

## TALES OF THE TMNT

### *REFLECTIONS*

*By Quinn M. Johnson*

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#### **Page 1**

Splash page. Shot of Casey Jones, wearing a sleeveless shirt that shows off his muscles, athletic pants, and his golf bag full of his trademark baseball bats, hockey sticks, golf clubs, etc. He sits on some discarded crates next to a brick wall in a trash-strewn back alley. He stares down ruefully at his famous hockey mask, which he holds in both hands. He appears lost in dark thoughts.

**Casey narrating:** Yo. The name's *Casey*. *Casey Jones*. I've been called lots of things. Friend. Teammate. Husband. Father. And at one time, I could've been called a psychopathic killer, if some good buds of the reptile variety hadn't stepped in and turned me around. But lately, I've met someone who's brought those fears back. As Rico Tubbs from *Miami Vice* once said, "You don't see *him*, you see *yourself*." Let me tell you a story...

#### **Page 2**

##### **Panel 1**

Close shot of one of Professor Honeycutt's Menta-wave Helmets, resting on a table and hooked up to several cables.

**Professor Honeycutt (not seen):** Eureka! My adjustments are complete. This is going exactly as I theorized.

##### **Panel 2**

Establishing shot of a lab in the Utrom's New York base. Close to and facing the camera is Professor Honeycutt (the Fugitoid), who now holds up the Menta-wave Helmet in both hands, all the cables now disconnected. Behind him in the lab are several Utroms, some in their robotic bodies, and Casey, who all look on in pleasant interest. Casey has a duffel bag over one shoulder.

**Casey:** What's up, Professor? You discover how to make instant beer or something?

**Honeycutt:** On the contrary, Mr. Jones, this breakthrough is far more beneficial. It could truly be a means to aid countless beings that have suffered significant mental trauma, resulting in the interruption of synaptic transmissions!

### Panel 3

Casey scratches his head with a confused grimace. Honeycutt holds the helmet in his hands, holding it lower than before as he looks toward one of the Utroms (Glurin) who speaks to Casey with a wry smile.

**Casey:** Uh, can you say that in English, Prof?

**Glurin:** What the good professor is saying, Casey, is that his new prototype Menta-wave Helmet may help those who suffer from amnesia, or memory loss.

**Casey:** Oh.

**Honeycutt:** Precisely, Glurin!

### Page 3

#### Panel 1

Honeycutt again raises the helmet aloft in excitement as the others look on, Casey with arms casually folded.

**Honeycutt:** With the modifications I've implemented, this prototype is designed to refresh the lost memories of those who have suffered amnesia. Think of the lives that could be salvaged with this technology!

**Casey:** Sounds fascinatin', Prof. How long before it's ready for use?

#### Panel 2

Closer shot of Honeycutt, who holds the helmet closer and looks away from Casey with an air of hesitance, as if he's reluctant to ask his favor. Casey looks startled, unfolding his arms. Glurin and the other Utroms also look away from Casey sheepishly.

**Honeycutt:** Actually, Mr. Jones, all the preliminary tests have been a complete success. All that remains now is a small test on a live subject...and since *you're* here, I was wondering...uh...

**Casey:** What?! You want *me* to try that thing out? I don't want my memories screwed with! Why don't you try it on some Utrom volunteers or something?

**Honeycutt:** Well, I would, but our little pink friends here are, uh, *hesitant*...

### **Panel 3**

Casey looks reluctant, but is giving in as Honeycutt approaches him with the helmet, reassuring him. The Utroms look uneasy.

**Honeycutt:** ...after some recent troubles some of their kind have had with unsupervised Menta-wave helmet use\*. I assure you, Mr. Jones, all my scores of thorough tests have indicated the helmet is completely safe and works precisely as intended.

**Casey:** I don't know...I was just here to pick up some stuff for Mikey and April is expecting me back soon...

**Caption:** See *The Grape*, from *Tales #4!*

### **Panel 4**

Honeycutt now pleads with Casey, who finally relents, still not totally at ease.

**Honeycutt:** Please, Mr. Jones! All that is required is a simple mental scan. It will take only moments and you will feel no noticeable effects. It is for the good of humanity...and extraterrestrials alike.

**Casey:** Well, okay. I guess if you say it's safe.

**Honeycutt:** Excellent!

## **Page 4**

### **Panel 1**

Casey is now sitting in a laboratory in a tech-heavy lab chair with the Menta-wave Helmet on. He has his eyes closed and relaxes. The chair leans back a bit so the sitter is relaxed. The helmet has several cables attached to it that trail off-panel. To the side of the panel, Honeycutt and Glurin look on from behind a control panel.

