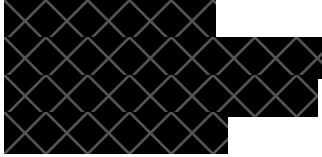


## **In Deep Space**

Issue #1

“Absence Makes the Heart Go Yonder”



### **PAGE ONE – One Panel**

#### **PANEL ONE**

WIDE SHOT: We open on **RED 2**, a realistic, modern starship of the Space Shuttle variety, but larger, sleeker with a red color scheme. The ship is parked in a large hangar. Barrels and boxes stored in various groups surround the ship.

1. Narration:            This is Red 2.
2. Narration:            That’s the stupid name I’ve given this stupid thing. I’d say it was impulsive, but impulses don’t take 9 years and billions of dollars.
3. Narration:            Anyway, the ship needed a name.
4. Narration:            But like it or not, Red 2 isn’t just a spaceship. It’s home. It’s our home.
5. Narration:            Or at least it will be...

## **PAGE TWO – Seven Panels**

### **PANEL ONE**

Inside a metal door way, a **squad of marines** fire at the Ship. Three Marines provide cover fire as two other Marines load a **rocket launcher**.

1. Narration:           ...when these assholes stop shooting at it.

### **PANEL TWO**

As the **MARINE SERGEANT** gives the order, **another marine FIRES** the Rocket Launcher. A puff of flame and smoke burst from the rear of the launcher.

2. Marine Sgt:           Fire!

### **PANEL THREE**

CLOSE UP: two alert, determined eyes, hints of rage. **BONNIE GRIZZEL**, who we will meet in a moment, spots the incoming rocket.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE UP: the **rocket** streaks from right to left, flames bursting from its tail.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL FIVE**

CLOSE UP: A strong, female hand grabs a nearby **wrench**.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL SIX**

WIDE: Grizzel, in stride, tosses the wrench, striking and igniting the rocket in mid-air. The marines watch with awe and confusion.

3. Marine:               ... the hell?

### **PANEL SEVEN**

**BONNIE GRIZZEL**, blinded with rage, **BURSTS** from cover, knocking over oil drums and shouting. She's a stampeding elephant of a woman in a **flight suit and jump boots**. Think a bulkier Sigourney Weaver of Aliens fame.

4. Narration:           Which should be any second because they've seriously pissed off Grizzel.

5. Grizzel:               You motherfucks!

### **PAGE THREE – Seven Panels**

#### **PANEL ONE**

The **squad of marines** cease fire, stunned in terror by Grizzel's outburst.

1. Marine: Holy...

#### **PANEL TWO**

Grizzel **PINS** two marines to the wall by their throats. The other marines **RUN** as she shouts over her shoulder to her companions.

2. Marine: ...Shkk

3. Grizzel: Dumont! We have to leave now!

#### **PANEL THREE**

ANGLE ON: **AUBREY ABERNATHY**, a weasel of a red-headed 25 year-old. Lean, pale, the guy you love to hate and he makes it easy. Slightly ahead of and beside him is **KATHRYN DUMONT**, 50's, short-haired tech mogul in a black turtleneck and a grey slacks. (Think Meg Whitman or Marissa Mayer) She points a threatening finger back at Aubrey and calls out to Grizzel.

4. Aubrey: They do not make marines like they used--.

5. Kathryn: Shut up, Aubrey.

6. Kathryn: Grizz, who's missing?

#### **PANEL FOUR**

Grizzel stuffs the unconscious marines into an OIL DRUM.

7. Grizzel: The nerds are at Grandmother's. David's firing up the engine. Doc's AWOL.

#### **PANEL FIVE**

CLOSE UP: Kathryn grabs her hair, pressing the butt of her hands against her eyes in frustration. She struggles with a tough decision.

8. Kathryn: Damn it!

#### **PANEL SIX**

CLOSE UP: Grizzel looks back over her shoulder, awaiting orders.

9. Grizzel: Boss?

**MORE**

**PAGE THREE CONTINUED**

**PANEL SEVEN**

ANGLE ON: Kathryn **SNAPS** a magazine into a handgun. Aubrey backs off in cowardice.

