

# SUICIDE GIRLS

## ISSUE ONE

### PAGE ONE.

#### PANEL ONE.

A long thin panel stretching across the top quarter of the page. It's a street scene in Silverlake, the buildings and the street. It's a relative LS/panorama, with the sky over the buildings visible, the dawn light through clouds, golden and hazy.

CAPTION: "The sun rises over the city, a glorious haze of smoky amber --"

CAPTION: Glorious. There has to be a better word than glorious.

#### PANEL TWO.

Second quarter of the page. It's a med CU of EMILY HICKOCK, she sits at the wheel of her convertible (something 60s, 70s, it's up to you, but be aware you'll be drawing a lot of this car in the next three issues, so choose a car you like -- nothing too fancy though, something you could imagine a freelance girlie writer from this part of LA would have.)

Anyway Hickock is pretty, in a bookish way. Hip too, but not all crazy cool, tatted out like a SG. More subdued.

She wears sunglasses, sits at the wheel of her car, drives. She ponders her dilemma.

CAPTION: Smoky amber -- is that even possible?

CAPTION: Shit, I am so not ready for this.

CAPTION: I'm not a writer. I'm a -- what am I? I can't even answer that.

**PANEL THREE.**

A repeat of PANEL ONE, third quarter of the page, maybe closed in a bit now (it doesn't need to be a page-wide panorama anymore). However the main thing is that now we see Hickock's car, as a small element in the shot, driving along.

CAPTION: "The sun rises over --"

CAPTION: Shit, corny crap. Everyday in L.A. is the same  
bright whatever as the last. And who gives a  
shit  
anyway.

**PANEL FOUR.**

FLASHBACK, ABRUPT SHIFT IN SCENE. Bottom quarter of the page. We're in a bar at night. It's dark and moodily lit. Maybe it's 4100 on a weekday. Or El Carmen. Somewhere where the lighting is warm reds and peach and everything has a warm hue.

Hickock, dressed differently sits at the bar and enthusiastically speaks with Missy. Both girls look a little bit drunk. Other drinkers and revelers are in the FG and around. It's a quite wide establishing shot with the girls a element of it, but not the focal thing.

CAPTION: I wish I hadn't met Missy now. I wish I hadn't  
been drunk when I did.

CAPTION: I wish I hadn't gone on and on about how I liked  
comics and the Hernandez Brothers and Seth.

**PAGE TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

STILL FLASHBACK. C/U Missy looking off panel towards Hickock.

CAPTION: "Hey, I've got an idea," Missy said.

MISSY: ...Why don't you write the Suicide Girls comic book.

**PANEL TWO.**

Hickock, martini glass raised, smiles back at her.

HICKOCK: Great, I'd love to --

CAPTION: -- I said right back at her, drunk and happy and full of shit.

**PANEL THREE.**

BACK IN THE PRESENT. Med CU Down-shot of Hickock driving along.

CAPTION: Trouble is, now I've got to actually write it.

**PANEL FOUR.**

BACK TO FLASHBACK.

Med shot of Missy/Hickock. They're tighter in shot now than the establishing flashback shot. Maybe semi-silhouetted by the back-light of the bar.

The torso of one drinker semi-obscures them FG.

They both have their drinks in hand.

MISSY: I'll call Stormy. She'll show you around.

HICKOCK: Around where?

MISSY: Around. Around, around. So you get an idea of what goes on in a Suicide Girl's life.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Dirty CU of Hickock, she has an inquiring expression.

HICKOCK: And what goes on?

MISSY: Stuff.

HICKOCK: Stuff?

**PANEL SIX.**

Dirty CU of Missy, responding, a smile on his face.

MISSY: Stuff. Stuff just kind of happens.

**PAGE THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Hickock's car pulls over by the side of the road, outside a beaten up bar on Hollywood or Sunset over on the Eastside.

CAPTION: Oh well.

**PANEL TWO.**

Foreground is a telephone pole (part of it anyway), semi-lit, darker than the rest of shot. On the pole is a small poster for a missing dog.

"MISSING DOG  
ANSWERS TO "SCRUFFER"  
REWARD OFFERED  
CONTACT --"

The name/phone # are obscured by the bottom of the panel.

**PANEL THREE.**

LS of Hickock as she walks away from her car towards the bar/its door, which is clearly shut up, being closed this early in the morning.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

Close up of Hickock's hand knocking politely on the door.

SFX: knock knock

**PANEL FIVE.**

L/S, side-on of Hickock standing there waiting. She's (and the building she stands in front of) silhouetted by the sun behind her.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SIX.**

Repeat of Panel Six, with Hickock's hand now banging on the door.

SFX: KNOCK KNOCK

**PAGE FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Whole right side of the page. Biggish panel/portrait shaped (taller than it is wider). Stormy stands in the door, looking unintentionally sexy, half asleep having had a night of it.

STORMY: Huh?

(Panels Two/Three one on top of the other, running down the right side of the page.)

**PANEL TWO.**

Side on. Stormy in C/U to one side of panel, Hickock to the other, both are side on to us facing each other.

HICKOCK: Hi. Stormy?

STORMY: Do I know you?

HICKOCK: No. But I thought Missy called you about me. She

said to meet you here. I'm --

**PANEL THREE.**

Dirty CU of Stormy, the light of realization in her eyes.

STORMY: Oh yeah, Cody. You're Cody, right? Or Custer.

Earp. Holliday.

HICKOCK: Hickock. Emily Hickock, you were close.

**PAGE FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Hickock's car (a section of it) is in the FG, semi-obscuring Hickock standing, facing away from us, Stormy visible to the other side of her, and some of the bar exterior, as a surround to the panel layout.

HICKOCK: When did you get here?

STORMY: What do you mean?

HICKOCK: This place -- I didn't know bars around here opened

this early.

**PANEL TWO.**

LS of Stormy walking out of the bar, taking Hickock's hand and taking her with her. Stormy walks towards Hickock's car. Maybe this is an overhead shot looking down on the scene.

STORMY: They don't. I've been here all night.

STORMY: Come on.

**PANEL THREE.**

Car driving down freeway, the background and freeway signs a blur. Car is frozen still (like if you took a photo of a fast car from a car traveling at the same speed -- car would be unblurred/background blurred.) Anyway we're close enough in on the front seats we can see Hickock drive, while Stormy sits in the seat next to her, slumped/reclined her head lolling back in the seat.

HICKOCK: Where are we going?

STORMY: SG promotion in San Diego. Skateboard thing. Cute

boys on boards and me. And you too, I guess.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Extreme L/S to end the scene. The car speeds past us. Now it is the semi-blur with the sea/coast line and the "twin breasts" of the San Onofre nuclear plant visible in the background.

HICKOCK: Missy said things get crazy around you guys. Is  
that true? Will this be crazy?

STORMY: Probably not. No...

**PAGES SIX/SEVEN.**

**DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD.**

Skateboard madness.

We're in among multiple rams intertwined, so skaters are doing stunts and loops and aerials in and around each other. There's a dramatic mid-air collision between two of the boys.

