

**VIGILANTE BACKUP
ALL-STAR WESTERN
JDR/DARWYN COOKE**

(PART ONE.)

PAGE ONE.

PANEL ONE.

SO, HERE WE GO, DARWYN. EXCITED AND HONORED TO BE WORKING WITH YOU AGAIN, BIG TIME.

ANYWAY THIS IS THE PAGE I DESCRIBED TO YOU ON THE PHONE.

IT'S A FOUR PANEL PAGE, ALL OF THEM THE SAME SIZE, ALL WIDE, PANORAMIC LANDSCAPE PANELS.

PANEL ONE.

WE START WITH AN IMAGE OF PRE-TSUNAMI GALVESTON, IN ALL ITS AFFLUENT GLORY. AS WE ALSO DISCUSSED I'LL FIND YOU WHAT I CAN FOR REF IN ALL THIS, SO HERE'S WHAT I HAVE FOR THIS ERA OF THE CITY. FROM WHAT I CAN TELL IT WAS A VERY AFFLUENT CITY WITH (FOR THE TIME) BIG HOUSES AND HOTELS AND STREETS WITH SOME FACTORIES AND OUTLYING FARMS TOGETHER WITH A PORT AND A LOT OF NICE BEACHFRONT PROPERTY.







AND HERE'S SOME LATER SHOTS OF BUILDINGS THAT SURVIVED, JUST TO GIVE YOU A SENSE OF CLOSER DETAIL.





CAPTION (STUFF): Galveston, Texas, has had its share of luck and most of it bad.

CAPTION (STUFF): Boom town, big town, sure, back in the last century. Sure, sure, biggest town in the state if you believe what you read.

PANEL TWO.

WE THEN SHOW THE SAME IMAGE, AS THE WAVES WASH OVER THE CITY, LITERALLY APPEARING TO WASH IT AWAY.

OBVIOUSLY, THERE AREN'T ANY PICTURES OF THIS, BUT HE'S AN ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION --



CAPTION (STUFF): But then God paid a visit with one of his “acts”. It was 1900.

PANEL THREE.

NOW WE SEE THE SAME PANEL YET AGAIN, NOW SHOWING THE AFTERMATH, WITH THE WHOLE AREA BASICALLY LEVELED. THE AREA LOOKS LIKE A BOMB'S GONE OFF.

DARWYN, HERE ARE A FEW EXAMPLES BELOW, BUT IF YOU GOOGLE IMAGE SEARCH "GALVESTON HISTORIC PRE HURRICANE 1900" THERE ARE LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF IMAGES LIKE THESE THAT MAY BE OF USE TO YOU.





AFTER THE DISASTER

CAPTION (STUFF): After that, luck? Hell, the place started rolling snake eyes all day, every one.

CAPTION (STUFF): Businesses had moved on to Houston, instead of rebuilding where They had been n' weren't about to come back.

CAPTION (STUFF): ...Leaving a broken city and desperate measures.

PANEL FOUR.

AND NOW WE SEE THE CITY IN 1944. IT'S NOT THE SAME. IT'S REBUILT AND HAS STREETS AND HOTELS AND PEOPLE, BUT NOW THERE'S A SEEDY QUALITY (TO THIS AREA OF THE CITY AT LEAST) WITH ROWS OF BARS AND DENS AND THE FEEL THAT SOME OF THE CITY IS A PARTY TOWN NOW. WE SEE SOLDIERS AND AIRMEN WITH GIRLS, DRUNKS, THE STREETS LINED WITH CARS OF VARYING AGE, WITH PEOPLE GOING ABOUT THEIR NIGHT. THROW IN A HORSE/BUGGY OR TWO TOO WITH GUYS IN 1940S FARMERS/LABORERS CLOTHES IN AMONG THE CARS AND PEOPLE. THERE'S AN ABUNDANCE OF NIGHT LIGHT AND TAWDRY GLITZ TO THIS AREA OF GALVESTON TOO.

HERE ARE SOME PICTURES OF THE CITY (NON-TOO VICE-LIKE ALTHOUGH THIS WAS CERTAINLY A PART OF THE CITY AT THAT TIME) --





PLUS SOME MODERN PICS WITH OLD BUILDINGS --



THE BUILDING ABOVE WAS A MAJOR VAUDEVILLE STAGE BACK THEN.



-- ALSO THIS LINK --

<http://www.cardcow.com/viewall/65052/>

-- HAS A HUGE AMOUNT OF PERIOD POSTCARDS, WHICH I FOUND TO BE THE MOST INTERESTING AND INFORMATIVE IMAGES I COULD FIND LIKE THIS ONE --



HERE'S ANOTHER OF THE TRAIN STATION --



AND THE STREETS AROUND IT TODAY WHICH STILL RETAIN THEIR OLD TOWN FEEL --



OH AND I LEARNED THAT IN THE 30S/40S GALVESTON HAD THE MOST PROSTITUTES IN THE WHOLE WORLD. THEY WERE MAINLY ALL ON POST

OFFICE STREET IN THESE AMAZING HOUSES THAT SERVED AS BROTHELS.
HERE'S A FEW EXAMPLES.





CAPTION (STUFF): Liquor, whores and games of chance. Welcome to the “Free State of Galveston”.

CAPTION (STUFF): WWII bringing the military to town... that didn't hurt these new types of business and oldest profession, not one bit of it.

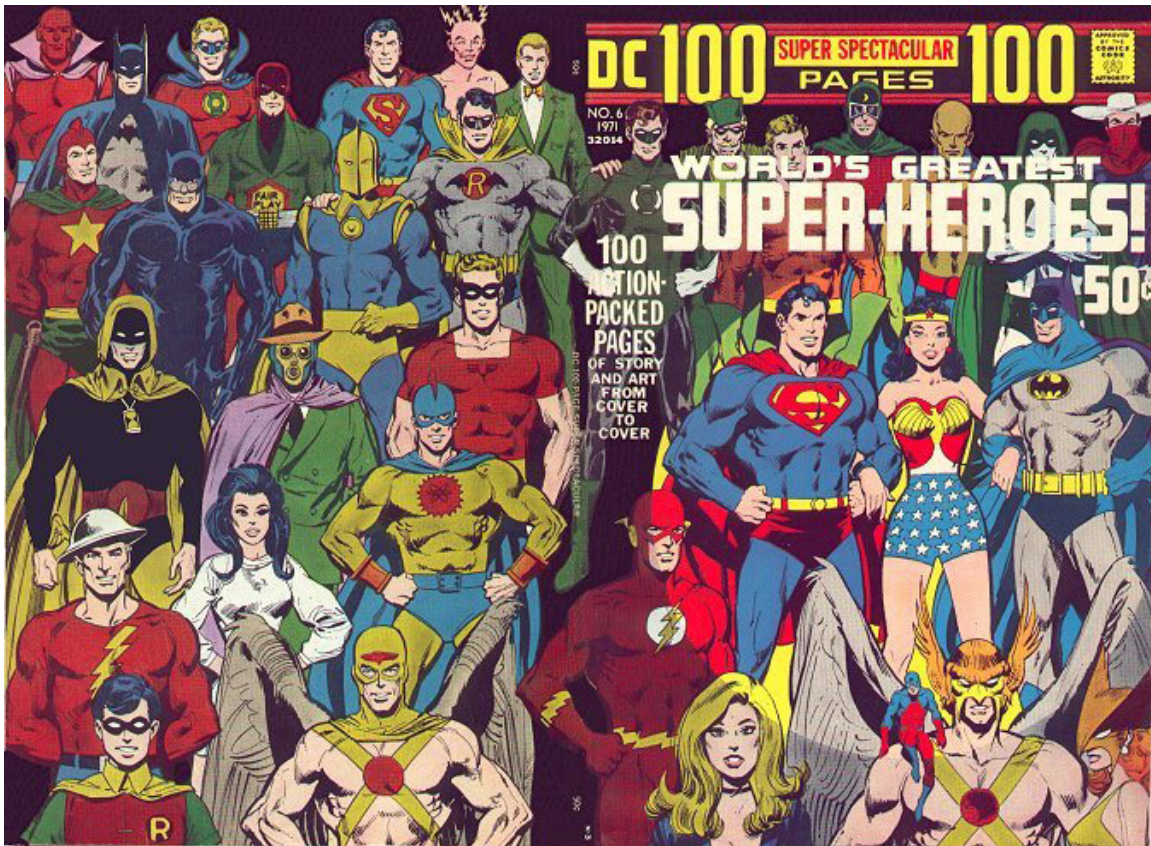
CAPTION (STUFF): And a fella trying to clean up the town...well, he might find himself tripping down a flight of stairs or hit by a car or losing his house to fire.

CAPTION (STUFF): Comes from poking his nose where a nose isn't welcome, some might say.

PAGES TWO/THREE.**PANEL ONE.**

AGAIN AS I DESCRIBED IT TO YOU OVER THE PHONE, THIS IS A DOUBLE PAGE PANEL RUNNING ALONG THE TOP HALF OF THE SPREAD.