10. Kathryn:            I'll need some back up.

11. SFX:                CH-CHIK

## **PAGE FOUR – Six Panels**

### **PANEL ONE**

In the dim light of a five star French Restaurant, **DOCTOR REGINALD WHITNEY**, 40's, a vibrant, exquisitely dressed man black man, **studies** the contents of his spoon: a French bouillabaisse. Looking on, the **MAITRE D'** stands like a soldier on guard. The restaurant is empty, reserved only for Dr. Whitney. Behind the Maitre d', faint headlights shine through a window off-panel, illuminating his backside.

1. Dr. Whitney:        Brilliant. A touch of saffron. Hint of fennel. And... orange?
2. Maitre d':         Le zeste d'orange. Oui, Monsieur.
3. Dr. Whitney:        Brilliant.
4. SFX (very small): honk honk

### **PANEL TWO**

Same shot, but the light is unmistakably growing brighter behind the Maitre d'. Dr. Whitney **SIPS** his broth in ignorance, but the Maitre d' has fully turned and with **wide eyes**, spots the incoming automobile off panel.

5. SFX (sip):         sluup
6. SFX (growing):   honk honk HOOONK!

### **PANEL THREE**

Same framing. As the Maitre d' dives toward the foreground, panicked, a **Humvee CRASHES** through the front window of the restaurant. Dr. Whitney desperately lifts his dish from the table to save it from spilling in the destruction.

7. SFX:               SKRASH!

### **PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE UP: Dr. Whitney turns his body in his chair, holding his dish away from the crashing Humvee, which has miraculously stopped within inches of him. He eyes the dish closely to be sure he doesn't lose a drop.

***MORE***

**PAGE FOUR CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

Over Dr. Whitney's shoulder, Kathryn and Grizzel stand, arms-crossed and not in the mood, their hair tossed, riddled with scrapes and bruises.

8. Dr. Whitney:      Time already?

9. Kathryn:            How's the Bouillabaisse, Doc?

**PANEL SIX**

CLOSE UP: Grizzel's hand grabs Dr. Whitney by the collar and tears him from his seat.

10. Dr. Whitney:      Exquis--hok!

## **PAGE FIVE - Five Panels**

### **PANEL ONE**

Grizzel drags Dr. Whitney by his collar, he kicks his legs in vain as he attempts to free himself. Grizzel ignores his struggle. Off panel, the marines call for their surrender. Kathryn points a threatening finger at the Maitre d' who backs against a wall, intimidated.

1. Dr. Whitney:       Hok--Unhand me!
2. Grizzel:            We're sitting ducks, Boss.
3. Marine (OP):       You're surrounded Ms. Dumont. Give it up.
4. Kathryn:            Tell me you have another way out, Frenchie.

### **PANEL TWO**

The Maitre d' turns up his nose defiantly, crossing his arms.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL THREE**

Dr. Whitney hangs like a ragdoll from Grizzel's grip, resigned to his fate. The Maitre d' glares at Kathryn.

5. Dr. Whitney:        Just show her, Michel.

### **PANEL FOUR**

In a storage pantry, Michel has pulled away a floor mat and opened a **hatch into the floor** as Grizzel, Dr. Whitney, and Kathryn look on.

6. Grizzel:            What shady shit are you into?
7. Maitre d':         Treason, apparently.

### **PANEL FIVE**

As Dr. Whitney, Kathryn, and Grizzel descend a ladder into the sewer, Kathryn shines a flashlight, illuminating the brick tunnel and the river of waste. Rats scurry to avoid the light.

8. Narration:         Great.
9. Narration:         Still, it's not the first time I've waded through shit to get things done.

## **PAGE SIX - Seven Panels**

### **PANEL ONE**

Kathryn **SLAMS** her fist down on her desk. The office is decorated in a modern fashion. A typical Silicon Valley office space. Clean, mostly primary colors.

1. CAPTION:           Ten years ago.
2. SFX:               WHAM!
3. Kathryn:           What do you **mean** it's not the **right time**?!

