

PAGE TWO

1 - Flashback. Phillip is asleep on his bed, wearing boxers and a t-shirt. The blanket and bed sheets are tossed to one side of the bed.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): First off, I overslept.

2 - Same panel. Phillip sits up in a panic. Eyes wide open. Dear god, he overslept.

3 - Close on his hand turning on the water to the shower.

4 - In the shower, instead of water, it's some odd black sludge that sprays Phillip. He recoils in horror.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): And then, the shower was broken.

5 - Peers out from behind the shower curtain. The towel bar is empty.

PHILLIP: Where are my towels?

PAGE THREE

1 - At his dresser, hair still soaking wet, he holds up one sock. He's confused.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...couldn't find a single matching sock...

2 - Dressed. He's in the kitchen, holding a glass of milk. He spits milk out in disgust.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...the milk was sour...

3 - He's in the garage in front of his car, with the hood open.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...my car was running fine last night...

4 - He's trying to open the door from the garage. It's locked.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...swear I didn't lock the door...

5 - He's walking on the side of the road, similar to page one, panel 2. There's a large water puddle in the street. A small RV approaches in the distance.

CAPTION (PHILLIP): ...it's been one mishap after another...

6 - Car drives by, hitting the puddle, splashing him.

PAGE FOUR

1- Flashback over. Marsha and Phillip sit at the bus bench. Marsha looks at him, intently.

2 - Same as panel 1.

MARSHA: I had to wait in line for ten minutes to get my
breakfast bagel.

3 - Marsha walks away. Phillip looks completely defeated.

MARSHA: I love those bagels.

4 - As Marsha walks off with Phillip in the background, she raises her wristwatch to her mouth-- speaking into it. She's in "business mode."

MARSHA: Cue the bench.

PAGE FIVE [FULL SPLASH PAGE]

1 - Marsha continues to walk off, a smug look on her face. The bus bench breaks in two with Phillip crashing to the ground.

TITLE: KARMA INCORPORATED, part 1 of 3

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PAGE SIX

1 - Late afternoon. Exterior establishing shot of Karma Incorporated warehouse/office, located in the heart of the Dallas industrial area, near downtown (I'll send you the reference photos soon). On the front of the warehouse is a sign with the letters "KI" on it.

CAPTION (ART): This is a bad idea.

2 - Interior establishing shot of warehouse. High angle. The five members of Karma Incorporated gather in the lounge area of the warehouse. Lots of space. Decorated with a modernist mid-century look, like what you might find here (<http://www.orbitin.com>). Very swank. This panel should focus on the overall layout of the interior, while the five people can be quite small in this panel. Art Gellman stands in front of a projector with a small movie screen behind him. Everyone else is on the couches.

ART: This is a very bad idea.

3 - Closer. Art Gellman stands in front of the movie screen, motioning to it. On the screen is a photo of "Rob Wilson", a basic headshot. The other four Karma Incorporated employees are on the couches. We only see the backs of their heads, from left to right: Marsha, Terry, Malcolm, and Susan.

ART: Hello?! Rob Wilson? He hired us a year ago to take care of his boss. If we do this job, he'll know it's us screwing with him.

TERRY: Puh-lease!

4 - Terry McKay on the couch, sitting next to the stoic Marsha. He's over-animated, throwing his arms in the air, rolling his eyes.

TERRY: Oooh, I'm Rob frickin' Wilson. I'm a desk clerk. I'm so tough. I own a mini-van.

PAGE SEVEN

1 - Art points to himself, wide-eyed and about to pick a fight with Terry.

ART: Terry, I was a desk clerk. Seventeen years. You want to mess with me?

2 - Art glares at Terry who sits casually on the couch. Susan and Malcolm watch this exchange with great interest.

3 - Terry reclining on the couch, eggs Art on.

TERRY: What would you do? Report me to the IRS?

4 - Susan and Malcolm, sit anxiously at ringside-- the mood has gotten tense.

SUSAN (whispering): meow.

PAGE EIGHT

1 - Art moves closer to the seated Terry. Art is pointing menacingly at him. Terry is amused.

ART: I've got access to information. Don't forget that. Credit history, insurance records, bank statements, FBI files. I've got ways. Don't push me.

