Zip’s Last Day

Author

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Tag Line

One Man’s Sensitive Nature and Passive-Aggressive Fury Leads to Misery, Horror and Murder.

Synopsis

A corrupt FBI agent arrives in Boston to solve what looks like a murder mystery. As he tracks down clues, the case evolves into something much more bizarre.

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Page One: 4 Panels

Panel 1

Bird’s eye view – from behind – of an open folder with crime scene photos and files, open on the passenger’s lap. This is a tall panel, allowing room for the FLASHBACK script on top. We also see details of the back of the front seat. JOHN CARROLL was picked up at Logan Airport, and is now on Storrow Drive, heading west, towards Brighton.

CAPTION

Springtime in Boston, a few minutes before 4:00 pm on a Friday.

**Flashback:** Conversation between JOHN CARROLL and SHAUN WALSH, his supervisor in the NYC branch office of the FBI

Shaun WALSH

Why would I let you transfer back to Boston? New York can’t be that bad.

John Carroll

The Summer Hill Gang is an Irish mob in New England. Summer Hill’s run by “Whitey” Sullivan, who I’ve known from childhood. I can get him to tell us about the Italian crime families --

Shaun WALSH

I like where you’re going with this.

Gathering that much evidence could take years. And since your informant can’t inform us without incriminating himself, we’d have to give him immunity.

Tell you what … work on this murder case in Allston while I’m thinking about it.

John Carroll

Murder? Shouldn’t the local cops handle —

Shaun WALSH

Look at the pictures. This sicko is working from state to state. No connection between the victims, no witnesses. I want my best available man on this.

John Carroll

But I hate Allston, almost as much as I hate the Yankees.

Shaun WALSH

This is the deal, take it or leave it. I’d rather use you – someone I trust – that those wackjobs Molder & Sully. You’ll be working with the Brighton Police Department. I believe the lieutenant’s an old friend of yours. In the meantime …

Panel 2

**Current Time:** Closeup of JOHN CARROLL smiling in the back seat of the cab. He loves everything about the commute … the shitty traffic, the poor signage, the bad driving. Even the smells of downtown are bringing back good memories. An axle-splitting pothole nearly wreaks the cab, but makes our hero smile.

The cab gets off Storrow Drive to Kenmore, goes up Commonweatlh Ave., through Boston University. John’s hating the stench of rich international students, but likes looking at the coeds. Yes, coeds, that outdated term from a simpler time.

John Carroll (Thinking)

“… I’ll see what I can do about that transfer.” Thanks, old man. Log in a few hours on Walsh’s murder case, then I’m back in Southie! This is too good to be --

Cab Driver

(Sees John looking at girls on Comm Ave):

Ain’t “Summer Dress Day” wonderful?

Panel 3

Distance shot of the cab going down Commonwealth Avenue. The view is from the sidewalk, showing young college students, mostly women talking. This is our first view of the warm April weather. Between groups of walking young women, we see the cab heading west, and further behind are college buildings and the Green Line train.

John Carroll

What did you – Holy Christ! Did the B.U. girls get even more hot since I lived here?

Panel 3

Medium shot within the cab, this time from the front. We can see the cab’s run-down interior. CAB DRIVER is closest to us, smiling at the conversation. In the back we see JOHN CARROLL laughing at CAB DRIVER’S remark.

Cab Driver

Like the man used to say: “Don’t let me see that naked on payday!”

Page 2: 6 panels

Panel 1

An exterior view of VILLAGE FRUIT. The cab passes the store, continuing the conversation. We see the dirty sidewalks, litter, and posters for local rock bands. Pedestrians are middle-aged to elderly, but there are also some art-punks. CHRIS PERKINS walking briskly (but not running), apparently late for work. At this exact moment, RONNY GODBOLT is inside the store (invisible from this exterior view), talking to his girlfriend.

Ronny GODBOLT (off panel)

I can’t believe it either, Anne! They’re awesome seats. So, you coming or not?

Panel 2

Medium shot of RONNY GODBOLT in back of the store, talking on his mobile phone. He holds two tickets with his other hand. He’s supposed to be wrapping cabbage, but thinks it’s too slow to worry about it. To build a more “over-heard” feeling, we only hear RONNY GODBOLT’S side of the conversation.

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

My, how romantic. Besides, I thought you were working tonight.

Ronny GODBOLT

Yeah, but Chris’ll cover for me.

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

You sure about this? You know what happened the last time you blew off work for a date.

Ronny GODBOLT

Tayter-doll, Chris Perkins is a martyr, a regular saint. Covering for my lame ass is the Christian thing to do. You’re not still mad at me for what you think I said at Linda’s party, are you?