Crowds watch, cheer, all excited and amped up.

Of to the side is a stage where a band is kicking ass, pumping out some seriously loud music.

And to the fore with all the chaos unfolding around them are Stormy and Hickock. Stormy stands there, surrounded by adoring guys who she signs SG calendars for. We can see her clearly, signing, calm and sexy, taking all the excitement going on around and behind her in her stride.

Next to/near to her is Hickock who looks on, aghast at the spectacle in direct contrast to Stormy's calmness.

PLUS TITLE AND CREDITS.

CAPTION: "...It'll probably be pretty tame."

**PAGES EIGHT/NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We're closed into a medium shot of that part of the scene. Stormy continues to sign calendars. Hickock is next to her looking on/looking around at the stuff going on.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): It's just people. Guys. Skaters.

Nothing I haven't experienced before.

**PANEL TWO.**

Repeat of Panel One's framing and P.O.V. However now, a skateboarder is flying through the air, close, close, close over their heads. He's visible from his feet/legs flailing as he crouches down on his skateboard which flies through the air.

Hickock is ducking/diving to avoid him. She's startled, eyes wide. Stormy on the other hand, as close to being struck as Hickock has nevertheless not moved at all, calmly continuing to sign calendars.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): All right, maybe not quite like this.

**PANEL THREE.**

C/U of Hickock looking around, adjusting herself, her hair and glasses as she recovers from ducking.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): But -- so -- but, so why am I so nervous.

**PANEL FOUR.**

We return to the framing of Panels One/Two, but now we've closed in on the shot slightly so it more focuses in on just Stormy and Hickock. One fan is visible to the side of Stormy, whispering in her ear with a salacious expression. Stormy doesn't look happy.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): Stormy. Just a girl.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Repeat of Panel Four. A moment later as Stormy knocks the fan back out of panel with a roundhouse punch. Hickock reacts with surprise.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): Okay, maybe not just a girl.

**PANEL SIX.**

C/U Stormy. She spits down out of shot, presumably on the prostrate fan.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): Still why -- but -- so -- why do I care  
if she thinks I'm cool or not.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

LS of Stormy and Hickock, small figures in and among the fans and skateboarders and everything else.

Stormy is dragging Hickock away from the crowd by her arm (more or less, but not directly in out direction.)

STORMY: I'm bored.

STORMY: Wanna get a drink?

**PANEL EIGHT.**

Med Shot of Stormy and Hickock. Hickock has stopped Stormy and they face each other, Hickock trying to reason with what she thinks (at this moment) to be a crazy idea.

HICKOCK: I don't know Stormy. It's a long drive back.

STORMY: Which we'll do like hours from now.

STORMY: Which is when we'll do our sobering up.

**PANEL NINE.**

Repeat of the same angle on Stormy and Hickock, as Stormy continues to drag her away. Now however we're tighter in on them, with Hickock now having a "what the Hell, why not" expression on her face and a gesture with her free hand the same.

STORMY: Come on. One drink.

HICKOCK: Um.

HICKOCK: Okay.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): I mean -- one drink --

**PAGE TEN.**

Panels One to Three run in a row across the top of the page. They should all be equal side.

**PANEL ONE.**

An all black panel.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): -- Where's the harm?

**PANEL TWO.**

Tight in on Hickock's eyes, lying sideways in shot on a tattered bed pillow. Her eyes are sleepily half-open. Opens eyes.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

Repeat of Panel Three. Now however Hickock's eyes are wide, shocked and unsure of her surroundings.

CAPTION (HICKOCK): Hey -- whoa --

**PANEL FOUR.**

Big panel taking up the bottom two thirds of the page.

Hickock is sitting up in bed, shocked. The bed is a big old brass bed, all banged up and old. The blankets and sheets are strewn around it.

By sitting up Hickock's breast would be exposed. Use the pose of her arms and the shadows from her arms falling across her body to cover/obscure her nipples.

The room (a run down TJ motel/hotel room) has the bed, a dresser, a chair, all banged up and beaten down. Hickock's clothing and various props from what must have been a crazy night are scattered absolutely everywhere.

The bed should look to some degree as if two people had sex here.

There is a ceiling fan above (which we may not see from this angle level with the bed, but I wanted you to know it's there for the future.)

CAPTION (HICKOCK): -- Where am I?

CAPTION (HICKOCK): Where am I?

HICKOCK: Where the fuck am I?

**PAGE ELEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

C/U Hickock, her head spinning looking away from the direction she looked in Page 10/Panel 4. There is shock/fear on her face. Light comes in from a backlight giving off lighting flare for further drama.

KILLER #1 (Off Panel): It don't matter, girl --

**PANEL TWO.**

Two hard boiled types, one female (KILLER #1), one male (KILLER #2) stand facing up. They are dressed like American tourists, but with hard faces/Ray Bans/the general look of trained killers. They both have guns (one a Colt revolver held by Killer #1).

Hickock's head/bare shoulder is to the FG left of shot, recoiling/reacting to them.

They aim their weapons at her.

KILLER# 1: 'Least it isn't gonna matter real soon.

HICKOCK: Who are you? Where -- where --

**PANEL THREE.**

Hickock in Med shot sitting in bed. One arm covers her breast. She is looking down at herself, the sheets in disarray around her waist/hips as she realizes she is completely naked.

HICKOCK: -- Where are my clothes?

**PANEL FOUR.**

Looking down on the bed/scene. Hickock in bed, the killers facing her, guns drawn. We see this scene through the blades of the ceiling fan. Again light shafts in/across shoot.

Killer #2 is glancing over at #1.

KILLER #1: Like I say, it ain't gonna matter. None of it.

HICKOCK: I don't understand. Please. Explain what --

KILLER #2: So is this the one we're after?

**PANEL FIVE.**

Close into Med CU of Killers #1 and 2 as they look off panel at Hickock.

KILLER# 1: No. The other one, Stormy her name is. Tattoos.

KILLER #2: I thought that was Bee.

**PANEL SIX.**

C/U Killer #1 from an up angle, looking strong, in control. Maybe the light is reflecting/glaring off the lens of her Ray Bans.

KILLER #1: They all got tattoos. That's their -- like --  
like their uniform.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Killers #1 and 2 in CU half in/out of panel, one to either side of the panel. These the backs of their heads are in silhouette, dark with Hickock visible/lit between them, still struggling to cover herself, terrified what the next moment will hold.

KILLER #2: What should we do with this one then."

KILLER #1: You know orders, no witnesses.

**PANEL EIGHT.**

Close up detail of Killer #1's finger pulling back the trigger as at the same time, the hammer of the revolver is pulling back.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL NINE.**

Nothing but a colossal sound FX --

--

**WHAM!!!**

**PAGE TWELVE/THIRTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Med shot. Stormy standing there with a big length of pipe. She's in her underwear, having been in the bathroom.

STORMY: Get up, come on!

**PANEL TWO.**

We're looking down on the scene slightly, to better see what has occurred.