**Honeycutt:** All right, Mr. Jones. Just sit back and relax. Let your mind go wherever it will. I am going to begin the mental scan now, in 3...2...1...

## **Panel 2**

Shot from behind the control panel. Honeycutt and Glurin look down at a screen in the panel with great interest, on which we see Casey and April being married in a church, holding hands. Other screens and buttons glow on the panel. Past the control panel we see Casey still in the chair, in a peaceful trance as the test continues.

**Honeycutt:** Yes! The helmet is working perfectly! It is scanning his mental activity and sampling his memories at random. Look! We can see Mr. Jones's memory of his wedding to Ms. O'Neil.

## **Panel 3**

Shot from the other side of the control panel, so that we see Honeycutt and Glurin looking down at the screen while we cannot see what's on it. Honeycutt has his hand up to his mouth in surprised embarrassment. Glurin also looks embarrassed, his cheeks flushing.

**Honeycutt:** His 12<sup>th</sup> birthday...His first hockey game...His honeymoon with Ms. O'Neil...oh my! Ahem, moving right along...

## **Panel 4**

Casey is close to the camera as he suddenly reacts violently, gritting his teeth and rearing up in his seat, gripping the air with his eyes still closed. Honeycutt and Glurin look up in alarm.

**Honeycutt:** Hmm...things are getting darker. I'm not clearly reading this...Huh? *What's going on?!*

**Glurin:** He's having a violent reaction! End the test *now*, Professor!

## **Page 5**

### **Panel 1**

Close-up of Casey as he groggily comes to, in a hospital bed and wearing a hospital gown. He has one hand to his head.

**Casey:** Ungh...Wh-where am I?

**Honeycutt (not seen):** In Kurtzburg Memorial, Mr. Jones. It is my fault, I'm afraid.

## **Panel 2**

Casey sits up in bed and looks toward Honeycutt, who sits in a bedside chair and faces Casey sheepishly.

**Casey:** What happened, Professor?

**Honeycutt:** During the test of the prototype, you had an unexpected reaction. I don't know what happened. We ended the test, and brought you here for diagnostics.

## **Panel 3**

Honeycutt and Casey continue to converse. Honeycutt hangs his head in shame and Casey looks toward him with pity.

**Honeycutt:** The good news is, you are completely fine. You have suffered no detectable effects. The bad news is, you have suffered because of my blind love for science. The Utroms were right to be hesitant. I have betrayed your trust, Mr. Jones.

**Casey:** Hey, don't sweat it, Prof. It was an accident. No harm done. What about the helmet?

## **Panel 4**

Honeycutt holds a hand up in explanation as Casey looks on with mild surprise.

**Honeycutt:** I had it destroyed. However good my intentions, it was just too dangerous. This experience has taught me a hard truth: the mind is simply too complex to fully analyze. When tampering with its natural processes...

## **Panel 5**

Establishing shot of the Galaxies club from Vol. 4, Issue #12.

**Honeycutt narration:** ...who knows what could be unleashed?

**Utrom (not seen):** So Glurin, how was work today?

### **Panel 1**

Interior shot of the club. Glurin and other Utroms sit at a table, sipping drinks through straws and conversing. Behind them other aliens and a few humans play pool, dance, sit at the bar, etc.

**Glurin:** Very interesting... I aided Professor Honeycutt on an experiment that could have revolutionized the medical field.

**Utrom:** And?

**Glurin:** Unfortunately, it ended in failure. A human friend was negatively affected in the experiment, but appears to be recovering fully. Professor Honeycutt is having difficulty forgiving himself, however.

**Utrom:** That's unfortunate. For all his brilliance, he is still tender-hearted.

### **Panel 2**

The Utroms and other patrons look up in alarm as an unconscious bouncer flies by like a rag doll, trailing wood chips from the door he was thrown through (as seen in the following panels).

