

BADMAN: THREE OF A KIND

by

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PANEL 1: INT. UNDERGROUND MINE FACE - Silhouette of a huge man (MCBANE), with carbide lamp cap, swinging a pick at the mine face -- A candle is mounted on the timber support frame behind him to force the silhouette.

PANEL 2: EXT. MINE PORTAL - McBane pulls a line of ore carts over narrow gauge track as other miners look on -- With his head down, and wearing a full brim miners cap, his face is obscured.

CAPTION:

"I was their strongest and <cough> most productive.

CAPTION:

"Aye, their Champion.

CAPTION:

"Until that day..."

PANEL 3: EXT. MINE PORTAL - Fire and fly-rock explode out of the mine opening -- The huge man is thrown to the ground.

MCBANE:

!

PANEL 4: EXT. MINE PORTAL -- McBane stands in shock as everyone evacuates the mine.

MCBANE (THOUGHT):

Me mates!

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PANEL 1: INT. MINE DRIFT -- McBane makes his way through miners evacuating the drift.

MCBANE:

Go! Go! Go! Run! Make way!

PANEL 2: INT. MINE DRIFT -- McBane, alone in the drift, searches for other miners.

MCBANE:

Hurry! C'mon! Run!

CAPTION:

"I carried twelve men to safety <cough>. On me last attempt..."

PANEL 3: INT. MINE DRIFT -- The Mine caves-in and closes the portal -- McBane, arm raised, guards against falling rock and timber.

MCBANE:

AAUUGHH!

PANEL 4: INT. MINE DRIFT -- McBane is buried to his waist in rubble and timbers.

MCBANE:

Shit.

PANEL 5: INT. MINE DRIFT -- The huge man sits with his back against the wall with his head in his hands -- Smoke hovers overhead.

CAPTION:

"I was alone.

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PANEL 1: INT. MINE DRIFT -- McBane feels his way through the rubble.

CAPTION:

"I waited for rescue <cough>

CAPTION:

"but no one came.

PANELS 2-4: INT. MINE DRIFT -- Various scenes of McBane scrambling and digging through rubble.

CAPTION:

"The fire should have used all the oxygen by now..."

CAPTION:

"...but it still burned."

MCBANE (THOUGHT):

A vent shaft!

PANEL 5: INT. MINE DRIFT -- McBane is shocked to hear another voice 'HELP! SOMEONE THERE?'

MCBANE:
?!

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PANEL 1: INT MINE DRIFT -- McBane approaches an old miner (JASPER) trapped in rubble.

MCBANE:
Jasper?

JASPER:
McBane! Please, my boy...

JASPER:
...he was at the face filling pails.

MCBANE:
Which way is the face?

PANEL 2: INT. MINE DRIFT -- Close up of Jasper pointing.

JASPER:
That way.

JASPER:
Promise me you'll find my boy!

PANEL 3: INT MINE DRIFT -- Jasper has his death mask on -- McBane has a hand on his chest.

MCBANE (THOUGHT):
If that leads to the face, the vent is the other way.

CAPTION:
"It was too late for the boy..."

CAPTION:
"but not for me."

PANEL 4-6: INT. VENT RAISE - The huge man is squeezing through a vertical shaft, digging with his bare hands -- still just a silhouette.

CAPTION:
"I had to get out."

CAPTION:
"Someone will answer for this."

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PANEL 1: INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - NIGHT -- The huge man is seated facing MISTER J and QUEENIE at a round table (back to viewer, Mister J off left shoulder and Queenie off right shoulder) -- Mister J smokes a hookah and Queenie drinks absinthe -- Kerosene sconce on the wall -- Wallpaper is faded and peeling.

MCBANE:

When I reached the surface, my lungs were burned
<cough> and my eyes light sensitive.

MCBANE:

Wayne Mining had shutdown. No celebration. No
restitution. No nothin'.

MCBANE:

Been living on the street for years.

MISTER J:

Hm...Precisely the reason we wanted to meet you.

PANEL 2: INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM --- Close-up of Mister J.

MISTER J:

Queenie and I have bones to pick with the Waynes too.

PANEL 3: INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - SAME -- Close-up of Queenie, cute as ever, sipping her absinthe off the right shoulder of the man.

QUEENIE:

You said it, baby!

QUEENIE:

We're gonna give them Waynes what they deserve.

PANEL 4: INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - SAME -- Queenie leans back and drinks her Absinthe.

MISTER J:

Are you interested?

QUEENIE:

'Course he is! I bet he can't wait to get his big ol'
meat paws on 'em!

PANEL 5: INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM -- Queenie stands and holds a mask with goggles in front of her face.

QUEENIE:

We got you a little something, too. Try this on for size.

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PANEL 1: INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - Overhead view -- Mister J leans forward elbows on the table and his grinning face propped up in his hands -- Queenie holds the mask out in front of her to the big man.

PANEL 2: INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM -- McBane adjusts the straps on the back of his head -- Queenie smiles with a finger to her cheek and Mister J leans back in his chair.

MISTER J:

Hoo-hoo! A perfect fit!

QUEENIE:

It's kinda cute, if you ask me!

MISTER J:

What do you say, McBane?

PANEL 3: We now see McBane from the front -- He wears a filtering mask and round dark lens goggles -- His hands are on his hips -- He's a big and opposing looking brute.

MCBANE:

I broke my back for the Waynes.

MCBANE:

Time to break theirs.

CAPTION:

To be continued....