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

Jesus, that was ages ago! Alright, even though this is short notice, I’ll go. What time are you picking me up?

Panel 3

Closeup of RONNY GOLDBOLD smiling at the good news. He’s starting to walk to the front of the store, plugging his non-phone ear from the customer noise.

Ronny

Fantastic! Can you be ready by … 5:30?

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

That should be enough time. How should I dress?

Panel 4

Medium interior view of the store, taken from just inside the front window. It’s run-down, but very busy. Furthest from our view, we see RONNY GODBOLT casually walking towards the front of the store, happy and relaxed. Closest to us is INES at the register, working on a regular customer with practiced warmth and humor. Between them we see CHRIS PERKINS walking toward the back of the store to meet RONNY.

Ronny GODBOLT

Wear a berka. I don’t want other men checking you out.

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

Ha-haa! Yeah you do, perv.

Ronny

Okay, so I DO wanna show you off. How about your cut-off “Speed Racer” tee shirt, with that retro skirt?

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

You got it. Don’t be late. Or early.

Panel 5

Another interior shot of the store, this time from the middle of the   
floor facing INES at the cash register. As the customer from the first panel walks out, INES turns toward the next customer. On the wall behind her, we see various hand-drawn signs, framed photos of the owner’s family, local band flyers and a professional-looking poster for a dance performance called “Mass Moves”. We also see an old-fashioned wall clock reading 3:57 PM

Ronny GODBOLT (off panel)

Right. I’ll pick you up in 90 minutes!

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla (to next costomer)

Next!

Panel 6

A closer view of the back right corner of the store. RONNY just hung up the phone, and is casually leaning on the green vegetable shelf. CHRIS PERKINS walks in, sweating.

Chris PERKINS

Yo, Ronny. Sorry I’m a little late –

Ronny GODBOLT

-- Chris, uhh, I won’t be here tonight.

Page 3: 8 Panels

Panel 1

Close up of angry CHRIS

Chris PERKINS (shouting)

WHAT?!!

RONNY GOLDBOLT (off panel)

Chill, dude. Something came up.

Panel 2

Longer interior shot from the front of the store. Chris is in the back corner (same spot as from Pane1 1), yelling and waving his arms at RONNY. From this angle, he’s furthest from us. RONNY walks toward us. For him this is a close up shot … we see his angry, dismissive reaction to CHRIS.

Chris PERKINS

It’s inventory night! I’m NOT counting all this shit alone!

RONNY GOLDBOLT

Look, it’s gotta get done or we BOTH get fired. Do what you will!

Panel 3

Exterior view of Brighton Police Station 14. The street is cleaner than in Allston. Old people walk around, visitors take pictures.

Lieutenant DeCarlo

“Zip” Carroll! Check out the big-shot FBI agent! He-haaaa!

John Carroll

And you, still looking like a rookie! Heard about your promotion. My boss sent me to talk the locals out of making this huge mistake!

Panel 4

Close up view of LIEUTENANT DECARLO, smiling in his office of Brighton Police Station 14. Behind him we see a few family photos, an outside window and other revealing details.

Lieutenant DeCarlo

Watch that mouth, you dumb mick…

Panel 5

Interior view of the office. It’s medium-sized, old but very neat. This angle shows us a lot of police photos, medals and personal effects. The furniture is old and beaten-up. DECARLO’s desk is messy (lots of papers and folders, hand-written notes on table calendar) with elements of order (neatly-arranged pens, stacks of paper).

Lieutenant DeCarlo

…I can still kick your ass! But before I do, let’s catch us a killer.

Panel 6

Both get up to leave the office, walking town a hallway to another room. In the background we see patrolmen having a rough time bringing a handcuffed suspect in. We also see bulletin boards, plaques and security cameras. Like the office, the hallway is accented with worn wood paneling and cracked painted walls.

John Carroll

Sounds good to me, tough guy. We can catch up later.

What time do we hit The Shamrock?

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO

God, they tore down that rat-trap years ago!

Panel 7

This is a close-up of JOHN and DAN from behind, approaching a large room with patrolmen – facing us from a distance -- sitting behind long desks.

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO (whispering to john)

I’ll show you the new watering hole later.

Panel 8

180-degree cut of the previous panel. DAN’S in the left of the panel, at close-up range, looking very serious. JOHN stands to his left, slightly behind him. Both are facing the troops.

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO (addressing the troops)

Seems our Allston killer’s been busy in other states. This is FBI Agent John Carroll. He’s here to help.