HONESTLY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT STATE FAIRS ARE LIKE OR WERE LIKE BACK THEN (ALTHOUGH THERE IS AN ACTUAL VIG STORY FROM THE LATE 40S WITH ART BY DAN BARRY (AFTER MORT MESKIN LEFT THE BOOK) THAT HAS HIM AT A STATE FAIR. I'LL GET JOEY TO DIG OUT A COPY FOR YOU. (JOEY, TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU, IT WAS REPRINTED IN DC 100-PAGE SPECTACULAR #6 WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL NEAL ADAMS WRAP AROUND COVER



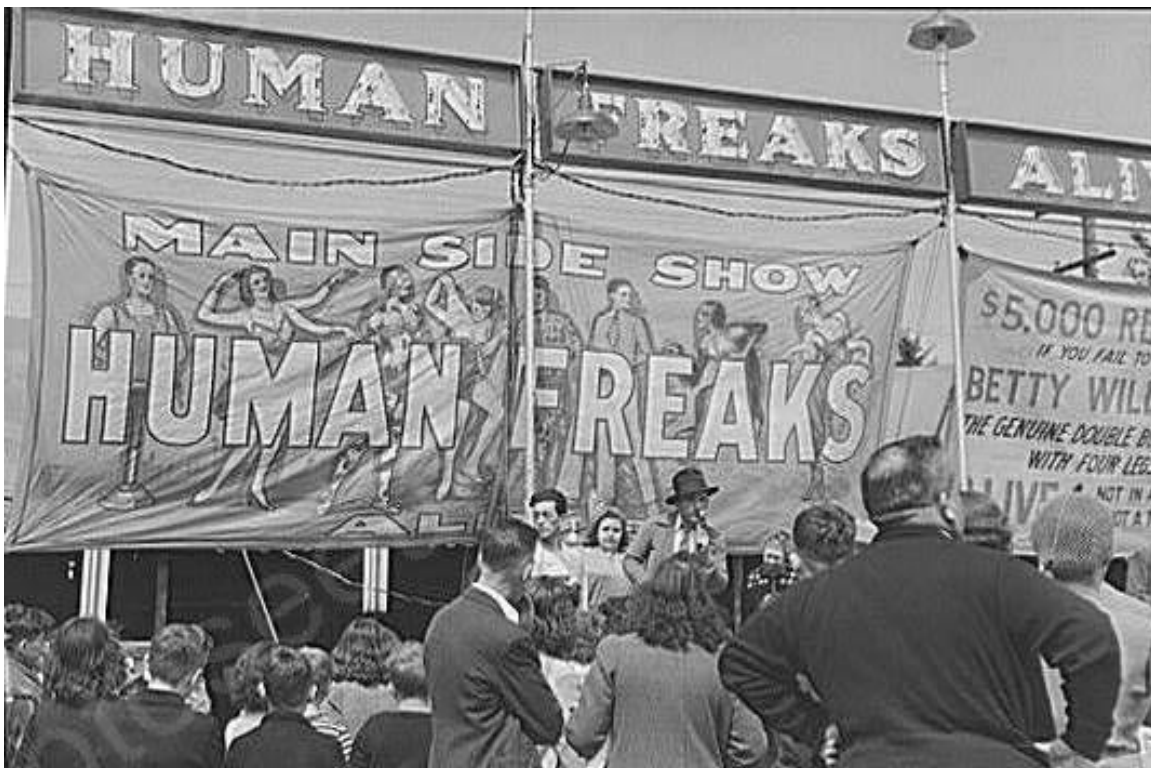
(THE ORIGINAL ART OF WHICH HAS SINCE BEEN LOST FOREVER SADLY (AND I INCLUDE IN THIS SCRIPT FOR NO REASON OTHER THAN I LOVE IT SO.)

ANYWAY, FROM WHAT I CAN GLEAN, STATE FAIRS ARE BASICALLY A CROSS BETWEEN A FUNFAIR AND A CIRCUS (WITHOUT THE BIG TOP ASPECT BUT WITH THE SIDE SHOWS AND FREAK SHOWS) AND CENTRALLY IN LIEU OF AFOREMENTIONED BIG TOP TENT THERE WAS/IS A STAGE/ARENA AREA WHERE MUSICAL STARS PERFORMED.

SO THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE HERE. WE SEE THE STAGE, WITH PEOPLE IN COUNTRY/RUNDOWN/NOT ALL TOO SMART 1940S ATTIRE ALL WALKING AROUND/WATCHING A CENTRAL STAGE WHERE GREG SAUNDERS IS PERFORMING. WE SEE A GOODLY AMOUNT OF MILITARY TOO, SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND AIRMEN (THERE WAS A STRONG MILITARY PRESENCE IN GALVESTON AT THAT TIME) ALONG WITH FRESH FACED GIRLS, NOT ALL OF THEM SLIM.

WE SEE, IF YOU CAN FIT IT IN, A SENSE OF THE OTHER STUFF AROUND THE CENTRAL STAGE, THINGS YOU CAN IMAGINE AS EYE CANDY LIKE COWBOY CLOWN STILT WALKERS AND MIDGETS IN GOOFY NATIVE AMERICAN ATTIRE AND CARNY BARKERS TRYING TO LURE PEOPLE INTO THEIR SIDESHOW TENTS WITH THE BOAST OF THE BEAUTIES WITHIN AND OTHER GUYS WITH TAME BEARS ON LEASHES AND IN THE BACKGROUND RISING UP BEYOND THE STAGE WE CAN SEE THE FERRIS WHEEL AND OTHER RIDES AND STALLS AND SUCH.

FUCK, I'VE ALREADY NOT COME THROUGH WITH GETTING YOU ENOUGH REFERENCE. HERE'S WHAT I COULD FIND. HONESTLY, IT'S A MISH-MOSH OF IMAGERY FOR NOW, BUT I'LL KEEP LOOKING.



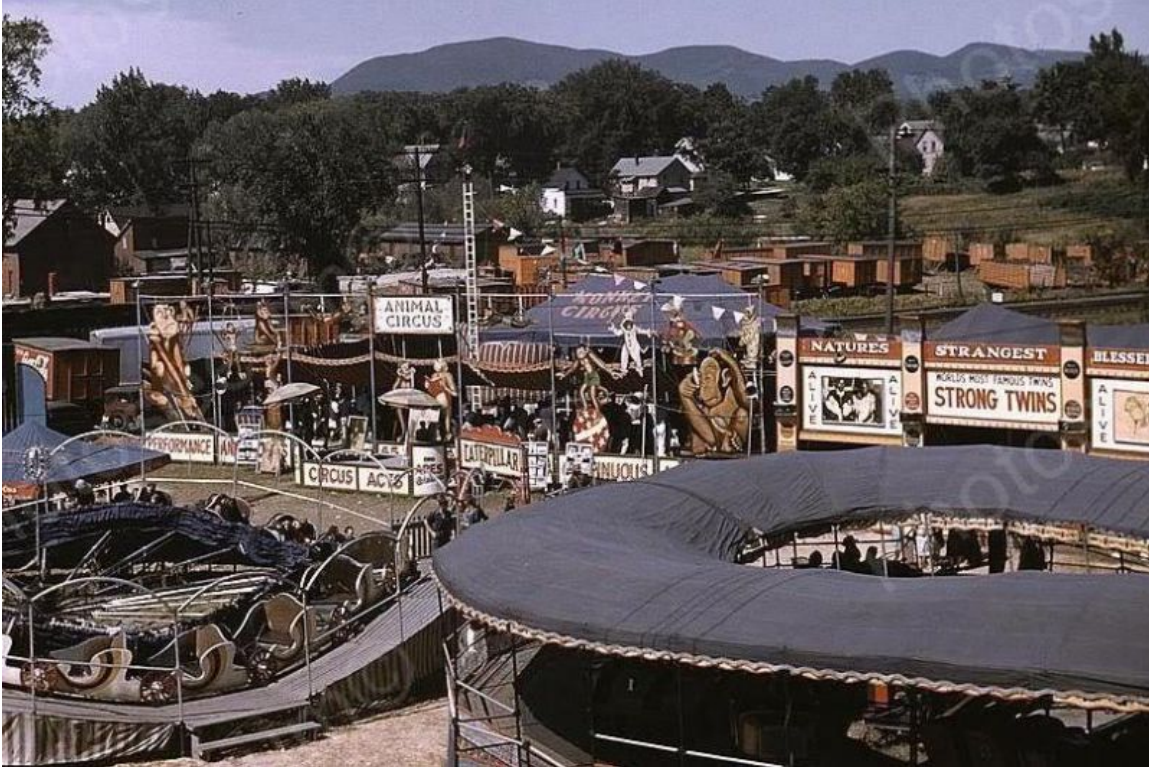












TO BE HONEST, I DON'T THINK THE 1940S STATE FAIR WORKERS ARE GOING TO RIOT IF WE STRETCH REALITY SO IT LOOKS COOLER/MORE DIFFERENT THAN IT ACTUALLY WAS.

AND ON THE STAGE, SOMEWHAT LOST WITHIN THE MASS OF ACTIVITY AND SIGHTS WE SEE "GREG SAUNDERS - THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR" ON STAGE WITH A GUITAR IN HAND AND A GAUDY "ROY ROGERS" TYPE COWBOY OUTFIT/SHIRT ON, SINGING A MELODY/SONG.

CAPTION (STUFF): How did I know all this? Me, a native? A son of the Lone Star?
No sir.

CAPTION (STUFF): Name's Jimmy, Jimmy Leong, but most everyone calls me Stuff, the Chinatown Kid, on account of half my parentage.

