote him an apology?

3 - Close on Simon, getting angry.

SIMON: You heard the dispatch. Rob's holding his wife hostage. He's been pushed too far.

4 - Malcolm with the remote control motions to the flat screen television. Marsha and Simon look over at Malcolm.

MALCOLM: And now, as seen on television.

5 – From behind the couch, over the heads of Art, Terry, Susan, and Malcolm sitting there, towards the flat screen TV on the far wall. On the TV, we might be able to barely make out the image of two news anchors at a news desk for CHANNEL 11, with the inset image of Rob Wilson (same mug shot used by Art Gellman in his presentation in issue one) in the top right corner— or something equivalent to that.

SUSAN: We can say we knew him before he became cool.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

1 - The news report. A reporter stands in front of a police car, and on the other side of the street is the Wilson household-- front window broken. Below her is the television news tagline, which reads: CHANNEL 11 BREAKING NEWS

TV (STEPHANIE): I'm Stephanie Lucia with Channel 11 news, bringing you live coverage of a hostage situation in Lakewood.

2 - Photo of Rob Wilson. Same mug shot used by Art Gellman in his presentation in issue one, with the tagline, which reads: ROBERT DEAN WILSON, SUSPECT

TV (STEPHANIE): Suspect is believed to be Robert Dean Wilson, an employee for the Dal-Mart corporate offices. Witnesses report his wife is being held captive, along with one other man. Their son escaped to safety, calling 911.

3 – Same as panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): Reports also allege Wilson may have been earlier involved in a fatal shooting in a nearby Latino

community. Police have made no official statement.

4 – Same as panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): Few minutes ago, we got footage of Wilson shouting to the police. From what you will see, he is armed and clearly dangerous.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

1 - News footage. Shot from the sidewalk. Rob shouts from his living room, standing in front of the large broken window. He's holding his gun in the air. The tagline now read: RECORDED EARLIER TODAY

You may want to find a more interesting way to letter the *BEEP*.

TV (ROB): Karma Incorporated can go *BEEP* itself. I know who you are. I know what you've done. I'm telling everyone!

2 – Same as page twenty eight, panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): At this time, we have no information on the company "Karma Incorporated". If they may be a rival to Dal-Mart is uncertain.

3 - Same as page twenty eight, panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): Channel 11 will stay with you throughout this dangerous situation with all the latest updates. Right now, we have a neighbor who says the suspect may have terrorist connections.

4 –A microphone is held towards one woman, the next door neighbor. She has big hair, large hoop earrings, gold chain necklace with a cross on it, a worried frazzled look on her face. This is a woman who has smoked too many cigarettes, drank too much coffee, took too much Metabolife, and has been to the tanning salon too many times. Tagline now reads: WHITNEY ROBERTS, NEIGHBOR

WHITNEY: I seen him. In his garage. Always working on this and that. Spends all his time in there. I wouldn't be surprised if he was making a bomb or something.

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PAGE THIRTY

1 - Wide panel. From the television's POV, the members of Karma Incorporated are sitting on the couch, watching the news. (From left to right) Simon is tied up in his chair now positioned next to the couch. Malcolm is sitting on the couch. Susan is next to him. Terry is next, then Art, with Marsha leaning against the right side of the couch. Marsha is not looking at the news report. She is deep in thought, very serious, conflicted.

SUSAN: Score.

2 - Marsha walks away from the group towards the front door.

3 - In the foreground, Marsha at the front door, beginning to open it. In the background, Terry on the couch calls out to Marsha.

TERRY: Marsha? Where are you going?

4 - Terry's POV. Marsha stands at the front door.

MARSHA: To save the day.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN CHAPTER THREE]

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KARMA INCORPORATED
PART THREE OF THREE

WRITTEN BY DAVID HOPKINS
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM KURZANSKI

PAGE ONE

1 - Wide panel. The year is 1979 on a college campus sidewalk. On the left side walking towards the right, a younger Marsha Elliot heads to her next class, moving cautiously. Two Kappa Psi sorority sisters Anne and Julia stand by, watching her, with mischievous smiles. Both have their hands behind their backs, hiding something. These two beautiful girls look like clones of each other-- with feathered-back hair (REFERENCE: http://www.featheredback.com/main.php), wearing super tight designer blue jeans and matching small Kappa Psi (KΨ) t-shirts, tucked into the blue jeans. COLOR NOTE: Kappa Psi's colors will be blue and gold.

