

**World's Greatest Beach | Issue One | Written by Erik Radvon | Art by: TBD**

**Page One**

***Five panels.***

**PANEL ONE**

Art:

**Reggie Washington** is waking up in his high-rise condo, stretching to greet the day as the sun rises over the ocean. Reg is a slim and fit African American man. He's pushing 50 but looks at least 10 years younger. He wears designer underwear, a gold chain and bracelet, and a couple gold rings on his fingers.

Cap:

Life don't often give you what you want, least not right off the bat.

Cap#2:

Take me for example.

**PANEL TWO**

Art:

Reggie stands in front of an opened walk-in closet. He pulls a tasteful looking Tommy Bahama style shirt off a hanger. His condo is decorated with sleek modern furniture, visible in the background.

Cap:

Born Black in a lily-white Boston suburb.

Cap#2:

Wasn't exactly *Mississippi Burning*-- but it wasn't a walk in the park, either.

**PANEL THREE**

Art:

Reggie is making a cup of instant coffee, pouring hot water from a stainless steel kettle into a mug from a tourist shop, shaped like a woman in a bikini. It's a little piece of kitsch amongst the sleek modernity of the condo.

Cap:

They called me moolie, schwartz, once in a while just plain nigga-- any word they could use to point out my blackness.

Cap#2:

First old white dude I worked for only ever called me **Jamal**, like it was the universal name for all black men or something. Asshole. Dead now.

**Page One—continued**

**PANEL FOUR**

Art:

Reggie sips his coffee as he stares out the condo's impressive windows, taking in the morning view.

Cap:

Whatever they said, I didn't let it get to me.

Cap#2:

What I did was work **hard** for them Irish and Jewish and Italian motherfuckers who ran things up North.

**PANEL FIVE**

Art:

Reggie is now wearing a fisherman's hat and a pair of aviator style sunglasses, getting ready to head out into the sunshine. He grabs a set of car keys off a hook near the condo's door.

Cap:

Kept my mouth shut. Ran circles around them. Made them need me. Saved up my money...

Page Two

*Full page splash.*

Art: Reggie roars down the road in a Mercedes convertible with the top down. We see a large sign overhead or on the side of the road (whatever works best for your art) announcing our setting-- **DAYTONA BEACH, FL: WORLD'S GREATEST BEACH.**

Cap: ...and got the fuck **out.**

Logo/Title: ***WORLD'S GREATEST BEACH***



Credits: Story: **Erik Radvon**  
Art: \_\_\_\_\_

**Page Three**

***Four panels.***

**PANEL ONE**

Title Card:

**ACT I – LEMONADE**

**PANEL TWO**

Art:

Reggie in the Mercedes, palm trees and high rise hotels in the background as he cruises the main drag of Daytona Beach.

Cap:

Florida. All the sunshine makes these days blur together.

Cap#2:

Me, I've been down here for a minute now-- Something like **fifteen years**.

Cap#3:

I try not to think about it. Gets a man feeling **old** 'n shit.

**PANEL THREE**

Art:

Reggie is stopped at a traffic light. A couple of **young ladies in bikinis** are strolling by the convertible. Reggie lowers his sunglasses to eye them up.

Cap:

No need for that, especially when there's plenty 'round here to keep a man feeling young.

Reggie:

Morning ladies! What ya'll in town for?

Girls:

Spring Break!

Reggie:

Enjoy it—go easy on them boys, now!

**PANEL FOUR**

Art:

**Wide, overhead shot.** Reggie's convertible pulling away from the traffic light, setting out down the beachside strip.

Cap:

Ain't gonna lie-- When I first got down here, Spring Break visitors were my bread and butter. I don't mess with them anymore, though.

Cap#2:

My rule's **look**, don't **touch**. Too many boyfriends or daddies to piss off back home where these chicks come from, most of 'em crazy enough to make the trip down to Florida to just beat my ass.

**Page Four**

***Four panels. Panels 1-3 are a tier across the top of the page, four is oversized.***

**PANEL ONE**

Art: Behind Reggie's Mercedes as it makes a turn onto a side street. We see a street sign with the name **WINDWILLOW COURT**.

Cap: These days, I take it easy. No need to recruit drunk college girls or mess with their drama.

Cap#2: All that **kid shit** behind me now.

