

KARMA INCORPORATED  
PART THREE OF THREE

WRITTEN BY DAVID HOPKINS  
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM KURZANSKI

PAGE ONE

1 - Wide panel. The year is 1979 on a college campus sidewalk. On the left side walking towards the right, a younger Marsha Elliot heads to her next class, moving cautiously. Two Kappa Psi sorority sisters Anne and Julia stand by, watching her, with mischievous smiles. Both have their hands behind their backs, hiding something. These two beautiful girls look like clones of each other-- with feathered-back hair (REFERENCE: <http://www.featheredback.com/main.php>), wearing super tight designer blue jeans and matching small Kappa Psi (KΨ) t-shirts, tucked into the blue jeans. COLOR NOTE: Kappa Psi's colors will be blue and gold.

Marsha is definitely not the same confident bitch we know and love. She's a little overweight (but not huge, just big enough to feel slightly insecure about it). Also, Marsha's nose is prior to plastic surgery.

NOTE: Since we have older Marsha looking a lot like Kim Novak's *Madeline* character from *Vertigo*, it might be interesting to have the younger Marsha look like Kim Novak's *Judy* character from the same film. Same hairstyle, same earrings, same dress. It may be tricky to show how different she is and still have the reader be able to identify her-- but we'll see.

CAPTION: Twenty-five years ago

JULIA: Hey Marsha!

ANNE: Guess what? Your essay broke the curve in our class.

2 - Reserve angle. Julia and Anne are holding water balloons behind their backs. Center on the water balloons. Marsha has stopped to talk with them, still nervous and rambling like a dork.

JULIA: You must be the smartest student here.

MARSHA: I got a scholarship. They put my name in our hometown paper.

3 - Close on Marsha. Big dorky grin. She thinks she's found new friends.

MARSHA: Did you read Steven's paper on child custody? He pointed out a loophole in temporary custody. You see, in the case of parental kidnapping, the spouse is not guilty of misconduct--

4 - Close on Julia and Anne. They have a confused, raised-eyebrow look. What the hell is Marsha rambling about?

MARSHA (off panel): --based on the AAML's Standard of Conduct in Family Law Litigation, which forces the spouse who files the complaint to first seek divorce.

5 - Close on Marsha.

MARSHA: Crazy, huh?

In the gutter between panels 5 and 6.

SFX: SPLASH!

6 - Marsha drenched in water. The broken water balloons at her feet. She looks absolutely devastated. The two sisters walk away from her laughing.

JULIA: Geez, you're a little wet there.

ANNE: Yeah, how about you file *that* complaint?

## PAGE TWO

1 - Est shot. Nighttime. Outside the Kappa Psi sorority house. A shadowy figure sneaks up to the doorstep with a small bag held in front of her.

2 - Close on Marsha holding a brown paper bag with poo in it. The bottom of the bag is stained and wet. The stench is overwhelming. Marsha is nauseated.

3 - Marsha places the bag on the welcome mat to the front door of the sorority house.

MARSHA: This is me, filing my complaint.

4 - Marsha uses a lighter to set fire to the top of the bag.

5 - Leaning forward, ready to bolt, Marsha pushes the doorbell.

SFX: Ding-dong!

6 - Marsha hauls off, running away from the door and the stinky flaming poo-bag.

### PAGE THREE

NOTE: All the reaction shots of Marsha hiding behind the bench should line up along the far left side, one directly above the next.

1 - Small panel. Marsha hides behind a bench, waiting and watching.

2 - A random sorority girl (not Julia or Marsha) has opened the door. She's wearing a large grandma nightgown, fuzzy slippers, and has curlers in her hair. The flaming poo-bag is on the welcome mat in front of her. She looks curiously at the bag.

GIRL: Hello?

Wha--?

3 - Same as panel 1. Marsha hiding, she grins a little. Anticipating.

4 - Random sorority girl freaks out and starts stomping on the bag to put out the fire.

GIRL: Ack!

SFX: Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

5 - Same as panel 1. Marsha looks concerned.

MARSHA: No.

6 - Random sorority girl is now trying to shake off the bag, which has stuck to her foot. She's in a panic.

### PAGE FOUR

1 - Same as page three, panel 1. Marsha is mortified.

MARSHA: Oh god.

2 - Random sorority girl, now more panicked, is desperately trying to shake the bag off her foot. Part of her nightgown has caught fire.

3 - Same as page three, panel 1. Marsha is mortified.

4 - Random sorority girl is running back in the house.

GIRL: Sisters! Help!

