

TALES OF THE TMNT #31

REFLECTIONS
Final Draft

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. Vigilante. Ally. Husband. Father. And 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 old 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

Wide panel goes horizontally across the entire width of the page. On the left it is completely black, and as the black travels across the panel, it eventually transitions into a white background on the right side of the panel. The white side of the panel shows the hulking silhouette of Dark Casey, though we can't see who he is yet. His posture is brutal and evil, standing boldly and threateningly facing the camera. He stands atop a gently sloping rise of ragged grass which is also in silhouette. Perhaps a few dead leaves blow by. The border of the panel is ragged and uneven, suggesting the nightmarish quality of the sequence.

Narration (white letters on the black background in the left side of the panel): Hey. You.

Narration (text is by the silhouette on the white side of the panel): Remember *me*?

Panel 2

Shot of April and Shadow, huddling together and looking up in fear as the large, threatening shadow of Dark Casey looms over them. Panel has ragged borders.

Narration: Thought you'd seen the last of me, did ya?

Panel 3

Close shot of April and Shadow from the chest and shoulders up, clutching each other and looking up, screaming in terror as the shadow completely overwhelms them. Panel has ragged borders.

Narration: I'm comin' back. Back for Mommy. Back for Baby.

Panel 4

Large panel that takes up the rest of the page. On the left side of the panel, the panel is half the black hockey mask of Dark Casey, with its cruel white eye staring straight at the camera. The black mask (surrounded by shadow and the same raggedy borders as the rest of the nightmare sequence) transitions to the right side of the panel, which has Casey sitting upright in bed, muscles tensed, screaming with wide open eyes. He is shirtless and covered in sweat, the sheets tangled around the lower half of his body. The borders around this half of the panel are normal, indicating that Casey is back in reality now.

Narration (white letters over the black hockey mask): Back for *YOU!!*

Casey: *NO!!!*

Page 3

Panel 1

April now sits up in bed next to Casey, leaning over and grasping his shoulders in concern. He still stares straight ahead, numb, but slowly coming back to reality.

April: Casey! What is it? What's the matter?

Casey: Ungh... Nightmare... Just a nightmare.

Panel 2

A concerned April and a disturbed Casey talk in bed.

April: About what?

Casey: A thing I dreamed about...a long time ago. The thing that...

Panel 3

Casey's head is in profile, close to the camera. He looks numb and shaken. April looks on in anxious amazement.

Casey: ...that took Gabrielle.

Panel 4

It is now morning in the kitchen. Dim sunlight comes in through the window, with the blinds halfway down, as if a storm is brewing outside. April cooks eggs over the stove, fully dressed, and a pitiful-looking Casey shuffles in through the doorway, still wearing pajamas. Shadow sits at the kitchen table, wearing jogging clothes. She holds an iPod in one hand with the headphones hanging over her shoulders; her other hand rests on an envelope on the table. She looks up at Casey with a bright smile.

Shadow: Hey Dad! What took you so long? I finished my morning run a half hour ago.

Casey: Couldn't sleep. Bad dreams.

April: That thunder outside probably didn't help either.

Shadow: Well I know what'll cheer you up!

Panel 5

Casey and April, close to the camera, look at Shadow in surprise as she beams, proudly holding up three tickets.

Shadow: I won my mp3 website's summer sweepstakes! Grand prize...three free tickets to go see—

Page 4

Panel 1

Large panel that takes up the top half of the page. A humanoid alien (seen from the waist up), wearing a suit jacket and bowtie (though with distinct extra-terrestrial touches), beams widely with his large, flashy smile. The alien has six small slits in the place of a nose, and dons a thick wave of hair that curls over his

forehead (like Elvis). Other than that, he is bald. He holds his hands out as if taking in applause. Light seems to beam from him.

Crowd (not seen): *Bleebozz, the Entertainer!*

Bleebozz: At your service!

Panel 2

The camera has now pulled back so we see that we are in the transmat room of the Utrom's New York base. Bleebozz holds up a hand to hold back applause while otherwise seeming preoccupied by rubbing his other hand against his coat, as if polishing his nails. The big, pleasant grin on his face shows that he is a master showman milking his fame for all it's worth. We can now see that Bleebozz has on short trousers and bare feet like an insect's. Several Utroms in their robotic bodies, as well as a good-sized crowd of reporters and cameramen, gather around the transmat pad, filming, taking pictures, and applauding. One Utrom tries to get the crowd to back away from the transmat pad.

