



## **CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)**

**METEORMAN (APPEARANCE 35, ACTUAL 100)** - An obvious parody of Superman. Should very closely resemble the DC Comics character but with some slight modifications. It is most important to keep the iconic hair curl and cape for recognition, but other elements could be altered. Chest emblem should be some sort of stylized 'M' to symbolize the character's name.

**UFO-BOT (N/A)** - A very generic 1940s/1950s science-fiction villain. Age unknown. I had pictured a bald alien with a glass helmet and a clunky robot body. Should look fairly weak and pathetic.

**SNAP SULLIVAN, YOUNG (15)** - A parody of Jimmy Olson. Typical 1950s kid reporter character. He should have the look of a typical well-groomed young man from that time period. He always has a big press camera on him, and wears a vest, collared shirt and bow-tie.

**SNAP SULLIVAN, OLD (85)** - Typical friendly old man. Wears the same outfit he did as a kid, minus the camera. Balding. Might walk with a cane.

**DMITRI PAPADOPOLOUS (55)** - A heavysset greaseball of indiscernible racial heritage. Mostly bald, thick eyebrows, hairy arms and crazed bulging eyeballs.

**SUPERKILLER / SAM KING (25)** - Our hero. Actual age unknown. In this issue he has just been assaulted by Meteorman, so his suit is a bit torn and stained with blood, hair out of place, etc.

**REBECCA ROMERO / BECK (25)** - Our sidekick. In this issue she's wearing a typical diner waitress outfit (short skirt, apron, paper hat). Not an overly sexualized outfit, just kind of simple / mundane.

**ARTEMIS / ARTIE (N/A)** - A helpful little holographic sidekick. Artificial Electronic Mission Information System.

**UNKNOWN FEMALE AGENT (25)** - Another multiverse agent like Sam, who bears a slight resemblance to Beck. Has her own stereotypical "superhero" suit. Appears for only one page but will be an important character later.



## **INTERIOR CREDITS**

SUPERKILLER #1

First Edition

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## **Page 1**

### **NOTE:**

This entire page should be done up as a page from a Golden Age Comic Book (screentones, old fashioned artwork, etc).

### **PANEL 1**

#### **INT. SECRET BASE - DAY**

The fiendish villain UFO-BOT stands at a computer control panel, his eyes wide with surprise as his evil deeds are interrupted by the arrival of the mighty hero METEORMAN. The hero's flying punch has easily broken through the rock wall of UFO-Bot's secret base, bits of brick and debris still filling the air. Meteorman flies through the hole his punch has created, his arm outstretched in a classic Superman flying pose.

METEORMAN:

Looks like the jig is up, UFO-Bot!

UFO-BOT:

Meteorman?! But that radioactive meteorite should have disabled your powers!

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman delivers a mighty punch to the fiend, smashing his glass helmet. UFO-Bot recoils in pain.

METEORMAN:

Well fiend, you were right about my weakness to Green Meteorium...

UFO-BOT:

Ow!

### **PANEL 3**

#### **FLASHBACK**

#### **INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - WINDOWLESS**

Meteorman is being kept hostage, a glowing green meteorite crystal sapping his powers and causing him to grimace in pain. Kid reporter Snap Sullivan looks shocked as he frantically works to free Meteorman from the evil device.

Use your judgment for how to best show this. The crystal might be powering some sort of torture device, it could be suspended in a test

chamber tube that Meteorman is shackled to, it could be embedded in some sort of device he's being forced to wear (helmet, chestpiece, etc). Whatever is most visually interesting and fits this Golden Age comic ascetic.

METEORMAN (NARRATION):

Thankfully, my signal watch sent out a distress call to my super-pal: kid reporter Snap Sullivan! He was the one who freed me from your tricky torture trap!

#### **PANEL 4**

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. SECRET BASE - DAY

Snap Sullivan holds up his camera to take a picture of Meteorman's victory. The hero jokingly humiliates UFO-Bot for the photo, perhaps grabbing him in a headlock or using the robot's face as a stepping stone as he strikes a heroic pose.

SNAP:

Alright you two, smile for the camera!

METEORMAN:

Well UFO-Bot! I may have foiled your evil plan, but it looks like you'll still be making the front page!

UFO-BOT:

Curses! How could you fools have bested me again!?

#### **PANEL 5**

Meteorman winks at the comic reader.

METEORMAN:

Sorry fiend! But your cold mechanical heart could never understand the power of close male friendship!

## **PAGE 2**

### **PANEL 1**

INT. DINER - DAY

Small inset corner panel. A comic book sits on a diner counter, the pages open to reveal the entirety of the previous page was actually a page from an in-world Meteorman comic book. A female hand holds the pages open.

BECK (O.S.):  
Wow...

### **PANEL 2**



Full page shot. We meet our heroine: **REBECCA ROMANO**, aka **BECK**.

This is our first-ever shot of our heroine, make it count! She is a bit of a nerd, the kind of girl to throw on a gaming headset and play some League of Legends rather than hit the mall / club. But despite her tomboyish attitude, she is an understated beauty, with dark lashes, full lips and cascading brown hair.

She wears a stereotypical waitress's outfit (see reference above).

Beck looks down at the open comic book on the counter, appearing bored. One hand holds the comic open, while she rests her chin on the other. Her name tag clearly reads "BECK."

Behind her are the expected accessories of a diner: microwave, condiment bottles, coffee machine. Whatever feels right.

BECK:

Were comic books always this bad?



## **PAGE 3**

### **PANEL 1**

Beck holds the Meteorman comic open to a full page shot of the hero himself. A large banner declares "50 YEARS OF SAVING OUR WORLD." A small starburst bubble advertises a contest: "MEET THE REAL METEORMAN!"

BECK:

50th anniversary of Meteorman, huh? Hard to believe that alien doofus has been around that long.

### **PANEL 2**

Long shot revealing more of the diner surroundings. Beck continues flipping pages.

BECK:

Hard to believe the mainstream comic press is so out of ideas that they've resorted to republishing this golden age trash.

### **PANEL 3**

As Beck reads, a mysterious, hairy man in a stained apron suddenly appears behind her.

BECK:

But it's not like the small press scene is doing any better. Seems like every new indie comic is just another prepubescent dudebro fantasy. Nothing but lazy hyperviolence and flimsy excuses to get the female characters naked.

### **PANEL 4**

Same shot as previous, but the mysterious figure is now revealed as diner owner DMITRI. He is bent over, with his face right behind Beck's. He glares at the back of her head with his crazy eyes, a vein in his forehead bulging.

BECK:

Honestly though, the whole superhero genre is so stale. I wish one of these writers would have the balls to try doing something original...

### **PANEL 5**

Same shot as previous, but Dmitri is now screaming at Beck. The noise causes her to jolt forward in surprise, knocking the comic off the counter.

DMITRI:

Beck!

BECK:

Jesus Christ!

