

Scrapyard Detectives

Bad Dog Edition #2

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Page 1

Splash page as a man dressed in sweat pants, a hooded jacket, and a ski mask runs toward the camera. He wears gloves and has a duffel bag hanging by a strap over one shoulder. He runs down a back alley. Behind him are a couple overturned trashcans, suggesting he has bumped them as he was running. It is night.

SFX: Crash

Man: *Huff huff*

Page 2

Panel 1

The man now enters the back door of a small house, looking behind him as he enters to make sure no one is watching. From the background we see he is in a run-down neighborhood; his backyard is filled with tall, ragged brown grass with some trash strewn about here and there.

Panel 2

The man is now inside the kitchen. He has the duffel bag on the counter and pulls off his ski mask, revealing that he is a Hispanic man in his mid-twenties. He smiles sinisterly to himself. The kitchen is somewhat dirty, with dirty dishes cluttering the sink and nearby counter.

Man (thinking): *Heh heh.* It was a perfect plan. *Ding dong.* Old Man Wilcox goes to check the front door. Then I sneak in the back while he's searching the bushes for doorbell ditchers.

Panel 3

Close shot of the man as he pulls out an old Native American vase from the duffel bag. He triumphantly holds it up, smiling smugly.

Man (thinking): Giving me plenty of time to grab...*this.*

Panel 4

The man now walks from the kitchen into his living room. He no longer wears gloves. He opens up a can of soda, but also looks toward the front door (not seen) with annoyance and nervousness.

Man (thinking): That little baby will fetch us a pretty penny on the black market. But for now I can sit back, relax, and wait to hear from—

SFX: Ding dong

Man (thinking): Huh? Who could *that* be?

Panel 5

This is the biggest panel on the page. The man has opened the front door and looks on in total surprise and dismay (we look over his shoulder) to see that a policeman stands in the doorway, with Robert, Raymond, and Jinn close behind him (but off the porch and to the side so we can see them). The policeman holds up his badge, and the Scrapyrd Detectives look at the man with smug smiles, knowing they've busted this criminal. Jinn (in her wheelchair) folds her arms proudly. Looking past the good guys, we see more cop cars have surrounded the house, their lights flashing.

Policeman: *Dennis Esperanza?*

Man: Y-yes?

Policeman: I'd like a *word* with you.

Page 3

Panel 1

The action now takes place in the front yard of Dennis Esperanza's house. As the police take the handcuffed Dennis away (he hangs his head and scowls), the Scrapyrd Detectives celebrate their victory, talking happily with each other. Other police mill around in the background, taking reports, keeping on-lookers back, etc.

Raymond: We totally busted that bad guy!

Robert: It wasn't so hard for the police to find him after we matched his shoe tread pattern to the crime scenes.

Jinn: Yeah! He left the same prints at every place he's hit over the last month! That piece of rubber his shoe left at the front door should match up too.

Panel 2

The heroes move happily toward the background (they are pretty close to the camera, but have their backs toward it), still talking excitedly with each other, Raymond and Robert walking, Jinn in her wheelchair. Looking past them we see they are nearing Mr. Wilcox, a white-haired, short African-American gentleman in his seventies. He is talking with agitation with a police officer, who is taking a report on a small pad of paper.

Jinn: Thus concludes *The Case of the Pottery Pincher!*

Robert: Another victory for the *Scrapyard Detectives!*

Raymond: I can't wait to see how happy Mr. Wilcox is!

Panel 3

Now the focus of the panel is Mr. Wilcox talking to the police officer (they stand close to the camera). He looks up in relief as another police officer approaches, handing him the stolen Native American vase. In the background (but close to the action), the Scrapyard Detectives look on, smiling as they anticipate Mr. Wilcox's reaction.

Mr. Wilcox: ...and that's when I knew someone had been in the house! I was so—

Officer with vase: Mr. Wilcox? I believe this belongs to you.

Mr. Wilcox: Oh thank heavens! It's not damaged!

Panel 4

Close shot of Mr. Wilcox as he holds the vase to his body protectively. He suddenly looks very angry and grouchy, talking through gritted teeth. The police officers look on uncomfortably, while the Scrapyard Detectives react in horror at Mr. Wilcox's words.

Mr. Wilcox: Can't say I'm surprised this happened, though. Leave it to one of *those people* – you can't turn your back for one minute without one of them taking something that doesn't belong to them!

Panel 5

Close shot of the heroes looking at each other, angry scowls on their faces.