**PANEL TWO**

Art: **Int. of the Mercedes.** Reggie is reaching over to the opened glove box, where a BlackBerry, pack of Newport cigarettes, Zippo lighter, and silver Berretta in a leather holster rest.

Cap: 732 Windwillow Court was the first place I bought down here. Scooped it up on foreclosure--**Twelve grand, cash--** didn't even need a mortgage.

Cap#2: Place made for a good home before I moved to the condo.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Reggie stands at the doorway of 732 Windwillow Court, a typical looking stucco Florida house. A lit Newport dangles from the corner of his mouth. He checks messages on his BlackBerry with one hand and leans on the doorbell with the other.

SFX: **DING-DONGGG**

Cap: Now this place is more of a **home office**.

**PANEL FOUR**

Art: **Big reveal.** We see **SHORONDA LEWIS** stand in the open doorway. Kind of a "Face it, Tiger" pose. She is a voluptuous African American woman wearing lingerie and a bothered look on her face.

**Page Four--continued**

**PANEL FOUR—CONT'D**

Reggie: Took you long enough. Let me get in that AC, woman. It's hot as hell out here.

Shoronda: I was in the middle of a session, Reggie. Don't be pissed at **me** if we get complaint emails 'cause I had to come get the door for **your ass**.

Shoronda#2: Ain't you got **keys**?

**Page Five****Three panels.****PANEL ONE**

Art: **Int. house.** Reggie comes in from the early morning sun, taking his sunglasses off. **Several scantily clad women** lounge on a sofa in the living room. Shoronda is walking away from Reggie in a huff.

Reggie: Morning, ladies. How we all doing today?

Women: Heeeeeey, Reggieeeeeee.

Reggie#2: None of ya'll can help Sho out and get the door?

Women: Sorryyyyyy, Reggieeeeeee.

Shoronda: **TFFT!**

**PANEL TWO**

Art: **Int. Bedroom.** Reggie follows Shoronda into a bedroom of the house. There is a mattress on the floor, covered by frilly linens. The bed is surrounded by lighting gear and a video camera on a tripod. Wires connect the camera to a PC setup on a desk above the "work area." A shelf holds sex toys.

Shoronda: Got a bunch of lazy bitches working up in here, Reg. I gotta crack the whip just to get them on cam for an hour.

Reggie: Always a problem with these girls. That's why I got **you**, baby.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Shoronda is bent down and brings out a small lockbox from underneath the PC desk. Reggie leans on a wall, checking his BlackBerry.

Shoronda: Shit, you might not be calling me baby after you see what we took in this month.

Reggie: We low?

**Page Six*****Four panels.*****PANEL ONE**

Art: Shoronda pulls a wad of cash from the lockbox.

Shoronda: 'Bout the same as last month. Still under compared to last year.

Reggie: Fuck it-- In this economy, I'll take **par**.

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Shoronda stands with her hands on her hips. Reggie counts the wad of cash.

Shoronda: Well if you're happy, I'm happy.

Reggie: That's what I like to hear, Sho. Can't be tripping over the day-to-day **bullshit**. Gotta look at the big picture.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Same, except Reggie has tucked the wad of cash into the front pocket of his Tommy Bahama shirt and now looks at Shoronda, wearing his famous grin.

Reggie: And what did we say the big picture was?

Shoronda: *\*SIGH\**

Reggie#2: C'mon now.

Shoronda#2: We play with ourselves for some lonely-ass perverts on the Internet, we get paid and live it up in Florida.

Reggie#3: That's right! You see Sho, you know what's up...

**PANEL FOUR**

Art: Reggie has his hands placed on Shoronda's shoulders and plants a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Reggie: ...That's why you'll always be my **baby**.



## Page Seven

### *Four panels.*

#### PANEL ONE

Art:

**Ext. Suburban neighborhood.** Reggie is back in the Mercedes, pulling away from 732 Windwillow Court. Similar looking houses on small quarter-acre lots fill the background. He has a new freshly lit Newport in his mouth again.

Cap:

Sho's been with me for going on a decade. She gets a little temperamental now and then, like any woman, but overall she's my **rock**.

#### PANEL TWO

Art:

**Reggie's P.O.V.** He sees a **little girl** and her **mother** set up on the side of the suburban street. They have a jar of lemonade on a folding table. A homemade sign reads **LEMONADE – 50 CENTS**. The mother bears the marks of a lower-middle class existence-- Overweight, a couple unattractive tattoos, oversized t-shirt and sweat pants in the Florida sun. The little girl is about 5.

