

KARMA INCORPORATED
PART TWO OF THREE

WRITTEN BY DAVID HOPKINS
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM KURZANSKI

PAGE ONE

1 - Wide panel. Marsha's POV. Straight ahead shot of Rob Wilson sitting in front of Marsha's desk in her office. He looks completely helpless.

CAPTION: One year ago

ROB: Let me see if I understand correctly. You ruin a person's day, and make it look like an accident.

This is your business?

2 - Over the shoulder of Rob, Marsha sits poker-faced at the desk. Terry stands behind her, playing the role of Marsha's right hand man.

TERRY: Still interested?

3 - Rob places a shoebox on the table before Marsha and Terry. The box is duct taped shut.

ROB: I have the money.

4 - Terry leans forward and place a hand on the shoebox.

TERRY: Okay then. Who's the target?

5 - Rob is disgusted as he speaks about his boss.

ROB: My boss. Donald Williams, but he makes us call him "Mr. Donny". This asshole has tormented me from day one. I'm sick of his staff meetings, his memos, and that ridiculous cowboy hat.

PAGE TWO

NOTE: For the next couple of pages, we jump back and forth between (1) a conversation at a water cooler and (2) the events with Mr. Donny. We may want to use some sort of

visual device to clarify the two different scenes. Maybe the water cooler panels would be without panel borders, while the Mr. Donny panels would have borders? I don't know. You're pretty good at organizing my clutter.

1 - Wide panel. Interior of an office building. An angry Mr. Donny (reference - <http://antiherocomics.com/images/mrdonny.jpg>) marches to his office door. Jennifer, his sexy secretary, stands at the doorway, nervous. Her own small desk is positioned on the other side of the doorway.

MR. DONNY: What is it now?

2 - Wide panel. At the water cooler, Rob, with a half-smile, stands next to his co-worker. In the near background, and off to the right side is a janitor with his cleaning cart. It's Art from Karma Incorporated.

CO-WORKER: Did you hear about what happened to Mr. Donny this morning?

ROB: No.

CO-WORKER: He was trapped in the elevator for three hours.

ROB: Really?

3 - Wide panel. Back to the moment from panel 1. Mr. Donny walks past her toward the doorway of his office.

JENNIFER: Mr. Donny, your wife called. I think she knows about us, and she--

MR. DONNY: I'll be in my office.

PAGE THREE

1 - At the water cooler, the co-worker explains the "elevator" situation.

CO-WORKER: Three hours in stuck in an elevator. It took maintenance forever to show up.

2 - In the office, Mr. Donny is at his desk, working on his computer. He looks confused. There's a Newton's Cradle on his desk.

MR. DONNY: Jennifer? Where are all the files on my computer?

JENNIFER (OFF PANEL): Some girl from tech support said she had to reimage your hard drive.

3 - Mr. Donny takes off his hat, revealing his bald head. He's completely given up.

MR. DONNY: You're kidding me.

4 - At the water cooler, two shot of the co-worker and Rob.

CO-WORKER: From what I heard, Mr. Donny started crying after the second hour.

5 - In the office, Mr. Donny looks up. He notices something on the ceiling.

MR. DONNY: What the hell?

PAGE FOUR

1 - At the water cooler, reaction shot of Rob.

ROB: He was crying?

2 - Mr. Donny stands on his desk with a golf club, poised to swing. There's a cockroach on his ceiling. He looks menacingly at the tiny bug. The ceiling is drywall, divided into rectangular segments, typical of offices.

MR. DONNY: Jennifer! There's a dang cockroach on the ceiling. Go get a paper towel.

3 - Close on the cockroach.

4 - At the water cooler, close on co-worker confirming the story.

CO-WORKER: Oh, he cried like a baby.

5 - Mr. Donny swinging at the cockroach with his golf club. His golf club tears a hole in the ceiling.

MR. DONNY: Yee-haaw!

6 - In the office, cockroaches pour out from the hole in the ceiling onto Mr. Donny, standing on the desk with the golf club. He looks completely repulsed.

PAGE FIVE

1 - Jennifer the secretary walks into the office with a roll of paper towels.

JENNIFER: Mr. Donny, did you get the cockroach --?

2 - Jennifer looks at Mr. Donny, covered in cockroaches. Mr. Donny looks at Jennifer. Both scream.