## **PAGE 4**

### **PANEL 1**

Dimtri wags his finger in Beck's face. He appears crazed, teeth grit in a smile but with his eyebrows twitching and forehead vein bulging. Beck puts up her hands defensively in response to his finger wagging.

DMITRI:

Now Beck, Dmitri Papadopolous knows you are not reading the funny books again, yes?

BECK:

Of course not, sir!

### **PANEL 2**

Dmitri continues his hypothetical lecturing. (Anime sweat bulb on Beck?)

DMITRI:

Because Dmitri Papadopoulos do not pay sad waitress girl great American sum of \$2.13 an hour to read the funny books, yes!?

BECK:

Absolutely not, sir!

### **PANEL 3**

Dmitri holds up his hands in pained anguish. Beck sighs and looks annoyed, like she's dealt with his abusive lectures too many times before. The background is a wide exterior shot of the diner, with Dmitri and Beck appearing like cut out cardboard figures pasted atop it.

DMITRI:

Dmitri Papadopoulos, who so kindly give job to sad, pathetic, no college, no skill waitress girl! Surely she would not betray Dmitri trust by reading the funny books during much important dinner shift!

BECK:

Sigh... no, sir.

### **PANEL 4**

Dmitri again points his finger at Beck. She is defeated and exhausted.

DMITRI:  
Sad girl is sure?

BECK:  
I'm sure, sir.

**PANEL 5**

Same shot as previous, but Dmitri now abruptly walks past Beck towards the cash register. Beck's position and expression remains unchanged.

DMITRI:  
Good. Sad girl is now in charge of restaurant.

BECK:  
Yes, sir.

**PANEL 6**

Same shot as previous, but Beck swivels her head in the direction Dmitri has exited, shocked.

BECK:  
Wait, what?!

## **PAGE 5**

### **PANEL 1**

Dmitri, now excited, eagerly begins pulling fistfuls of cash from the register. Beck looks concerned.

DMITRI:

Club of gentleman have new oriental girl with soft skin of lamb.  
Dmitiri must leave, for tonight he make this girl into a woman!

BECK:

But I can't run the restaurant! I don't even know how to cook!

### **PANEL 2**

Dmitri's excitement is quickly broken by his reminder of Beck's incompetence. He looks annoyed.

DMITRI:

Yes, Dmitri is aware that sad waitress girl lack basic woman skill of the cooking of the food.

### **PANEL 3**

Dmitri points at the microwave.

DMITRI:

Thankfully, great man invent glorious radiation oven for lazy woman like you!

### **PANEL 4**

Interior of the diner's kitchen: prep table, grill, ovens, fry baskets, fridge. Rotting food lies scattered about, surrounded by buzzing flies (rats?).

DMITRI (O.S.):

Kitchen have plenty of food. Just nuke and serve to customer.

### **PANEL 5**

A large pot of clam chowder is seen, its chunky contents visible.

DMITRI (O.S.):

And try to upsell clam chowder. It has begun to turn to regrettable color of green.

## **PAGE 6**

### **PANEL 1**

Dmitri eagerly throws on his coat and heads for the door. Beck tries in vain to stop him.

DMITRI:

And now, Dmitri have important date with Miss Sooki Sucksmoore! Wish luck to Dmitri and his soon-to-be-bride!

BECK:

But, wait!

### **PANEL 2**

The diner door slams shut as Dmitri exits.

DMITRI (O.S.):

And remember, no funny books!

### **PANEL 3**

Beck angrily leaves her spot behind the counter.

BECK:

Ugh, what an asshole.

### **PANEL 4**

Beck bends over, picking her comic book off the diner floor.

BECK:

I'd pray for that bastard to die from some strain of super AIDS, but then I guess I'd be out of a job.

### **PANEL 5**

Beck frowns, brushing dirt off the cover of the comic.

BECK:

Sigh... but maybe he's right. Why do I even read these stupid things?

## **PAGE 7**

### **PANEL 1**

FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A generic Batman-looking superhero punches out a robber. In the background Beck (6) watches excitedly, her eyes lit up as she holds onto an unseen adult's hand.

BECK (NARRATION):

When I was a kid, supers seemed so cool.

### **PANEL 2**

FLASHBACK

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Beck (8) stands proudly atop a playground slide, wearing a makeshift Batman-esque mask and cape. Other kids look on, excited. One is in awe. Another cheers.

BECK (NARRATION):

All I ever wanted was to be one of them. Everyone told me I was crazy, but I thought that if I wanted it bad enough, it would just happen.

### **PANEL 3**

FLASHBACK

EXT. POND - DAY



Beck (10) howls in cartoonish pain, frantically waving her arm in the air. Attached to her arm is a rabid mutant raccoon, its teeth sunk into her flesh. In the background we see a nuclear reactor. A sewer pipe leaks a torrent of radioactive fluid into the disgusting pond.

(Simpsons Reference - Show Blinky the fish jumping out of the pond in the background).

BECK (NARRATION):

I even let all the neighborhood animals bite me, hoping I might inherit some sort of mutant abilities.

**PANEL 4**

FLASHBACK

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Beck (16) wearing the same Batgirl-esque outfit from when she was a kid, but she now looks dejected and embarrassed. Two pairs of her teenaged peers walk past on a date. They laugh as they pass, one of them turning her head to look at Beck and make it clear she's the one they are laughing at. (Maybe she's still standing atop the slide?)

BECK (NARRATION):

But I guess at some point you have to learn to grow up and accept reality.

**PANEL 5**

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - DAY



Beck (current age), a scene from her disheveled NEET lifestyle. Empty food containers and dirty laundry are scattered around, a cheap fan circulating air. Everywhere are haphazard piles of comic books, manga and video games. Posters of superheroes adorn the wall. She eats from a bowl of cereal, watching old cartoons and looking bored. Fanservice, how about she's just wearing a wifebeater and panties?



BECK (NARRATION):

At some point you've gotta accept that the life you thought you were destined for was just the stupid fantasy of an 8-year-old girl high on sugary cereal and cartoon slogans.

TELEVISION:

Remember kids, a real hero always makes sure their home has a working radon test kit!

BECK:

Remember kids, a real hero always makes sure their home has a working radon test kit.

## **PAGE 8**

### **PANEL 1**

RETURN TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Beck looks down at the comic in disdain. Meteorman poses majestically. The title: "METEORMAN: EARTH'S GREATEST HERO."

BECK:

I've been waiting my whole life for something to happen. And look where it brought me.

### **PANEL 2**

Beck is reflected in the comic's glossy cover.

BECK:

God, I'm such an idiot.

### **PANEL 3**

Small panel. Close up of the bell above the diner door ringing.

SFX:

Ding-a-ling!

### **PANEL 4**

Beck stands up, putting on an enthusiastic front as she greets the arriving customer.

BECK:

Welcome to Dmitri's!