Page 4: 6 Panels

Panel 1

Slight variation of a 180-degree cut of the previous panel. Furthest from us, at medium-shot range, is JOHN looking at us explaining the case. Closest to us is a rear-view close-up of the patrolmen listening. The patrolman closest to us heckles JOHN in a whispering voice.

John Carroll

Thank you, Lieutenant. As you might know, there isn’t a clear connection between any of the victims. According to our profilers, the killer’s male, between the ages of 25 to 45 years old, most likely comes from a broken family.

officer doyle (whispering)

Thanks for narrowing it down.

Panel 2

Slight variation of a 180-degree cut of the previous panel, focusing on the officers. The closest row of us is also closest to JOHN and DAN. Some look intently, others seem bored and worn out. In the distance, we see two more officers whispering to themselves.

John Carroll

The lab boys have him between 5 feet, 6 inches tall to 6 feet, one inch tall.

officer Bucchan (whispering)

Why bother even opening your fucking mouth?

Panel 3

Close-up of the two whispering cops in PANEL 2. OFFICER CALLAHAN looks angry, while OFFICER BUCCHAN looks cynically relaxed.

John Carroll

Since nobody in the other cities remembers an outsider, we can reasonably assume our killer is sophisticated enough to blend into any social environment.

officer callahan (whispering)

Does Elliot Ness know we’ve already gone over the crime scene? Why the fuck is he here?

officer Bucchan (whispering)

Idunno. Maybe he’ll plant evidence on Tom Brady.

Panel 4

Close-up of a photographer taking a picture of something below the panel. He’s standing in an urban-looking alley. There’s a dumpster, beat-up brick walls and rusty drain pipes. It’s a rainy, early morning. The photographer looks serious.

Caption

Saturday, 7:30 am, an alley near The Orpheum Theatre.

Isolated comments (off panel)

Poor kid.

Ripped open like a birthday present.

Panel 5

Close-up, looking down on RONNY GODBOLT. He’s dead, lying on his back, his head slightly turned enough to lean on the curb.

Isolated comments (off panel)

Found his wallet.

Ronald Godbolt, 22 years old.

This makes six, two in Boston.

I think I found his arm.

Who could do such a thing?

Can we blame this on drugs?

Panel 6

Long-distance shot of the entire alley. We see the photographer taking more pictures of GODBOLT. In the distance we see JOHN CARROLL and local police looking over the corpse. Behind them is an alley wall with fresh blood stains dripping down to a puddle on the cracked sidewalk. JOHN CARROLL is kneeling closest to the corpse, lifting the cloth over GODBOLT’S face to get a better look. Standing next to JOHN CARROLL is DETECTIVE GAFF.

Detective GAFF

Check out his chest cavity. What could’ve made a hole that big?

John Carroll (kneeling over the corpse)

Looks consistent with the others, only more … brutal.

Page 5: 8 Panels

Panel 1

Flashback: Medium shot of this very alley at night. Behind the dumpster established on the previous page, we see RONNY GODBOLT and ANNE TAYTE heavily making out in front of a fire escape. They’re almost profile from this angle. He’s got her pinned to the rough brick wall. ANNE pulls RONNY’S head closer by the back of his neck with her left hand, while loosening his zipper with her right hand.

Detective GATT (off panel)

His girlfriend – an Anne Tayte -- says this happened right after a show at The Orpheum. Guess this seemed like the perfect spot for a Mickey Rourke moment. Looks like this was done in under a minute.

Panel 2

Flashback: Closer shot of ANNE TAYTE being thrown hard to the curb by something mysterious.

Detective GATT (off panel)

She’s a witness. Why didn’t he kill her too?

Panel 3

Present Time: View from RONNY GODBOLT, looking up at JOHN CAROLL still kneeling over him. DETETIVE GATT is still standing over him.

JOHN CARROLL

He’s sure we can’t catch him. He’s free to work with reckless abandon.

Panel 4

Ariel 180-degree cut of previous panel, looking down over DETECTIVE GATT’S shoulder at still-kneeling JOHN CARROLL, who’s looking up at GATT in a sad, serious manner. Behind JOHN CARROLL we see more of the damage to RONNY GODBOLT.

Detective GATT

He sure wanted this Godbolt kid dead.

JOHN CARROLL

Our killer was way too focused on him to even think about the girl.

Panel 5

Worms-eye view of the alley. Closest to us are workers putting GODBOLT’S corpse in a body bag. Behind them, on the other side of the alley, we see JOHN CARROLL, DETECTIVE GATT and OFFICER DOYLE standing and talking together.

officer doyle

It’ll be a while before she can tell us anything. We’re questioning couple of homeless people who might’ve been awake.

