

TALK TO THE FIST!

Written & Created by Christopher Howard Wolf

PAGE ONE

Panel One - Int. The Turtle Club - Night

This is a seedy underground arena, presumably hidden far from the public eye as well as the authorities. A square of GRAVEL sits in the middle of high STONE WALLS above which several well-dressed ONLOOKERS in BLEACHERS cheer, drink, and wave MONEY around. Standing in the square is BIG SAMA, a tremendously fat sumo wrestler in SWIMMING TRUNKS and SUNGLASSES. Standing before him as if the two are about to fight is P. KING DUKK, a very muscular man in GLASSES and a BUSINESS SUIT with TIE, his hair slicked straight up about a foot above his head. Sama appears ready to fight while Dukk talks on a CELL PHONE.

CAPTION: The Turtle Club, one of many underground fighting establishments controlled by the Order of Fists.

Panel Two - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

We now join one of the men watching the impending fight. He is HANK, a well-dressed, lanky, awkward-looking man with a LIFE MEDALLION hanging around his neck. The Life Medallion resembles a green, glowing life bar from a video game, set in ornately detailed silver. Hank has two GIRLS, one on each arm, and seems as smug as can be.

GIRL #1: Which one's yours, Hanky-baby?

HANK: The fat one... and just call me Hank. A "hanky" is what you blow snot into.

GIRL #2: Ooh, that's good. The fat one's adorable.

Panel Three - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Big Sama suddenly RUNS toward P. King Dukk at full tilt, seemingly ready to tear him apart. P. King Dukk is still casually talking into his cell phone.

VOICE: (off panel) FIGHT!!

BIG SAMA: Raaahhh!!

P. KING DUKK: Hold my calls, Susan. I have to take care of something.

Panel Four - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk THROWS the cell phone straight up in the air as he KICKS Big Sama square in the face. Needless to say, Sama is stopped cold, his flab rippling.

SFX: (kick to face) WHUDDDD

Panel Five - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

We're back with Hank and his girls now. The girls both react in shock toward what has just happened to Big Sama. Hank is still as cool as a cucumber. The medallion on Hank's neck now shows a bit of RED on the life bar, as if it is tracking the damage Big Sama receives.

GIRL #1: OH!

GIRL #2: NO!

HANK: Relaaaaxx, girls. I trained Big Sama myself. He isn't going to take that kick to the face lightly. Just watch.

Panel Six - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Big Sama reels back from the kick, pulling the shattered sunglasses from his face.

BIG SAMA: You break Big Sama's shades. Big Sama have trouble finding glasses to fit large head.

PAGE TWO

Panel One - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Big Sama holds his hands over his head and makes a weird squatting move as he shouts. ENERGEY seems to be materializing around his hands.

BIG SAMA: BIG SAAMMAAA... BIG WAAAVE...

Panel Two - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Big Sama THRUSTS his hands forward, generating a tremendous BLAST of SEA WATER, complete with a few FISH and CRABS, the throws P. King Dukk backward, drenching him.

BIG SAMA: BLAST!!

Panel Three - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Hank continues to watch. He grins wide as the girls grasp and cuddle him in excitement.

GIRL #2: That was AWESOME.

HANK: Yup. That little trick is refreshing on a hot summer day, too.

Panel Four - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Hank focuses his attention on the girls now as they continue to fondle him.

HANK: I can introduce you girls to Big Sama later, but you have to promise you'll wear white t-shirts.

Panel Five - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk is getting to his feet on the far side of the square, having been soundly thrown into one of the stone walls, which is now CRACKED from the impact. Dukk looks none too happy.

P. KING DUKK: You made... my best suit...

Panel Six - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

This is a close shot of P. King Dukk as he SCREAMS in rage. FLAMES build within his eyes... literally.

P. KING DUKK: FISHY!!

PAGE THREE

Panel One - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

For the first time, Hank looks a little concerned, though he is trying to conceal it for the girls.

HANK: Oh... uh... Flaming eyes. He's in outrage mode.

Panel Two - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Suddenly, P. King Dukk RUSHES toward Big Sama. Sama braces for impact as the two look as if they are about to grapple.

P. KING DUKK: RRRRRRAAHHH!

Panel Three - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Big Sama and P. King Dukk meet with such force that a SHOCK WAVE emanates from the point of contact. The two are now locked in grappling stances.

SFX: (two fighters meeting) FWAKK!

Panel Four - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk suddenly PIVOTS and THROWS Big Sama into one of the stone walls with incredible force, shattering much of the stonework. The move seems almost effortless on Dukk's part.

SFX: (Sama into wall) CHOOM!

Panel Five - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Hank now JUMPS FORWARD, carelessly knocking the two girls aside. He is clearly surprised and concerned for Big Sama's wellbeing. The medallion he wears is now nearly all red, as if Sama has hardly any "life" left.

HANK: NO!!

PAGE FOUR

Panel One - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Now dazed and bruised, Big Sama struggles to get to his feet. He is clearly reeling.

BIG SAMA: Big Sama... not sure where he is. You pay for knocking details out of Big Sama's impressive brain.

Panel Two - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

We are back on P. King Dukk now as he loosens his tie, not looking at all concerned with Big Sama's possible reprisal.

P. KING DUKK: Heh.

Panel Three - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk effortlessly LEAPS into the air, one leg lifted as if he is preparing to bring it down on something.

Panel Four - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

This is a shot of Hank's horrified face as he looks on.

Panel Five - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

This is a shot of Big Sama's face as he looks upward, presumably toward where P. King Dukk must be. Big Sama's expression looks as of he realizes he is about to be struck, but is not fearful.

Panel Six - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk is still in the air as he brings his foot down hard against Big Sama's head. Big Sama's whole body seems to flatten just a bit from the blow. Dukk is making this all look pretty easy.

SFX: (foot on head) CRUUNNCHH

PAGE FIVE

Panel One - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Big Sama is now standing with his head down as if he is unconscious on his feet. P. King Dukk lands nearby.

VOICE: (off panel) FINISH IT!!

Panel Two - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

Hank is now pushing aside people in the elated and crazed crowd as he shouts out toward the combat area. The members of the crowd look as if they're enjoying the final moments of an epic sporting event. The medallion Hank is wearing is now fully RED.

HANK: No! DON'T finish it! I'll be ruined! I emptied my bank account just to feed him!

Panel Three - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

This is a straight shot of P. King Dukk as he holds out a closed BRIEFCASE. Everything seems to have grown DARK around him as an evil expression spreads across his face.

Panel Four - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

We now watch from the side as P. King Dukk lets the briefcase fall open in his hands. A cluster of ghost-like WRAITHS erupt from within the briefcase, quickly speeding toward Big Sama en masse.

SFX: (Wraiths) EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Panel Five - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

This is a shot of Big Sama as the wraiths PASS THROUGH him, leaving behind only his SKELETON and SWIMMING TRUNKS. The trunks are still in place as if he were wearing them on his body.

SFX: (Wraiths passing through Sama) SHHHOOO

Panel Six - Int. The Turtle Club - Continuous

We now see Big Sama's skeleton as it stands quietly on its feet. The swimming trunks FALL around its ankles.

VOICE: (off panel) P. KING DUKK WINS! Please do not rush the ring. He WILL massacre you.

SFX: (trunks falling) Shff

PAGE SIX

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Morning

This is an idyllic city street lined with STOREFRONTS and the occasional TREE. We focus on Hank's face as he looks toward the reader. Hank seems disheveled and dirty. He doesn't look homeless, but it's a far cry from when we last saw him.

CAPTION: Clash City, three months and seven days later.

HANK: Chop! Spin! Chop! Pivot! Success!

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We now pull back from Hank to see that he is standing behind a CARD TABLE displaying a VEGETABLE CHOPPING DEVICE and a BOWL of CHOPPED VEGETABLES. A SIGN hangs from the table, which reads: "THE VEGGIE VIOLATOR". Hank is

demonstrating the product as CITIZENS pass by, taking no note of him.

HANK: Ta-da! Like magic, you have a freshly cut salad. Living healthy is just that simple, folks.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank lifts up handfuls of chopped vegetables, a manic look in his eyes. A PASSERBY comments without looking at Hank.

HANK: Who doesn't like vegetables?

PASSERBY: NOBODY likes vegetables.

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank calls after the passerby, who is now several feet away and not turning back.

HANK: Hey! Hey, I don't come to where YOU work, and... and...

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank suddenly KICKS over the card table, sending everything on it flying.

HANK: Point out obvious truths!

SFX: (kicking table) WHOKK

PAGE SEVEN

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank is now angrily storming away from the remains of the table.

HANK: Screw it. I don't need this freakin' job.

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank stops at a BUS STOP, along with a LARGE WOMAN and a YOUNG PUNK. The large woman is taking up a nearby BENCH.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank leans against the bus stop sign and looks toward the young punk. Hank is still pretty furious.

HANK: I'm back on the job hunt. Do you get PAID to look like that?

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Thankfully, a CITY BUS pulls up in front of the bus stop before the young punk can even process the question. Hank has started toward the bus, disregarding the others waiting. We cannot see the rear of the bus.

SFX: (bus stopping) Vrrmm... -pshh-

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank has just started to step onto the bus. He is more outside the bus than he is inside.

HANK: Ah, my limousine awaits. I hope the champagne has been chilled.

PAGE EIGHT

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Suddenly the bus is quickly PULLED BACKWARD, sending the very surprised Hank flying from it.

HANK: Eh?!

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank is now sprawled out on the sidewalk, still quite confused. It looks as if he landed pretty hard.

HANK: Wow. Rejected by a mode of public transportation. I think that classifies as a new low.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

As Hank gets to his feet in the foreground, we see in the background that the city bus is now being held aloft by BRUTO, a large, hairy, burly biker. Bruto looks none too happy as he waves the bus around almost as if it were a weapon. A few POLICE OFFICERS scatter near Bruto.

BRUTO: Ahh! Ha ha ha! Try takin' me in NOW, pigs! NOBODY slaps cuffs on BRUTO!

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Bruto swings the bus around, citizens DROP from inside, landing on the pavement. They are injured, but not gravely.

BRUTO: I'm one of the ONES! Ya got that? Ya stooges can't just ARREST a One!

