

DV8: RE-DEVIATED
"TAKE IT LIKE A MAN"
by
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Second Draft 10/16/02

Wildstorm Comics
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Mini: "Proving Ground"
Written by Micah Ian Wright
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PAGE 1

I'm listening to Megadeth: Countdown to Extinction as I write this. Put on something similarly aggressive and extreme while you read it.

PANEL ONE

Half page tall, full Widescreen, no panel borders. Blow it out for high emphasis. TV Image. Dead people everywhere. Bottom right is the TV bug for WNN, Worldwide News Network. A TV reporter delivers their report with a giant gas mask over their face.

CAPTION
Guatemala City, Guatemala

TV REPORTER
-a horrific scene caused by a catastrophic chemical plant accident here in Guatemala City. The United Nations is estimating that up to 80,000 men, women and children lie dead in the streets, struck down as they were leaving Sunday church services-

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PANEL ONE

Ever see any episode of any of the Real World shows? Especially New York or New Orleans? Think a BIG Loft Apartment like they give those fucking spoiled brats. That's our location.

Wide angle shot from the side. FRAN 242, a hot blonde chick with large breasts, is watching TV and talking on the phone. Low cut shirt showing off the breasts. Red numbers 242 stamped on her forehead, right breast and right palm (if and when we see it). She's outraged by what's on TV. We can't see what's on the TV.

CAPTION

New York City, USA

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

-koff koff, the air still fouled with poisonous fumes, Oh... oh, the Authority has arrived on the scene! I can't make out what they're doing... the Engineer is making something... it looks like a giant hairdryer...

FRAN 242

Are you watching this shit? WNN, dumbasss.

FRAN 242

Stupid chemical plant leaked all kinds of shit into the air is what happened and 80,000 people get killed as they leave church!.

PANEL TWO

Half-page wide, medium close-up on an albino kid with a big natural... like that guy on CSI, only an Albino. He should be somewhat good looking, just with those creepy albino eyes and coloring.

He's hanging upside down from a bar set into a doorframe for doing sit-ups. He's plenty ripped. The numbers 187 are marked on his forehead, left chest and right palm.

GUS 187

They were leaving church?

GUS 187

Man, that's fucked up.

PANEL THREE

Half-page wide, side-angle on Gus completing a vertical sit-up, arms behind his back, hands clasped at the base of his spine.

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CONTINUED:

GUS 187

Guess it just goes to show what goin' ta
church gets you...

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PANEL ONE

Midnighter squats amongst a pile of corpses, a pissed-off look on his face. Next to him stands Jack Hawksmoor.

MIDNIGHTER

Fucking Dead.

MIDNIGHTER

When I find the piece of shit responsible for this, I'm going to hurt him. A lot.

HAWKSMOOR

Calm down, Midnighter. We've got no reason to think this was a terrorist act. Accidents do happen, you know. Concentrate on finding living victims.

PANEL TWO

On Fran 242. She's totally pissed off, still talking on the phone.

FRAN 242

Someone should do something about this.

FRAN 242

Yeah, I see them there but what can they do? There's nothing there for them to blow up. No, I'm serious.

FRAN 242

Hold on, call waiting.

PANEL THREE

Medium wide from the back of a guy standing in a Best Buy/Crazy Eddie's Electronics type store. On Every TV is the same image of the Engineer injecting something Green into some poor Guatemalan peasant's neck with a finger-syringe.

MIKE 369

Are you watching this sick shit?

PANEL FOUR

Close on MIKE 369 as he watches the TVs. He's Hispanic, 19, thin. Shaved head. Little soul patch under his lower lip. 369 peeking out from under a NY Yankees baseball cap.

MIKE 369

Oh yeah? Tell him I said "hi" and that we should do something about this shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE 369

Fuck if I know. Fuck something up or something. All I know is 80,000 dead people means somebody did something wrong.

MIKE 369

No, I don't know who! Call the computer monkey, she'll figure it out. Okay. Okay. Later.

PANEL FIVE

Really close on Mike. He's pissed.

MIKE 369

80,000 dead people. Gonna fuck something UP.

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PANEL ONE

Wide on SVETLANA 180, a redheaded Russian chick with a huge eyebrow ridge. An attractive girl but with a weird look to her... like she's all sharp inside or something. Skinny. Bony. She sits in front of a computer, her palm on the screen, phone in her other hand. 180 on her head, chest & palm.

SVETLANA 180

Hi. Yeah, I knew the second the first calls came out.