5 - Reaction shot. Close on Marsha. Wide-eyed, jaw gaping, as she watches the sorority house go up in flames. (COLOR NOTE: If we're able to, it'd be cool to see the bright light of the flames shining on Marsha's face.)

6 - Marsha's POV. The sorority house is engulfed in flames. Fire trucks and an ambulance are at the scene. Several sorority girls in unflattering full length grandma nightgowns stand outside, hair in curlers, mud masks, etc.

PAGE FIVE

ONE PAGE SPREAD

A chaotic scene similar to the previous page. It's the Wilson neighborhood ([http://antiherocomics.com/karma\\_inc/reference\\_photos/wilsonhouse-neighborhood.jpg](http://antiherocomics.com/karma_inc/reference_photos/wilsonhouse-neighborhood.jpg)) with police cars, police officers, an ambulance, road blocks, a few on-lookers, news media in front of the house with Marsha in the foreground walking towards the house.

CAPTION Present day

TITLE: KARMA INCORPORATED, part 3 of 3

CREDITS: written by David Hopkins  
illustrated by Tom Kurzanski  
colors by Marlena Hall

PAGE SIX

1 - Over the shoulder of two police officers keeping watch on the house toward Marsha who is entering the house.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Is that the negotiator we requested?

2 - Interior of the house. Marsha has entered into the house.

MARSHA: Hello? I hope you don't mind the intrusion. The door was unlocked.

3 - Closer on Marsha as she walks further into the house.

MARSHA: We wrecked your toy airplane. Don't you think this is a little extreme? Mr. Wilson?

4 - Close. Marsha turns to have a gun pointed in her face. She is still poker faced.

MARSHA: Oh. There you are.

5 - The crazed Rob with his two hostages sitting behind him-- Greg is badly injured and half-conscious; Teresa is catatonic, looking off blankly. Rob has the gun pointed at Marsha. (NOTE: If possible, there should be a glass-framed picture on the wall behind Marsha, and slightly off to one side. Doesn't matter what the picture is of. And we don't need to be able to see it in this panel; it's for page eleven.)

ROB: I'm tired of seeing you today.

MARSHA: You came by for a few minutes with your friend, and then ran off. Hardly any time to sit and chat.

## PAGE SEVEN

1 - Rob turns his back to Marsha. Marsha stands there, poker faced.

ROB: It's all your fault.

MARSHA: We had nothing to do with the current situation. Your wife hired us to push you, but not this far.

2 - Rob gestures with his gun towards Teresa and Greg.

ROB: You made me look like a goddamn fool.

3 - Close on Marsha. The glass-framed picture behind her, slightly off to one side.

MARSHA: Mr. Wilson, this is probably not the best way to save your marriage.

4 - Marsha's POV. Rob, wild-eyed, has pointed the gun at Marsha again.

ROB: Stop talking!

PAGE EIGHT

1 - Wide panel. Outside the house. On the left side are all the police cautiously waiting. Across the lawn on the right side is the house.

2 - Wide panel. Same scene. A gun shot rings out. All the police flinch or duck in response.

SFX (huge letters):                    BANG!

3 - Wide panel. Same scene. All is quiet. The police look up slowly from their crouched position. What just happened?

4 - Small panel. Reaction shot. Close on Police Officer #1. Looking around. Talking into his walkie-talkie excitedly.

POLICE OFFICER #1:                    Shot fired! There's been a shot fired!

5 - Small panel. Reaction shot. Close on Police Chief. Agitated.

POLICE CHIEF:                        Did anyone get a visual?

6 - Small panel. Reaction shot. A male EMT worker stands next to the ambulance, shouting.

EMT:                                      What's going on?

7 - Small panel. Reaction shot. Close on reporter Stephanie Lucia. She's bewildered still crouching, looking around and holding her mic. Still reporting.

STEPHANIE:                              --a gunshot from within the house. Details are sketchy, but we know Wilson was armed--

PAGE NINE

1 - Close up on the gun in Rob's hand. The barrel is pointed downward.

2 - Pull back. Rob is sitting on the ground next to catatonic Teresa and half-conscious Greg. For the moment, Rob looks as though the energy has left him.

3 - Rob's POV. Reveal Marsha, still standing, still poker-faced. The glass-framed picture has a hole in it. The glass is shattered.

MARSHA:                             You missed.

4 - Quiet moment. Rob, Teresa, and Greg on the ground. Marsha leans against the wall. What to do?

PAGE TEN

1 - An almost exact replica of page thirty, panel 1 from issue two. Simon and Karma Incorporated watching TV, minus Marsha, obviously. Terry looks irritable.