**Glurin:** Indeed...

**SFX:** SMASH

**Glurin:** Eh?!

### **Panel 3**

Large shot of the bar interior as all the alarmed patrons look up in fear toward the entrance to the club. There filling the entrance (the door has been smashed to splinters) is a huge, hulking figure dressed in a tank-top, athletic pants, fingerless gloves, and tennis shoes. He also wears a golf bag filled with clubs and a black plastic mask that covers his face. He is heavily shrouded in shadow, almost a silhouette (his white eyes show through the blackness) and so it is hard to make out details, but he is very reminiscent of Casey's evil alter-ego from his nightmare sequences in Vol. 1, Issue #58, and Vol. 2, Issue #1. The villain holds a large taped up baseball bat in one hand and the limp body of another bouncer in the other.

**Villain:** Hello there, alien freaks. I've come to crash the party. I don't appreciate your kind invading my planet, much less my neighborhood...

### **Panel 4**

Close-up of the villain's face, mostly the white eyes showing through the stark blackness of his mask. It is a very creepy shot.

**Villain:** ...and it's time to take out the trash.

## Page 7

### Panel 1

Casey and Honeycutt are still in Casey's hospital room. Casey is putting on his jacket, as if he's just gotten dressed. His duffel bag is on the bed. The professor points a remote at a TV mounted to the wall (the camera is behind it, so we can't see what is on it yet) and both he and Casey look up at the TV with interest.

**Casey:** Well, Prof., the nurse said I've got a clean bill of health. I'm ready to check out of here and get home to April. Another shock is the last thing she needs...

**Honeycutt:** Wait, Mr. Jones. I'm picking up some alarming transmissions from the local news media. Let us see what's going on...

**SFX:** Click

### Panel 2

Close shot of the TV. On the screen a newswoman gives a report. Behind her we see the Galaxies club roped off by police tape and surrounded by police and ambulances.

**Newswoman:** I am here at the Galaxies club in lower Manhattan, where only an hour ago tragedy struck. An unidentified assailant, armed with baseball bats and other blunt objects, entered the club...

### Panel 3

Closer shot of Casey and Honeycutt looking up at the TV in frozen horror. We cannot see the screen.

**Newswoman (not seen):** ...and began a rampage that claimed the lives of several patrons. The club, a popular meeting place for extraterrestrials, is now a scene of chaos as police and medical teams try to aid those few who survived the attack.

### Panel 4

Shot of the screen as the battered and bloody Glurin, being taken away on a small stretcher by paramedics, speaks into a news microphone held by the reporter.

**Newswoman (not seen):** We were able to get a few words from one of these survivors before it...ahem, *he*...was taken away by paramedics.

**Glurin:** He said he'd...declared *war*...on all extraterrestrials... He wore...(cough)... a *mask*...

### **Panel 5**

Close up of Casey, staring up at the TV (not seen) with a look of frozen surprise and total horror. Next to him Honeycutt also stares at the screen in horror.

**Glurin (not seen):** ...a *hockey mask*...

**Honeycutt:** *Glurin*...

### **Page 8**

#### **Panel 1**

Establishing shot of Casey's and April's house. It is evening.

**April (not seen):** Honey, you've got to stop pacing. They're going to catch this guy.

**Casey (not seen):** They never caught *me*.

#### **Panel 2**

Shot of Casey and April's kitchen. Casey is pacing intently, gripping the air dramatically and lost in dark thoughts. April stands to the side, looking worried and trying to reason with him. Shadow sits at the table holding an iPod / portable radio and listening through a headphone in one ear; however, the other headphone dangles as she leans toward Casey and April, indicating she is not really listening to the iPod but is anxiously listening to her parents.

**April:** *He's not you.*

**Casey:** This is all too familiar. That club is in my old neighborhood. It used to be a real hole before the Utroms cleaned it up and made it respectable. Back in my days of bein' a vigilante...

#### **Panel 3**

Closer shot of Casey, staring intently ahead and clenching his fist in front of him. Behind him in the kitchen April and Shadow look on with wide eyes.

**Casey:** ...I came in there more than once and laid it down on the lowlifes that did their deals there. I *really* laid it down...but not like...not like...

#### **Panel 4**

Casey finally stops and hangs his head in defeat. April grasps him by the shoulders, comforting him. Shadow suddenly turns away from them, her eyes widening as she quickly puts the loose headphone in her free ear.

**Casey:** ...*this*.

**April:** Casey, you've got to stop torturing yourself. This isn't your fault. This psycho is a monster. You aren't.

#### **Page 9**

##### **Panel 1**

Close shot of Casey as he looks up with a sheepish smile at April, reaching up to touch her hands, which she has placed lovingly on his cheeks. She has her face close to his and looks at him lovingly, smiling. In the background Shadow still sits at the table, her hands to her headphones, a look of intense horror on her face at what she's hearing.