MR. DONNY/ JENNIFER: Aaaaaaaahhhh!

3 - Mr. Donny, still covered with cockroaches, runs past the mortified Jennifer.

JENNIFER: Oh god. I'm going to be sick.

MR. DONNY: Aaaaaahhhh!

4 - Rob and co-worker at the water cooler. Different angle, so we see Mr. Donny's open office door in the background.

ROB: Did you hear something?

5 - Same shot. Rob and co-worker at the water cooler-- both turn their heads to see the spectacle. In the background, Mr. Donny has fled his office, screaming and covered in cockroaches.

MR. DONNY: Get them off me! Get them off me!

PAGE SIX

1 - Close on Mr. Donny running, covered in cockroaches. The door to the men's restroom is directly in front of him.

2 - Same shot. Wouldn't you guess it? Malcolm from Karma Incorporated opens restroom door. Mr. Donny collides into it. Malcolm is wearing large headphones, listening to tunes, dressed as a maintenance man. Malcolm acts completely oblivious.

SFX: SLAM!

3 - Overhead shot. Mr. Donny disoriented and on the floor-- the cockroaches crawling on him.

4 - Co-worker and Rob at the water cooler. Wide-eyed. What the hell just happened?

CO-WORKER: Did you see that?

That was awesome.

PAGE SEVEN [FULL SPLASH PAGE]

1 - Same scene as the full page spread on page thirty of issue one.

Rob Wilson is in the Karma Incorporated warehouse. There's a police officer named Simon standing next to him. Simon has his gun drawn. Marsha stands next to her office, quietly observing. Art, Malcolm, and Susan are understandably uneasy with the situation, being that there's a gun pointed at them.

Note: It may be off panel, but we'll need a chair somewhere in the room for later on (page 13). We'll also need a flat screen television mounted where the slide projector screen was in issue one (for pages 27-29).

CAPTION Present day

ROB: No more games. Your business is over.

TITLE: KARMA INCORPORATED, part 2 of 3

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

PAGE EIGHT

1 - Malcolm, with hands up, cautiously approaches Simon, gun still raised.

MALCOLM: I don't understand what you're talking about. We're a data solutions company.

SIMON: If you could please not take another step.

2 - Susan gives an evil grin.

SUSAN: Malcolm, I dare you. Take another step.

3 - Turning around, Malcolm glares behind toward Susan (off panel). Simon still has his gun aimed at Malcolm.

MALCOLM: Shut up!

SIMON: Excuse me. I need your attention, right now.

4 - Susan becoming a little too casual with the situation. Malcolm turns around to speak with Susan. Simon is getting nervous, still holding his gun.

SUSAN: Five hundred dollars if you take another step. I dare you.

MALCOLM: Holy crap, Susan. Are you off your medication?

SIMON: I'm not going to ask you again!

5 - Susan starts singing and doing a little groove dance.

SUSAN: Bad boys, bad boys. Huh! Whatcha gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do when they come for you? Bad
boys.

6 - Close on Simon's hand holding the shaking gun. His hands are sweaty. The finger is slightly squeezing the trigger.

SIMON: If you could all stop talking for a moment--

PAGE NINE

1 - Terry is standing behind the nervous Simon, unaware. Terry is holding a fire extinguisher, ready to hit Simon with it.

SIMON: --I need everyone to keep their hands in the air.

2 - Terry hits Simon across the back of the head with the fire extinguisher.

SFX: wack!

3 - Simon is on the ground unconscious. Terry smiles, quite proud of himself. Rob is standing nearby, in utter disbelief with the turn of events.

SIMON: I need everyone... hands in the air...

3 - Susan is grabbing for a chair.

SUSAN: Maybe if we hit him with something?

MARSHA (off panel): How about--

4 - Marsha seated on a couch. She is, as always, well composed and confident.

MARSHA: Let's stop hitting the nice man and just tie him up?

PAGE FOURTEEN

1 - Small panel, inset in panel 2. Close on Rob. He's looking nervously over his shoulder.

2 - Large panel. Rob's escape has forced him to walk home. He stands in the middle of a Mexican barrio in east Dallas. (reference photos coming soon). There's flock of pigeons gathered in an empty lot, along the building tops. [Note: The pigeons don't have to be in every single panel, but I would be interested in them serving as extras in the cast. Subtly in the background.]