### **PANEL 5**

Same shot as previous, but her face slips to a look of shock and concern.

BECK:

Uh, how many in your party?

## **PAGE 9**

### **PANEL 1**

The arrival of **SAM KING** aka **SUPERKILLER**. Again, this is the exciting first appearance of our hero. Make this one count!

Sam is a moderately attractive twenty-something, his unkempt medium-length hair threatening to obscure his sharp red eyes. The image of a moody young indie rocker forced into a stupid spandex supersuit.

He is breathing heavy, sweating, one hand bracing his weight against the door as he threatens to topple over. The other hand grips his newly-broken ribs. His suit is ripped and torn, spotted with blood. Yet he is surprisingly calm, as if he's been through this a million times before.

### **PANEL 2**

Small close up of Sam's face. (Though it's possible this bit of dialogue could simply accompany the main one-page panel. I just wanted to give it a beat.)

SAM:

Just me.

## **Page 10**

### **PANEL 1**

EXT. DINER - DAY

Establishing shot of the diner (to indicate time passing).

### **PANEL 2**

INT. DINER - DAY

Sam sits at the counter. A bowl of clam chowder sits in front of him. Beck places a chocolate milkshake beside it.

BECK:  
There we go...

### **PANEL 3**

Close up of the food as it's placed down.

BECK:  
One bowl of clam chowder, and one chocolate milkshake.

### **PANEL 4**

Sam sips the milkshake as Beck looks on.

SFX:  
SLURP

BECK:  
Well, how is it?

### **PANEL 5**

Sam is pleased. Beck is excited (pumps fist in air?).

SAM:  
It's perfect.

BECK:  
Alright! Nailed it!

### **PANEL 6**

Sam passes out on the counter, slamming his head into it as he falls. Beck looks comically concerned (anime sweat drop?).

SFX:  
WHAM!

BECK:  
Dear god, I've poisoned another one

## **Page 11**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam regains consciousness, gripping his head in pain.

SAM:

No, it's not your fault. I think I just have a mild concussion.

BECK:

Ah. Well that's reassuring.

### **PANEL 2**

Continued conversation.

BECK:

So mysterious bleeding stranger, you got a name?

SAM:

It's Sam.

BECK:

Nice to meet you. My name's Rebecca, but everyone calls me Beck.

SAM:

Mmm.

### **PANEL 3**

Beck grabs a bucket and mop from behind the counter.

BECK:

So which team are you with? The Southtown Smashers? Bravo Brigade?

SAM:

I have no idea what those are.

### **PANEL 3**

Continued conversation. Sam shakes his head in response to Beck's questions. (Vertical panel?)

BECK:

They're the local super squads. Bravo Brigade comes in for coffee every now and again. Shitty tipppers.

SAM:

Oh no, I'm not a superhero.

BECK:

So just a fanboy then?

SAM:

Not exactly.

**PANEL 4**

Beck leans on the mop, now standing in the entrance to the diner, looking at Sam. Sam remains faced towards the counter.

BECK:

Well, Sam. While I mop up all this blood you dragged in here, maybe you can tell me what the hell happened to you.

SAM:

It's not that complicated. I got in a fight.

BECK:

With what, a semi-truck? (Come up with a less cliché line.)

**PANEL 5**

Sam points offscreen at the counter. Beck's eyes follow.

SAM:

With him.

**PANEL 6**

Closeup of the Meteorman comic cover.

BECK (O.S.):

Meteorman!?

## **Page 12**

### **PANEL 1**

Continued conversation. Sam remains cool, Beck is still shocked.

SAM:

Yeah. That guy kicks like a mule. Pretty sure he broke a few ribs.

BECK:

But how did you end up in a fight with Meteorman?!

### **PANEL 2**

Close up one shot of Beck. She gasps in realization, her eyes wide.

BECK:

Gasp!

### **PANEL 3**

Beck points at Sam, still shocked. Sam shrugs.

BECK:

Wait, are you a supervillain?!

SAM:

I don't like to put labels on things... but some people might call me that.

### **PANEL 4**

Continued conversation.

SAM:

Really though, it's just a job. My employers give me a target, and I take care of them.

BECK:

Take care of them how?

### **PANEL 5**

One shot of Sam. He puts his fingers to his head like a gun, rolls his eyes back in his skull and sticks out his tongue.

SAM:

Bang.





## **Page 13**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam takes out his gun and lays it on the counter.

SAM:

Unfortunately, regular guns are useless against most of these guys. Thankfully I have this super special space gun.

### **PANEL 2**

Sam holds up the gun, looking down the barrel towards the camera.

SAM:

It's an energy weapon. Holds up to three shots at a time.

### **PANEL 3**

FLASHBACK

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Sam opens fire on a superhero, blasting a huge hole in the guy. This is our first chance to show some of the gore of this universe, so make it bloody!

SAM (NARRATION):

Most heroes go down in one shot. Big guys, supermen, they take two.

### **PANEL 4**

FLASHBACK

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Low-angle shot. Sam aims his gun down at the superhero, preparing for a second shot. The hero is unseen except for a bloody silhouetted hand reaching up towards Sam.

BECK:

What about the third shot?

SAM:

I've never met anybody who could survive the first two.

### **PANEL 5**

Sam makes the kill shot. (Possibly just a black panel with sound effect?)

SFX:  
BANG!

## **Page 14**

### **PANEL 1**

RETURN TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Beck picks up the gun. Sam looks panicked.

BECK:

You really kill supers with this tiny thing?

### **PANEL 2**

Beck aims the gun, looking down the barrel with a smile. Tiny panel.

BECK:

It looks like a toy.

### **PANEL 3**

Sam quickly swipes the gun away. Beck looks disappointed.

SAM:

Give me that!

BECK:

Aww...

### **PANEL 4**

Continued conversation.

BECK:

So you're telling me you don't have any powers or special abilities?  
You just go around shooting heroes in the head with a ray gun?

SAM:

I wish it was that easy.

### **PANEL 5**

CUTAWAY:

EXT. BRICK WAREHOUSE - DAY

A nimble hero like Green Arrow effortlessly diving through a volley of bullets fired by anonymous mobsters.

SAM:

These guys have been dodging bullets their entire careers. It's like they have a sixth sense specifically devoted to not getting shot.

**PANEL 6**

RETURN TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

SAM:

If you want to shoot a super, you can't just start firing wildly. You need some sort of plan.

**PANEL 7**

Sam sips his milkshake. Beck is shocked once more.

SAM:

That's why I robbed the city bank.

BECK:

Wait, what?!

## **Page 15**

### **PANEL 1**

FLASHBACK

EXT. BANK - DAY

Establishing shot of a typical big city bank. A sash on the building advertises "TD UNITED AMERIBANK - THE ONLY BANK PROTECTED BY METEORMAN!" Sam is entering through the main doors.

