

Electropolis #1 **3/22/95**
Makeshift final

Title The Female of the Species

Credits Created by **Broadway Comics**
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Drawn by
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Cast of Characters (complete)

Jack Sharek, a New York City police detective
Shari Robinson, nee Shari Sharek, Jack's 1st ex-wife
Cindi Ann Sharek, their 12 year old daughter
John Sharek, Jr. (John-John), their 8 year old son
Carl Conrad, Jack's partner
Amber Sharek, nee Amber Krulwich, Jack's 2nd ex-wife
Yasmina Razaq, the high priestess of Ishtar
Kismet Razaq-Smith, Yasmina's daughter
Jennifer Razaq-Smith, Kismet's daughter
Chris Dollens, psycho killer

Graham Lance, Shari's date
Dawn, Jack's date
Hernandez, a female uniformed police officer
 Crime scene players: hold-up men Brick and Lee, hostage,
 storeowner, newsstand vendor

Splash 3/4 page

The ladies room, where a triple murder has taken place. Birdseye shot to include several police in uniforms, our two detectives, Jack Sharek and Carl Conrad. Near the stall area we can see an overturned stroller, a shopping bag that had been hung on the stroller handle, spilled to reveal some ordinary small purchases including a large white Power Ranger plush doll. Three body-shaped chalk forms are in evidence: one in a stall, one near the sinks, another on the floor. There are blood splatters around all the tape forms and bloody paper towels all around near the sinks. The victim's handbags are in evidence. Faded bloody footprints in evidence, heading to the door.

Caption August 31, 1994. 6:15 PM.
A&S Plaza, Herald Square.
New York City.

Jack Looks to me like the perp slashed the throat of the first one coming out of the stall, then took care of the witness...

...Was interrupted by victim number three, took care of her...

...Calmly cleaned up, grabbed the kid, and booked.

Panel 2 1/4 page horizontal

Carl is pointing to purses on floor. Jack is squatting on the floor, looking at the stroller and the Power Ranger doll.

Carl No purses or jewelry taken.

Jack My kid's got one of these. Loves these things.

Page 2

Panel 1 1/9 page

Carl is reading out of a notebook.

Carl We got a witness who thinks they saw a woman in a dark raincoat coming out of here, carrying a kid.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Shoot at Jack, picking up a bloody rubber glove, inside out to the fingers, with a pen. A bloody knife is clearly visible on the counter next to him. We can see Carl behind him.

Jack Perp came prepared. Must be one cold emmeff.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Carl is pointing at the paper towel dispenser mounted on the wall.

Carl Probably hung her coat right there while she did it, so she wouldn't get any blood on it.

Panel 4 1/6 page

Two shot. Carl and Jack are standing next to each other, looking at the crime scene, as if they can't take their eyes off of it.

Jack You think a woman coulda done this?

Carl Women are capable of more than you give 'em credit for, Jack.

Panel 5 1/6 page

Pull back from two shot, long shot from the back of the ladies room. Carl and Jack are walking out of the ladies room, avoiding smudging the bloody footprints.

Jack Yeah, well, more than one of 'em's done a job on me. C'mon Carl, the lab boys are waiting to get in here.

Carl Let's get outta here.

Panel 6 2/9 page

Exterior establishing shot of an Upper East Side apartment building's glass-fronted lobby, from outside across the carriage drive, past a fountain. Jack is standing, talking with the doorman in the foyer. Doorman is hanging up the intercom telephone.

Caption East 80th and Second Avenue.
7:47 PM.

Doorman Take the last elevator to the penthouse.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Shoot from outside the apartment door -- door is somewhat ornate; brass door-knocker, molding, etc. She has the door open about a foot; shoot past Jack, who has his badge out. Yasmina Razaq is pushing 70; is short and thin, wearing slacks and a loose blouse with bow at neck. She's curious/worried.

Jack Mrs. Razaq, I'm Detective Sharek. Sorry to bother you at this hour. May I
 --

Yasmina Of course, come in.

Panel 1 1/3 page

Establishing shot of this apartment. This place is posh and modern/deco (no old-lady doilies or lamps, gingerbread), lots of clean lines. A few weird artifacts are on the mantelpieces and end tables. Jack is entering the apartment, turned toward her; posture a little downcast and awkward. Yasmina is behind him, having closed the door, looking scared.

Yasmina Something terrible's happened, hasn't it? Police officers don't visit you in the middle of the night unless...