SFX: Clap clap clap

Reporter Woman: Bleebozz, welcome back to Earth! This is your third time, isn't it?

Bleebozz: Yes indeed, my dear. I can't seem to stay away from my devoted fans!

Protective Utrom : Please, ladies and gentlemen. Clear the transmat area!

Panel 3

Bleebozz steps airily from the transmat pad and toward the reporters, motioning for the protective Utrom to stand aside. The crowd continues to look on in adoration. A male reporter holds a microphone toward Bleebozz.

Bleebozz: Don't fret, my good Utrom friend, I don't mind.

Protective Utrom: But...

Male Reporter: Bleebozz, as a meta-morph, is it true that you can perfectly mimic anybody?

Panel 4

The crowd looks on it amazement and delight as Bleebozz instantly transforms himself into an exact mimic of the male reporter (except that Bleebozz is still wearing his alien outfit), holding his hands up and beaming in a showman-like manner. The male reporter is astounded.

Bleebozz: Anybody! Yes indeed!

SFX (Bleeboz transforming): Zert

Page 5

Panel 1

The woman reporter pushes in past the male reporter and the protective Utrom, and holds her microphone out to the morphed Bleebozz.

Woman Reporter: And is it true that you can even morph your clothes' appearance?

Bleebozz: My good woman...

Panel 2

Bleebozz now is morphed into a mimic of the protective Utrom in its robotic body, except that he also wears boxers with hearts over the robotic body. The crowd looks on and laughs; the protective Utrom is surprised and embarrassed.

Bleebozz: ...nothing is impossible to the great Bleebozz the Entertainer!

SFX: Zert

SFX (crowd): Ha ha ha ha ha

Panel 3

The boxer shorts instantly disappear as Bleebozz again transforms to perfectly mimic the protective Utrom. The crowd continues to laugh. Bleebozz shows mock embarrassment.

Bleebozz: Oh, pardon me, ladies and gentlemen! How embarrassing!

SFX: Zert

SFX (crowd): Ha ha ha

SFX (crowd): Clap clap clap

Panel 4

Bleebozz instantly transforms back into his regular self, and appears a bit taken off guard by a surly-looking older reporter who shoves his microphone toward him. The crowd looks on in interest and expectancy.

Surly Reporter: Pretty impressive, Bleebozz. But these tricks we've seen before! Are you planning any *new* material for tonight's performance?

SFX: Zert

Panel 5

Bleebozz forces a dismissive smile as he moves his way out from the crowd and toward the exit (and the camera). The crowd looks after him with disappointment or skepticism.

Bleebozz: O-of *course*, my fine fellow! But you'll have to come to the show to see *what!* Tonight at 8 o'clock, my friends! Good day!

Panel 6

Close shot of Bleebozz's face as he leaves the transmat room. His smile is replaced by a weary, depressed grimace.

Page 6

Panel 1

Casey, April and Shadow get ready to leave. They are putting on rain jackets, etc. April holds a closed umbrella. Casey still looks a bit numb.

April: This is going to be fun! I've heard of this Bebop guy—

Shadow: *Bleebozz.*

April: Whatever his name is. He's supposed to put on quite a show.

Shadow: Yeah. Too bad I didn't get more tickets.

Panel 2

Shadow is close to the camera and looks at the three tickets in her hand with a small frown. Behind her April and Casey continue to get ready. Casey rummages around in a closet, his back to the camera.

Shadow: It would've been cool if Mikey, Raph, Leo and Don could've come.

Casey: They're out of town anyway, Shad. Out in the woods o' Northampton meditating or somethin'.

April: *Fasting.* They wanted to regain their focus as a team after all they've each been through lately.

Panel 3

April turns to see Casey zipping up a large duffel bag he has slung over his shoulder. She looks a tad nonplussed.

April: What do you have there, Casey?

Casey: Nothin'...just some of my gear.

Panel 4

Casey looks at April with a set jaw, though he still looks a little worried. Shadow joins their conversation with a raised eyebrow.

April: What for?

Casey: I don't know...I just feel safer with it on me. Just in case.

Shadow: In case what? Dad, you're freaking me out.

Panel 5

Casey looks embarrassed, but his jaw is still set. April looks at him with concerned suspicion, and Shadow rolls her eyes.