SAM (O.S.):

See, Meteorman has a big sponsorship deal with the bank. If anyone tries to rob the place, he's contractually obligated to come deal with it personally. I guess your universe doesn't have FDIC insurance.

BECK (O.S.):

My universe?

SAM (O.S.):

Never mind.

### **PANEL 2**

INT. BANK - DAY

Typical female bank teller stands behind security bars.

TELLER:

Next!

### **PANEL 2**

Sam steps up to the counter. The teller looks annoyed. Sam points at his mask.

TELLER:

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to remove your mask.

SAM:

Oh this? Sorry, it doesn't come off.

### **PANEL 3**

Teller is more annoyed (raises her glasses?)

TELLER:

What do you mean it doesn't come off?

SAM:

It just doesn't come off, okay? It's like... permanently bonded to my skin.

**PANEL 4**

A heavysset bank manager in a suit appears behind the teller.

TELLER:

Sir, if you can't take off your mask I'm going to need you to leave.

MANAGER:

What's the problem here? Why is this man wearing a mask?

**PANEL 5**

The three continue arguing. Sam tugs on his cheek, comically stretching it out. He is becoming irate.

TELLER:

He says it doesn't come off.

SAM:

I'm not lying! It literally doesn't come off! See?!

MANAGER:

Sir, I'm going to need you to either remove that mask or exit the premises.

**PANEL 6**

One shot of Sam, angrily pointing offscreen at the teller.

SAM:

Listen here, you morons. I'm just trying to-

**PANEL 7**

(Same shot as previous) One shot of Sam, having a sudden epiphany.

SAM:

Wait, why am I wasting my time arguing about this?

**PANEL 8**

Sam fires a pistol (not his space gun) into the air. The teller and manager react in fear.

SAM:  
This is a robbery!

TELLER:  
Eek!

SFX:  
BANG!

## **Page 16**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam aims the gun at the bank patrons, his back to the Teller.

SAM:  
Alright, put the money in the bag and nobody gets hurt!

### **PANEL 2**

Same shot as before, but Sam's head is now turned slightly, to better hear the Teller. He seems confused.

TELLER:  
What bag!?

SAM  
What? Just put the money in the bag! Don't you guys have bags here?!

### **PANEL 3**

Sam in the foreground, yelling angrily. Behind him the Teller and Manager are entirely casual about the situation.

MANAGER:  
Well we do have bags. But the way you're phrasing it makes it sound like you would be providing your own bag.

TELLER:  
Right. "Put the money in **the** bag" would imply that a particular bag has already been designated.

SAM:  
Will you two shut up and just put some amount of money in any sort of bag you can find!

### **PANEL 4**



The Teller and Manager look at each other.

MANAGER:

Rude.

TELLER:

Super rude.

**PANEL 5**

Cape in foreground. Sam in the background turns towards the silhouetted stranger....

METEORMAN:

Hold it right there!

SAM:

Finally...

**PANEL 6**

Meteorman stands proudly. Behind him, bank patrons look excited.

METEORMAN:

Looks like you're in need of a serious credit check, my friend!

## **Page 17**

### **PANEL 1**

RETURN TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Conversation over the counter.

BECK:

And that's when Meteorman kicked your ass?

SAM:

No. Thankfully that came a little later.

### **PANEL 2**

FLASHBACK:

INT. BANK - DAY

Meteorman in the foreground, waving and looking around the bank.  
Cheering bank patrons in the background.

SAM (NARRATION):

Now luckily, these alien superman types always have huge egos. They could just swoop in and pummel the bad guys, but they always insist on putting on a show.

METEORMAN:

Don't worry folks! Your money is safe with the good people of TD United Ameribank Holdings. The only bank endorsed by Earth's greatest hero... me!

### **PANEL 3**

Sam aims his pistol at Meteorman.

SAM (NARRATION):

It's also lucky that your universe still has gun show loopholes, making it disturbingly easy for even a guy in a stupid costume like mine to pick up a cheap side piece.

SAM:

Take another step and I'll shoot, Meteorman!

**PANEL 4**

Meteorman grins, proudly pointing to his chest emblem with a thumb.

METEORMAN:

Take your shot, tough guy!

SAM (NARRATION):

Like I said, huge ego.

## **Page 18**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam fires the gun. The bullets bounce off Meteorman's chest. He grins proudly.

SAM (NARRATION):

For some reason, these guys just love to let bullets bounce off their chests. I think they get off on it.

METEORMAN:

Fool! My skin is as hard as a meteorite! Your pesky bullets are useless!

SFX (Gun):

BANG! BANG! BANG!

### **PANEL 2**

Sam keeps firing the pistol.

SAM (NARRATION):

So I squeeze off a few rounds from the pea shooter, let them enjoy showing off to the crowd. And once they're completely lulled into a false sense of security...

METEORMAN:

Give it up, fool!

SFX:

BANG! BANG! BANG!

### **PANEL 3**

Close up of Sam's hand preparing to fire the space gun.

SAM (NARRATION):

I switch guns.

### **PANEL 4**

Close up of Meteorman grinning, chest up.

METEORMAN:

Haha! Your silly gun is useless against my-

SFX:

BANG! BANG! BANG! ZAP!

(Make 'Zap' more obvious and prominent than the 'Bangs')

**PANEL 5**

Same shot as previous, but Meteorman looks stunned. Smoke is curling from the bottom of the panel.

METEORMAN:

Wait. Zap?

## **Page 19**

### **PANEL 1**

Meteorman looks down at the huge flaming wound in his stomach, still smoldering and smoking.

METEROMAN:

Fuck.

### **PANEL 2**

Sam holds his space gun, still aimed at Meteorman. Smoke leaks from the barrel following his first shot. The gun chirps electronically.

GUN:

Now readying second shot!

SAM:

C'mon big guy... please fall down...

### **PANEL 3**

Meteorman's eyes glow red with anger.

METEORMAN:

What the hell did you just shoot me with!?

### **PANEL 4**

Sam looks terrified, still pointing the gun. Sweat bulb?

SAM:

Fuck.

### **PANEL 5**

Meteorman punches Sam through the bank wall.

SFX:

WHAM!

## **Page 20**

Meteorman stands in the middle of the bank, bleeding out onto the floor. (Overhead shot). Bank patrons watch in horror. One or two are filming on their phones.

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman tries to take a step towards the hole in the wall, wanting to follow after Sam. His hand holds onto the wound in his stomach. He winces in pain.

METEORMAN:

Ugh!

### **PANEL 3**

Meteorman holds up his hand, horrified to find it covered in blood.

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman looks around him at the bank patrons in the background, who continue filming on their phones. He sweats, weak and desperate.

METEORMAN:

Uh...

PATRON 1:

Did that guy just shoot Meteorman?

PATRON 2:

I'm uploading this to Fleezer right now!

### **PANEL 5**

Meteorman curses. Close up.

METEORMAN:

Damnit!