Cap:

Cut my teeth keeping hookers in line for the old bosses up North. Then the Internet came along and made this game **legit**.

Cap#2:

Get some cash, get some rooms, get some computer shit-- Bam, you're in business.

#### PANEL THREE

Art:

Reggie pulls the Mercedes up close to the girl and mother, next to the lemonade table.

Cap:

Ain't the prettiest way to make a buck. Whether on the streets or online, sex trade is still the sex trade. Always a lot of freaks and nonsense go along with this shit.

#### PANEL FOUR

Art:

Same.

**Page Seven—continued**

**PANEL FOUR—CONT'D**

Cap: Ain't all perfect, but for me it's working out **all right**.

Reggie: Hey there, little girl. I could use a cup of lemonade on this hot day.

Mother: You got a customer, honey. Go on and pour a cup!

Little Girl: OK!

**Page Eight**

***Three panels.***

**PANEL ONE**

Art: The little girl hands Reggie a Dixie cup full of lemonade.

Little Girl: Here you go, sir.

Reggie: Thank you, honey. How much I owe you?

Little Girl: Fiddy cents.

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Reggie peels off a crisp hundred dollar bill from his wad of cash and hands it to the girl.

Reggie: There you go, darling. Keep the change.

Little girl: !

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Looking head-on at Reggie as he pulls the Mercedes away from the lemonade stand. He holds the lemonade cup to his lips and sips on it. The mother and little girl are jumping for joy in the background.

Cap: Florida. All the sunshine just makes these days blur together.

## Page Nine

### *Five Panels.*

*Letterer: Please make the captions on this page different from the previous to reflect Syd's voice.*

#### **PANEL ONE**

Title Card: **ACT II - THIRTEEN PUERTO RICANS**

#### **PANEL TWO**

Art: Looking head-on at **Syd James**. Syd is a punkish looking guy in his mid-twenties. He is gaunt, pale, wearing a black tank top. He sits alone in a dingy Chinese take-out restaurant, sporting a black eye and a gash on his lower lip.

Cap: Thirteen's a damn unlucky number.

#### **PANEL THREE**

Art: Close-up of the menu board above the Chinese restaurant's counter. We see a list of lunch specials. Focus on 10, 11, 12, 12a., 14 portion.

Cap: Shit I order at this Chinese take-out place-- Kung Pow Beef with chicken wings and an egg roll-- they call it "12a."

Cap#2: These motherfuckers don't even want thirteen on the goddamn lunch menu.

#### **PANEL FOUR**

Art: **Flashback to previous night. Ext. parking lot.**  
Syd is stumbling home from a strip club, its neon signage glowing in the distance. He wears a black tank top and baggy jeans. In one hand he carries a tall can of beer in a plain brown bag.

Cap: Seems fitting that me, Mr. Bad Luck himself **Syd James**, should happen to get jumped by exactly **thirteen** punks last night...

Syd(singing): Being with you girl, like being...

Page Nine—continued

PANEL FOUR—CONT'D

Syd#2: *hic!*

Syd#3: Being with you, girllllll...

PANEL FIVE

Art: A subcompact hatchback car comes screeching into the parking lot, bolting toward Syd at full throttle.

Syd: Wha-Whaa?

SFX: **SKREEEEEE!**

Page Ten

*Three panels.*

**PANEL ONE**

Art:

**Our P.O.V. is low on the ground.** On the left, we see one of Syd's legs and his lanky arm hanging down, his hand clutching the can of cheap beer. On the right, we see the car swooping out of a tight corner and bearing its headlines down on Syd.

SFX:

(to edge of panel)

**VRROOOAAAA--**

**PANEL TWO**

Art:

**Close-up on Syd's face.** He is in full-squint mode as the car's lights blind him.

Syd:

Whozat?

**PANEL THREE**

Art:

**Far shot.** Syd stands on the left of the panel and the car comes to a screeching halt just inches from him.

SFX:

**SKREEEEEEEECHHH!**

**Page Eleven*****Six panels.*****PANEL ONE**

Art:

**Make the art blurry/sketchy to reflect Syd's drunken memory.** We see all of the car's doors open, including the rear hatch. Tough-looking thugs are spilling out in all directions, like circus clowns falling out of a clown car.