Stormy is standing by the bed. The two Killers are lying unconscious, sprawled across the bed. Hickock is scrambling out of the bed, again with arms and shadows posed to conceal nipples and whatever else.

HICKOCK: What's going on?

STORMY: They want me, don't know why -- not going to stay  
and find out.

STORMY: Get dressed!

**PANEL THREE.**

Hickock is to one side of panel, tight in shot from head to foot, standing there, unsure what to do next. She is naked with her back to us, but semi-silhouetted by the light. We can see her bare ass but that's it.

Stormy is further from us, scrambling into her clothes, glancing at Hickock as she does so.

HICKOCK: Where are my clothes?

STORMY: I don't know, where did you throw them last night?

**PANEL FOUR.**

Cutaway of Stormy's hand grabbing Killer #1's revolver, with some of Killer #1's unconscious face/head visible in shot.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

CU Stormy (on one side of panel) holding up the gun, looking away from us towards Hickock who is to the other side of shot. Hickock, further from us/more visible, is by now in her panties and in the process of hooking on her bra. She glances towards us/Stormy as they speak.

STORMY: Can you shoot this?

HICKOCK: Err, I think so.

STORMY: Good, 'cause I can't.

**PANEL SIX.**

LS Stormy/Hickock side by side getting the rest of their clothes on. No background, just white. Maybe even no panel borders.

HICKOCK: My father taught me.

STORMY: Yeah for daddy.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Med shot Hickock turning to Stormy whose shoulder, back of ear is to the side of panel.

HICKOCK: Err, Stormy.

STORMY: What?

**PANEL EIGHT.**

CU of the two girls, side on, facing each other.

HICKOCK: What happened before this?

STORMY: We've been on a 48 hour drunk. I was in the mood for tequila. Boy, you sure put it away.

**PANEL NINE.**

Down shot from overhead, as the two girls race for the door.

HICKOCK: And you and me? This bed?

STORMY: You're a devil. You tried to have sex with me.

**PANEL TEN.**

Another CU of Hickock and Stormy side by side, this time from straight on. Hickock has stopped dead in her tracks, shocked. Stormy is looking at her with a wry smile.

HICKOCK: I did?!

STORMY: No.

HICKOCK: So where are we? --

**PAGE FOURTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

BIG PANEL, TOP THREE QUARTERS OF THE PAGE.

We're looking at the front door of the fleabag motel where the girls were. However we're looking at this from far, far away with the girls/motel doorway small, small in shot in the BG.

To the fore of shot, all around we see the people, people, people of Tijuana. We see market stalls and tourist vendors and tourists and locals and cars and buildings around the motel. Fill the shot with detail.

And way in the rear we see Stormy looking matter-a-fact about where they are, and Hickock looking shocked.

STORMY: Tijuana, where'd you think.

STORMY: Like I said, I wanted tequila.

**Panels 2/3 are the bottom quarter of the page.**

**PANEL TWO.**

Tight full figure shot of the girls running away from the motels, dodging in and out of the people.

The girls run away from the hotel building.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

The killers emerge in CU from the motel room. They both look dazed/fucked up from the blow to their heads. Killer #1 has one lens of her Ray Bans knocked out. She is calling out --

KILLER #1: They're getting away, you idiots! --

**PAGE FIFTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We see a section of the street outside. Among the crowd two more Killers (#3 AND #4) turn, look. 3 and 4 are equally hard looking -- again one female (3)/one male (4). They too wear shades and tourists' clothing. They too look like violent people, prone to violence.

KILLER #1 (OFF PANEL): -- Move it!

**PANEL TWO.**

Stormy and Hickock in tight Med shot run for it, like too nymphs, gliding/squeezing through people. Ever nimble/agile.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

The Killers, in a wider Med shot, are not so spry, running/rushing towards us, pushing people aside as they go.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

Tight close up of Hickock/Stormy's feet running along cobblestones, past a dog foraging in some boxes.

NO DIALOGUE

## **PAGES SIXTEEN/SEVENTEEN.**

Nate, a general note for these two pages. We're going to be having gunshots exchanged in among rows of hanging sheets on lines. I would suggest to you that you use the whiteness of the sheets as negative space, like a Japanese print maker might do. Don't be afraid for the whiteness of the sheets to take up two thirds/three quarters of a panel, obscuring some of the details of the action. Conversely as it seems it will add to the intensity, not detract from it, in that it will bring the viewer closer into what is going on. Also to further make this double page of panels look unique I would only have panel borders where the white of the sheet isn't touching the edge of panel. Where that happens I would have no panel edge, just the negative space of the sheets' whiteness turning the panels into crazy shapes (where if you kept the complete panel, they'd just be squares.)

### **PANEL ONE.**

We're looking at an brick arch entrance to a courtyard. Stormy and Hickock are at the entrance, small in panel, far from us, running towards us. To the bottom fore of panel are rows of rope strung across at different angles from which hang white sheets that we're looking over the top of.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL TWO.**

Looking down on the scene from overhead. The lines are diagonally across panel bottom left to top right, while the girls are running through the sheets, from top left across panel towards bottom right.

The Killers are entering shot/the courtyard to top left where the entrance to the courtyard would be.

KILLER #1: There!

### **PANEL THREE.**

With sheets blowing up/across to semi obscure them, the Killers open fire. Even as we see them here, one bullet passes right through a sheet as other fly past/around it.

SFX: BANG BANG

### **PANEL FOUR.**

Stormy and Hickock dive/duck the shot. We're low down, right in among the whiteness along with the girl. The bullets strafe past them narrowly hitting them.

HICKOCK: They're shooting at us!

STORMY: Well what are you waiting for? Shoot back!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Hickock in Med CU with the gun pointed more or less directly at us in extreme CU, as she fires back.

SFX: BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM

**PANEL SIX.**

Two of the killers fall, one dead (#2). One wounded (#3), the wounded killer dragging the sheets' clothesline down in the process.

Whiteness semi-obscuring the action, clotheslines and whiteness everywhere.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SEVEN.**

More of the same as the other two killers are caught up in the clotheslines that fall, snaring them like a spider's web.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE EIGHTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Hickock looks back in horror, towards us, while Stormy grabs her hand and drags her away from us to the exit archway into another street at the far end of the courtyard.

HICKOCK: Oh my God -- I just killed someone."

STORMY: Yeah, you did. Nice shooting, Hopalong.

**PANEL TWO.**

Arched exit on the other side of the courtyard, as Stormy and Hickock run from view.

CAPTION (Hickock): Oh God.

**PANEL THREE.**

The street looking back at the courtyard arch. The two uninjured killers (#1 and 4) emerge, looking for the girls.

CAPTION (Hickock): Oh God.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Crowded street. The killers look around for the girls.

CAPTION (Hickock): Oh God.

**PANEL FIVE.**

FG is the girls crouched behind a pickup truck.

Beyond them, in LS we see the two killers race past.

CAPTION (Hickock): Oh God --

CAPTION (Hickock): -- I killed someone.