Panel 6

Close-up of JOHN CARROLL, DETECTIVE GATT and OFFICER DOYLE. JOHN CARROLL takes notes in a pocket-sized notebook while GATT and DOYLE discuss final details. They’re ready to leave.

Detective gatt

In the meantime, we’ll talk to his family, friends and coworkers.

Detective gatt

Her’s, too. This might be the work of some pissed off ex-boyfriend.

Panel 7

Long distance shot of Winter Street, a stylized pedestrian road in downtown Boston’s shopping district. Our view is across the street from the two buildings that make up the alley of the crime scene. The right-side building has a Starbucks. Across the two buildings is a row of yellow police tape. Patrolmen block the scene from pedestrians and keep the foot traffic moving. The rain is letting up. From across the street, JOHN CARROL walks out of the alley towards us. He checks the rain with one hand, while putting the notebook in his inside coat pocket with the other. GATT and DOYLE are also walking, a few steps behind CARROLL.

officer doyle

Coming back to the station with us, John?

JOHN CARROLL

I would, but since the rain’s letting up…

Panel 8

Close-up of the previous panel, zooming in on JOHN CARROLL, who’s now past the yellow tape and on the Winter Street sidewalk. He’s walking towards us, looking determined. Behind him, still in the alley, DETECTIVE GATT walks toward us, putting his notebook in his inside coat pocket.

JOHN CARROLL

…I’m gonna see what I can learn from the Allston crime scene. I’ll catch up with you guys later.

Page 6: 10 Panels

Panel 1

Medium shot of the Allston crime scene alley. We’re standing in back of the dark alley, looking across it to the bright street of Harvard Avenue. Yellow police tape runs across the alley. JOHN CARROLL is in the alley, looking down at the taped body outline (with blood stains at the head and chest areas). Something about the crime scene triggers a boyhood memory.

Caption

Almost an hour later, Allston crime scene.

Panel 2

Close-up, zooming in on JOHN CARROLL’S sad expression from the previous panel. He’s getting lost in thought.

Caption

“Hey, you on that bike …”

Panel 3

**Flashback to 1982, Brighton Center:** Tighter close-up, zooming in on 12-year-old JOHN CARROLL’S angry expression. He’s shouting at someone we can’t see.

12-year old John Connolly

… Yeah, you! That’s my bike!

Panel 4

**Flashback Continued:** Medium shot of RUSTY attempting to steal JOHN’S bicycle. As RUSTY tries to get away, JOHN grabs him by the back of his t-shirt, throwing him hard to the street as the bicycle goes out from under him. Behind this takedown, across the street, RUSTY’S brother WALLY and friend EDDIE see RUSTY getting roughed up by a stranger.

12-year old John Connolly

Now give it back!

Rusty Kirkpatrick

Aaaak!

Eddie McCarthy

Some kid’s hassling Rusty!

Panel 5

**Flashback Continued:** Closer shot of the kids ganging up on JOHN. RUSTY holds JOHN’S arms back while WALLY hits John’s right temple with a stick.

Eddie McCarthy (holding john’s arms back)

That’s Rusty’s bike now, punk!

Panel 6

**Flashback Continued:** JOHN CONNOLLY’S knocked to the ground. WALLY’S about to do more damage. Suddenly, WHITEY SULLIVAN grabs Wally from behind by the throat, shoving him to the ground.

Wally Kirkpatrick

Try hurting MY little bro– URRK!

Panel 7

**Flashback Continued:** Close-up of WALLY, RUSTY and EDDIE running toward us, looking in fear behind them at WHITEY and JOHN. Behind them, across the street (furthest from us), we see WHITEY SULLIVAN pick JOHN CARROLL up from the sidewalk.

Wally Kirkpatrick (running)

That’s Whitey Sullivan. That kid’s a psycho!

Eddie McCarthy (running with Wally)

I’m outta here!

john carroll

Thanks!

Panel 8

**Flashback Continued:** Closer view of JOHN (looking angry and the running kids) and WHITEY (looking at JOHN). The 3-quarter close-up reveals JOHN’S gashing cut on his right temple. This is what caused the scar he still has today.

whitey sullivan

It’s okay, Johnny …

Panel 9

**End of Flashback.** Tighter version of the close-up in Panel 2. John’s still staring at the crime scene.

JOHN CARROLL (Thinking, finishing whitey sullivan’s sentence)

“… we Southie kids gotta stick together.”

