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**Wordsmith: Battle Narrative**

A THESIS  
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By  
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**Wordsmith: Battle Narrative**

A THESIS

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## ABSTRACT OF THESIS

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Graphic novels are an emergent form of literature that combine text and illustrations to present narrative works in a visually engaging display. The following thesis is a graphic novel in the genre of science fiction. It is infused with other fiction genres such as tall tales, fantasy, and mystery as its characters write their own narratives.

This thesis draws inspiration from various works, widely spanning from Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* to the Japanese manga, *Yu-Gi-Oh!*. First, the rich characterization presented in the *Canterbury Tales* inspired the depth of character development in this creative project. In *Wordsmith: Battle Narrative*, every character is intended to have an appealing and relatable backstory. Another source of inspiration came from *A Contract with God and Other Tenement Stories* by Will Eisner. Eisner's work established and popularized the genre of the graphic novel. Furthermore, the genre has continued to be legitimized through important and deep works such as Art Spiegelman's *Maus* and Frank Miller's *The Dark Knight Returns*.

In terms of modern works, *The Phantom Tollbooth* by Norton Juster was also heavily influential to this thesis. Like in *The Phantom Tollbooth*, in this

graphic novel, the characters take skills learned in the classroom and apply them to clearly defined situations within the story. It was necessary that these situations would feel organic despite their fictional undertones. Finally, the Japanese manga, *Yu-Gi-Oh!*, inspired the concept of using technology and holograms to portray one's ideas. In *Yu-Gi-Oh!* the holograms display card games; in *Wordsmith: Battle Narrative*, holograms are used in a writing contest.

The main objective of this work is to get struggling students excited about reading and writing. This work introduces and reviews English learning standards by engaging students in an entertaining narrative. This graphic novel was developed as a work to be used in the classroom by a sixth-grade English teacher of struggling readers, many of which are English language learners. A graphic novel is a fitting medium as these students benefit from the use of visual aids, chunked reading, and in-depth study and review of vocabulary words and writing concepts.

Challenges arose in the creation process while trying to meet students' needs and incorporate learning standards. Pages would find themselves bloated with too much action or dialogue. Ideas were generated to address learning standards, but were removed from the script because they felt too artificial from a reader's perspective. In addition, the concept of a sustained narrative work of this magnitude also presented its own problems. In early drafts, the thesis seemed to have two competing plots with an undefined central antagonist.

To address crowded script pages, pages were drawn out in panels to visually imagine how the finished page would look. This process revealed errors and helped in the overall editing. Instead of just thinking of the graphic novel as a script, consideration began to develop for the work as a completed work. To maintain a consistent plot and rhythm, outlines were created and the necessity of scenes was considered. The result cut several pages of unneeded exposition and addressed the plot. One of the competing plots was restructured and used as a catalyst for another.

The significance of this project is to show the importance and utility of the graphic novel in developing literacy in struggling readers. Graphic novels and comic books are underutilized in schools. This project could influence similar works to be used in classrooms to address the needs of students of all ages and backgrounds. While various types of literature are used in the classroom, this graphic novel represents an intentional approach with English learning standards interwoven throughout the work.

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*Wordsmith: Battle Narrative*

**WORDSMITH: BATTLE NARRATIVE**

**Dillyn Sprecher**

**1/08/2017**

**THE PREMISE**

Every year, students all across the nation compete in the Junior League Competitions. They must first qualify for their school writing team and then win qualifying events throughout the year to earn a spot in the Junior League Genre Tournament. The tournament pits writers head-to-head as they must write out their characters' actions, thoughts, and emotions. Excelling in grammar and storytelling will give competitors an advantage as they try to out-write their opponent.

**THE GOAL**

The goal is to present a narrative work depicting writing as an intriguing practice in alignment with sixth-grade English Language Arts state standards. Every character, subplot, and setting is methodically developed to be accessible to the average sixth grader (or below), while still maintaining an engaging plot that has readers wanting to progress through its pages.

**THE BACKGROUND**

Writers competing in the Junior League Genre Tournament know the rules. Isaac Imagery and Allan Antonym are constantly measured against each other by peers and faculty at their school. In anticipation of what could be an epic meetup of Isaac and Allan in the tournament, their home school has graciously paid the way for several students to attend the tournament. They are sent with a sponsor, Mr. Nyllid, who prompts them to check in using their communication wristbands periodically.



**THE STORY**

Isaac Imagery is a gifted writer who is determined to show he belongs among the nation's elite students in the Junior League Genre Tournament. He must defeat several foes before reaching the looming match with his longtime rival, Allan Antonym. Meanwhile, Isaac's friend, Scoop investigates the mysterious Writer X who has taken the tournament by surprise with her quick victories. Isaac's other friend, Q, seeks to learn about the writing sport and to find her own purpose for writing along the way.

**CAST**

**1) ISAAC IMAGERY:** He wears a brown vest with a blue long-sleeved undershirt, along with brown pants and shoes. Isaac is clever and confident, yet humble. Isaac is a natural-born writer, one of the most talented at his school. However, he has been cast in the shadow of the upperclassman and rival, Allan Anonym. Isaac sees Allan as the greatest challenge he must overcome on his journey to becoming one of the best Battle Narrative writers. He sees each writing battle as a challenge he must learn to adapt and overcome.

**2) ALLAN ANTONYM:** Allan always sports his signature white scarf, red coat, and black headband. Just like his name implies, Allan is the complete opposite of his rival, Isaac. He is cocky, rude, and seems to strongly dislike Isaac. Allan would barely call Isaac his rival or equal. Allan is a well-accomplished national Battle Narrative writer. He has won many competitions for his school, but his cockiness is a flaw that causes him to overlook simpler, yet effective strategies.