**PAGE NINETEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Hickock and Stormy running in the other direction through the crowd.

CAPTION (Hickock): I'll never forgive myself.

CAPTION (Hickock): I'll never forget.

CAPTION (Hickock): I'll never stop thinking about --

**PANEL TWO.**

C/U of Hickock suddenly stopping, shocked. She's reaching back over her shoulder for her shoulder blade.

HICKOCK: Stormy. Why do I have gauze stuck to my back?

**PANEL THREE.**

Stormy and Hickock standing, facing each other in the street.

STORMY: It's your new tattoo -- very cool.

HICKOCK: What is it?

STORMY: Well initially you wanted a portrait of Edgar Allan

Poe, but I thought the tattoo artist made him look too much like the bass player from Fog Hat, so we tattooed a big raven over it instead.

HICKOCK: A Raven?"

**PANEL FOUR.**

Stormy dragging Hickock away from us again, the pair of them already far away from us, small in the distance.

STORMY: Yeah, you kept yelling "Nevermore, nevermore!" the whole time he was doing it.

STORMY: You were pretty drunk.

HICKOCK: I was?

STORMY: Yeah, almost as drunk as the guy doing your tattoo.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Stormy and Hickock rush up to/are in the process of opening the doors to Hickock's car, which was parked in a side street, semi-shaded by the large leaves of a tree (leaf pattern of shadow on it.)

HICKOCK: What now?

STORMY: Bee's in LA. They mentioned her, so maybe she's in

danger too. We have to warn her.

**PANEL SIX.**

Car small in panel, racing away from us.

STORMY: Man, I hope she has her cell-phone on her.

**PAGES TWENTY/TWENTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Interior establishing shot of a bar. People (a few) drink and chill. Among them is DARREN, a tall, skinny guy with tortoise shell glasses and scruffy hair. He nurses a beer at a table. Another person sits at the bar, head bowed, nursing a short. This person wears a hoody tracksuit top, pulled up. This person could be girl or boy, it's impossible to know. The bartender who we'll call GUY, polishes a glass. Maybe there are a couple more people here too.

The lighting is moody, with light shining in through windows giving the bar a Ridley Scott designery feel. (Have you seen the Duellists, the shafts of light during the sword fight in the cellar. That sort of thing.)

Anyway at the end of the bar is a door through to a stage area. The curtain between the bar and the stage area is closed with a sign saying "closed for rehearsal".

CAPTION: "I lost my cell phone."

**PANEL TWO.**

We're closed in on the curtain and the sign, showing/telling the viewer this is where we'll be passing through in the next panel.

CAPTION: "Maybe."

**PANEL THREE.**

We're now in the stage area where Bee and Snow (full figure in shot) stand to one side. They're in high heels and wear white terry-cloth robes. Their faces are made up, as if about to perform on stage.

The stage is brightly light, dramatic, with key light, fill light and backlight making the girls look dazzling in this and the scene to follow.

Bee looks a bit troubled. Snow is calmer with a wry look on her face.

BEE: I might have left it at home.

CAPTION: Bee.

SNOW: Where'd you last remember seeing it?

CAPTION: Snow.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Med shot of Bee and Snow a moment later, their expressions more or less the same.

BEE: Yesterday. No. Yes.

SNOW: No yes. Which one?

BEE: Yesterday. I'm positive. Jerry Springer.

SNOW: What's he got to do with this?

**PANEL FIVE.**

C/U Bee, thinking, recalling.

BEE: Jerry Springer was on. In the background. I don't watch it but --

SNOW: Oh I believe that.

BEE: Really. Anyway the TV got switched on. Don't ask me how. Springer. Wedding cake being thrown everywhere.

**PANEL SIX.**

C/U Snow, her expression still wry and taking the whole thing in her stride.

SNOW: So?

BEE: So today's Saturday. No Springer. So it had to be yesterday.

SNOW: Brilliant. Just listening to you work all that out and I'm exhausted.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Bee and Snow, wide med shot. Bee still looks serious and thoughtful. Snow retains her sly/wry humor.

BEE: God, I have to find her.

SNOW: You've humanized your cell phone? And it's a girl?

What sex is your toothbrush?

**PANEL EIGHT.**

Bee and Snow, closer med shot, maybe angling around a bit as if the camera was tracking around them as they talk (from Panel Seven.

Bee retains the same expression while Snow now has a look of surprise on her face.

BEE: Funny. No. Scruffer, my dog.

SNOW: You lost your dog?

**PANEL NINE.**

Bee and Snow, tighter two shot that Panel Eight. The camera continues tracking around the two girls, even as it closes in on them.

Bee continues looking sad and concerned. Snow now looks sad, sorry for her friend.

BEE: And I've put up flyers and my cell phone number is on them so I need it in case someone calls.

SNOW: Oh Bee.

**PANEL TEN.**

LS from far away as the girls embrace. It's a quiet, gentle image.

SNOW: It'll be fine. You'll find her.

**PANEL ELEVEN.**

BGB (Big Gay Bobby) comes towards us from side of stage. BGB is 6'5", 280lbs. Balding, goatee. He wears jeans, a T-shirt, sneakers. However his necklace, bracelet and his theatrical hand gestures indicate he may be gay.

BGB: Girls, girls, I hate to interrupt a personal --  
whatever it is going on here -- but this is a rehearsal.

**PANEL TWELVE.**

Med shot from BGB's belly upwards. Snow stands to the side of him looking up at him. Due to their inequality of size, Snow is only in shot from her breasts/shoulders upwards.

SNOW: Bitch.

BGB: Indeed I am! Love it!

**PANEL THIRTEEN.**

C/U of BGB walking away from Snow and towards us. We see Snow in med L/S over his shoulder looking at him/the back of BGB's head.

BGB waves her off without even a backward look.

SNOW: Jesus, BGB, she lost her dog, will you --

BGB: Tempus Fugit. Vite, vite.

**PANEL FOURTEEN.**

Alexis and Sophie appear from backstage/side of stage, also in heels, makeup and terry-towel robes. They're in L/S.

ALEXIS: You were born out of your time.

CAPTION: Alexis.

CAPTION: Sophie.

**PANEL FIFTEEN.**

BGB and Alexis stand looking at each other. She looks away from us towards him, her back to us. BGB's body is much larger than hers too, as he looks down at her.

BGB: I agree. I've always seen myself akin to a Jazz Age flapper.

ALEXIS: No, I was thinking more Ancient Egypt. You would have been great beating the drums on a slave galley.

**PANEL SIXTEEN.**

Snow and Bee slipping off their terry-towel robes, revealing their sexy SG stage costumes underneath.

SNOW: Come on Bee. Sooner we do this sooner we can --

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO.**

FULL PAGE montage of moments from a SG live stage show.  
Use the DVD for reference.

We see Snow, Bee, Alexis and Sophie doing moments from the show, including (obviously) the chocolate sauce.

CAPTION: How do you describe a Suicide Girls show? Live.

CAPTION: All this.

CAPTION: All that.