CAPTION (STUFF): And I only know about Galveston on account of my buddy Greg Saunders saying I should read up... "*learn the lay'o the place.*"

CAPTION (STUFF): Yeah, "the" Greg Saunders.

CAPTION (STUFF): We come in with the state fair, him headlining, me watching him headlining.

CAPTION (STUFF): See, Greg, he's big time. Records and radio and I don't know.

THE FOLLOWING PANELS THEN RUN ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE.

PANEL TWO.

WE SEE A CU OF STUFF THE CHINATOWN KID, LOOKING UP AT HIS BUDDY GREG WITH A SERIOUS EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.

STUFF HAS A DISTINCT LOOK.



ACTION COMICS



ALL IS SERENE AND TRANQUIL WITH STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, THIS PLEASANT AFTERNOON...

SINCE HE IS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE PROXIMITY OF 'SHAKES', THE UNDERWORLD POET, AND THREE HARD HENCHMEN WHOSE NAMES ARE STONEY, ROCKY AND FLINT!



YO, HO, FOR A LIFE ON THE BOUNDING BLUE WITH PLENTY O' SWAG FOR ME AND YOU!



YA SAID IT, SHAKES!

BUT WAIT! COMPLICATIONS ARE ABOUT TO DEVELOP!



HUH?... A BITE!



GOLLY, I MUST HAVE A WHOLE SCHOOL O' WHALES ON THE END O' THIS LINE!



GOT 'IM!

ZOUNDS!



WHY-! IT'S SHAKES!

STUFF, THE VIGILANTE'S FRIEND! LET'S BRING THAT FRIENDSHIP TO AN END!

I GET IT, BOSS!



SO YA WANTA GET BOUNCED AROUND? FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!

LISTEN AT DA LITTLE RUNT! I BET HE REALLY T'INKS HE CAN FIGHT!



ACTION COMICS



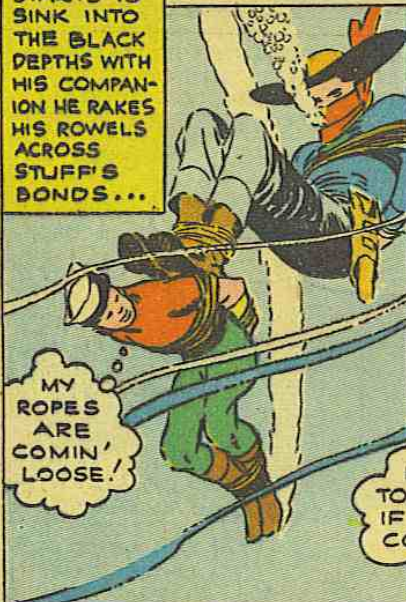
DUCKING HIS HEAD SUDDENLY, THE VIG TURNS A SOMERSAULT IN THE WATER...



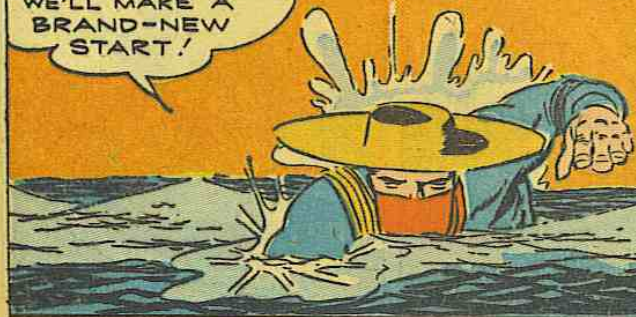
AND AS HIS SPURRED BOOTS COME DOWN, HE CHOPS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AT THE TOWROPE!



THEN, AS HE STARTS TO SINK INTO THE BLACK DEPTHS WITH HIS COMPANION HE RAKES HIS ROWELS ACROSS STUFF'S BONDS...



OVER HERE IS WHERE WE STARTED FROM! WE'LL MAKE A BRAND-NEW START!



TO HECK WITH THE START, I JUST WANTA BE SURE THE FINISH IS GONNA BE DIFFERENT!



ANYWAY, I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF STUFF AS HALF WHITE/HALF ASIAN, JUST BECAUSE MESKIN DREW HIM/AND DEPICTED HIM SO WITHOUT OVERTLY ASIAN TRAITS. (OH, AND AGE HIM A BIT. MAKE HIM LIKE 16 OR SO.)

CAPTION (STUFF): The promoter, name of Larkin, sweet cologne and sour sweat kind of guy, you know the type... he couldn't believe the day
 Greg said *"yeah, boss, I'll do you fair. Hell, I'll do the whole Lone Star circuit, 'long as we play Galveston."*

CAPTION (STUFF): So here we are...

PANEL THREE.

WE'RE LOOKING UP AT GREG AS A FULL FIGURE ON STAGE. MAYBE FROM THIS DISTANCE AND ANGLE, THE GLARE/GLOW OF THE FOOTLIGHTS ADDS AN EERIE QUALITY TO HIM, AS HE CONTINUES SINGING.

THIS PANEL IS BIGGER THAN THE OTHERS, WITH MORE ACTIVITY/PEOPLE IN THE FG TO FURTHER THAT FEEL OF CROWDS AND ACTIVITY WE BEGAN TO ESTABLISH IN THE BIG DOUBLE PAGE PANEL ONE.

CAPTION (STUFF): ...'Cause Greg, he's got something here needs doing.

CAPTION (STUFF): Some bad man needs a good old dose of vigilance.

PANEL FOUR.

WE CLOSE INTO A CU OF GREG SAUNDERS. HE'S STILL SINGING, THIS BEING A MOMENT LATER, BUT IN CU WE CAN SEE INTENSITY ON HIS FACE. THIS IS AN ACT TO HIM. NIGHT IS WHEN HE'S VIGILANT.

CAPTION (STUFF): And if that someone's you, all I can say is...maybe in the daylight Greg Saunders is the "Prairie Troubadour"..."

PANEL FIVE.

THIS IS A SECOND CU, FROM THE SAME ANGLE, BUT NOW GREG IS THE VIGILANTE. IT'S NIGHT. OBVIOUSLY, HIS RED BANDANNA MASK IS ON THE LOWER HALF OF THIS FACE. AND AS WE'LL SEE ON PAGE FOUR, HIS RIDING HIS BIKE, SO WE SEE A LITTLE OF A WIND EFFECT FROM HIS DRIVING FAST AND NOW THE BACKGROUND IS BLUR FROM HIS DRIVING.

CAPTION (STUFF): ...But God help you, come nightfall."

CAPTION (VIG): Soon, pa...

PAGE FOUR.**PANEL ONE.**

THIS IS A BIG PANEL OF THE VIGILANTE ON HIS BIKE, DRIVING THROUGH THE NIGHT STREETS OF GALVESTON. HE'S DRIVING MORE OR LESS STRAIGHT AT US. THE MOON IS SHINING DOWN, CASTING A BIG, DRAMATIC SHADOW ON THE GROUND TO THE SIDE/REAR OF HIM (ALA WALLY WOOD'S DAREDEVIL) TO ADD EVEN MORE EMPHASIS TO HIS IMAGE HERE.

(ACTUALLY THIS IS BASICALLY A TITLE PAGE TIGHT IMAGE, WITH PANEL TWO BEING THE BOTTOM THIRD OF THE PAGE.)

CAPTION (VIG): ...I'll end this real soon.

+ TITLE/CREDITS.

PANEL TWO.

WE FOCUS ON ONE BAR/BROTHEL IN THE WILDEST BAR OF THE CITY. IT'S CALLED "DICKY DEUCES" AND IT'S RIGHT THERE ON THE STRIP WHERE WE SEE IT WITH ALL ITS 1940S STYLE NEON SIGN PERIOD QUALITY. AND YET THERE'S STILL THE FEEL OF A WESTERN SALOON A BIT WITH A DATED FEEL TO IT LIKE IT WAS MORE OF A SHANTY SHACK/BAR IN THE 1920S THAT WASN'T TORN DOWN AND RE-BUILT BUT RATHER HAD THE GLOSS OF THE 1940S ADDED TO.

OUTSIDE ON THE STREET/THOROUGHFARE WE SEE MEN AND WOMEN WALKING/LAUGHING/DRINKING. A GOOD AMOUNT OF THE MEN ARE MILITARY (MAINLY NON-OFFICERS), BUT SOME MEN ARE FARMERS AND FISHERMAN IN FROM THEIR WORKING LIVES, DRESSED IN THE SMARTEST VERSIONS OF THEIR COUNTRIFIED/WORKING-CLASS CLOTHING. THESE PEOPLE PROLIFERATE THE FOREGROUND. ALL OF THEM ARE OUT FOR A NIGHT OF DRINKING/GAMBLING/WHORING (MANY OF THE WOMEN BEING PROSTITUTES).

WORD BALLOON (LOMAX WITHIN THE BAR): So how we doing tonight?

PAGE FIVE.

PANEL ONE.

WE'RE NOW WITHIN DICKY DEUCE. WE SEE IT'S FULL OF MILITARY AND MEN WITH WOMEN, KISSING AND DRINKING AND DANCING AND HAVING A FINE OLD TIME. IT'S WILD ENOUGH WE CAN TELL IT'S MORE THAN JUST A BAR, THERE'S AN INTENSE FEEL TO THE PEOPLE/MEN/WOMEN IN THE FG KISSING AND DANCING AND WHISPERING/SPEAKING INTO EACH OTHER'S EARS.