### **PANEL 6**

Meteorman flies through the roof of the bank, furious. He heads upwards towards space. (Flying at camera)?

## **Page 21**

### **PANEL 1**

RETURN TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Beck looks at her phone, shocked. Sam remains aloof.

BECK:

You weren't lying! That bank footage is already trending all over Fleezer! And you're the top post on Bonkzongo!

SAM:

Everytime I think I've heard the dumbest social media platform name in the multiverse, they hit me with something like "Bonkzongo."

### **PANEL 2**

Continued conversation.

BECK:

Wait, so does that mean Meteorman is going to die?

SAM:

No. One shot isn't enough to take down a guy that size. But I can assure you he is both very wounded and very pissed off.

### **PANEL 3**

CUTAWAY:

INT. MOON BASE - SPACE

Meteorman sits in a futuristic medical chair, with some sort of transparent scanner inspecting the wound. A large computer screen in the background analyzes the damage. Meteorman is in pain, and sweating.

SAM (NARRATION):

I assume he flew to his moon base to inspect the damage, though I don't think he'll like what he finds. The gun is a molecular destabilizer. His healing factor might be able to eventually repair the damage but it'll be chewing him up for months, if not years.

### **PANEL 4**

RETURN TO:

INT. DINER - DAY



Sam explains the situation cockily, arms up, reclining in his seat. He believes he holds all the cards.

SAM:

And when he figures that out, he's going to come flying back here to interrogate the guy who shot him. Which means he should be showing up in about... Artemis?

**PANEL 5**

Sam smiles, holding up his wrist to show Beck his watch. The voice of his electronic assistant **ARTEMIS** aka **ARTIE**, chirps happily.

ARTEMIS (THROUGH WATCH SPEAKER):  
15 seconds, boss!

**PANEL 6**

Same shot as previous. Sam's face whip-pans from calm and looking at Beck to panicked and looking down at the watch.

SAM:

You hear that? Fifteen— wait!? Fifteen seconds!?

## **Page 22**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam and Beck jolt upwards in surprise, hearing a loud noise behind them.

SFX:  
CRASH!

### **PANEL 2**

Sam turns around in his stool to greet the arrival.

SAM:  
Oh fuck..

### **PANEL 3**

2/3 of Page.

The arrival of Meteorman. Behind him is a huge hole in the side of the diner, still smoldering and smoking from where the hero burst through. Meteorman is in full rage mode, eyes glowing red, fists clenched. The diner's tile floor cracks beneath his feet. He is still wounded from Sam's blast, costume partially burnt away to reveal a burning wound in his stomach.

METEORMAN:  
What the fuck did you shoot me with!?

## **Page 23**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam rises from his seat, putting his hands up in feigned surrender. He grins nervously (sweat drop).

SAM:

Hey, Meteorman! Let's just chill out for a second and talk this over.

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman one shot.

METEORMAN:

Listen here, you little shit. That ray gun of yours punched a hole in my stomach that my healing factor doesn't know how to fix. So you're going to tell me exactly where you got that gun, and how the hell it works.

### **PANEL 3**

Sam, hands still up in surrender.

SAM:

I have no idea where the gun came from. A homeless guy traded it to me for a pack of menthols

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman punches Sam through the air. Sam hits the wall, leaving an impact crater.

METEORMAN:

You're lying!

SAM:

Oof!

SFX (Punch):

WHAM!

SFX (Wall Cracking):

CRACK!

### **PANEL 5**

Sam, now on the floor with his back to the wall, stumbles to get back up. His eyes are downcast, and he grins.

SAM:  
Listen buddy...

**PANEL 6**

Sam suddenly lunges to his feet and grabs Beck in a hostage position, putting his raygun to her head.

BECK:  
Hey!

SAM:  
Back off or the waitress loses her head!

## **Page 24**

### **PANEL 1**

Meteorman grins.

METEORMAN:

Sorry buddy, but I don't feel like playing hero right now. So if you want to kill some skank waitress, go nuts.

### **PANEL 2**

Close up of Beck, shocked. Sam's arm is still around her throat.

BECK:

Skank waitress?!

### **PANEL 3**

Sam sighs, still holding Beck hostage.

SAM:

Yeah, I worried you might say that. I guess I lose. Unless...

### **PANEL 4**

Sam makes a flying lunge for the bowl of chowder on the counter, using an arm to fling it off the counter towards Meteorman.

SAM:

Special Move: Chowder Attack!

## **Page 25**

### **PANEL 1**

Meteorman, in a blur of speed, easily dodges the incoming bowl of soup. A ghostly afterimage is left where he was once standing. The bowl crashes against the wall.

SFX:

CRASH!

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman looks unimpressed.

METEORMAN:

Did you seriously just throw soup at me?

SAM:

Uh... yeah. (Maybe cut this line and just have a one shot of Meteorman?)

### **PANEL 3**

Continued conversation.

SAM:

This is going to hurt, isn't it?

METEORMAN:

Yup.

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman tackles Sam through the diner wall and into the kitchen.

## **Page 26**

### **PANEL 1**

INT. DINER KITCHEN - DAY

Sam lands on the floor of the kitchen. He desperately reaches for his gun, which has fallen out of its holster.

SAM:

Shit, shit, shit!

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman's foot kicks the gun away.

METEORMAN:

Oh no, we're done with your little toy for right now.

### **PANEL 3**

Meteorman picks Sam up by the collar of his uniform, lifting him into the air.

METEORMAN:

Now you're going to tell me everything about that gun of yours, even if I have to—

SAM:

Break every bone in my body?

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman looks genuinely confused.

METEORMAN:

Wait... how'd you know what I was going to say? Do you have psychic powers?

SAM:

No dummy, that's just a super cliché line. I've heard it from at least a dozen supers before you.

### **PANEL 5**

Beck enters, folding her arms, still upset Meteorman called her a skank.

BECK:

He's right, it is a bit of a cliché.



## **Page 27**

### **PANEL 1**

Meteorman argues with Beck. He is still holding Sam. Sam looks annoyed by their petty argument.

METEORMAN:

Listen woman, how about I rip your spine out and beat him to death with it! Is that a cliché!?

BECK:

How about you apologize for calling me a skank, you asshole!?

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman swings his head back towards Sam, confused.

SAM (O.S.):

Hey dumbass.

### **PANEL 3**

Shot of just Sam, who now holds the regular pistol in his hand, aiming it at Meteorman. He is still being held up by the collar.

SAM:

Forgot about this little guy, huh?

### **PANEL 4**

Close up of gun firing.

SFX:

BANG!

### **PANEL 5**

The bullet bounces off Meteorman's cheek, striking the pot of chowder behind him.

SFX (Bullet bounce):

PING!

SFX (Hitting pot):

CLANG!

## **Page 28**

### **PANEL 1**

Meteorman knocks Sam's gun out of his hand, still holding him by the collar.