Cap:

I don't know how **so many** of those fuckers fit into one tiny car.

**PANEL TWO**

Art:

**Close-up.** A fist slams into Syd's face.

Cap:

Drunk as I was, I counted the bastards.

SFX:

***THOK!***

**PANEL THREE**

Art:

Syd falls to the ground as the thugs form a circle around him.

Cap:

There was **thirteen** of them. Some big, some small. All of 'em got a hand on me at one point.

**PANEL FOUR**

Art:

One of the thugs, **Main Thug**, raises a baseball bat above his head.

Cap:

Some used more than their hands.

Syd:

(off panel)

Wa-wait--

Syd#2:

(off panel)

I don--I don't even know you people--

**Page Eleven—continued****PANEL FIVE**

- Art: The circle of thugs are now in tight around Syd's crumpled body. The Main Thug slams the baseball bat into Syd's upper back.
- Cap: None of 'em looked familiar. Some wore masks. They didn't say a goddamned word the whole time.
- Main Thug: **TOMA, HIJO DE PUTA!**
- SFX: **CRACK!**
- Cap#2: Least not words that I understood.

**PANEL SIX**

- Art: **Close-up** of a small flag, blue and white stripes with a sun (Argentina flag), hanging from the rearview mirror of the compact car. Reflected in the car's windshield, we see Syd getting beat.
- Cap: All I know is there was **thirteen** of them and they were speaking **Puerto Rican**.



**Page Twelve*****Five panels.*****PANEL ONE**

Art: **Flashback ends. Back to Int. of the Chinese restaurant.**  
Sunlight pours in from the dirty windows. Syd sits alone, pecking at his 12a lunch special.

Cap: Back up North--back home--the old timers didn't like my recreational activities.

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Same. Syd brings a piece of Kung Pow beef to his mouth.

Cap: Said it made me sloppy, weak. I showed them, though. Showed them that a junkie could get the job done, every time.

Cap#2: When they'd tell me I'd be all right if it weren't for the junk, I'd tell 'em to go fuck themselves. I did what I want, answered to nobody.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Syd thumbs through the contact list on a cheap pre-paid cellphone as he eats.

Cap: Never wanted their approval. Just wanted to get fucking **paid.**

Cap#2: Lately I got to thinking them old fucks might've been onto something. I cut out the junk six months back.

Cap#3: I was fucked up last night, but only on beer and a couple shots.

**PANEL FOUR**

Art: Close-up on the cellphone. Grainy monochrome screen. We see the name **NOELIA CRUZ** displayed along with a phone number.

**Page Twelve—continued**

**PANEL FOUR—CONT'D**

Cap: Still, I ain't got a fucking clue as to what happened or why--  
but I get the feeling I musta pissed somebody off **big time**.

Cap#2: Time to reach out and touch someone.

Cap#3: Only someone I got left.

**Page Thirteen**

**Six panels.**

Letterer: *A new font for the captions please, showing Noelia's voice.*

**PANEL ONE**

Title card: **ACT III- EDUCATION**

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Int. Community College Library. **NOELIA CRUZ**, self-possessed, determined looking, is pouring over a Trigonometry textbook at a library workstation. Her cellphone rests on the desk atop a heap of graph paper.

Cap: When I first started here, I was straight-up scared of Math.

SFX: ***BZZZZ! BZZZZ!***  
(cellphone)

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Noelia picks up her modern, touchscreen cellphone to see who is calling. We see Syd's face with the title "USELESS ASSHOLE" under it.

NOELIA: *\*SIGH\**

**PANEL FOUR**

Art: **Wide shot** of Noelia sitting at the desk, the unexpected call jolting her out of her studying.

Cap: Funny how things that seem impossible can just click into place when you have the right focus.

Cap#2: When you have the time to focus, ***sin distracciones.***

**PANEL FIVE**

Art: **Ext. Community College Parking lot. Day.** Noelia puffs on a cigarette and stares at her phone.

**Page Thirteen—continued****PANEL FIVE—CONT'D**

Cap: Stupid freakin' Syd. Tell the truth, I hadn't thought about him in forever.

Cap#2: He dropped out of my life months ago. I cried for three days. Cried 'til my eyes were sore like a little *pendeja*.

Cap#3: On day three, I looked in the mirror and told myself to forget about him. Told myself it was time to move on.

**PANEL SIX**

Art: **Close-up** on Noelia's cellphone as she presses the "CALL" button on its screen.

