

Publication: Independent

Series: *note: working title* Biting Flies

Title: "Of Laserdisc, Rocksalt, and Doing Things the Hard Way."

FIRST DRAFT

PAGE 1

Panel 1 [p=4/6]

Late afternoon. Wispy clouds line the sky like rows of corn. Establishing shot of an old, abandoned shed next to a rusted-out windmill. The windmill's head hangs like a wilted flower. A few gnarled trees hug the right side of the shed and partially cover it. In the distance, seen beyond the old rusted windmill, are five or six enormous white wind-energy windmills standing in the midst of pastureland. The white windmills stand in stark contrast to the rest of the depressed surroundings, crooked fences, a few scattered cows, maybe the winding ruts of a pasture road.

In front of the shed, off in the corner of the panel, Mason, Sam, and Bernard (fat kid with short hair, a button up shirt, round taped-up glasses, shorts) are ducking to go inside the shed. Mason is carrying a flashlight and smoking. Sam is carrying a big insulated lunch box. Bernard is holding a laserdisc sleeve and looking behind him, as if to make sure they weren't followed. *Note: Mason, Sam, and Bernard should not be the focus of the picture; the windmill, the sky and the landscape are.

LOGO: Biting Flies

TITLE: "Of Laserdisc, Rock Salt, and Doing Things the Hard Way."

CAPTION

Panel 2

Inside the shed we see an old TV, a dusty recliner with cracks in the leather, and an old couch that sags in the middle. On the walls are pieces of art from inside dvd cases, a cow skull, horseshoes, a propane lantern (for light), some other interesting tidbits. A TV sits on an old entertainment center; cords are strung up along the ceiling and out the back of the shed. Mason is already sprawled out on the recliner, Sam is taking off his backpack in preparation to sit down on the couch, Bernard is pulling the laserdisc out of its sleeve.

MASON: HOME SWEET HOME.

Panel 3

Sam, now sitting on the couch, looks over at Mason.

SAM: I THINK YOU SAY THAT EVERY TIME WE COME IN HERE.

MASON: IF YOU LIVED AT MY PLACE, YOU'D--

BERNARD (from off panel): QUIET, GUYS. BEHOLD!

PAGE 2

Panel 1 [p=2/6]

Zelda shot of Bernard holding the laserdisc above his head. He looks deathly serious, like Moses holding the ten commandments.

BERNARD: *SHAOLIN SONG-SABERS ON LASERDISC!*

Panel 2

Sam and Mason sit on the edge of their seats, genuinely surprised.

SAM: YOU ACTUALLY GOT IT?!

MASON: WHAT DID THAT COST?

Panel 3

Bernard smugly polishes the disc against his shirt.

BERNARD: NOT TOO MUCH. I SPENT ALL NIGHT IN A BIDDING WAR WITH THIS GODSGEEK91 JERK ON EBAY.

Panel 4

Sam looks flabbergasted. Mason points to the laserdisc player under the old TV.

SAM: THAT WAS YOU!?

MASON: PUT IT IN ALREADY!

Panel 5

Bernard looks a little crazy, like he's sneaking up on the laserdisc player. He holds the disc in front of him.

BERNARD: OH, I WILL.

PAGE 3

Panel 1

Mason and Sam sit back in their chairs. Sam is handing Mason a can of soda from the lunchbox.

MASON: IS THIS GOING TO BE SUBTITLED?

SAM: OF COURSE, IT'S BETTER THAT WAY.

Panel 2

Bernard turns around from looking at the TV. He looks worried.

BERNARD: GUYS, WE GOT A PROBLEM.

Panel 3

Extreme close up of Bernard's finger tapping the power button on the Laserdisc player repeatedly.

BERNARD: SEE? NO JUICE.

Panel 4

Outside, behind the shed, under the branches of the trees. The three of them stare down grumpily at the gas generator.

BERNARD: IT SEEMS LIKE WE JUST FILLED 'ER UP.

MASON: THIS IS GETTING EXPENSIVE.

Panel 5

Sam is kneeling with the cap off the tank, and looking back at the other two, resigned.

SAM: YEP. JENNY'S THIRSTY.

Panel 6

Long shot of the three silhouetted against the sky. Bernard is carrying a gas can and bringing up the rear. Mason is looking down at his feet, shoulders a little slumped. Sam is running out in front, half turned around to yell back at Mason.

MASON: WHY DO OUR GUYS' NIGHTS ALWAYS END UP LIKE THIS?

SAM: EYE ON THE PRIZE, MASON. SHAOLIN SONG-SABERS AWAITS!

PAGE 4

Panel 1 [p=2/6]

Establishing shot of a run-down gas station. The windows are dark and a huge closed sign hangs in one of them. There is a distinctive sign on a post in the parking lot, above the gas prices. It says, "Gas 'n Guzzle" above a cartoony guy drinking out of a gas can. The sun is getting lower in the sky, not quite sunset, but getting close. Sam, Mason, and Bernard stand with their backs to us.

SAM: WELL, WE COULD ALWAYS GO TO BERNARD'S PLACE.

BERNARD: ON A FRIDAY NIGHT? NO WAY. MY MOM IS WATCHING HER *STORIES*.

SAM: WE COULD GO TO MY PLACE, BUT I DON'T HAVE A TV.

MASON: YOU GUYS GIVE UP TOO EASY.

Panel 2

Mason is charging off in one direction. Bernard and Sam hang back looking a little wide-eyed.

MASON: COME ON. I'VE GOT A PLAN.

Panel 3

Bernard and Sam are in the same position (drawn from the same angle). Bernard looks at Sam to see what he'll do. Sam shrugs.