Panel 10

Establishing shot of Harvard Avenue, with the crime scene alley furthest from us. JOHN is still in the alley, but now looking out at the busy Harvard Avenue traffic. It’s a nice day with lots of pedestrians. Like the VILLAGE FRUIT establishing shot, this street is littered and beat-up, but not like the worst neighborhoods. Litter items include cigarette packages, old band flyers and food/vomit.

JOHN is suddenly relaxed by the fact that he doesn’t have to solve this case. He’s just about to plan his next move when his phone rings.

JOHN CARROLL (Thinking)

Coming here was stupid. Why am I even trying to crack this? Just document the progress, fill out the –

SFX: Cellphone ring

BRRRING!

Page 7: 9 Panels

Panel 1

Closeup on JOHN CARROLL on his mobile phone. He looks annoyed when seeing it’s his wife, but is attempting to sound interested.

(Why does she always call when I’m in a good mood?)

JOHN CARROLL

Trish, darling. What’s up?

Patricia CARROLL (not heard)

Well, I’m holding this phone with an unbandaged hand.

Panel 2

180-degree cut of previous panel. JOHN CARROLL is on the phone (holding it tightly to block out the street noise), looking across the street. We’re looking over his shoulder at the traffic, pedestrians and VILLAGE FRUIT. INES is barely visible in the window, working the register.

JOHN CARROLL (off panel)

That’s terrific!! Does it feel normal?

Panel 3

Closer view of previous panel, zooming in on the VILLAGE FRUIT window with INES still working peacefully. We’re still outside the store, so show some of the brickwork around the window. Since we’re much closer to VILLAGE FRUIT window JOHN is, we don’t see JOHN in this panel.

Patricia CARROLL (not heard)

It’s still sore, but not like last week. It looks pretty good, too.

JOHN CARROLL (off panel)

No more doctors pulling dead skin off your hand every couple of days.

Patricia CARROLL (not heard)

Looks like they were right about me not needing a skin graft after all. But enough about me. How’s the case? When are we going to see you again?

JOHN CARROLL (off panel)

Whoa, one question at a time.

Panel 4

Extreme close-up of the previous panel. We’re now about 3 feet in front of the glass, and can see INES from the shoulders up. She’s on the left side of the panel, body facing almost profile towards the right. Her head is slightly turned 3/4 towards us. She notices JOHN and gives with a flirtatious smile. On the right side of this panel we see JOHN on his phone walking across the street to the store.

Patricia Connolly (Not Heard)

Looks like they were right about me not needing a skin graft after all. But enough about me. How’s the case? When are we going to see you again?

JOHN CARROLL (off panel)

No new leads … on the case.

Panel 5

180-degree cut of the previous panel. This is a close-up of JOHN making eye contact with INES. He’s suddenly smiling, pointing the thumb of his free hand at himself to confirm him being INES’ target.

JOHN CARROLL

I’m hoping to wrap up our part in a few days. You know, dot every “I”…

Panel 6

180-degree cut of the previous panel, an even CLOSER view of INES smiling back at JOHN. We’re past the window, inside the store, seeing INES from the neck up. Her back is turned to us; she looks over her right shoulder at us/JOHN with her patented “come hither” look: batted eyes and her left index finger (long nails) pulling down her lower lip.

JOHN CARROLL (off panel)

… cross every “T” and hand-off to the next guy. I should be home by next Friday…

Panel 7

180-degree cut of the previous panel. We’re now inside VILLAGE FRUIT, in the back looking through the front window. Furthest from us, across the street, JOHN CARROLL walks toward us. In front of the window, inside the store, we see INES working the register, while SANDRA MURPHY bags the groceries behind her. SANDRA is at least 10 years older than INES, and is bored/fascinated by INES’ antics.

JOHN CARROLL

…depending on how much I get done today. I’m at the old crime scene now. Can I get back to you later?

sandra murphy (looking tired)

I can’t believe you just did that!

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla (looking smug)

Oh hush!

Panel 8

90-degree cut of the previous panel. We’re now standing on the right-hand side of the store, facing left, seeing INES and SANDRA behind the register. The door and front window are on the right of this panel. Behind the register are the same wall decorations as established in **PAGE 2:PANEL 5**. The line of customers is in profile view facing the front of the store. INES spots JOHN walking in, but keeps the line moving. JOHN enters the fruit store, sees the long line, and walks past the register to the back of the store.

Patricia CARROLL (not heard)

Sure. Give me a call tonight.

John CARROLL

Right, ri – Wait! I’m drinking with Ajay tonight.

Patricia CARROLL (not heard)

DeCarlo?

John CARROLL

Yeah, the old guy looks great!