Cap: Told myself I was better than crying over some junkie asshole. Told myself I was too **smart** and too **good** for him.

Cap#2: How is it this *parásito de meirda* makes me forget all that with just one phone call?

**Page Fourteen****Three panels.****PANEL ONE**

Art: Noelia paces the sidewalk outside the college library as she speaks with Syd via the phone.

Cap: Useless asshole. I'll see what he wants, just so I can tell him to go to hell and die.

Syd(burst): Hello?

Noelia: ...

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Same.

Syd(burst): Hello? Anybody there?

Cap: Why the fuck am I the one who's nervous?

Noelia: What'd you call me for?

Cap#2: Nice. Cold. No frills. Be the *perra fria* and watch him squirm.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Noelia looking angry, cellphone to her ear and cigarette in one hand.

Syd(burst): Listen, Noelia, I know it's been a while...

Noelia: Yeah, it's been a while since you **left** and stopped returning my calls, **asshole**. So what you want now?

Syd(burst): Look, I'm hurt. I got jumped last night by a bunch of guys, all speaking Puerto Rican. You don't know nothin' about that, do you?

**Page Fifteen**

**Three panels, same as previous.**

**PANEL ONE**

Art: Same as last panel on previous page, except Noelia is now angrier and wears a look of disbelief. It's a "I can't believe this shit" look.

Noelia: Wait a minute, so you get your ass beat and you think I had something to do with it?

Syd(burst): I didn't say--

Noelia#2: And what the fuck do you mean they were speaking **Puerto Rican?** Do you mean **Spanish**, you ignorant fuck?

Syd(burst)#2: Yeah I meant--

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Same.

Noelia: Can't believe you call me up out of the blue and insult me with your *loco* bullshit like this, Syd. After what, months? ***Hijo de puta!***

Syd(burst): The dudes who jumped me, that's what they called me!

Noelia: Well whoever they were, they were **right!** You're unbelievable, ***miho.***

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Same, except Noelia is now less furious, more reflective.

Syd(burst): Look, Noe-

Noelia: No, you *look* Syd—I've been doing real good since you left.

Syd#2(burst): I...I'm glad for that. You back in school? How's Pablo doin'? I miss 'im. I miss **you.**

Cap: Just like that, he's back.

**Page Fifteen—continued**

**PANEL THREE—CONT'D**

Cap#2:                      Back in my life. Back under my skin.

Cap#3:                      *Parásito de meirda.*

**Page Sixteen**

*Four panels. Captions here belong to Syd.*

**PANEL ONE**

Title card: **ACT IV—THIRTEEN PUERTO RICANS ARGENTINIANS**

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Ext. Chinese restaurant/strip mall. Syd sits outside on the curb.

Cap: If you listen to Noe, you're gonna think I'm the biggest asshole who ever lived.

Cap#2: I'm sure to her, it seems like I am at times.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Same, except Syd has a finger in his mouth and an uncomfortable look on his face. Something is going on with one of his teeth.

Cap: I love Noe. I needed to bug out to get clean. Needed to see if I could tie up my junkie bullshit and lay down tracks for something of a normal life. Couldn't stay. Had to do it alone.

Cap#2: Once I got through it, thought I could work at the 7-11 or something, maybe become a manager. Something like that.

Cap#3: Point is--I wanted to get **right**. For her. For Pablo. Hell, maybe I could even get back into **Reggie's** good graces.

**PANEL FOUR**

Art: Same, except Syd's head is turned to the side. He spits and a molar flies out of his mouth. Show the tooth in mid-air.

Cap: Burned every bridge life put up for me.

SFX: **KA-POOT**

Cap#2: Fuck. Lost a tooth. Bastards.



**Page Seventeen****Six panels.****PANEL ONE**

Art: Noelia pulls up to the curb where Syd is sitting. She drives a sporty car.

SFX: **BEEP BEEEEEP**

**PANEL TWO**

Art: **Int. car.** Syd slides into the passenger seat. Noelia puffs on a cigarette and looks in the opposite direction, feigning disinterest in Syd.

Syd: Thanks for picking me up, Noe.

Noelia: Mm.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: **Looking head-on at Noelia and Syd in the car.**

Syd: Look, I know it's been a while. I've been working on stuff. Getting clean. Wanted to make a big comeback and show you how good I done.