SVETLANA 180

Because I'm tapped into the NSA's Echelon system, that's why.

SVETLANA 180

Because I like to listen, the Hell do you care? Fine. I'm already on it. Okay, here we go...

PANEL TWO

Close on Svetlana. Her eyes are all black. Text scrolls across them. It's not reflecting off the computer screen either. Creepy!

SVETLANA 180

The plant manager requested a safety upgrade five times last year. Last time he asked, they made it clear to him that his career wouldn't survive a sixth request.

SVETLANA 180

Hey, lookit here, he actually quit over it. I'm shocked. Usually they just shut up and go along. Who knew there were honest adults?

SVETLANA 180

Okay, so each request went through a chain of middle managers. Each of them kicks it upstairs so that the money to fix the place wouldn't come out of their department. Finally wound up with some weasel named-

PANEL THREE

The Engineer on the deck of the Carrier. Floating in mid-air behind her is a HUGE hologram photo of a White Male Prep-School Executive in his early 40s. Smug Asshole, by the looks of him.

ENGINEER

Carson Meadows. CEO of United Carbide.

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ENGINEER

Nothing we have so far indicates anything other than just machinery coming to the end of its natural lifespan. Catastrophic equipment failure.

ENGINEER

The laws preventing that sort of thing aren't too strict in Guatemala.

PANEL FOUR

On Jack Hawksmoor sitting down behind a metal table, weird Tennis-shoe feet resting up on the table. Swift sits next to him.

SWIFT

So what do we do? He didn't break any laws...

HAWKSMOOR

He broke the moral law to take care of the people around you.

SWIFT

Uh, yeah, but last time I checked, the World Court wasn't indicting people for that. I mean, at most this is a civil court corporate malfeasance lawsuit.

SWIFT

We're superheroes. What are we going to do, kill him in cold blood?

PANEL FIVE

Gus 187, Mike 369, Svetlana 180 and Fran 242 all in the same room together in the big Real World apartment.

FRAN 242

Seriously, think about it.

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PANEL ONE

On Gus & Mike.

GUS 187

It's a bit extreme, isn't it?

MIKE 369

Yeah, but it sure sends a message.

MIKE 369

His replacement'd definitely clean up their other plants.

PANEL TWO

On Svetlana.

SVETLANA 180

That's faulty logic. If we don't kill him, he'll clean up all his remaining plants.

SVETLANA 180

This is going to cost him Big Time publicity and a major stock hit. He's got no choice but to clean up his act.

SVETLANA 180

Besides, even if he cleans it all up, he'll still probably end up fired.

PANEL THREE

On Fran & Gus.

FRAN 242

Oooh, that's really going to sting. I'm sure he's got a golden parachute to protect his Harvard ass.

FRAN 242

"Hey, you killed 80,000 people, you're fired. By the way, here's \$242 Million in separation benefits."

GUS 187

Yeah, true that. Mother'll be funnin' in the sun down Acapulco way, thrilled outta his goddamned mind that he got fired.

PANEL FOUR

On Svetlana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SVETLANA 180

And what about Minder One?

PANEL FIVE

Wide. All the kids think about this one. Serious mull-over.

PANEL SIX

On Mike.

MIKE 369

He's the one who put this group together. He picked us for a reason... *This* is what we do, right? He'd understand.

MIKE 369

Besides, what he don't know can't hurt him.

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PANEL ONE

A voice comes from off-panel. The kids are all terrified and startled.

MINDER ONE (O.S.)

And WHAT makes you think I don't already know?

PANEL TWO

The backs of the kids' heads at the edges of the panel, looking at MINDER ONE, standing in the middle of the panel in the distance, his back to camera. Tall man, grey hair, dressed in a black suit. Two Grocery Bags in his arms.

MINDER ONE

Thought I'd come over and make my kids some dinner. See if I could get them to do me a favor.

MINDER ONE

Seems there's this Chemical Company CEO who just killed 80,000 people in Guatemala.

PANEL THREE

Push in closer, not too close, though... we're going to do the Hitchcock push-in thing. Slow, real slow move closer with each panel.

His back to camera, Minder One pulls a lobster out of the grocery bag. Rubber bands around its claws.

MINDER ONE

Guy'd knew the plant was unsafe but he was too focused on the quarterly report to care.

MINDER ONE

This same CEO has 35 plants here in the USA, all in the same condition as that one in Guatemala.