Marsha is definitely not the same confident bitch we know and love. She's a little overweight (but not huge, just big enough to feel slightly insecure about it). Also, Marsha's nose is prior to plastic surgery.

NOTE: Since we have older Marsha looking a lot like Kim Novak's *Madeline* character from Vertigo, it might be interesting to have the younger Marsha look like Kim Novak's *Judy* character from the same film. Same hairstyle, same earrings, same dress. It may be tricky to show how different she is and still have the reader be able to identify her-- but we'll see.

CAPTION:	Twenty-five years ago
JULIA:	Hey Marsha!
ANNE:	Guess what? Your essay broke the curve in our class.

2 - Reserve angle. Julia and Anne are holding water balloons behind their backs. Center on the water balloons. Marsha has stopped to talk with them, still nervous and rambling like a dork.

JULIA:	You must be the smartest student here.
MARSHA:	I got a scholarship. They put my name in our hometown paper.

3 - Close on Marsha. Big dorky grin. She thinks she's found new friends.

MARSHA: Did you read Steven's paper on child custody? He pointed out a loophole in temporary custody. You see, in the case of parental kidnapping, the spouse is not guilty of misconduct--

4 - Close on Julia and Anne. They have a confused, raised-eyebrow look. What the hell is Marsha rambling about?

MARSHA (off panel): --based on the AAML's Standard of Conduct in Family Law Litigation, which forces the spouse who files the complaint to first seek divorce.

5 - Close on Marsha.

MARSHA: Crazy, huh?

In the gutter between panels 5 and 6.

SFX: SPLASH!

6 - Marsha drenched in water. The broken water balloons at her feet. She looks absolutely devastated. The two sisters walk away from her laughing.

JULIA: Geez, you're a little wet there.

ANNE: Yeah, how about you file *that* complaint?

PAGE TWO

1 - Est shot. Nighttime. Outside the Kappa Psi sorority house. A shadowy figure sneaks up to the doorstep with a small bag held in front of her.

2 - Close on Marsha holding a brown paper bag with poo in it. The bottom of the bag is stained and wet. The stench is overwhelming. Marsha is nauseated.

3 - Marsha places the bag on the welcome mat to the front door of the sorority house.

MARSHA: This is me, filing my complaint.

4 - Marsha uses a lighter to set fire to the top of the bag.

5 - Leaning forward, ready to bolt, Marsha pushes the doorbell.

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SFX: Ding-dong!

6 - Marsha hauls off, running away from the door and the stinky flaming poo-bag.

PAGE THREE

NOTE: All the reaction shots of Marsha hiding behind the bench should line up along the far left side, one directly above the next.

1 - Small panel. Marsha hides behind a bench, waiting and watching.

2 - A random sorority girl (not Julia or Marsha) has opened the door. She's wearing a large grandma nightgown, fuzzy slippers, and has curlers in her hair. The flaming poo-bag is on the welcome mat in front of her. She looks curiously at the bag.

GIRL: Hello?

Wha--?

3 - Same as panel 1. Marsha hiding, she grins a little. Anticipating.

4 - Random sorority girl freaks out and starts stomping on the bag to put out the fire.

GIRL: Ack!

SFX: Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

5 - Same as panel 1. Marsha looks concerned.

MARSHA: No.

6 - Random sorority girl is now trying to shake off the bag, which has stuck to her foot. She's in a panic.

PAGE FOUR

1 - Same as page three, panel 1. Marsha is mortified.

MARSHA: Oh god.

2 - Random sorority girl, now more panicked, is desperately trying to shake the bag off her foot. Part of her nightgown has caught fire.

3 - Same as page three, panel 1. Marsha is mortified.

4 - Random sorority girl is running back in the house.

GIRL: Sisters! Help!

5 - Reaction shot. Close on Marsha. Wide-eyed, jaw gaping, as she watches the sorority house go up in flames. (COLOR NOTE: If we're able to, it'd be cool to see the bright light of the flames shining on Marsha's face.)