3 - Wide panel. Three young adults are hanging out in front of a convenience store. LUJAN, the leader of this trio, wears a large Cowboys jersey, a blue bandana tied as a three-point head covering, worn backwards (knot in the front), and a pair of over-sized blue jeans. He has a thick mustache. Lujan is physically imposing. MOLINA wears a buttoned-all-the-way-up short sleeve collared shirt and nice beige khakis. His hair is greasy and slicked back, clean-shaven. SHAFER, white guy, wears a filthy dirt-stained tank top and a pair of blue jeans torn in the knees. He's made a pitiful attempt at a mustache and goatee, a few wiry hairs-- buzz haircut. SHAFER is skinny, a disgusting mix of trailer trash and heroin addict.

Rob walks past attempting to ignore them. A few pigeons on the sidewalk.

LUJAN: You look lost. ¿Dónde está su carrucha? What happen to your car?

PAGE FIFTEEN

1 - Lujan catches up with him. Rob stops. He knows he can't avoid this situation.

LUJAN: I bet you drive a Lexus, huh? You got one of them Lexus cars.

ROB: I don't want any trouble.

2 - Lujan puts his arm around Rob with Shafer and Molina close behind.

LUJAN: What? You got a problem, cabrón? You think we some gang?

SHAFER: Anybody is welcome in our neighborhood.

3 - The joking among friends stops. Lujan gets serious and looks directly at Rob.

LUJAN: Hey cabrón, you have twenty dollars I can borrow?

ROB: I don't have any cash.

4 - Rob's POV. Lujan, Molina, and Shafer stand in front of him. Lujan lifts up his jersey. There's a gun tucked in front of his jeans. Partially visible, his last name "LUJAN" is tattooed across his muscular stomach in a nice thug-ish Old English font. A pigeon in the background is flapping its wings.

LUJAN: Es bueno. There's an ATM in this store. Let's just go in. Veinte dólares.

PAGE SIXTEEN

[Note about pages sixteen and seventeen-- Karma Incorporated is a blend of both humorous and serious moments. Some of the best stories do that. To me, this moment is the turning point of the story. Rob crosses that line, from prey to predator. It's a serious moment. It will set the tone for when we next see Rob on page 24.]

1 - In a moment of complete daring, Rob swipes the gun from Lujan's jeans. A nervous pigeon flaps its wings.

2 - Rob nervously holds them at gunpoint. Clearly, with his limp grip, Rob has never fired a gun before. The "tough guy act" has completely disappeared from the trio. They are nervous.

SHAFER: Damn.

LUJAN: Shut up, Shafer.

3 - Close on Rob holding the gun. He's a little crazy, a little scared.

ROB: Today has been the worst day of my life. You know that? I'm tired of people pushing me around.

4 - Close on Lujan. He's no longer the thug. He's worried for his life.

LUJAN (to Rob): Nothing stupid, man. I got two boys. Taking them to the State Fair tonight. I promised them.

5 - The flock of pigeons in the empty lot takes to flight. Startled by the gunshot.

SFX: Bang!

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1 – Straight shot on the newly empowered Rob, with an expression of sick satisfaction, as he walks away. On Rob's shirt, light blood splatter, but nothing excessive (since it's a gun shot at point blank). In the background, the trio, Lujan is on the ground bleeding. Molina and Shafer are at his side, tending to him.

2 - Molina and Shafer hold Lujan, who is bleeding profusely from his chest. He is in great pain. Molina puts his hand over the chest wound of Lujan, blood still going everywhere.

LUJAN: Uh... uh... uh...

MOLINA (calling for help): Alguien llame a una ambulancia. ¡Necesitamos ayuda!

3 - Lujan tries to get up. He's completely delirious at this point. Blood everywhere. They left side of his body is completely unresponsive. Molina is still calling for help.

MOLINA (calling for help): ¡Ching! Alguien llame a una ambulancia. Mi amigo a recibido un disparo.

4 - Reserve angle. The sidewalk is empty. Wherever Rob is, he's not there anymore. Lujan has stopped moving. Molina is calling for help. Shafer is standing, looking away.

MOLINA (calling for help): ¡Alguien ayúdenos! Él no se esta moviendo. ¡Necesitamos ayuda!