### **PANEL TWO**

Kathryn holds the phone receiver in front of her mouth. She speaks very deliberately, the phone cord wrapped around her free hand, pulled taut from the receiver as she points a threatening finger.

4. Kathryn:           You listen to me, Senator. I have put too much energy into this project to have it shot down because some trashy oil lobbyist decided to go down on—

### **PANEL THREE**

Kathryn's arms have fallen to her side, her shoulders sunk, a skeptical, irritated look. Did the Senator really just say that?

5. Kathryn:           Aliens?

### **PANEL FOUR**

Her free hand massages the bridge of her nose, fighting a stress headache.

6. Kathryn:           Kimble, I've heard some weak excuses--

### **PANEL FIVE**

A small panel, CLOSE UP: Kathryn's hand grabs the **television remote**.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL SIX**

Over her shoulder, we see her click on a nearby television. On screen is a **News Report**: a wide shot of the **ARECIBO RADIO TELESCOPE** in Puerto Rico with a News Graphic that reads: "**Science Non-Fiction?**"

NO DIALOGUE

**MORE**



**PAGE SIX CONTINUED**

**PANEL SEVEN**

Close on Kathryn, her stunned, but intrigued expression.

7. Kathryn:                    Oh my God.

## **PAGE SEVEN - Seven Panels**

[panels 4, 5, 6 should play side-by-side across the page]

### **PANEL ONE**

Establishing shot of the Radio Telescope, an aerial view, likely matching the view used in the News Report on the previous page.

1. CAPTION: Puerto Rico, Arecibo Radio Telescope.

### **PANEL TWO**

Inside the facility, two Puerto Rican technicians operate a control room. A **KNOCK** at the door surprises them and they look to each other.

2. SFX: thud thud thud
3. Operator: Quien...?

### **PANEL THREE**

The technicians open the door, revealing three aliens, **THE NAREED**. They stand in simple robes like monks, their craniums extend backwards in a sleek protuberance. (ref: Parasaurolophus). Each has ornate tattooing along the protuberance, which distinguishes them from each other and represents their status in their society. The Nareed in front, who will be known as Ambassador Horum, has the most intricately detailed markings compared to his two lieutenants. In his hand, Horum holds a small disc in the palm of his three-fingered hand. The disc projects upwards the image from the Arecibo radio signal. (ref: [https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Arecibo\\_message\\_bw.svg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Arecibo_message_bw.svg))

4. Horum: We received your invitation.
5. Narration: The Nareed.
6. Narration: Visitors from another galaxy. They had so much to teach us.

### **PANEL FOUR**

One of the Nareed lieutenants

7. Narration: Desert reclamation...

**MORE**

**PAGE SEVEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

Ambassador Horum activates a machine on the lawn of the White House, flanked by a team of HUMAN SCIENTISTS in labcoats. The machine resembles a futuristic humidifier, producing Kirby-Dot-like waves of energy. In the background, military and political personnel applaud.

8. Narration: O-zone regeneration...

**PANEL SIX**

A FARMER in overalls holds his hat to his head, fighting strong winds, as a Nareed Lieutenant instructs him in the use of an alien computer terminal in the middle of his cornfield. In the background, a large TORNADO funnels fiercely, an OLD BARN in its destructive path.

9. Narration: Climate prediction and control.

**PANEL SEVEN**

CLOSE UP: Kathryn eagerly reads through a newspaper, swooning as if reading a love poem written only for her. The frontpage headline reads: **“NAREED VISIT NEW ORLEANS”**

10. Narration: They were the miracle we didn't deserve.

## **PAGE EIGHT - Six Panels**

### **PANEL ONE**

Kathryn stares hopefully out the window of her modern office. In the distance, a picturesque sun is rising. A flock of geese flies in perfect formation. It's a new day.

1. Narration: I dove in. Every clean initiative and renewable energy project, every altruistic instinct I'd ever had. The world was listening and the Nareed would be my champion.