METEORMAN:

Are you an idiot?! You already know regular bullets don't work on me!

SAM:

I wasn't aiming for you, dumbass.

### **PANEL 2**

Closeup of the pot of chowder, which has ruptured and is now leaking chowder onto the floor.

### **PANEL 3**

Overhead shot of kitchen. Meteorman looks behind him in disgust, chowder now soaking his cape and boots.

METEORMAN:

Ugh, disgusting.

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman turns back towards Sam.

METEORMAN:

Well congratulations, you managed to stain my costume with clam chowder. Good work.

SAM:

So what are you going to do about it? Kill me?

METEORMAN:

Oh, I'm not going to kill you, I'm just going to-

### **PANEL 5**

Sam and Beck split screen, looking bored by his dialogue.

BOTH (SHARED BUBBLE):

Hurt you really bad.

SAM:

Total cliché, dude.

BECK:  
Seriously.

**PANEL 6**

Meteorman winds up a punch.

METEORMAN:  
Stop calling my dialogue cliché!

## **Page 29**

### **PANEL 1**

Punch to Sam's face.

SFX:

WHAM!

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman's stunned reaction, arm still outstretched from the punch.  
Something is wrong.

METEROMAN:

Huh?

### **PANEL 3**

Sam grins and rubs his barely damaged cheek.

SAM:

Wow, I barely felt that one. You've been relying on your powers for too long, my man. Can't even throw a decent punch.

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman lets go of Sam and steps back in shock, looking at his hands.

METEORMAN:

What have you done to me!? I've lost all my powers!

### **PANEL 5**

Sam rises to his feet.

SAM:

I already told you, I wasn't aiming for you...

### **PANEL 6**

Sam's hand points at the leaking pot of chowder.

SAM:

I was aiming for this pot. The one containing your ultimate weakness.

**PANEL 7**

Meteorman in the foreground turns his neck towards Beck, yelling angrily. Beck in the background is genuinely curious.

BECK:

Wait, Meteorman's ultimate weakness is shellfish?

METEORMAN:

My ultimate weakness is not shellfish!

## **Page 30**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam monologues, looking smug.

SAM:

I knew I probably wasn't going to land a second shot in the bank. My gun takes thirty seconds to load each shot, and I doubted you'd stay down that long.

### **PANEL 2**

FLASHBACK

INT. DINER KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights are off. Sam crouches next to a glass-front refrigerator, which is open. He deposits something into the pot of chowder. His face is illuminated by the open fridge's light.

SAM:

Which is why last night I snuck into the local diner and set up a little trap.

### **PANEL 3**

RETURN TO:

INT. DINER KITCHEN - DAY

Sam reaches into the pot.

### **PANEL 4**

Sam pulls out a glowing green crystal of Meteorium, dripping with chowder.

SAM:

There she is.

### **PANEL 5**

Split screen of Beck and Meteorman, both shocked.

BECK & METEORMAN:

Meteorium!

### **PANEL 6**

Beck and Sam discussion.

BECK:

So that's why the chowder turned green!

SAM:

No, it was already green when I got here. This place just has terrible health standards.

BECK:

Oh.

## **Page 31**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam examines the crystal.

SAM:

I knew you'd detect the meteorium's unique energy signature if I tried to bring it with me to the bank. But thankfully that hole in your stomach distracted you from noticing the big pot of radioactive chowder.

### **PANEL 2**

Confused, Meteorman falls to his knees. Sam bends over to talk with him.

METEORMAN:

But how did a punk like you get a radioactive piece of my homeworld? I threw them all into the sun decades ago!

SAM:

Ah yes, that's what you told people. But you secretly kept a piece for yourself, didn't you?

### **PANEL 3**

Closeup. Meteorman's shocked face.

METEORMAN:

You don't mean!

### **PANEL 4**

Sam grins.

SAM:

That right. I got it from Meteorman's best friend, former kid reporter Snap Sullivan!

### **PANEL 5**

FLASHBACK

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Sam wears an overcoat, peering over a newspaper. Watching as the elderly Snap enters a hotel.



SAM (NARRATION):

I figured if I followed your former superpal around, I might find some clue on how to defeat you.

**PANEL 6**

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Shot through a hotel window. Snap and Meteorman embrace and make out.

SAM (NARRATION):

I didn't figure that I'd find the two of you sucking face like schoolgirls in heat.

## **Page 32**

### **PANEL 1**

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. DINER KITCHEN - DAY

Beck looks appalled. Meteorman angrily defends himself.

BECK:

Wait!? Meteorman is sleeping with kid reporter Snap Sullivan!?

METEORMAN:

Oh please! Snap hasn't been a kid reporter since the 70s!

### **PANEL 2**

Beck continues chastising Meteorman. Sam calmly interrupts.

BECK:

But you knew him when he was just a kid! Do you understand the power dynamics of that situation?! You sexually groomed a minor!

METEORMAN:

I didn't groom shit! We didn't even start dating until he was 35!

SAM:

Ahem. As I was saying...

### **PANEL 3**

FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY

Sam looks through a pair of binoculars.

SAM (NARRATION):

Anyway, as I watched you and your boyfriend get to business, a thought struck me.

### **PANEL 4**

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Through a window, we watch as Snap spans Meteorman with a sorority paddle.

SAM (NARRATION):

How does a man with a superhuman healing factor enjoy S&M play?

**PANEL 5**

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Meteorman wears a pair of nipple clamps, wincing in pain. Snap tugs on a chain connecting the two clamps, grinning deviously.

SAM (NARRATION):

How do you attach nipple clamps to a man whose skin is as hard as a diamond?

**PANEL 6**

Close up of the glowing medallion around Snap's neck.

SAM (NARRATION)

And that's when I noticed the medallion.

## **Page 33**

### **PANEL 1**

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. DINER KITCHEN - DAY

Sam holds the chunk of meteorite up, triumphant.

SAM:

Green Meteorium, the only thing that can negate your powers long enough to enjoy a quick round on the leather horse.

### **PANEL 2**

Sam shrugs.

SAM:

I'm not judging, mind you. I've seen far worse. Don't ask me about Captain Radium's secret boylove island.

### **PANEL 3**

Beck looks confused. Sam answers, annoyed.

BECK:

Wait. Secret boylove island?

SAM:

What did I just say?

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman grits his teeth, defeated.

METEORMAN:

Fine, you win. I don't care what happens to me. Please just tell me my little buddy is okay.

### **PANEL 5**

Sam's eyes go up and to the left as he recalls a memory.

SAM:

Uhh...

## **Page 34**

### **PANEL 1**

FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Snap gets up from the hotel bed and moves towards the door.

SFX:

KNOCK KNOCK

SAM (O.S.):

Housekeeping!

SNAP:

Just a minute!

### **PANEL 2**

Snap opens the door, smiling.

