

<LONGSHOT: >

Issue #<2 EXCERPT>

"[____]" Part [2]

By

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Pitch Doc - <12/29/2021>

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PANEL 1

Wide view of Longshot and Bernard in the checkout aisle of a large hardware store. The teller is ringing up a humidifier as the two speak.

BERNARD

So, it's a matter of authenticity, you know? Will you be doing all my stunts? Of course. But if I can't get a grip on your experience, my performance will suffer.

LONGSHOT

We're making a car movie, Mr. Garza. You might be over-thinking it.

PANEL 2

Close up of the teller as she rings up the humidifier. Her eyes catch something distracting on the counter in front of her.

TELLER

Is this ... uhm.

PANEL 3

Longshot's alien hand, featuring only four fingers rests on the counter, clearly distracting the teller.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 4

Longshot holds up his hand to display the fingers more clearly. His expression is casual, having dealt with this before.

LONGSHOT

Tablesaw.

(cont.)

Yeah, that'll do it.

PANEL 5

The view widens to display the colorful villain SCREWBALL sliding into the store behind Longshot. Bernard and a handful of customers recoil

SCREWBALL

Hey there, cats and kittens! It's your girl, Screwball, comin' at you LIVE from Tucson Arizona! That's right, our rowdy roadtrip continues with a cact-ass-kicking right below the sunbelt!

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PANEL 1

Longshot hands his bagged humidifer to Bernard as both keep their eyes on SCREWBALL. The wiry villain continues to strike dramatic poses and shoot selfies.

BERNARD

Is she talking to us?

LONGSHOT

Definitely not, no.

(cont)

Here. Hold my humidifer.

PANEL 2

Rear view of Longshot as he approaches SCREWBALL. He secretly draws a knife from his belt with one hand while holding up the other in a gesture of peace. SCREWBALL faces him as if interrupted.

SCREWBALL

Don't forget, gang, if you like what you see here, click that sub box and drop a comment in my--

LONGSHOT

Hey. Yeah, excuse me.

PANEL 3

Close-up on Longshot through SCREWBALL's camera, including all the graphics one would see while watching a TWITCH broadcast. See Ref 1.

LONGSHOT

So, before we do anything stupid, I just want you to know, I used to fight monsters on camera for a living. In

primetime.
(cont)
I'm like really, *really* good at it.

PANEL 4

Close-up of SCREWBALL, a smile spreads across her face.
Longshot's reflection appears hazy in her gold-hued visor.

SCREWBALL
Ooh! Fightin' words! Alright, Chat,
are you ready to see if the ex-X
leprechaun's blarney can fill that pot
'o gold?

LONGSHOT
I don't know what any of that means.
But seriously, you should think
about--

PANEL 5

SCREWBALL leaps toward Longshot, leg extended in a high kick.
Longshot takes a fighting stance.

SCREWBALL
'Nuff talk, blondie. Let's PLAY BALL!

LONGSHOT
Was worth a shot.

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PANEL 1

Longshot gives ground, backing into an aisle full of paint cans and blocking a vicious strike from Screwball.

SCREWBALL

So, are you still streaming or...?

LONGSHOT

Nah, I got out of the game like a year ago. Best decision I ever made.

PANEL 2

Longshot flicks a pair of knives into two cans of paint, spilling their contents onto the floor and causing SCREWBALL to slip slightly.

SCREWBALL

Well, what are you doing now?

LONGSHOT

Stuntwork mostly. Decent pay for minor thrills. You should try--

PANEL 3

Close up on SCREWBALL as she steadies herself against a shelf, splatters of paint on her outfit.

SCREWBALL

Oh my GOD. Not you, Longshit! I'm talking to my girlfriend!

(cont)

Sorry, Steph. I'll call you back.

PANEL 4

Longshot flips back onto a partially extended cherry-picker

(work platform) with Screwball in pursuit, covered in paint.

LONGSHOT

Looking a little rough there. You
ready to call it?

SCREWBALL

God, I thought Spider-Man talked a
lot.

LONGSHOT

Just keeping things light. Don't your
fans like banter?

PANEL 5

Screwball springs off the shelf, throwing a snap-kick at
Longshot who nimbly rolls out of the way.

SCREWBALL

Are you kidding me? I just blast K-Pop
the whole time. I'm not letting people
hear me pant and grunt my way through
a fight. S'like having someone listen
to you on the toilet.

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PANEL <1>

Longshot slides between the shelves into an adjacent aisle, Screwball's back is visible in the foreground as she pursues him.

LONGSHOT

There's a trick to that y'know?

SCREWBALL

Oh yeah? Enliven me.

PANEL <2>

Longshot grabs a length of hose and pulls it upward, causing Screwball to trip forward.

LONGSHOT

Have some weird guy give you two
hearts and lungs like an albatross.
Watch your step.

PANEL <3>

Screwball spins out and crashes, causing a pile of lumber to collapse on top of her.

PANEL <4>

Longshot stands over the pile, observing the carnage.
Screwball is half-covered in broken lumber and only partially conscious.

LONGSHOT

You okay in there?

SCREWBALL

<incoherent mumbling>

LONGSHOT

Yeah, she's okay.

PANEL <5>

Bernard sprints into view beside Longshot, excitedly gesturing at Screwball. Longshot looks distracted, looking toward the reader at something off screen.

BERNARD

Oh my god, that was incredible!

LONGSHOT

I guess. Do you still have my humidifer, or-? Oh shit.

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PANEL <1>

A hoard of shoppers sprint toward Longshot, crying out for his attention.

SHOPPER 1

Oh my god, it's Longshot!

SHOPPER 2

Who the hell is Longshot?

SHOPPER 3

That was crazy, man!

SHOPPER 4

Can you give me Dazzler's phone number?

PANEL <2>

Longshot, crowded by bystanders holds up his hands, clearly trying to extricate himself from the situation. A shopper begins to trip over backwards.

LONGSHOT

Look folks, we're just-. We have a thing we have to take care of, so I'm just gonna get going, okay? So yeah, thanks but--

SHOPPER 3

Longshot! Can I just-- WHOA

PANEL <3>

Shopper 3 steps onto the release for a table saw, his arm falling over the cutting surface.

PANEL <4>

Longshot and the shoppers' horrified faces look toward the reader as Shopper 3 suffers a grisly wound off screen. Shopper 4 appears to film it with his phone.

SFX

Bzzzrrzzz <saw noise>

SHOPPER 3

AUGHHH!

SHOPPER 4

Yikes.

PANEL <5>

Longshot stands, mortified, his face spattered with blood as bystanders panic.

SHOPPER 1

Someone call an ambulance!

LONGSHOT

<to himself>

Not again ...