**Casey:** I'm not?

**April:** No. You're one of the most honorable men I know, and you're the man I love.

##### **Panel 2**

Focus of this panel is on Shadow, who turns with an alarmed expression toward Casey and April as she pulls her headphones out of her ears. They turn toward her with anxious and surprised expressions, breaking out of their tender moment.

**Shadow:** You guys...

**April:** Shadow? What is it?

**Shadow:** There's been another attack.

### **Panel 3**

The three stare at each other in frozen horror as Shadow continues her dire report.

**Shadow:** They said...on the radio...five more aliens were killed. I-in Central Park...by a guy in a hockey mask.

### **Panel 4**

Small panel of Casey staring ahead in numb horror, his right hand held up in front of him absentmindedly.

### **Panel 5**

The same panel, only now Casey's face is a mask of cold, calculating rage and his fist is clenched tightly.

## **Page 10**

### **Panel 1**

Shot of Casey in the garage, the one bulb on; otherwise the garage is dark and shadowy. He has his back to the camera and leans over an old horizontal metal locker. He wears a sleeveless shirt that shows off his muscles, athletic pants, tennis shoes, and fingerless gloves. Behind him close to the camera, her back to us, is Shadow. She is wearing pajamas and approaches gingerly.

**Shadow:** D-dad? What are you doing? It's two in the morning.

### **Panel 2**

Camera has switched sides so that Casey is close to and faces the camera, and Shadow is in the background, also facing the camera. Casey is very grim and very shadowed, gathering things out of the locker (though we can't see what). Shadow approaches him hesitantly, looking worried.

**Casey:** You're supposed to be in bed.

**Shadow:** I heard you in here...I was worried. Are you going somewhere?

### **Panel 3**

Casey finally turns toward Shadow, facing her with a dark yet resolute expression. He has his golf bag with all its weapons slung over his shoulder. Shadow stares at him in numb shock.

**Casey:** I'm going out to find him.

**Shadow:** But...but why?

**Casey:** Because I may be the only one who can.

### **Panel 4**

Casey turns away from Shadow again, hesitantly.

**Casey:** He's following my old patterns. Following my old routes. Using my same methods, only much worse. I have an insight into how he thinks, since I used to be like him...

### **Panel 5**

Closer shot of Casey's face, turned away from Shadow. He is softened, almost emotionless. Behind him Shadow looks on, worried.

**Casey:** ...before I met April...and your uncles. They taught me what real honor, real justice was. Not just picking fights, but using force only when needed to right a real wrong.

## **Page 11**

### **Panel 1**

Casey turns toward Shadow again, his face softened.

**Casey:** This man almost killed Glurin...the Utrom who helped save April's life. And he's killed or hurt many more innocent people. I'm not about to let him do more damage. Go back to bed, honey. Stay here with April.

### **Panel 2**

Cool large dramatic panel of Casey facing the camera and putting on his famous hockey mask. The lighting from the single light bulb casts dramatic lighting on him.

**Casey:** It's time for your old man to go to work.

## **Page 12**

Splash page. Really cool shot of Casey, a baseball bat in each hand, with his hockey mask and golf bag on, leaping off a rooftop and falling toward the camera. Behind him a large lightning bolt flashes and rain pours down around and over him.

**Casey narrating:** I've been searching for two hours. Been through most of my old route. Still no sign of him. But I know he's out here. I can feel him. And I'll find him.

**SFX:** BOOOOOOMMMM

## **Page 13**

### **Panel 1**

Long horizontal panel that goes across the entire width of the page. It shows the silhouette of several building rooftops. Casey's silhouette is leaping forward over one of the gaps at the left side of the panel. The moon shines dimly in the background, with the whole scene drenched with pouring rain.

**Casey narrating:** There's something disturbing about this whole thing...and not just how similar this monster's methods are to mine...

### **Panel 2**

Long horizontal panel that is the same as the last panel, except that now Casey's silhouette is at the center of the panel and he is doing an acrobatic flip over another gap.

**Casey narrating:** There's something deeper...like an old dark memory at the back of my mind...

### Panel 3

Long horizontal panel that is the same as the last panel, except that now Casey's silhouette is at the right side of the panel and he is doing another acrobatic leap forward over another gap.