TO THE REAR OF THIS WE SEE THE BAR. WE SEE A MANAGER/BARTENDER (LOOKS LIKE HUNTZ HALL FROM THE DEAD-END KIDS/BOWERY BOYS) --







-- AND HIS "BOSS" LOMAX (WHO LOOKS LIKE GEORGE RAFT BUT WITH ROBERT MITCHUM'S BIGGER/BULKIER BODY (I'M NOT GOING TO INSULT YOU BY GIVING YOU RAFT AND/OR MITCHUM REF.) LOMAX IS SMART, STYLISH IN HIS 1940S LIGHT SUIT/DARK SHIRT/LIGHT TIE COMBO. MAYBE WITH A HINT OF COWBOY TOO. THE TWO MEN ARE AT THE BAR BUT ARE FAR FROM CONSPIRATORIAL. RATHER THEY LOOK OUT AT THE BACCHANALIA WITH CONFIDENCE AND SATISFACTION.

MANAGER: Great. We're doing great. Better than.

MANAGER: Girls upstairs, dice in back, hard to say which is bringing us more green tonight.

LOMAX: Shore leave. Ha! 'Love a man in uniform.

PANEL TWO.

WE NOW CLOSE IN ON THE TWO. WE SEE LOMAX BEGINNING TO TURN FROM THE MANAGER WITH A BACKWARD GLANCE/WAVE WHILE WALKING TOWARDS US AT THE SAME TIME.

THE MANAGER, LOOKING AT THE BACK OF LOMAX (TOWARDS US BY VIRTUE OF LOMAX ADVANCING TOWARDS US.)

LOMAX: Seeing as you're good, I'll be over at the Lucky Rooster... check how they're doing, they were down the last few nights.

LOMAX: Call me sun-up you got an accurate count.

MANAGER: Will do, Johnny. Will do.

PANEL THREE.

WE'RE OUTSIDE THE BAR AGAIN, BUT CLOSER IN AS LOMAX STANDS THERE LOOKING OUT AT THE FUN AND FROLIC WITH SATISFACTION. WE SEE SOME OF THIS GOING ON AROUND/TO THE FORE OF HIM AS HE STANDS THERE CALMLY.

NO DIALOGUE.

PANEL FOUR.

WE HAVE A CU OF LOMAX, STILL WITH THE SAME SMUG/CONFIDENT EXPRESSION AS HE NOW TAKES A MOMENT TO LIKE A CIGARETTE, THE LIGHT ILLUMINATING HIS FACE A BIT IN THE OTHERWISE RELATIVELY DARK PANEL, THIS LIGHT ALSO SHOWING US/THE READER THAT...

...BEHIND/ABOVE HIM WE SEE THE LOOP PART OF A LASSO THAT'S IN THE AIR, A MOMENT FROM ENCIRCLING HIM.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE SIX.

I CAN GIVE THIS TO YOU PLOT STYLE, DARWYN.

BASICALLY THIS IS A THREE PANEL PAGE, ALL WIDESCREEN SHOTS ONE OF TOP OF THE OTHER.

WE SEE THE VIGILANTE ON HIS INDIAN MOTORCYCLE, HAVING LASSOED LOMAX AROUND THE UPPER TORSO DRAGGING HIM DOWN THE STREET, US STAYING WITH VIG/THE BIKE/LOMAX AS THEY MOVE FROM PANEL LEFT TO PANEL RIGHT, WITH A SENSE THAT WE'RE SEEING FRAMES FROM ONE CONTINUOUS PIECE OF FILM.

WE SEE PANEL BY PANEL, LOMAX BOUNCE AND SCRAPE AND CAREEN OFF EVERYTHING POSSIBLE IN THE STREET, AS THE VIG KEEPS DRIVING ACROSS PANEL, FROM PANEL LEFT TO RIGHT (WITH JUST ENOUGH BACKGROUND MATCHING TO THE RIGHT OF THE FIRST PANEL AND THE LEFT OF THE SECOND AND SAME FROM SECOND TO THIRD PANEL TO AID US HERE.)

THE SEQUENCE HAS AN ELEMENT OF HUMOR TO IT, THROUGH LOMAX'S BODY LANGUAGE, EVEN THOUGH HE'S GOING THROUGH HELL.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE SEVEN.**PANEL ONE.**

WE'RE LOOKING DOWN ON LOMAX, LYING THERE IN THE STREET/SEMI-SIDE STREET (TO PRECLUDE TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND). HIS SUIT IS MESS AND HIS BODY IS LYING IN A CRUMPLED, "UNNATURAL" STATE FROM HIM NOW HAVING ONE OF HIS LEGS AND ONE OF HIS ARMS BROKEN. HE'S PUSHING HIMSELF UP/LOOKING OFF (WITH WHAT WORKING LIMBS HE HAS) TOWARDS --

-- THE VIGILANTE WHO IS NOW OFF HIS (PARKED BUT STILL IN SHOT) BIKE AND WHO IS MOVING TOWARDS LOMAX WITH DEADLY/MENACING DETERMINATION.

LOMAX: Wha.. Jesus... wha... what? You crazy?

LOMAX: My arm's broke... no, not just... God, my leg! My Goddamn leg's busted too!

PANEL TWO.

WE NOW CLOSE INTO A CROPPED SHOT OF VIG AS HE LEANS IN/OVER LOMAX WHO (WITH TWO BROKEN LIMBS) IS WEAKLY TRYING TO FEND OFF VIG. VIG IS ALL MUSCLE AND STRENGTH AS HE LOOMS OVER LOMAX, AND ALTHOUGH SOME OF HIS FACE IS HIDDEN BY HIS BANDANNA MASK HIS EYES ARE GLOWING WITH ANGER.

VIGILANTE: Shut your whining, Lennox. "Big Johnny Lennox." Think I care 'bout your aches and woe?

VIGILANTE: I heard how you took your straight razor to that whore's face... heard about that reporter and his wife and the bomb in their car. So cry me a river.

PANEL THREE.

WE SEE VIG NOW GRABBING LOMAX BY THE FRONT OF THE SHIRT/SUIT LIFTING HIM UP A BIT AS HE CONTINUES TO CROUCH OVER HIM. LOMAX IS SCARED. VIG IS A POWERHOUSE OF PRAIRIE JUSTICE.

VIGILANTE: Talk to me, you might yet survive this night.

LOMAX: Talk what?

VIGILANTE: Your boss, Junior Brand, saw a picture... newspaper...

LOMAX: King Junior? What about him?

PANEL FOUR.

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE VIGILANTE FROM LOMAX'S P.O.V. AS HE HOLDS UP A RAGGED/IRREGULARLY TORN PIECE OF NEWSPAPER WITH A PHOTO/HEADLINE THAT SEMI-READS (FROM THE WAY IT'S TORN FROM THE NEWSPAPER) "IS "KING" JUNIOR BRAND THE CRIME CZAR OF TEXAS?" WE SEE A PHOTO OF HIM THERE. HE LOOKS LIKE A CORRUPT VERSION OF WARD BOND. WE SEE HIM STANDING THERE IN SOME KIND OF PHOTO/PUBLIC PHOTO, WITH A POCKET WATCH HANGING FROM HIS WAISTCOAT. (HE IS PART BUSINESSMAN AND PART COWBOY IN HIS ATTIRE.)

VIGILANTE: This picture! His watch. Animal on the cover of it!

PANEL FIVE.

THIS IS A SEPIA TINTED FLASHBACK IMAGE, SHOWING GREG'S FATHER (WHO SHOULD LOOK LIKE SAM ELLIOTT (BECAUSE EVERYONE'S WESTERN SHERIFF DAD SHOULD LOOK LIKE SAM ELLIOTT.) HE'S WITH GREG (AGED 10 OR SO) OUT SOMEWHERE ON THE RANGE. GREG'S DAD HAS A HAND ON HIS SON'S SHOULDER AS THEY BOTH LOOK DOWN TOGETHER AT A GOLD POCKET WATCH THAT'S IN THE FATHER'S OTHER HAND.

GREG'S DAD: ...So my watch, son, when I'm gone I want you to have it, but...

PANEL SIX.

WE GO BACK TO THE VIG HOLDING UP/LOOMING OVER THE FALLEN/BROKEN/TERRIFIED LOMAX.

LOMAX: Alligator.

VIGILANTE: Iguana, y'ijut. Eyes. Jewels in the eyes. Diamonds or rubies?

LOMAX: What?

VIGILANTE: Diamonds or rubies? Y'deaf?

LOMAX: Err...one. One of each.

PANEL SEVEN.

DYNAMIC FINAL PANEL AS WE SEE THE VIG KNOCK LOMAX OUT WITH AT LEAST A COUPLE OF TEETH FLYING OUT OF LOMAX'S MOUTH.

VIGILANTE: S'what I thought.

PAGE EIGHT.**PANEL ONE.**

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE OUTSIDE OF A 1940S STYLE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN GALVESTON. NO IDEA, DARWYN. AT THAT POINT IN TIME I'D MAKE IT A (SLIGHTLY UPDATED) VERSION OF AN OLD-STYLE PRISON LIKE IN "RIO BRAVO" BUT SET IN THE PRESENT BY PUTTING A COUPLE OF CARS/POLICE CARS IN FRONT OF IT. IT'S NIGHT/THE SAME NIGHT, SO THE BUILDING IS SEMI-SILHOUETTE WITH LIGHT COMING FROM INSIDE. (AT THE LAST MINUTE I'M IMAGINING THE BUILDINGS IN "TOUCH OF EVIL" ALTHOUGH NOTHING DEFINITE ACTUALLY SPRINGS TO MIND.)