Panel 9

Close-up on JOHN CARROLL standing in back of the store. He looks really angry now, speaking niceties through clenched teeth.

Patricia CARROLL (not heard)

Sigh. Tell him I said hello. Love you.

John CARROLL

Love you too, but I’ve GOT to go. Later!

Page 8: 12 Panels

Panel 0 (Action between Page 9 and Page 8 )

JOHN hangs up, turns cell phone off. He looks around the place quickly, seeking any conversation tool. The line’s still a little too long, and he is hungry. He gets a few bananas, some water and chips. After a few false starts, John steps up to the register. He’s the only one in line, so it’s now or never.

Panel 1

Looking over JOHN’S shoulder at INES behind the register. She rushed the line of customers to get to JOHN. Relieved to see JOHN, she brushes her hair behind an ear with her left hand, smiles and arches her back a bit, and slightly leans over the register toward JOHN.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

Glad you came in. You seemed a bit lost.

Panel 2

Closer view of INES, weighing JOHN’S oranges.

John Connolly

Nah, it only looks that way when I’m trying to eat healthy for a change.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

You reminded me of someone I really liked, a long time ago.

Panel 3

Close-up of JOHN’S hand passing a 5 dollar bill into INES’ hand.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

That’ll be $3.69.

JOHN CARROLL (Giving Ines a five-dollar bill)

Right. Here you go. You’ve got a beautiful way of moving. Graceful-like.

Panel 4

Close-up of CHRIS in back of the store with a pricing gun, looking angry. He’s facing us. Behind him is the front of the store; we see JOHN and INES over CHRIS’ shoulder. INES bags JOHN’S oranges while chatting.

JOHN CARROLL

You a dancer or something?

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

Nice try, but no. Not since blowing my knee at ballet camp.

Panel 5

Close-up of JOHN holding INES’ hand as she bags the last of his oranges.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

That’s how I got this heavy.

(She laughs, giving back John’s change.)

John Connolly

I don’t see heavy. I think you’re all right.

(They pause. John spots the Mass Moves poster, and remembers he has a friend working at the Wang Center that owes him a favor.)

Panel 6

Tight shot of the posters behind INES (established in **PAGE 2:PANEL 5**). The MASS MOVES poster should be the most dominant element of this panel.

John Connolly

So, you going MASS MOVES tonight?

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

Oh, please! If I had THAT kind of money, I wouldn’t be working here!

Panel 7

Extreme close-up of JOHN’S hands working the cellphone.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

Do you have tickets?

JOHN CARROLL (Reaching for his phone)

Not yet.

Panel 8

Close-up of JOHN smiling while talking on the phone. CHRIS and ERIC are in back of the store, furthest from us. CHRIS has stopped working in a distant rage, while ERIC is moving about, working quickly.

JOHN CARROLL (talking to someone on the phone)

Al, it’s me.

AL (Not heard)

Yeah, what’s up?

John Connolly

Listen, I need two for tonight. What’ve you got?

AL (Not heard)

Let me see. Here’s something, a pair up close, center orchestra, 8:00 show.

ERIC

Hey Chris.

Panel 9

Close-up of INES nodding “yes”.

JOHN CARROLL (to Al)

Hold on.

JOHN CARROLL (to Ines)

“Center Orchestra” okay, for the 8:00 show?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

(looking shocked and happy, nods yes.)

John Connolly

She says those’ll work. Thanks!

Panel 10

Extreme close-up of JOHN’S left hand, with a clear view of his wristwatch showing 11:07 PM. His hand is scarred and hairy.

JOHN CARROLL (to Ines)

When do you get out of work?

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

4:30, but I have to got home to change --

John Connolly

I’ll pick you up here at 4:30. We’ll stop at Macy’s on the way to dinner.

Panel 11

Extreme close-up of CHRIS’ angry eyes.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla (off panel)

You sure move fast, Mister. Don’t be late.

Overhearing this entire conversation is CHRIS PERKINS, who’s still bitter about being abandoned last night. He’s in the back of the store, sharing his pain with best friend, coworker ERIC.

ERIC

Earth to Chris…

Panel 12

Further shot of previous panel, showing a normal close-up of CHRIS still looking angry, with his back turned towards ERIC. When ERIC asks his question, CHRIS won’t even turn around to respond.

ERIC

…you still helping us with the leaflets tonight?

CHRIS PERKINS

Sure …

What else have I got to do?

(This word balloon becomes a continued caption on the first panel of the next scene.)

Page 9: 5 Panels

Panel 1

Exterior view of Brighton’s SUPER 8 MOTEL

CHRIS PERKINS (caption carry-over from previous page)

“…What else have I got to do?”