SUSAN:                             You think he shot Marsha?

2 - Same shot. Terry, Art, and Malcolm turn toward Susan and glare at her.

SUSAN:                             You heard the reporter.

3 - Reverse angle. So we see over the couch towards the TV with Stephanie Lucia on it.

ART:                                 Do you think she's married? I don't see a wedding ring.

4 - Terry, frustrated, stands up from the couch.

TERRY:                             Enough! We've got to get off our asses and help Marsha.

5 - Malcolm and Art stand up, but Susan stays put.

SUSAN:                             No way. She put herself in that situation. She can get herself out of it.

PAGE ELEVEN

1 - Wide panel. Art, Malcolm, and Terry staring at the stubborn Susan sitting on the couch.

2 - Wide panel. Same shot. The three of them grab her and attempt to carry her away from the couch. She fights back.

ART: Like it or not, you're helping out.

SUSAN: Hey! Hey! Let go of me.

MALCOLM: You'll thank us for this.

3 - On Susan being carried off by Terry and Art (off panel). Struggling and snarling her frustration, she shoves her hand in his face, clawing at him, trying to get him to let go.

SUSAN: Put-- me-- down!

TERRY: Not gonna happen.

4 - Wide panel. Terry has managed to get Susan in a full-nelson lock; Art has grabbed her legs. Susan is still struggling. They are leading her toward the front door. Malcolm stays by the couch, next to Simon tied up.

TERRY: Malcolm, stay and watch our friend here.

MALCOLM: Done.

SUSAN: Wait! Why can't I stay?!

5 - Malcolm alone with Simon. The two look at each other. Malcolm smirks. Simon looks a little uneasy.

6 - Malcolm places a hand on the shoulder of the wary Simon.

MALCOLM: Didn't you pull a gun on me earlier today?

## PAGE TWELVE

1 - Similar page eleven, panel 4. Rob, Teresa, and Greg on the ground. Marsha sits in a chair next to them.

MARSHA: Teresa, you've been awfully quiet. Is there anything you'd like to add?

2 - Close on Teresa. Still catatonic-- in absolute shock from the situation.

3 - Marsha (dripping with sarcasm) turns to Rob.



MARSHA: I think she was trying to say, "Rob, I'm sorry I cheated on you. If you're patient, I'm sure we can work this out."

Is that what you want to hear?

4 - Rob looks away from Marsha. She's gotten to him.

ROB: All I've ever been is patient.

MARSHA: It's never our fault, is it?

### PAGE THIRTEEN

1 - Marsha has turned from Rob; she calmly examines Teresa (still oblivious). Marsha places a gentle hand underneath Teresa's chin, lifting her head ever-so-slightly.

MARSHA: My husband and I divorced a few years ago. Should've seen it coming. I married the first person who showed interest in me.

2 - Same panel. Marsha, the stoic, looks back at Rob.

MARSHA: Unlike Teresa here, I never stopped loving my husband.

3 - Rob gets angry. Marsha gets vicious.

ROB: I never did anything wrong.

MARSHA: You're pathetic.

4 - In a fury, Rob pistol whips Marsha across the face. Her head snaps back from the fierce blow.

MARSHA: Ugghh!

5 - Marsha has fallen backwards against the wall, as Rob hits her again.

ROB: Say it again!

### PAGE FOURTEEN

1 - Art behind the steering wheel of the RV. Susan is riding in the passenger with a laptop. Terry in the back.

ART: I admit it. I'm lost. Now, shut up!

2 - Susan gestures to the laptop.

SUSAN: We're supposed to be on Cordova. This is Valencia. You need to be one street over.

3 - Art is no longer watching the road. He turns his head to yell at Susan. She yells back.

ART: You told me to take the second right.

SUSAN: No, I told you it'd be the second street on the right.

ART: How is that not the same thing!?

SUSAN: If you'd pay attention--

4 - The RV bounces up over the curb, tearing through someone's front yard.

5 - Art, Susan, and Terry all wide-eyed. Oh shit.

(space permitting) 6 - Close on Art's foot slamming on the brakes.

7 - In the foreground, the RV (half in the yard, half in the street) has stopped. In the background, down the street is the media/police event in front of the Wilson house.

## PAGE FIFTEEN

1 - Art looks like he had a heart attack. Susan is regaining composure.

SUSAN: Looks like we're here.

2 - Push closer on Susan. She raises a curious eyebrow. Susan sees something.

SUSAN: ?

3 - Small panel. Susan's POV. Rob's son Jeffrey, clearly upset, sits with a police officer on the curb. The police officer is trying to console the boy.