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Bruto turns to see Hank now standing next to him. Hank seems pretty casual given the situation.

HANK: Hi. Mr. Bruto, is it?

BRUTO: Uh, yeah...

HANK: I figured. Talking in the third person seems to be a running theme with you super-warrior types.

Panel Six - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank extends a hand as if he wants to shake with Bruto. Bruto looks down at the hand with puzzlement.

HANK: My name's Hank. I'm a CHOSEN TRAINER, and I'm currently looking for one of the ONES to take under my wing. Are you currently JOINED with a trainer?

PAGE NINE

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is a close shot of Bruto's face as he sneers.

BRUTO: "Trainer?"

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Suddenly, Bruto KICKS Hank in the stomach with such speed and force that Hank flies off into the distance like a rag doll.

BRUTO: Bruto the Brutal Biker is ALREADY perfect!

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We now join the Police Officers, who are hiding behind some SQUAD CARS, their GUNS drawn. They aren't sure how to handle this. Bruto is in the distance and looks as if he is about to throw the city bus at them.

BRUTO: Now to fry some bacon!

POLICE OFFICER #1: We need to take him out! NOW!

POLICE OFFICER #2: Someone on the bus might catch a stray bullet.

Panel Four - Ext. Blast Zone Comics - At That Moment

We now see one of the storefronts. It is a COMIC BOOK STORE with various Super-Hero POSTERS in the windows. A large sign above the front door reads: "BLAST ZONE COMICS". Exiting the store is NOODLE, a chubby, short, fan boy of Asian descent with GLASSES. He is drinking a large FROZEN

DRINK through a bendy straw and is wearing a T-SHIRT and SHORTS.

VOICE: (from inside shop) This isn't a library! Come back when you have some MONEY!

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle walks along a CROSSWALK, minding his own business as he continues to sip his drink. In the background, the Police Officers scream at him.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Get outta the way, kid!!

POLICE OFFICER #2: MOVE IT!

PAGE TEN

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle stops in the middle of the road and looks back at the Police Officers, who continue to shout. Noodle seems incredibly apathetic.

POLICE OFFICER #1: No! Don't stop and look at us!

POLICE OFFICER #2: Behind you!

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is a close shot of Noodle's face as he turns to look in the direction the Police Officers are pointing him. He has a bland, emotionless expression on his face as he continues to suck on his bendy straw.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We now see from behind Noodle as the city bus HURTLES TOWARD HIM at a high rate of speed. It is obvious that Bruto THREW the bus, and it seems as if Noodle is about to be killed!

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is another close shot of Noodle's face. It is exactly the same as the previous shot of him, but now his eyebrows are slightly raised in surprise.

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We see the Police Officers again as they all huddle behind the squad car, grimacing as they anticipate the crushing death of Noodle.

SFX: (bus crashing) VRRUUNCH

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We now see the city bus as it seems to hover motionless in mid-air. Noodle is standing in front of the bus, holding it back with a single hand. The bus is dented in round Noodle's hand. He still sips his drink.

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

The bus DROPS to the ground as Noodle continues to hold his hand out, not having moved an inch.

SFX: (bus hitting ground) SKRRRNSH

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle calmly looks down at the hand he stopped the bus with. He has stopped drinking his drink.

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle holds the drink against the hand he stopped the bus with. STEAM rises as the cold cup touches his hand.

SFX: (cup on hand) Tsss

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We join Hank now as he hangs upside down from a TREE. He looks as if he landed in this exact position, his limbs intertwined with the tree's limbs. A CITIZEN is standing near the tree.

HANK: Hey. I just woke up. Did I miss anything?

CITIZEN: The roly-poly kid caught a flying bus with one hand.

Panel Six - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is a close shot of Hank's upside down face as he looks very interested in this information.

HANK: Oh, REALLY?

PAGE TWELVE

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle is now quietly walking away from the action, as if he's just going about his normal day. Hank is running up behind him with leaves and branches in his clothes and hair.

HANK: Hey! Hey, kid! Wait up.

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank walks alongside Noodle as they move quickly along the sidewalk.

HANK: How did you stop that bus?

NOODLE: Dunno.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

The two continue to walk. Noodle is obviously just focused on where he's going.

HANK: Have you ever done something like that before?

NOODLE: Dunno.

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank stops for a moment. Noodle walks ahead of him.

HANK: How can you NOT know something like that?

NOODLE: Dunno.

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank runs after Noodle again, this time grabbing him by the shoulder. Noodle drops his drink.

HANK: Hey, come on, I just want to talk to you.

Panel Six - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank and Noodle are now facing each other. Hank has his hands on Noodle's shoulders, and Noodle is not making eye contact with him.

NOODLE: I have a crisis whistle.

HANK: What? Kid, I'm not trying to MUG you. I want to TRAIN you!

NOODLE: I'd prefer to be mugged, actually.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank is now pulling his medallion out from beneath his shirt. He seems excited, but Noodle is entirely unaffected.

HANK: Do you know what this is?

NOODLE: Gross jewelry from the 70s.

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank and Noodle now continue to walk along. Hank has his arm around Noodle's shoulders, mostly in a friendly way, but also so he has to listen.

HANK: Let me tell you a story... what's your name, by the way?

NOODLE: Noodle.

HANK: Let me tell you a story, Noodle... my name's Hank, by the way.

NOODLE: Okay.

Panel Three - Black Panel - Timeless

This is a pitch black panel. All we can see here is a muscular, lithe FIGHTER dressed in ancient, traditional martial arts garb.

CAPTION, HANK: So... since the dawn of mankind, there has always been, you know, THE ONE. The pinnacle of human excellence. The guy who can fend off entire armies... blindfolded.

Panel Four - Ext. Ancient Forest - Flashback

Through the thick trees in this lush, archaic forest we can see two SAMURAI engaged in combat.

CAPTION, HANK: Throughout the ages, the ONE would sire a single child, who would go on to take his father's place. It has something to do with the cycle of life, I guess.

Panel Five - Ext. Ancient Forest - Continuous

One samurai THRUSTS his hands forward, casting a FIREBALL at the other. The other samurai backs away in shock.

CAPTION, HANK: The One could use his connections to the supernatural to perform amazing feats of strength and even a bit of magic.

Panel Six - Ext. Temple Bedroom - Flashback

We are now in an extravagant bedroom within an old temple. This scene takes place no more than a hundred years ago, so the setting is not necessarily "ancient" in nature. There is a large CANOPY BED here. Sitting atop the bed is a happy-looking NINJA surrounded by beautiful, fawning WOMEN.

CAPTION, HANK: About a hundred years ago, that generation's "One" got kind of full of himself. He decided to sire a whole horde of children in order to make them fight for superiority... and his approval. This begat the "Ones", a lineage of SUPER-WARRIORS.

PAGE FOURTEEN

Panel One - Ext. Temple Bedroom - Continuous

We now see a nearby WOODEN TABLE in the bedroom. Lying upon it are many MEDALLIONS just like Hank's. A nearby CRATE appears to be filled with them as well.

CAPTION, HANK: Each progeny was "joined" with a trainer, who would be the only one allowed to tell them what to do or how to do it. Each trainer was given a mysterious MEDALLION that accurately tracked the warrior's LIFE FORCE.

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Present Day

As Hank and Noodle continue to walk, Hank once again shows off his medallion as if he is impressing Noodle.

HANK: So... NOW do you get what this is?

NOODLE: A medical alert necklace because you're old?

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank and Noodle have stopped. Hank shouts in Noodle's face.

HANK: I'm a TRAINER, damn it!

NOODLE: Oh, okay...

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank puts his hand to his face and tries to calm himself down as Noodle stands by apathetically.

HANK: Sorry. It's been a bad couple months. Basically, what I'm getting at is that I think YOU'RE a "One", and I'd like to try to TRAIN you.

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is largely the same scene as above.

NOODLE: Train me for what?

HANK: Fighting.

NOODLE: Are you gonna yell at me more?

HANK: I'll try not to.

Panel Six - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle walks away from Hank, continuing down the sidewalk. Hank looks up from his hand.

NOODLE: 'Kay. I can't hang out in the comic shop anymore, anyway.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle is now further away as Hank calls after him.

HANK: Wait, really?

NOODLE: Yeah, whatever.

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We now stay with Hank as he clicks his heels.

HANK: Hot damn! I'm back in the game!!

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Night

This is a small, modest dojo within the city. There are MIRRORS on one wall, a few ancient WEAPONS hanging on another, and some MATS laid out on the floor to soften impacts. A large, ornate CABINET stands to one side of the wall. Standing here is BUNG, a diminutive Asian SENSEI in a BLACK GI with a FIST logo on the chest. He looks to be a generally kind and wise man. We cannot yet see who else is in the room.

CAPTION: Bung's Dojo, one of the Order of Fists' officially endorsed training centers.

CAPTION: Home of Krazy Kung-Fu Fridays.

BUNG: Knowing your strengths is important, but knowing your opponent's weaknesses is integral to succeeding in combat. Now, use what I have taught you, my student.

Panel Four - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

We now see that standing before Bung is a YOUNG WOMAN and a large, imposing MAN in protective PADDING. The Young Woman KICKS the Man in the crotch with incredible force.

YOUNG WOMAN: NO! I DON'T KNOW YOU! THAT'S MY PURSE!

MAN: OOAARGH.

BUNG: The testicles are key. Good... good...

Panel Five - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung gestures for the Young Woman and the Man to leave. The Man is obviously feeling a bit of pain from the last kick.

BUNG: Now go. You have done well tonight, but I must be left alone with my thoughts. We will take this up again in your next session.

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung is now left alone in the room. He bows his head with a smile and presses his palms together in front of himself.

BUNG: Ah, yes. Now to begin meditation.

PAGE SIXTEEN

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung suddenly TURNS as Hank's voice echoes from a doorway.

HANK: (off panel) Get real, Bung. "Meditation" is just code for "getting blasted and skulking around the women's gym next door."

BUNG: Who dares?!

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank approaches Bung. Hank is grinning widely as Bung looks skeptical of him. Hank is now prominently wearing his medallion in full view.

HANK: I dare, old man. How the Hell are you?

BUNG: Hmm. I heard YOU were the one in Hell, Mr. Hank.