Page 4

Panel 1

Wide shot as the three heroes enter the scrapyard and approach the clubhouse, Raymond and Robert trudging along, Jinn wheeling forward in her wheelchair. All have hung heads and take their time, Robert's hands in his pockets. They are obviously upset.

Panel 2

The team enters the clubhouse, Raymond in the lead. He angrily kicks a can across the floor. The others are also in foul moods. Robert still has his hands stuffed into his pockets.

Raymond: "You can't turn your back for one minute!" We bust our butts to get his stupid vase back and what thanks do we get?

Robert: None.

Jinn: Zilch.

Panel 3

The team continues to fume. Raymond clenches his fists angrily as he talks loudly.

Raymond: You know, sometimes I get a little tired of putting our necks on the line for people that don't deserve it!

Robert: You're right, Raymond. We do sacrifice an awful lot. Maybe we're just naïve to think that our efforts are doing any good.

Jinn: Usually I'd try to see the bright side of things...

Panel 4

Jinn folds her arms angrily while the others look on.

Jinn: But not after tonight. I'm tired of putting on a happy face when the world has so much ugliness in it.

Panel 5

The team sulks angrily, no one looking at the other. Jinn still has her arms folded, Raymond has his hands in fists at his sides, and Robert rests a fist on a nearby shelf.

Robert: If people won't give us the respect we deserve...maybe the Scrapyard Detectives should take a break.

Professor (not seen): I certainly hope not, my young friends!

Page 5

Panel 1

The heroes turn to look on in surprise (their backs are toward the camera; we look over their heads) as the Professor from Bad Dog Edition #1 stands in the clubhouse doorway. He has glasses, a white beard and mustache, and wears a bow tie and tweed coat. He smiles, holding the Temporal Transdimensional Vortex Transmitter from the same Issue.

Jinn, Robert, and Raymond: PROFESSOR!

Professor: Hello! It has been a while since we last met!

Panel 2

The heroes gather around the Professor as he sits at the small wooden table in the clubhouse. He places the Transmitter on the table in front of him carefully. The heroes question him, their troubles momentarily forgotten.

Jinn: What brings you here?

Raymond: And why do you have the Temporal...uh...

Robert: ...Transdimensional Vortex Transmitter!

Raymond: ...yeah, that thing?

Professor: Well, since our last adventure, I've kept it safe in my lab.

Panel 3

Close shot of the Transmitter on the table. The Professor sits behind it, facing the camera, a mysterious look in his face as he gestures at the Transmitter, reminding us of a fortuneteller. The heroes listen intently, wonder in their faces.

Professor: But lately it's been acting strangely. It will glow at random intervals, then suddenly go back to normal. It's as if it has a mind of its own. And since you three have the most...ahem...*hands-on-experience* with its effects...

Panel 4

The Professor, Jinn, and Robert talk, lost in their conversation. Robert cocks an arrogant eyebrow. Jinn smugly gestures with her hand at the word "done." Raymond, however, reacts in growing alarm, trying to get the others' attention as the Transmitter begins to glow.

Robert: So you thought we might be able to solve the mystery, huh?

Jinn: Sorry, Professor, but we're *done* with mysteries right now. In fact—

Raymond: Uh, Professor, when you said it was acting strangely, did you mean like—

SFX: Hmmmmmmm

Panel 5

Low shot. The Professor rears back, his hands up protectively (he is close to the camera), looking on in alarm as the three young heroes are pulled into a swirling vortex that has opened in the air above the Transmitter. Jinn is pulled out of her wheelchair into the portal (the wheelchair remains by the table, but tips sideways due to the motion). Their bodies are distorted and stretched as they are pulled into the whirlpool of light.

Raymond (his voice also getting sucked into the vortex): --THISSSSSSSSSSS*

SFX: VWOOOOSH

Page 6

Panel 1

Robert falls out of a vortex in the sky, falling toward the camera. It is night where he is now, in dark forest. The vortex shines out with a stark glow against the otherwise thick darkness.

SFX: VWAMMP

Robert: Whoa!

Panel 2

Robert gets up and rubs his head, looking into the darkness of the trees where he sees a lantern light glowing about fifty feet away.

Robert (thinking): Why do I always end up in a dark forest?

Robert (thinking): What's that?

Panel 3

Robert pokes his head out from between some bushes, looking toward the camera. He is amazed by what he sees (we can't see yet what it is). The soft lantern light comes from the direction of the camera, casting a soft glow on Robert's face.

Voice from off panel: C'mon now, we still got a long ways to go until the next station.

Voice 2 (off-panel): D'you think they gonna find us, Moses?