4 - Small panel. Extreme close-up on Susan's eye. Concentration.



MALCOLM: I'm worth millions.

6 - High angle. Malcolm gestures with magazine towards the check laying on the coffee table. Simon is indignant.

MALCOLM: I've written a personal check. It has your name on it.

SIMON: Are you bribing me?

#### PAGE SEVENTEEN

1 - Malcolm puts in the check right in front of Simon, so he can see it. Simon is silenced and stunned by the amount (which we don't see).

MALCOLM: No, I'm buying you. How would you like to be our inside man with the police department?

SIMON: Uh... wow.

2 - Same as previous.

MALCOLM: Would you like to move out of your mother's house?

SIMON: Yep.

3 - Same as previous.

MALCOLM: Is it safe to say Karma Incorporated has a new friend on the police force?

SIMON: Yep.

4 - Malcolm stands up. Well pleased. Simon is still frozen by the surprise.

MALCOLM: All forgive and forget?

SIMON: Yep.

5 - Malcolm pats Simon on the head.

MALCOLM: Alright then, let me untie you.



TERRY: Everything is set. Ready when you are.  
4 - Susan, in the RV, with her remote control.

SUSAN: Let's hope it flies.  
4 - Marsha is clawing at Rob's face for dear life.

#### PAGE TWENTY

1 - The airplane flies out from the garage. The garage door is halfway open.  
2 - Close as possible on the struggling Marsha and Rob. He's lodged his gun down Marsha's throat.  
ROB: This time I won't miss.  
3 - Extreme close up on Marsha's face. There's panic in her eyes. A tear begins to fall.  
4 - Close on the model plane, high in the air, as it takes a sudden dive. Reminiscent, if not identical to issue one, page twenty, panel 4.  
5 - The airplane flies directly over the police officers outside, towards the house and the open window.  
6 - Inside the house, Rob on top of Marsha. (The gun-in-the-mouth is such a crude, violent image-- let's have it out in this panel, as though in the moment, Rob forgot what he was doing.) He has paused and looks curiously, directly at the reader.

#### PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1 - Half page. Crash! That bastard gets what's coming to him! The plane smashes, a direct hit, into Rob's face. He is knocked backwards. However you draw it, it needs to look incredibly painful.  
2 - In the RV, Susan and Art hug each other in celebration. Overjoyed.  
SUSAN: I did it! I rule!  
3 - The moment ends quickly. Susan has a sour look on her face. Art is touching her.

4 - Susan, irritated, pushes Art onto his ass.

SUSAN: Don't touch me!

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1 - At Karma HQ, from the television's POV. Malcolm and Simon (now untied and holding the remote) sit on the couch, like long-time friends, watching TV. Simon is confused. Malcolm is slightly amused.

SIMON: A model airplane flew into the house?

MALCOLM: I've got it on TiVO.

2 - Police chief. Thoroughly confused.

POLICE CHIEF: What the hell?

3 - Police officers with guns drawn enter cautiously through the front door.

4 - The officers stand over Rob.

POLICE OFFICER #2: This wasn't too hard.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Nope.

5 - Police Officer #2 looks over at Police Officer #1.

POLICE OFFICER #2: Where's the negotiator that came in here?

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

1 - The door of the back porch (NOTE: There are reference photos of the back porch--  
[http://www.antiherocomics.com/karma\\_inc/photos.html](http://www.antiherocomics.com/karma_inc/photos.html))

2 - Same shot. The door opens slightly; a war-torn Marsha emerges.

3 - Pull back. Terry is standing on the porch with gun drawn. Marsha stands on the porch, in front of him, bewildered from the previous events.

TERRY: Crazy stunt. Did it go according to plan?

MARSHA: More or less.

4 - Marsha and Terry stand there. Marsha is on the verge of breakdown.

TERRY: I was coming to save you.

MARSHA: Thanks.

TERRY: We should probably disappear.

5 - Marsha collapses into Terry's arms. Her nerves finally unraveled. She's crying.

6 - Close on Terry holding the sobbing Marsha.

TERRY: It's okay now.

7 - On the back porch. Terry holds Marsha.

TERRY: It's going to be all right.

#### PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

1 - Est. exterior shot of "New Amsterdam", a bar in Dallas (reference photos coming soon). Nighttime.

CAPTION: Epilogue

2 - Est. interior shot of the bar. Marsha sits alone in the corner, an empty martini glass, a small wad of dollar bills, and a bar tab in front of her. Marsha's drunk, badly bruised and swollen from the day's previous events. She stares at the wad of bills. Too drunk to make sense of how to pay her tab.