It's my daughter, isn't it?

Jack Yes, ma'am. She's been murdered. I'm sorry.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Close up of Yasmina, looking deeply troubled but hard-as-nails, no tears.

Yasmina What happened?

Panel 3 1/9 page

Close up of Jack.

Jack She was knifed, and apparently her child was kidnapped.

I'll tell you as much as we know. I think you'd better sit down first.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Two shot, Jack and Yasmina are sitting on the couch.

Caption Moments later...

Jack Do you know of any reason anyone would want to do this? Where's her husband?

Yasmina Died in an automobile accident...two years ago....

Panel 5 1/6 page

Long shot of two of them sitting at table.

Yasmina ...but we do have enemies. There are a number of people who would be happy to see our line end!

Jack Tell me who.

Panel 6 1/6 page

Two shot; Jack and Yasmina seated on couch and chair respectively, at 90° to each other. Jack, notepad in hand, but scowling slightly, head turned, looking at an ornamental dagger on the coffee table. Yasmina looks thoughtful.

Yasmina Could have been the Sikhs...the Branch Davidians...or maybe
 those damn Disciples of Dagon!

I don't know what's wrong with these people! What we do has nothing to
do with them!

Jack What...do you do?

Page 4 **1/23**

Panel 1 1/6 page

Camera behind shelf room divider, shooting through it, past the statue of Ishtar in the foreground.

Yasmina We are priestesses of Ishtar, preserving traditions that are over 7000 years old.

Jack And, uh...what does that involve?

Panel 2 1/6 page

Close up, both faces. His face is clearly turned towards the idol. She's still looking at the air in front of them.

Yasmina Mostly we lead groups in meditation.

Jack Is this...a religious thing?

Yasmina Not in the sense you mean.

Panel 3 1/6 page

Close-up shot of statue of Ishtar. Balloons off panel.

Yasmina (op) It is our philosophy that there is harmony between the aspects of our own minds and the aspects of nature. We seek rapport with the persona of the moon.

Jack (op) Uh-huh.

Panel 4 1/6 page

Shoot at Jack. He's fondling the ornamental dagger/letter opener. Throw some letters on the table so we know what it is. She's looking at what he's doing for the first time.

Yasmina We don't bother anybody...and we don't dance naked and sacrifice goats, if that's what you think.

Panel 5 1/6 page

They're now standing up, facing each other; Jack is putting the notebook back in his chest pocket.

Jack Why would Sikhs or Davidians want to kill your daughter?

Yasmina You know how those religious fanatics are!

Jack Right.

Panel 6 1/6 page

Jack is opening the door, handing her a card. She is behind him.

Jack Mrs. Razaq, I'm going to have a lot of questions to ask you, but I think it can wait.

The kidnappers might try to contact you. If you like, I can arrange for a police woman to spend the night here.

Yasmina Oh, no, that won't be necessary. I have to be alone, to meditate.

Panel 1 1/3 page

Establishing shot. Jack is at the door of a nice, suburban house in Forest Hills, Queens. Show car parked in front of house. Shari is answering the door.

Caption Forest Hills, Queens.
9:10 PM.

Shari Jack! Where on earth have you been? You should have been here two hours ago!

Jack I called you...

Shari You said you were going to be a little late! Two hours isn't a little late!

Panel 2 1/9 page

Two shot, favoring Shari. Shari is angry; Jack is trying to explain.

Jack Look. There was a triple homicide and a kidnapping and I...

Shari Jack, don't offer to stay with the kids if you're not going to do it!

Panel 3 1/9 page

In the living room. Long shot to establish apartment. Jack's walking in, looking angry. Shari is closing door behind him.

Jack Okay, I'll tell the psychos to schedule their murders a little more conveniently, how's that?

Shari All I'm asking for is a little consideration for your children! And-oh, forget it!

Panel 4 1/9 page

Medium shot, shoot past Jack and Shari to Graham, coming out of the kitchen carrying two cups of coffee, in the center.

Shari We've had this argument before, it's always the same thing!

Graham Oh hi! I'm Graham! You must be Jack!

Panel 5 1/6 page

Graham in the foreground with the lattes, handing one to Shari. Jack is looking right at at Shari, though he's responding to Graham.

Graham Shari's told me a lot about you!

I just made latte! Would you like one? It's decaf!

Jack None for me, thanks. Guess you had plans, Shari. Sorry I ruined your evening.