**Casey narrating:** ...Something that I'd long since submerged...but is trying to claw its way to the surface...

### Page 14

#### Panel 1

Casey suddenly stops, having just landed in a crouched and wary position, in front of an alley, which he looks down. A single street lamp shines in the alley way, but it is still quite shadowy.

**SFX:** Kritch

**Alien (not seen):** No!

**Casey:** Wha--?

#### Panel 2

Waist up shot of Casey peering into the alley (looking mostly toward the camera). He looks wary, but his senses are heightened. We can't yet see what Casey sees.

**Alien (not seen):** Please! I've done nothing wrong!

**Villain (not seen):** Oh really? The minute you set foot in my neighborhood you did something *way* wrong!

#### Panel 3

Casey's POV looking into the alley. At the end of the alley (which is cluttered with junk, i.e. old crates, garbage cans, etc.) a humanoid alien is on the ground cowering beneath a hulking figure (the villain) who looms over it, raising a baseball bat to strike. His back is to the camera.

**Villain:** And now you *pay the price!*

**Alien:** Somebody! Help!! *Pleeeeeease!!!*

#### **Panel 4**

Closer shot of the scene, so the hulking villain is seen from the thighs up, still holding up the baseball bat. He looks up from the cowering alien and looks toward the camera, though his beefy arm blocks our view of most of his face, except for the white slit of his eye.

**Casey (not seen):** Hey, *chunk-face*.

**Villain:** What--?!

**Casey (not seen):** You want a fight?

#### **Page 15**

##### **Panel 1**

Cool shot of Casey facing the camera and brandishing his baseball bats as the rain pours down. The panel takes up about half of the page.

**Casey:** You got one!

##### **Panel 2**

The villain stands up from his prey and faces the camera. A stark shadow falls across his body, obscuring his face (his white eyes shine out of the darkness), but we get a good look at most of the rest of his body.

**Villain:** Ah yes. What took you so long?

##### **Panel 3**

Shot very close to and  $\frac{3}{4}$  behind the villain so that only part of his massive bulk is actually in the panel. Farther back in the panel, Casey looks at the approaching villain. His distance from the camera makes Casey appear somewhat small in the panel, emphasizing his opponent's massive size and scariness. Casey reacts to the villain's words in surprise, somewhat taken off guard.

**Casey:** *What?* You were *expecting* me?

**Villain:** Oh yeah. I've been waiting a long time for a reunion.

#### **Panel 4**

Small panel. Close up of Casey's surprised face. His head leans back slightly in surprise and we see his wide eyes through his mask's eye holes.

**Casey:** *You...*

#### **Page 16**

Splash page. Casey's opponent finally steps out of the shadows and reveals himself as Casey's evil alter-ego from his nightmare sequences in Vol. 1 Issue #58 and Vol. 2 Issue #1. Casey is not shown in the panel.

**Villain:** Exactly. *You.*

#### **Page 17**

##### **Panel 1**

The two face each other, Casey still reeling in numb shock. The villain walks calmly toward him, bearing down on him.

**Casey:** But you...you're just a *nightmare...* You're not *real...*

**Villain:** Oh, I'm real *now*. Just been waiting in the wings for this chance. But the *nightmare* part...

##### **Panel 2**

The villain charges the camera, attacking with his huge baseball bat.

**Villain:** *That* you were *right* about!

##### **Panel 3**

The villain, his back to the camera, cracks Casey a good one that sends Casey flying backward into the air, causing him to drop one of his bats from his left hand, which floats from his grasp in mid-air.

**SFX:** KRACK

**Casey:** OOF!

#### **Panel 4**

Casey is close to the camera, getting up from the dirt where he was lying chest down. He leans on his right hand which still holds a bat, while brushing the back of his left hand against the mouth region of his masked face. Behind and above him the villain attacks, holding up both bats to attack.

**Casey:** Ungh...

#### **Panel 5**

Casey suddenly rolls to the side, so he is now on his back, while the villain's bats bash down on the ground where Casey just was.

**Casey:** Hup!

**Villain:** Grah!!

**SFX:** HRACK

### **Page 16**

#### **Panel 1**

From his position on the ground, Casey (looking away from the camera) swings his bat in his right hand up and across in an arc, cracking the villain across the face and making him reel back.

**SFX:** FWAKK

**Villain:** *ARR!!*

**Casey:** You may *think* you're me, but you lack my *style* and *grace!*

## **Panel 2**

Indicated close to the camera is the villain; his back is to us, but we see his hand reaching up and starting to pull a hockey stick from his golf bag. Looking over his shoulder, we see Casey, who kick-springs his way up onto his feet, brandishing his bat.