6 - Marsha's POV. The sorority house is engulfed in flames. Fire trucks and an ambulance are at the scene. Several sorority girls in unflattering full length grandma nightgowns stand outside, hair in curlers, mud masks, etc.

PAGE FIVE

ONE PAGE SPREAD

A chaotic scene similar to the previous page. It's the Wilson neighborhood (http://antiherocomics.com/karma_inc/reference_photos/wilsonhouse-neighborhood.jpg) with police cars, police officers, an ambulance, road blocks, a few on-lookers, news media in front of the house with Marsha in the foreground walking towards the house.

CAPTION Present day

TITLE: KARMA INCORPORATED, part 3 of 3

CREDITS: written by David Hopkins
illustrated by Tom Kurzanski
colors by Marlena Hall

PAGE SIX

1 - Over the shoulder of two police officers keeping watch on the house toward Marsha who is entering the house.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Is that the negotiator we requested?

2 - Interior of the house. Marsha has entered into the house.

MARSHA: Hello? I hope you don't mind the intrusion. The door was unlocked.

3 - Closer on Marsha as she walks further into the house.

MARSHA: We wrecked your toy airplane. Don't you think this is a little extreme? Mr. Wilson?

4 - Close. Marsha turns to have a gun pointed in her face. She is still poker faced.

MARSHA: Oh. There you are.

5 - The crazed Rob with his two hostages sitting behind him-- Greg is badly injured and half-conscious; Teresa is catatonic, looking off blankly. Rob has the gun pointed at Marsha. (NOTE: If possible, there should be a glass-framed picture on the wall behind Marsha, and slightly off to one side. Doesn't matter what the picture is of. And we don't need to be able to see it in this panel; it's for page eleven.)

ROB: I'm tired of seeing you today.

MARSHA: You came by for a few minutes with your friend, and then ran off. Hardly any time to sit and chat.

PAGE SEVEN

1 - Rob turns his back to Marsha. Marsha stands there, poker faced.

ROB: It's all your fault.

MARSHA: We had nothing to do with the current situation. Your wife hired us to push you, but not this far.

2 - Rob gestures with his gun towards Teresa and Greg.

ROB: You made me look like a goddamn fool.

3 - Close on Marsha. The glass-framed picture behind her, slightly off to one side.

MARSHA: Mr. Wilson, this is probably not the best way to save your marriage.

4 - Marsha's POV. Rob, wild-eyed, has pointed the gun at Marsha again.

ROB: Stop talking!

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PAGE EIGHT

1 - Wide panel. Outside the house. On the left side are all the police cautiously waiting. Across the lawn on the right side is the house.

2 - Wide panel. Same scene. A gun shot rings out. All the police flinch or duck in response.

SFX (huge letters): BANG!

3 - Wide panel. Same scene. All is quiet. The police look up slowly from their crouched position. What just happened?

4 - Small panel. Reaction shot. Close on Police Officer #1. Looking around. Talking into his walkie-talkie excitedly.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Shot fired! There's been a shot fired!

5 - Small panel. Reaction shot. Close on Police Chief. Agitated.

POLICE CHIEF: Did anyone get a visual?

6 - Small panel. Reaction shot. A male EMT worker stands next to the ambulance, shouting.

EMT: What's going on?

7 - Small panel. Reaction shot. Close on reporter Stephanie Lucia. She's bewildered still crouching, looking around and holding her mic. Still reporting.

STEPHANIE: --a gunshot from within the house. Details are sketchy, but we know Wilson was armed--

PAGE NINE

1 - Close up on the gun in Rob's hand. The barrel is pointed downward.

2 - Pull back. Rob is sitting on the ground next to catatonic Teresa and half-conscious Greg. For the moment, Rob looks as though the energy has left him.

3 - Rob's POV. Reveal Marsha, still standing, still poker-faced. The glass-framed picture has a hole in it. The glass is shattered.

MARSHA: You missed.

4 - Quiet moment. Rob, Teresa, and Greg on the ground. Marsha leans against the wall. What to do?

PAGE TEN

1 - An almost exact replica of page thirty, panel 1 from issue two. Simon and Karma Incorporated watching TV, minus Marsha, obviously. Terry looks irritable.

SUSAN: You think he shot Marsha?

2 - Same shot. Terry, Art, and Malcolm turn toward Susan and glare at her.

SUSAN: You heard the reporter.