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank SLAPS Bung on the shoulder in a semi-friendly manner. Bung looks annoyed.

HANK: Aw, I expected a warmer welcome from an old friend!

BUNG: Indeed I am old, but not old enough to believe we are friends. I assume you are here to beg for insider information with which to place bets?

Panel Four - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank gestures toward the door here as Noodle emerges. Noodle is now wearing a GREEN GI. Noodle looks a bit uncomfortable.

HANK: Not hardly. Meet Noodle, a funny little kid I met today.

NOODLE: These feel like pajamas. I think I'm sleepy.

Panel Five - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank has his arm around Noodle's shoulders again as he grins at the incredulous Bung.

HANK: Noodle here needs a sparring partner... you know, just to give him a little self-defense test. You owe me a favor, so I figured I'd ask you to do the honors.

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung walks around Noodle, sizing him up as he strokes his chin.

BUNG: In actuality, it is you who owe me the favor for letting you sleep in my office. It was a most abused favor as "three weeks" turned into forty days.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung now stands before Noodle in a fighting position. Noodle is still as apathetic as ever.

BUNG: However, I see no reason why you should not owe me TWO favors.

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank steps away from Noodle and Bung as they remain standing before each other.

BUNG: Alright, young Noodle. Attempt to strike me.

Panel Three - Ext. Bung's Dojo - Seconds Later

This is the exterior of Bung's Dojo. It looks to be a respectable little establishment. A SIGN above the front door reads: "BUNG'S DOGO", naturally.

Panel Four - Ext. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

This is the same shot as above, save for the fact that Bung is ROCKETING through the wall, SMASHING a tremendous HOLE in it and sending shards of stone everywhere. He is hurtling at an upward angle.

SFX: (Bung through wall) CHOOM!

Panel Five - Ext. City Skyline - Continuous

Bung continues to hurtle through the air at an upward angle, and has smashed clear through THREE SKYSCRAPERS on his way. Stone from the buildings drops from the impact areas.

SFX: (hitting buildings) CHOOM! CHOOM! CHOOM!

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Later

Back in Bung's dojo sometime later, Noodle is sitting on the floor, bored as Hank sits in a nearby chair, his arms folded.

CAPTION: Later...

HANK: It's been... what, two hours? Think you killed him?

NOODLE: I guess.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Suddenly, Bung storms into the room covered in small chunks of rock and dust. He is incredibly angry. Noodle and Hank are surprised.

BUNG: HOW CAN YOU NOT TELL ME HE'S ONE OF THE ONES!? IF A GUY IS ABOUT TO FIGHT A ONE, YOU FRICKIN' TELL HIM!!

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung KICKS the chair out from under Hank, who remains sitting in mid-air for the moment.

SFX: (kicking chair) KLANG

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank finally FALLS to the floor as Bung lifts a foot as if he's going to STOMP on Hank's head.

BUNG: I'D BE DEAD RIGHT NOW IF I HADN'T FOCUSED THE LIVING CRAP OUT OF MY CHI!!

Panel Four - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank barely rolls out of the way as Bung brings his foot down, SMASHING through the floor.

SFX: (foot through floor) SHAKK

HANK: Gah!

Panel Five - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank cowers in a corner, holding his medallion up to Bung, who is approaching him angrily.

HANK: Hey! Hey! Respect the medallion! You can't kill a trainer or the Order of Fists will reduce your dojo's five star rating!

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung stands over Hank, screaming down at him as he cowers.

BUNG: NOT IF THEY COULDN'T IDENTIFY THE CORPSE BECAUSE IT WAS PUMMELED INTO GELATIN!

PAGE NINETEEN

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung backs off from Hank a bit. Hank is still frozen in a cowering position.

BUNG: Easy, Bung... remember your oath... remember to breathe...

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung calmly walks away from Hank, who starts to get up.

HANK: Are... are you going to be okay, now?

BUNG: It's nothing some "meditation" can't fix later tonight.

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung focuses on Noodle, who is now once again standing to face him. Noodle doesn't seem particularly interested in

anything that was just transpiring. Hank stands cautiously some distance behind Bung.

BUNG: Young Noodle... It is customary for Ones to treat common fighters with caution. It is also customary to announce you are a One before engaging in battle.

HANK: Yeah, and it's customary to protect your trainer from murderous old bats!

Panel Four - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung bows to Noodle, who remains motionless.

BUNG: If you so choose, I can help hone your skills through mock battle. Discovering your special attacks, however, will be up to the most... honorable... Hank.

Panel Five - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

This is a close shot of Noodle as he makes a GUN-SHAPE with his fingers.

NOODLE: Can you teach me how to shoot a guy?

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung gets into a fighting stance once again as he and Noodle continue to face each other.

BUNG: A gun is a machine, not a weapon.

PAGE TWENTY

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Noodle takes a light swing at Bung, who deftly deflects the punch as he pivots.

BUNG: Just as the carver has no use for a chainsaw, so too does the true warrior reject firearms.

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung gives Noodle a good PUNCH in the kidney as Noodle follows through with his deflected swing. Noodle seems a bit surprised.

SFX: (kidney punch) CHUFF

NOODLE: Oof!

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Noodle is now lying in a heap on the floor, clutching his side. Bung stands over him, looking a bit disappointed.

NOODLE: OOH-AH! WHY??

BUNG: I can see this will be a most difficult undertaking.

Panel Four - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung is now standing by the large cabinet, preparing to open its doors. Noodle is entering the shot nearby, still clutching his side, though he looks only mildly hurt.

BUNG: Perhaps for the time being we shall focus on...

Panel Five - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung flings the doors of the cabinet open. Inside is an arsenal of melee weapons, which line the doors, shelves, and hooks inside. There are weapons such as SWORDS, DAGGERS, MACES, HAMMERS, THROWING STARS, and even some non-traditional items like a MACHETE and BASEBALL BAT.

BUNG: ...Weaponry!

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

This is a close shot of Noodle as he continues to listlessly hold his side.

NOODLE: Gun, please.

PAGE TWENTY ONE

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung stands before Noodle, holding a nice-looking antique KATANA in one hand, and a FIRE AXE in the other.

BUNG: Reflect upon your past. Recall your childhood. You will find that one item has been your chosen implement... something that has always called to you.

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Noodle thinks for a moment, a weird, contorted look of deep thought on his face as he stares at the floor.

NOODLE: I dunno. All I do is eat, sleep, and read comics.

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank stands nearby as he, Noodle, and Dojo stand quietly. They all appear to be frozen in thought.

BUNG: Sleeping...

HANK: Eating...

Panel Four - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank suddenly shrugs as Noodle and Bung look to him.

HANK: Dinner utensils?

Panel Five - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung hurls the katana and fire axe into the air, a look of realization upon his face.

BUNG: Ah ha!!

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung is now shoulder-deep in the cabinet, tossing things out over his shoulders. Several deadly weapons fly through the air as he appears to search through the myriad of items.

BUNG: Titanium-tipped... Perfectly balanced... Aerodynamically flawless...

PAGE TWENTY TWO

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

This is a close shot of Bung as he proudly emerges from the cabinet. In his hand is a pair of CHOPSTICKS, which he holds perfectly between his fingers as if prepared for a meal. As promised, the chopsticks are metal-tipped and sleekly designed.

SFX: (chopsticks) Klik Klak

BUNG: CHOPSTICKS!

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung has just handed the chopsticks to Noodle, who holds one in each hand as if mesmerized by them. Nearby, Hank looks concerned.

HANK: Do you even know how to use chopsticks?

NOODLE: Duh. Only like a BOSS.

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

We now focus on Bung and Hank and they converse face-to-face.

HANK: Be honest, Bung. How quickly can you get this kid ready for a low-level brawl?

BUNG: His power is impressive. A lifetime of doing absolutely nothing seems to have stored up his Chi. However, his discipline is lacking.. as is his physical shape. I would need two years.

Panel Four - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

We now focus on Noodle. He has the two chopsticks hanging out of his mouth like walrus tusks. He stares blankly.

NOODLE: I'm a walrus. Foo-foo.

Panel Five - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

We once again see Bung and Hank, though they are now looking off panel, presumably toward Noodle. Hank seems angrily perplexed.

HANK: "Foo-foo"?

BUNG: AT LEAST two years.

Panel Six - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank pats Bung on the back roughly and looks generally smug as he walks over to Noodle, who is holding the chopsticks up to form an "X"

HANK: Ahh, don't be so negative! My boy here will be ready in no time. He's a fast learner.

PAGE TWENTY THREE

Panel One - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank is now leading Noodle away from Bung and toward the exit. Bung calls after Hank.

BUNG: Deadly chopsticks are worth MONEY, Mr. Hank. You owe me THREE favors, now.

HANK: Sure, sure. Say goodbye to your Great-Great-Grandpa Bung, kid. Heh.

NOODLE: Bye.

Panel Two - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Bung is now left alone in the dojo. He stands motionless as if pondering something.

Panel Three - Int. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

This is largely the same shot as previous.

BUNG: Yeesh, what a fatty.

Panel Four - Ext. Bung's Dojo - Moments Later

Hank and Noodle are now standing outside the building, which is still in disrepair from the point Bung was thrown through the wall. Hank seems to be trying to get Noodle excited about fighting as he swings his fists in the air. Noodle still carries the chopsticks, one in each hand.

HANK: What do you think? Ready for your first fight?

NOODLE: But Great-Great-Great-Grandpa Bung said..

HANK: Ah, nuts to that old geek!

Panel Five - Ext. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank gestures up at the hole in the dojo as Noodle looks unsure of himself and looks down at the ground.

HANK: Look what you did! What you can do! You tossed that geezer across town and stopped a city bus with one hand!

NOODLE: I guess.

Panel Six - Ext. Bung's Dojo - Continuous

Hank and Noodle now walk away from the dojo, into the night. Hank has a certain glee in his step as Noodle shuffles along in his usual way.

HANK: Get some sleep, kid. I've got big plans for tomorrow.

NOODLE: I was gonna hang out at the comic shop, though.