SNAP:

Thanks for coming by! We could use some fresh sheets—

### **PANEL 3**

Same shot as previous, but Snap's head is now missing. Smoke smolders from the neck socket.

SFX:

BANG!

### **PANEL 4**

Sam deadpans.

SAM:

Yeah. He's fine.

## **Page 35**

### **PANEL 1**

Meteorman sighs.

### **PANEL 2**

Meteorman chuckles.

METEORMAN:

70 years on the job and I'm defeated by a pot of soup. What a joke.

### **PANEL 3**

Sam picks his gun up off the diner floor.

SAM:

I looked into your history, you know. You did a lot of good for this world. You should be proud.

### **PANEL 4**

Meteorman shakes his head, sadly.

METEORMAN:

Hell of a time for compliments, kid. Just get on with it.

### **PANEL 5**

Sam aims his gun down at Meteorman.

SAM:

Nothing personal, man. It was just a job.

METEORMAN:

Ha, now who's speaking cliches?

## **Page 36**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam pauses, him and Meteorman locking eyes.

SAM:

...

METEORMAN:

...

### **PANEL 2**

Sam and Meteorman both crack a smile.

SAM

Heh.

METEORMAN.

Ha.

### **PANEL 3**

Sam shoots Meteorman in the head. A huge hole is cut out of the right side of his face. On the left side, his eyeball is frozen in horror, mouth pulled back in shock.

SFX:

BANG

### **PANEL 4**

Sam breathes a sigh of relief. Beck stands behind his shoulder, hands over her face.

BECK:

Holy shit. You really killed him.

SAM:

Artie, I've completed the mission.

### **PANEL 5**

Artie, a helpful robotic assistant, teleports into the room. Beck is surprised by his sudden arrival.

ARTIE:

Good work, boss!

BECK:  
Whoa!



## **Page 37**

### **PANEL 1**

INT. DINER - DAY

Sam exits the kitchen into the dining room. Beck follows.

Artie projects a large holographic video screen in the middle of the dining room. It appears like a video game stat readout. Meteorman's mugshot is crossed out. Above it reads TARGET: METEORMAN. The picture is covered by the word ELIMINATED. The rest of the screen reads...

MISSION COMPLETE

TIME: 9 DAYS, 17 HOURS, 38 MINS

TIME REMAINING: 6 HOURS, 22 MINS

CASUALTIES: NONE

CONTINUES: NONE

TOTAL RANK: B

ARTIE:

Congratulations, Sam! You completed the mission with six whole hours left on the clock!

SAM:

B Rank? I killed a guy with soup, that should earn me some style points at least.

BECK:

What the hell?

### **PANEL 2**

The diner begins violently shaking.

BECK:

Eek!

SAM:

Whoa, that was fast.

### **PANEL 3**

Sam converses with Artie, who floats next to his head.

ARTIE:

Sam, my sensors indicate that this dimension is set to collapse in just six minutes!

SAM:

That was a quick surrender. Well, prepare a portal then.

ARTIE:

Rodger dodger!

**PANEL 4**

A confused and scared Beck confronts Sam. He remains matter-of-fact.

BECK:

Wait, what the hell is happening?!

SAM:

Meteorman was your universe's chosen one, meaning the entire will of reality depended on his continued existence.

## **Page 38**

### **PANEL 1**

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Chaos in the streets. A giant void of black has opened in the sky and is sucking up cars and buildings. People flee towards the camera.

SAM (NARRATION):

Now that he's been eradicated, your world has just been... well, canceled.

### **PANEL 2**

Beck panicked. Sam unphased.

BECK:

You mean the world is ending?!

SAM:

Your world, yes.

### **PANEL 3**

Sam shrugs at Beck's questions.

BECK:

So what am I supposed to do?!

SAM:

I don't know. Call your mom? Pet a cat? Do whatever feels right. It's not my concern.

### **PANEL 4**

Artie suddenly appears behind Sam's shoulder.

ARTIE:

Portal is ready, boss!

SAM:

Alright!

### **PANEL 5**

A giant glowing portal has opened in the middle of the diner. Sam takes a step towards it, Artie floating next to him. Beck reaches out for him in desperation.

BECK:  
W-wait!

**PANEL 5**

Sam has a sudden realization, pounding his open palm with his fist.

SAM:  
Oh hey! I almost forgot.

## **Page 39**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam turns to Beck. The mood is suddenly like a Shonen romance manga. His eyes are romantic and dreamy.

SAM:

Listen, I really enjoyed talking to you. This job isn't easy, it's nice to have someone to just listen, you know?

BECK:

Uh... no problem?

### **PANEL 2**

Continued romance drama. Heavy eyelashes, rose petals, random sparkles.

SAM:

That's why... I was thinking... maybe you could help me...

BECK:

Y-yes?

### **PANEL 3**

All romance fades away. Sam is again a dead-eyed weirdo.

SAM:

Do you think I could get a to-go cup for the rest of that milkshake?

### **PANEL 4**

Close up of Beck's furious face.

SAM (O.S.):

I always get really thirsty after eradicating a hero and ending all life in his universe. Not sure why.

### **PANEL 5**

Beck tackles Sam into the portal.

BECK:

Milkshake this, asshole!

SAM:

Hey wait! What the fuck!

## **PAGE 40**

### **PANEL 1**

#### **EXT. THE SPACE BETWEEN WORLDS**

A strange dimension of crackling unstable energy. Sam's portal opens horizontally.

(Do NOT depict as if this were the darkness of outer space. This realm is more akin to being trapped inside a physics experiment.)

(It's possible this establishing panel is unnecessary, but it felt like it was a good gag to go from calmness to everyone suddenly falling and screaming.)

**SFX (PORTAL OPENING):**  
**VWOOP**

### **PANEL 2**

Same shot as previous. Sam and Beck now fall through the horizontal portal, followed by Artie.

They are in a state of freefall, Beck clinging to Sam's arm as they plummet through this otherworldly dimension, their hair whipping backwards. Artemis nonchalantly floats above Sam's shoulder.

**BECK:**  
Ahh!

**SAM:**  
Let go of me, you idiot!

### **PANEL 3**

The pair continue falling downward at a 45 degree angle. Beck continues clinging to Sam's arm.

**BECK:**  
What the \*&!%? is this place?!

**SAM:**  
It's an interdimensional rift! And you are not supposed to be here!

**PANEL 4**

They continue bickering.

BECK:

So I should have just stayed in my dimension and waited to die?!

SAM:

Yes, exactly!

**PANEL 5**

Beck face recoils from an unknown pain.

BECK:

Ow!

**PANEL 6**

Close up of Beck's hand, which is being torn apart by the dimension's unstable energies. Streaks of jagged light trail away from it as it breaks apart.

BECK:

My hand! It's being torn apart!

## **PAGE 41**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam and Beck drift apart, Beck clutching her hand. The energies are beginning to fray and damage her clothes.