3 - Reverse angel. So we see over the couch towards the TV with Stephanie Lucia on it.

ART: Do you think she's married? I don't see a wedding ring.

4 - Terry, frustrated, stands up from the couch.

TERRY: Enough! We've got to get off our asses and help Marsha.

5 - Malcolm and Art stand up, but Susan stays put.

SUSAN: No way. She put herself in that situation. She can get herself out of it.

PAGE ELEVEN

1 - Wide panel. Art, Malcolm, and Terry staring at the stubborn Susan sitting on the couch.

2 - Wide panel. Same shot. The three of them grab her and attempt to carry her away from the couch. She fights back.

ART: Like it or not, you're helping out.

SUSAN: Hey! Hey! Let go of me.

MALCOLM: You'll thank us for this.

3 - On Susan being carried off by Terry and Art (off panel). Struggling and snarling her frustration, she shoves her hand in his face, clawing at him, trying to get him to let go.

SUSAN: Put-- me-- down!

TERRY: Not gonna happen.

4 - Wide panel. Terry has managed to get Susan in a full-nelson lock; Art has grabbed her legs. Susan is still struggling. They are leading her toward the front door. Malcolm stays by the couch, next to Simon tied up.

TERRY: Malcolm, stay and watch our friend here.

MALCOLM: Done.

SUSAN: Wait! Why can't I stay?!

5 - Malcolm alone with Simon. The two look at each other. Malcolm smirks. Simon looks a little uneasy.

6 - Malcolm places a hand on the shoulder of the wary Simon.

MALCOLM: Didn't you pull a gun on me earlier today?

PAGE TWELVE

1 - Similar page eleven, panel 4. Rob, Teresa, and Greg on the ground. Marsha sits in a chair next to them.

MARSHA: Teresa, you've been awfully quiet. Is there anything you'd like to add?

2 - Close on Teresa. Still catatonic-- in absolute shock from the situation.

3 - Marsha (dripping with sarcasm) turns to Rob.

MARSHA: I think she was trying to say, "Rob, I'm sorry I cheated on you. If you're patient, I'm sure we can work this out."

Is that what you want to hear?

4 - Rob looks away from Marsha. She's gotten to him.

ROB: All I've ever been is patient.

MARSHA: It's never our fault, is it?

PAGE THIRTEEN

1 - Marsha has turned from Rob; she calmly examines Teresa (still oblivious). Marsha places a gentle hand underneath Teresa's chin, lifting her head ever-so-slightly.

MARSHA: My husband and I divorced a few years ago. Should've seen it coming. I married the first person who showed interest in me.

2 - Same panel. Marsha, the stoic, looks back at Rob.

MARSHA: Unlike Teresa here, I never stopped loving my husband.

3 - Rob gets angry. Marsha gets vicious.

ROB: I never did anything wrong.

MARSHA: You're pathetic.

4 - In a fury, Rob pistol whips Marsha across the face. Her head snaps back from the fierce blow.

MARSHA: Ugghh!

5 - Marsha has fallen backwards against the wall, as Rob hits her again.

ROB: Say it again!

PAGE FOURTEEN

1 - Art behind the steering wheel of the RV. Susan is riding in the passenger with a laptop. Terry in the back.

ART: I admit it. I'm lost. Now, shut up!

2 - Susan gestures to the laptop.

SUSAN: We're supposed to be on Cordova. This is Valencia. You need to be one street over.

3 - Art is no longer watching the road. He turns his head to yell at Susan. She yells back.

ART: You told me to take the second right.

SUSAN: No, I told you it'd be the second street on the right.

ART: How is that not the same thing!?

SUSAN: If you'd pay attention--

4 - The RV bounces up over the curb, tearing through someone's front yard.

5 - Art, Susan, and Terry all wide-eyed. Oh shit.

(space permitting) 6 - Close on Art's foot slamming on the brakes.

7 - In the foreground, the RV (half in the yard, half in the street) has stopped. In the background, down the street is the media/police event in front of the Wilson house.

PAGE FIFTEEN

1 - Art looks like he had a heart attack. Susan is regaining composure.

SUSAN: Looks like we're here.

2 - Push closer on Susan. She raises a curious eyebrow. Susan sees something.

SUSAN: ?