Casey: In case...something bad happens. I just want to make sure you two are all right tonight. The streets can be dangerous, ya know.

Shadow: We're just going to a *show*. And I thought my *friends* had overprotective parents.

Panel 6

The three walk out the door, their backs to the camera. Looking at the sky outside through the open doorway, we see it is gloomy, with dark foreboding clouds (though it is not raining yet).

April: Let's go.

Page 7

Panel 1

Bleebozz (in disguise as a mustached human—we find out his true identity shortly) walks down a New York City sidewalk. He has an overcoat wrapped around him with the collar up and his hands in his pockets. He looks around warily as if afraid someone might see him. So far the modest crowd around him doesn't pay him any attention. The sky is again gloomy, with dark clouds overhead, though it is not yet raining. A pedestrian in the background holds out a hand and looks upward as if expecting raindrops.

Panel 2

Profile shot as Bleebozz walks past a dark alley. A man leaning against the wall of the alley with his arms folded whispers out of the darkness. Bleebozz starts, momentarily transforming back into his real self, his eyes wide as he stops suddenly at the sound of the man's voice.

Man: Hey, Mister.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: Huh--?

Panel 3

Bleebozz (now back in human disguise, his back to the camera) anxiously approaches the man in the alley, looking around and adjusting his collar as the shady man holds out a fedora hat to him, upside-down. We see the man has a coat on, which he begins unzipping with his free hand. The man smiles sinisterly.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: You frightened the *flempots* out of—!

Man: You dropped your hat.

Bleebozz: Oh. *Yes.*

Panel 4

Close shot of the upside-down hat in Bleebozz's hand. With his other hand, Bleebozz pulls from the hat a menta-wave helmet that had been hidden inside. Looking past the menta-wave helmet and the hat we see into the shady man's open coat. We now see that the man is actually a criminal Utrom with a scar over one eye, its body inside the stomach of a fake human body. The Utrom smiles sinisterly.

Man (Utrom): This *is* the hat you were looking for, isn't it, *Mr. Bozz?*

Panel 5

The Utrom zips up its coat again as Bleebozz hands him a wad of cash, nervously holding the hat with the menta-wave helmet inside it with the other hand.

Bleebozz: Y-yes, kind sir, this *is* my hat. Th-thank you. Here's a reward for your...kindness.

Panel 6

Bleebozz, again looking around anxiously, exits the alley with the hat held gingerly in both hands. Behind him the Utrom / man fades back into the darkness, his eyes looking after Bleebozz sinisterly.

Utrom / Man: Hold on to that hat, Mr. Bozz. I promise, it will...*open your mind.*

Page 8

Panel 1

Large establishing panel of a major indoor venue, with rows and rows of seats filled to capacity with an excited crowd, both human and alien. A large stage fills the front of the theatre. A distinguished-looking man in a suit and bowler hat addresses the crowd, speaking into a microphone and raising his other hand high for dramatic effect. About ten rows from the stage (and close to the camera), Casey, April and Shadow sit in their seats. Casey looks restless, a scowl on his face, while the other two chide him.

Shadow: Chill out, Dad. Quit squirming around!

April: Relax, Casey. This is supposed to be fun!

Casey: Rrrr... I still can't believe they made me check my gear at the door.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the night you've all been waiting for! Prepare to be amazed and exhilarated! Allow me to introduce the man of the hour, the incredible, the stupendous, the incomparable...

Panel 2

Closer shot as the announcer instantly transforms into Bleebozz, wearing a fancy suit jacket and short trousers with alien details, as well as a fancy alien headpiece. The crowd goes wild.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: BLEEBOZZ THE ENTERTAINER!!

SFX: Clap clap clap clap clap

Panel 3

Bleebozz (his back $\frac{3}{4}$ to the camera) addresses the riveted crowd, gesturing dramatically and speaking into the microphone. Several rows back we can see Casey and his family watching. Casey has his arms folded and looks on crustily.

Casey: What's with the *hat*?

April and Shadow: Shhhh!

Bleebozz: As you may know from my past shows in the great New York City, I have the fantastic ability to mimic...

Panel 4

Full-body shot of Bleebozz transformed into George Washington, complete in colonial dress with hat and all.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: ...anybody...