PAGE TWENTY FOUR

Panel One - Ext. Run-Down Apartment Building - Later

This is a derelict stone building in a bad neighborhood within the city. TRASH dots the cracked and worn sidewalks as Noodle approaches the building, alone. He is still playing with his chop sticks.

CAPTION: Hog Toot Alley. Five minutes past Midnight.

Panel Two - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room - Continuous

This is a very dingy and depressing room. Wallpaper peels from the walls in some places, and the carpet is stained and soiled. PORTRAITS of depressed looking people hang on the walls. There is a beaten SOFA here which is losing its stuffing, along with a few crooked END TABLES and an outdated TELEVISION sitting on the floor in front of the sofa. Noodle enters the FRONT DOOR into this room.

NOODLE: Momma, I'm here.

MOMMA: (off panel) NOODLE! It's five minutes past Midnight!

Panel Three - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room - Continuous

Noodle's BROTHER and SISTER, twins of about five years old, rush up next to him, each prying a chopstick from Noodle's hands. Noodle doesn't react.

BROTHER: NOODLE!

SISTER: NOODLE!

BROTHER: What'cha got?

SISTER: Gimme.

Panel Four - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

Noodle is now about to sit down on the sofa as his brother and sister chase each other with the chop sticks in the background. MOMMA enters the scene. She is a stocky older woman in an EXFOLIATING FACE MASK and a tattered robe. She could easily pass for a horrifying Kabuki dancer.

MOMMA: You missed supper. You never miss supper.

NOODLE: I know. I was doin' stuff.

MOMMA: What, loitering around that funny-book store?

Panel Five - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

This is a shot of Momma's face as she laughs. Her exfoliating mask cracks here and there as her expression lifts with laughter.

NOODLE: (off panel) Nah, warrior training.

MOMMA: Ha ha!

Panel Six - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

Momma realizes she has ruined her mask treatment as she touches the cracked and crumbling material on her face. She looks forlorn.

MOMMA: Aww. Birthing YOU ruined my magnificent body... must my FACE suffer, as well?

PAGE TWENTY FIVE

Panel One - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

Momma is now leaving the scene, presumably to go re-apply her mask. Noodle sits and stares forward at the static-riddled television.

MOMMA: Warrior training. The zero thinks he's a One.

Panel Two - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

We now see Noodle from the front as he continues to stare forward, presumably at the television. Behind the sofa, his Brother and Sister peek up over each of his shoulders. They're trying to be very sneaky.

Panel three - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

Suddenly, Noodle's Brother and Sister stand, each raising a chop stick as if they're about to jab Noodle with them. They seem as stealthy as ninjas.

BROTHER & SISTER: (together) HAIII--

Panel Four - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

Just as suddenly, Noodle thrusts his arms back, putting two fingers up the noses of his Brother and Sister with panther-like speed. He doesn't even turn to look at them. Naturally, his Brother and Sister are startled and drop the chop sticks.

BROTHER & SISTER: (together) --Snah?!

Panel Five - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

Noodle removes his fingers from his siblings' noses. As he does, they seem to free fall in different directions, still frozen with shock.

SFX: (fingers out of noses) POP! POP!

Panel Six - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

Noodle now twirls the chop sticks in his hand as his Brother and Sister are gone. He still looks forward without so much as a hint of being distracted from the television.

BROTHER: (off panel) MOMMA! MOMMA!

SISTER: (off panel) NOODLE ISN'T LETTING US INJURE HIM!

PAGE TWENTY SIX

Panel One - Ext. Street Corner - At That Moment

This is a desolate length of pavement deep within the city. This doesn't look like the toughest, most dangerous area, but rather appears to be much like a modern-day ghost town. A few spare PAPERS blow in the wind as Hank cautiously approaches a BUS STOP. A nearby directional street sign tells us we're at the corner of "WIND ST" and "GHOSTS AVE".

CAPTION: The corner of Wind & Ghosts. Exactly Midnight.

Panel Two - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Hank is now leaning against the bus stop sign here. He looks a bit concerned.

HANK: Quiet tonight... must be a street-walker convention somewhere.

Panel Three - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

We look over Hank's shoulder from behind as a fully concealed CLOAKED FIGURE stands on the sidewalk across the

street. The cloaked figure is TRAINER V, a mysterious and evil female trainer, and Hank's worst enemy.

HANK: Ack!

Panel Four - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Hank suddenly turns to presumably run away, but as he turns, Trainer V is now suddenly in front of him! Naturally, Hank reacts with shock. We still can't see Trainer V because of her cloak.

TRAINER V: Trying to disappear again, my FRIEND?

HANK: ACK!!

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Trainer V's HAND suddenly darts out and seizes Hank by the throat. We can see that this is a woman's almost delicate hand, with painted nails and jewelry. Hank tries his best to grin and look completely normal as his air supply is all but cut off.

HANK: Trainer V! What bringsh you... tah... mngh... -GASP-

Panel Six - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Trainer V releases Hank as he almost crumbles to the ground, clutching his throat.

HANK: Whoof!

TRAINER V: I see you still have a way with words.

PAGE TWENTY SEVEN

Panel One - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

This is a shot of Trainer V, still cloaked, as a few FIGHTERS emerge from the darkness around her, as if coming out to show their impressive ranks. P. King Dukk stands to

one side of Trainer V as Bruto and WU-SI, a Bruce Lee look-alike dressed in EMO GARB, with his shaggy hair over his eyes.

TRAINER V: You're familiar with my most competent fighter, P. King Dukk... and I believe you've met my newest pupil, Bruto.

Panel Two - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Still reeling a bit, Hank looks up at Bruto and Trainer V. Bruto folds his arms.

HANK: I thought he didn't NEED a trainer.

TRAINER V: Funny how a million dollars in BAIL can change a person's outlook.

BRUTO: -GRUNT-

Panel Three - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Hank offers to shake hands with Wu-Si, who looks at him with distaste.

HANK: You, I haven't had the pleasure of meeting. If you ever rethink your career path, I'm a chosen trainer and-

Panel Four - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Wu-Si disgustedly slaps Hank's hand away.

SFX: (slap)

TRAINER V: I wouldn't do that. Wu-Si is the Order of Fists' current "Wickedest 20-Something to Watch".

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Trainer V now stares down Hank. The two are face-to-face, almost touching.

TRAINER V: My point is this, dear FRIEND. Everyone knows you've found a ONE stupid enough to trust you. Cut him loose and fade into obscurity or he's just as DEAD as your career.

Panel Six - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Trainer V walks away from Hank as she gestures back toward him. Bruto, Wu-Si, and P. King Dukk move toward the terrified Hank.

TRAINER V: Give him the "Smash Bin."

HANK: What?! No!! Anything but that!

PAGE TWENTY EIGHT

Panel One - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Bruto lifts Hank in the air as he kicks and screams.

HANK: You win! I don't want to be a trainer, anyway! Okay?

Panel Two - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Wi-Si pushes an open DUMPSTER over to Bruto, who is about to drop Hank into it.

HANK: I GIVE UP! I QUIT!! SERIOUSLY!

Panel Three - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Bruto is now stuffing Hank into the dumpster as P. King Dukk is closing the heavy LID. Hank's fear has now been replaced by rage as he is forced down into the rotting garbage within the dumpster.

HANK: AAGH! MY GUY'S GONNA DESTROY YOU PANSIES!! THAT'S A PROMISE!!

Panel Four - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

This is a pulled back shot of the closed dumpster with Hank presumably inside. Bruto, Wu-Si, and P. King Dukk punch, kick, and slam the metal dumpster, leaving huge DENTS as the container rocks from the impacts.

SFX: (hitting dumpster) WRANNG! KLANGG! WHOKK!

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Bruto lifts the dumpster in the air, much like he previously hoisted the city bus.

BRUTO: Urrr...

Panel Six - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Bruto HURLS the dumpster through the air at great speed and height.

BRUTO: Uff!

PAGE TWENTY NINE

Panel One - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Noodle's Room - Morning

This is an absurdly small room, more akin to a closet than a bedroom. POSTERS of Super-Heroes and Sci-Fi characters hang from the walls. A DRESSER here displays a few ACTION FIGURES on top of it. There is a BED here with Noodle sleeping under the blanket, his PAJAMAS concealed. The blanket is decorated with DINOSAURS. All seems peaceful and dark. The door to this room is closed.

Panel Two - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Noodle's Room - Continuous

This is a close shot of Noodle's FACE as one of his eyes OPENS slightly. A shaft of LIGHT from an opening door cuts across his face.

HANK: (off-panel) Nooooooodle...

Panel Three - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Noodle's Room -
Continuous

Suddenly, the door to Noodle's room is FLUNG open. Standing in the doorway is HANK. He is covered in TRASH; a TAKE-OUT BOX on his head, spilling rancid NOODLES like wild hair, several greasy WRAPPERS stuck to his clothing, and an empty BANANA PEEL hanging from his belt by one section of the peel. He also has a THICK FOLDER under one arm. Since Hank is back-lit, he looks like the silhouette of some kind of MONSTER. Noodle sits up in bed, pulling his blanket up to his face.

HANK: Noodle, Noodle, Noodle!

Panel Four - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Noodle's Room -
Continuous

Hank now rushes to Noodle's side, a wild look of excitement on his face as if his mind has snapped. Noodle is concerned, but slightly less frightened.

HANK: Rise and shine, kid. We're gonna set up a *battle!*

NOODLE: But it's so early...

Panel Five - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Noodle's Room -
Continuous

Noodle is now slowly getting out of bed as Hank walks away from him, as if to leave the room. Noodle seems groggy.

HANK: It's half past noon.

NOODLE: Can you come back at two?

PAGE THIRTY

Panel One - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room - Moments
Later

Hank and Noodle now sit on the sofa, a cleared end table in front of them. Hank is laying out the folder's contents on the table. This consists of several PAGES with PHOTOS OF FIGHTERS paper clipped to them.

HANK: It's time to get your feet wet, kid...

Panel Two - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

We now see over Hank and Noodle's shoulders as they look down at the papers on the table. On top of the pile are photos of MELTDOWN and TARANTULA, two fighters dressed in the style of MORTAL KOMBAT NINJAS. Meltdown is accented with ORANGE while Tarantula is accented with TAN. Otherwise, they look the same except for positioning. It's not necessary that we see Meltdown and Tarantula too clearly yet.