**Casey:** O' course...

**SFX:** Chikk

## **Panel 3**

Casey again goes flying toward the camera, his face upside down and facing the camera as the villain smacks him a good one with a swing from his hockey stick. Casey drops his other bat.

**SFX:** HWOKK

**Casey:** ...you make up for it with *raw strength!* UNGH!

## **Panel 4**

The villain, grabbing Casey around the neck region with a huge hand, hauls Casey up high into the air and against a brick wall so Casey's back is against it. Casey clutches at the villain's grip with both hands. The villain rears back his other hand for a crushing midsection punch.

**Villain:** I'm only *finishing* what you *started*. *Picking up* where you left off. Doing what *you* couldn't *do!*

## **Page 17**

### **Panel 1**

Shot of Casey, still held aloft by the villain, swinging both his legs and his body upward so that the villain's punch imbeds into the brick wall where Casey's midsection was only moments ago. We don't see either of the opponents' faces (cut off by panel borders), so the emphasis is on the action.

**Casey:** That so?

**SFX:** Whup

**SFX:** BASSHH

## **Panel 2**

Casey continues swinging his legs up and forward, delivering several kicks into the villain's face as he curls up and backward out of the villain's grasp.

**SFX:** Thak thak thakk

**Villain:** Oof!!

**Casey:** Then you've become the very *trash*...

## **Panel 3**

Casey finishes his back-flip and lands on his feet, battle-ready, as the villain crashes backward into some trash cans.

**Casey:** ...that I used to *fight!*

**SFX:** Crashhh

## **Panel 4**

Large panel. The villain bursts forward out of the pile of trash cans (toward the camera) and slams his charging shoulder into Casey's midsection. Casey folds forward over the villain's shoulder, clawing the air helplessly as the wind is knocked out of him. The blow knocks all of Casey's weapons out of his bag, sending them flying.

**Villain:** GRRAAH!!!

**SFX:** WHUMP

**Casey:** Ukk

The villain's back is to us; we see him from about the knees down. He reaches down and picks up one of his big bats. We look past him and his bat (between them?) to see Casey struggling to get up again and grasping his two bats on the ground as he does so.

**Villain:** You don't *get it*, do you?

## **Panel 2**

Casey is on his feet now and holds both his bats up as if to fight on. The villain swings his large bat in a horizontal arc that breaks both Casey's bats in half, knocking the broken remains from Casey's grasp.

**Villain:** *I'm the real you.*

**SFX:** Crunch crunch

**Casey:** Ulp.

## **Panel 3**

The villain kicks a huge foot into Casey's chest.

**SFX:** WHUMP

**Casey:** Uhhn

**Villain:** The *darkness* you've been running from all these years.

## **Panel 4**

The villain ruthlessly headbutts Casey, sending him reeling.

**SFX:** KROK

**Villain:** Your *savagery*, your *killing instinct*...

Close shot of Casey from the chest up, fallen back against a pile of broken crates. He holds an arm up fearfully, protectively, as the villain's shadow looms over him.

**Villain (not seen):** ...your *fears*...

## **Panel 2**

The looming villain cracks Casey a good one with a bat, knocking his weakening body down off the crates.

**SFX:** Crunch

**Casey:** Uhh...

**Villain:** The specter of *death*.

## **Panel 3**

Low shot of Casey, lying helplessly on his back on the ground, looking up at the terrifying, shadowy form of the villain, looming over him and raising both bats high over his head for a killing blow. In the background we see the opening to the alley, and see Shadow's silhouette peeking around the corner to see the scene.

**Villain:** And there can only be *one* of us.

## **Panel 4**

Closer shot of Shadow, looking on wide-eyed in fear. She is dressed in street clothes.

**Shadow:** D-dad?

## **Panel 5**

Close-up shot of Shadow's face, staring, frozen in numb fear.

### **Panel 1**

Close shot of the villain's head turning to look  $\frac{3}{4}$  toward the camera.

**Villain:** Hurrm? What have we here?

### **Panel 2**

Casey's face, upside-down from his position on the ground, looks helplessly toward the camera.

**Casey (weakly):** ...Shadow?...

### **Panel 3**

The villain steps over Casey and begins stalking towards the camera (i.e. Shadow, though she is not seen). A scary shot.