### **PANEL TWO**

A sea of cubicles filled with assistants in phone headsets as they busily dial to set appointments.

2. Narration: I called in favors, greased politicians, hired an army of assistants to overwhelm their phones and inboxes until finally...
3. Assistant: Hi, I'm calling from Kathryn Dumont's office.

### **PANEL THREE**

In a private conference room, a smattering of military personnel and a select few from the press linger in wait as well. Kathryn's personal assistant, **RYAN FIELDS**, late 20's, designer suit and a stylish haircut (think Ryan Seacrest), holds a phone away from his ear as he discreetly alerts her to an incoming call. She answers with a tight, PR smile to hide her frustration from photographers.

4. Narration: ... we scheduled a meeting.
5. Fields: Ma'am, it's aeronautics again--
6. Kathryn: I'm in a meeting.
7. Fields: It's your nephew. He--
8. Kathryn: Call my sister. Tell her to tell you I'm in a fucking meeting.

### **PANEL FOUR**

Eager, Kathryn smiles as if waiting to hear her name called at Graduation. Journalists and photographers chatter before the imminent arrival.

NO DIALOGUE

***MORE***

**PAGE EIGHT CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

Same shot, but a few folks have pulled out chairs, rest their heads on their hands. A young photographer's thumbs tap away on his phone as he plays a game to pass the time. Kathryn's smile has faded slightly.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL SIX**

Slightly closer. Several members of the press and the military personnel have left. A lone photographer has fallen asleep across a few chairs like someone in an airport terminal. The light in the room has faded as the sun sets outside, slightly silhouetting the characters in the scene. Fields approaches Kathryn cautiously. Her smile a distant memory, replaced by the pain and rejection of being stood up.

- |               |                                |
|---------------|--------------------------------|
| 9. Narration: | They never showed.             |
| 10. Fields:   | Would you like a chair, ma'am? |
| 11. Kathryn:  | No.                            |
| 12. Fields:   | Some... ice cream?             |
| 13. Kathryn:  | Go home, Ryan.                 |

**PAGE NINE - Six Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Establishing Shot: The United Nations building in New York.

1. Delegate (OP):     What do you mean, “They’re gone”?

**PANEL TWO**

ANGLE ON: The delegate from the United States.

2. United States:     I mean they’re gone! No calls, no satellite images, not even a damn crop circle!

**PANEL THREE**

A row of delegates weigh in from the following nations:

3. Cuba:                What if they needed time to think?
4. India:               Perhaps a renewable energy initiative or some conservation efforts would entice them.
5. China:               We need to show the Nareed our prosperity does not begin and end with them!
6. Argentina:         Are we sure we **want** them back?

**PANEL FOUR**

ANGLE ON: The delegate from Sweden and the delegate from Saudi Arabia, notably irate.

5. Sweden:             Hold on! How do we know the United States isn’t hiding them?
6. Saudi Arabia:       And what of their technologies? Will you be keeping them from us as well?

**PANEL FIVE**

ANGLE ON: The delegate from the United States, now exasperated.

7. United States:     You can have them when we’re done!

**PANEL SIX**

Delegates from several nations are frozen in expressions of shock, contempt, and suspicion in reaction to the U.S. delegate’s statement.

8. Narration:         And like that, the world was at war.

**PAGE TEN - Six Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Kathryn sulks in a modern office chair. Ryan Fields enters vibrantly, overplaying his enthusiasm to knock his boss out of her sour mood.

1. Fields: Miss Dumont!
2. Kathryn: Didn't I fire you?
3. Fields: ... No.
4. Kathryn: We're downsizing. You're fired.

**PANEL TWO**

Fields holds out a stack of papers, a sizeable contract. Kathryn aggressively **snatches** the papers from his hands.

5. Fields: Normally, I'd believe you. But General Travers' office sent over a contract--
6. Kathryn: What contract?

**PANEL THREE**

CLOSE UP: Kathryn reads, a glimmer of hope, a faint smile.

