BADMAN: TWO IN THE BUSH

A comic by

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Panel 1 - Large horizontal panel -- Int. Jail Cell -- SHERIFF GORDON stands alone in the empty cell with his left hand on his hip and the right scratching his head -- He stares at a hole in the wall where the barred window was pulled out of the adobe wall from the outside.

1 CAPTION:
A prisoner has escaped.

Panel 2 - Same - BADMAN stands beside a startled Sheriff that clutches his chest.

2 BADMAN:
Good morning, Gordon.

3 SHERIFF:
Geezum christo! Don't sneak up on me like that!

4 BADMAN:
I came as soon as I heard.

Panel 3 - Same - Badman and Sheriff crouch by the opening and look closely at a lock of green hair in Badman's gloved hand.

5 SHERIFF:
No mystery here, Badman. A harlot, goes by the name Queenie, hitched a team of horses to the bars and yanked em out.

6 BADMAN:
What kind of a lead do they have?

7 SHERIFF:
Hmm...maybe thirty---

Panel 4 - Same - The Sheriff is alone in the cell with a surprised look and an exclamation mark above his head.

8 SHERIFF:
I hate it when he does that.

Panel 5 - Ext. Desertscape - Day -- Badman rides on his black mustang -- His black duster and his mustang's mane flutter in the wind -- Badman's mares leg lever action pistol is holstered on his hip.
9 BADMAN:
   Heeyah!

Panel 6 - Ext. Desertscape - Day -- Badman is hunkered down
to look at hoof prints -- He holds the reins of his mustang
in his left hand and his mares leg pistol in the other --
the red rock walls tower behind him.

10 BADMAN:
   Close. Very close.

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Panel 1 - Ext. Desert Oasis - Day -- MISTER J and QUEENIE
   (22) sit by a creek surrounded by tall cottonwood trees --
Queenie clings close to Mister J while he soaks his feet in
the water -- Her face is powdered snow white except her
heavy black mascara and eye shadow that resembles a mask --
She wears a red corset with black diamond appliqués and a
black dress -- Their horses are tied to a bush behind them.

11 QUEENIE:
   I couldn't stand to see you in that jail another
   minute.

12 MISTER J:
   Hoo-hoo! You're a good girl, Queenie. One of the best,
   I dare say.

13 QUEENIE:
   Oh, Mister J! I bet you say that to all the girls.

Panel 2 - Close-up -- Queenie leans in close to kiss Mister
J on the cheek -- Mister J has a grin from ear-to-ear.

Panel 3 - Same Close-up -- Both Queenie and Mister J's eyes
are wide in surprise and his smile has turned upside down.

14 BADMAN (OFF-PANEL):
   Ahem.

Panel 4 - Same -- Badman stands behind them with his mares
leg drawn -- Mister J stands with arms raised and fists
clanched -- Queenie is on her knees bawling.

15 BADMAN:
   Sorry to break up your picnic.

16 MISTER J:
   Baddy Boy! Why must you ruin everything?!
17 BADMAN:
    You two are coming with me.

Panel 5 - Same -- Badman, same as before, now has a
surprised and concerned expression -- Gunfire and screams
come from off panel (Bang! Aaaieee! Bang! Pow!) -- Mister J
and Queenie turn to look in the direction of the noise.

Panel 6 - Same -- Mister J smiles and points at a
disillusioned Badman -- Queenie, still on her knees, has a
smile and hands clenched together like she's praying.

18 MISTER J:
    What are you going to do, Badman? It sounds like
someone in distress! You wouldn't want someone to get
hurt or killed because of your infatuation with me,
would you?

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Panel 1 - Same - Badman mounts his mustang -- Mister J and
Queenie are sitting back-to-back tied up.

19 BADMAN:
    With a little luck, you'll still be here when I get
back. If you're not, I'll find you!

20 MISTER J:
    Now, don't you fret, ol' Baddy Boy. We'll just wait
right here for your return. Won't we honeypie?

21 QUEENIE:
    Yeah! We'll be right here! Ha!

Panel 2 - Ext. Cliff -- Badman peers over the edge and looks
through binoculars.

22 CAPTION:
    A short time later...

Panel 3 - Binocular view -- A squad of CAVALRY TROOPERS are
riding away from a small Native American encampment --
Bodies are strewn about: men, women and children.

23 BADMAN:
    No!

Panel 4 - Ext. Encampment -- Badman walks through the
massacre with head down in anguish -- A 'Whimper' comes from
a teepee in the distance.
Panel 5 - Int. Teepee -- Badman is on one knee -- His mask is off, held in one hand and the other extended to a young APACHE GIRL (12) huddled against the back of the teepee with knees to her chest -- Tears run down her cheeks -- She holds a small bird (a Robin, of course!) clutched in one hand and a large knife in the other.

24 BADMAN:
    Shhh...it's okay. I won't hurt you.

25 BADMAN:
    My name is Bruce.

Panel 6 - Badman rides into the sunset with the Apache girl sitting in his lap.

26 BADMAN:
    I'll call you Little Bird.

27 CAPTION:
    The end.