SAM:

This whole place is filled with unstable cosmic energy, you idiot! You can't survive here without a shield core!

### **PANEL 2**

Beck throws her head back in agonizing pain. Her body continues to deteriorate.

BECK:

Aghhh!!

### **PANEL 3**

Sam looks away, not wanting to watch her die.

SAM:

Sorry... there's nothing I can do.

### **PANEL 4**

Same shot as previous, but Sam has turned his head towards her voice, surprised to hear his name.

BECK (O.S.):

S-Sam...

SAM:

Huh?

### **PANEL 5**

Beck weakly reaches out towards Sam. He looks shocked.



## **PAGE 42**

### **PANEL 1**

Close Up. Beck, on the verge of passing out, weakly reaches out to the camera.

BECK:  
Please, Sam...

### **PANEL 2**

FLASHBACK

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Close Up. An exact duplicate of the previous panel, but Beck is replaced by an unknown female agent, a distant memory of a battle gone wrong.

AGENT:  
Help me...

### **PANEL 3**

Close Up. The woman closes her eyes, dead.

### **PANEL 4**

The ground is cracked and strewn with blood and bone. Fires rage in the distance, smoke billowing towards the sky.

Sam holds the woman's lifeless body in his arms, he looks shocked.

SAM:  
No...

### **PANEL 5**

Aerial shot. Sam screams out in anguish. Around him we see the lifeless bodies of other fallen agents.

### **PANEL 6**

Some sort of fade out effect to indicate the memory is ending. Perhaps Panel 5 starts the aerial shot zoomed in on Sam, but we repeat the image twice: each time zooming out further and fading it into black.

## **PAGE 43**

### **PANEL 1**

RETURN TO PRESENT

EXT. INTERDIMENSIONAL SPACE

Close up on Sam's mouth as he angrily barks out an order.

SAM:

Artie, I need assistance!

### **PANEL 2**

Sam points behind him at Beck's lifeless body. Artie has appeared and is as cheerful as ever.

ARTIE:

Yes, boss!

SAM:

Artie! I need an interdimensional shield, now!

ARTIE:

Your shield core is functioning fine, boss!

SAM:

Not for me, idiot! For her!

### **PANEL 3**

Closeup on Artie.

ARTIE:

Sorry boss! Shield cores are only available to registered agents and their sidekicks.

SAM (O.S.):

So make an exception!

ARTIE:

Sorry boss! I'm not authorized to do that!

### **PANEL 4**

Same shot as last panel, but Sam's hand wraps around Artie, strangling him.

ARTIE:

Uhk-!

**PANEL 5**

Sam strangles Artie.

SAM:

Why do you constantly fail me at every turn!

ARTIE:

Sorry Boss! It's not my decision!

## **PAGE 44**

### **PANEL 1**

Sam curses the situation.

SAM:

Damnit...

### **PANEL 2**

Beck's lifeless body continues to deteriorate. Cracks are forming in her drying skin. Her right hand has completely disappeared.

### **PANEL 3**

Closeup of Sam's mouth.

SAM:

Artemis... register sidekick.

### **PANEL 4**

Artie appears confused. Sam angrily demands he act.

ARTIE:

Are you sure? This request cannot be canceled once confirmed!

SAM:

I know! Just do it!

### **PANEL 5**

Artie floats his way over to Beck, looking annoyed.

ARTIE:

I tell ya, I get no respect...

## **PAGE 45**

### **PANEL 1**

Artie floats over Beck, again cheery. She looks at him, confused and weak.

ARTIE:

Hello subject! You have been selected as an official sidekick candidate in the multiverse protection program. Congratulations!

BECK:

S-sidekick?

### **PANEL 2**

A weird sci-fi orb materializes in front of Artie.

ARTIE:

As part of your induction into the program, I am pleased to provide you with one standard issue shield core!

Please remain still, as I am told this process is quite painful for organic beings like yourself.

### **PANEL 3**

The orb slams into Beck's stomach like a baseball. Her half-naked body crumples around the impact, eyes bulging comically.

BECK:

Oof!

### **PANEL 4**

Sam, one shot.

SAM:

Did it work!?

### **PANEL 5**

Artie, floating over a now fully unconscious Beck.

ARTIE:

Her vitals are stable, boss!

### **PANEL 6**

A portal opens beneath the trio (overhead shot).

SAM:

Well, let's hope you installed that core right. Otherwise this exit portal is going to rip her into shreds!

ARTIE:

Fingers crossed, boss!

## **PAGE 46**

### **PANEL 1**

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

An empty blue sky.

### **PANEL 2**

Same shot as the previous, but a glowing portal has opened, tossing out Sam and Beck. Artie zips behind them.

SFX (Portal):  
VWOOP!

### **PANEL 3**

Sam rubs his head in pain, bent over on all fours. We do not see the ground.

SAM:  
Owww...

### **PANEL 4**

Sam looks around at the park.

SAM:  
Not the nicest landing, but seems like everybody made it through okay.

### **PANEL 5**

Sam, still on all fours.

SAM:  
Now where did that stupid girl get off to?

### **PANEL 6**

Same shot as before but Sam now looks down in horror.

BECK (O.S. FROM BELOW):  
Moan...

SAM:  
Oh fuck me...

## **PAGE 47**

**PANEL 1**

Overhead shot. Beck is passed out in the grass, completely naked. Sam has landed on top of her, and appearing to be straddling her sexually.

SAM:

Well this looks bad.

**PANEL 2**

Sam's head turns towards a nearby shriek.

WOMAN (O.S.):

Eek!

**PANEL 3**

A woman points at Sam, onlookers behind her turning in the direction of her scream.

WOMAN:

Rapist! Get your hands off of her!

**PANEL 4**

Sam is still straddling Beck, one of his hands on her breast. We see two Sam heads, one trying to explain the situation to the woman and the other looking down and freaking out as he realizes what he's touching. (Whip blur between both heads).

SAM:

Lady, this is all a big mistake! I assure you that-

SAM (AGAIN):

Ahh!

**PAGE 48**

**PANEL 1**

An angry man holds up a beer bottle, pointing at Sam. Other angry park patrons are behind him.

MAN:

Let's kick his ass!

**PANEL 2**

The angry mob descends on Sam, kicking up a cartoonish dust cloud that envelops him.



SAM:  
Ahh!

**PANEL 3**

Beck, barely conscious. Shot is framed chest up, her nipples tastefully just out of frame. Her mouth is flat. Beside her the mob fights in a cloud of dust.

MAN (O.S.):  
What's that chest emblem stand for, Sex Kreeep!?

SAM (O.S.):  
Please! This is all a misunderstanding!

**PANEL 4**

Closeup of Beck. She smiles, as if in a dream.

**PANEL 5**

Super closeup of Beck, speaking the word that she has been waiting to hear her entire life.

BECK:  
Sidekick...