CAPTION: All the chocolate sauce!

CAPTION: In fact, it's impossible to describe --

CAPTION: -- At least in a way that does it justice.

CAPTION: No. The best thing to do --

CAPTION: -- Go see it for yourself!

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

After the performance. The girls are dressed in their normal clothes. Sophie, Snow, Alexis and BGB are exiting the backstage area through the curtain. We see the bar area again as the girls and BGB emerge, as a group LS of them. The dramatic shafts of light remain the same at this point in time.

SOPHIE: So we cool?

BGB: If it only goes as well on the night.

SNOW: Relax BGB.

SNOW: It's not like we're new to this.

**PANEL TWO.**

Sophie wanders off with a wave. Alexis is turning to go too. Snow stands, looks up at BGB. BGB rolls his eyes and gives a dramatic hand gesture as he talks.

ALEXIS: Some of us are.

SNOW: Still --

BGB: Yes but --

**PANEL THREE.**

We see Darren, the back of his head to one side of shot, as he looks away from us towards Snow and BGB.

SNOW: Relax. It'll be fine.

CAPTION: He watches her.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Tight CU of Snow. This is from Darren's POV and his headspace, so we see a shot of Snow, as she licks her lips, looking far sexier doing it than she realizes.

CAPTION: He watches her move and talk and smile.

CAPTION: She licks her lips, unconsciously.

CAPTION: He licks his too.

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot of the other person I highlighted, sitting at the bar with the hoody pulled up. This person faces away from us, nursing their drink.

However we can see Snow is reflected in the bar mirror that the mystery person looks towards.

CAPTION: And another.

CAPTION: Another watches also.

CAPTION: This one eager to see and not be seen. All but a ghost.

**PANEL SIX.**

The bar in L/S as we saw it in Panel One, Page Twenty. However, now knowing that these two are more than mere bar-goers, the whole scene and the dramatic light shafts have a vaguely increased menace.

Snow is in the middle of the bar now, walking towards us/a moment from passing Guy behind the bar.

CAPTION: Two spies.

GUY: Hey?

**PAGES TWENTY-FOUR/TWENTY FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Snow walks past Guy. Med shot, facing Guy and side-on to Snow. Guy is leaning on the bar in a friendly way. Snow glances away from us, towards Guy as she walks by.

GUY: Why do you call your stage guy BGB?

SNOW: Big Gay Bobby.

GUY: How'd he get that nickname?

**PANEL TWO.**

We're on the bar between them with Snow to one side and Guy to the other. Guy continues leaning on the bar, friendly/flirty. Snow looks across at him more warily having been hit on (I'm assuming) more times than many people have hiccupped.

SNOW: That's a story, sure, but who are you to ask to hear it?

GUY: New bartender. I'll be on this week when you do your act.

**PANEL THREE.**

CU Guy looking off panel at Snow. His eyebrow is arched, knowing he has her attention.

GUY: So I'll be the guy pouring your drinks.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Reverse angle CU of Snow, her eyes are bright, processing this data.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

Over the shoulder of Guy, facing away from him, at Snow who is a medium shot as we see her here.

SNOW: It all began when Brie dated this guy named Bobby.

GUY: Bee.

SNOW: Brie. Like the cheese. I know I get confused with  
all the names sometimes too.

**PANEL SIX.**

Same angle/shot as Panel Five, closing in on Snow a little bit. The back of Guy's head/shoulder is still in shot, but less so as we close in past him.

SNOW: Anyway Brie's Bobby was this wiry guy. Played bass.  
Not very well. But he was cool.

SNOW: As long as he wasn't playing bass.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Same angle/shot. Closing in a little more on Snow. Now Guy is no longer in shot. Remember to have Snow animated as she talks.

SNOW: Then on the first SG tour the guy who drove us was  
also a Bobby. Bobby and Bobby, you can imagine the  
confusion.

GUY: Utter bewilderment.

**PANEL EIGHT.**

Same angle/shot. Close in on Snow a little more still.

SNOW: You have no idea. However Bobby 2 was big.  
Muscles.

Huge neck. Midwestern stock.

GUY: I know the type.

**PANEL NINE.**

Same shot, close in a little more.

SNOW: So he became Big Bobby.

GUY: Bobby and Big Bobby.

**PANEL TEN.**

Close in a little more.

SNOW: Then --

GUY: I can't wait.

SNOW: We just took on Bobby 3 over there, to help with rehearsals. Good with a needle and thread too if a costume gets torn.

**PANEL ELEVEN.**

Same shot of Snow. Close in a little more.

SNOW: Oh and he makes great pasta dishes.

SNOW: But -- as your may have noted he's a big Bobby also.

SNOW: Luckily he's gay.

**PANEL TWELVE.**

Final shot closing in. By now Snow should be a fairly tight CU. There's a vague look of triumph on her face at the conclusion of the tale.

SNOW: Big Gay Bobby.

SNOW: Or BGB as he's come to be known.

**PANEL THIRTEEN.**

We return to Panel Two's framing. We look down the bar with Guy to one side and Snow to the other. Guy still leans in, rests his chin on one hand.

Snow is more relaxed, standing there, maybe resting a hand on her side of the bar.

GUY: Fascinating.

SNOW: You think so? You're easily impressed.

**PANEL FOURTEEN.**

Repeat of Panel Three. Guy now looks off panel at Snow with a hopeful expression.

GUY: I'd be really impressed -- and honored -- if you'd let

me buy you dinner one night.

**PANEL FIFTEEN.**

Repeat of Panel Four. Reverse angle of Snow. Now however her face is frozen, unsure what to say/how to reply for a moment or two.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SIXTEEN.**

Repeat of Panel Thirteen. Now however, Snow's body language is slightly more guarded again, and Guy is standing withdrawing from her slightly.

SNOW: Sorry. You're nice. But --

GUY: I'm not your type.

**PANEL SEVENTEEN.**

Repeat Panel Sixteen. Same framing. Now Snow drops her head slightly, uncomfortable by the moment. Guy looks a little awkward too.

SNOW: Yeah, basically.

GUY: I had to ask.

SNOW: Well, I'll -- see you later. When we perform for  
real.

**PANEL EIGHTEEN.**

Repeat of Panel Thirteen/Sixteen/Seventeen again. This time with Snow no longer in panel, have exited walking towards us (off panel), so that Guy still in panel faces/looks somewhat towards panel/us as he watches her go. He has a stoically forlorn expression.

GUY: Yeah. See you.

**PAGE TWENTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

LS looking down the alley by a dumpster in back of the bar. Guy is far from us, a small figure in shot, all by himself leaning against the wall. He is in the process of putting a cig in his mouth.

CAPTION: Later. Like twenty minutes. Maybe thirty.

A cigarette break.

GUY (THINKS): I can't believe she turned me down. Shit.

GUY (THINKS): I'd give my right nut to --

**PANEL TWO.**

C/U Guy's mouth/lower face as he lights the cigarette.

GUY (THINKS): Shit, what was I thinking?