Robert: Wow!

Voice 3 (off-panel): Shh! Did you hear that?

Panel 4

Large panel. Looking past Robert (his back is mostly toward the camera), we see a group of four black runaway slaves in the clearing, facing Robert with surprise and mistrust. The four slaves are young men in their late teens and early twenties. Some wear sacks of supplies over their shoulders. One holds the lantern. Standing in front of the group is a short and petite but wise black woman, wearing a travel skirt, and wearing a bandana around her head. It is Harriet Tubman. (See attached photo) She carries a sack that hangs over one shoulder and across her chest (supplies). She also carries a revolver in one hand, holding it ready, but not pointing it. She looks down at Robert with steely eyes, studying him intently.

Slave 1: There!

Slave 2: I *knew* I heard somethin'!

Robert: Uh-oh.

Page 7

Panel 1

Robert nervously stands up and joins the group, ducking his head and rubbing the back of his neck with one hand. The group looks at him with a combination of fear and mistrust. Harriet has her hands on her hips, still studying him intently.

Harriet: Stand up, child. What are you doing out here?

Robert: I...I guess I'm lost.

Slave 2: Don't trust him, Moses! He's prob'ly workin' for them slave catchers!

Panel 2

Slightly high shot as Harriet looks down at Robert, who looks up at her (and the camera) with a combination of nervousness and surprise.

Harriet: You a slave or free?

Robert: What? Uh, *free* I guess.

Harriet: Well, don' matter...

Panel 3

The group again moves on, with Harriet in the lead. Robert walks beside her, hurrying to stay caught up with her determined stride. The slaves don't seem to trust Robert, but they now seem more worried about who might be chasing them (a couple of them glance back into the darkness fearfully).

Harriet: ...if those bounty hunters get a holda' you, they'll say you was a slave whether you are or not, just to get more gold. C'mon, you best stay with us.

Panel 4

Robert talks to Harriet as she continues forward, totally focused on the journey.

Robert: Ma'am, I don't understand. Who are you? Who's after us, and why?

Harriet: People call me *Moses*...but my birth name is *Harriet*.

Panel 5

Good shot of Robert as he stares at Harriet in stunned realization. She continues to walk forward purposefully (the slaves still following steadily behind), but finally a smile spreads across her face.

Robert: Wait! You're *Harriet Tubman*!

Harriet: Heard o' me, have you? Ha ha. Guess that means we're makin' progress in the *Underground Railroad*.

Page 8

Panel 1

Robert continues to talk to Harriet with great excitement and wonder as they walk. She looks at him with a cocked eyebrow.

Robert: You're a *hero*! You helped over *seventy* slaves escape to freedom!

Harriet: *Seventy*? That's a mighty big number, child. So far I've only helped twelve. Sixteen, if'n I can get these men across the state line.

Panel 2

Robert looks down, touching his chin thoughtfully, while Harriet looks on with a wary expression. She doesn't know what to make of this mysterious boy. They keep walking.

Robert: Oh, right. Hmm.

Harriet: How do you know so much about me? I've done a mighty fine job keepin' my identity secret from the slavers, if I do say so m'self.

Panel 3

Robert starts to respond, but Harriet's attention is suddenly pulled away as one of the slaves points back into the darkness behind them at some small lantern lights in the distance. The slaves are very fearful.

Robert: Well, I—

Slave: Moses! Lights! Them slave catchers are *right behind us*!

Harriet: Put out that lantern! NOW!

Panel 4

The group runs through the dark forest, Harriet in the lead. She holds up her skirt with one hand so as not to trip over it. She is totally focused, not letting any fear work its way into her face. Robert and the slaves, however, are very scared, but keep close to Harriet. The slave with the lantern blows it out as they run in the darkness.

Panel 5

Low shot. Close to the camera, the last slave's foot touches the ground as he runs past the camera. In the background, about one hundred fifty feet behind the group, the silhouettes of three men with wide-brimmed hats and rifles (and holding lanterns) give pursuit. It's a scary scene.

Page 9

Panel 1

Close, scary shot of the men in hats (the slave catchers) walking by, looking around intently, their rifles held ready. They hold up their lanterns, searching for the slaves. Their eyes are white in the surrounding darkness, and the lanterns cast stark, scary shadows over their faces. One man stands very close the camera, mostly facing us, with only his head and shoulders visible in the panel; the other two are varying distances behind him, looking around.