HANK: It's just a matter of picking the right opponent.

NOODLE: What about them?

Panel Three - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

This is now a close shot of the photos of Meltdown and Tarantula. We can clearly see their images.

HANK: (off panel) Meltdown and Tarantula? I don't think you're ready for palette-swapped ninjas yet.

Panel Four - Int. Run-Down Apartment, Living Room -
Continuous

We now look directly at Hank and Noodle on the sofa as Hank holds up a PHOTOGRAPH. We can't see who the photo depicts, since we only see the back of it. Hank grins crazily as Noodle looks confused.

HANK: Here we go. They call him "The Living Sign". Perfect!

NOODLE: What's he holding?

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Noon

We are now taken to yet another generic street-side setting. Standing on the curb here is THE LIVING SIGN. He is a tall, slender man dressed in clothes modeled after the AMERICAN FLAG and holding a large, ARROW-SHAPED SIGN that reads "TAX SERVICES". He seems quite bored. (*A "Living Sign" is anyone hired to hold a sign and direct customers to a business. It saves the company from paying for a real permanent sign.*)

PAGE THIRTY ONE

Panel One - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

We now see over the Living Sign's shoulder as Noodle stands in the middle of the street ahead of him. Noodle seems casual and bland, as usual. There is a TRASH CAN on the sidewalk near Noodle. Further down the street and further away from Noodle is a NEWSPAPER BOX, and further than that is an ALLEY WAY.

Panel Two - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

This is a close shot of the Living Sign's EYES as they NARROW. He is clearly shooting a hateful look toward Noodle.

Panel Three - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Similar to panel two, this is a shot of Noodle's EYES as they WIDEN. He looks like he's just realized that this guy wants to kick his ass.

Panel Four - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle looks at the palm of his hand, as if something is written on it.

NOODLE: Uh... "I, Noodle, descendant of THE ONE... uh... hereby CHALLENGE you, a fellow ONE, to do battle. Choose your TIME and PLACE."

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

The Living Sign SPINS in place, holding his arrow-shaped sign at arm's length as if he is building up inertia to throw it.

LIVING SIGN: GRRRRRRRRRAAAHHH...

SFX: (spinning sign) SWOO-WOO-WOO-WOO

Panel Six - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle casually looks over at the nearby trash can as Hank pops out from behind it, shouting at Noodle frantically.

HANK: Here and now! He's choosing here and now!

PAGE THIRTY TWO

Panel One - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

The Living Sign RELEASES the arrow-shaped sign, sending it flying straight forward. He is clearly an expert with this unorthodox weapon.

LIVING SIGN: HAA!

SFX: (arrow-shaped sign) WOOOOOSH

Panel Two - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

As the arrow-shaped sign CUTS PAST Noodle like razor-sharp death, Noodle barely FALLS to the side, sparing himself instant death.

NOODLE: Whoa.

Panel Three - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle looks over at the nearby trash can once again. Hank is nowhere to be seen.

NOODLE: What do I do?

Panel Four - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Hank pops out from behind the newspaper box down the street and shouts frantically at Noodle.

HANK: The sign is his weapon! Use the chop sticks!!

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

We see a close shot of Noodle's hand as he lifts the chopsticks aloft in a glorious fashion. Floating GHOSTS of SUSHI surround the mystical weapons.

SFX: (chopsticks) SHIINNG!

Panel Six - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle strikes an awkward fighting stance, his chopsticks raised in one hand as if prepared to strike.

NOODLE: Okay. Here we go.

PAGE THIRTY THREE

Panel One - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Suddenly, Noodle is STRUCK from behind by the arrow-shaped sign as it RETURNS! The arrow-shaped sign is pointing UPWARD, so luckily Noodle is slapped by the FACE of the sign as opposed to the edge. Despite being lifted off his feet as if he's being hit in the back by a truck, he does not lose hold of his chopsticks.

SFX: (sign hitting Noodle) WHUDD!

Panel Two - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle is now crumpled on the street, barely supporting himself on his hands and knees. In the background, the arrow-shaped sign returns to the Living Sign's hands.

NOODLE: Ugh! What was THAT about?

Panel Three - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Hank now pops out of the alley way even farther down the street. He shouts at Noodle.

HANK: He can control the sign, even when he's not holding it! It's rare, but it happens. You have to get rid of his weapon and take the fight to him!

Panel Four - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle is getting to his feet. He is hurt, but undaunted.

NOODLE: I can't even hear you over there.

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

The Living Sign once again throws his arrow-shaped sign toward Noodle at an incredible speed.

LIVING SIGN: HAAA!

Panel Six - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle, still holding his chopsticks, steadies himself and gets into position as if he's about to try to CATCH the sign, which is speeding toward him.

NOODLE: Just like dodge ball.

PAGE THIRTY FOUR

Panel One - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Suddenly, the arrow-shaped sign turns UPWARD. Noodle can only watch as he stands frozen in the failed catch position.

NOODLE: ...

Panel Two - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle FALLS FORWARD as the arrow-shaped sign suddenly turns DOWNWARD and SMASHES into the pavement point-first. It destroys the ground where Noodle was just standing! CHUNKS OF PAVEMENT go flying upward.

NOODLE: Bwak!

SFX: (arrow on pavement) SKRAKK!

Panel Three - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

This is a close shot of Noodle's face as he lies flat on the ground, his head turned. His glasses are now LIT UP like flashlights.

Panel Four - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Suddenly, Noodle LEAPS to his feet, chopsticks still in hand. The chunks of pavement begin to descend around him, but are still in the air. The arrow-shaped sign behind Noodle begins to rise back out of the ground, pointing downward.

Panel Five - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Several chunks of pavement are falling in front of Noodle. He NABS one with his chopsticks.

Panel Six - Ext. Street Corner - Continuous

Noodle NABS and TOSSES several chunks of pavement with machine gun speed, sending them flying forward like large

bullets. This is represented by a blur of multiple arms plucking rocks with the chopsticks and flinging them forward.

SFX: (kicking rocks) SHAKK SHAKK SHAKK SHAKK

PAGE THIRTY FIVE

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

The Living Sign BACKS UP, barely keeping on his feet as he SWATS away the flying chunks of pavement with his hands. He seems a bit distressed, though he moves with lightning speed.

SFX: (hands on rocks) FAKK FAKK

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Seemingly safe, but backed completely against a wall, the Living Sign looks once again in Noodle's direction with rage.

LIVING SIGN: GRRR!

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is a shot of the Living Sign's face as he looks SHOCKED.

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

We now see Noodle once again. He is seated ONTOP of the arrow-shaped sign, pressing it flat against the ground with his chubby backside. He is seated somewhat like a Buddha statue, chopsticks in hand.

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank carefully walks out of the alley way, looking as if he might be killed by flying debris at any moment.

HANK: Good thinking, kid! You've got the advantage, now!
Don't just SIT there, end it!!

PAGE THIRTY SIX

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

The Living Sign GESTURES, holding one hand out, palm up, as if he's trying to recall the arrow-shaped sign.

LIVING SIGN: Nnnnggh...

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle sits atop the arrow-shaped sign, not moving in the least.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

The Living Sign GRITS his TEETH and SWEATS profusely as he thrusts his hand out even harder, his fingers curling.

LIVING SIGN: NNNGGHHHH!!

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle sits atop the arrow-shaped sign, not moving in the least.

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

The Living Sign SHAKES, his FACE growing RED as he thrusts BOTH HANDS out, palms up, trying to recall the arrow-shaped sign.

LIVING SIGN: RRRRGGGHHH...

Panel Six - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is a close shot of the arrow-shaped sign beneath Noodle's bottom. It MOVES just slightly, less than an inch, kicking up a tiny bit of DUST.

SFX: (sign barely moving) Shff...

PAGE THIRTY SEVEN

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Noodle suddenly does a one-handed HANDSTAND off to the side of the arrow-shaped sign. As he does so, the arrow-shaped sign FLIES forward at a high rate of speed.

SFX: (arrow-shaped sign) SHOOOOOM!

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Almost crouching in anticipation of impact, the Living Sign looks down the "barrel" of his own weapon as the arrow-shaped sign speeds toward him at an unstoppable speed.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

In a hail of BROKEN STONE, the Living Sign and his arrow-shaped sign SMASH the wall he was standing against. All that can be seen is the wall, the hail of stones, and a DUST CLOUD as if there has been an explosion.

SFX: (destroying wall) BA-KOOM!

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

As the dust clears, we see a large HOLE in the wall. The Living Sign's LEGS hang out of the opening, but all inside is darkness.

Panel Five - Ext. City Street - Continuous

This is a pulled back shot of the BUILDING whose wall has now been damaged.

Panel Six - Ext. City Street - Continuous

The entire damaged building begins to COLLAPSE in a grand, horrific fashion. Standing on the street far below, we see Noodle.

SFX: (crumbling building) K-K-KOOOMMMMM

NOODLE: Whoops.

PAGE THIRTY EIGHT

Panel One - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank now walks up next to Noodle. Hank seems joyfully stunned.

HANK: Holy crap! That... was... AMAZING.

NOODLE: I guess.

Panel Two - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank takes Noodle by the shoulders and looks him in the face excitedly.

HANK: NOW I know what you can really DO! That move at the end was GENIUS! You used his strength against him!

NOODLE: I read a comic where Spinner-Man did it to the Gray Ghoul.

HANK: If anyone asks, YOU thought of it.

Panel Three - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank and Noodle walk away from the rubble of the building. Hank has his arm around Noodle's shoulder, and Noodle is putting his chopsticks under his armpits.

HANK: C'mon, kid. The ice cream is on me!

NOODLE: Cool.

Panel Four - Ext. City Street - Continuous

Hank and Noodle grit their teeth and shut their eyes tight as the rubble behind them EXPLODES, nearly blowing them forward.

SFX: (explosion) CHOOM!

PAGE THIRTY NINE

Panel One - Int. Darkened Room - Later

This is a nearly pitch black room. CANDLES set atop HUMAN SKULLS, which are impaled on PIKES, light the room. There is a large, twisted THRONE here, atop a small stone PLATFORM. Seated on the throne is Trainer V. Bruto and P. King Dukk sit on the platform, massaging Trainer V's FEET.