CAPTION (STUFF): And so the trail Greg took brought him to the office of Sheriff Arlo Tanner...

PANEL TWO.

WE INSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE. THE VIGILANTE IS STANDING THERE WITH CONFIDENCE WHILE SHERIFF TANNER (GEORGE BANCROFT (FROM STAGE COACH)) --





-- BUT IN THAT 1940S SUIT WITH COWBOY BOOTS/HAT LOOK OF THAT TIME.

TANNER IS ARISING FROM HIS DESK SLIGHTLY, UNSURE WHAT THE NEXT MOMENT WILL BRING. (REMEMBER HE'S ULTIMATELY A VILLAIN, SO YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT'S GOING ON IN HIS MIND, BUT WE SHOULD MAKE HIM

LOOK LIKE A HERO WHO'S MERELY TAKEN BY SURPRISE AND IN HINDSIGHT READERS CAN PUT IT ALL TOGETHER.)

CAPTION (STUFF): ...A man much like Greg's own father.

VIG: Tanner.

TANNER: You. You, I know.

PANEL THREE.

CLOSE IN/ANGLE AROUND ON VIG AND TANNER AS THEY FACE EACH OTHER BUT NOW WITH TANNER APPEARING TO RELAX A LITTLE.

VIG: That's ain' hard. I'm in the papers.

VIG: Done some reading on you, though, friend, n'I figure a friend might be what you was needin'? In this times of war and strife and vice.

PANEL FOUR.

WE ANGLE AROUND AGAIN (OR ANGLE DOWN OR WHATEVER YOU THINK WILL BEST VARY THIS SHOT OF VIG AND TANNER) THIS TIME WITH THE SHOT FAVORING TANNER SLIGHTLY MORE.

VIG: Can't win no war 'gainst Ito tonight, no, but Junior Brand I aim to bring down, with you by my side.

TANNER: Well happens I've been waiting to get that varmint. Trouble, too much graft stopping me. Hell, too many of my own men taking the brown bag, never had'a chance 'fore now.

PANEL FIVE.

BIG FINAL PANEL/BOTTOM THIRD OF THE PAGE. IT'S VIG AND TANNER LIKE THEY'RE PARTNERS SIDE BY SIDE, READY TO TAKE ON THE DEVIL. THEY ADVANCE TOWARDS US, LOOKING LIKE TWO KICK-ASS JOHN FORD HEROES.

VIG: Figure, tonight's the night then.

CAPTION: To be continued...

(PART TWO.)**PAGE NINE.**

WE'RE LOOKING DOWN ON A NIGHTTIME ROAD AWAY FROM THE CENTER OF TOWN. IT'S ON A HILL AND SO WE CAN SEE THE LIGHTS OF GALVESTON CITY FAR BELOW US TO THE REAR. WHERE WE ARE ON THE ROAD, THERE'S VIG, TANNER AND A GROUP OF MEN. THESE ARE THE "UPSTANDING" CITIZENS OF GALVESTON, ALL IN THEIR 40S/50S AND ALL IN SLIGHTLY WESTERN/SLIGHTLY JUST 1940S WORKADAY CLOTHING.

THEY ARE BY A ROADSIDE ADVERTISEMENT, AND THE MEN ARE LIT (BUT DIMLY) FROM THOSE DIM/SMALL OVERHEAD LIGHTS THAT ARE ATTACHED TO THE TOP OF SUCH AD BOARDS. (THIS AD IS THEN WHERE YOU PUT THIS PART'S TITLE, DARWYN? AS PER YOUR IDEA?)

VIG IS LOOKING AT THE MEN (ALL OF WHOM ARE ARMED WITH GUNS AND SHOTGUNS AND RIFLES AND SUCH) NONE OF WHOM LOOK COMFORTABLE WITH THEIR WEAPONS AND/OR LIKE THEY'D KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEMSELVES IN A VIOLENT SITUATION.

VIG: So who're this esteemed group o'fellas?

PANEL TWO.

THIS IS A GROUP SHOT OF THE MEN, WHERE WE SEE THEM MORE CLEARLY. WE SEE THEY'RE UNFIT/NOT MEN OF ACTION.

VIG IS TO ONE SIDE OF PANEL, CROPPED/A CU LOOKING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THEM.

TANNER: Only ones I could trust. Businessmen, storeowners... honest folk who'd like to see Brand brought down.

VIG: And what, pray tell you'll'all think you'll do?

TOWNSMAN #1: Whatever you say. We've been waiting for this.

TOWNSMAN #2: He's right Vig -- I mean Mister...Mister Vigilante. We are done with King Junior.

PANEL THREE.

CU VIG LOOKING AT THE MEN. THIS IS WIDER THEN IT NEEDS TO BE, WITH VIG TO ONE SIDE THEREBY ALLOWING US ROOM TO ONE SIDE OF PANEL TO BETTER SHOW THE VIEW OF GALVESTON BELOW ONE MORE TIME -- SETTING THIS UP FOR LATER WHEN THE EXPLOSIVES GO OFF ALL OVER TOWN.

VIG: I appreciate the sentiment and the intent. I do. But --

VIG: Brand used his money...

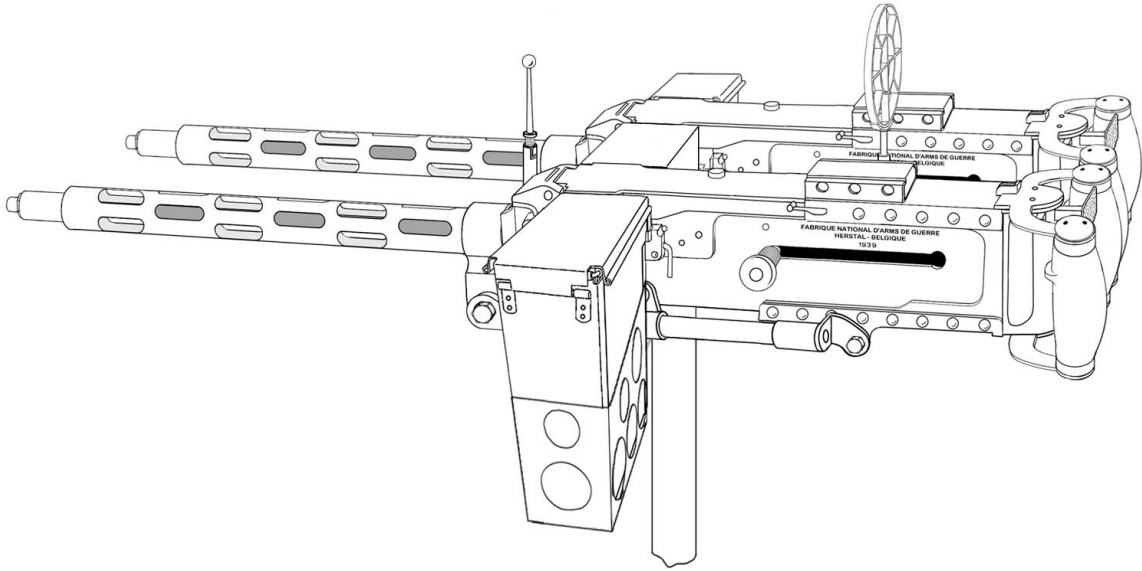
PANEL FOUR.