Furthermore, Allan sees Isaac as a young up-and-coming threat in the Battle Narrative sport of which only Allan has previously dominated at his school.

**3) SCOOP:** Scoop always wears his wrinkled yellow dress shirt and loose green tie. He is observant, nerdy, and kind. He is the only writer for his school's newspaper and is one of Isaac's best friends. Scoop loves informative writing, and thus has memorized the rule book for competitive Battle Narrative writing. He also acts as a mentor of sorts to his and Isaac's friend, Q. In addition, Scoop loves to research, so he finds the mysterious Writer X to be the perfect topic.

**4) Q:** Q is short for Quenna. Q always wears a pink t-shirt and jeans. She also wears low-hanging glasses on her face. Q is new to her school, but Scoop and Isaac have befriended her. Q is inquisitive and likes to be in the middle of whatever is going on. Q wants to become a Battle Narrative writer herself one day, so she is always curious about how competitions work. Deep down, Q admires Isaac to the point that it may be developing into more than just a friendship.

**CAST CONTINUED**

**5) FOE:** Foe never gets a true name in the comic, but acts as the first opponent Isaac must overcome. He also plays fodder to Scoop instructing Q on the rules of Battle Narrative. Foe has spiky tomato-red hair. He wears a black bandana over his face that covers from his nose down. In addition to the black bandana, he wears a black long-sleeved shirt and pants. Foe is hot-headed and easy to bait.

**6) ANNOUNCER:** The announcer never gets an official name, but his title represents his role in the graphic novel. The announcer is constantly there to offer commentary on writing battles taking place. He also is entrusted to conduct on-stage interviews with competitors. The announcer wears a blue suit, red tie, and has dark blue greasy hair. His bangs curl into a single strand that drapes over his forehead. His zany hair matches his exuberance in all things said on the microphone.

**7) WRITER X:** Writer X is the mysterious variable that stands between Isaac Imagery and his inevitable bout with Allan Antonym. Writer X wears a black turtleneck, black leather jacket, and black pants. On Writer X's face is a black mask with a white "X" across it. Lauded for amazing writing skills in the tournament, Writer X comes off as arrogant, yet quiet. For the majority of the comic, most characters think that Writer X is a young male student, and thus refer to Writer X as "he" or "him."

**8) CONAN FRANKLIN:** Conan Franklin is an award-winning author who is guest commentating on the Junior League Genre Tournament. He seems to envy the young writers and shows special admiration for Writer X. His interactions with Isaac, Scoop, and Q prove him to be a somewhat bipolar person with displays of both kind and angry behavior. Nonetheless, his involvement in the tournament leaves many starstruck. He finds himself under the microscope of Scoop. Conan consistently wears a brown blazer with brown slacks. He has a white-collared button-up shirt underneath his brown blazer. His hair is mopyy brown, and he sports circle-framed glasses.

**CAST CONTINUED**

**9) HARRY HYPERBOLE:** Harry Hyperbole provides Isaac with his second match in the tournament. Harry is an exaggerator that packs a punch, but his overuse of hyperboles tends to lead him into cliches. Notably, Harry is very muscular for his age with his arms busting out of his sleeveless green flannel vest that he wears over a pair of black jeans. Harry has cleancut bleach blond hair.

**10) SILVA STYLES:** Silva is infatuated with Isaac, but sees him more as a work-in-progress than a perfect individual. Her ideas on writing conflict with Isaac's, which leads Q to see her as a potential threat to her friend, Isaac. She wears a brown leather vest, yellow blouse, dark-faded bell-bottom jeans, and a yellow baseball cap backwards on her sandy-blonde ponytail.

## THE SETTINGS

**1) STADIUM:** The story takes place at the Junior League Genre Tournament which is held at the Scholar Stadium. During each round, writers are immersed into various alternate realities that reflect different literary genres. Writers are placed in writing stations where they wear virtual headsets and type out their characters' actions on a keyboard. Throughout the comic, characters face off in various fictional worlds that are displayed on a giant screen in the middle of the stadium. The various worlds include a forest that was planted by Johnny Appleseed, a library, a jail cell and wheat field with hay bales, and a high-tech race track in space. The battleground is constantly changing round by round.

**2) HOTEL:** The hotel acts as a hub for the main characters when there is not a writing battle going on. There are two wings to the hotel. One that is reserved for tournament writers and broadcasters and the other for guests who are watching the tournament. Everywhere in the hotel is immaculate and sports the color theme of cream and dark red accents and trim on the walls. In addition, there are generally beautiful and gaudy hanging chandeliers and elegant pieces of artwork including pillars boasting priceless artifacts.

The lobby is spacious and boasts several sitting areas with maroon colored couches and marble-top tables. These sitting areas are complemented by a concierge desk with a marble-top counter and staff available all the time. The lobby constantly has a host of patrons flowing through it with hotel workers carrying bags for them. There is a large dark red rug with gold trim that blankets the entryway that is guarded by glass sliding doors.

Within the hotel is a pool room that has been turned into an artificial sparring room for battle writers. There is now a high-tech gray grid placed over the pool. On opposite ends of the pool are two seats with a keyboard attached to each so that a writer can easily fit in the seat and type. The wall decor and chairs around the sparring technology all indicate that the room was previously used as a pool area.