TRAINER V: So he leveled a building. I suppose I should have given the child some credit.

Panel Two - Int. Darkened Room - Continuous

Trainer V pulls back her hood, revealing her FACE. She is a beautiful young woman with facial tattoos that look somewhat like STREAKED MASCARA, as if she has been crying, though she clearly thoughtful, not sad.

TRAINER V: Just because HANK is a peon doesn't mean he couldn't somehow stumble upon a competent fighter.

Panel Three - Int. Darkened Room - Continuous

We focus on Bruto as he rubs one of Trainer V's dainty feet. He looks angry.

BRUTO: Let Bruto deal with the punk. Lucifer forged these iron mitts for fightin', not for playin' footsie!

SFX: (foot) Crak

Panel Four - Int. Darkened Room - Continuous

We see Trainer V's face once again as she smirks mischievously.

TRAINER V: You must learn patience and humility, my new pet. An established, veteran fighter cannot officially challenge a beginner... however...

Panel Five - Int. Darkened Room - Continuous

We now see P. King Dukk's face as Trainer V holds his chin almost lovingly. The two lock eyes.

TRAINER V: I believe the Order of Fists DOES allow the lamb to challenge the lion, should he be so foolish. ANYONE can guess who's next on Hank's list of competitors...

Panel Six - Int. Darkened Room - Continuous

This is a close shot of P. King Dukk's face as he grins evilly. Whatever Trainer V is suggesting, P. King Dukk gets it.

P. KING DUKK: I'll schedule a meeting.

PAGE FOURTY

Panel One - Ext. Scrap Row - Night

This is a dirty, dangerous part of the city. TRASH lines the sidewalks and GRAFFITI marks the walls. Several HOMELESS PEOPLE push shopping carts, root through garbage, and sleep against walls.

CAPTION: Scrap Row. Shortly after closing time at the ice cream shop.

Panel Two - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Hank and Noodle stroll down the sidewalk, here. Hank seems happy, his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face. Noodle has a large ICE CREAM CONE in each hand and ICE CREAM STAINS all over his face and shirt.

HANK: You know, it's one thing to eat your weight in ice cream, but when you said "cones all around", I nearly lost it.

NOODLE: Sorry.

Panel Three - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

The two continue to walk. Hank steps over a sleeping homeless man as if it were nothing.

HANK: Ahh, it's only money. Once you're fighting in the BIG LEAGUES, I'll be able to get banana splits for the whole dang CITY!

Panel Four - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Hank and Noodle stop walking and look forward. Noodle eats some of his ice cream.

HANK: There's your next punching bag.

Panel Five - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

We now see a HOMELESS MAN sitting against a wall in the distance. He is completely covered in TATTER CLOTHES and a scummy BLANKET. A KNIT CAP on his head conceals his face as he sits slumped down. We can't tell who this is, but he's muscular. The wall around him is spray painted to look like the FIRES OF HELL.

HANK: (off panel) Beelzebub. He had it all, once. Fame, fortune, tons of women... then he disobeyed the Order of Fists and was blacklisted!

PAGE FOURTY ONE

Panel One - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

As the homeless man remains motionless and unidentifiable, Noodle stands in front of him. Noodle still holds his ice cream cones.

NOODLE: Uuhhh... "I, Noodle, descendant of THE ONE, hereby CHALLENGE you, a fellow ONE, to do battle. Choose your TIME and PLACE."

Panel Two - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

This is a close shot of the homeless man's head, though he still has his face lowered and we cannot see who he is.

HOMELESS MAN: Heh.

Panel Three - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

The homeless man looks up. It's P. King Dukk in disguise! He grins evilly again.

P. KING DUKK: Noon tomorrow, at the Alligator Club.

Panel Four - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Hank holds his hands to his head as he nearly falls over in disbelief. He shouts.

HANK: WHAT?! You're not... No, this doesn't count!!

Panel Five - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Trainer V emerges from the shadows nearby as P. King Dukk gets to his feet.

HANK: (off panel) That's illegal! It's a trick! It doesn't COUNT!!

Panel Six - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Trainer V stands before Hank, who is now on his knees in utter disbelief.

TRAINER V: Illegal? No. A trick? Certainly. Does it count? How about you don't show up, and we'll see?

HANK: If I... You... You'd have me blacklisted..

TRAINER V: Very clever, my FRIEND.

PAGE FOURTY TWO

Panel One - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Hank looks defeated as he stays on his knees, hands to the ground. Trainer V stands over him authoritatively.

HANK: Look, I'm sorry, okay?

TRAINER V: Sorry for WHAT, specifically?

Panel Two - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Hank starts to get to his feet. He's mad, now.

HANK: You know WHAT, damn it! I'm sorry I said you and I were "only friends". Do you have to take EVERYTHING away from me, FOREVER?

Panel Three - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Trainer V turns away from Hank, her arms folded. Hank is livid.

TRAINER V: A woman's dishonor cannot be soothed by a simple APOLOGY.

HANK: What did you think would happen? We'd get MARRIED and have a whole litter of CHILDREN, Half FAILURE and half PSYCHOPATH?

Panel Four - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Trainer V walks away from Hank as Bruto, P. King Dukk, and Wi-Si wait for her in the nearby darkness.

TRAINER V: I expected RESPECT. Now I anticipate VENGEANCE.

Panel Five - Ext. Scrap Row - Continuous

Trainer V and her fighters are now gone. Hank stares into the darkness as Noodle stands at his side.

HANK: Tomorrow at noon. Not enough time to prepare you, but just enough to leave town in disgrace, right?

NOODLE: I dunno.

PAGE FOURTY THREE

Panel One - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Later that night

This is an expansive junkyard, filled with JUNK CARS, PILES of SCRAP METAL, and various assorted TRASH lying about. A FENCE surrounds the area, though it seems less than secure and is filled with HOLES. A small, dilapidated SHACK barely stands near the fence's GATE.

CAPTION: Maggot's Junkyard, locally owned and operated by one Fleetwood Xavier Maggot the 3rd.

CAPTION: Catch tetanus and receive 25% off your next purchase.

HANK: (off panel, somewhere within junkyard) Come on! If we don't figure this out, either I'm ruined or you're dead!

Panel Two - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

We now see Hank and Noodle standing amid the piles of scrap metal within the junkyard. Hank's clothing is askew as if he has been impotently ranting, raving, and thrashing about for several hours. Noodle looks to be his usual casual self, with only the slightest touch of concern. Nearby, in

front of the boys, a line of BEER BOTTLES have been set up on an old CRATE.

NOODLE: I can't do it.

HANK: It's okay. Projectile manifestations are something you just have to FEEL. Sometimes even the great masters don't find theirs.

Panel Three - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Hank and Noodle both close their eyes and lift their hands in the air above their heads.

HANK: Feel all of your cho-

Noodle: Chi.

HANK: Feel all of your CHI building within you. Gather it up in a bundle, and move it up your arms... into your hands.

Panel Four - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

We focus on Hank as he thrusts his hands forward in a classic "fighting game" potion, his eyes now open. He looks more serious and focused than we've ever seen him.

HANK: The second you feel that bundle in your hands, get rid of it! Throw it away and see what manifests!

Panel Five - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

We focus on Noodle now as he continues to hold his hands over his head, eyes closed.

PAGE FOURTY FOUR

Panel One - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Suddenly, in much the same manner as Hank, Noodle thrusts his hands forward in a strange sort of fighting stance. His

eyes are opened and he looks very serious. A slight SPARK pops from his hands.

NOODLE: UWAAHH!

SFX: (spark) paf

Panel Two - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Noodle apathetically looks at his hands as Hank seems to slump from disappointment.

HANK: ... Huh.

Panel Three - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Defeated, Hank begins to walk away from Noodle, who is still studying his hands.

HANK: I gotta leave town while I still can. At least I won't have any pesky family or friends to miss.

NOODLE: I wanna try again.

Panel Four - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Hank stops, but does not turn to face Noodle.

HANK: Don't worry about it, kid. The Order of Fists doesn't allow Ones to be blacklisted for no-shows. That's on the trainer's shoulders.

Panel Five - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Eyes fully open, Noodle raises his hands above his head yet again. As he does, tiny bits of SCRAP METAL all around him start to levitate off the ground just a bit. Noodle's hair stands on end.

SFX: (Noodle's power, I guess) VVVMMMMMMMM

Panel Six - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

This is a close shot of Hank's surprised face as he turns back to look at Noodle.

HANK: Hot damn...

PAGE FOURTY FIVE

Panel One - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Noodle thrusts his hands forward yet again in the same manner as before. As he does a small FORTUNE COOKIE rockets from his hands like an oddly shaped bullet.

SFX: (fortune cookie) POOT

Panel Two - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

We focus on the fortune cookie as it hits the ground and slides a bit, creating a small trail of DUST.

SFX: (fortune cookie on ground) chuff

Panel Three - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Hank and Noodle look at each other. Noodle's expression is blank as Hank's expression looks unimpressed as if he's just heard a joke that isn't particularly funny.

Panel Four - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

We focus again on the fortune cookie as Hank's hand picks it up from the ground.

HANK: (off panel) Well...

Panel Five - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

We see Hank as he holds the fortune cookie in his hands as if he's about to break it in half. He's still a bit unsure, but at least something positive happened.

HANK: I guess it's a start.

Panel Six - Ext. Maggot's Junkyard - Continuous

Hank breaks open the fortune cookie. He's startled as a tiny, weak little GHOST seems to emerge from the cookie with a PUFF of SMOKE.

SFX: (opening cookie) Krakk

GHOST: Nyeh!

PAGE FOURTY SIX

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Noon

Like the previously shown Turtle Club, this is an underground fighting arena. Glossy WOODEN floors and expertly crafted MARBLE WALLS make the battle area look more like a classy dance floor than a square of death. Above the marble walls are several rows of BLEACHERS that seem just a bit more cushy than necessary. A few AUDIENCE MEMBERS are filtering into the bleachers.

CAPTION: The Alligator Club, the Order of Fists' official venue for PUNCHPALOOZA 1998.

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Standing near one of the marble walls is Trainer V. P. King Dukk stands nearby, wearing yet another neat and expensive-looking business suit. Dukk seems focused while Trainer V has lowered her hood and looks very smug.