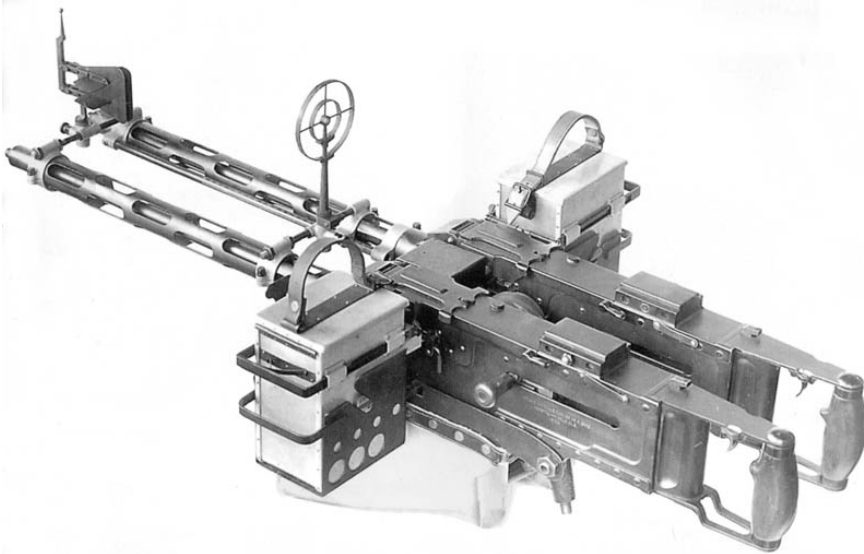
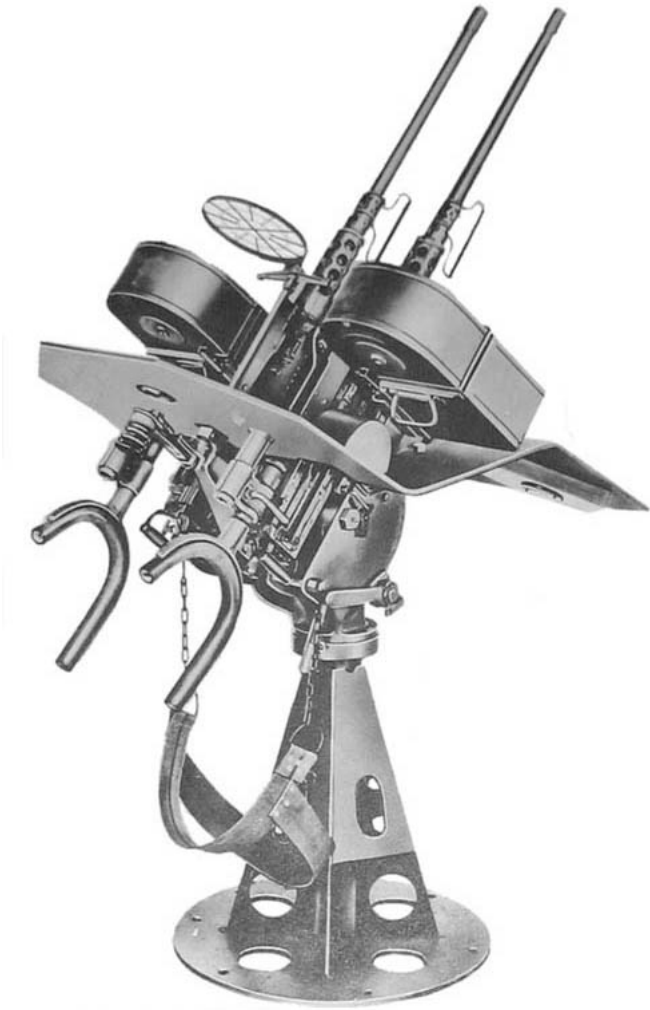
NOW WE'RE LOOKING UP AWAY FROM THE AREA THEY ALL ARE. WE SEE THAT FURTHER UP THE HILL AT THE TOP IS A HUGE MANOR-LIKE HOME. THE HOUSE BELOW BISHOP'S PALACE EXISTED IN 1940S GALVESTON (IS AN HISTORICAL LANDMARK TODAY). WITH THAT IN MIND, CAN YOU DESIGN A HOUSE THAT HAS THE SAME TYPE OF OVERWROUGHT FEEL TO IT.





ANYWAY, THE IMPORTANT THING TO NOTE HERE IS THAT THE PLACE IS GUARDED BY TWO GUN EMPLACEMENTS, ONE TO EITHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING. THESE ARE BIG MACHINE GUNS LIKE YOU'D FIND ON A NAVY GUN BOAT.





THE GROUNDS ARE ALSO GUARDED BY GANGSTERS WITH RIFLES. ALL OF THEM LIKE EVERYONE ELSE HERE IS DRESSED IN A MIXTURE OF WESTERN AND 1940S SUITING/CLOTHING.

WE SEE THIS PLACE HERE MORE AS A LS FURTHER FROM IS US. YOU CAN SHOW IT IN MORE DETAIL ON THE NEXT PAGE.

MAYBE THE TOP OF THE VIG'S HAT IS COMING UP INTO SHOT IN THE FG AS IF WE'RE LOOKING UP/AWAY TOWARDS THE HOUSE ALONE WITH HIM.

VIG: ...Used his ties to the Navy through the vice he offers up... got hisself two FN38s mounted all nice on that big old place of his.

VIG: Not to mention men with guns. All of which you men ain't no match for.

PANEL FIVE.

CU VIG.

VIG: Yeah, I look at all o'you and I appreciate the valor, I do, but --

VIG: I do have me a plan...

PANEL SIX.

CU OF TANNER.

VIG: ...that don't include but one of you.

PAGE TEN.

AND WITH THAT WE BEGIN THE ACTION, DARWYN, WHICH I'M GIVING TO YOU PLOT STYLE, AS WE AGREED.

WE BEGIN BY BETTER SHOWING THE HOUSE/GUARD/GUN EMPLACEMENTS MORE CLEARLY, BETTER ESTABLISHING THEM. WE SEE WE'RE ON A REMOTE ROAD WITH THE HOUSE BEING THE SOLE BUILDING OFF OF IT.

THEN ONE/SOME OF THE GUARDS HEAR THE ROAR OF A MOTORCYCLE/
THEN SEE --

THE VIGILANTE RIDING BY/ACROSS IN FRONT OF THEM ON HIS MOTOR CYCLE. HE IS SHOOTING WILDLY AT THEM WITH ONE HAND/SIX-GUN, WHILE STEERING THE BIKE WITH THE OTHER. WE SHOULD NOTE HERE THAT THE VIGILANTE HERE IS DRESSED IN A BAGGIER BLUE WESTERN SHIRT VERSION OF HIS TOP AND DARKER PANTS (TANNER'S PANTS) BUT HAS A WHITE HAT AND RED FACE BANDANNA ON (THAT ON CLOSER INSPECTION AT THE END OF THE PAGE WE'LL SEE IS A PAISLEY PATTERN RED BANDANNA.) HE'S RIDING/SPEEDING FAST ACROSS PANEL.

THE GUARDS OPEN FIRE AND THE TWO GUN EMPLACEMENTS TOO, SENDING BULLETS OFF PANEL TOWARDS THE VIGILANTE, BUT IT'S TOO LATE, THE VIG IS ALREADY RECEDING INTO DARKNESS AGAIN/RIDING AWAY.

WE THEN CUT TO A MED/CU OF VIG ON THE BIKE RIDING TOWARDS US. "VIG" HAS PULLED OFF HIS BANDANNA NOW SO WE CAN SEE HIS FACE AND WE CAN SEE IT'S TANNER ON THE BIKE.

TANNER: There, did as y'said.

TANNER: No, good luck Cowboy.

(HERE, HIS DIALOGUE, IS CONTINUING TO MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.)

PAGE ELEVEN.

TO SHOW WHY HE SAYS THIS WE CUT BACK TO THE HOUSE A MOMENT LATER, TO SHOW VIG RUNNING UP TO ONE OF (THE BACK OF) THE FN38 TWIN GUN EMPLACEMENTS AND LEAPING AT IT/SHOOTING THE MEN WHO ARE MANNING IT WITH HIS SIX-GUNS AS HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR.

VIG THEN GRABS THE BIG MACHINE GUN AND SWINGS IT AROUND TO STRAFE MANY OF THE OTHER BODYGUARDS AND THE MEN MANNING THE OTHER MACHINE GUN. VIG LOOKS BIG AND DRAMATIC AS HE HOLDS ONE GUN/TRIGGER/HANDLE IN EITHER HAND, AND BLASTING AWAY, WITH SPENT CASINGS FLYING ALL AROUND.

LOTS OF BIG, KINETIC ACTION HERE. LOTS OF GANGSTERS/COWBOYS BEING SHOT DOWN.

PAGES TWELVE/THIRTEEN.

WE'RE NOW INSIDE THE STUDY/DEN OF KING JUNIOR BRAND. HE'S IN SUIT PANTS/COWBOY BOOTS, SHIRT WITH SLEEVES ROLLED UP AND SHIRT OPEN AT THE NECK WITH BOLO TIE PULLED DOWN. HE HAS ON HIS SUIT WAISTCOAT WITH THE WATCH THAT INTERESTED VIG PROMINENTLY IN SHOT.

THE PLACE IS ALL OAK AND HAS VAGUELY FAUX TUDOR FEEL, WITH THE HEADS AND ANTLERS/HORNS OF ANIMALS HE'S KILLED THAT ARE INDIGENOUS TO TEXAS. (JAGUARS, COUGARS, GRIZZLIES -- NOW ALL RARE/EXTINCT.)

THERE IS A BIG FIREPLACE, WHICH IS LIT AND THE FLAMES ARE PROVIDING MUCH OF THE LIGHT IN THE SEQUENCE, SO THERE'S A LOT OF DRAMATIC LONG NOIR SHADOW AND RED LIGHT HERE.

THERE IS ALSO A BIG DESK WITH IT'S BACK TO A BIG WINDOW AND WITH ONE OF THOSE BULL-HORN DESK SETS ON IT (BOTH IMPORTANT FOR PAGE FOURTEEN.)

ANYWAY JUNIOR (CHUBBY MAN IN HIS 50S WHO WAS MAYBE A TOUGH HOMBRE AT ONE TIME BUT HAS LATELY GONE TO FAT FROM THE EASE OF HIS LIFE) IS PACING/WALKING THE ROOM NERVOUSLY.

HE IS GUARDED BY A BIG, GRIM LOOKING BODYGUARD WHO'S GUN IS ALREADY DRAWN AND READY. (I SEE THIS GUY AS HAVE A BIT OF A RESEMBLANCE TO A YOUNG JACK PALANCE.)

(OH AND ALTHOUGH THESE ARE DIALOGUE PAGES MORE OF LESS I GUESS I'M GIVING THEM TO YOU PLOT STYLE TOO, DARWYN.)