3 - Small panel. Susan's POV. Rob's son Jeffrey, clearly upset, sits with a police officer on the curb. The police officer is trying to console the boy.

4 - Small panel. Extreme close-up on Susan's eye. Concentration.

5 - Small panel. Susan's POV. The remote control to the airplane.

6 - Small panel. Extreme close-up on Susan's eye. Eureka!

7 - Small panel. Susan's POV. Closer on Jeffrey.

8 - Terry is trying to see what Susan sees. Susan smiles. She's got it.

TERRY: What is it?

SUSAN: I've got an idea. Terry, I need you to check on something in the Wilson's garage.

PAGE SIXTEEN

1 - Back at Karma Incorporated HQ. Malcolm sits in comfortably on the couch. Malcolm holds in his hand, his check book and a pen. Malcolm faces Simon who is still tied to his chair. FYI: There's a magazine on the coffee table, which we may not be able to see right now. It'll come up in a few panels.

MALCOLM: We’re at a standstill. If your superiors discover you’ve been waving your gun around as a favor to a friend, you’re in as much trouble as we are.

2 - Simon growls at Malcolm. Malcolm isn’t even looking at Simon anymore. He’s opened his check book, and is writing in it.

SIMON: Doubtful.

MALCOLM: Police officers don't make a lot of money?

3 - Malcolm tears the check from his checkbook.

MALCOLM: A few years ago, I scored big. Internet business. The right place, right time with the right skills.

4 - Close on Malcolm's hand picking up the magazine.

5 - Malcolm, smiling, holds up a magazine next to his face. The magazine is titled MONEY TALKS. Malcolm is on the front cover, sporting an almost identical smile. The tag line reads: EXCLUSIVE! THE SECRET LIFE OF MILLIONAIRE MALCOLM HUGHES

MALCOLM: I'm worth millions.

6 - High angle. Malcolm gestures with magazine towards the check laying on the coffee table. Simon is indignant.

MALCOLM: I've written a personal check. It has your name on it.

SIMON: Are you bribing me?

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1 - Malcolm puts in the check right in front of Simon, so he can see it. Simon is silenced and stunned by the amount (which we don't see).

MALCOLM: No, I'm buying you. How would you like to be our inside man with the police department?

SIMON: Uh... wow.

2 - Same as previous.

MALCOLM: Would you like to move out of your mother's house?

SIMON: Yep.

3 - Same as previous.

MALCOLM: Is it safe to say Karma Incorporated has a new friend on the police force?

SIMON: Yep.

4 - Malcolm stands up. Well pleased. Simon is still frozen by the surprise.

MALCOLM: All forgive and forget?

SIMON: Yep.

5 - Malcolm pats Simon on the head.

MALCOLM: Alright then, let me untie you.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1 - Inside the Wilson house, close on Marsha. She's been badly beaten. Her hair is also messed up. All the same, Marsha is holding it together.

MARSHA: You're still pathetic.

2 - Pull back. Rob hits Marsha across the face again with his gun.

ROB: Do you want me to kill you? Is that it?

3 - Rob is practically on top of Marsha. He has her pinned down awkwardly against wall and floor. He's choking her with the hand not possessing the gun. She struggles to get up and fight back.

ROB: I'm not the bad guy.

4 - Susan positioned in the back of the RV with a headset on, and the infamous remote controller in hand.

SUSAN: You find anything?

5 - Terry, inside the Wilson's garage, stands next to the model airplane on the workbench. He's talking into his wristwatch.

TERRY: I certainly did.

PAGE NINETEEN

1 - Close on Marsha. She is pissed off, clinched teeth. Rob's hand still at Marsha's throat.

MARSHA: Do you remember Terry? He's a professional hit man. I swear to god, if you don't let go of me, you won't live another week.

2 - The life and death struggle between Rob and Marsha.

ROB: I don't plan for any of us to live another hour.

3 - Terry, in the garage, the airplane at his feet. He's talking into the wristwatch.

TERRY: Everything is set. Ready when you are.

4 - Susan, in the RV, with her remote control.

SUSAN: Let's hope it flies.

4 - Marsha is clawing at Rob's face for dear life.

PAGE TWENTY

1 - The airplane flies out from the garage. The garage door is halfway open.