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1 - Susan is in front of her computer, hard at work. On the other side of the counter, in the lounge area, is Simon tied to the chair. His walkie-talkie is on the counter next to the computer. (Everyone else is in the office, but off panel. Malcolm and Terry are on the couch. Art is at the coffee maker. Marsha leans against the wall, a few feet from Simon.)

SUSAN: This is unfortunate.

SIMON: What?

2 - Susan leans over the counter to address Simon. She has a sour look on her face.

SUSAN: I hacked into your personal records.

You still live with your mother?

3 - This got Malcolm's attention; he's sitting in the lounge area reading a copy of the magazine, 2600: The Hacker's Quarterly (www.2600.com). Terry is sitting next to him, bored.

MALCOLM: I think we've got blackmail material right there.

TERRY: Let's just kill him.

4 - TERRY's POV. Simon's tied up. Susan stands next to her computer. Both characters look at Terry (off panel).

SUSAN: That's not in my job description.

5 - Close on the walkie-talkie on the desk.

DISPATCH: 10-200 to 1209, East Grand and Samuell, we have a shooting with the suspect in close proximity. Please be advised.

6 - Simon looking desperately at the walkie-talkie on the desk.

SIMON: Once the Dispatch radios my 10-20 and I don't respond, they're going to start looking for me.

PAGE NINETEEN

1 - Art at the coffee maker with his coffee.

MARSHA (to Susan): Now, this is unfortunate.

SUSAN: Say that again when I have my foot up your ass!

TERRY: Where's my gun?

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1 - Push closer on the scene from page twenty, panel 4. Susan held back as she tries to claw at the reserved Marsha.

SUSAN: There is nothing to tell!

2 – Close on Malcolm, always the peace keeper.

MALCOLM: So what's this about your dad? Why the rage?

[Note: Panels 3-5 need to all be on the same row. So that Marsha in panel 4 is looking at Susan in panel 6 with Terry in the middle— subtly indicating that this is all about him.]

3 – Close on Marsha. She looks to the right, towards Susan (off panel).

4 – Terry is on his hands and knees, in Marsha's office. He's in front of an open steel briefcase on the ground. Eureka! Found the gun. The office door into the lounge area is open.

TERRY: Found it! I knew I left it here.

5 – Close on Susan. She looks to the left, towards Marsha (off panel). Susan is pleading with her eyes. Please- don't- tell- my- secret.

6 – Wide panel. Terry walks back into the room. Marsha is one side, Susan on the other—Malcolm standing close to Susan. Marsha looks at Susan, but Susan has turned away. Terry walks into the middle of this. He proudly holds his handgun (the silencer on) with both hands as though presenting the gun to the group.

MARSHA: Susan's father is in jail. She didn't want anyone to know. That's what upset you.

SUSAN: Yeah, that's it.

1 - Teresa's POV, we see Rob. He has a vacant look in his eyes, all life drained from him and replaced with some passionless primal instinct. On Rob's shirt, light blood splatter, but nothing excessive. He holds Lujan's gun in his hand, more confidently now. He is a different person. The pushover is gone.

ROB: Am I supposed to say something?

2 - Rob walks into the room with the gun pressed against Teresa's chest. She stumbles backwards as he enters.

ROB: What do you want me to say?

3 - Teresa's stumbles backwards towards the ground, begging Rob who still has the gun leveled on her.

TERESA: Jeffrey is in the garage. He fixed your airplane.
Please, not here, not in front of our son.

4 - Push closer on them. Rob, still vacant. He points the gun at Teresa.

ROB: Sit next to your boyfriend.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

1 - Teresa is now sitting next to Greg who is still lying in the glass next to the broken window, presumably unconscious. Rob sits in a chair next to them. He holds the gun with it resting between his legs. For the Freudian reader, the gun is a definite phallic symbol here-- although not too blatant.

2 - Rob's POV. Jeffrey walks into the living room. He is confused as to what's going on.

JEFFREY: Dad, what's wrong?

3 - Over the shoulder of Jeffrey, Rob sitting at the chair.

ROB: Jeffrey, go to our neighbor's, call 911. Okay?

4 - Exterior. Front of the house, Jeffrey is running next door.

5 - Interior. Rob looks at Teresa on the floor.