TRAINER V: Look at you. All dressed up with no one to KILL.

P. KING DUKK: Are you sure he won't show? It might be considered morally questionable if I were seen slaughtering such a YOUNG fighter.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V turns to P. King Dukk with a sly grin. She touches his cheek as he remains focused.

TRAINER V: Beneath all of his foolhardy bravado, he's a COWARD. Have I ever been wrong?

P. KING DUKK: Never. Yet, a back-up plan is simply good business.

TRAINER V: If Hank DOES arrive, drop his fighter into the BASEMENT and your public image will remain intact.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V now looks to the bleachers. She is clearly very happy, in an evil way.

TRAINER V: Look! Our guests are arriving!

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We now see a section of the bleachers. Bung is seated here, wearing a T-SHIRT that reads: "NINJAS DO IT UNDETECTED". Behind him, the Living Sign uses CRUTCHES to hobble to his seat. The Living Sign is wearing the same outfit with BANDAGES and some of his limbs in CASTS.

BUNG: "He's not ready", I said. "Two years", I said. Mr. Hank, you must learn to respect the wisdom of your elders.

PAGE FOURTY SEVEN

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

We now see Noodle's Momma, Brother, and Sister as they reach their own seats in the bleachers. Momma is dressed in a revealing DRESS and MAKE-UP. The dress reveals things nobody wants to see, and the make-up is almost clown-like.

SISTER: Momma, why are were HERE?

BROTHER: I wanna watch Aquaducks, not some dumb fight guys!

MOMMA: Stuff it! Free tickets are free tickets. I don't care if it's a spitting competition!

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We're back with Trainer V now as she continues to look into the bleachers.

TRAINER V: Good. Now they will ALL witness Hank's humiliation.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V suddenly turns to see Hank leaning against the wall nearby! Hank seems casual, as if it's no big deal that he's here. Trainer V is surprised. Hank prominently wears his amulet with its glowing green bar.

HANK: You got the kid's family here. THAT... is twisted.

TRAINER V: EH?!

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V takes a step from Hank. She can't believe he's actually here.

TRAINER V: I... I... I...

HANK: I see you still have difficulty expressing emotions.

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V puts her hood back up, her demeanor now cold.

TRAINER V: I knew you were self-centered, but never did I imagine you would so wantonly sacrifice a child for your own career.

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V is now gone. Hank continues to lean against the wall. He now looks grim.

HANK: (to himself) Neither did I.

PAGE FOURTY EIGHT

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Moments Later

At the center of the arena, we now see a slick-looking ANNOUNCER with a MICROPHONE. Standing next to him is HANS GROPER, a large, overly-muscular Aryan man in a SPEEDO.

ANNOUNCER: Alllllll right, ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the Alligator Club, and please give a warm welcome to our GUEST JUDGE... twelve time "MR. MASSACRE" pageant winner, HANS GROPER!

SFX: (audience) GRO-PER! GRO-PER! GRO-PER!

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

We focus on Hans' face as he grins at the audience, VEINS popping out of his forehead. He now holds the microphone to his mouth.

HANS: Sank you! Sank you! Vhen I got de offer to judge dis competition, I vas like..

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hans suddenly SCREAMS out his words, DROOL flying from his mouth as he becomes red-faced and angry.

HANS: VWHAT, YOU SINK I HAS NOSING BETTER TO DO DEN JUDGE SOME NAMBY-PAMBY FAT KID GETTING BEAT UP?!?!

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hans now looks calm again as he smiles.

HANS: Den Trainer V give me lots of money, and I say okey-dokey.

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hans hands the microphone back to the uncomfortable-looking announcer.

ANNOUNCER: Uh... thanks.

PAGE FOURTY NINE

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

To one side of the arena, Hank stares in the direction of Hans Groper. Noodle stands nearby in his green gi.

HANK: My childhood here. She... she brought in my childhood hero...

NOODLE: That's not a hero. The Speckled Sparrow is a hero. He can fly and shoot razor-tipped feathers.

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank turns to Noodle and grips him by the shoulders. Both of them seem a little shaken.

HANK: This isn't a comic book, kid. Are you SURE you want to do this?

NOODLE: Yeah.

HANK: Why? WHY?? Have you even THOUGHT about what could happen?!

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

This is largely the same scene as above as Noodle replies.

NOODLE: Yeah. Everyone always tries to get me to go away. You wanted to keep me around, even though it's just because I'm a One.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank lets Noodle go and hangs his head.

HANK: Jeeze, it's not just because you're a One. I could swing a dead cat and hit a One. You're an awesome kid.

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle looks at Hank with disgust. Hank puts his hand to his own head as if he's exasperated.

NOODLE: Why would you swing a dead cat?

HANK: Oh my God, it's just an expression!

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank gives Noodle a friendly slap on the back as he sends him out toward the center of the arena.

HANK: Now go try not to die.

NOODLE: Okay.

PAGE FIFTY

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Moments Later

Noodle and P. King Dukk are now standing at the center of the arena. P. King Dukk is staring Noodle down, while Noodle looks as if he doesn't have a care in the world.

P. KING DUKK: Look at you. You're barely old enough to sort my mail.

NOODLE: Yeah.

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle holds his hand out to P. King Dukk as if to shake hands. P. King Dukk just looks at him.

VOICE: (off panel) Combatants, touch fists.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk roughly knocks away Noodle's hand with his fist.

SFX: (fist hitting hand) Swatt!

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle and P. King Dukk are now walking away from each other, to their respective corners of the arena.

VOICE: (off panel) Combatants, to your corners!

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We now see the bleachers, where Hank is sitting down next to Bung. The bleachers are now crowded with raucous audience members.

HANK: Aww. You saved me a seat.

BUNG: It would seem so, Mr. Hank. However, it is most likely vacant due to the large wad of chewing gum now adhered to your backside.

HANK: Ah.

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank grins at Bung, who looks disgusted.

HANK: It's still damp.

PAGE FIFTY ONE

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We see Noodle in one corner of the arena as he strikes a sort of amateurish fighting pose.

VOICE: (off panel) Combatants, READY!

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We are back with Bung and Hank, as they discuss the match that is about to go on.

BUNG: Why are you allowing this to unfold?

HANK: Don't act so revolted. The kid and I got in some good training time last night. We found his projectile manifestation.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Bung is a little surprised, but not overly so.

BUNG: Oh? And what was it?

HANK: A tiny little fortune cookie with some sort of little ghost inside.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Bung now looks disappointed in Hank as Hank smirks just a little.

BUNG: His projectile attack was small and undeveloped?

HANK: Yeah...

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We see Noodle again as he raises his hands in the air over his head. His hair stands on end again.

VOICE: (off panel) FIGHT!!

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We see a close shot of Hank's mouth as he grins widely.

HANK: The FIRST one was.

PAGE FIFTY TWO

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

This large panel shows Noodle as he thrusts his hands forward, throwing a LARGE FORTUNE COOKIE through the air. It's almost as big as he is!

NOODLE: UWAAHH!

SFX: (throwing a cookie) VWOOSH!

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

We see P. King Dukk as the fortune cookie hurtles toward him. He seems to think this is no big deal.

P. KING DUKK: Ha ha! How absurd.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk punches the fortune cookie as it reaches him. The cookie cracks, but has not yet fully opened.

SFX: (punching cookie) FRAKKK!

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

The cookie falls apart in many shards as several frightening GHOSTS explode from within in a puff of SMOKE. The ghosts seem to be about to attack P. King Dukk, who is quite surprised.

GHOSTS: (in unison) NYEAH!

P. KING DUKK: Wha!?

PAGE FIFTY THREE

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk is all but enveloped by the ghosts as he futilely thrashes about at their immaterial forms.

P. KING DUKK: GAH! GAAHHH!!

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

In the bleachers, Hank calls out to the rest of the crowd, his hands on either side of his mouth to amplify his voice.

HANK: Misfortune Cookie! That move is called the MISFORTUNE COOKIE! Trademark and copyright, all rights reserved!

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

P. King Dukk is on one knee as the ghosts dissipate around him, leaving behind only trails of smoke. P. King Dukk's suit is shredded, and he has a few CUTS on his flesh. He looks incredibly angry as his eyes glow RED.

P. KING DUKK: That... was a critical miscalculation.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle is once again in a fighting stance as P. King Dukk runs toward him, filled with rage.

P. KING DUKK: RRRRAAAHHH!

NOODLE: Uh oh.

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle takes a swing at P. King Dukk, who deflects the blow as he seizes Noodle's throat.

NOODLE: Akk.

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

We see a section of the wall here as Noodle slams against it, leaving CRACKS in its surface.

SFX: (Noodle hitting wall) KRRRAKK

PAGE FIFTY FOUR

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Before Noodle can fall to the floor, P. King Dukk KICKS him like a soccer ball, sending him flying.

SFX: (kicking Noodle) WHUDD

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle slides across the floor of the arena, face down.

SFX: (Noodle sliding) Squeeeaaaaak

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle begins to get to his feet, and is holding his head as if he has a headache.

NOODLE: Owie-wowie.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle looks up to see P. King Dukk towering over him. P. King Dukk stands in sort of a quiet rage, puffs of steam emitting from his nose.

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk suddenly punches Noodle directly in the top of his head, sending Noodle's lower half through the floorboards! Noodle is indeed surprised.

SFX: (hitting noodle in the head) WHUMP

SFX: (floor boards) FRAKK

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk now stands over a HOLE in the floor. Noodle is gone, having fallen below. All is darkness within the opening.

VOICE: (off panel) The challenger is outside the arena, and now has thirty seconds to return.

PAGE FIFTY FIVE

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

Back in the bleachers, Hank and Bung look suspicious. Hank's amulet is about one third green. The rest is red.

HANK: Something about this stinks.

BUNG: Indeed, P. King is not usually one to accept a victory by default.

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank starts to get up from his seat.

HANK: What's beneath this place?

BUNG: A basement, of course.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Bung now sits alone, as Hank has taken off. A trail of CHEWING GUM leads from Hank's seat to the direction he left off panel.