2 - Close as possible on the struggling Marsha and Rob. He's lodged his gun down Marsha's throat.

ROB: This time I won't miss.

3 - Extreme close up on Marsha's face. There's panic in her eyes. A tear begins to fall.

4 - Close on the model plane, high in the air, as it takes a sudden dive. Reminiscent, if not identical to issue one, page twenty, panel 4.

5 - The airplane flies directly over the police officers outside, towards the house and the open window.

6 - Inside the house, Rob on top of Marsha. (The gun-in-the-mouth is such a crude, violent image-- let's have it out in this panel, as though in the moment, Rob forgot what he was doing.) He has paused and looks curiously, directly at the reader.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1 - Half page. Crash! That bastard gets what's coming to him! The plane smashes, a direct hit, into Rob's face. He is knocked backwards. However you draw it, it needs to look incredibly painful.

2 - In the RV, Susan and Art hug each other in celebration. Overjoyed.

SUSAN: I did it! I rule!

3 - The moment ends quickly. Susan has a sour look on her face. Art is touching her.

4 - Susan, irritated, pushes Art onto his ass.

SUSAN: Don't touch me!

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1 - At Karma HQ, from the television's POV. Malcolm and Simon (now untied and holding the remote) sit on the couch, like long-time friends, watching TV. Simon is confused. Malcolm is slightly amused.

SIMON: A model airplane flew into the house?

MALCOLM: I've got it on TiVO.

2 - Police chief. Thoroughly confused.

POLICE CHIEF: What the hell?

3 - Police officers with guns drawn enter cautiously through the front door.

4 - The officers stand over Rob.

POLICE OFFICER #2: This wasn't too hard.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Nope.

5 - Police Officer #2 looks over at Police Officer #1.

POLICE OFFICER #2: Where's the negotiator that came in here?

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

1 - The door of the back porch (NOTE: There are reference photos of the back porch--http://www.antiherocomics.com/karma_inc/photos.html)

2 - Same shot. The door opens slightly; a war-torn Marsha emerges.

3 - Pull back. Terry is standing on the porch with gun drawn. Marsha stands on the porch, in front of him, bewildered from the previous events.

TERRY: Crazy stunt. Did it go according to plan?

MARSHA: More or less.

4 - Marsha and Terry stand there. Marsha is on the verge of breakdown.

TERRY: I was coming to save you.

MARSHA: Thanks.

TERRY: We should probably disappear.

5 - Marsha collapses into Terry's arms. Her nerves finally unraveled. She's crying.

6 - Close on Terry holding the sobbing Marsha.

TERRY: It's okay now.

7 - On the back porch. Terry holds Marsha.

TERRY: It's going to be all right.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

1 - Est. exterior shot of "New Amsterdam", a bar in Dallas (reference photos coming soon). Nighttime.

CAPTION: Epilogue

2 - Est. interior shot of the bar. Marsha sits alone in the corner, an empty martini glass, a small wade of dollar bills, and a bar tab in front of her. Marsha's drunk, badly bruised and swollen from the day's previous events. She stares at the wad of bills. Too drunk to make sense of how to pay her tab.

3 - On Marsha, some guy is now standing next to her table. The panel cuts off his head. While we don't know who it is yet, he's nicely dressed, clean cut.

PHILLIP: Marsha, right?

4 - Marsha's POV. Looking up. It's Phillip from issue one, pages one through five. He's looking much better. He's smiling and happy to see her.

PHILLIP: Remember me? From the bus stop.

5 - Phillip's POV. Marsha is too drunk to think clearly.

MARSHA: Damn.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

1 - Phillip sits next to the delirious Marsha (who's speaking more to herself than Phillip).

PHILLIP: Are you all right?

MARSHA: I'm surviving.

2 - Phillip holds up the bill, looking at it. Whoa.

PHILLIP: You spent over fifty dollars on martinis.

MARSHA: Damn.

3 - Marsha looks away from Phillip, not want to get too personal.

PHILLIP: You know, I was having a really bad day when we first met. I'm not usually neurotic.

MARSHA: I specialize in bad days.

4 - Phillip trying to console. Marsha is poking the empty martini glass with her finger.

PHILLIP: And some are worse than others.

MARSHA: True.

5 - Close on Phillip. He’s reflecting back on that day.