Panel 5

Similar shot as the last panel, except that now Bleebozz is transformed into Albert Einstein with a tasseled graduation-type hat.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: ...and...

Panel 6

Similar shot as the last panel, except that now Bleebozz is transformed into the Lone Ranger with a cowboy hat.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: ...everybody!

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Panel 1

Bleebozz transforms back into his normal self again and gestures out grandly toward the crowd. A handful of distinguished-looking guests stand up in the crowd and begin to make their way toward the stage. The rest of the audience claps.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: But tonight I'm going to show you all something you've *never seen before!* I've asked a few of our more well-known guests here tonight to come up and assist me. Let's give them a round of applause!

SFX: Clap clap clap

Panel 2

The handful of guests now stands to one side of the stage. At center stage, Bleebozz gestures toward a tall, athletic-looking black man who stands a few feet to his left.

Bleebozz: First, we have with us Charles Freeman, power forward for the New York Wildcats! You see him here...

Panel 3

Bleebozz transforms into a perfect mimic of Charles, but wearing a Wildcats cap. Bleebozz holds out a hand to catch a basketball that has been tossed to him from off-stage. Charles looks on, amused.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: ..and also *here!* And now with one of my trusty props...

Panel 4

Bleebozz amazes Charles and the rest of the crowd by performing an amazing display of rapid dribbling techniques, between the legs and all around, so fast his hands and the ball are almost a blur.

Bleebozz: ...let the game begin!

SFX: Thappa-thappa-thappa-thappa

Charles: Holy cow! He's doing my trademark "Wild Freeman" move! No one's ever been able to match it!

Panel 5

Bleebozz is now himself again wearing his alien headpiece, and spinning the basketball on one finger while wearing a broad smile, his other hand on his hip and his chest puffed out impressively. The guests on stage and the audience look on in amazement and delight.

SFX: Zert

Bleebozz: And the show's only just *started*, ladies and gentlemen! Who's next?

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Panel 1

Bleebozz mimics another guest, a refined concert pianist (but Bleebozz wears a black head wrap). He sits at a grand piano and plays rapidly while the stunned pianist looks on. Music notes sweep through the air.

Audience member: Amazing! He's perfectly matching *Monsieur LaFleur's* Sonata No. 12!

Panel 2

Bleebozz mimics a third guest, a young female gymnast, but he wears a tight-fitting cap. He performs a rapid series of flips and tumbles onstage while the gymnast looks on in delight.

Audience member: Incredible! He's performing *Lily Swanson's* gold-winning Olympic routine!

Panel 3

Long shot of the stage, where Bleebozz is again his normal self. He gestures to the crowd again, speaking into the microphone. Casey is close to the camera, still seated with his family. Shadow and April look at Casey excitedly, motioning for him to get up. He is reluctant, a tad annoyed. The rest of the crowd applauds.

Bleebozz: And now for the final stage of the show, I've chosen a random seat number in the audience to come and take part in the spectacle! Will the guest in seat *10-G* please come forward?

Shadow: Dad! That's *you!* Get up! Get up!!

Casey: I don't know...this is kinda weird.

April: Come on! It'll be *fun!*

SFX: Clap clap clap

Panel 4

Casey stomps up onto the stage to join Bleebozz. Bleebozz gestures toward him grandly.

Bleebozz: Very good! What's your name, good sir?

Casey: Uh...Casey. Casey Jones.

Bleebozz: Wonderful! And now for the grand finale!

Panel 5

Bleebozz suddenly doubles over, dropping the microphone and shaking and shivering as if violently ill. Casey stoops over slightly and reaches toward him, concerned and a little freaked out.

Bleebozz: Guh! *Uhhnn...*

Casey: Hey...are you okay, buddy?

Panel 6

Bleebozz starts to shift and change shape and color, a darkness taking over his form as he starts to grow, still doubled over. Casey takes a step back in alarm. The audience looks on in anxiety and surprise.

Bleebozz: I'm—I'm—

Page 11

Splash page. Bleebozz has become Dark Casey! The hulking, muscular monstrosity wears the black hockey mask, as well as a tank top, athletic pants, tennis shoes, and fingerless gloves. He is about eight feet tall, clenching his fists and rearing back triumphantly. It is a truly terrifying sight. Casey rears back in horror, staring in utter disbelief. The crowd screams and begins to scatter.

Dark Casey: I'M BACK!!!!