Panel 6 1/6 page

Close up of Graham.

Graham No problem, we can get reservations at the Gotham Grill anytime, I have friends there.

We ended up having a nice, quiet evening at home. I played piano and John-John showed us what he's been learning in dance class...and Cindi Ann demonstrated some techniques she learned in soccer camp!

Page 6 **1/24**

Panel 1 1/9 page

Shoot past Shari on the right to Jack, turning away from Graham, doing a slow burn. Graham is sipping latte and smiling.

Graham We had a grand time. Don't think anything of it.

Jack Shari, can we talk outside?

Panel 2 2/9 page

Full figure shot on the porch, facing off right in front of the door; establish porch. Broad argument body language.

Jack Shari, look. Who you date is up to you, but what kind of influence is this guy on my kids? Who's gonna teach John-John how to play baseball, huh? Mr. Cracker here?

Shari You have no right to criticize who I go out with, Jack. You're the one who ran off with that--that bimbo! You're the one who screwed it up. You're the one who ruined everything!

Panel 3 1/9 page

A little closer, bust shot of the two of them, favoring Jack but with a 3/4 of Shari's profile.

Jack You can never go a minute without bringing up Amber! She's over, okay?

Shari Yeah, she dropped you like a hot potato when she was done with you!

Panel 4 1/9 page

Reverse panel 3, favoring Shari and 3/4 Jack. Shari matter of fact; Jack caving in.

Jack All right, all right! I came all the way out here, do I at least get to see my kids?

Shari They're in bed, Jack. Graham and I just tucked them in.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Medium full-figure shot. Jack is taking money out of his wallet, looking down. Shari is looking at him, arms folded.

Jack Yeah. Okay. Look, I want to give you some money. I haven't come through with any child support for awhile.

Shari No, no, I know you're broke. I've got a better job than you do, I don't need it.

Panel 6 1/9 page

He's handing her money and she's not taking it (but not refusing it), arms still crossed.

Shari And I know Amber's taking you to the cleaners on alimony.

Jack Now listen, they're my kids, and I want to contribute. Here, take this, and get John-John some karate lessons.

Shari Karate lessons?

Panel 7 2/9 page

Medium close up of cropped figures. Shari looks quizzical and Jack looking sarcastic.

Jack Yeah, he's going to need them if word gets around he's in dancing school!

Shari Oh, Jack --

Sound Effect Beep-beep! Beep-beep!

Page 7 1/24-25

Panel 1 1/6 page

Shot past Shari to Jack. She's gesturing with her right hand, relenting. He's holding his beeper, looking at the number with that "what now" beeper look.

Jack Aw, I got a call. I gotta go, Shari.

Shari Jack, don't go. You can see the kids.

Panel 2 1/6 page

Shot from the porch of Jack going down the steps to his car, in the background. Full figure; isolate Jack.

Jack I got a call, I gotta go. I'll see you, I'll call you tomorrow.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Jack is in the car, talking on the speaker phone of his cellular. Shot long enough to see most of his body and his right hand near the phone, left hand on the steering wheel -- he's pulling out.

Speaker Midtown South.

Jack It's Jack, Mamie. What's up?

Panel 4 1/9 page

Upshot from behind the phone in foreground, at Jack.

Speaker A Mrs. Razaq called, says she has something for you.

Jack Do me a favor. Call her back and find out if it's urgent. If it's not, I'll see her in the morning.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Long shot of the car from the back. Balloons from inside the car.

Speaker Gotcha. Long day, Lieutenant Sharek?

Jack Mamie, honey, you don't know the half of it.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Close up of Jack's hand holding a box of Dunkin' Donuts, two ceramic coffee cups on a desk.

Caption September 1. 9:38.
Midtown South Precinct, Manhattan.

Jack (op) You want the one with the sprinkles or cream filled?

Panel 7 2/9 page

Pull back from doughnut box to reveal an establishing shot of the squad room. Shoot far away enough from Carl's desk to see full figures of Jack, Carl, and the whole desk. Room spreads out behind them.

Carl You know I don't eat junk like that.

Jack Then how'd they let you on the force?

Carl You want to hear what I turned up on the A&S murder?

Jack Shoot.

Page 8 **1/25**

Panel 1 1/6 page

Medium shot. Shoot past the computer on the desk at Carl, seated, pointing at printouts on his desk. Jack is standing, leaning over Carl's shoulder looking at what Carl is pointing at.