SUSAN (off panel): mm-rrr-oww!

2 - Close on Terry. He raises an eyebrow.

TERRY: Are you threatening *me*?

3 - Art leans in closer to Terry. The two stare each other down.

ART: I might be.

TERRY: I think you are.

4 - Art leans towards Terry.

ART: I'd kick your ass, Princess.

5 - This got to Terry. He jumps up from the couch. The two are girl-fighting, slaps and hair pulling.

TERRY: Take that back!

PAGE NINE

1 - Marsha sits calm as Terry and Art go at each other.

MARSHA: Ladies, stop it.

2 - Terry and Art stop fighting. Looking worriedly at Marsha... don't mess with her.

3 - Marsha stands to address the group. Art stands close by, still ruffled from the cat fight.

MARSHA: Mr. Gellman is right. This is a bad idea.

ART: Exactly.

4 - Marsha turns her head to address Art.

MARSHA: However, we've had other hard cases. So when we do this, we do it carefully.

ART: Oh, come on--

5 - Marsha motions to the movie screen.

MARSHA: Please continue.

PAGE TEN

1 - Art, returning to his presentation, opens a notebook.

ART: He lives with his wife and 6-year-old son not far from here.

2 - Close on the notebook, filled with receipts, memos, e-mail printouts, and photos.

ART: Our records indicate he comes home straight from work and spends a lot of time in his garage.

3 - Art reads from his notebook.

ART: He's made recent purchases that tell us he's taken up building powered model planes as a hobby.

4 - Scene change. Rob Wilson, in his garage with tools neatly arranged, works on a large model plane. There's a remote control within arms reach, and a phone mounted on the wall nearby.

CAPTION (ART): In fact, I'd bet fifty dollars that's what he's working on right now.

5 - On his tiptoes, his son Jeffrey stands behind Rob trying to see what he's doing.

JEFFREY: Whatcha doing, Dad?

6 - Rob holds the plan in front on his wide-eyed son Jeffrey.

ROB: It's a new plane. Almost finished.

JEFFREY: Cool.

PAGE ELEVEN

1 - Rob holds his son. In his free hand, he lifts the model plane high overhead.

CAPTION (ART): He's an all-around nice guy, attends church and coaches his son's soccer team.

ROB: Test flight this Saturday?

JEFFREY: Alright!

2 - The plane now rest on the worktable. Rob has lifted his son over his head and is "flying" him around the garage. Both are happy.

ROB: So when do we test fly *you*? Now?

JEFFREY: Noooo.

ROB: Right now!

3 - Continues to "fly" his son around the garage.

JEFFREY: Hahahahahahaha... stop it!

4 - Art shuts the notebook in disgust. The others observe his frustration.

ART: I can't do it. He's Ward Cleaver. I'm not going to target a guy who doesn't deserve it.

MALCOLM: If this man hired us a year ago, he can't be too clean.

5 - Susan asks the obvious question.

SUSAN: Exactly. So who hired us?

6 - Wide shot of everyone in the room.

MARSHA: His wife.

ART: I don't get it. This is doesn't make any sense...at all!
Why would the wife hire us?

SUSAN: Why not?

2 - Susan, in the foreground, is losing patience with Art who's in the background, stressing.

ART: Too many things don't add up. He hired us a year ago. Now she hires us. Why are we getting involved?

SUSAN: Because she paid us!

3 - Susan spins around in her swivel chair to more directly address Art.

SUSAN: I don't care if he's Desmond Tutu. If someone offers the money, I'll rain on Tutu's parade! Since when did it matter if he's a good guy?

4 - Art looks away from Susan. Susan slumps in her chair.

ART: Susan, do you know what my wife did to me?

SUSAN: Not again...

PAGE FOURTEEN

1 - Art pours some coffee, from a nearby coffee maker, into his "SG" mug.

ART: She left me. I spent most of life providing for her, providing for the kids, to give them the type of life they had grown accustomed to.

2 - Small panel. A wall clock, the hands point to 7:05. Panel 2 could overlap panels 1 and 3.

3 - Art, in the background with his coffee, continues talking. Susan rests her head on the table. She's heard the story one too many times.

ART: A marriage is an investment. It takes time. She couldn't see that. She left, took the children, took the house, took damned near everything. But I loved her, still do.