Noelia: Oh, OK. I'll just pretend everything's fine then. You disappear for six months, show up out of the blue all beat to hell...

Noelia#2: Quite the **comeback**, Syd.

**PANEL FOUR**

Art: Show Syd pivoted in the seat to face toward Noelia.

Syd: Noe, look at me. I'm **sorry**. I mean what I said. I ain't touched nuthin' in months. Spent a week holed up in the Motel 9, felt like a spirit quest. Tough as shit, but I did it.

Syd#2: I got **clean**, Noe. Like I promised I would. I just had to do it **my way** is all.

**Page Seventeen--continued****PANEL FIVE**

Art:

**Switch P.O.V.** to show Noelia responding.

Noelia:

It's always gotta be your way, Syd. Who cares about **me**, right? I'll figure it out while you run off on your little journey of self-discovery.

Syd:

Spirit quest.

Noelia:

Pshh, sounds like some **druggie** shit to me.

Syd:

Look, you got a right to be pissed. Believe me, this ain't how I pictured things going down.

**PANEL SIX**

Art:

**Back to a head-on P.O.V.** showing Syd and Noelia in the car.

Noelia:

So you're clean, planning to come back into my life like some white knight. How'd all this shit happen to you, eh?

Noelia:

How is it you **still** gettin' in trouble, *loco*?

**Page Eighteen*****Five panels.***

Letterer: *Cap on this page is generic, non-character.*

**PANEL ONE**

Art: **Est. Shot:** Noelia's apartment complex. Her sporty car is parked outside.

Cap: A tense car ride later...

**PANEL TWO**

Art: **Int. Noelia Apartment Patio.** We're on Noelia's small, screened-in patio on her third-floor walkup apartment. Syd and Noelia sit on plastic patio furniture around a small table. **There's an ashtray and a wooden box on the table.** A few common houseplants are in the background. Also on the table: **A bottle of rubbing alcohol, cotton balls, and a box of Band-Aid type bandages.**

Noelia: Lemme clean up that lip.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: **Closer-in** on Noelia as she dabs Syd's lip with an alcohol drenched cotton ball.

Noelia: They messed you up **good**, loco.

Syd: Ow!

Noelia: *Cállate*, you wimp.

**PANEL FOUR**

Art: Same, now Noelia is putting a Band-Aid on Syd's lip.

Noelia: So tell me what happened.

Syd: It's like I said, I was headed back home.

Noelia#2: Fucked up?

**Page Eighteen—continued****PANEL FOUR—CONT'D**

Syd#2: I'd been drinking. Couple beers, couple shots. Nothing crazy, Noe.

Noelia#3: Hm. Okay. So then what?

Syd#3: Carload of Puerto Ricans ran up on me. I shit you not, **thirteen** of 'em jumped out and beat the hell out of me.

**PANEL FIVE**

Art: The first aid stuff has been pushed aside. The wooden box is opened, revealing a bag of weed and some rolling papers inside. Noelia is rolling a joint.

Noelia: This bother you? Gonna push you off the deep end and send you back to junkie land?

Syd: Hell no. Weed ain't a drug. Ain't even the same family.

Noelia#2: Cool. After sitting through Trig and Biology Lab, this helps me relax. *Sabes?*

Syd#2: Totally.

**Page Nineteen****Five panels.****PANEL ONE**

Art: Noelia takes a pull of the lit joint. A few clouds of smoke fill the patio.

Noelia: So what makes you think the dudes who jumped you were Puerto Ricans?

Syd: They sounded like it. That's all I based it on.

Noelia#2: Ay, Syd. Typical North American. You know Spanish is spoken in dozens of countries, right?

**PANEL TWO**

Art: Noelia passes the joint to Syd. More smoke is present.

Syd: What can I say? Where I grew up, people who spoke Spanish were Puerto Ricans. Don't hold it against me, I'm just-

Noelia: A kid from middle of nowhere, I know.

Syd#2: Told you that one before?

Noelia#2: Could be your catchphrase, *miho*.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: Syd and Noelia smoking.

Noelia: Seriously, though—You don't know anything about these guys 'cept they spoke Spanish?

Syd: \*COUGH\*

Syd#2(small): Good Shit.

Syd#3: I saw a...a flag or something, hanging from the car's mirror.

**Page Nineteen—continued****PANEL FOUR**

Art: Noelia taps the joint on the ashtray, knocking a head of ash into it.