Panel 2

We now see that Harriet, Robert, and the group are huddled tightly in a hollow under a low cliff just off the main trail. A large tree on its side forms the ledge of the cliff under which the group hides. They are still as statues, hiding in the shadows, their eyes looking upward as the boot-clad feet of the slave catchers walk by on the trail above the ledge. Harriet has one hand over the mouth of one of the slaves to keep him from crying out in fear; her other hand holds her revolver at the ready.

Panel 3

At last, Harriet (close to the camera) peeks up from the hiding place, her hands (one still holding the revolver) grasping the cliff ledge (the fallen tree) and pulling herself up. She looks down the trail (the back of her head toward us), watching as the three men disappear in the distance, still looking around warily for the slaves.

Panel 4

Harriet is standing on the trail above the ledge, still looking warily down the trail after the men (the men are not seen; Harriet looks generally toward the camera). She is bent partially over, reaching down to help one of the slaves climb up from the hiding place and back on the trail with her. Two of the other slaves are already on the trail next to her, as well as Robert, making no sound. The last slave is indicated still in the hiding place, starting to stand; not much of him is visible in the panel since Harriet and those on the trail with her are the focus of the panel. All the slaves and Robert have wide, fearful eyes, watching to make sure they aren't spotted.

Panel 5

Low shot. The group, led by Harriet, runs swiftly and silently into the dark forest away from the camera, making their escape.

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Panel 1

In a scene change, the group is welcomed into the bright, warm and inviting home of a white man dressed in a white shirt, brown slacks, and a brown vest. He welcomes them with a bright, kind smile, reaching out to shake the hand of one of the slaves. From the décor we are reminded that it is the mid-1800's. There are a few lanterns lit, lighting the room. The group is relieved, able to put their fears aside at last.

Man: Welcome, welcome my friends! You are safe here. I've got good food and warm beds for you.

Harriet: Thank you kindly, Mr. Coalson.

Panel 2

Robert sits down in a beautifully crafted wooden chair, a blanket draped over his shoulders. He holds a large metal cup in both hands as he talks with Harriet, respect and wonder in his face. Harriet sits in a chair opposite him, her sack off her shoulder and in her lap. She at last smiles with pleasant relief, leaning her head back against the chair. The others are indicated likewise relaxing and eating, sitting on various chairs and benches.

Robert: Ms. Tubman? Can I ask you a question?

Harriet: Of course, child.

Robert: I was terrified back there. How do you make these journeys, again and again, facing such great danger?

Panel 3

Closer shot of Robert as he sincerely looks at Harriet as she thoughtfully answers his question.

Harriet: It's true what you say, child. Why, one time my own two brothers, overcome by fear, turned back when we'd already made a clean getaway.

Panel 4

Harriet leans forward, speaking to Robert with great conviction. He listens intently, humbled and encouraged by her words.

Harriet: But when I was still a slave, I knew there was one of two things I had a *right* to, liberty or death; if I could not have one, I would have the other. Was fear going to stop me from runnin' for my freedom? *No.*

Panel 5

The camera pulls away dramatically as Harriet and Robert finish their conversation. Harriet points toward Robert for emphasis.

Harriet: Will fear and danger keep me from helpin' my brothers and sisters? *No.* If my mission is to do good, then I can fear no man, for God is on my side.

Page 11 (*Note to artist: The next five pages all take place in one small room, and are centered around two people talking. To keep things interesting, use various camera angles and positions to keep the scene visually interesting. I've suggested some of these shots, but feel free to be creative.)

Panel 1

Jinn falls out of the spinning vortex and lands in a heap on a small bed against a wall. There are pictures of movie stars from the 1940's pasted to the wall behind her. (See attached photo of Anne Frank's room)

Jinn: Oof!

Panel 2

Large panel. Jinn sits up on the bed now, and we look past Jinn to see that she is looking at another girl about her age, sitting on another bed against the opposite wall. They are only a couple feet apart, as the room is very small. The girl has large eyes and dark hair, and wears a modest, casual dress. (The girl is Anne Frank—see attached photo.) Anne has a diary open on her lap and is in the middle of writing in it, but is staring at Jinn with wide eyes, her mouth open in amazement.

Jinn: Wow, I...oh, hello.

Panel 3

Anne leans forward and talks with amazement and some mistrust and fear, as if forcefully whispering. Jinn is also a bit afraid, not knowing where she is, but she answers as best she can.

Anne: Who are you? How did you get here?

Jinn: I...I don't *know* how I got here. I don't even know where "*here*" is! There was the blinding flash of light, and now...

Panel 4

Anne looks up thoughtfully, her head tilted, and rests her chin on the fingertips of one hand. She now seems more excited about the strangeness of meeting Jinn than afraid. Jinn also starts to relax.

