

VIRGINIA 1939:
A DASH BRADLEY ADVENTURE

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PAGE ONE

1 – Close on Dash Bradley. He’s asleep (passed out?) at his typewriter, head resting on the keys. There’s a stack of papers next to the typewriter with a rotary phone on top of the stack. The rotary telephone rings.

SFX: BRRRRRRIING!!! BRRRRRRIING!!!

DASH: Ugh...

2 – Dash holds the phone to his ear. He’s tired. His eyes have rings under them. His mouth is cocked to one side, as if drunk. His forehead is flushed from where it rested on the keys.

THE PHONE: Dash, ol’ chum. It’s your agent, Seth. Remember me? Say, how’s that latest Race Radford coming along? I could use some good news.

DASH: I’ve got it. Hold on.

3 – Pull back a little bit. Dash holds the stack of paper. He’s wide-eyed in shock. Still on the phone with his agent.

THE PHONE: Boy, let me tell ya, I’m sure glad to hear that.

4 – Dash’s POV. The paper he’s holding has Nazi propaganda typed on it. Swastika penciled in the margins. Along with a lovely cartoon stick figure of Hitler.

TEXT: All hail the Fuehrer! Heil Hitler, for Germany and for the world! The Nazi revolution will cleanse the earth of the evil as revealed in the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Esperanto is the language of the global Jewish conspiracy. May Hitler save us, and our women, and our children! Long live the one true Aryan race! Swing music is not the will of the people. The will of Hitler triumph against those who oppose us.

5 – Pull back further from Dash, we see other stacks of paper on the ground and throughout the room, various heights, some as much as four feet tall. Dash stands up from his desk, bewildered, looking at his stack of paper in hand (phone in the other hand). We can see a swastika draw on the back wall.

THE PHONE: Hey slugger, are you there? Everything all right?

DASH: None of this was here last night when you called.

6 – Wide panel. Pull back to reveal the entire room. (This panel might be a bitch to draw, but the more overboard you can go... the better.) We need stacks of paper everywhere. There's Nazi crap all over the place. Random Nazi notes taped to the wall. Dash stands, holding the phone in one hand and his stack of papers in the other. He's in the middle of the Nazi propaganda, completely shocked. A pathetic Mr. Wiggles, the cat, wanders through the room, wearing a Nazi hat and cape.

THE PHONE: Last night? Dash, we haven't spoken in over a year.

MR. WIGGLES: Meow.

PAGE TWO

1 – Dash gets desperate, gritting his teeth. Talking on the phone.

DASH: No! We talked last night. I told you about this dame named Blanche who—

THE PHONE: --who you met at a pool hall. Dash, that was a year ago.

2 – Dash hangs up the phone, looking away off to the left. Lots of melodrama here.

SFX: Click.

DASH: Heil Hitler?

 This can't be happening.

3 – Dash looks at his hand still holding the stack of paper. His whole arm is trembling.

DASH: No, no, no, no...

4 – That arm flies up to do a Nazi salute against Dash’s will. As a result, the stack of papers is thrown into the air. They fly everywhere, like a self-induced ticker tape parade.

DASH: Nooooo!!!!

PAGE THREE

1 – With his other arm, still free from Nazi-control, he reaches for the typewriter. The other arm is still in salute formation.

DASH: Must... break... free...

2 – Dash hits himself across the face with the typewriter clutched in his hand.

SFX: CRACK!

3 – On the ground, Dash is choking himself. Legs flailing, knocking papers and stuff everywhere. Mr. Wiggles looks on.

DASH: Ack-ack! The Third Reich can shove it! I’ll never join you.

4 – Now we this same shot, but there’s a “Nazi Dash” on top of the “Normal Dash” -- Nazi Dash choking Normal Dash.

NAZI DASH: Their sword will become our plow, and from the tears of war the daily bread of future generations will grow.

5 – Normal Dash punches Nazi Dash in the face.

NORMAL DASH: Don’t tread on me.

6 – A full out brawl between the “Normal” and the “Nazi” versions of Dash.

PAGE FOUR

1 – The office door of:

MARTIN WERTHAM
EDITOR OF RACE RADFORD BOOKS

2 – Nazi Dash stands in front of Martin Wertham’s desk. Dash has a blank expression on his face. Martin looks very pleased, and villainous.

WERTHAM: Have you been writing the propaganda as I requested?

DASH: Yes, and more with every passing day.

WERTHAM: You make the Fuehrer proud.

3 – Similar panel. Dash holds up his finger to gesture, making a point.

DASH: One question.

WERTHAM: Yes?

4 – Close on Dash. A wicked half-smile. It’s the real Dash.

DASH: How the hell did you think you’d get away with this?

5 – Wack! Dash punches his editor in the face, one really hard hit. Really hard. Really, really hard.

SFX: WACK!!!

PAGE FIVE

1 – At a pool hall. Dash, dressed in his casual attire, is leaning over about to take a shot with his pool stick. His agent Seth stands nearby holding his own pool stick.

DASH: And that’s that. Apparently, my editor was a Nazi sympathizer and a world-class hypnotist.

It was easy to trace everything back to him. Anyone else would’ve used a better writer.

SETH: Quite a story. Too bad the past year has been a complete blank.

2 – Close on Dash as he takes the shot.

DASH: That’s a chapter in my life I’d rather forget.

3 – Dash and Seth stand next to the pool table, chatting.

SETH: Now we need to find you another editor.

DASH: Don't worry. I've taken care of it.

4 – Blanche walks up to the pool table. She is one sexy lady. Think Librarian Playmate motif. Dash smiles. Seth is aghast.

DASH: Meet Blanche. My new editor.

NYU graduate, and very susceptible to the power of persuasion.

END.