Carl I cross-referenced the particulars through the files. We have three homicides in the last eight years that fit this pattern. Same M.O., same ritual.

Jack Opportunistic, no theft, public bathroom, slasher?

Panel 2 1/6 page

Pull back to some distance. Swing around so we can see part of the office behind Jack and Carl. Far in the background, we can see a old lady next to a uniformed officer, pointing in the direction of Carl's desk.

Carl Yeah. In all cases, evidence pointed to a female suspect, never apprehended.

Jack So you think we're dealing with a serial killer.

Panel 3 1/6 page

Two shot of Jack and Carl. We can see Yasmina coming up behind them.

Carl Looks like it. Did you get anything from the victim's mother?

Jack Nah, I'm going to talk to her more this morning. I'm not expecting to get much. She's one of those New Age weirdos.

Yasmina Lieutenant Sharek?

Panel 4 1/6 page

Three shot. Left to right: Carl, sitting at the desk, turning and smirking. Jack turns, looking startled. Yasmina is standing there with a purse and shopping bag.

Jack Oh hi, Mrs. Razaq. I didn't see you there! I was just about to call you--

Yasmina I wish to speak to you in private.

Panel 5 1/3 page

Cut to an interrogation room. Establishing shot, show soundproof walls, one-way mirror, table with tape recording equipment. Jack has a doughnut and his paper cup of coffee. Shoot at Jack and Yasmina at eye level, far enough away to see they're the only ones in the room, full figure. are sitting at 90° angle from each other at the table; replicate seating from previous scene.

Yasmina The will of the goddess was made known to me last night. I am here to give you two things you will need.

Page 9 **1/26**

Panel 1 1/6 page

Bust shot, favor Yasmina, rummaging in the bag.

Yasmina I am old, and with Kismet gone, Jennifer is the last of the hereditary priestesses of Ishtar. She must be recovered. The cultists who stole her from us must be punished. This is the will of Ishtar.

Jack Uh-huh. Mrs. Razaq, we're doing our best--

Panel 2 1/6 page

Shoot straight at Jack, humoring her, eyeing suspiciously. Slight upshot, Yasmina's POV, her hand in the shot holding a small lock of hair, tied with a ribbon in a baggie.

Yasmina First, this is a lock of my granddaughter's hair. You will need this.

Jack That's good, it might help identify her. Thank you, that's very helpful.

Panel 3 2/9 page

Shoot over Jack's shoulder, slight downshot at Yasmina, holding the sacred idol. She is looking at Jack--catch the moment after she's taken her eyes off the idol. Beatific, reverential look on her face.

Yasmina And this is the image of Ishtar. It was carved over 7000 years ago in ancient Mesopotamia. It is --

Jack Mrs. Razaq, that thing belongs in a museum--

Panel 4 1/9 page

Close up of Yasmina, speaking insistently.

Jack (op) --or you keep it. You can't leave it here.

Yasmina No, it is for you, it is the will of Ishtar. Ishtar has chosen you as her warrior.

Panel 5 1/9 page

The idol is on the table. Shoot at Yasmina, sitting, looking at Jack, who has now stood up, looking away from Yasmina. His body language is dismissive.

Yasmina Place a lock of the hair of a woman into the hands of the goddess. You will assume her aspect and the strength of Ishtar will flow in your sinews.

Jack Put the statue back in the bag, Mrs. Razaq.

Panel 6 1/9 page

High angle shot to show whole room, Jack is leaving the room, Yasmina remains seated.

Jack Look, we're going to need you to make a positive ID of the body, and--tell you what, my partner Carl is going to have a lot of questions to ask you. I'll send him right in, I gotta go.

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Panel 1 1/6 page_

Jack is exiting from the interrogation room, strolling by Carl's desk, Captain in background.

Jack Carl, maybe you ought to try talking to her, I'm not getting anything out of her.

Captain Sharek!

Panel 2 1/6 page

Two shot. Jack is striding away from the Captain, doughnut in his hand.

Captain We got an emergency situation. Grab a uniform and head to Herald Square South. We'll fill you in on the way.

Jack I'm on it.

Panel 3 1/6 page horizontal

Cut to the squad car, 3/4 shot from outside passenger window. Jack on the left, Hernandez on the right, driving. Jack is munching on the doughnut.

Caption Moments later...