Panel Four - Int. Basement - At That Moment

This is a dark and dingy basement roughly the size of the arena above. Several thick WOODEN PILLARS stand here, and various CLEANING EQUIPMENT and BOXES sit scattered around. A standing sign that reads: "CAUTION: WET FLOOR" stands in the foreground as Noodle is standing in the center of the room, rubbing the top of his head.

NOODLE: Creepy.

Panel Five - Int. Basement - Continuous

Noodle is now walking through the basement. In the distance, where he is headed, there is a large door marked "EXIT".

VOICE: (off panel) Twenty five seconds until forfeit.

PAGE FIFTY SIX

Panel One - Int. Basement - Continuous

Suddenly, a pile of boxes FLY toward Noodle, nearly hitting him as he ducks.

SFX: (boxes being kicked) WHUDD

Panel Two - Int. Basement - Continuous

Suddenly, Wu-Si runs toward Noodle from the direction the boxes came from. Wu-Si yells as he approaches.

WU-SI: YEEEEEEEEEEEEIIIII!!

Panel Three - Int. Basement - Continuous

Wu-Si kicks Noodle, sending him through the air.

SFX: (kicking Noodle) WHUDD

Panel Four - Int. Basement - Continuous

Seemingly from out of nowhere, Bruto appears and catches Noodle in a crushing bear hug!

SFX: (Noodle hitting Bruto) FUMP

BRUTO: GRR!

NOODLE: AHHH!!

Panel Five - Int. Basement - Continuous

Wu-Si walks toward Bruto, who is still holding Noodle.

BRUTO: Bruto's got 'im, now work 'im over!

VOICE: (off panel) Twenty seconds until forfeit.

Panel Six - Int. Basement - Continuous

We see Wu-Si's face as he stops walking and listens over his shoulder.

HANK: (off panel, behind Wu-Si) Foo-foo.

WU-SI: Eh?

PAGE FIFTY SEVEN

Panel One - Int. Basement - Continuous

Hank suddenly strikes Wu-Si in the back of the head with the standing "Wet Floor" sign, using it much like a pro wrestler would use a folding chair. Wu-Si is knocked off kilter, but not off his feet. Hank's amulet is about half red and half green, as if Noodle has half of his life force left.

SFX: (sign on head) THUMP

WU-SI: Nnghh!

Panel Two - Int. Basement - Continuous

Wu-Si rubs the back of his head, an angry expression spreading across his face. He's not badly hurt, he's mostly offended.

WU-SI: Grr...

Panel Three - Int. Basement - Continuous

We now see Noodle as he bites Bruto on the arm. Distracted and taken by surprise, Bruto loosens his grip.

BRUTO: AOWW! You little SNOT!!

Panel Four - Int. Basement - Continuous

Now on the floor, Noodle leans forward, almost on all fours as he raises one foot up, backward, kicking Bruto directly in the crotch.

SFX: (foot to crotch) CHUND

BRUTO: AOOOWW! BRUTO'S BOYS!!

Panel Five - Int. Basement - Continuous

We now see Hank, who is a few feet away from Wu-Si. Wu-Si is now running toward Hank, who still has the "Wet Floor" sign.

WU-SI: YEEEEIIIIIII!!

HANK: Now listen... you can't hurt me, I'm a licensed trainer! Be reasonable!

PAGE FIFTY EIGHT

Panel One - Int. Basement - Continuous

Wu-Si is suddenly surprised as he SLIDES on the floor while running toward Hank. He is clearly sliding on one foot, about to lose his balance.

SFX: (foot sliding) SQUEEEEEEEAAK

VOICE: (off panel) Ten seconds until forfeit.

Panel Two - Int. Basement - Continuous

Hank ducks out of the way as Wu-Si slides head-first into one of the wooden pillars, nearly breaking it in two as he collides into it. SPLINTERS fly everywhere.

SFX: (head on pillar) FRAKK

Panel Three - Int. Basement - Continuous

Wu-Si slumps to the floor, face still pressed against the pillar.

Panel Four - Int. Basement - Continuous

Hank stands over Wu-Si's unconscious body and points to the "Wet Floor" sign he's holding.

HANK: "Wet floor", genius.

Panel Five - Int. Basement - Continuous

Noodle now runs to the exit door as Hank calls to him from the background.

HANK: Get up there! If there's a forfeit, Trainer V can say what just happened was a phony excuse!

Panel Six - Int. Basement - Continuous

Hank now looks up to see Bruto standing over him. Bruto is incredibly irate.

HANK: Uh... let me guess. You want to switch trainers, right?

PAGE FIFTY NINE

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Moments Later

P. King Dukk smugly stands in the center of the arena, his arms folded as if the fight is over. The crowd throws TRASH onto the floor around him.

SFX: (crowd members) BOOO! BOOOOOO! RIP OFF!

VOICE: (off panel) Four... Three... Two...

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

This is a close shot of P. King Dukk's face as utter shock grips him. His eyes are wide, his jaw drops.

VOICE: (off panel) The challenger has returned.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk turns to see Noodle standing behind him in his usual fighting stance.

SFX: (crowd members) WOooooo! YEEAAAH! ALRIGHT!

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle draws his chopsticks as P. King Dukk charges him.

P. KING DUKK: RRAAHH!

SFX: (chopsticks) SHIINNG!

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

We see a close shot of Noodle's hand as he holds the chopsticks by their points, essentially holding them as if they were blunt weapons.

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

As P. King Dukk reaches Noodle, Noodle ducks low and thrusts the chopsticks into P. King Dukk's stomach. Since he used the blunt ends, this effectively knocks the wind out of P. King Dukk.

SFX: (hit to stomach) FOOMP

P. KING DUKK: FWAA...

PAGE SIXTY

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

As P. King Dukk is on all fours, trying to catch his breath, Noodle slowly walks away from him.

P. KING DUKK: Don't... huff... walk way... huff... from ME...

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

We see Noodle in the foreground, walking toward us, as P. King Dukk is getting to his feet in the background.

P. KING DUKK: DON'T YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH?

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk raises his hands over his head, much like Noodle did when conjuring his fortune cookie attack. Above P. King Dukk's hands, a SKULL made of DARK ENERGY seems to be forming.

P. KING DUKK: I'M THE FRIGGIN' BOSS!!

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk throws the dark energy skull, which has fully formed and looks quite grim. It leaves a trail of ENERGY behind, almost like a lightning bolt connecting the skull to P. King's hands.

P. KING DUKK: DIE, you absurd toddler!

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

We once again see Noodle in the foreground, facing the reader as the dark energy skull fast approaches behind him. Noodle's face is as blank as ever.

VOICE: (off panel) Violation! Violation! Finishing moves are not permitted during ongoing battle!!

PAGE SIXTY ONE

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle suddenly spins around and catches the dark energy skull by nabbing it between the empty eye sockets with his chopsticks! His chopsticks hold the bridge of the skull's nose.

SFX: (catching a giant dark energy skull with deadly chopsticks) Tp.

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Effortlessly, Noodle uses his grip on the dark energy skull to thrust it back toward P. King Dukk. The skull seems to roll as it flies backwards.

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

P. King Dukk has his cell phone pressed to his ear once again. His expression looks grim.

P. KING DUKK: Susan... Tell Rick he's finally getting the corner office.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

The dark energy skull has now passed through P. King Dukk as it continues to roll backward. Where P. King Dukk was once standing flutters his empty suit as his expensive shoes rest where he once stood. There's no sign of the man, as if the skull simply turned him into vapor.

SFX: (skull having passed through P. King) Whiff

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

This is a shot of some of the audience members as they sit in stunned silence. They can't believe what they just saw.

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Suddenly, the audience members all get to their feet and begin chanting excitedly.

SFX: (crowd members) NOO-DLE! NOO-DLE! NOO-DLE!

PAGE SIXTY TWO

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Noodle stands in the arena, almost as if he's not quite sure if the battle is over. Hank is running up to him from the side.

HANK: NOODLE! Noodle, you did it! You actually won!!

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank musses up Noodle's hair as Noodle recoils from the rough treatment. Hank is too elated to care.

HANK: You're a genius! Playing on his ego, like that... forcing him to break the rules... If he wasn't dead, he'd be ousted for sure!

NOODLE: Not my head, again...

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

As Hank excitedly shakes Noodle around like a bag of ham, Trainer V approaches. Bruto and Wu-Si follow her, each man looking like he's in pain from their respective wounds. Trainer V is wearing an amulet just like Hank's, but hers shows a fully RED life bar.

TRAINER V: Congratulations, my FRIEND. You've slithered out of harm's way once again. It's a shame I lost one of my fighters to someone this PATHETIC.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank stands next to Noodle, hands on hips. He looks rather sure of himself. Noodle is holding his chopsticks to his chest as if they're nipples.

HANK: Two. You lost TWO fighters to someone this pathetic. Someone just asked to switch trainers.

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

As Trainer V tries to comprehend the situation, Bruto pushes past her and Wu-Si. He is walking toward Hank.

TRAINER V: What? WHAT?! I posted your bail! You're mine!

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Bruto now stands with Hank and Noodle. Noodle is looking up at Bruto.

BRUTO: Lady, Bruto would rather be in PRISON than rub your stank feet.

PAGE SIXTY THREE

Panel One - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V turns away from Hank and the others as Wu-Si follows her.

TRAINER V: Then back to prison you shall go. Hank, you've tasted but a drop of the torment I can inflict upon you.

HANK: Actually, if the police SNEEZE on my new trainee, the Order of Fists hears all about your little trick tonight.

Panel Two - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Trainer V now walks toward the reader. We can see the fear on her face as Hank calls to her from the background.

HANK: One of the Order's best trainers... BLACKLISTED. Good thing we're FRIENDS, huh?

Panel Three - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Hank and Noodle walk away, presumably toward an exit. Bruto follows.

HANK: Who wants ice cream?

NOODLE: Cones all around?

HANK: Definitely.

BRUTO: Banana split for Bruto.

Panel Four - Int. The Alligator Club - At That Moment

We now see the bleachers once again. Everyone has left, except for Noodle's Momma, Brother, and Sister. The three of them sit in silent horror.

Panel Five - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Momma speaks up.

MOMMA: My son is really a One.

Panel Six - Int. The Alligator Club - Continuous

Bung walks by behind Momma and her kids.

BUNG: A FAT One.

CAPTION: END.