Casey: No-- It *can't* be...

Page 12

Panel 1

Casey is close to the camera, $\frac{3}{4}$ facing away from it. Dark Casey wheels on him gleefully, towering over him. The crowd freaks out, screaming and climbing over each other to get out.

Casey: ...*You*.

Dark Casey: HI, DADDY! MISS ME?!

Panel 2

Dark Casey, on stage toward the back of the panel, mightily backhands Casey, sending him flying toward the camera into the audience. The audience continues to panic.

Dark Casey: I MISSED *YOU*!

SFX: THWOK

Casey: *Gruh!*

Panel 3

Casey lies crumpled over some of the now empty seats in the audience, holding his hand to his face in groggy pain. He is only a row over in front of April and Shadow. They rise up from their seats, reaching for him in fear and concern, wide-eyed. All around them panicking audience members take flight.

Casey: Uhhh...

April: Casey!

Shadow: Dad! What's going on?!

Casey: It's *him*...

Panel 4

April attends to Casey, who starts to get painfully up. Shadow points over both of them toward the front of the theatre (not seen).

April: Who?

Casey: The *thing* from my *dream*...

April: *What?*

Shadow: Look! That monster's making a run for it!!

Panel 5

Dark Casey is headed for the door, wading through the running, panicking crowd and tossing people left and right to clear his path. In the background Casey, April and Shadow look on from the otherwise empty audience seats. Shadow continues to point.

Shadow: He's heading for the exit!

Casey: No... I can't let him get *away*!

Page 13

Panel 1

Casey runs out of the theatre and into the main foyer, stopping and looking around at the chaos that surrounds him. Overturned tables and other furniture litter the floor, and the last remnants of panicked crowd run past him. Shadow and April follow close behind Casey.

Casey: *Crap!!* He's gone!

Shadow: Dad! Wait up!

April: How did this--? This isn't making sense!

Panel 2

Casey throws a coat rack / checked belongings shelf to the side angrily while Shadow and April look on, still fearful and overwhelmed.

Casey: Son of a--! He took my bag! All my gear!

Shadow: How would it know--?

Panel 3

Casey faces April and Shadow grimly as he starts to take off his jacket, revealing that he's wearing a T-shirt underneath. The other two look at him anxiously. Beneath his jacket we catch a glimpse of his famous hockey mask, tucked into the back of his pants.

Casey: April. Shadow. Stay here.

April: Where are you going?

Casey: I've got to go after him. There are innocent people out there.

Shadow: But we want to go with—

Panel 4

Casey's back is to April and Shadow (and the camera) as he slips on his mask. They look at him, numb and anxious.

Casey: NO! I don't want you to get hu-...

Casey: ...I don't want you to get in the way. This is *my* fight.

Panel 5

Dramatic, large panel. Close shot of Casey's face, wearing his hockey mask and facing the camera straight on. The intensity in his eyes burns through the eye holes.

Casey: It's time for the *C-Man* to go to work.

Page 14

Splash page. Really cool shot of Casey, unarmed and hockey-masked, running out of the theatre and out into the street toward the camera. All around him panicked people run and scatter. A large lightning bolt slashes across the black, cloudy sky overhead. Rain pours violently down.

Casey (thinking): He's out there, somewhere. Waiting for me. Am I scared? No, not scared. *Terrified.*

SFX: BOOOOMMM

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Panel 1

Slightly low shot as Casey uses one hand to vault over a railing by the theatre's front steps. People continue to scatter around him as the rain comes down.

Casey (thinking): I remember when he first showed himself, back when Gabrielle died. He took her from me. And then he came back for Shadow.

Footnote: See TMNT vol. 1 #58 and vol. 2 #1!

Panel 2

Camera is behind Casey as he runs into the rain-lashed night, heading for a cluster of buildings. A few startled pedestrians get out of his way.

Casey (thinking): But he was only a nightmare. He wasn't real. I thought he was gone forever.

Panel 3

Profile silhouette of Casey as he runs into a more deserted part of town, with no other people visible and only a few street lamps around.

Casey (thinking): What *is* he? What does he *want* from me? From my *family*?

Panel 4

Casey suddenly slides to a stop and looks around warily. He stands in a deserted intersection of town. A few parked cars are around. The rain soaks him. A nearby streetlight shines off his wet mask and the water dripping off of it.