3 - On Marsha, some guy is now standing next to her table. The panel cuts off his head. While we don't know who it is yet, he's nicely dressed, clean cut.

PHILLIP: Marsha, right?

4 - Marsha's POV. Looking up. It's Phillip from issue one, pages one through five. He's looking much better. He's smiling and happy to see her.

PHILLIP: Remember me? From the bus stop.

5 - Phillip's POV. Marsha is too drunk to think clearly.





1 - Close on Phillip and Marsha. Marsha listens intently.

PHILLIP: Heart attack. He was only thirty-five years old.  
Left a wife and daughter behind.

Car trouble? Getting locked out of your house?  
Being late for work? That's nothing to losing  
someone you love.

2 - Phillip's POV. A beat. Marsha is deep in thought, concentrating on something important. The wheels are turning.

3 - Phillip's POV. Another beat. Marsha turns her head ever so slightly from Phillip gaze. Her face softens. That mouth which always stays so firmly closed when in concentration, openly slightly. She's having moment of enlightenment.

4 - Phillip's POV. On Marsha, a moment of genuine compassion, she empathizes with Phillip's pain.

MARSHA: You're right. You're so right.

5 - Marsha, frustrated at herself. Phillips now listens to Marsha's barroom confessional.

MARSHA: When I was in college, I had no friends. Ever.

6 - Close on Marsha. Not looking towards Phillip (off panel anyways), more talking to herself.

MARSHA: My freshman year, there were these sorority girls.  
For weeks they pretended to be my friend, then one  
day, they pelted me with water balloons. I mean,  
water balloons? How childish is that?

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

1- Phillip puts a comforting hand on Marsha.

MARSHA: I went to my dorm room and cried for hours. I was  
angry. I wanted them to pay.

PHILLIP: What did you do?

MARSHA: Eventually, I became a lawyer.

2 – On Marsha, explaining her story.

MARSHA: That worked for a few years. Then after my divorce, I switched jobs. Started my own company.

3 - Marsha looks towards Phillip. Marsha is amused by the sad irony.

MARSHA: What a mess. Every single person I work with has had a divorce... or two.

What's our problem?

4 - Phillip puts his hand on Marsha's shoulder. Marsha raises her empty glass a few inches off the table as a gesture. Smiles warmly. A real smile, not those smirks that have become part of her trademark.

PHILLIP: Things will get better. Trust me. Here. Let me drive you home.

MARSHA: Thanks. I'd like that.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

1 - Est. shot. Exterior of the Karma Incorporated warehouse. Morning. Terry is having a smoke.

2 - Susan walks up to Terry.

SUSAN: Hey.

3 - Susan stands a few feet from Terry, who is calmly enjoying his cigarette.

TERRY: Got a call from Marsha this morning. She's coming back.

SUSAN: I thought she was closing us down.

4 - Closer on Terry.

TERRY: She told me she had a moment of inspiration last night.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

1 - Quiet, awkward silence between the two. Both look at the ground.

2 - Same shot. Susan looks away, about to make an excuse to leave.

3 - Terry breaks the silence.

TERRY: You remind me of a woman I once met, before your time, while working in Paris.

SUSAN: Yes?

4 - Close on Terry. He looks intently at her (off panel).

TERRY: Peut-être je ne suis pas le seul avec quelque chose de cacher?

5 - Susan. Embarrassed. He knows!

SUSAN: De temps en temps, j'ai le sens que je suis deux personnes différentes.

6 - A still moment. There's a mutual understanding. The two stand outside the warehouse.

TERRY: Interesting.

PAGE THIRTY

1 - Scene almost identical to issue one, page six, panel 3. Everyone sits at his or her spot on the couch, including Marsha. Art stands in front of the projector screen with a new target being shown. It'd be fun to have it be Marlana's husband, Ben. I'm sure Marlana can provide some good reference shots, if not there's a few on my website.

ART: This is a bad idea. His house is secured with some fancy computer surveillance. No simple breaking and entering.

2 - Susan sitting next to Malcolm on the couch.

SUSAN: Malcolm and I can take care of it.

MALCOLM: What did this guy do to gain our attention?

3 - Art looks at his cluttered notebook.

ART: He poisoned his neighbor's dog.

4 - Marsha sits on the couch, arms crossed. Listening.

MALCOLM (off panel): Maybe the dog had it coming?

SUSAN (off panel): What's your deal with dogs?

MALCOLM (off panel): Bad memories.

5 - Move closer on Marsha. Ready to get back to business.

MARSHA: Let's get him.

[ END ]