**3) LIBRARY:** The library is a grand one with multiple rows of bookshelves that tower towards the ceiling. Throughout the library there are several patrons reading books at various wooden desks and chairs. Among the many shelves, there are occasional clearings in the shelves where there are isolated study or reading areas.

**THE SETTINGS CONTINUED**

**4) INTERVIEW STAGE:** The interview stage resembles that of a concert with chairs and small tables on opposite ends. Usually resting on the tables are bottles of water for the guests who are being interviewed. Behind the chairs and tables is a giant screen that is trimmed with a metal pipe-like material. On this screen is where advertisements are shown for upcoming battles, updated brackets, or stats.

**5) PIZZANO'S:** An Italian pizza joint with single tables with white table cloths and two green metal chairs at each table. A candle rests at the center of each table with a basket of breadsticks and jars of seasoning. The walls are made of red brick and go up to the wooden rafters that span across the ceiling. Along the bottom of the walls are green hedges growing from rectangular pots.

**PAGE ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

From an aerial view, the shot peers down on a lush green forest teeming with colorful flowers, and busy woodland creatures. Above, birds can be seen flying in the distance of the clear blue sky.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL TWO.**

The shot follows behind a boy who is in the the thick of the forest. The boy is wearing a brown cloak and hood as he quickly races through the natural path amongst the trees. Dust is kicking up as he moves forward.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL THREE.**

The shot is a close-up of the boy's face. It is the face of the comic's protagonist, Isaac Imagery. He has vibrant green eyes and cobalt blue hair that sticks out from underneath the cloak's hood. He sports a determined look on his face.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL FOUR.**

The scene transitions to Isaac's face, now behind a computer screen with a set of virtual reality goggles on. He sits in a dark room that is only illuminated with faint lights in the background and the glowing aura from his goggles.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL FIVE.**

The shot is now of Isaac's hands as he furiously types on a glowing keyboard.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): As I approached the heart of the forest, I knew I had arrived at my destination...

**PAGE TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The shot returns to the cloaked Isaac in the forest. He is entering a clearing as tall trees and floral greenery surround him. There is a circle of massive trees outlining the clearing. The sun shines through, creating a glow amongst the trees.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): The forest... where every tree was planted by...

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from behind Isaac shows him standing in front of a grand tree. Isaac looks up at its sparkling red apples dangling from its branches.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): JOHNNY APPLESEED!

**PANEL THREE.**

The same shot is now shown on a giant four-sided screen that fills the center of the stadium. The scene of Isaac at the grand tree is being viewed from a skycam and broadcasted on the big screen.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL FOUR.**

The scene comes into full perspective with a half-page panel of the stadium audience sitting around the giant screen. The entire stadium is packed with indistinguishable faces all looking down in excitement. They marvel at the scene of Isaac in the epicenter of the stadium.

3. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): I do not believe it! Isaac Imagery has stumbled upon a forest planted by folktale legend, Johnny Appleseed! What an amazing discovery here in the first round of the BATTLE NARRATIVE JUNIOR LEAGUE GENRE TOURNAMENT!



**PAGE THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The shot transitions to a pair of Isaac's friends in the audience. One is Scoop, a dark-skinned fellow with a yellow dress shirt and loosened green tie. The other is Q, a freckled-face girl with a pink shirt and glasses. They are intently watching with amazement.

1. Q: No way! That is so cool! How did he find something like that?
2. SCOOP: That is Battle Narrative for you. Any setting is available to you if you know where to look,...or should I say, KNOW WHAT TO WRITE.
3. Q: Setting?

**PANEL TWO.**

A half-body shot of Scoop speaking towards Q who is off panel. Scoop is pointing at Q in an informative way with his index finger and thumb stretched out.

4. SCOOP: Yeah, setting. The background of a story. I am mainly talking about the place where the battle takes place, but in some more intricate Battle Narratives, we could even be talking about the weather or time.

**PANEL THREE.**

The scene transitions back to an aerial view of the forest that Isaac is in.

5. SCOOP: You see, in Battle Narrative, everything is created by the writers. Some stuff IS generated by virtual reality, but most of it comes to life by the writers that are battling it out. They are creating the story as they go along. However, they have to be careful. If they do not describe it in enough detail, it will not be as strong a piece as they would like it to be in the story. However, if they push too far, things might begin to fall apart. They have to create a balance, you know?

**PAGE THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

Q is puzzled in a half-body shot. She is rubbing her chin as she thinks about Scoop's words.

6. Q: What do you mean by "push too far?"

**PAGE FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

This is a full-page shot of a shining apple hanging from one of the tree's branches in the forest of Johnny Appleseed.

1. SCOOP: This tournament is a great example of what I am talking about. This is the Junior League Genre Tournament, meaning that battles have to fall under a certain genre of writing. Isaac's first match is under the Tall Tale subgenre. That means that he has to write within the characteristics of that genre. For example, if he tried to write a spaceship into existence in this battle, it would come with some serious backlash or just not work at all. However, most writers at this level would not make a mistake like that. Most writers.

**PAGE FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The scene transitions back to Scoop and Q in the audience as they both view the battlefield.

1. Q: Man, I cannot believe my school never participated in Battle Narrative. I have missed out on so much. I do not think I will ever be as good as Isaac.
2. SCOOP: Do not fret. You will be a natural one day. However, do not forget. Isaac has the “it” factor. When he enters a battle, he takes it to a whole other level. That is why he is one of the school’s best writers.

**PANEL TWO.**

The panels return to Isaac in the forest. He stands opposed to the trunk of the grand tree, his face again in pensive mood.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I observed the withered bark on the first-ever tree planted in the forest of Johnny Appleseed. The ruby fruit of this tree is said to give a boost of agility if even a single bite of it is taken.