7. Kathryn: In accordance... for a period of up to... access to all Nareed technology...

**PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE UP: Shock and rage wash over Kathryn's face.

8. Kathryn: in the development of offensive weaponry and...  
WHAT?!
9. Julie (OP): Eh-ahem

***MORE***

**PAGE TEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

WIDE: Kathryn fumes, but two engineers, **JULIE STEVENS** a rotund redheaded girl and **ARNAB BANERJEE**, a lean Indian, in **white jackets** stand in her doorway.

10. Arnab(whisper): Tell her already.

11. Julie(whisper): You!

12. Kathryn: What did he blow up this time?!

**PANEL SIX**

Julie explains, while beside her Arnab makes the hand motion for “mind blown”.

13. Julie: Um. Our minds.



**PAGE ELEVEN - Five Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Kathryn studies a large set of blueprints with an intrigued, but confused stare.

1. Kathryn:                    Is this... what I think it is?

**PANEL TWO**

ANGLE ON: **DAVID TAYLOR**, Kathryn's nephew, 16, in skinny jeans and a Nirvana tee. Next to him, **NANCY TAYLOR**, his indifferent mother, smokes a cigarette.

2. David:                    If you think it's a spaceship.
3. Kathryn (OP):        How did you...?
4. David:                    Their tech's pretty transparent if you're not a slobbering moron.
5. Nancy:                    Yet he's failing all of his classes.
6. David:                    Participation is a popularity witchhunt.

**PANEL THREE**

Kathryn turns to Julie and Arnab, who is overjoyed by her question.

7. Kathryn:                    And you can build this?
8. Julie:                    With time. And tons of money.
9. Arnab:                    I'd work for free.

**PANEL FOUR**

Kathryn turns to her sister, Nancy, who continues calmly smoking her cigarette. David leans against a table with his arms folded defiantly.

10. Kathryn:                    Nance... I need to borrow your son.
11. Nancy:                    You can have 'im.
12. David:                    Mom o' the year.

***MORE***

**PAGE ELEVEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

Kathryn hangs her head, gripping the sides of the desk as she mulls a tough decision.

Julie (OP):                      But Miss Dumont, the flight training, the learning curve.  
  We'd need....

12. Kathryn:                     A crazy good pilot. Yeah. I know.

**PAGE TWELVE - Six Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Establishing: A backwater dive bar in rural Colorado.

1. Grizzel (OP):       ... the hell'd you just say?

**PANEL TWO**

Over Grizzel's shoulder, **WALTER**, a scruffy bar patron, holds his hands up defensively, scared out of his wits. He's an old regular, too kind to be in a barfight.

2. Walter:               M-m-mind you, I's just thinkin' outloud now...
3. Walter:               ... but what if we didn't meet their stannerds er sumthin'?

**PANEL THREE**

CLOSE on Grizzel's hand as her pint of beer **SHATTERS** in its inhuman grip.

4. SFX:                 skritch

**PANEL FOUR**

WIDE: Grizzel **LUNGES** at Walter, her bloody fist raised, sliced from the pint glass. On her hip, a CELL PHONE **BUZZES** in its belt holster.

5. Grizzel:             Traitor!
6. SFX:                 bzz bzz. bzz bzz.

**PANEL FIVE**

Holding Walter by his throat, Grizzel checks her phone then types a response.

7. TEXT MSG:         "I have a job for you. – KD"
8. Grizzel:             Thought... I was... a liability. Send.
9. Walter:             Uh... Miss?

**PANEL SIX**

CLOSE: Grizzel pulls Walter to within inches of her face and **YELLS!**

10. Grizzel:           I'M ON THE PHONE!

**PAGE THIRTEEN - Five Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Establishing shot: The White House

1. Narration: We had our crew. Thanks to General Travers' contract, the company stock was at an all-time high.
2. Narration: So I sold it all to build a starship.
3. Narration: Then, after years of hard work, we said our final goodbye like any good citizen.

**PANEL TWO**

Kathryn addresses the viewers as the crew stands behind her, flanking her on either side. Kathryn holds out one hand to curb Grizzel's outburst. The crew members are labeled for the readers enjoyment, including a new character, **MANDRAGORA**, who looks like a friendlier battle droid from Star Wars Episode 1, with a long face, lean appendages and a **GARDENING APRON**. In his robotic hand, he holds a pair of **PRUNING SHEARS**.

