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Y'S GUYS #2

PAGE ONE

1: A male hospital orderly is at distance at end of hospital corridor, pushing a cart. It is Firefight disguised as a hospital orderly, but we cannot see his shadowed face. In the foreground are two police officers guarding the door of Midnight Express's hospital room.

1ST GUARD: I HEARD HE'S WANTED FOR ROBBERY IN VEGAS.

2: Firefight is closer, his face still shadowed.

1ST GUARD: USED TO FOLLOW WINNERS OUTSIDE AND MUG 'EM.

2ND GUARD: SOMEBODY MESSED HIM UP GOOD. HE WON'T BE DOING THAT ANY MORE.

3: Firefight is at the guarded door. His identity still unrevealed.

1ST GUARD: NOT WITHOUT A SEEING EYE DOG.

2ND GUARD: CAN WE HELP YOU?

PAGE ONE (CONTINUED)

4: Shot of everybody from the knees down. Underneath his hospital whites, Firefight is wearing suspicious looking motorcycle boots with chains. Guards' feet show they are still sitting in their chairs.

FIREFIGHT: TIME FOR MEDICATION. THE PRISONER NEEDS HIS PAINKILLERS.

1ST GUARD: WHERE'S DR. LASKY? WE DON'T ADMIT ANYBODY EXCEPT HIM.

5: Close-up of Firefight's mouth, showing his gap-toothed smile.

FIREFIGHT: LASKY'S NOT FEELING WELL. IN FACT, YOU BOYS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD EITHER.

PAGE TWO

1: Big action panel takes up half the page as Firefight, standing between the two seated guards shoots them several times from his big handguns. The guards are falling back off their chairs. Maybe one has his gun out, but only inches away from his holster. Firefight is standing with his legs braced wide and his face is full of joy. He's not wearing his mask. His hair is short and cut badly.

2: Firefight stands in open door of darkened hospital room. The light from the hall bathes half his body as if he were the moon with its light side and its dark side. Gun smoke lingers in the air.

EXPRESS: (off panel) WHO'S THERE?

3: Firefight holds a gun in one hand and has switched on a lamp with his other hand.

FIREFIGHT: IT'S JUST ME, BUDDY.

4: Midnight Express is in bed, propping himself up a little with his arms. His eyes are bandaged shut and he has gouges on his face. An I-V drip leads to his arm.

EXPRESS: FIREFIGHT! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

PAGE THREE

1: Firefight and Express. Firefight is holstering his gun behind his back.

FIREFIGHT: YOU DIDN'T THINK DAMASCUS WOULD LEAVE YOU HIGH AND DRY, DID YOU?

EXPRESS: THEY SAY I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN!

2: Firefight has a hypodermic in his hand and is injecting fluid into the access of the I-V drip bag. Maybe with a small round panel that shows extreme close-up of the needle in Firefight's hand.

FIREFIGHT: I KNOW, BUDDY. DAMASCUS TAKES CARE OF HIS OWN. WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE AND YOU CAN RETIRE TO A SUNNY TROPICAL BEACH AND DRINK PINA COLADAS ALL DAY!

3: Express is perspiring and his hands are trembling.

EXPRESS: I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

FIREFIGHT: GO WITH THE FLOW, BUDDY, IT'LL BE OVER SOON.

4: Express's entire body is vibrating at superspeed and his face is wracked with pain. Firefight's expression is like he's a hungry man looking at a juicy steak.

EXPRESS: WWWWHAT'S HHHAPPENINGGG?

FIREFIGHT: MUSCLE CONTRACTIONS. REACTION TO THE POISON THAT'S KILLING YOU.

PAGE THREE (continued)

5: Firefight, in full costume, rides away from the hospital on his motorcycle. He looks very pleased with himself. It's night. In the background show a glowing street lamp or lights on the hospital or a street lamp throwing a spotlight on Firefight.

FIREFIGHT: . . . AND IF THAT MOCKINGBIRD DON'T SING . . .

(full sample available upon request)