**PANEL THREE.**

Guy walks away from us, a plume of smoke rising up around his head (haloing him) as he walks/thinks, his head bowed slightly.

GUY (THINKS): Still, at least I can look in the mirror tomorrow shaving and know that I tried.

GUY (THINKS): At least I can say that about --

**PANEL FOUR.**

Medium shot. Darren has come up behind Guy, grasping him with one arm as he puts a straight razor to Guy's throat with the other. Guy's face/expression is one of shock. Cigarette is still in his mouth. Darren looks crazed.

DARREN: You won't have her.

DARREN: No one will.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Tight CU of Darren and Guy, as Darren draws the blade across Guy's throat, blood spraying. Darren and Guy's heads/faces are cropped here, half in/half out of panel, one to either side of panel. Guy's cigarette is falling from his mouth here.

DARREN: No one but me.

**PANEL SIX.**

A tight shot of the still burning cigarette on the ground, blood pooling around it. We see this from low down on the ground next to it, tight up to it, not looking down on it.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.**

Top third of the page. A series of small panels, simple images.

**PANEL ONE.**

The sun. Bright. Overhead.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

We look down on a C/U of a lizard scrambling along. He's half way between the interstate highway asphalt and the rough ground and soil of the countryside beyond it.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

Same shot, pulled back/up away from the ground. The lizard is now smaller in shot, scurrying out of frame as a human (girl's) shadow falls across shot.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

Final small panel in a row. We're a hundred yards down the highway, looking at it stretching on into blisteringly hot infinity. There's someone walking away from us, down this highway, too small in frame and semi-silhouetted to see.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

Big panel taking up the bottom two thirds of the page. It's GoGo walking away from us, her cute body, highlighted in short denim shorts and a tank top. She carries a backpack slung over one shoulder. Her long hair blows gently in what little breeze there is. Her face/head is turned away from us.

She is in the middle of frame with the highway asphalt to one side of her and the barren countryside to the other.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SIX**

Insert panel to the bottom right of (within) Panel Five. It's a C/U of GoGo as she looks back over her shoulder down the highway behind her.

CAPTION: GoGo.

**PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We're looking down the highway, from GoGo's P.O.V. Far in the distance, obscured by the heat/haze rising off the road, we see a vehicle far, far in the distance.

It could be a semi but it's too far away to know for sure.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

C/U of GoGo peering into the distance.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

We return to the semi big-rig. It's closer now, visible as a semi, although still far in the distance/far away.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

Tight full-figure shot of GoGo as she turns, looks towards the on-coming semi. Her backpack is now to the side of her, resting against one leg/calf.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

Return to the same angle as Panels One/Three. The semi gets closer. Visible. Belching smoke. It is thundering down the interstate towards us.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SIX.**

C/U GoGo's hand, as she makes the hitchhiker's thumbing gesture. Maybe a little of her cropped (to the side) face is visible to one side of panel too.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Return to the same angle as Panels One/Three/Five. Now we have a C/U of the semi's grill, as it comes straight at us, seemingly a moment from running us over.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL EIGHT.**

C/U of GoGo's eyes, looking off panel towards the on-coming vehicle with a cool, steely expression.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY-NINE**

This panel is divided into five wide, flat panels one on top of the next.

**PANEL ONE.**

We're side on looking directly across at a stretch of the highway. GoGo (tiny in shot) stands dead center in the panel/page. She stands there calmly still hitchhiking with her thumb raised.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

The same angle/P.O.V. GoGo still stands there, posed the same. However now, entering panel, side on, we see the front end of the semi's cab entering panel to the right. We see the nose of the cab and nothing more, and even this is a blur from the speed it's entering frame.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

The same angle/P.O.V. The semi is now fully in shot, blurring past us, going right to left, its cab and rig visible, but as I say blurred from the vehicle's speed.

GoGo is completely obscured in this image.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

The same angle/P.O.V. The semi has now driven past GoGo, already out of shot to the other side of it. GoGo stands there, her hair and clothes wind-swept, blowing towards Panel Left, in the aftermath of the semi's speed.

SFX (Coming from half in/half out of left side of panel):  
SKREEECHHH

**PANEL FIVE.**

The same angle/P.O.V. GoGo has snatched up her backpack and runs towards Panel Left where the semi waits for her a little out of panel.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGES THIRTY/THIRTY ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We're looking in the window of the semi's cab from straight on. To the left (passenger side) is Lee, a big bear of a guy in a flannel shirt, long hair and a beard.

To the right (behind the wheel) is Jackson, skinny, lank dark hair cut/coifed into a mullet.

GoGo is side on to us (if the men are sitting facing us) as she clambers into the cab, past Lee to (in the next panel) sit between them.

LEE: Get in, little girl.

LEE: Get your sweet ass in out of that blazing heat.

**PANEL TWO.**

Aerial shot showing the semi-rig now barreling down the interstate at high speed.

LEE: Whooley, you are a little one at that.

LEE: Ain't she but a Tinkerbelle fairy, Jackson.

**PANEL THREE.**

We're looking at her from Jackson's side of the cab, with GoGo looking out at the road ahead, and Lee looking (vaguely) towards us/Jackson, taking in GoGo's looks at he does so.

JACKSON: I'd say she is, Lee. I'd say she is.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Tight two shot from Lee's side of the cab with Lee to the fore, GoGo next to him. Angled so Jackson isn't in shot.

LEE: So, where are you going?

GOGO (in Italian): I'm sorry I don't speak English.

LEE: I don't think she speaks English.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Reverse angle again. Now from Jackson's side. Now with Jackson in the FG.

JACKSON: What are you, Mexican?

GOGO (in Italian): Italian.

**PANEL SIX.**

We're looking straight ahead at the cab, through the window as Lee and Jackson glance at each other.

GoGo sits between them oblivious of their conversation.

The reflection of the road ahead in the glass is a blur of refracted light due to the speed they're moving.

LEE: Italian. Like Bridget Bardot.

JACKSON: Bardot was Spanish, you dripfeed.

**PANEL SEVEN**

C.U. Lee, front a 3/4 angle glancing off panel at GoGo. We see him from outside the cab, through the windscreen.

A bug maybe splats on the glass as he speaks.

LEE: How we going to know where you're going if you don't know how to tell us.

LEE: Where?

**PANEL EIGHT.**

C.U. GoGo, looking ahead with a moment flicker of excitement on her face.

GOGO (in Italian): I'm going to the city -- of -- angels.

No -- not like that --

GOGO: -- Lis Engles.

**PANEL NINE.**

We look at the three of them from behind their seat/back of their heads. They're three semi-silhouettes, side by side, all different sizes and shapes and heights, with the road ahead of them the visible things, zipping by in front of them.

JACKSON: Los Angeles.

LEE: Yeah, I heard. We're on our way there ourselves.

Ain't we just.

**PANEL TEN.**

Tight C.U. section of wheel, speeding along, a blur of motion.

JACKSON: We are, we are, Lee. Indeed me are.

**PAGE THIRTY TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

C.U. Lee. He takes a chew of tobacco from a pouch.