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac punches the tree. The impact is emphasized with impact lines surrounding his fist on the trunk. His teeth are gritted as he appears to be applying immense pressure.

4. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I test the might of the trunk, and the purpose for my strike is rewarded as I hear something detach from up above.

**PANEL FOUR.**

The panel shows a shot of an apple free-falling from the tree.

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): An apple falls into my grasp...

**PANEL FIVE.**

There is an isolated shot of Isaac’s hand tightly gripping the apple.

6. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): But not for me to EAT!

**PAGE FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

The apple flies from Isaac's hand and heads off panel as he throws it in the opposite direction of the tree.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PAGE SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The shot pans off to show a close-up of the apple being sliced into two pieces by a steel sword on a jagged steel hilt. The pieces spin in opposite directions.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL TWO.**

A red-headed boy is shown at the entrance of the forest opening. He is wielding the same sword that sliced the apple in the previous panel. He has a black bandana that covers his mouth, black long-sleeved shirt, and black pants.

**PANEL THREE.**

Q looks concerned from the audience as she leans forward in wonderment at the arrival of a foe.

1. Q: Where did he get that sword?

**PANEL FOUR.**

Scoop has a serious look on his face as he stares down at the battle with his arms crossed.

2. SCOOP: We will have to wait and see if he will tell us. Do not forget: there are two areas to watch this battle. Each one is shown from the other writer's point of view. So, we are watching the story from Isaac's point of view. That means that we can only see the story from his side of things.

**PANEL FIVE.**

An over-the-shoulder shot from behind Isaac as he grabs the bottom of his hood to prepare to remove it. We can see the red-headed man from behind Isaac's shoulder. The foe stands in a ready-to-strike stance.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: I have been expecting you.

**PAGE SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A full-body shot of Isaac. He now has his hood removed as he points triumphantly at his foe off panel.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: Thanks for taking my bait.

**PAGE SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of the foe's face as he glares angrily at Isaac off panel.

1. FOE: Just what I expected from the touted Isaac Imagery. All talk, but no real endgame. I will not be as foolish as some of your previous opponents. You cannot talk yourself out of this one. Prepare to suffer defeat!

**PANEL TWO.**

Another over-Isaac's-shoulder shot as the foe charges towards Isaac. He remains stagnant in his position.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): As predictable as a middle schooler starting a story with "once upon a time," my foe charges blindly.

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of Isaac's face as his eyes glimmer with the reflection of his foe charging. He has a bold smirk on his face.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Unfortunately for him, I have examined his brute tactics in my preparation for this match. I knew that speed would be my greatest ally!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac puts two fingers in his mouth and makes a whistling gesture as he looks off panel.

4. SFX: WHISTLE!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A blue blur speeds by as the foe swings at air. The foe looks extremely puzzled.

5. FOE: HUH?!



**PAGE EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-page shot of Isaac sitting bareback on a blue ox that is breathing air out of its nostrils.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Sorry, I forgot to tell you that I brought a friend along. My companion is the brilliant BABE THE BLUE OX!

**PAGE NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q is grabbing onto Scoop's shoulder as a semi-blurred-out crowd cheers for Isaac around them.

1. Q: Who is Babe the Blue Ox?
2. SCOOP: He is the pet of Paul Bunyan.

**PANEL TWO.**

Q puts a finger to her bottom lip in a quizzical fashion. Her eyes look up as she tries to think.

3. Q: Who is that again?

**PANEL THREE.**

Scoop scratches the back of his head as he looks at Q with a sympathy.

4. SCOOP: Did they teach you anything at your old school?

**PANEL FOUR.**

This panel is from Scoop's mind. It should be a grainy shot of the giant Paul Bunyan in his signature flannel vest and green pants walking through a forest with his woodcutting axe resting on one of his shoulders.

5. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Paul Bunyan is the famous giant lumberjack. It is said that he could chop down thousands of trees with one swing of his giant axe. One winter, an unprecedented blue snow blanketed North Dakota. It halted all lumber production.

**PAGE TEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Continue with the grainy theme from the last panel to denote the storytelling aspect of Paul Bunyan. Bunyan is pushing through blizzard-like conditions with a hand covering his face. The shot is from behind his shoulder, and we see a silhouette of a bull-like creature laying in the snow up ahead.

1. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): The blue snow was impossible for anyone to withstand, except for Bunyan. While he continued to propel the lumberjack trade forward by being able to work through the harsh winter, he found an ox buried under a blanket of snow.

**PANEL TWO.**

Continue with the grainy theme from the last panel to denote the storytelling aspect of Paul Bunyan. A picture of Babe licking Bunyan's cheek as blue snow continues to pour down. Bunyan is smiling gleefully.

2. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Bunyan was delighted to find that the ox was a giant just like him. Well, at least in proportion to a regular ox. The ox and he instantly bonded, and Bunyan named him Babe. Since that snowy day, the two were inseparable in folklore.

**PAGE ELEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We see the foe stand opposed to the ox and Isaac. He has his sword lowered and looks shocked.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Paul Bunyan is one of the country's most revered lumberjacks. He knew of every forest that ever sprouted. So, when he desired a place to keep Babe safe while he was away, he knew that no other lumberjack would dare touch the sacred forest of Johnny Appleseed. It is like a national forest.

**PANEL TWO.**

The foe pulls down his mask as he yells at Isaac.