ROB: Happy? Jeffrey is no longer in the house.

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

1 – Sitting on the couch (from left to right) Malcolm, Susan, Terry, and Art. Bored and bummed out. Marsha, also looks worn out, is standing next to Simon who is still tied up. [Note: You don't need to show everyone in the room, but I wanted to give you a sense of where everyone is located.]

ART: We beat up a police officer, and now have him tied up. Any more bright ideas?

2 - Art pulls out his cell phone.

ART: If you don't mind, I'm going to call my kids and tell them that daddy's going to jail.

3 – Terry sitting on the couch. He holds his gun in the air.

TERRY: Uh, guys? I had an idea.

3 - Close up on the walkie-talkie.

DISPATCH: 10-78 to 1194, 823 Cordova. All units. Major crime alert, citizen holding wife hostage, possible others inside. Code 27. Code 27. Over.

4 - Close on Simon, tied up.

SIMON: 823 Cordova. That's Rob Wilson's house.

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

1 - Simon, tied up, looks to Marsha, pleading.

SIMON: Untie me! I can talk to Rob before he does anything stupid.

MARSHA: I think you're a little late.

2 - Simon pleads with Marsha.

SIMON: We're friends. I came here as a favor to him. I didn't even have an arrest warrant.

MARSHA: That's lovely. What were you hoping to do? Point your gun and shout until we wrote him an apology?

3 - Close on Simon, getting angry.

SIMON: You heard the dispatch. Rob's holding his wife hostage. He's been pushed too far.

4 - Malcolm with the remote control motions to the flat screen television. Marsha and Simon look over at Malcolm.

MALCOLM: And now, as seen on television.

5 – From behind the couch, over the heads of Art, Terry, Susan, and Malcolm sitting there, towards the flat screen TV on the far wall. On the TV, we might be able to barely make out the image of two news anchors at a news desk for CHANNEL 11, with the inset image of Rob Wilson (same mug shot used by Art Gellman in his presentation in issue one) in the top right corner— or something equivalent to that.

SUSAN: We can say we knew him before he became cool.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

1 - The news report. A reporter stands in front of a police car, and on the other side of the street is the Wilson household-- front window broken. Below her is the television news tagline, which reads: CHANNEL 11 BREAKING NEWS

TV (STEPHANIE): I'm Stephanie Lucia with Channel 11 news, bringing you live coverage of a hostage situation in Lakewood.

2 - Photo of Rob Wilson. Same mug shot used by Art Gellman in his presentation in issue one, with the tagline, which reads: ROBERT DEAN WILSON, SUSPECT

TV (STEPHANIE): Suspect is believed to be Robert Dean Wilson, an employee for the Dal-Mart corporate offices. Witnesses report his wife is being held captive, along with one other man. Their son escaped to safety, calling 911.

3 – Same as panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): Reports also allege Wilson may have been earlier involved in a fatal shooting in a nearby Latino

community. Police have made no official statement.

4 – Same as panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): Few minutes ago, we got footage of Wilson shouting to the police. From what you will see, he is armed and clearly dangerous.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

1 - News footage. Shot from the sidewalk. Rob shouts from his living room, standing in front of the large broken window. He's holding his gun in the air. The tagline now read: RECORDED EARLIER TODAY

You may want to find a more interesting way to letter the *BEEP*.

TV (ROB): Karma Incorporated can go *BEEP* itself. I know who you are. I know what you've done. I'm telling everyone!

2 – Same as page twenty eight, panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): At this time, we have no information on the company "Karma Incorporated". If they may be a rival to Dal-Mart is uncertain.

3 - Same as page twenty eight, panel 1.

TV (STEPHANIE): Channel 11 will stay with you throughout this dangerous situation with all the latest updates. Right now, we have a neighbor who says the suspect may have terrorist connections.

4 –A microphone is held towards one woman, the next door neighbor. She has big hair, large hoop earrings, gold chain necklace with a cross on it, a worried frazzled look on her face. This is a woman who has smoked too many cigarettes, drank too much coffee, took too much Metabolife, and has been to the tanning salon too many times. Tagline now reads: WHITNEY ROBERTS, NEIGHBOR

WHITNEY: I seen him. In his garage. Always working on this and that. Spends all his time in there. I wouldn't be surprised if he was making a bomb or something.