**Villain:** Heh heh. Lookey here. A loose end.

### **Panel 4**

Shadow begins backing up, fearfully, as the villain stalks toward her, looming over her, his back to the camera. Casey, now rolled over onto his stomach, weakly claws the air after the villain.

**Casey (weakly):** ...No...

**Villain:** Ah, this brings back the memories. What was it I said back then...? Oh yeah.

### **Panel 5**

Close-up of the villain's black masked face glowering evilly, his white eyes gleaming through the darkness of his mask and the background.

**Villain:** I took *Gabrielle*...and now I've come back for *Shadow*!!

### **Panel 1**

Close-up shot of Casey's masked face looking up at the camera from the ground. He stares as if in a trance.

### **Panel 2**

Same shot except that now just Casey's head (with mask on) is in the panel, with a gray background, with a subtle glow emanating from Casey. His mask is suddenly crisscrossed by several cracks. (We are in his mind.)

### **Panel 3**

Same shot as before, but now the mask explodes off (in an explosion of light in the background), revealing only Casey's normal face in a grimace of righteous rage.

### **Panel 4**

Close-up of Casey's gloved hand reaching down to the dirty alley floor and grabbing his hockey stick.

### **Panel 5**

The villain suddenly turns his head to look behind him (mostly toward the camera) at the sound of Casey's voice. Looking over the villain's shoulder we see Shadow cowering back.

**Casey (not seen):** Think again.

**Villain:** What--?

## **Page 22**

### **Panel 1**

Awesome panel as Casey (still wearing his mask, as his mask exploding off was only symbolic) leaps up from behind the villain and clocks him across the face with his hockey stick, knocking the villain off his feet. Shadow leaps out of the way, still somewhat overwhelmed.

**Casey:** Shadow! *Move!!*

**SFX:** THWOKK

**Villain:** GAH!!

### **Panel 2**

Close shot as the villain brandishes one of his bats while rubbing his black masked face.

**Villain:** Grr...

### **Panel 3**

Casey slams his hockey stick down in a downward arc on the villain's arm. The villain rears his head back in pain and lets go of the bat.

**SFX:** CRACK

**Villain:** GWAAAH!!

### **Panel 4**

Casey leaps and kicks into the villain's chest with both feet.

**SFX:** FWUMPP

**Villain:** UNNGH

### **Panel 5**

The villain hunches over, still grasping a bat in his good hand, looking toward the camera (i.e. Casey) but looking pretty beat up.

**Villain:** Heh... I'll give you...'til the count of *three*...to give up.

**Page 23**

Splash page. Powerful dramatic shot of Casey leaping up in the air and dealing the villain a crushing upward blow with his hockey stick so powerful that the villain's black hockey stick explodes into splinters on impact. The villain flies several feet off the ground and his body arcs back with the blow toward the camera, so that his face is close to the camera. A long blood trail curves from his mouth and marks the trajectory of his body. His black hockey mask explodes into several shattered pieces, so now we see a glimpse of a brutish human face underneath, but not the eyes—i.e. not enough to really tell anything special about his features.

**Casey:** FORE.

**SFX:** *THRAAKKK*

**Page 24**

**Panel 1**

Casey stands in the alley, turned  $\frac{3}{4}$  away from the unconscious heap of the villain (who lies in a pile of debris that heavily obscures him), his arm around Shadow (the other hand calmly holds the broken handle of his hockey stick), who runs up to him and throws her arms around him. The alien who was being attacked by the villain steps nervously around the fallen villain and walks toward the other two. Dawn is upon them, so soft sunlight streams in. It has stopped raining, except for a few stray drops.

**Shadow:** *Dad!!*

**Casey:** You okay?

**Shadow:** Yeah. You?

**Casey:** I'll live.

**Alien:** *Th-thank you!* You saved my life!

**Panel 2**

Casey, Shadow, and the alien turn to look out the alley as several police cars and Utrom vehicles pull up. Casey still has his arm around Shadow; she still has both arms thrown tightly around him, the side of her face pressed against his chest.

**SFX:** *Wheeee-oh wheeee-oh*

**SFX:** *Vrrooom SCREEECH*

**Casey:** Looks like the cavalry's arrived.

**Shadow:** Nice timing.

### Panel 3

Seargant Xitor and her partner, flanked by several heavily armed and armored cops, leap from their cars, yelling at Casey and pointing guns at him. He calmly raises his hands, one still holding the broken hockey stick, while Shadow and the alien look at the cops in surprise.