2. FOE: So, the apples were just a diversion? They never were your end goal, were they?

**PANEL THREE.**

We get a close-up of Isaac smirking with his eyes closed.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: This is what we call a PLOT TWIST, my friend. When you think the story is going one way, but it turns down another path.

4. FOE (DISEMBODIED): HAHAHA!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A full-body shot of the foe laughing towards the sky as his sword lazily leans into the ground.

5. FOE: PLOT TWIST?!? YOU SPEAK OF PLOT TWIST? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT SWORD THIS IS?

**PAGE ELEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

The foe grips the hilt of the sword as he holds it in front of him. He bares a bloodthirsty grin as his eyes glow red.

6. FOE: This sword was forged from the very steel of JOE MAGARAC, the steelworker made of steel!

**PAGE TWELVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q turns toward Scoop as he rubs his chin. Scoop continues to look at the battle off panel with his arms crossed.

1. Q: Joe Magarac?

2. SCOOP: An obscure tall tale, but it is one nonetheless. Joe Magarac was said to have been born inside of an ore mine. To put it simply, he was a man made of steel. Naturally, he went to work in a steel mill. It is said that he stopped a steel mill from collapsing on a group of steelworkers. However, in saving their lives, he perished under the crash itself.

3. Q: He made a sword from that guy's BODY?

4. SCOOP: It appears so.

**PANEL TWO.**

The shot transitions back to Isaac and his foe. They stand opposed to each other, only separated by a few feet of lush green grass.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: It looks like you have been busy.

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of the foe's face as the points of his smile bare through the bandana that is covering his mouth once again. It is a smile that clearly shows he is proud of himself.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL FOUR.**

The foe charges at Isaac once more with his sword ready to strike. Dash lines stream behind him.

6. FOE: Unless you plan on calling another bull, you're done!

**PAGE TWELVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

We see the foe charging from behind Isaac's shoulder. A shadow is cast on his back as he sits still on the top of Babe.

7. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Even as he approaches with his blade, I remain confident; I am SANGUINE.

**PAGE THIRTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

This should be a half-page panel of Isaac on top of Babe. This is a shot from the front as a gold aura outlines their bodies. Isaac has his eyes closed as he embraces the glow.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL TWO.**

Q is standing up as her upper-torso stretches out in excitement. Her face is full of astonishment. Her arms are outstretched in victoriously clenched-fists.

1. Q: That's so cool! How did he do that?!?

**PANEL THREE.**

Scoop is smiling with his arms still crossed as he observes the battle scene with a quiet excitement.

2. SCOOP: Do not forget that this is a battle of words. In a battle narrative, competitors can gain boosts by using advanced vocabulary words. Isaac got a big boost from using the word SANGUINE instead of a simple synonym like "confident."



**PAGE FOURTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot of both Scoop and Q as Scoop points up towards the ceiling of the arena. Q looks up in wonderment.

1. SCOOP: Do not forget that since we are viewing things from Isaac's point of view, we can see his character's thoughts up on the big screen overhead. By reading his thoughts, we can actually predict what might happen in the battle before it actually occurs.

2. Q: Battle narratives are so cool!

**PANEL TWO.**

An upper-body shot of the foe as he lifts his blade high in the air before he prepares to swing a fatal blow.

3. FOE: I do not care what boost you have; your ox can't stand the blunt force of my steel sword!

**PANEL THREE.**

A black background and a yellow outline behind the sound effect in this panel.

4. SFX: CLANK!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Babe has the steel sword gripped between his teeth as the foe's eye are shocked as he stands timidly in front of the ox. Isaac smirks from on top of his blue companion.

5. SFX: CHEERS!

6. SFX: CHEERS!

**PAGE FOURTEEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up of Isaac as he points and addresses his foe. His eyes lecture his opponent.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: I think you have underestimated the bite of my friend. We are talking about a pet of a giant. An ox that was molded by an icy frostbite. Steel is nothing compared to the pearly whites of an American treasure!

**PAGE FIFTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-page shot of Babe biting through the steel sword. Isaac holds on to the back of Babe as he stands on his hind legs to destroy the sword. The foe falls back in defeat as the bandana drops down from his face to his neck. He looks stunned as he falls.

1. SFX: SNAP!

**PANEL TWO.**

The foe sits defeated with his hands propping him up on the grass. The foe's eyes are closed as he appears to be swallowing defeat.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL THREE.**

Babe walks towards the right as they make their way to the foe off panel. Isaac holds onto the neck of Babe as he stares forward.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): As I approach my disheartened foe, I prepare myself for what must be done.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Babe is now dashing with speed lines coming from behind him. Isaac holds on with both hands as he yells out.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: I MUST OMIT HIM FROM THIS STORY! HE IS NOT PART OF THE FINAL DRAFT!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A blue silhouette of Babe and Isaac speeding through the red silhouette of the foe. The foe leans back as if he was charged straight through his heart by the ox.

4. SFX: DASH!

**PAGE SIXTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The entire arena cheers as we see an electronic screen showing Isaac raising his hand in victory as he remains on top of Babe.

[NO DIALOGUE.]

**PANEL TWO.**

Q has her eyes closed as she clenches her fist in excitement. She yells out at the screen off panel. Scoop claps his hands as he smiles.

1. Q: YEAH! GO ISAAC!

2. SCOOP: That was some great writing by Isaac. That battle never really seemed to be in question. Come on, let's go catch him backstage.

**PANEL THREE.**

We see the real Isaac as he removes the virtual headset he was wearing. He lets out a sigh of accomplishment.

3. SFX: PHEW.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A set of black lockers line a wall as a flat-screen television rests high up on the wall to the right of the set.