Anne: You know, I think that I'm dreaming. Yes, that must be it. I couldn't stand all the others talking so incessantly in the main room, so I came here to my room to write in my diary, and I must have fallen asleep.

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Panel 1

Anne talks to Jinn, smiling excitedly. Jinn looks down at her mouth in amazement, touching her lips with a hand.

Anne: Anyway, where are you from? You don't seem like you're from Amsterdam.

Jinn: *Amsterdam?* No, no, I'm from America.

Anne: *America? Really?* That's so fascinating! How is it that you speak Dutch?

Jinn: What? I can't speak...

Jinn (thinking): Holy cow, I'm speaking *Dutch!*

Panel 2

The two girls continue talking. Jinn looks around curiously. Anne smiles.

Jinn: So where are we anyway?

Anne: Well...I guess I can tell you since you're just a dream. We're in my home, although it's not my *real* home. We had to leave there a while ago when it became too dangerous to live out in the open.

Panel 3

Jinn listens with new interest to Anne's words. Anne grows somber.

Jinn: Too dangerous? What do you mean?

Anne: You mean you really don't *know*? The Nazis have taken over much of Europe. My family and I used to live in Germany and left to escape from the Nazis, but they followed us here.

Panel 4

Anne continues to share her sad story.

Anne: The Nazis took power in Amsterdam and began to persecute the Jews...Jews like my family and me. When they issued an order for my older sister Margot to go to a work camp, my father decided we had to go into hiding immediately.

Anne looks up and around the room, indicating the space with outstretched arms, her diary on her lap. Jinn also looks around the small room. Both are somber.

Anne: And so we're here, in this tiny apartment, hidden above the office where my father used to work. It is hard with so many people sharing such a small place. Sometimes I feel suffocated.

Panel 2

Anne looks down now somberly, as if ashamed at her momentary self-pity. Jinn looks on with reverence.

Anne: But then I think how lucky we are when Jews in the rest of Europe are being beaten and killed by the Nazis. The reports on the radio say that many are being gassed. It is so, so horrible.

Panel 3

Anne finally forces herself to smile and holds up her diary for Jinn to see. Jinn smiles and reaches a friendly hand toward the diary.

Anne: But that is why I am so grateful to have my diary. When I write, I can shake off all my cares.

Jinn: You're keeping a *diary*? Cool! Can I see it?

Panel 4

Anne quickly pulls the diary away protectively, embarrassed.

Anne: Oh no! I never let *anyone* read it...although I must admit, I've thought about keeping it as a record of the occupation when it's over.

Jinn: Oh.

Anne: No offense, please.

Jinn: It's okay.

Jinn talks to Anne with great respect. Anne smiles to herself.

Anne: Yes, when I write in my diary, it helps me to remember all the many little blessings in my life.

Jinn: Wow. You're amazing. I just can't imagine how scared and sad I would be. I suddenly feel so shallow.

Panel 2

Anne now listens to Jinn as Jinn shares her own feelings, still a bit depressed from her recent experience.

Anne: Why do you say that?

Jinn: Well, my friends and I are detectives. We go out and solve mysteries when people are in trouble.

Anne: That sounds so exciting!

Panel 3

Jinn looks up and smiles thinly, still feeling down.

Jinn: Yeah, it is...but it's hard when we try so much to do good, and then get hit with how mean and unjust the world can be. What if people don't deserve our help?

Panel 4

Jinn shakes her head ruefully as Anne responds wisely.

Jinn: Ugh. *Listen* to me. Your troubles are so much worse than mine, and yet you haven't let them overcome you. How do you keep your spirit strong?

Anne: It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart.

Page 15

Panel 1

Jinn listens with new respect to Anne. Anne smiles with conviction.

Jinn: You're probably right, but...

Anne: I don't think of all the misery but of the beauty that still remains. Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy.

Panel 2

The two continue their conversation, smiling at each other, encouraging each other.

Anne: Whoever is happy will make others happy too.

Jinn: But what about when it's hard to be happy?

Anne: My father once said that all children must look after their own upbringing. The final forming of a person's character lies in their own hands.

Panel 3

Anne gives Jinn some final powerful words of encouragement.

Anne: By helping people, you are making the world a better place. Don't give up. No one has ever become poor by giving. How wonderful it is that nobody need wait a single moment before starting to improve the world.

Panel 4

The girls hold each other's hands in a tender moment of friendship. They smile at each other.