Casey (thinking): What did he do to *Bleebozz*? And how do I stop him *for good*?

Page 16

Panel 1

Casey has his fists up, cautious and battle-ready as he looks around, standing in front of an alley. A single street lamp shines by the alleyway, but the alley is still quite shadowy. In the background, crouched on top of a single-story building above and behind Casey is Dark Casey's monstrous silhouette, looking down at Casey with piercing white eyes.

SFX: Kritch

Casey: You're here. *I can feel you.* Where are you?!

Panel 2

Dark Casey suddenly leaps down from above, jump-kicking Casey in the back hard and sending him flying toward the alley opening. Dark Casey now wears Casey's bag of clubs, baseball bats, hockey sticks, etc., and holds a large baseball bat in each hand. Lightning flashes overhead.

Dark Casey: HERE I AM! SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING.

SFX: Hwak

Casey: Uff!

SFX (lightning): BOOOOM

Panel 3

The two face each other in the shadowy alley, Casey getting painfully to his feet. Dark Casey walks calmly toward him, bearing down on him. Rain drips off both of them.

Dark Casey: I CAN MAKE QUITE AN ENTRANCE, HUH?

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

Dark Casey: OH, I'M REAL *NOW*. BEEN BUILDING MY POWER ALL THESE YEARS, WAITING FOR MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE. THAT ALIEN WIMP AND HIS NIFTY LITTLE HAT WERE THE DOORWAY. BUT THE *NIGHTMARE* PART...

Panel 4

Dark Casey charges the camera, attacking with his huge baseball bat.

Dark Casey: *THAT YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT!*

Panel 5

Dark Casey, his back to the camera, cracks Casey a good one that sends Casey flying backward into the air, trailing water.

SFX: KRACK

Casey: OOF!

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Panel 1

Casey is close to the camera, getting up from the muddy alley floor where he was lying chest down. He leans on his right hand, his hand resting over a discarded metal pipe (about the size of a tire iron), while brushing the back of his left hand against the mouth region of his masked face. Behind and above him Dark Casey attacks, holding up both bats to strike.

Casey: Ungh...

Panel 2

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

Casey: Hup!

Dark Casey: Grah!!

SFX: HRACK

Panel 3

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

SFX: FWAKK

Dark Casey: *ARR!!*

Casey: What *are* you, you *freak?!?*

Panel 4

Dark Casey, grabbing Casey around the neck with a huge hand, hauls Casey up high into the air and slams him against a brick wall so Casey's back is against it. Casey clutches at Dark Casey's grip with both hands, having dropped the metal pipe. Dark Casey rears back his other hand for a crushing midsection punch.

Dark Casey: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T *KNOW?* I'M *YOU*, BUDDY-BOY! THE *REAL YOU*, THE ONE WHO FEEDS ON THE *FEARS* OF OTHERS, WHO SHOWS *NO MERCY!*

Panel 5

Shot of Casey, still held aloft by Dark Casey, swinging both his legs and his body upward so that Dark Casey's punch imbeds into the brick wall where Casey's midsection was only moments ago. Meanwhile, Casey kicks Dark Casey across the face with one foot, inadvertently knocking a hockey stick out of Dark Casey's bag in the process.

Casey: You're a freakin' *psycho!!*

SFX (kick): Whup

SFX (punching wall): BASSHH

Panel 6

Dark Casey hurls Casey upside-down through the air (again trailing water, flying toward the camera) and into a pile of trashcans.

Casey: WHAH!

SFX: Crashhh

Dark Casey: 'THAT A *BAD* THING?

Page 18

Panel 1

Dark Casey'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 two old pieces of wood from the ground as he does so.

Dark Casey: YOU DON'T *GET IT*, DO YOU? I'M WHO YOU *WOULD'VE* BECOME. *SHOULD'VE* BECOME.

Panel 2

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

Dark Casey: WHO YOU'D BE IF YOU HADN'T GOT *LOVE* AND *FRIENDS* IN YOUR LIFE. YOU STARTED TO CHANGE. GET *WEAK*. STARTED TO FEAR WHAT YOU'D *BEEEN*. STARTED TO FEAR *ME*.

SFX: Crunch crunch

Casey: Ulp.

Panel 3

Dark Casey kicks a huge foot into Casey's chest.