Radio We got a [1011] in progress...it's a camera store. Witness said she saw three armed suspects.

Careful, guys. This could be messy.

Jack Nervous, Hernandez?

Hernandez No, sir.

Jack Yeah, me too.

Panel 4 1/2 page

Establishing shot of the crime area as the police car arrives down Broadway to 32nd Street. Up front we see the gun battle spilling into the street. One criminal is down, one middle-eastern-looking storeowner is falling down (knees buckling). Another storeowner, in a turban, has a gun and is pointing at one of the hold-up men--Brick, who is white--fleeing across the street toward their parked van. A young, hip, well-dressed woman wearing walkman headphones has come out of the subway with a shopping bag. Lee, who is black and Brick's accomplice, is getting out of the van with his gun drawn. SEE LAYOUT!!!! Very important to include all elements.

Panel 1 1/6 page

Jack and Hernandez getting out of the car, which is parked at the corner of 32nd and Broadway. The newsstand vendor is rushing up to them, pointing at the crime scene, distraught.

Newsie Hey, offissa! I sawr everyt'ing! Dose t'ree guys tried ta rob da camera store! But da ownah and his guy had guns behind da countah!

Jack Yeah, awright, get outta here! Get down!

Panel 2 1/6 page

Shoot at side of van. In the background we can see the turbaned store owner, firing at the van. Lee has found cover behind the van and is cowering there, van window glass is flying. We can see Brick's leg, running off-panel right, toward the back door of the van. See layout.

Lee Jeezus!

Yo Brick, where you goin'?

Panel 3 1/9 page

The Walkman woman is being grabbed from behind by Brick. A second ago, she realized what was going on and started to run, he grabbed her just before she got out of range.

Hostage Hey--!

Panel 4 2/9 page

Long shot, shot from middle of street looking east. Left side, Brick holding hostage, gun to head; on the right side, turban guy and Jack's squad car in background. The car doors are open and they have taken cover behind them. More police are arriving in background.

Brick Okay, everybody! Back off, or I'll blow her brains out!

Turban Pig! You won't be getting away!

Panel 5 2/9 page

Shoot from behind Jack's shoulder, see 3/4 of Jack, one hand on mike, the other hand pointing at turban, tableau in front of him.

Jack That's enough! You with the turban! Get back in the store, now! Put that gun on the ground, now!

Panel 6 1/9 page

Turban has moved behind pillar, and is throwing the gun down.

Jack (op) Or I swear I'll lock you up so long you'll never see the light of day
again!

Panel 1 1/6 page

The two criminals and hostage guys huddled against van, back to back (Brick with hostage is facing Jack). Jack in the distance, behind the door of his car. More squad cars behind Jack.

Jack You two just hold on a minute here, stay calm!

Brick Just get everybody away from us or I'll blow her head off!

Panel 2 1/6 page

Jack's got his gun out partially, throwing the mike down. Hernandez in the background in a crouched shooting stance.

Jack I think these guys are amateurs! Let me see if I can get close to them.

Hernandez Don't be crazy!

Panel 3 1/6 page

Jack coming out from behind the door of the car. Should have the gun by the barrel in his left hand and laying it on the hood of the car and has his right hand up. Show the criminals/hostage in the distance.

Jack Look, I'm putting my gun down!

Panel 4 1/6 page

Jack's a step away from his car, taking it very carefully. Both hands up.

Brick (op) You stay right there, man. Don't come any closer!

Jack Stay cool, I just wanna talk!

Panel 5 1/6 page

Pull back to see newsstand on extreme left, criminals/hostage/van on left side, in on Jack, walking down the middle of 32nd Street, alone, both hands up. If we can see the squad car, Hernandez is no longer behind her door.

Jack You have a hostage, we respect that! Just don't hurt her!

I can see you have a little problem with your wheels there!
If you want to get out of this you gotta work with me!

Brick Get back, I'm warnin' you!

Panel 6 1/6 page

Move camera left to see Hernandez sneaking up behind the newsstand.

Jack I know you guys didn't start this, I know you didn't mean to hurt anybody,
so let's just try to get everybody out of this situation alive.

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Panel 1 1/6 page

Focus on criminals/hostage, hostage has "the hell you are" look on her face

Jack Are you with me here?

Black guy Don't let him get close, Brick!

Brick We just wanna get out of here, man! We'll kill her if we have to!