LEE: You know you're very lucky you chanced upon us.

LEE: Don't suppose you read the newspapers in Italy about  
road crimes in the U.S.

**PANEL TWO.**

Tighter C.U. Lee. He continues to talk as he stuffs his  
jaw with the chew.

LEE: No, that ain't quite what I mean. You may read the  
papers, I wouldn't dare to presume you read'em or  
didn't, one way or the other.

LEE: I just mean in Italy I don't suppose the reporters  
put  
much pen to paper 'bout the dangers of thumbing a ride  
in the old U.S.

**PANEL THREE.**

C.U. GoGo staring ahead, oblivious to the men's comments  
that come in (as w. balloons) from out of panel to either  
side of her.

LEE: You'd do well to heed --

JACKSON: Lee.

LEE: -- The dangers of a deserted highway --

JACKSON: Lee.

LEE: -- For one so petite and pretty as yourself.

JACKSON: Lee.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Wide shot from front of the cab. The three of them sitting side by side with GoGo oblivious in the middle as the two men squabble.

LEE: What? Can't you see I'm talking.

JACKSON: Oh I can see all right. Hear too for that matter.

My question is whyfore when you know she doesn't understand not a word of your oration.

**PANEL FIVE.**

C.U. Jackson, glancing towards Lee.

LEE: Could be a word or two gets through to her.

LEE: Could be I simply like the sound of my own voice.

JACKSON: Nothing "could be" about that last statement.

**PANEL SIX.**

C.U. Lee.

LEE: N'it could be it's a pleasure conversing to a pretty little thing like this even if I am basically talking with myself.

**PAGE THIRTY THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Another shot of the semi as it speeds down the interstate. Maybe this time we're far from it, planted in a field, looking at it go by from far away, the interstate a fine line cutting across the middle of the panel.

LEE: Nice day wouldn't you agree.

GOGO (in Italian): I told you, I don't understand.

**PANEL TWO.**

Interior of the cab. Lee, GoGo and Jackson, side by side. Lee continues to look a somewhat amiable fellow.

LEE: See thing is -- when I said it was your lucky day, us coming across you -- well, that might have been an exaggeration.

JACKSON: Yeah, it's us who got lucky.

**PANEL THREE.**

Closing in on Lee. Now it's a wide medium shot, with Jackson no longer in shot, but some of GoGo's face/body still visible to one side of panel.

LEE: See we have quite a sideline -- apart from hauling avocados in one direction or maple syrup in another -- or whatever produce you might care to cite.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Closing in on Lee. Now it's a medium shot. Lee is suddenly not so amiable, with the light/shadow of the sun suddenly adding a patina of menace to his face/expression.

LEE: Yeah, see Lee and yours truly -- we pick up hitchers  
-

- kids mostly, boys -- young men. We take what we want

from them -- there's usually a watch or a credit card  
or

a few bucks to be had.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Closing in on Lee. Now it's a Med C.U. Lee is all that's in shot now. Again the light, shadow adds some menace.

LEE: Then Jackson takes what he wants in a whole different way. If you get my drift.

JACKSON: Only the pretty boys. Nothing too manly, I ain't no fairy.

**PANEL SIX.**

Tight C.U. of Lee.

LEE: Anyway, after that we bury them in a field or whatnot.

**PAGE THIRTY FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Tight C.U. of Lee, still looking off panel at GoGo.

LEE: Now once in a while -- a very long while -- we'll find

a female thumbing the road.

LEE: We take from her too -- her money -- her body. Lee and

me too then, I'll have a go.

**PANEL TWO.**

Now we're pulling out, panel by panel. This time it's a Med C.U. of Lee with GoGo just coming into shot beside him. (And still oblivious.)

LEE: Trouble with women on the highway -- pickings are slim.

N'those that do come our way aren't trying to get to a beauty pageant.

**PANEL THREE.**

Pull out to a Med shot. Lee to one side, GoGo oblivious to the other.

LEE: But you --

LEE: -- You're beautiful.

LEE: N'your small.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Close in again from Panel Three, but this time to a C.U. of GoGo, still looking ahead, oblivious to what's being said. Maybe she blows a bubble of bubblegum or plays with her hair or something, so she isn't simply a statue through all this.

LEE: N'I'd say the luck was all ours.

LEE: N'you don't understand a word I say do you?

**PANEL FIVE.**

C.U. Jackson. He glances off panel towards GoGo with a leer.

JACKSON: Not to worry --

**PANEL SIX.**

Looking down at GoGo's bare thighs from Jackson's perspective as he grabs one of her thighs roughly with his filthy, calloused hand.

JACKSON: -- Actions speak louder than words.

**PAGE THIRTY FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Straight on at GoGo and Jackson. A tight two-shot through the windscreen as she yanks his hand up into frame and snaps a finger.

SFX: SNAP

**PANEL TWO.**

We're inside the cab, as pandemonium breaks out. Jackson is holding his broken hand/finger up in shock, as he tries to steer at the same time.

Lee isn't sure what's happening, trying to see, while he grabs/lunges for GoGo.

GoGo has leapt up in her seat, scrambling past Lee towards the door. All at once, all crazy. Things are getting kicked aside. Things are falling. Everything is going on.

JACKSON: OOWWWW

LEE: What? What?

JACKSON: She broke my finger. She --

**PANEL THREE.**

Exterior shot of the truck. It's careening off the road onto the hard shoulder by a dusty, grassless field. It's maybe smashing a roadside barrier in the process.

LEE: -- What's she --

**PANEL FOUR.**

Exterior of the passenger side of the semi cab (closest to the field) as GoGo leaps from the window, fearlessly and elegantly like a swallow-diving Olympic diver.

The sun falls on her, semi-silhouetting her, with lighting flare.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGES THIRTY SIX/THIRTY SEVEN.**

Have these panels running in a double page spread across both pages, not two separate pages of action.

**PANEL ONE.**

LS the truck screeching to a halt, half on the road and half in the dirt of the grassless field area to the side of the highway. Dust/gravel from the force of the truck braking is thrown up into the air, to show how loose the soil is (important to establish for later.)

SFX: SKRREEECCHH

**PANEL TWO.**

Tight full figure shot of GoGo coming up in a rolling crouch, poised/coiled like a cat. As she does this she too throws up dust, looking cool and moody, swirling around her a little. (A note for GoGo -- we've never really established her size in relation to things, but judging from her pictures she looks tiny like 5'. Can we establish her size and play that to good effect, her looking so tiny and yet (as we'll see) so deadly.)

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

Med shot of the cab area of the semi as Lee and Jackson scramble clumsily out of the cab and into the dust. Again dust is kicked up.

To one side of the panel we can the semi-silhouetted side of GoGo's head, looking away from us towards the men.

NO DIALOGUE

JACKSON: No way --

**PANEL FOUR.**

Tight med shot of GoGo as she stands, ready for the men. She's calm, poised.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

The men run through the dusty roadside dirt towards her. Jackson holds his hand/finger as he does so. More dust with each step they take.