SFX: WHUMP

Casey: Uhnnp

Dark Casey: I WAS YOUR *STRENGTH*...

Panel 4

Dark Casey ruthlessly headbutts Casey, sending him reeling.

SFX: KROK

Dark Casey: YOUR *SAVAGERY*, YOUR *KILLING INSTINCT*...

Panel 5

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

Dark Casey (not seen): ...YOUR *TRUE SELF*...

Panel 6

The looming Dark Casey cracks Casey a good one with a bat, knocking his weakening body down off the crates. Lightning flashes overhead.

SFX: Crunch

Casey: Uhh...

Dark Casey: SO I KNEW I HAD TO GET RID OF YOUR *DISTRACTIONS*. *ONE BY ONE*.

SFX (lightning): BOOOOM

Page 19

Panel 1

Low shot of Casey, lying helplessly on his back on the wet, muddy ground, looking up at the terrifying, shadowy form of Dark Casey, 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 April's and Shadow's silhouettes peeking around the corner to see the scene.

Dark Casey: BUT NOW I'M *FREE*. AND I DON'T NEED *YOU* ANYMORE.

Panel 2

Close shot of April and Shadow, looking on wide-eyed in fear. Both are soaked in the rain, looking somewhat helpless.

Shadow: D-dad?

Panel 3

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

Dark Casey: HURRM? WHAT HAVE WE *HERE*?

Panel 4

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

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

Panel 5

Dark Casey steps over Casey and begins stalking towards the camera (i.e. April and Shadow, though they are not seen). A scary shot.

Dark Casey: HEH HEH. LOOKEY HERE. *LOOSE ENDS*.

Somewhat low shot from Casey's POV. April and Shadow are backing up, fearfully huddled together like in Casey's dream at the beginning of the issue, as Dark Casey stalks toward them, looming over them, his back to the camera and Casey. Casey, now rolled over onto his stomach, weakly claws the air after Dark Casey.

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

Dark Casey: AH, THIS BRINGS BACK THE MEMORIES. WHAT WAS IT I SAID BACK THEN...? OH YEAH.

Panel 2

Close-up of Dark Casey's black masked face glowering evilly, his white eyes gleaming through the darkness of his mask and the background. Rain drips down the mask.

Dark Casey: I TOOK *GABRIELLE*...AND NOW I'VE COME BACK FOR *SHADOW*!!

Panel 3

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

Panel 4

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 5

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 6

Close-up of Casey's hand reaching down to the muddy alley floor and grabbing the dropped hockey stick.

Page 21

Awesome splash page as Casey (still wearing his mask, as his mask exploding off was only symbolic) leaps up from behind Dark Casey and clocks him across the back of the head with the hockey stick, knocking Dark Casey off his feet and out of the alley. April and Shadow leap together out of the way, still somewhat overwhelmed. Lightning flashes overhead.

Casey: *Get away from my family!!*

SFX: THWOKK

Dark Casey: GAH!!

SFX (lightning): BOOOOOM

Page 22

Panel 1

The battle now takes place in the deserted street outside the alley. Shot of Casey and Dark Casey from the waist up, Dark Casey's back to the camera. Casey cracks Dark Casey hard across the face with the hockey stick. The rain continues to come down, but not as fiercely as before.

Casey: You'll never *touch* them!

SFX: THAKK

Panel 2

Casey jump-kicks into Dark Casey's midsection with both feet, still clutching the hockey stick. Dark Casey is knocked off his feet, clawing at the air helplessly.

Casey: You'll never *hurt* them!!

SFX: FUMMP

Dark Casey: GUKK

Panel 3

Somewhat low shot as Casey wails on the downed Dark Casey (indicated only by Dark Casey's weakly grasping hand coming up from the bottom of the panel), raising the hockey stick to strike again and again. The rain is only sprinkling now, although the clouds overhead are still black.

Casey: *Ever! You hear me?! EVER!!*

SFX: WHAKK KRAKK

Panel 4

Close shot of the downed Dark Casey's black masked face; the mask has some scrapes on it, indicating he's been a bit beat up.

Dark Casey (weakly): Yes...that's right...Be your *true* self...Be *ME*...

Panel 5

April and Shadow suddenly reach toward Casey from behind him, their faces full of panic. He hesitates, holding up his hockey stick to strike again, pausing in his rage.