JOHN CARROLL (Thinking)

Nothing.

Panel 2

Close-up of crime scene photos on a wrinkled bed.

JOHN CARROLL (Thinking)

Oh, there’s a lot of data. But no answers.

Panel 3

Further view of the previous panel, a bird’s eye view. The room is a wreck. Clothes and luggage are everywhere. The bed is still made, but – in addition to ties and socks – photos and reports of the case are thrown all over the bed. His hand-written notes are messy, with huge portions crossed off and “arrowed”. He’s just showered, and is almost completely dressed for his date with Ines.

JOHN CARROLL (Thinking)

I can’t shake this feeling … that the answers are buried under a ton of alibis. What did Walsh mean I’m “one of his best agents?” I’m no good at this detective stuff. I’m more of a schmoozer, an organizer.

Panel 4

Close-up of JOHN putting his tie one. His back is facing us; we’re looking over his right shoulder at the mirror of a cheap motel dresser. The reflection is JOHN looking at us. On the wall clock behind him (in the mirror) we see it’s almost 5:00 PM. JOHN’S facial expression should be serious.

JOHN CARROLL (Thinking)

So, why’d the old man give this one to you?

Panel 5

Medium shot of full-dressed JOHN walking towards the door. This is a great spot to show how messy the room is.

JOHN CARROLL (Thinking)

Calm down, Conspiracy boy. I don’t have to solve this. Gather up what’s known, document the facts…

Page 10: 7 Panels

Panel 1

A montage/collage shot of JOHN and INES date. She’s in a little black dress with white opera gloves and pearls. Elements for collage include (1) a Wang Center program cover (2) JOHN and INES clapping with the audience (3) JOHN and INES leaving the Wang Center, getting a street-invite to nearby dance club THE ROXY (4) JOHN and INES dancing slow and (5) JOHN holding INES’ wrists behind her with one hand, pulling her tight as possible with the other; her face is happy and relaxed.

JOHN CARROLL (caption carry-over from previous page)

“… pass it off to the next guy.”

Panels 2-7

Before this, their date went wonderfully. He picked her up, when straight to Macy’s to buy her a new dress and shoes. They ate at a nice restaurant; saw a great show at The Wang Center. After that, they walked over to The Roxy for dancing.

Panel 6

JOHN CONNOLLY (off panel)

Lady, you let him hang around far too long…

Page 11: 12 Panels

Panels 1-9

**The first nine panels are really just one big panel divided into 3 rows of smaller, equally-sized panels.** JOHN and INES just made love, and are in the middle of pillow talk in her apartment. She has roommates, so her bedroom is crowded with photos, television and stereo equipment. The floor is covered with discarded clothes, magazines, stuffed animals, condom wrappers and John’s handcuffs. They’ve been at it for over ninety minutes, and are sweaty, exhausted and happy. Her digital clock reads 2:26 AM.

JOHN CONNOLLY

… but I might be wrong. Speaking of long, how ‘bout one more round?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Hard again? You married guys are all the same. Shit! I’ve got to open the store this morning! What time is it now? Fuck! Then again, Chris’ll be there.

JOHN CONNOLLY

You mean the fat kid that looks like Charlie Brown in heat?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

You pig! Still, it’s getting tougher to come up with excuses not to go out with him.

JOHN CONNOLLY

I don’t know. If he’s THAT persistent …

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Right, like I’m letting him masturbate in MY body!

JOHN CONNOLLY

And I’M the pig?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Looks, he’s really a sweet kid and all. But he’s been in a weird mood lately.

Panel 10

Maria rolls over to John, bracing herself by putting her right hand on his chest. She’s resting her full weight on her left elbow, stroking his hair with her left hand.

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

He knew two of the slasher victims.

Panel 11

Maria is now straddled on John, pulling John’s hands on her breasts.

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

One of them even worked in the store!

Panel 12

Same as previous panel, but birds-eye close-up showing John’s shocked expression.

JOHN CONNOLLY

You don’t say?

Page 12: Nine Panels

Panel 1

Sunday morning, John’s Hotel Room, a little after 8:00 am)After dropping INES off to the store, JOHN CARROLL uses his laptop to cross-reference Chris Perkins against all of the victims. To his surprise, Perkins’ name appears in a lot of the victim’s files. John stares at the screen and smiles.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Gotcha!

Scene IX (Sunday morning, Village Fruit Store, a little after 8:00 am):s

Ines is in the bragging mood. She tells her best friend Joan about her amazing night.

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Simply wonderful. It was like, why have I been wasting time with those little boys!