Panel 2 1/6 page

The hostage stomps Brick's foot. She's scrunched a little to show the downward motion, he's leaning back; pain in facial expression. Barrel of his gun is no longer pointed at her head.

Brick Yahh!

Panel 3 1/3 page horizontal

Jack is diving on to Brick, going for the Brick's gun arm with both hands, just missing it (Brick is 6'6", Jack is 5'10"). The hostage is on the ground, scrambling away. Lee is turning around, surprised. Hernandez is coming over the fence; Lee is distracted so he doesn't see her. See layout. Silent.

Panel 4 1/6 page

Hernandez subduing Lee. She's on top of him with her gun pointed squarely at his head, her other hand on his collar.

Hernandez Freeze! Don't even breathe!

Panel 5 1/6 page

Brick's left arm has gone around Jack's neck, he's turned him forward and has the gun to Jack's head. Jack is starting to reach behind his head with his right hand.

Brick Stupid motherf...

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Panel 1 1/6 page

Jack has his hand on the gun's cylinder. Brick is trying to pull the trigger. Silent

Panel 2 1/6 page

The beginning of a pile up--six guys on them, pulling at Brick and his gun arm. Brick is visible.

Brick Ungggh!

Panel 3 2/9 page

Hernandez is leaning on the squad car, looking at Jack in amazement. Another uniform is slapping Jack on the back. Jack is standing next to Hernandez, putting his gun back on the holster (he's picked it up off the hood of the car). The bad guys are being led away by uniforms in the background.

Caption Moments later...

Uniform Awright, folks. Show's over.

Hernandez You got some cojones, Jack.

Jack 'S'nothin'. I just grabbed the cylinder of his gun so it couldn't fire.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Two shot, right past Jack's shoulder, focus on Hernandez, smiling.

Hernandez Were you scared?

Jack Yes, ma'am.

Hernandez Me neither.

Panel 5 1/9 page

The woman is being questioned by a uniform; she's just finishing up. Jack stepped up to them and is extending his hand for a handshake to the woman. Hernandez is behind him.

Uniform So he grabbed you as you came out of PATH station...

Jack Excuse me. That was a brave thing you did there, little lady.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Two shot. Focus on hostage, she's smiling, shining up at him. Jack has sheepish look on his face.

Hostage I guess that's not what you'd expect from a "little lady," huh?

But thanks for the help.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Hernandez and Jack are walking toward their car. Officer and hostage in the background. Hernandez looking down, but grinning big. Jack running his hand through his hair, looking puzzled.

Hernandez "Little lady?"

Jack I was trying to be nice!

Let's head back.

Panel 1 1/3 page

Establishing shot of the station house. Other cops in evidence in the background, talking with each other, looking at Jack. Carl and Jack are standing at Jack's messy desk. A shopping bag is on his chair. Jack has a cup of coffee in his hand.

Caption Midtown South Precinct.
 11:15 AM.

Carl Hey, I heard about it. Nice work. You're going to get yourself killed someday.

Jack Aaaah, my ex-wife needs the insurance money...so she can pay for my son's karate lessons.

Panel 2 1/6 page

Carl strolling away, see Carl's back , gesturing with his thumb. and see Jack turning to look at the thing in his desk. See layout.

Jack Hey...what's that?

Carl Mrs. Razaq left that for you.

 Nice lady. She was very helpful. I don't know what your problem was.

Panel 3 1/6 page

Jack is at Mrs. Razaq's door.

Caption 12:48 PM.

Sound Effect NOK-NOK-NOK

Panel 4 1/6 page

Door open, Mrs. Razaq is there. He is holding the bag out to her.

Jack Mrs. Razaq, I told you. This statue belongs in a museum, or you keep it, but you can't give to it to me.

Panel 5 1/6 page

Bag's on the ground. Mrs. Razaq is standing in her doorway. Jack is striding away.

Mrs. Razaq Lieutenant Sharek, Ishtar has chosen you. It's out of my hands.

Jack Yeah, well, now it's on your doorstep.

Panel 1 1/3 page

Establishment shot of Jack's living room. Jack's on the phone. He's in the middle of shaving: has soap on his face, towel around neck, pants on, shirt off. Take this opportunity to establish Jack's torso: reasonably muscular, though with slight evidence of too many doughnuts, and hairy.

Caption Jack Sharek's apartment.
7:48 PM.

Jack No problem, Dawn. I'm running a little late myself.