MINDER ONE

Which, to me, makes this guy and his company a national security threat. And that makes him MY job.

PANEL FOUR

Push in closer. Back still to camera, MINDER ONE drops two lobsters into a pot.

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MINDER ONE

I made some noise about this out to the EPA three weeks ago. I was told to shut up.

MINDER ONE

Seems this CEO made a big contribution to the President's campaign, so he's hands off. Even after this accident, the EPA isn't going to require that he update his American plants.

MINDER ONE

Must have been one hell of a Big Contribution. And here I am... I can't do a single goddamned thing.

PANEL FIVE

Push closer. MINDER ONE puts a lid on the pot with the lobsters, his back still to camera.

MINDER ONE

But YOU can. You've got the power to pay this guy a visit and make an example out of him.

MINDER ONE

But you're not doing anything. You're just sitting around arguing. Making excuses. Just like those assholes in the White House.

MINDER ONE

Well if you can't make up your own minds, I'll make them up for you. You've got the power...

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PANEL ONE

Third of a page tall. Full bleed to the edge.

REALLY CLOSE now on Minder One as he turns his head to look back at the kids over his shoulder. It's MARC SLAYTON and he's pissed off!

MINDER ONE/SLAYTON

Now get off your goddamned asses and use it!

PANEL TWO

On the kids. Shocked looks on their faces.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

The kids melt out of view with a strange wiggle to their figures... like they're in a wavy mirror or a mirage, all except Fran. See, she's a teleporter. THAT'S her power.

FRAN 242

I sent them to their rooms to put their uniforms on. Figured it'd give us a second to talk.

FRAN 242

Is this **REALLY** what you want? For us to kill this guy?

PANEL FOUR

Lynch staring down at her. She comes up to his chest.

SLAYTON

Maybe. Then again, maybe I just thought that you were going to do whatever you wanted to anyway so I made you feel like you were following my orders.

FRAN 242

Yeah. That's what I thought.

SLAYTON

Just don't tell the others.

PANEL FIVE

Onboard the StormWatch carrier. Hawksmoor stands over the table. The rest of the Authority sits around it, looking at him.

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HAWKSMOOR

So it's agreed... we arrest him and leave him with the authorities in Guatemala, along with the electronic evidence of his culpability.

SWIFT

That's great, assuming that he doesn't just bribe his way out of Guatemala's internationally renowned Legal System.

MIDNIGHTER

Oh, I wouldn't worry about that...

PANEL SIX

On the Midnighter. Smiling. The sicko.

MIDNIGHTER

I'm going to spend a few minutes convincing him that he wants to stay locked up far, far away from me.

MIDNIGHTER

So Let's Roll.

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PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Short panel. The carrier. An Authority "Door" is open, Midnighter and Hawksmoor are walking through it, left to right, leftish third of the panel.

HAWKSMOOR

You think two of us is enough?

MIDNIGHTER

Two superheroes versus on Harvard MBA. What's to worry?

PANEL TWO

Tall Widescreen panel. Huge panel... like about 1/2 the page tall. Above and behind Midnighter & Hawksmoor as they exit their Door.

Meadows is in his \$1300 Aeron office chair, leaning back, mouth open, eyes rolled back in his head, drooling all over himself. Svetlana has her hand pressed up against his head. Energy crackles around his head and her hand. Franny is pressed up against the wall, trying to get as far from The Authority guys as possible.

Mike and Gus are in between the Authority and the girls. Mike is clearly freaked out, his arms all akimbo... not sure if he wants to run away or fight Hawksmoor. Gus just stands in front of the Midnighter, smirking, hands on his hips.

FRAN 242

We're compromised. Abort and exfiltrate!

SVETLANA 180

I can't abort. I separate now, we're both dead. I need 30 seconds. Stall them.

MIKE 369

Stall them? They're the FUCKING AUTHORITY!

GUS 187

Calm down. They ain't so tough.

PANEL THREE

Half page wide. Midnighter looking panel right (at offpanel Gus). Middy smiles. Creepy!

MIDNIGHTER

Oh, I'd listen to your friend. We're plenty tough.

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CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Half page wide. On Gus looking left at off-panel Midnighter. Gus is smiling. He looks just as crazy as Midnighter.

GUS 187

Yeah, yeah. I'm shaking all over.

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PANEL ONE

Widescreen panel. On Mike FREAKING OUT as Hawksmoor twists his hand and a giant hand made up of office carpeting, chunks of building and Meadows' desk grows from the office and grabs Mike around the waist.