4. CAPTION: Some time later...

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac is sitting on a wooden bench. He is in a pair of brown pants, brown vest, and a long-sleeved blue undershirt. He is tying his shoes.

5. Q (DISEMBODIED): ISAAC! YOU DID IT!

**PAGE SEVENTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Scoop and Q approach Isaac as they greet each other with smiles. Q is cheering as Scoop and Isaac shake hands.

1. SCOOP: Great job, Isaac.
2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Thanks!
3. Q: You are so cool! You used some words that I haven't even heard of tonight.

**PANEL TWO.**

The television next to the lockers shows a bracket with Isaac advanced to the next round. The rest of the faces that are shown in the bracket can be a mixture of different features.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Isaac Imagery advances from the Round of 16 to the Round of 8. His opponent will not be decided until tomorrow night, but I bet he is already brainstorming what he can come up with next. That middle schooler sure can write!

**PANEL THREE.**

Scoop, Q, and Isaac all look up at the television. We see them in an angle from behind.

5. SCOOP: It looks like your next opponent will either be Rex Castillo or Harry Hyperbole.
6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Harry Hyperbole made it to the final four last year. Either one will be a tough opponent, but I will have my work cut out for me if it is Harry.
7. ALLAN ANTONYM (DISEMBODIED): You should be worried, Isaac.

**PAGE SEVENTEEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from the front shows Isaac's rival, Allan Anonym, walking towards the camera. He sports his signature white scarf, red coat, and black headband. His golden hair drapes down out of his headband and to his neck.

8. ALLAN ANONYM: For an amateur like you, these early rounds can really be a problem.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac is standing up next to the bench with Scoop and Q in the background. Isaac looks confident in his stance. Scoop sarcastically remarks.

1. SCOOP: Allan Antonym, now officially the competitor who knocked last year's winner out of the tournament this year. That'll make a great headline for the school's newspaper.

**PANEL TWO.**

Allan now stands opposite Isaac as the two middle schoolers stare at each other. Allan's face is more cocky, while Isaac remains confident and guarded.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: It was nothing. I have no idea how the fool won last year anyway.

**PANEL THREE.**

Scoop and Q are shown as Q looks quizzical and Scoop looks annoyed at Allan's bragging.

3. Q: Wow! How were you able to do that?

4. SCOOP: He drew the myth subgenre, and he was able to locate the bow of Artemis.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of Q's face as she looks confused with her mouth open to ask a question.

5. Q: Artemis?

**PAGE NINETEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

To denote storytelling, this panel should be grainy like the Paul Bunyan panels from earlier. A full-page shot of a bow made with a golden handle and silver wood. Its bowstring sparkles as it rests on a teal background.

1. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Artemis is the goddess of hunting, the moon, and archery. She is the daughter of the king of gods, Zeus. It is said that the bow was crafted from moonlight and wood made of silver and gold. Not only that, but it can only fire golden arrows.



**PAGE TWENTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Return to a shot from two pages ago of Allan standing opposite of Isaac. Allan has his eyes closed as he smiles proudly.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: What can I say? I guess I am just a lucky shot.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Why are you here, Allan?

**PANEL TWO.**

Allan runs his hand through his hair as he keeps his eyes closed and his smile curled and haughty.

3. ALLAN ANTONYM: I just came by to give my congratulations and to tell you Mr. Nyllid said, “Don’t forget to scan your wristband when you get back to your room.” I don’t know why he thinks I’m your babysitter. Anyway, enjoy your win, Isaac, ‘cause it only gets tougher from here.

**PANEL THREE.**

We return to the shot of Isaac and Allan standing parallel to each other. Now, the television on the wall is visible in the background. Isaac is looking up at it as Allan keeps his eyes closed and his prideful smirk worn.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: I guess you have noticed that we are on opposite sides of the bracket. If we meet up, it’ll be in the final match.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Allan leans his head back to laugh as Scoop holds Q back from charging past Isaac to attack Allan. Isaac just looks annoyed.

5. ALLAN ANTONYM: HAHAHA! That is funny, Isaac. I doubt you will even make it to the final four.

**PAGE TWENTY CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up of Allan's face as he looks serious. He is staring at Isaac who is off panel.

6. ALLAN ANTONYM: This isn't school anymore, Isaac. You aren't writing to get a good grade or be the best of your class. You are competing against experienced writers, and you will be lucky if you make it past the next round.

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Allan walks off as he waves with his back turned. We peer over Scoop's shoulder to see Isaac point at Allan as he walks off.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: I will make it to the finals, Allan. When I do, I will see you there.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: We'll see.

**PANEL TWO.**

Q looks frustrated as she stares off panel in a close-up shot of her freckled face.

3. Q: Everyone always talks about Allan as some superstar at school, but now I see that he is just a big jerk.

**PANEL THREE.**

An upper-body shot of Scoop as he stands angled with his arms crossed. He stares directly at the camera.

4. SCOOP: Allan Anonym is the exact opposite of Isaac. Isaac is humble, but Allan is prideful. Part of me thinks that Allan got a bit jealous when the school newspaper started writing pieces on Isaac entering the tournament. He is not kind to anyone who steals his spotlight.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A full-body shot of Isaac Imagery standing with his hands in his pocket as he watches Allan walk away off panel.

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): As I watch my rival exit, I am not left with a feeling of doubt in my abilities, but with...

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-page shot of Allan walking away in the distance. He is entering through a door that shines on him to create a silhouette. The rest of the page is black.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): DETERMINATION! I WILL MAKE IT TO THE FINALS! I WILL DEFEAT ALLAN ANTONYM!