Jinn: Thank you so much. You...are a *hero* to me. By the way, my name is Jinn.

Anne: My name is Anne. *Anne Frank*.

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Panel 1

Raymond falls from the spinning vortex, yelling. We see from his surroundings that he is in a college campus, with trees and large campus buildings indicated in the panel. It is daytime.

Raymond: *Aaieee!*

Panel 2

Raymond is on the ground and gets up on one knee, looking up and around him as several college students dressed in late 1960's attire walk by and around him, carrying signs. They look very stern and focused. Their signs say, "Make Love, Not War," and "End the War." From what we can see of Raymond's surroundings he is in a small public square on a college campus, with benches and trees. Big college buildings are in the background.

Raymond: Huh? Where am I?

Panel 3

We look past Raymond and follow his line of sight (he faces away from the camera) to see the sign-carriers are walking away from Raymond and through some trees at the edge of the public area where Raymond is, joining a large crowd of people carrying signs walking past the public area. There are some benches and trees between Raymond and the main crowd, so our view of the crowd is partially blocked. Large college buildings are visible in the background.

Raymond: It sure is noisy. I wonder what's going on?

Panel 4

Slightly high shot as Raymond comes through the trees (mostly facing the camera) and stares in wide-eyed amazement at what he sees (we can't see it yet). A man wearing an army jacket stands next to where Raymond is, also looking on, but we can't see the man's face in the panel; he is just indicated since Raymond is the focus of the panel. We will see in more shots as the story continues that he has a special first cavalry division patch on his right shoulder (see reference photos).

Raymond: WOW.

Page 17

Splash page. The camera pulls out so that we are a bit high above the huge crowd of college students who march toward and under the camera. (See reference photos) All are dressed in late 1960's attire, and many look angry and determined. Many in the crowd are shouting. Others in the crowd look focused, but are more peaceful. There are many signs being carried by various people in the crowd. The signs say various

things: “Make Love Not War,” “End the War in Vietnam NOW,” “End the Draft,” “Silent Majority for Peace,” “We Won’t Go!” “I Won’t Fight in Vietnam,” etc. There are signs that display the peace symbol as well. There are hundreds of people in the crowd. It is an anti-Vietnam war rally on the college campus. There are also many people on the sidelines who watch the crowd go on. We can see Raymond and the man standing at the side of the crowd, watching.

Page 18

Panel 1

The camera is now very close to Raymond and the man, just behind them, looking past and between them (again the man is indicated, not shown in great detail yet) at the crowd. A female college student at the edge of the marching crowd breaks from the throng of people and throws a partially-eaten hamburger and its wrapper angrily toward the man, so that it is flying toward the camera. Raymond reacts in amazement, tipping his head back.

Student: *Murderer!* Get out of here!

Raymond: Wha--?

Panel 2

The camera is now close to Raymond and the man, so we can see them from the knees up. Raymond reacts in surprise and alarm, holding up his arms protectively and turning to look at the man. The man throws up his arms protectively so that we can’t see his face as the hamburger and wrapper splat across his side and jacket. We see that the man has a beard and wears a baseball cap.

Raymond: Hey! *Look out!*

SFX: SPLAT

Panel 3

The man turns and walks away from the crowd and toward the camera (back into the public square where Raymond first arrived), using his hands to wipe away the mess from his jacket. He looks down as he does so that his hat obscures his face with shadow. His shoulders are slumped with sadness. Raymond jogs after him, reaching out to help.

Raymond: Hey Mister! Are you okay?

Panel 4

Finally the man turns around to look at Raymond, so we finally see his face. He is a man in his late twenties, with a mustache and a beard that is filled in but not very thick yet, as if he's been growing it for a couple months. He wears a T-shirt and baseball cap, and his army jacket hangs open, smeared on the side with the ketchup from the hamburger. He turns to only partially face Raymond, as if hesitant to talk to him. He smiles sadly. Raymond looks up at him in wonder.

Man: Heh. Yeah, kid, I'm all right.

Page 19

Panel 1

Raymond walks alongside the man as he leaves the scene, walking through a quieter area of the campus. Raymond reaches up and gives the man a handkerchief, which the man gratefully accepts.

Raymond: Here, use my handkerchief to get that off.

Man: Thanks. I appreciate it.

Raymond: What was *that* all about? Why did that girl do that to you?

Man: Maybe she thought I *deserved* it.

Panel 2

As they walk, they talk. The man looks straight forward, wiping his hands with the handkerchief. Raymond looks up at the man, listening intently, confusion in his face.

Raymond: Huh?

Man: It's a rally against the war.