Energy is building around Mike's body... color of the air around him is changing, his skin is becoming translucent, we can see the skeleton beneath his skin.

HAWKSMOOR

Everyone calm down!

MIKE 369

Getitoffame! Getitthefuckoffame!

MIKE 369

Get away! I can't control it!

PANEL TWO

Widescreen panel. Mike EXPLODES, demolishing the thumb and wrist of the hand and sending a huge directed wave of force towards Hawksmoor.

Inside of the explosion, Mike's body should just be a fringed silhouette. The direction of the explosion should be controlled, though... all towards the hand, none towards the girls behind Mike.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Midnighter looks back over his shoulder. There is a hole in the wall at the far end of the LONNNNG office where Hawksmoor has smashed through the wall and into the next room and through that room as well. Think Bugs Bunny. Huge series of holes.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

On Mike. Pissed off. Glowing again. We can see the energy building within him, his skin turning clear, his skeleton

MIKE 369

Yeah, you like that shit, huh?! You had to keep pushin', didn' you, bitch!? You want some more?

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CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Blurred out Midnigher in a mid-air leap, his foot speeding towards Mike's throat. Think about how Anime does blurred motion: no shape, all dry-brush smear of color. That's how this should look. He's moving so fast you can't even get an impression of his shape.

Mike's mouth is open, still shouting at Hawksmoor, he hasn't even realized his head's about to be kicked off.

NO DIALOG

PANEL SIX

Midnigher's foot caught in mid-kick by the even faster Gus. Gus Smiles. Yikes!

GUS 187

You gettin' slow in your old age, Geezer.

OKAY: these are two of the world's best hand-to-hand guys. This fight sequence had better leave the readers gasping for breath or we haven't done our jobs right. If for some reason these web pictures won't load up for you, just let me know and I'll send jpegs of the moves.

This fight needs to kick ass. Real ass, not movie-fu or any of that crap... flying kicks look cool but anyone trying them would get his ass beat in the real world but fast.

PAGE LAYOUT

A large drawing of the Midnighter's face top in the top left corner looking down, drawing the reader's eye down and to the right where a large drawing of Gus 187's face is in the bottom right, looking up and left. They both look SUPER angry.

The page is covered with drawings of the two of them in combat. Black background, no panels divisions... time has slowed to a crawl as these two duke it out.

Top to bottom, the fight poses are:

The Pulling Hand - Gus 187 on the left pulls Midnighter's punch downwards towards his waist and PUNCHES him square in the face with his free left hand, twisting Midnighter's head back and crushing his nose into goo. Blood squirts from below Middy's mask. Ewww! Here's what this looks like:

<http://www.kamonwingchun.com/images/Lap%20Sao.jpg>

Now, milliseconds later, Gus 187 pulls his arm back towards himself, delivering a reverse elbow hack... this picture is a forward elbow hack, so we'll have to reverse Midnighter's head (to be flying backwards away from camera) and use the back side of the elbow (the photo uses the front elbow):

<http://www.kamonwingchun.com/images/Pai%20Jarn%20Example.jpg>

Midnighter pulls a Muay Thai knee-to-face kick, nailing Gus, bloodying his nose for the rest of the fight:

<http://www.martial-way.com/images/thai.jpg>

Grus rolls with it, pulling Middy into a Standing Guillotine hold:

<http://www.rhythmfight.com/Mag2/rfmag2art4pg1.htm>

And whirling Middy into a Ma Bu Ti:

http://www.kungfuusa.net/images/photo_page/087.jpg

And kicking him in the stomach when he's halfway through the turn, sending him flying across the room.

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PANEL ONE

Midnighter and Gus facing off against one another. Both of them are fucked up, noses broken, faces bloody, breathing heavy, eyes wide in animal hunter-killer mode.

MIDNIGHTER

What the FUCK are you, kid?

GUS 187

Younger, faster and stronger than you, OLD MAN.

MIDNIGHTER

Yeah, maybe. But not as experienced. Ready for another round?

PANEL TWO

Svetlana shoves Carson Meadows facefirst onto his desk. Franny is hiding behind Svet.

SVETLANA 180

I'm finished here. Pull us out, Franny.

FRAN 242

About fucking time!

PANEL THREE

Gus and Mike flip Midnighter the bird as they Wavey-Wave out of there.

MIKE 369

Dig you later, bitch!