A movie? You mean a video? Uh, I don't have a VCR. I thought we'd just watch TV and order a pizza. Is that okay?

Uh-huh, see you in a bit.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Jack is leaving the bathroom walking to the front door, combing his hair (left hand up over the comb in right hand, combing). His shirt's on, he's finished shaving.

Sound Effect tak-tak-tak

Caption 7:58 PM.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Shoot from end of hallway so we can see that there's no one in sight; include stairs in the shot (this is a walk-up building). Jack is standing in doorway, looking down, exasperated, hand in pocket. The shopping bag is sitting outside the door. Silent.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Jack is putting the bag down, talking to the bag, grumbling.

Jack [small] You're full of crap, Carl. This woman's crazy.

Sound Effect tap-ta-ta-tap-tap!

Panel 5 1/6 page

Dawn is at the door. Bust shot, clear shot of her. Jack is welcoming her in, grandly gesturing inside. She's wearing a tight-fitting baby t-shirt, a long gauzy skirt with a fringed scarf wrapped around the hip, crystal necklace and earrings, sandals; very nouveau-hippie, but nice. She's doing a light sashay in, swinging a hip, flipping her skirt a bit.

Jack Yeow! Dawn, you look great!

Dawn Thank you!

Panel 6 1/6 page.

Jack's arm around her, kissing her on the cheek.

Dawn You know, your buzzer's broken, but the door downstairs is open.

Jack Uh-huh.

Anyway, come on in, let's make ourselves at home.

Panel 1 2/9 page

Establishing shot. See layout. They're comfortable on the couch, pizza debris on the table in front of them. The lighting in the room is dimmer (light by couch is on). He has beer in one hand and pizza slice in the other. She's grabbing the remote from his possession.

Caption 10:28 PM.

Jack "More power! More power!" Man, that guy cracks me up!

Dawn Yeah, but that show would have been over in the first two minutes if the tool guy was in touch with the right side of his brain. He needs Reichian therapy.

Isn't there anything more enlightening on?

Panel 2 1/9 page

She's got the remote away from him and is clicking it at the TV.

Jack Yeah, I think "Cheers" is coming on next!

Dawn Oh, here's "Thinking About Tomorrow!" That's a good show!

Panel 3 1/6 page

TV in the foreground, silhouette. Jack is making a dismissive gesture with his hand, she's leaning forward, intrigued.

Jack Oh, jeez! One'a my ex-wives produces that show!

Dawn Shh!

TV Tonight: raising children in the 90's: are your kids going to be ready to meet the demands of living in the next century?

Panel 4 1/6 page

Close up of TV. Graham (Shari's date from earlier) is on screen.

TV Our guest tonight is noted child psychology expert Dr. Graham Lance.

Graham Our children will face the challenges of greater social responsibility, redefined gender roles, and an expanded global consciousness.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Jack's up off the couch, pointing at the TV, enraged and ranting. She's looking at him surprised that he's upset, sympathetic.

Jack Jesus! That's the dweeb who's dating my ex-wife and ruining my kids!

TV Now, the host of "Thinking about Tomorrow," Lindell Jefferson.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Jack has seized the remote from Dawn and has turned the television off.

TV Thank you and good evening. Tonight, we're -- *click*

Dawn Jack, I'm sorry, I didn't know.

Panel 7 1/9 page

Jack is sitting back down in a "harrumph" posture, head on hand, half scowling, half looking at Dawn interested. She is reaching over to him, comforting him, but it's clearly sexual, curled up on the couch.

Dawn Oh look, now your aura's gotten so dark. Come here and let me balance your chakras.

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Panel 1 1/9 page

He is up, heading toward the bathroom.

Jack Hold that thought. I'll be right back.

Dawn Hurry back!

Panel 2 1/9 page

She's up, sashaying around near the table, unwrapping the scarf around her waist, up on one toe barefoot, slightly twisted to look in the bag. Silent.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Her in foreground holding the idol. He's coming out of the bathroom in the bathroom. He's opening his shirt; another opportunity to see his hairy chest.

Dawn Hey, where'd you get this?

Jack Box of Cracker Jacks.

Dawn C'mon, really! This is Ishtar, right?

Panel 4 1/9 page

Close up of Jack's face, suspicious, amazed, doesn't believe it.

Jack How do you know that? You don't belong to any cults, do you?

Dawn (op) Of course not. I like reading about goddess religions.

Panel 5 1/9 page

Re-establish room.