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS SEQUENCE REMINDS ME OF? THERE'S AT LEAST ONE SPIRIT SECTION THAT I RECALL THAT HAD THE SCENARIO OF A VILLAIN/KINGPIN IN A ROOM, AWAITING THE COMING OF THE SPIRIT AND THE TENSION GETTING TO HIM. IT'S THAT KIND OF FEEL HERE.

OH, AND AS WE SEE THE DRAMA UNFOLD, SO WE SEE ONOMATOPOEIA-LIKE SOUND EFFECTS OF GUNS AND SCREAMS, SMALLER AT THE START AND THEN GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER AS THE TWO PAGES DO ON, THAT SHOW/IMPLY THAT THE VIG/AND THE VIOLENCE AROUND HIM IS GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER MOMENT BY MOMENT.

BODYGUARD: Relax, King. Don't worry. You're safe as houses.

JUNIOR: Houses? Which? This house here, now? Don't see nothing safe 'bout it.

JUNIOR: What'd I pay you for?

BODYGUARD: Err--

JUNIOR: No, that was a question, monkey. You Goddamn answer me.

JUNIOR: Here I am, away from all them superfolks with green light and speed, ghosts and magic men. Nothing like that here, not Galveston.

JUNIOR: Cowboy onna motorbike... that's the best we get? Not much mystery to that mystery man. A cowboy you can shoot. You can kill a cowboy.

JUNIOR: So why the Heck ain't none you done it?

A SECOND BODYGUARD THEN PUTS HIS HEAD IN THE DOOR THEN SAYS HIS DIALOGUE WHEN...

BODYGUARD: #2: He's breached us, sir. He's in the building. We --

HE'S SHOT FROM BEHIND, FROM A SHOT FROM FURTHER AWAY. HE FALLS DOWN IN THE HALF-OPEN DOORWAY.

JUNIOR SEEMS ALMOST OBLIVIOUS/RAMBLING, TUGGING AT THE BODYGUARD TO STAY WITH HIM.

THE BODYGUARD ON THE OTHER HAND IS TRYING TO MOVE FOR THE DOOR, HIS GUN READY...

BODYGUARD: Sir. Sir. I gotta go. I'll kill the sonbitch--

JUNIOR: No, you stay here, stay with me.

THE BODYGUARD RACES THROUGH THE DOOR...

BODYGUARD: No, I've gotta --

AND IS BLASTED BACKWARDS INTO THE STUDY, WITH A SMOKING WOUND IN HIS CHEST.

JUNIOR LOOKS AT THE BODYGUARD WHO IS DYING, GURGLING BLOOD FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH. JUNIOR IS EERILY CALM, LIKE HE'S IN SHOCK...

HE CALMLY WALKS TO HIS DESK, TAKES OUT A REVOLVER FROM A DRAWER AND STANDS THERE AWAITING THE VIG, LOOKING AT THE DOOR

TO THE STUDY WITH HIS BACK TO THE BIG WINDOW THAT THE DESK IS IN FRONT OF.

JUNIOR: I ruled here. "King." I was a King and--

JUNIOR: No, I'm not done. Come on cowboy, show yourself. Get yourself into here, guns blazing for all I care.

JUNIOR IS LOOKING/AIMING STRAIGHT AT US.

JUNIOR: I still got some fire. I can still--

PAGE FOURTEEN.

PANEL ONE.

AS THE VIGILANTE COMES SWINGING IN/CRASHING IN THROUGH THE BIG WINDOW BEHIND KING JUNIOR, DRAMATICALLY WITH MUCH BROKEN FLYING GLASS.

JUNIOR SPINS TO CONFRONT HIM BUT IT'S A MOMENT TOO LATE FOR HIM.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL TWO.

THE TWO MEN GO FLYING OVER THE DESK, WITH VIG ALREADY GETTING AT LEAST ONE PUNCH IN, BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY AS THEY GO ACROSS THE DESK SO WE SEE THAT JUNIOR IS BEING IMPALED ON THE BULL-HORN OF THE DESK SET.

PANEL THREE.

AFTERMATH.

WE SEE VIG STANDING THERE LOOKING DOWN AT JUNIOR WHO IS DEAD ON THE FLOOR.

PANEL FOUR.

WE SEE THE VIG'S HAND COMING INTO SHOT TO SNATCH THE WATCH UP, OFF JUNIOR'S WAISTCOAT, BREAKING THE CHAIN AS HE PULLS IT FREE.

PAGE FIFTEEN.**PANEL ONE.**

BIG PANEL. WE SEE THE VIGILANTE ON THE LAWN OF JUNIOR'S HOUSE. THIS AREA IS LIT BY THE LIGHT OF SUNDRY WINDOWS IN THE HOUSE, SO WE SEE WE SEE THE OTHERWISE DARK GRASS LIT IN AREAS IN THE SHAPE OF THE WINDOWS.

VIG IS WALKING TOWARDS TANNER AND THE OTHER MEN (ALL STILL HOLDING THEIR GUNS) USING ONE HAND/ARM BY HIS SIDE TO DRAG JUNIOR'S DEAD BODY CASUALLY AS IF IT WERE NO WEIGHT AT ALL.

TANNER HAS DIVESTED HIMSELF OF HIS QUASI-VIG DISGUISE AND THE VIG'S MOTORBIKE IS NEARBY PARKED TO THE EDGE OF SHOT.

VIG: Here gents, King Junior Brand has lost his crown. Lost his watch too for that matter.

VIG: Guess I'm done.

TANNER: Yeah...

PANEL TWO.

BOTTOM THIRD OF THE PAGE. WE SEE TANNER AND THE OTHER MEN, NOW ALL AIMING THEIR GUNS TOWARDS US/THE VIG OFF PANEL. ALL OF THE MEN NOW HAVE GRIM, DETERMINED FACES AND THEY LOOK MORE MENACING/EVIL THEN BEFORE.

TANNER: ...I reckon you are.

PAGE SIXTEEN.**PANEL ONE.**

VIG STANDING CALMLY TO ONE SIDE OF THE PANEL AND TANNER/THE TOWNSMEN TO THE OTHER SIDER.

VIG: Can't say I'm overly versed in the gracious ways o' Texas... but currently I ain't feeling much in the way of thank you.

TANNER: Boy, but you are one dumb saddle tramp, huh, ain't you just.

PANEL TWO.

CLOSING IN/MED SHOT OF TANNER AND A COUPLE OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE.

TANNER: We set this up, me and these "righteous" folks of Galveston. We needed a fella to front the whole thing, see, with us pulling his strings.

TANNER: We put the King on that throne and he gave us top dollar back 'till the day he didn't no more. Till the day he said "come try to stop me from having it all."

TOWNSPERSON 1: We was powerless. He had an army that we watched him amass thinkin' that was for mister-man from the state capital if'n he come sniffing abouts.

TOWNSPERSON 2: Didn't figure it was to shut us out too.

PANEL THREE.

WE LOOK DOWN ON VIG, TANNER (THE CLOSEST TO VIG OF THE MEN) AND JUNIOR'S BODY NOW LYING ON THE GRASS NEAR THEM.

TANNER: Looks like he's done shutting anything.

VIG: So all you men, little men... you took a piece. Used to, anyway. Then you had me get you the whole pie back, huh. Yeah, guess I am a dumb hick not seein' that sooner, but I think I get it now. Just.

TANNER: God. I hope so -- hate a man going to his grave not knowing the why of it.

PANEL FOUR.

CU OF TANNER LOOKING MEAN/GRIM ABOUT TO MURDER.

TANNER: Oh, and seeing as how you're all fired up about that watch of Junior's... n'I think I know the why of that too... 'fore we send you to your maker, let me say...

PANEL FIVE.

WE PAN DOWN TO A CU OF TANNER'S REVOLVER, HIS FINGER CLEARLY A MOMENT FROM PULLING THE TRIGGER.

TANNER: ...It was me'd' gave Junior that watch in the first place.

PANEL SIX.

WE END THIS PAGE/THE SECOND PART OF OUR STORY WITH A PANEL THAT'S MERELY AN ONOMATOPOEIA LIKE "BOOM" SFX.

CAPTION: ...To be concluded.

(PART THREE.)**PAGE SEVENTEEN.****PANEL ONE.**

WE SEE TANNER AND THE OTHERS, SPINNING TO LOOK AWAY FROM US TOWARDS PANEL LEFT AND THE NIGHTTIME LIGHTS OF GALVESTON (THAT WE ESTABLISHED EARLIER) FAR BELOW US. THERE IS SHOCK ON THEIR FACES.

TANNER: What in Hell?

PANEL TWO

WE SEE WHAT THEY SEE, THIS BEING THE LIGHTS OF GALVESTON. HERE WE SEE BRIGHT FIRE FROM A BURNING LOCATION (THE BOOM AT THE END OF LAST PAGE) WITH SEVERAL MORE EXPLOSIONS AT THE SAME TIME GOING OFF AT LOCATIONS ALL OVER THE CITY, LIKE FIERY BLOOMS.

DARWYN, I WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE THIS TIME YOU COULD USE THE LIGHTS OF GALVESTON TO MAKE THE VIGILANTE LOGO FOR THIS THIRD PART OF THE STORY. JUST AN IDEA.

VIG (OP): Oowhee, now that...

PANEL THREE.