JACKSON: -- No way she does that to me n' lives.

**PANEL SIX.**

C.U. of GoGo, looking off panel towards the men. There is the faintest flicker of a smile on her face.

JACKSON (Off Panel): Not a way in Hell!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Med C.U. of the two men running towards us, both getting angrier moment by moment. They actually look like they may do some damage to whoever they get hold of. They shouldn't look comedic, but rather somewhat frightening.

LEE: 'Sides all she needs is a cop 'at speaks Italian  
    'our goose is cooked.

**PANEL EIGHT.**

LS overhead shot looking down on the scene. We see the men nearing GoGo, dust with each step. We see the area between the men to the top left of panel and GoGo to the lower right. GoGo continues to look calm making no undue movements, standing there poised and cool.

JACKSON: Oh girlie --

**PANEL NINE.**

Tight C.U. of Jackson running towards us (not directly, but more or less). A snarl of hatred on his face. The sun overhead backlights him dramatically, so his face is thrown into semi-silhouette, with his eyes and teeth white/gleaming.

JACKSON: -- The things I'm going to do to you.

**PANEL TEN.**

Tight shot of GoGo's eyes, alert, ready.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGES THIRTY-EIGHT/THIRTY NINE.**

Again do these panels as a double page spread, not as two separate pages.

**PANEL ONE.**

Big, tall panel. Tight full figure shot of the men and GoGo, side on as GoGo leaps into the air, legs straight up over her head like she's vaulting a gym horse, her head/body upside down, as she goes legs over head, right over the top of the two men.

Her head is only 6" or so above the heads of the men, as she passes over them. By this being a full-figure shot, it's a good time to show how tall the men are and how small GoGo is.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

Tight C.U. of the two men and GoGo, an instant after Panel One, as her head goes over the top of theirs, and they are in the process of spinning around to look at her behind them. Despite the blur of their motion we can still see the shock on their faces.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

We have the men in panel to either side of it, each half in/half out to either side of panel. They are facing away from us. They are framed from their necks to their waists, semi-silhouetted by the sun.

In the space between them, center of panel we see GoGo landing in a crouch, also semi-silhouetted/dramatic, again like a cat. As she crouches there, maybe with one leg bent and the other straight out of the side, we see she is reaching behind her back.

Again dust rises up around her for cool dramatic effect.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

C.U. the two men, their composure regained, glaring at her.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

This is another big, tall panel on the right side of the spread to mirror Panel One on the left.

It's a cool, dramatic image of GoGo, having risen, standing there with an enormous Bowie knife in her hand, the polished metal of the blade gleaming in the sunlight.

She looks off panel at the two men with calm pride.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE FORTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Med shot. The men lunge at her again, their arms raised like hungry bears, like they intend to tear her limb from limb.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

Reverse angle Med shot of GoGo. This time she charges at them too, knife in hand, eyes bright and alert.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

Tight full figure shot, as the men stop, their legs almost tripping themselves up as --

GoGo, slides towards/past/through them like a baseball player sliding feet-first to third base. As she does this, so dust is rising up around her, already semi-obscuring her as the momentum of her graceful action takes her on through/past the men.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

A med L.S. of the two men, semi-visible as black outlines/shapes flailing and swinging as the dust now rises up from GoGo's slide to visually consume them/semi-obscure them. GoGo is completely hidden here, both due to the bottom of panel and the thickness of dust rising from the ground.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE FORTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Dust swirling around.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

The dust starts to clear, revealing Lee and Jackson in C.U. stunned and unsure what just happened.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

3/4 shot of Lee (from knees up) looking down, fear and shock now registering on his face.

LEE: Oh no. NOOO --

**PANELS FOUR** and **SIX** basically comprise one complete panel running along the entire bottom of the page. Within this two panel combination is a smaller inset Panel Five, that helps divide up the panel, while never completely doing so.

**PANEL FOUR.**

LS of Lee as he starts to fall to his knees. We can see even as he does this that his feet and ankles are awash with blood. He kicks a little claret up along with the dust as he falls down.

LEE: -- She sliced my Achilles tendons.

**PANEL FIVE.**

MED C.U. Jackson, looking down also with fear and panic as he realizes his fate.

JACKSON: Fuck your tendons --

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot framed the same as Panel Four, so as I said above it kind of joins up with Panel Four to make one big panel and show Lee and Jackson side by side.

Anyway here we see Jackson in LS in agony, clutching his groin from which blood is pouring/spreading through his fingers.

He too is collapsing from pain/shock.

JACKSON: -- she cut my balls off!!

**PAGE FORTY-TWO.**

Four flat, wide panels all the same size, one on top of the next.

**PANEL ONE.**

We look down on the two men, sprawled in the dirt, grimacing and holding their wounds. Blood is everywhere.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

We repeat the shot a moment later, as a shadow enters frame falling across them as they continue writhing.

The shadow, GoGo's, should be entering shot from such an angle that when she is visible in Panel Three, we can see some of her face/front even if it is from a down angle.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

We repeat the shot again, as we now see it is GoGo who enters shot, looking down on the men with contempt.

GOGO (in Italian): Idiots.

**PANEL FOUR.**

We repeat the shot a final time, with the shadow now almost completely retreated from shot as GoGo (now out of panel again) walks away from them.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE FORTY-THREE.**

Panels One to Three run along the top third of the page in a row.

**PANEL ONE.**

Side-on view of the semi's cab, the door still open.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

Repeat of Panel One. GoGo is now climbing up into the semi.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

Repeat Panels One/Two again, this time she is slamming the door behind her.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR.**

Inside the cab, we see GoGo sitting behind the wheel, readying to drive away. The light shines in, making her look striking and beautiful in sudden contrast to the violent thing she was a moment before.

The Bowie knife is stuck in the top of the dashboard.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

Tight on her hand as she grabs the gear stick, puts it in drive.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SIX.**

With Lee (or Jackson, it doesn't matter) in C.U. to one side of panel, sideways in shot, still in agony --

-- the bulk of the panel centers of the semi as it drives away from us, spewing up dust from its wheels and smoke from its chimney exhaust.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE FORTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We're outside the cab of the semi looking in through the front window. GoGo looks almost comically small behind the big steering wheel except that there is a calm "I don't give a shit" quality that makes her seem anything but funny.

She looks at the road ahead.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL TWO.**

Close in from Panel One, to a C.U. of GoGo as she glances up and notices something in the sun visor above her. Her eyes gleam with delight.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE.**

Inside the cab, side on to GoGo as we see that she's spied a trucker's cap. She is reaching for it with one hand as she holds the enormous steering wheel in the other.

GOGO (in Italian): Cool.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Much like Panel One, but from a slightly different angle for variety's sake. GoGo continues driving forward, the trucker's cap now on her head.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FIVE.**

We're by the side of the freeway, looking on as GoGo's semi drives away from us.

Visible to the side of panel is a mileage sign that tells up Los Angeles is 117 miles away.

CAPTION: To be continued --