PHILLIP: Some are worse than others. Yeah.

My best friend from college died almost a year ago. That day was the worst.

6 - Close on Marsha. This got her attention.

MARSHA: What happened?

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

1 - Close on Phillip and Marsha. Marsha listens intently.

PHILLIP: Heart attack. He was only thirty-five years old. Left a wife and daughter behind.

Car trouble? Getting locked out of your house? Being late for work? That's nothing to losing someone you love.

2 - Phillip's POV. A beat. Marsha is deep in thought, concentrating on something important. The wheels are turning.

3 - Phillip's POV. Another beat. Marsha turns her head ever so slightly from Phillip gaze. Her face softens. That mouth which always stays so firmly closed when in concentration, openly slightly. She's having moment of enlightenment.

4 - Phillip's POV. On Marsha, a moment of genuine compassion, she empathizes with Phillip's pain.

MARSHA: You're right. You're so right.

5 - Marsha, frustrated at herself. Phillips now listens to Marsha's barroom confessional.

MARSHA: When I was in college, I had no friends. Ever.

6 - Close on Marsha. Not looking towards Phillip (off panel anyways), more talking to herself.

MARSHA: My freshman year, there were these sorority girls. For weeks they pretended to be my friend, then one day, they pelted me with water balloons. I mean, water balloons? How childish is that?

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

1- Phillip puts a comforting hand on Marsha.

MARSHA: I went to my dorm room and cried for hours. I was angry. I wanted them to pay.

PHILLIP: What did you do?

MARSHA: Eventually, I became a lawyer.

2 – On Marsha, explaining her story.

MARSHA: That worked for a few years. Then after my divorce, I switched jobs. Started my own company.

3 - Marsha looks towards Phillip. Marsha is amused by the sad irony.

MARSHA: What a mess. Every single person I work with has had a divorce... or two.

What's our problem?

4 - Phillip puts his hand on Marsha's shoulder. Marsha raises her empty glass a few inches off the table as a gesture. Smiles warmly. A real smile, not those smirks that have become part of her trademark.

PHILLIP: Things will get better. Trust me. Here. Let me drive you home.

MARSHA: Thanks. I'd like that.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

1 - Est. shot. Exterior of the Karma Incorporated warehouse. Morning. Terry is having a smoke.

2 - Susan walks up to Terry.

SUSAN: Hey.

3 - Susan stands a few feet from Terry, who is calmly enjoying his cigarette.

TERRY: Got a call from Marsha this morning. She's coming back.

SUSAN: I thought she was closing us down.

4 - Closer on Terry.

TERRY: She told me she had a moment of inspiration last night.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

1 - Quiet, awkward silence between the two. Both look at the ground.

2 - Same shot. Susan looks away, about to make an excuse to leave.

3 - Terry breaks the silence.

TERRY: You remind me of a woman I once met, before your time, while working in Paris.

SUSAN: Yes?

4 - Close on Terry. He looks intently at her (off panel).

TERRY: Peut-être je ne suis pas le seul avec quelque chose de cacher?

5 - Susan. Embarrassed. He knows!

SUSAN: De temps en temps, j'ai le sens que je suis deux personnes différentes.

6 - A still moment. There's a mutual understanding. The two stand outside the warehouse.

TERRY: Interesting.

PAGE THIRTY

1 - Scene almost identical to issue one, page six, panel 3. Everyone sits at his or her spot on the couch, including Marsha. Art stands in front of the projector screen with a new target being shown. It'd be fun to have it be Marlena's husband, Ben. I'm sure Marlena can provide some good reference shots, if not there's a few on my website.

ART: This is a bad idea. His house is secured with some fancy computer surveillance. No simple breaking and entering.

2 - Susan sitting next to Malcolm on the couch.

SUSAN: Malcolm and I can take care of it.

MALCOLM: What did this guy do to gain our attention?

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3 - Art looks at his cluttered notebook.

ART: He poisoned his neighbor's dog.

4 - Marsha sits on the couch, arms crossed. Listening.

MALCOLM (off panel): Maybe the dog had it coming?

SUSAN (off panel): What's your deal with dogs?

MALCOLM (off panel): Bad memories.

5 - Move closer on Marsha. Ready to get back to business.

MARSHA: Let's get him.

[END]