4. Narration: We posted it on the internet.
5. Kathryn: ... left our world to stew in paranoia and greed. Their technological advances, their goodwill, have left us exposed. My team and I **will** get answers.
6. Grizzel: And punch 'em right in their--
7. Caption: Arnab Banerjee, Julie Stevens, David Taylor – Technicians
8. Caption: Bonnie Grizzel – Pilot
9. Caption: Kathryn Dumont – Captain
10. Caption: Aubrey Abernathy - Linguistics
11. Caption: Doctor Reginald Whitney – Medic
12. Caption: Mandragora – Botanist/Obligatory Robot

***MORE***

**PAGE THIRTEEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL THREE**

General Travers enters the OVAL OFFICE where he finds President Moreno, an Hispanic, female commander in chief, watching Kathryn in the video on her laptop. Her eyes locked on the screen, she waves both arms at Travers, signaling him to shut his mouth.

13. Gen. Travers: Madam President, I—

14. President: Shh shh shh!

15. Kathryn (OP): ...venture across the galaxy to find the Nareed. Discover the reasons for their forgotten benevolence, their abandonment. We...

**PANEL FOUR**

**ACTION:** President Moreno takes a mighty overhead swing with a BASEBALL BAT. The laptop ERUPTS into a cloud of broken keyboard keys.

16. Kathryn (OP): ...may never return, but we werr werrr werrrr--

17. SFX: SKRISHHH

**PANEL FIVE**

President Moreno, crazed, leans over her desk SHOUTING. Nearly unnoticed, a Presidential Aide is already placing a new laptop on the desk next to her.

18. President: Bring me Kathryn Dumont!

19. Gen. Travers: Y-yes, sir. Ma'am.

**PAGE FOURTEEN - Five Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

WIDE: Kathryn as she leads Grizzel and Dr. Whitney through the sewer tunnel from Page 5. She shines the flashlight ahead of them. Dr. Whitney holds a smug expression as he addresses Kathryn.

1. Caption:               The Present.
2. Narration:            That's me. Kathryn Dumont. Public Enemy #1.
3. Dr. Whitney:         I never *needed* your help.
4. Kathryn:             How do you think you avoided internment with the rest of the Europeans?
5. Dr. Whitney:         The police think all blacks are *African-Americans*.

**PANEL TWO**

ANGLE ON: Grizzel holds up a cautioning hand to her companions, giving them a direct order.

6. Grizzel:             Stuff it you two. Kill the light!

**PANEL THREE**

Their greyed silhouettes look back down the dark tunnel. Two flashlights shine down the hatch under the restaurant.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR**

Same framing as Panel Three, but in this cell, one of the distant flashlights now illuminates the fugitive trio. Kathryn, Whitney, and Grizzel shield their eyes.

7. Soldier:             There they are!
8. Kathryn:             Shit.

**PANEL FIVE**

Grizzel points ahead to a ladder leading to the surface and gestures to the group to follow her.

9. Grizzel:             This way! Move it!

**PAGE FIFTEEN - Four Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Grizzel and Kathryn run from the open manhole on a suburban street where Dr. Whitney struggles to pull himself out. Grizzel shouts back at him.

1. Grizzel:                    Move your ass!

**PANEL TWO**

Grizzel, Kathryn, and Whitney run towards a suburban home with a one-car garage.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE**

Grizzel opens the garage as Kathryn waits. Dr. Whitney bends over, winded from the chase.

2. Kathryn:                    Please be an SUV, please be an SUV.

**PANEL FOUR**

Through the open garage, we see their reactions to the car (still off panel). Whitney, still winded, Kathryn, head hung in hopeless disappointment, but Grizzel sports a confident, almost sadistic, smile.