4 - Small panel. A wall clock, the hands point to 7: 40. Panel 4 could overlap panels 3 and 5.

5 - Art, now standing closer to Susan, continues talking. His shirt unbuttoned now, with his white undershirt visible. She's fast asleep, drooling on the desk.

ART: I guess we didn't have enough in common. We were different people. Some people say I'm a mysterious person. Most women are attracted to that quality, but not her. She didn't want adventure.

6 - Small panel. A wall clock, the hands point to 8:17. Panel 5 could overlap panels 5 and 7.

7 - Art stands next to Susan, who was asleep at her desk. His hand is on her shoulder. She is abruptly awoken by the action-- she looks like she's about to vomit.

ART: Art Gellman and Susan Adley. We're very much the same. Both free spirits. That's us. You wonder why nothing has ever happened between us before.

SUSAN: Wha--?

PAGE FIFTEEN

1 - Susan explodes out of her seat, yelling at Art.

SUSAN: DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME AGAIN!!!

2 - Art looks off to the side, wounded by Susan's reaction. Susan is indignant.

ART: Looks like it's *somebody's* time of the month.

SUSAN: What did you say?!

3 - Susan walked over to the coffee maker. She's grabs the coffee pot.

SUSAN: You did not just say what I think you said.

4 - Susan hurls the coffee pot at Art. Art holds his arms up, trying to shield himself from the hot black coffee going everywhere.

ART: Holy crap!! Ouch!!!

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1 - Her back is to us and Terry. However, we need it angled so we still get a nice profile shot of Terry. Marsha's stopped walking away.

2 - Same panel.

MARSHA: Terry?

3 - Same panel.

TERRY: Yes?

4 - Reserve angle. We see that Marsha is upset and surprisingly vulnerable. Over the shoulder is Terry standing in the background.

MARSHA: For once, I'd like to save the day, not ruin it. But I seem to be awfully good at one and not the other.

5 - Wide panel. Marsha walks away from Terry.

MARSHA: All of this is ridiculous. I've been thinking about it for some time. I'm done with Karma Incorporated.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1 - Morning. Est. shot of a small RV (same one from page three) out in a grassy field, in the middle of nowhere. There is a line of trees off to the far left.

CAPTION (MARSHA): On Saturday, when Malcolm and Susan come back. I'll announce that we're going out of business.

2 - Inside Susan and Malcolm are camped out. The interior of the RV has been converted into a mobile network surveillance center-- typical spy movie stuff. Malcolm has a box of donuts. He offers them to Susan. Susan is holding a large remote controller for a model airplane.

MALCOLM: Donut?

SUSAN: I don't eat.

MALCOLM: Sorry, I forgot.

3 - Malcolm munching away on a donut.

MALCOLM: Art's not too happy with you right now.

4 – Susan has a smug look. Malcolm still eating.

SUSAN: Who me?

MALCOLM: So funny. This morning, he kept flinching any time anybody reached for the coffee pot.

5 – Malcolm moves to the computer console. On the computer screen, there's a small image, similar to page nineteen, panel 1. It doesn't need to be terribly detailed, just a faint impression of the subject matter.

MALCOLM: We have a visual. Let's get to work.

PAGE NINETEEN

1 – Wide panel. Rob Wilson and his son Jeffrey stand in a large field. The model plane is on the ground in front of them. Jeffrey is holding the remote control.

CAPTION (MALCOLM): Rob Wilson, today's your day.

2 – In the field, close on Rob who looks to Jeffrey (off panel).

ROB: Are you ready?

3 – In the RV, close on Malcolm who looks to Susan (off panel).

MALCOLM: Are you ready?

4 – In the field, close on the excited Jeffrey with the remote controller.

JEFFREY: Yeah!

5 – In the RV, close on the mischievous Susan with the remote controller.

SUSAN: Hell yeah.

PAGE TWENTY

1 – Wide panel. Rob and Jeffrey watch the model plane take off from the field.

2 – Overhead aerial shot. The plane is high in the air. Father and son look up at it from the ground below.

3 – In the RV, Susan with the controller.

SUSAN: Start running.

4 – Close on the airplane as takes a sudden dive.

5 – The airplane continues its dive towards Rob and Jeffrey on the ground.