**Partner:** You! In the mask! Hands in the air! *NOW!!*

**Casey:** Hey, no prob.

**Shadow:** What--? Hey!

### Panel 4

Casey is thrown forward over the hood of the cops' car by Sgt. Xitor, who begins handcuffing his hands behind his back, while her partner holds his gun on Casey. Casey is calm. Shadow is being restrained by two armored cops behind the hubbub. She struggles, reaching for Casey. The alien Casey saved points back toward the alley, yelling to the cops.

**SFX:** Whump

**Sgt. Xitor:** You have the right to remain silent, *psycho*.

**Casey:** Whatever. Just watch the *-unff-* ribs.

**Shadow:** Hey! Leave him alone! That's my *dad!*

**Alien:** It's *true!* The man you want is back *there!*

### Panel 5

Sgt. Xitor and her partner, holding the cuffed Casey, are in the alley observing an armored cop who examines the unconscious villain, whose face is off panel. An Utrom in robotic walking legs scans the villain's hand with a small device.

**Cop:** Check it out! This dude's *also* got a mask...well, what's *left* of one.

**Utrom:** Hmmm, very interesting.

### Panel 6

Sgt. Xitor and her partner, now relaxing their grip on Casey (still with his hands cuffed behind his back), listen as the Utrom explains his analysis and holds up his device, on which an LCD screen flickers.

**Partner:** What is it, doctor?

**Utrom:** It appears *this* is our man. According to this *Identi-Scanner*, this fellow's fingerprints match those at the scene of the attacks. And DNA samples on his weapons match that of the victims.

## Page 25

### Panel 1

The Utrom continues explaining, and points with a tentacle at Casey. Shadow and the cops look toward Casey, Shadow with anxious hope, the cops with an eyebrow raised in surprise and wariness.

**Utrom:** Whereas the only DNA on *this* fellow's weapons belongs to this monster at our feet. It appears you've just handcuffed a *hero*, Sergeant.

### Panel 2

Several cops awkwardly carry away the villain's huge limp form on a stretcher that's a bit too small for him, shuffling him mostly toward the camera. His head hangs over the edge of the stretcher so his face is somewhat toward the camera, but heavy shadow greatly obscures his face so we don't get any good idea of what he really looks like. Further back in the panel, Casey is now free of the cuffs and rubs his wrists. He has his mask pushed up so it doesn't cover his face anymore. He, Shadow, Sgt. Xitor and her partner, and the Utrom look on. The partner holds a police radio in one hand.

**Sgt. Xitor:** So...who *was* that guy, doctor?

**Utrom:** It's strange, but neither his fingerprints nor his DNA have a match in our database. He is unidentifiable, a *nobody*.

**Partner:** We just got an official statement from the *Xihad*. They claim they had nothing to do with No-Name's rampage...though they admire his methods.

### Panel 3

Casey starts to wander away from the scene, a weary arm around Shadow. Sgt. Xitor lingers by Casey, looking toward him with an eyebrow cocked suspiciously, her hands in her jacket pockets. In the background, beyond all the milling cops and Utroms, April leaps out of her haphazardly parked car and yells toward Casey and Shadow, her hand out toward them to get their attention.

**Sgt. Xitor:** I have to say, this has been a strange case. And coming from me, that means something. Care to comment, Mr. Jones?

**Casey:** Nope. My work here is done.

**April:** Casey! *CASEY!!*

#### **Panel 4**

Casey turns to embrace the frantic April, who runs into his arms with a fearful look on her face. Shadow looks on quietly. Sgt. Xitor walks back toward the other cops in the background.

**April:** Where have you *been?! And Shadow too! I was scared to death!*

**Casey:** Hey, babe. Sorry I worried you. I had some business to attend to.

#### **Panel 5**

April has her hands on Casey's shoulders, facing him with worry but listening intently to what he says. He speaks to her calmly, his hands holding her at her waist, a look of resolution on his face. Shadow looks on, a knowing and admiring smile on her face.

**Casey:** I had to stop running... Face my demons. Confront them once and for all.

**April:** And what happened?

**Casey:** You were right. He wasn't *me*.

#### **Panel 6**

Dramatic shot of the three walking into the sunrise, silhouettes, their arms around each other, with Casey in the middle. It emphasizes the love they have for each other.

**Casey:** I finally buried my past. *Literally*. Heh.

**Casey:** And now I'm looking to the future.

**Caption:** The End!