3. Kathryn:                    Please be kidding.

4. Grizzel:                    Mama loves a challenge.

## **PAGE SIXTEEN - Four Panels**

### **PANEL ONE**

**WIDE:** An elevated view of a military blockade surrounding an intersection. Several soldiers take cover behind concrete barriers, military trucks, etc. **GENERAL TRAVERS** holds a walkie to his mouth as he speaks.

1. Gen. Travers: Unit 14, what is your status? Over.
2. Unit 14 (walkie): In pursuit. Package is on course for delivery. Over.

### **PANEL TWO**

A soldier sniffs the air. **CLOSE** in the foreground, General Travers chews an old cigar as he responds with a grimace.

3. SFX: sniff sniff
4. Soldier: Izzat...?
5. Gen. Travers: ... french fries.

### **PANEL THREE**

Large Panel: Tires **SQUEAL** as a **VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT** turns the corner at high speed, driven by a racing mad Grizzel. She may be enjoying this too much. In the passenger seat, Kathryn grips the “oh shit” bar and Dr. Whitney **SCREAMS** in the back seat. A prominent sticker along the top of the windshield reads, “POWERED BY VEGETABLE OIL”.

6. SFX (tires): ERRR-ER-ER-ER
7. Dr. Whitney: AHHHH!

### **PANEL FOUR**

The Volkswagen **SCREECHES** to a halt in front of the stoic General Travers, it’s tires leaving skid marks on the road beneath it.

8. SFX (tires): ERRRRRRRR



**PAGE SEVENTEEN - Six Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

In the foreground, General Travers faces away from us, eyeing the Volkswagen in mid-frame. Grizzel holds her hands firmly at 10 and 2 on the steering wheel, ready to accelerate at the first opportunity. She **REVS** the engine threateningly.

1. SFX:                   vroom VRRROOM

**PANEL TWO**

EXTREME CLOSE UP: General Travers' narrowed eyes, daring Grizzel to escape.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL THREE**

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Grizzel's narrowed eyes, unwilling to surrender.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL FOUR**

Kathryn looks out the windshield and up. She sees something in the sky. Dr. Whitney leans forward to speak to Grizzel. Grizzel holds out her hand to grasp Kathryn's like Thelma and Louise.

2. Dr. Whitney:       Perhaps a surrender is in ord--

3. Grizzel:            You ready to "Thelma and Louise" this bitch?

4. Kathryn:           Maybe you both should shut up and strap in.

**PANEL FIVE**

ANGLE ON: General Travers and the soldiers look up as an object off panel covers them in a giant shadow. The cigar falls from General Travers mouth as he speaks.

5. Gen. Travers:     ... the hell?

**PANEL SIX**

The General turns to look overhead: The **RED 2** spaceship, from Page One in all it's advanced technological glory. The thrust from its engines blows the hat from Travers' head with a...

6. SFX:                FWOOSH

**PAGE EIGHTEEN – Four Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

General Travers gives the order, pointing dramatically toward the ship off panel.

1. Gen. Travers:        Shoot em dow--

**PANEL TWO**

CLOSE UP: A SONIC DEVICE (small, satellite dish type) **SCREECHES** from the ship projecting WAVES OF SOUND downwards toward the soldiers.

2. SFX:                    SKREEEEE

**PANEL THREE**

WIDE: The General and his men clap their hands to their ears, paralyzed by the WAVES punishing their eardrums.

3. Soldier:                Ahhhh!

**PANEL FOUR**

The Largest Panel on the Page

WIDE: The Volkswagen Rabbit swings at the end of a **magnetic cable**. Grizzel, Kathryn and Dr. Whitney wince with pain as they desperately cover their ears. In the background, the roadblock and the soldiers shrink in the distance, still reeling from the sonic attack, as the car sails up and away.

4. SFX:                    SKREEEEE

5. Grizzel:                Sonuva...!

**PAGE NINETEEN - Six Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

In the hold of the ship, the magnetic cable has pulled the Rabbit inside and set it down. Grizz walks quickly toward the cockpit. Kathryn grabs David to chat, but he looks back at Dr. Whitney who is crouched and vomiting by the car. Reminder: David is now in his 20's. He's still a punk kid, but now with a soul patch and skinny jeans.