Panel 4 [p=2/6]

Establishing shot of an old house with faded paint and rusty shingles, seen from a slightly upper angle. In front of the house is a large gravel parking lot, like you'd see on a farm. We are still inside the town, just a block or so down from the gas station. In the parking lot, along some bushes, is an old Chevy Pickup. Mason is standing next to it, pulling a garden hose from the bed of the truck. Sam and Bernard approach cautiously.

PAGE 5

Panel 1

Sam is walking toward us, shocked and maybe a little angry. More exasperated than anything. Bernard looks over his shoulder warily. In the distance we can see the Gas 'n Guzzle sign.

SAM: THAT'S REAL CLASSY, MASON. WE'RE SIPHONING GAS NOW?

Panel 2

Mason looks over his shoulder, irritated and trying to work quickly. He is using his pocket-knife to cut through the garden hose.

MASON: KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! IF OLD MAN WALDEN HEARS US, HE'LL PUMP US FULL OF ROCK SALT.

Panel 3

Sam stands with his arms spread wide, as if trying to make a point. Mason is busy feeding the garden hose into the tube.

SAM: YOU'RE STEALING. MAYBE HE SHOULD.

MASON: WALDEN IS LOADED. WHAT DOES HE CARE ABOUT A FEW GALLONS OF GAS?

Panel 4

Mason reaches out for the gas can. Bernard cautiously hands it to him. Sam leans over to pick up a rock from the gravel.

MASON: GIMME THE CAN. THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A SECOND.

Panel 5

Sam holds up a rock in front of Mason's face as Mason is putting the hose in his mouth to suck up the gas.

SAM: FINE. YOU WANNA SIPHON GAS?

Panel 6

Sam chucks the rock at the house. Mason and Bernard look on in disbelief.

SAM: YOU'RE GONNA EARN IT!

PAGE 6

Panel 1

Close up of the front door of the house. A few wind chimes and potted plants hang from the porch. A rocking chair sits by the front door with a bunch of cigarette butts sticking up from one arm of the chair. The rock strikes the side of the house, right next to a window, next to the mail box. It makes a loud CLACK! sound.

Panel 2

Close up of Mason with the hose still in his mouth looking horrified. Sam is over his shoulder, grinning smugly. Bernard is flinching, making an "eesh" sort of face.

Panel 3

Front door of the house opens and Mr. Walden steps out with a shotgun in his hands. He looks sour and angry.

Panel 4

Same as Panel 2, but everyone has the same expression now. It's a face that says, "holy crap."

Panel 5 [p=2/6]

Nearly completely overhead establishing shot of the whole scene. The truck is angled so that the three of them are partially protected by the truck. Walden is pointing the shotgun in their direction and the muzzle is belching fire. The blast has peppered the side of his truck. Mason has placed the hose into the can. Sam is tugging on Mason's shoulder. Bernard has already turned to run.

WALDEN: YER PARENTS CAN'T HELP YOU NOW, YA LITTLE TOILET GOBLINS!

SAM: TIME TO GO!

MASON: IT'S ALMOST FULL! ONE SECOND!

PAGE 7

Panel 1

Sam and Mason are running side by side. Mason is carrying the gas can and ducking low. Sam almost looks like he's slowing down with the realization that Mason actually managed to steal some gas.

MASON: GOT IT, LET'S GO!

SAM: YOU GOT SOME?

Panel 2

Sam has completely stopped now. Mason is out of the panel. Sam has a look on his face that is both scared, reluctant, angry, and resolved. He knows he has to go back.

SAM: AW, CRAP.

Panel 3

Long shot of Sam bolting toward the truck. We can see Mr. Walden in the distance standing on the porch. His gun is spouting fire again, knocking him off balance.

Panel 4

Closer shot of Sam from the front. As he runs, his hand reaches into his back pocket. A shotgun blast sails by his face, nicking his cheek. His face is deathly serious.

Panel 5

Sam ducks as he throws something into the cab of the pickup through the open window. He is half-turned around like he's ready to run away again.

Panel 6

Sitting on the filthy seat of the truck is a stack of dollar bills.

MASON (off-panel): SAM, ARE YOU NUTS? WHAT DID YOU GO BACK FOR!?

PAGE 8

Panel 1

Two overly-costumed Buddhist monks are fighting theatrically with swords. One sword appears to be strung like a guitar. The other has a microphone as a handle.

MASON (off-panel): I CAN'T BELIEVE HE CALLED US TOILET GOBLINS.

Panel 2

The monks are now standing apart. One is singing into his sword handle, the other is playing his guitar-sword furiously. Both appear blown back, as if by the

force of the other warrior's song. We can just barely see the edges of the TV coming into panel.

SAM (off-panel): I KNOW. WE'RE CLEARLY NOT GOBLINS.

Panel 3

Mason sits sprawled out in his chair again in the shed. Next to him, Sam and Bernard share the busted old couch. Mason is drinking a can of soda. Sam is staring wide-eyed and smiling at the screen. Bernard has his arms crossed, angrily.

BERNARD: WILL YOU GUYS SHUT UP AND WATCH?

Panel 4

Same as Panel 3, but Mason and Sam are looking at each other and smiling widely as if sharing a little joke about how mad Bernard is.

Panel 5 [p=2/6]

Exterior of the shed from the side. The moon is high in the sky. We can see light coming from inside the shed, as if from the TV. The generator rumbles loudly behind the shed. We can see it vibrating and the words *rumble rumble* appear around it.

MASON: THIS IS THE WORST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.

SAM: I KNOW. IT'S AWESOME.

END