Raymond: War? Which one?

Man: Heh heh. You must *really* not be from around here. The war in *Vietnam*, of course. It's been going for several years now.

Panel 3

The camera has pulled back now so that we can see both the man and Raymond from head to foot. They continue to walk and talk as the man hands the handkerchief back to Raymond. The man wears jeans and sneakers.

Raymond: Wow, they seemed really angry.

Man: There are really strong feelings about Vietnam. Some are for it, and some, obviously, against.

Raymond: But why did that woman call you a “murderer”?

Panel 4

They continue to walk and talk. The man has a stern look on his face.

Man: She saw my jacket. I was over in ‘Nam until a few months back. I came to see what the sentiment of the crowd would be, if there were any that supported what we did over there. Guess I got my answer.

Panel 5

They continue to talk. The man gestures with his hands as he talks.

Man: There are lots of people who think that the government has no business sending troops over there. They say we’re doing more bad than good. The sad thing is, there *have* been some soldiers who have done terrible things.

Page 20

Panel 1

Close shot of the man. The man gets a new strength and conviction in his eyes as he talks.

Man: But I know there are a lot of us who went out there because we love our country. I want to help people, to make the world a better place to live. Whether everyone agrees with it or not, it’s still the truth.

Panel 2

The two approach a bench at the edge of the sidewalk they’re on. Birds fly by and some linger on the ground close by the man and Raymond.

Man: It hasn't been easy for us vets. When people came home from World War II, they got a hero's welcome. Not us. It's hard to come back from war and have the people you love not want to give you the time of day.

Panel 3

The man and Raymond sit on the bench together. The man throws out some seed from his jacket pocket, feeding the birds that come and peck at it at their feet.

Man: But glory and fortune aren't the reasons I served. I went because I believe in doing what I feel is right, whether others support me or not. That's what gives me strength in the hard times.

Panel 4

The man looks up reflectively. Raymond smiles at the man in wise appreciation.

Man: Maybe someday people's view about my service will change. Maybe it won't. But I'll always know in my heart that I served my country for the right reasons.

Raymond: You know, Mister...

Panel 5

The camera pulls away, giving us a view of the backs of Raymond and the man sitting on the park bench. They are silhouettes now. In the distance, the sun glows warmly as birds fly by. At the edge of the little plaza where the two sit, an American flag blows unfurled in the wind.

Raymond: You *are* a hero. And someday people *will* know that you are. That's a promise.

Page 21

Panel 1

Establishing shot of the clubhouse in the scrapyard.

Panel 2

Inside the clubhouse, the Professor paces with his hands behind his back, looking very worried. On the table close by, the Transmitter sits, silent. Jinn's wheelchair is close by the table.

Professor: Oh, dear me. It's all my fault! Those poor children, lost in space and time again. What will I do?

Panel 3

The Professor looks down at the Transmitter, his hands resting on either side of it on the table. He looks down with determination and anxiety down at the device.

Professor: By golly, I don't care how long it takes. I *will* find a way to get them back safely! Or my name isn't *Professor Bill Theodore Logan!*

Panel 4

Slightly high shot looking down and past the Professor as the Transmitter begins to glow. The Professor looks down with amazement, his eyes wide. The glow lights him dramatically.

SFX: Hmmmmmm

Professor: Wha--?

Page 22

Splash page. Somewhat low shot. It's a dramatic shot as the vortex again opens up in the air above the Transmitter, and the Scrapyard Detectives come tumbling out of it. They all yell in amazement, still in mid-air in this shot. The Transmitter blazes with electricity, lighting the room dramatically. The Professor rears back and looks on in wide-eyed amazement, his mouth open, using his arms to shield himself from the light.

SFX: VWOOOOSH

Detectives: YAAAAH!

Page 23

Panel 1

The Transmitter is again silent and normal as the heroes recover from their fall. Robert is on his feet and rubs his head. Raymond is also on his feet, and helps Jinn back into her wheelchair. The Professor is overjoyed, throwing his hands up in the air.

Robert: Ouch.

Raymond: You know, I'll never get used to that.

Jinn: You can say that again.

Professor: My young friends! I'm so happy to see you're back!

Panel 2

The heroes smile at the Professor. He smiles sheepishly, shrugging his shoulders and holding his hands up in a self-deprecating way. The table is in the middle of the friends.

Raymond: It's good to *be* back, Professor. How'd you *do* it?

Professor: I'm afraid I didn't do much of anything. I was just wracking my brain, trying to come up with a way to get you home.