Dawn Where did you get this? This looks really old!

Jack Some old woman gave it to me as a good luck charm. You put a lock of hair in it or something.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Close up of Dawn, looking new-agedly lascivious..

Dawn Don't you know Ishtar's a love goddess, Jack? She's the goddess of wild sex!

Let's try it!

Panel 7 1/9 page

Dawn has her purse open, small scissors out, snipping a lock of her hair in front of the idol.

Jack Leave it alone. Come over here.

Dawn Hold that thought.

Panel 8 2/9 page

They're on the couch. He's on his back, she's crawling on top of him, cat-like. Jack reaches for the light near the couch. Silent.

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Panel 1 1/9 page

3/4 overhead shot from the foot of the couch, camera not quite looking down at them. Enough so we see the whole couch and both figures. Jack and Dawn are facing each other, on their sides. Shirts are unbuttoned, pants are unzipped, but clothes are still on. Silent.

Panel 2 1/9 page

Swing camera toward the front of the couch pull in. He's gotten on top. Less clothing on. Silent.

Panel 3 1/9 page

Swing camera to front of couch, looking at them horizontally. He's up on one arm, holding his head, looking ill.

Jack Wait a minute...

Dawn Lover, don't stop now!

Panel 4 1/6 page

He's off the couch and almost all the way to the bathroom door. She's still horizontal, reaching in his direction.

Jack Look, I'll be right back, okay?

Dawn Jack, your voice sounds so funny! Is something wrong?

Panel 5 1/6 page

She's sitting up quietly on the couch, chin resting on hand, wrapped in afghan. Silent.

Panel 6 1/9 page

Same pov, she's just turned on the light. Her hand is on the switch.

Dawn Jack, are you okay?

Panel 7 1/9 page

Jack is in bathroom, full lights on. Jack's pov: looking down at his crotch, hands over naughty bits. Background must show that we're clearly in the bathroom -- tile, sink, etc. His arms are a little less hairy, but hairy still (needs to be obvious it's him).

Panel 8 1/9 page

Dawn is standing by the bathroom door, wrapped in the afghan.

Dawn Jack, answer me! Jack?

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Panel 1 1/9 page

Jack's pov. He's looking at the mirror, one hand up to face, the other hand touching the mirror, obscuring his face. Less hair on arm, more hair on her head, lightening and curlier.

Panel 2 1/9 page

She's pressed up against the door, hand on the knob. Looking extremely concerned.

Dawn Jack! I'm gonna get a neighbor to help me break the door down! I'll be right back!

Jack (op) No!

No, I'm fine!

Panel 3 1/9 page

He's looking down at his breasts. Crop this cleverly to avoid unprintable bits. See layout. Silent.

Panel 4 1/9 page

Shoot from outside the bathroom door. Dawn is still standing there, her hand is no longer on the door.

Dawn If you're okay, then open the door! What's wrong?

Jack You better go!

Panel 5 1/9 page

Match previous shot, but Dawn's body language is now challenging -- hands on hips.

Dawn What?

Jack, what's going on here? Why are you talking funny?

Jack I said I'm fine! Just get out! Go home! Leave me alone!

Panel 6 1/9 page

Another match shot.

Dawn No, I'm not leaving!

Jack GET OUT! Are you deaf? Get the hell out!

Panel 7 1/9 page

She's back in the living room, gathering clothes up.

Dawn Fine! I don't know what the hell your problem is, but okay, have it your way!

Jack (op) Look, just go home for now, okay? I'll call you!

Panel 8 1/9 page

She's striding out the door and has her hand on the knob.

Dawn Don't bother.

Panel 9 1/9 page

Eye level square on the now closed door.

Sound effect Slam!

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All panels silent.

Panel 1 1/6 page

Shoot to see both front and bathroom doors, both closed.

Panel 2 1/6 page

Matching shot. Bathroom door open a crack.

Panel 3 1/6 page

Close in on bathroom door, eyes peering out.

Panel 4 1/6 page

Close shot of female feet coming out of bathroom door

Panel 5 1/6 page

Close in on female hands, going through Jack's notebook, papers falling out

Panel 6 1/6 page

Extreme close up of phone to her head.

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Full page

See layout.

Jack Mrs. Razaq? What the hell is going on here?

What do you mean who is this?

This is Jack! Jack Sharek!

Caption Next issue: Female of the Species, Part 2.