1. Dr. Whitney: huulp!
2. Kathryn: Grizz, get to the cockpit! Whitney, you have 30 seconds to clean that up!
3. David: Gross.

**PANEL TWO**

Over Kathryn's shoulder, she has backed David against a wall, pointing a threatening finger at him.

4. Kathryn: I told **you** to wait until we got back!
5. David: God, you are so much like M--

**PANEL THREE**

ANGLE ON: Kathryn pulls the young man into a tight, grateful hug, tears well in her eyes. He is pleasantly surprised, even slightly hugging back.

6. Kathryn: Thank you.

**PANEL FOUR**

Kathryn holds David at a distance on, he feigns disgust, just in case anyone's looking.

7. Kathryn: Go strap in, we're taking off.
8. David: Alright, geez, just don't hug me.

**PANEL FIVE**

In the cockpit, Kathryn straps into her seat next to Grizz.

9. Grizzel: You okay, boss?
10. Kathryn: Just punch it.

***MORE***

**PAGE NINETEEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL SIX**

Red 2's engines IGNITE and the ship BLASTS toward the upper atmosphere.

NO DIALOGUE

## **PAGE TWENTY - Seven Panels**

### **PANEL ONE**

The ship, Red 2, has exited Earth's atmosphere and floats peacefully.

1. Kathryn:                There she is, Grizz...

### **PANEL TWO**

WIDE: a much larger ship, GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, dwarfs Red in comparative size. The larger ship resembles a futuristic caravan, of sorts, with the ship built in sections. For reference, take a look at the USS Discovery in 2001: A Space Odyssey.

2. Kathryn:                ... Grandmother's house.
3. Grizzel:                The Nareed are gonna shit their Pampers.

### **PANEL THREE**

Red 2 hovers over one of Grandmother's sections, the **HANGAR**. Its BAY DOORS split vertically as Red 2 lowers into the opening.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL FOUR**

At a window aboard the larger ship, Kathryn looks pensively at the Earth; she may never see it again. Grizzel's voice plays over a nearby intercom. Kathryn replies by pressing the intercom button.

4. Grizzel (OP):        Ready when you are, boss.
5. Kathryn:                Release the sail.

### **PANEL FIVE**

A parachute-like blob deploys from Grandmother's forward-most section.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL SIX**

The chute unravels, revealing a SOLAR SAIL, shiny, metallic, reminiscent of an eight-petaled flower.

NO DIALOGUE

### **PANEL SEVEN**

In a streak of GOLDEN LIGHT, the ship is off!

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE TWENTY ONE - Three Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

A fish-faced humanoid, **KRELLA**, mans a station on a futuristic starship, but looks over his shoulder to address someone with urgent news.

1. Caption:               Meanwhile...
2. Krella:                [Your Greatness, we have a breach in containment.]\*
3. Caption:               \*Translated from the Universal Standardized Trade Language
4. Horum (OP):         [So soon?]
5. Krella:                [I've double checked the readings.]
6. Krella:                [There heading should take them into the Digova Sector.]

**PANEL TWO**

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Horum's sly, sadistic smile.

7. Horum:                [Digova Sector.]

**PANEL THREE**

WIDE: Ambassador Horum (as seen on page 7) and his two lieutenants stand on the bridge of the vessel, as a crew of varying alien species works around them in matching uniforms. Krella stands humbly in the foreground.

8. Horum:                [Notify Yaro City.]
9. Krella:                [At once, your greatness.]

**PAGE TWENTY TWO - One Panel**

**PANEL ONE**

In the stillness of space, Grandmother's House sails along, but is eclipsed by a much, much larger generation starship, an industrial, ugly, uninviting mass of metal perched atop a giant asteroid. Think Fritz Lang's Metropolis meets Howl's Moving Castle. This is Yaro City.

Kathryn (OP):            Now let's see if we can't find some--

Grizzel (OP):            Uh, Miss Dumont? We have company.

Caption:                    TO BE CONTINUED...

**END OF SCRIPT**