Shadow: Dad! *Stop!!*

April: That's not really him! That's not really *him!!*

Page 23

Panel 1

Close shot of Casey looking down, frozen in anxious thought. His wide eyes are visible through the eye holes of his mask.

Casey (quietly): Not...really...*him*...? Not...really...

Panel 2

Close shot of Dark Casey's black masked face from his position on the ground. He looks up at Casey (not seen) with eyes that are suddenly weak and afraid, i.e. they now have pupils instead of being blank white. Something has changed here.

Dark Casey (weakly): *Please...help...me...*

Panel 3

Close shot of Casey's hand hanging limply and dropping the hockey stick to the wet ground.

Casey (quietly): *...me.*

SFX: Klink

Panel 4

Same shot as Panel 2, except that Dark Casey is back, the eyes again blank white.

Dark Casey: NO!! I'M IN CONTROL! *I'M IN CONTROL!!*

Panel 5

Dark Casey, suddenly leaping up and towering over Casey, rears back a mighty swing with his huge fist. Casey's back is to us, but he appears calm.

Dark Casey: RRRR—

Page 24

Panel 1

Close shot as Casey (now facing the camera) catches Dark Casey's fist in one hand (with a small spray of water droplets), looking up calmly at Dark Casey (not seen). It has stopped raining, and is getting lighter.

Casey: No.

SFX: Fapp

Casey: *I'm* in control now.

Panel 2

Dramatic shot as Casey (camera is behind him) reaches up and rips the black mask off of Dark Casey, whose now revealed face bursts with light, obscuring any facial features. Dark Casey rears back weakly as power blasts out of him.

Casey: *Not the mask.*

SFX: FWAAAASSSHHHHH

Dark Casey: GWAAAAAHHHHH!!

Panel 3

Close shot of the black hockey mask seeming to dissolve into smoke as it bounces once off the concrete ground.

SFX: Tink

Panel 4

Same shot as before, but now the black mask has become the menta-wave helmet and ragged fedora hat lying on the ground, as the last wisps of smoke curl away from them.

Panel 5

Slightly high shot of Casey (his mask now pushed up off his face), April, and Shadow standing calmly around Bleebozz, who is now back to his normal self, kneeling on the ground and hanging his head weakly. He holds his hands up to his face as he tries to recover. He looks a little ragged and beat up. The camera is $\frac{3}{4}$ behind Casey and his family and favors Bleebozz.

Bleebozz: Ohhh... My head hurts... What...what *happened?*

Page 25

Splash page. Low shot as Casey reaches down, offering the still-kneeling Bleebozz a hand. Bleebozz looks up in weak surprise. Behind Casey, April and Shadow stand looking on, huddled together peacefully.

Behind and above Casey, the sky is now mostly clear, the clouds having broken, replaced by a peaceful evening sky where a few beams of sunlight shine through.

Casey: You had a nightmare. But it's over now.

Page 26

Panel 1

Establishing shot of the Northampton countryside. April's van drives $\frac{3}{4}$ away from the camera and down the road. Beautiful trees line the roadside. A pretty sunset is in the distance. A few birds fly by overhead.

Caption: Epilogue

Shadow (not seen): So Mom and I saw Bleebozz on the news today.

Casey (not seen): What was the story, Shad?

Panel 2

Interior shot of the van. Casey drives, with April in the passenger side and Shadow leaning up between them from the back seat. They all smile pleasantly at each other as they converse.

Shadow: He's quitting his gig for a while. After all the craziness at the show, he said he had to take some time off and think about his life.

April: Yes, apparently he's been in trouble with some shady characters for a while now. There's still an investigation going on.

Casey: I kinda feel sorry for the guy. Guess he has his own demons to face.

Panel 3

Another shot of the three talking, favoring Casey, who looks reflective as he drives.

Casey: I've been doing some thinking of my own...about what happened the other day.

April: What's that?

Casey: I realized that I was trying to face my fears alone, to protect you two from them...but in the end...

Panel 4

The van turns into the driveway of Casey's farmhouse.

Casey (not seen): ...it was *you* who helped me defeat them for good.

Panel 5

Final large shot of Casey, April, and Shadow standing outside the parked van and waving as Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Donatello come walking toward them from the woods behind the farmhouse. Everyone waves at each other. The sun sets in the background. It is a happy, reflective scene.

Casey: It's good to finally be free.

Caption: The End!