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot of a bird chirping on a branch. The sun is rising in the background from behind a city skyline.

1. CAPTION: The next morning...

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac sits on a hotel bed as his head is turned to the right. Light shines through the window behind him. He is watching a television that is off panel.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

Three sportscasters are shown on a television. The first is a male sportscaster with a black suit and a shaved head. The second is a female sportscaster with a professional blue dress and long black hair. Finally, the third is a special guest. He is a man with a brown suit, glasses, and shaggy brown hair.

2. MALE SPORTSCASTER: Yesterday was no disappointment at all for our first round of the Junior League Genre Tournament.

3. FEMALE SPORTSCASTER: After a year of qualifiers, it is clear that the 16 that qualified are all worthy of their spots.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of the male sportscaster as he addresses the TV audience.

4. MALE SPORTSCASTER: Allan Anonym definitely brought us a surprise when he took down last year's champion. However, there is a newcomer this year that really has social media ablaze. It is the mysterious Writer X that everyone is talking about. Out with the old and in with the new!

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

On TV, a picture is shown of a kid with black pants, black long-sleeved shirt, black vest, and a black mask with a white “X” on it.

5. MALE SPORTSCASTER (DISEMBODIED): Not only did Writer X go undefeated in all of his qualifying exhibitions, he has remarkably won each battle in under 5 minutes!

**PANEL SIX.**

Return to the shot of all three sportscasters. The female sportscaster is gesturing to the man in the brown suit.

6. FEMALE SPORTSCASTER: With us is someone who will be joining us periodically throughout the competition to offer his analysis. He is award-winning author, Conan Franklin. Conan, what are your thoughts on the competition so far and the mysterious Writer X?

7. CONAN FRANKLIN: I am honored to be here. First, let me say that all of these young writers should be proud of themselves. I wish there was a competition like this when I was younger-

**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up shot from over Isaac's shoulder shows his wristband is buzzing. Buzz is emphasized with jagged lines surrounding it.

1.SFX (STATIC): BZZ BZZ BZZ

**PANEL TWO.**

A zoomed-in shot of Isaac's blue wristband shows there is a voice message from Mr. Nyllid on the small display screen. Isaac is pushing the button to play the message.

2. MR. NYLLID (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Hey, Isaac! Congrats again on your victory yesterday! Our whole school is so proud of you. Remember the hotel shuttle can take you to the library to study for your matches. If you leave the hotel at all, just scan your wristband at all the check-in points so I can keep track of where you are. We're all rooting for you! Bye!

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of Isaac's fingers turning off the wristband via a button on it.

3. SFX: CLICK!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from where the television is as we see Isaac look up at the screen off panel. He watches with a serious face.

[NO DIALOGUE}

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up of Conan Franklin on the television as he addresses the audience.

4. CONAN FRANKLIN: As for Writer X, he might just be the greatest writer of his generation. Everyone in the tournament, and those that are watching at home, should keep an eye on him.

**PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from the floor as Isaac sits hunched over on the side of his bed as he looks down at the ground. His face is somber as he ponders.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: They seemed so concerned about Writer X, but they are underestimating Allan Anonym. They can... I won't...

**PANEL TWO.**

This shot should have a grainy filter on it to denote a flashback. A close-up of a brass door handle turning on a wooden door.

2. SFX: CLICK

**PANEL THREE.**

Continue with the grainy filter until the end of the flashback. A shot of the open doorway with a young Isaac Imagery, wearing a backpack, peering inside of the room that is off panel. He lifts his nose up to eye the room at a higher angle.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Mom, are you home?

**PANEL FOUR.**

Zoomed-in shot of Isaac placing his backpack on a weathered coffee table that sits in front of a grungy couch. Isaac's backpack is noticeably torn and rough-looking.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: Hello?



**PAGE TWENTY-FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A pulled-back view of Isaac as he stands in the entryway of a small kitchen. Isaac has flicked a light switch on with his hand that is on the inside wall. The floors look to be stained with rust. From this angle, we can see a pea green fridge with wood laminated handles. The fridge has a single note attached via a magnet. In addition to the fridge, we can see plum-colored laminated countertops over weathered cabinets.

5. SFX: FLICK

6. MOM?

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac stands in front of the fridge and has one hand up to hold the note up off the fridge. He looks up at it curiously.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: What's this?

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A zoomed-in shot of the handwritten note from Isaac's mom. The note reads, "Isaac, I have to work late tonight again. There are leftovers in the fridge. Love you, Mom."

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE TWENTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from inside the fridge as we see Isaac leaning in to observe what is inside. The white glow of the fridge shines on him. The fridge is fairly empty. There is a saran-wrapped bowl on one of the wire shelves inside of the fridge.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac stands on his toes to reach up and push in the buttons on the microwave. The silhouette of the bowl is seen inside of the microwave glass door. On the counter in front of Isaac is the crumpled-up saran wrap.

1. SFX: BEEP BEEP

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from above as we see young Isaac sitting on the grungy couch with his feet propped up on the coffee table. He has the bowl of food in front of him as he eats alone.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of Isaac's hand setting the empty bowl, with spoon, on the coffee table in front of him.

2. SFX: CLINK

**PANEL FIVE.**

A pulled-back shot as Isaac leaps off the table with one foot and springs his other foot forward. He holds his arms up like he is about to karate chop something in front of him.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: HEEEYA!

**PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac lands on the ground and chops the air in front of him with a battle warrior look upon his face.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Take that Evil Mask!