Noelia: That's something. What'd it look like?

Syd: Fuck...trying to remember. It was blue and white, I think. And there was like a face or a sun or something.

Noelia#2: *Que?* You sure?

Syd#2: S'what I can remember.

Noelia#3: Blue and white...sun..sounds like Argentina, maybe Uruguay.

**PANEL FIVE**

Art: Noelia has leapt from her chair and bolted into the apartment, leaving Syd stoned and confounded on the balcony.

Syd: What's going on?

Noelia(v.o.): **Hold on!**

Page Twenty

*Full page splash with a small inset in the lower right.*

Art: Noelia stands in the in sliding glass doorway between her apartment and the balcony. She holds a laptop up with the Argentinian flag on the screen.

Noelia: Did it look like **this?**

Syd(yell): That's it! That's the flag I saw!

**INSET**

Art: Noelia's face.

Noelia: Syd, you *idiot*.

Noelia#2: Those dudes who jumped you weren't Puerto Rican, they were **Argentinian!**

**Page Twenty One**

***Six panels.***

*Letterer:* Please return to Reggie's font for caption on this page.

**PANEL ONE**

Title card: **ACT V—Old Buddies**

**PANEL TWO**

*Art:* **Int. Strip Club.** Dark with ambient neon trim along the fixtures. **Reggie** sits at the bar, sipping a Sam Adams beer as women dance on a stage behind him. A bartender, **Daryl**, is coming out of the back kitchen with a plate of food on a tray.

*Cap:* I dig this joint. Been coming here as long as I been in Florida.

*Cap#2:* Daryl working the bar today, must be Louise's day off. Daryl's cool, though. Used to be a chef up in New York. Retired at the ripe old age of 40-something.

*Cap#3:* Works here part-time to look at titties for a couple hours while making some pocket scratch.

**PANEL THREE**

*Art:* Shot of a topless dancer on the main stage, doing her thing in the theatrical club lighting.

*Cap:* Said it was either this or **Disney**.

**PANEL FOUR**

*Art:* Same as panel one, only now Daryl is next to Reggie, putting the plate down in front of him. It's a steak burger and fries.

*Daryl:* Here ya go, partner. Want another beer?

*Reggie:* Might as well.



**Page Twenty One—continued****PANEL FIVE**

Art: A burly white guy with a mullet, **Jackson**, enters the club, casting a shaft of daylight into the otherwise unnaturally dark place.

Cap: Fuckin' **Jackson**. This dude's an odd duck. Yankee from New Hampshire who hates brothers like a cracker from Alabama.

Cap#2: We go way back.

**PANEL SIX**

Art: Jackson leans against the bar as Reggie chomps on his burger. Dancing girl in the background.

Jackson: Reg.

Reggie: Sup, playa! Why don't you grab a seat, take in the scenery. You see that fine girl up there? That's Ramona.

Reggie(small)#2: I got it on good authority that she'll suck the **hell** out of your dick for twenty bucks.

Jackson#2: Reggie, Reggie. Ever the pimp. Leopard don't change its stripes.

Reggie#3: Ha! Could say the same 'bout you, nigga. You still rockin' a funky-ass Van Halen haircut. Got that whole 1989 thing going on.

**Page Twenty Two****Three panels.****PANEL ONE**

Art: **Closer-in** on Reggie as he eats. Jackson is next to him, perched against the bar.

Reggie: I ain't a pimp anymore, though. I was just trying to hook a friend up. You look all uptight and shit, thought you could use some relief.

Jackson: Save it. I'm here about one of your old buddies.

Reggie#2: Shit, first **you** and now **another** old buddy? I don't know how many buddies I can take in one day, Jack.

**PANEL TWO**

Art: We **pivot P.O.V.** to focus on Jackson now.

Jackson: I'm here about **Syd**. You still pal around with him? I know you boys were like Batman and Robin back in the day.

Cap: **Shit**. Syd. What kind of bullshit he into now?

Reggie: I haven't seen nor heard from Mr. Syd in a hot minute, my man. I don't even know if he's in the Sunshine State these days or not.

Jackson: Oh, he's here all right.

**PANEL THREE**

Art: **Close-in** on Jackson. A maniacally grin is on his face.

Jackson: Your boy's got a contract out on his head.

Jackson#2: One that I intend to **collect**.

Title: **To be continued...**