THIS IS A CU OF VIGILANTE AS HE LOOKS AT US (TANNER AND THE OTHER VILLAINS). THERE'S A STEELY GLARE TO HIS FACE. WE SEE A SECTION OF THE CITY BELOW HIM TO ONE SIDE, WITH A COUPLE MORE EXPLOSIONS GOING OFF.

VIG: ...Is one heck of sight.

VIG: Recognize them from here, gents? That's all your businesses... legitimate businesses going up in righteous fire.

PAGE EIGHTEEN.**PANEL ONE.**

WE'RE LOOKING ON AT THE SCENE AS A WHOLE, FOR THE GEOGRAPHY PRIOR TO THE SHOOTING THAT WILL BE STARTING MOMENTARILY. WE SEE THE MEN ON ONE SIDE, VIG ON THE OTHER (MAYBE HIS BIKE IN SHOT TOO) WITH THE CITY WITH ITS BURNING BLOSSOMS FURTHER AWAY IN THE DISTANCE.

VIG: You call me a dumb saddle tramp? Me? Why your arrogant bunch of so-n-sos, I been in this game for years now...

VIG: ...You think I'd come here and not do my homework ahead o'time?

VIG: I knew the scoop going in... how all of you was as bad and rotten as Junior.

PANEL TWO.

CU OF VIG.

VIG: Hell, Tanner, how'd you think I knew you could ride a motorbike in the first place...

VIG: ...And why'd I have you do it? Could have snuck up on those guards without you, I done harder n'worse than that.

VIG: No, I wanted you and the bike together 'cause of the radio I had hidden on it, so my buddy, Stuff, could listen in. Came time you fellas drew iron on me, he'd hear and know to put a match to your lives in town.

PANEL THREE.

VIG WITH HIS BACK TO US, FACING TANNER AND THE OTHERS WHO FACE US, GUNS READY, ALL ANGRY/GLARING AT VIG.

MISC TOWNSPERSON: How'd you know we'd draw at all? Could have waved you a goodbye and taken over Junior's empire again after you'd gone.

VIG: Could'a, sure. N'that would've been the smart thing.

VIG: But I figured y'all for stupid and like I say I've been in the game a while.

PANEL FOUR.

MED SHOT OF VIG STANDING THERE, HIS HANDS HOVERING FOR HIS GUNS.

VIG: N'that's how I know couple of you fellas are thinking of killin' me about now.
Don't blame you, I'd be mighty riled too, if'n I was you.

VIG: Only thing I can think to say 'bout that...

PAGE NINETEEN.

DARWYN THIS IS PANELS OF VIG EXCHANGING FIRE WITH THE TANNER AND THE TOWNSMEN.

WE SEE VIG DIVING TO ONE SIDE, BOTH GUNS BLASTING, WHILE SHOTS PEPPER THE AIR AROUND HIM (SOME BULLETS AND SOME SHOTGUN BLASTS.)

VIG, IN TURN, IS HITTING/KILLING THE MEN (WOUNDING TANNER WITH A SHOT TO THE SHERIFF'S ARM).

VIG: ...You're welcome to try!

PAGE TWENTY/TWENTY-ONE.

IN THE AFTERMATH, WE SEE VIG STANDING THERE, WITH THE BODIES OF THE DEAD MEN LITTERED AROUND HIM.

TANNER IS RISING, CLUTCHING HIS LEFT ARM. HIS GUN HAS BEEN DROPPED IN THE MELEE.

TANNER: So. Just you'n me...

TANNER: ...Greg Saunders.

VIG: Gussed it, huh?

TANNER: Not hard.

VIG, HAVING REPLACED HIS GUNS IN THEIR HOLSTERS, IS NOW WALKING TOWARDS A SIX-SHOOTER THAT LIES NEARBY. HE PICKS IT UP.

TANNER: Knew this would happen too. One day. Had to.

VIG: I confess you and the watch... that I didn't know ahead of this, I confess.

TANNER: For the record at the time... when I killed your pa... I was young and dumb and your pa was better than any of us.

VIG: That why you shot him in the back, Tanner? You knew you couldn't draw on him?

TANNER: We, all of us, need an equalizer.

VIG: Not me. Here, in honor of my pa...

VIG TOSSES THE GUN AT TANNER'S FEET.

VIG: ...So we'll do this fair.

TANNER PICKS THE GUN UP AND THE TWO MEN STAND THERE, FACING EACH OTHER.

A BEAT...

...ANOTHER BEAT...

...AND THEN THEY DRAW WITH EXPLOSIVE GUN SMOKE FROM BOTH THEIR GUNS

THE SMOKE CLEARS...

...AND TANNER FALLS DEAD.

PAGES TWENTY-THREE - TWENTY-FOUR.

WE CUT TO THE NEXT DAY. WE SEE THE STATE FAIR MOVING ON TO ANOTHER TOWN. IT'S LIKE A CIRCUS LEAVING DOWN WITH TRUCKS AND BUSES AND COACHES. WE SEE LARGE MECHANICAL RIDES NOW LOADED UP AND STRAPPED DOWN ON FLATBEDS. OTHER ROUSTABOUTS ARE MAKING THEIR FINAL CHECKS/TIES WHILE OTHER VEHICLES ARE ALREADY DRIVING OFF IN A CONVOY, KICKING UP DUST THAT WAFTS ACROSS SHOT FOR SOME DRAMA/ADDED MOOD.

WE SEE GREG SAUNDERS' 1940S ERA BUS, WITH HIS NAME AND "THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR" ALONG BOTH MUSICAL AND WESTERN MOTIFS ALL PAINTED ON IT.

STUFF IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE BUS CALLING OFF PANEL ENERGETICALLY, WITH ONE HAND/ARM RAISED OFF PANEL TOWARDS --

CAPTION (STUFF): Greg didn't speak much the next day.

STUFF: Greg... buddy... move yourself! Fort Worth, Greg. No time! Come on!

WE THEN CUT TO GREG SAUNDERS. HE'S STANDING IN A FIELD OF LONG GRASS. (OBVIOUSLY THIS IS VERY NEAR TO THE VEHICLES.)

HE HOLDS THE WATCH IN HIS HAND, LOOKING DOWN AT IT, SOMEWHAT THOUGHTFULLY/SADLY.

NO DIALOGUE

WE THEN RETURN TO THE SEPIA FLASHBACK OF GREG'S DAD AND YOUNG GREG AS HE HOLDS THE WATCH FOR GREG TO LOOK AT. (THIS COULD MAYBE BE TWO PANELS, DARWYN, WHAT DO YOU THINK?)

GREG'S DAD: I don't want you to stay in anyone's shadow, Greg. I love you too much. No one's shadow, sure as heck not mine. You be your own man, 'y hear?

GREG'S DAD: So my watch, son, when I'm gone I want you to have it, but this is what I want to you do with the gaudy damn thing.

WE'RE THEN BACK IN THE PRESENT AS GREG TOSSES THE WATCH INTO THE AIR, DRAWS HIS PISTOL IN A FLASH AND SHOOTS THE WATCH OUT OF THE SKY, SHATTERING IT. (DARWYN I SEE THIS AS THREE TALL PANELS, ALL THE SAME SHOT/PANEL/P.O.V. WITH THE TALLNESS OF THE PANEL FOR THE EMPTY AIR THAT THE WATCH GOES UP INTO/IS SHOT OUT OF.

CU OF GREG IN THE AFTERMATH OF THIS. A SLIGHT SAD SMILE ON HIS FACE.

GREG (SMALL LETTERING AS IF SPOKEN UNDER HIS BREATH: Oh pa.

WE THEN CUT BACK TO STUFF YELLING AT GREG AS MORE TRUCKS PULL AWAY, MORE DUST AND MOVEMENT.

STUFF: Greg, we are gone! Move it!

WE THEN SHOW THE TRUCK DRIVING AWAY FROM US, WITH GREG RUNNING ALONGSIDE AND WITH A YANK OF HIS ARM FROM STUFF THEY BOTH VANISH INSIDE.

CAPTION (STUFF): Greg, eased up after that. Became an even better friend, better man.

CAPTION (STUFF): At least for as long as I can tell.

CAPTION (STUFF): Six months later Bugsy Siegel killed me.

CAPTION: The end.

AND THERE WE ARE, DARWYN, I HOPE YOU LIKE THE SCRIPT, IT'S PRETTY MUCH AS I DESCRIBED IT TO YOU.

ONE NOTE IS THAT YOU'LL SEE I LEFT YOU SOME WIGGLE ROOM BY THERE BEING NO PAGE 22. THIS IS SOMETHING I'D DO FOR PAUL SMITH WITH LEAVE IT TO CHANCE, AND I HOPE YOU'RE COOL WITH IT. I THOUGHT MAYBE THE GUNPLAY IN THIS FINAL PART MIGHT NEED ANOTHER PAGE, OR MAYBE THE ENDING/CODA (THERE IS ALREADY A LOT OF GUNPLAY IN THIS ISSUE AFTER ALL, SO MAYBE A LITTLE MORE SPACE FOR THE AFTERMATH WOULD BE NICE) AND I COULD SEE YOU GIVING GREG SHOOTING THE WATCH A WHOLE PAGE. I'D PREFER THAT ACTUALLY, BUT I'M LEAVING IT UP TO YOU.

I'LL CALL YOU IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, WHEN YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO READ IT. LET ME KNOW IS THERE'S MORE REFERENCE I CAN SUPPLY YOU.