PANEL FOUR

Hawksmoor melts upwards out of the floor behind The Midnighter. Literally, it's like the carpet has turned to quicksand and he's rising up from it.

HAWKSMOOR

Interesting... there's no residual radiation or bleedsign. How did their teleport work?

MIDNIGHTER

I think it was the girl. I should have killed her first.

HAWKSMOOR

You shouldn't have tried to kill anyone. This whole thing was pointless... we have no idea what they were even doing here.

(CONTINUED)

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PANEL FIVE

Hawksmoor supports a waking-up Carson Meadows and walks towards an Authority "door."

CARSON MEADOWS

Uhhrrr... What's going on? Who are you?

HAWKSMOOR

You're under arrest for murder.

CARSON MEADOWS

Oh, yeah, that's right... I want my lawyer.

HAWKSMOOR

Of course you do. You're incapable of anything else. You goddamned leech.

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PANEL ONE

TONS of Reporters on the steps of a courthouse. Meadows, now in a suit and cleanly shaven and neatly pressed stands at a microphone, surrounded by clicking cameras and flashing bulbs and tv crews and correspondents with microphones.

REPORTERS

(lots of word balloons crowding one another out)

Mr. Meadows!/how are you pleading?/Does the World Court-/what about your American plants?/ Who Has jurisdiction?/80,000 Dead-/Why-/Who/ The Authority-/Superhuman Police-/how far is up?/your Statement-/guilty or not guilty?

CARSON MEADOWS

Ladies and gentlemen of the press, I have a brief statement to make.

CARSON MEADOWS

I Carson Meadows, CEO of Chemicorp Industrial do hereby accept responsibility for the murder of 82,376 Guatemalan citizens. Chemicorp's policy of maintainance neglect led directly to this accident. We have no excuse other than our own greed.

PANEL TWO

Close on Carson Meadows on a widescreen plasma-screen TV set (we're back at DV8 HQ, but don't pull out to reveal that yet). Carson, looking steadily at camera, holds up a piece of paper (the confession) and a \$12,600 Meisterstuck Solitaire Platinum Fountain Pen indicating where he's signed it.

CARSON MEADOWS

Copies of my signed confession are being distributed as I speak. The confession further details how all of Chemicorp's American chemical plants are in equally shoddy shape as our facility in Guatemala.

CARSON MEADOWS

We have been able to get away with this because my company has been bribing the President and the EPA to turn a blind eye. Details of the President's graft are enclosed in my written confession.

CARSON MEADOWS

My sorrow for what has happened is indescribable. Instead, I will simply show you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL THREE

Small panel. Carson Meadows shoves his \$12,600 fountain pen into his eye socket.

CARSON MEADOWS
Yeaaaaagggghghghghgh!

PANEL FOUR

Reverse shot on Hawksmoor, Midnighter and Swift watching a floating hologram of the press conference, they're shocked. We shouldn't really be able to see what Carson's doing to himself any longer, but from their faces, we're sure it's plenty horrible.

CARSON MEADOWS (O.S.)
Gurk... gurglegackk...

HAWKSMOOR
So THAT'S what she was doing to him... she was PROGRAMMING him!

MIDNIGHTER
Who the Hell ARE these kids?

SWIFT
I'm just wondering if anyone is going to take that pen away from him?

PANEL FIVE

On the DV8 kids sitting on the couch with Slayton. Smiling. Franny and Svetlana high five. Slayton is appalled and furious.

CARSON MEADOWS (O.S.)
Yeuurkkssshehhhhh-KACK!

REPORTERS (O.S.)
He's Dead/HOLY CHRIST!/The Authority!/Stop blocking my money shot!/Get out of the way!/Stop Shoving you son of a bitch!

SLAYTON
THIS IS NOT what I had in mind! I said send a message, not make a spectacle, you little bastards!

SLAYTON
Oh my God, I'm in so much fucking trouble.

PANEL SIX

Small panel in the bottom right corner of the page. In the foreground, a big Red Phone next to the couch starts ringing and a little red light blinking next to the dial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In the midground, Slayton stares at the phone with a terrified look in his eye, afraid to answer it. In the background, all the DV8 kids are laughing behind his back.

SOUND EFFECTS

RIIIING. RIIIIING. RIIIIING.

CAPTION

DV8: Re-Deviated -- coming soon to a Comics Store Near You!

FIN.

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THE \$12,600 PEN:

<http://www.executivehouse.net/montblanc/solitaire/platinum/montblancsolitaireplat.html>