Panel 3

The heroes look thoughtful and matured, new determination in their faces. The Professor looks on, listening with interest.

Robert: Well, as for me, I think this adventure has made me realize a lot of things I needed to learn.

Jinn: Me too.

Raymond: Yeah, me three.

Panel 4

Robert holds his chin thoughtfully, reflecting on his adventure. The others are indicated, listening with interest.

Robert: I met someone who taught me how important it is to help other people, even if it means facing terrible persecution and danger.

Panel 5

The focus is now on Jinn, who looks humble and contemplative, resting her hands together with her fingertips touching and resting her mouth against her fingertips. The others listen reverently.

Jinn: I met someone who taught me to never give up on people; that we choose to be happy and can spread that happiness to others, even when we think they don't deserve it.

Page 24

Panel 1

Now Raymond is the focus. He folds his arms and looks contemplative, smiling softly to himself with new conviction. The others listen, drawing strength from his words.

Raymond: And I met someone who taught me it's always right to serve others, even if they don't recognize or appreciate the good you're trying to do. It's what's in our *heart* that matters, not the praise we get for our actions.

Panel 2

Robert looks up suddenly and snaps his fingers dramatically, excitement in his eyes as a revelation hits him. The others look on with interest.

SFX: Snap!

Robert: Holy cow! I think I just realized how the Transmitter works!

Professor: What's your theory?

Panel 3

The heroes gather close to the Transmitter, looking at it with eyes wide with excitement and realization. The Transmitter is close to the camera, the focus of the panel. We see it as an object of wonder.

Robert: How were we feeling when the Transmitter sucked us into the vortex?

Raymond: We were feeling bitter and angry—

Jinn: Ready to give up on being the Scrapyard Detectives.

Robert: And how was the Professor feeling when the Transmitter brought us back?

Panel 4

Close shot of the Professor, who holds his hand to his face in wonder, his eyes wide and staring into space as his mind races. The heroes are indicated, looking on.

Professor: All I could think about was how to get you back safely... *Great Scott!*

Panel 5

High shot looking down on the heroes as they gather around the table with the Transmitter on it. The heroes look at the Transmitter with new reverence, smiles on their faces. Robert has his hands on his hips, and Raymond has his arms folded. The Professor is amazed.

Professor: The Transmitter responds to emotional needs, sending individuals through time and space--

Jinn: To where they can help others.

Robert: And to where they can get the help *they* need.

Raymond: It really *does* have a mind of its own. I feel like *Ebenezer Scrooge* on Christmas morning.

Page 25

Panel 1

The heroes and the Professor turn and look in surprise (the camera is close to them and looks past them) to see Lisan and Katie (from past Scrapyard stories) burst into the clubhouse through the entrance, excited and full of important news.

Lisan: Guys!

Katie: We've been looking *all over* for you!

Jinn: *Lisan? Katie?* What's going on?

Panel 2

Lisan and Katie excitedly tell their story, out of breath and gesturing dramatically.

Lisan: The police just analyzed the rubber you found in front of Mr. Wilcox's house!

Katie: It *doesn't* match the shoes of the thief you caught earlier tonight!

Panel 3

Jinn, Robert, and Raymond look at each other intensely, going into Detective mode. Robert gestures intensely as he expresses his thoughts; Jinn holds her chin thoughtfully; and Raymond smacks a fist into the palm of his other hand.

Robert: You know, Mr. Wilcox *did* say that the *front* doorbell rang...

Jinn: And Mr. Esperanza would have been *impossibly fast* to run around the house to the back door in time...

Raymond: He had an *accomplice* who's still *out there*!

Panel 4

As Katie, Lisan, and the Professor look on, the Detectives share knowing smiles with each other. Despite their misgivings, their recent learning experiences have made their course of action clear.

Raymond: But what if Mr. Wilcox never appreciates our efforts to solve the case?

Robert: No matter what we do, he might still look down on people of different backgrounds.

Jinn: All right guys, enough kidding around.

Panel 5

Slightly low shot, making for a dramatic panel as the whole cast of heroes (Robert, Jinn, and Raymond in the forefront, with Lisan, Katie, and the Professor close behind) moves toward the camera, determination and heroism in their faces and movements.

Jinn: We choose to be our best selves, even when it's hard.

Raymond: We do what's right, even if we don't get praised for it.

Robert: We face any persecution or danger in order to help others. And that's what makes us...THE SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES.*

Caption: THE END

*NOTE: "THE SCRAPYARD DETECTIVES" in Robert's dialogue is the big Scrapyard Detectives logo