JOAN CARLSON

Mucho macho, eh?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Hell yeah! Sometimes, a girl really wants to know she’s been fucked. Know what I mean?

JOAN CARLSON

And a class act, too? How long’s he in town?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Who cares? Did I tell you he bought me a dress? Tra-la-la!

Scene X (In a separate part of the store, Chris is using Eric for more free therapy):

Chris fumes over last night. They’re both supposed to move heavy produce boxes to the back of the store. At this point, Eric’s doing all the work, and is getting annoyed at Chris’ self-absorption.

CHRIS PERKINS

Tell me this isn’t real. While I spent last night passing anti-war leaflets to drunken college students, Ines puts out for some old dude she just met!

ERIC

Chris, how long’s this crush been? Five months?

CHRIS PERKINS

Six and a half.

ERIC

Whatever. You gotta move on, dude. You can start by moving some boxes.

Scene XI(Sunday morning, 10:30 am, Lieutenant Dan DeCarlo’s home)

John is now in a diner across the street from Village Fruit, calling Dan with his mobile phone. This is an interruption for Dan, who is trying to get his wife and grandkids ready for church. John apologizes, but wants to arrest Chris Perkins. When we join the scene, the conversation in already in progress.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Monosian was his dentist. Goldbolt’s a coworker.

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO

That takes care of the locals, but what about Morales?

JOHN CONNOLLY

Ex-roomate.

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO

Smithers?

JOHN CONNOLLY

Landlord.

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO

This is still too shaky for an arrest warrant, John.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Yeah, I know, Perkins doesn’t have any priors. Can we at least get a search warrant and haul him in for questioning?

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO

Yes, but not for another few hours.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Fine. I’ll tail him for a while.

LIEUTENANT DAN DECARLO

Unofficially, John. You’re not blessed yet.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Right, I’ll keep you posted.

(John watches Chris leave the store.)

He’s leaving, I gotta go.

Scene XII (An abandoned building near the store):

Chris walks to a nearby, abandoned building. His angry mood prevents him from knowing he’s being followed. John’s about two blocks behind. When we join this scene, Chris is already in the building, throwing heavy objects into walls and cursing. There are some floor drawings underneath the rubble.

CHRIS PERKINS

Fucking Christ! I hope to shit you do exist, God.

Because when I die, you’re in for one Hell of an ass-whipping! Did I ask to be a goody-do-goody who breaks his back doing favors for the ungrateful? Do I want people to piss all over me while I smile and say “oh, that’s okay”? FUCK NO!Up until four a.m. in the goddamn morning! Fucking inventory …

(John has caught up with Chris, and is watching this through a semi-boarded window.)

JOHN CARROLL(thinking)

Wow. I suppose there are LESS healthy ways of dealing with aggression.

CHRIS PERKINS

(He’s getting angrier and less aware of his environment)

New landlord still won’t fix the toilet. Fucking dentist guarantees I’ll be in debt for the rest of my life, and then some. Funny how they both died, but fuck it! They deserved it! And Ines lets some Irish cop fuck her! Send the Christ-brat again, God. This time, I’ll make sure the job’s done right …

(Behind Chris, some boxes appear to smoke.)

… no fucking cross this time, dude. I’ll hit him with a car, pour Drano in his wine, shove a jackhammer up his ass, whatever it takes!

(The smoke forms a 7-foot demon, right behind Chris. The demon looks hungry.)

JOHN CARROLL(Still thinking, looking more shocked.)

Holy Fuck! He doesn’t even know that creature is back there. Those claws … that’s what killed all those people!

JOHN CARROLL(shouts)

CHRIS!

CHRIS PERKINS

(John’s shout breaks Chris’ concentration. This makes the demon disappear.)

Whu?

Scene XIII (Same place, after John and Chris compare notes):

Chris is still confused, but begins to understand. His reaction is very much like a student who didn’t do the homework, but the answers come to him during the surprise class-time exam. Chris is sitting on a shipping box, while John is standing.

CHRIS PERKINS

Let me get this straight. There’s this demon from Hell.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Right.

CHRIS PERKINS

He kills whoever I’m pissed off at.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Yup.

CHRIS PERKINS

And, as far as we can tell, he’s completely obedient to my will.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Check.

CHRIS PERKINS

And you’ll never be able to prove any of this in a court of law.

(Chris now wears an evil smile.)

JOHN CONNOLLY

Uhh …

(Chris now intentionally wills the demon into this world. The demon steps closer to John.)

Caption

THE END

The first in a series of stories featuring FLAUROS and his pet boy PERKINS.