

# **BADMAN**

A comic by

John Staats

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By John Staats (c)2019

**PAGE 1**

Panel 1 - Large horizontal panel -- Ext. Old western town -- Front view of false-front buildings separated by narrow alleys with boardwalk in front -- Across the top says "First National Bank", "Saloon", "Livery" -- Three saddled horses are tied to the hitching rail in front of the bank.

1 CAPTION:  
Arizona Territory 1880

2 CAPTION:  
The bank is being robbed...

Panel 2 - Same -- An explosion blows out the side of the bank into an alley -- Screams and gunfire comes from within the bank -- The horses rear up.

3 CAPTION:  
...again.

Panel 3 - Same -- Three bank robbers have mounted the horses and gallop away down the dirt main street -- The lead rider wears a purple tinted duster and laughs maniacally 'HA-HA-HA-HA!!' as he rides -- The other two riders shoot their revolvers at bank patrons that exit with their guns drawn - The patrons clutch their chest/arms from gunshots.

4 CAPTION:  
The robbers escape...

5 CAPTION:  
...again.

Panel 4 - Int. Bank -- The town sheriff stands in front of the teller windows with hands on his hips surveying the devastation -- He is older with grey handlebar mustache and wire-rim glasses -- The safe is blown open and three patrons are having their wounds dressed.

6 SHERIFF:  
Well, Bullock? Was it him?

Panel 5 - The deputy stands by the sheriff -- he is broad shouldered, barrel chested, and no neck -- He wears a two-gun rig and holds a note pad.

- 7 DEPUTY:  
No doubt, Sheriff. Description fits. One of the bandits called him Mister J. Could hardly contain his laughter throughout the robbery. The guy's a kook.
- 8 SHERIFF:  
This has got to stop. I'm going out to the Big W.
- 9 DEPUTY:  
Why the dubya?
- 10 SHERIFF:  
He owns the bank.

**PAGE 2**

Panel 1 - The sheriff rides alone on horseback through a large gated ranch entrance -- Hanging from chains is a big iron 'W' -- in the background is a large ranch house, stables and stock yard.

- 11 CAPTION:  
The Big W
- 12 CAPTION:  
The largest cattle ranch in the Territory.

Panel 2 - The sheriff rides up to a corral -- A man wields a hand-sledge to pound red-hot steel on an anvil -- The man is Bruce -- He's in his mid-twenties, dark hair, square jawed and broad-shouldered -- He wears a leather blacksmith apron and sleeveless shirt to show his massive muscled arms.

- 13 SHERIFF:  
I don't know why you do this, Bruce. You're the richest man in the southwest and you insist on punching cattle.
- 14 BRUCE:  
Correction, Gordon. My father was. I'm just the heir to the Wayne Mining fortune.
- 15 SHERIFF:  
Well, if we don't do something, your fortune is going to disappear.

Panel 3 - The sheriff operates a water-pump into a horse trough while Bruce splashes water in his face -- In the background, a tall, slender black manservant walks towards them from the ranch house carrying a tray with two glasses and a water pitcher -- This is Alfred.

16 SHERIFF:  
The J-Gang took your bank again this morning.

17 BRUCE:  
The witness descriptions got me to thinking and I've a good notion where they might be holed up. The old Wayne copper smelter.

18 SHERIFF:  
Why there?

Panel 4 - The sheriff and Bruce lean on a fence with their glasses of water while Alfred stands to the side.

19 BRUCE:  
Smelting produces heavy metals. Arsenic exposure can cause your hair to turn green and lead poisoning can cause hysterics.

20 SHERIFF:  
Problem is, the smelter is outside my jurisdiction.

21 BRUCE:  
That's okay, Gordon. I know a guy.

Panel 5 - The sheriff is back on his horse and is riding towards the gate -- He holds one arm up to wave his departure -- Bruce waves back.

22 SHERIFF:  
Just keep it legal, Bruce. We don't need the US Marshall getting involved.

23 BRUCE:  
Don't you fret. I'll make sure he brings him in alive.

Panel 6 - Bruce walks towards the ranch house and removes his blacksmith apron -- Alfred follows closely.

24 BRUCE:  
Alfred, would you mind saddling up the black mustang for me?

25 ALFRED:  
Certainly, sir. I trust you'd like the black tack, as well?

26 BRUCE:  
You read me like a book.

27 ALFRED:  
I'm here to serve, sir.

**PAGE 3**

Panel 1 - Int. Wayne Smelter -- The old corrugated building is in shambles and looks to fall down upon them -- Three men sit at a table playing cards -- The man sitting with his back to the viewer is Mister J -- He has shoulder length green hair and wears a purple tinted duster -- The other two men look nasty in dirty patchwork clothing and many days worth of beard growth -- A kerosene lamp on the table provides light on stacks of currency.

28 MISTER J:  
Let's play a little game called Joker's Wild! HA HA HEE  
HEE HA!

29 GOON #1:  
Sure thing, Mister J. Whatever makes you happy.

30 MISTER J:  
It's not the game that makes me happy...it's the name!  
HEE HO HO!

31 BADMAN (OFF-PANEL FROM THE DARKNESS):  
Too bad the games up, Mister J!

Panel 2 - Same -- Perched on a loft is the Badman -- He's crouched on his haunches looking down from above -- Dressed in a black leather duster, black leather chaps over black pants, a deep crowned black Stetson, black boots and gloves -- He also wears a black bandana and eye-mask -- He holds a mare's leg style lever-action pistol and a black bullwhip hangs from his belt.

32 BADMAN:  
We can do this one of two ways.

Panel 3 - Same -- First good view of Mister J -- He spun and turned (speed lines) in his chair to look up towards the loft (profile) -- Mister J is pale, bloodshot eyes, pointy chin, and a grin that is exaggerated due to his green handle-bar mustache -- He has also drawn a long-barreled Colt revolver -- The two Goons have also turned in surprise.

33 MISTER J:  
Woo-hoo! What do we have here?! Are you supposed to be  
some kind of Badman?

34 MISTER J:  
Get 'em, boys!

Panel 3 (inset) - Same -- Badman's bullwhip wraps around 'FWIP!' a girder (or beam).

Panel 4 - Badman swings like Tarzan on the whip with one hand while the other fires the pistol -- His duster waves behind him.

35 BADMAN:  
Hard way, it is!

Panel 5 - Ext. Sheriff's Office -- Mister J and the two Goons are tied up and dangle from the porch rafters -- A note is pinned to Mister J.

36 NOTE:  
Sheriff, I'll be there when you need me. ~Badman

37 CAPTION:  
Mysterious and misunderstood, so begins the legend of the Badman.

38 CAPTION:  
End