ROB: Jeff, no horse play. Keep the plane level.

6 – The airplane continues its dive toward Rob and Jeffrey.

ROB: Jeff?

JEFFREY: It's not me.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1 – Rob runs from the plane. He has a panicked look on his face. This panel should be a humorous homage to Cary Grant in the film *North by Northwest*. (If you search on www.imdb.com, it will provide some good reference photos.)

ROB: Jeff!!!

2 – Rob belly flops to the ground as the plane flies over him, barely missing.

ROB: Uhh!

SFX: Thud.

3 – The plane crashes into the ground.

SFX: Smash!

4 – Low angle. Rob and Jeffrey stand over the wrecked airplane. Rob is furious. Jeff is bewildered.

ROB: Dammit, Jeff! I asked you to keep plane level.

5 – Wide panel. Susan and Malcolm sit in the RV, watching the scene on their TV monitor. Both a little surprised at Rob's harsh reaction.

VIA RADIO (JEFFREY): Dad, it wasn't me.

SUSAN: Why do I suddenly feel like worse person in the world?

MALCOLM: We're going to hell.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1 – In front of the Wilson household, Rob and son are walking from the car to the front door, which is open.

JEFFREY: I swear I didn't do it.

ROB: Jeff, I'm not going to tell you this again—

2 – As Rob and Jeff approach the front door, a strange man walks out. Rob is caught off guard. The strange man is larger than Rob, with long hair and a goatee. His name is Greg. (reference: http://www.vipercomics.com/images/bios/bio_greg.gif) Teresa stands at the threshold wearing something sexy. Use your imagination.

ROB: --stop lying to me?

3 – Close on the shocked Teresa and her trashiness.

TERESA: You're home early?

4 – Rob pushes Greg.

ROB: So this must be "Carol".

5 – Greg punches Rob across the face.

GREG: Please to meet you.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

1 – In the background, Teresa at the doorway. In the foreground, Greg has Rob's arm behind his back and pinned face into the ground.

TERESA: Greg, stop it! Stop it!

2 – Greg is walking away. Jeffrey stands next to his father, who is on the ground. Rob has a bloody nose.

JEFFREY: Are you okay?

3 – Large panel. Rob looks like he's on the verge of tears. Jeffrey tries to console. Teresa stands at the door.

ROB: What's happening?

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

1 – In the living room of the Wilson house. Teresa is seated on the couch, still in her sexy outfit. She looks hung-over. Rob is standing, furious. There's a coffee table in between them. On the table are some magazines and a few business cards (obviously too small to see the print).

ROB: What the hell? What the hell, Teresa! What's going on?

TERESA: I guess I got your attention now.

2 – Teresa holds up a business card from the coffee table. It clearly reads "KARMA INC".

TERESA: Have a bad day?

3 – Teresa seated on the couch. Rob standing. He can't believe what he's hearing.

ROB: You called them?

TERESA: I got the idea from you.

ROB: But I'm your husband!

4 – Teresa looks positively evil.

TERESA: I want a divorce.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

3 – Marsha leans in toward Susan.

MARSHA: Ms. Adley, all this bickering amongst ourselves is becoming cliché.

SUSAN: And your periodic nervous breakdowns aren't? Don't drag us down with you.

4 - Close on Marsha as she opens a file drawer with various tabbed manila folders in it.

MARSHA: Want to point out my failings? Dig into my life? I know some secrets too.

5 – Marsha holds up a file folder. It's all about Susan. Marsha has the upper hand. Susan appears as though someone punched her in the stomach.

MARSHA: For instance, I know your name is not “Susan Adley”.

SUSAN: How do you--?

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

1 – Marsha holds the file in front of Susan.

MARSHA: You're wanted by the FBI for more tech crimes than I have time to name. But that's not why you changed your identity.

2 – Marsha continues. She gives Susan (off panel) a knowing look.

MARSHA: Terry doesn't know he has a daughter, does he? He'd probably put two and two together, if he knew your actual name.

3 – Susan looks off innocently to the side. She's a terrible liar. Marsha gestures to Susan with the file.

SUSAN: That's not true.

MARSHA: Yes, it is. And he deserves to know.

4 – Susan walks off, head down. Aw shucks!