**PANEL TWO.**

The angle of the shot should be mirrored as Isaac now sports an evil grin on his face. He is twiddling his fingers out in front of him like an evil genius.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Muhahaha! You cannot defeat me, Gold Ninja! I am the Evil Mask!

**PANEL THREE.**

A mirrored angle of Gold Ninja as Isaac crouches in a fighting stance and points at Evil Mask off panel.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: I must defeat you! You defeated my sensei, Master Aurum! Now, let's fight!

**PANEL FOUR.**

An isolated shot of young Isaac jump kicking through the air. He has one of his fists extended while the other is tucked next to the side of his body. The background should be a soft-colored gradient.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: HEEEYA!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Return to the evil looking Isaac as he holds out in a maniacal stance. Isaac laughs up towards the ceiling.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: HAHAHA! You silly Gold Ninja! You sprung my trap! A cage from the ceiling!

**PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Good Isaac is now kneeling on the carpet as he holds his fists out like he is grabbing onto bars. He is also slightly hunched over to indicate that the cage is pressing down on him.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: You'll never get away with this! ACTIVATE GOLD NINJA POWER!

**PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from above as Isaac acts like he is powering up. He is bow-legged and his fists are held up toward the ceiling. He yells out in triumph.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: GOLD POWER, GO!

**PANEL TWO.**

Another shot from above, but now young Isaac is sitting in a classroom. He is yelling up at the ceiling from his desk with the same gesture with his fists. The kids in the class look at him.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: GOLD POWER, GO!

**PANEL THREE.**

A teacher standing in front of a SMARTboard sassily has her hands on her hip. She is wearing a red dress with a black shawl. She looks down the row of kids at Isaac off panel. Her brow is furled as she addresses the situation.

3. TEACHER: Isaac Imagery! See me after class!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac sinks down into his chair with a look of embarrassment on his face. The shot mainly isolates on Isaac, but is wide enough that we can see some of the kids around him laughing at him.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: Yes, ma'am...

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up of a red school bell ringing on the wall. Vibration lines should be added to emphasize the motion of the bell ringing.

5. SFX (STATIC): RINNNNGGGG!

**PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac stands in front of the teacher's desk as she leans back in her chair behind the desk. The desk is organized with a paper tray and cup with writing utensils. The teacher's arms are crossed as Isaac looks down at the ground in shame.

6. TEACHER: Isaac, this is the third time this week you have distracted class. Can you tell me what the problem is?

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: I'm just... I'm just imagining things.

8. TEACHER: Imagining things?

9. ISAAC IMAGERY: Yeah, like stories...

10. TEACHER: Oh, I see.

**PAGE TWENTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-body shot of the teacher sitting back in her chair. She looks at Isaac across the desk off panel. Her face is inquisitive.

1. TEACHER: I understand you are imagining things, but I can't have you disrupting class. What should we do about that?

**PANEL TWO.**

A look from in front of Isaac as he looks down at the ground. His eyes are sad.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Detention?

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of the teacher's hand pulling open a drawer from her desk. A black composition notebook lays inside of the drawer.

3. SFX: ZSSHHHH

**PANEL FOUR.**

A side shot of the teacher handing Isaac the composition notebook from her drawer. She is smiling with her eyes closed as Isaac looks shocked.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: I don't understand?

5. TEACHER: Isaac, it's not a bad thing to imagine stories, but it is bad when it causes disruption in class. So, here is what we are going to do. Anytime you think of a story, I want you to write it down in this notebook. Can you do that for me?

**PANEL FIVE.**

A half-body shot of Isaac holding the composition notebook in front of him. He is still surprised at the teacher's gesture.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Yeah, I can do that.

7. TEACHER (DISEMBODIED): Great, I know you will.

**PAGE THIRTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The class is full again as we look from above. Students are looking up at the front of the room at the teacher as Isaac has his head down looking at his notebook. The page is filled with indistinguishable lines of writing.

1. TEACHER: Now, let's talk about text features, class.

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should take up the rest of the page. An isolated shot of Isaac at his desk as he intently writes in his notebook. Isaac should be in the top left corner of the panel, while the rest of the panel is a collection of stick figures acting out the scenes in the writing in this panel's dialogue.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Gold Ninja finally tracks down Evil Mask at his new secret hideout. Evil Mask reveals that he has a shark to fight Gold Ninja, but Gold Ninja karate chops it! Evil Mask tries to run away, but Gold Ninja uses his Gold Ninja Power to catch him and knock him out! Gold Power, Go!



**PAGE THIRTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Another close-up of the red school bell ringing on the wall. Vibration lines should be added to emphasize the motion of the bell ringing.

1. SFX (STATIC): RINNNNGGGG!

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from above as Isaac is still writing in his notebook at his desk. The rest of the class is empty, but the teacher is walking towards him. She has a piece of paper in her hand.

2. TEACHER: Isaac, this makes four weeks with no disruptions! I'm so proud of you!

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Thanks.

4. TEACHER: I have something for you that you might be interested in. Here.

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from behind Isaac's shoulder as he holds up a flyer with big bold print that says, "WRITING TEAM TRYOUTS." There is other writing on the flyer, but it is small and indistinguishable.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Writing Team? What's this?

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from Isaac's perspective as he looks up at his teacher. The teacher politely answers his question as she points down at the flyer off panel.

6. TEACHER: The writing team competes in events called Battle Narratives! They are like live-action stories. It's something that I think you would be great at!

**PAGE THIRTY-ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac's eyes light up as he looks at the flyer now fully comprehending the opportunity.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: Wow! It says I have to submit a story... I know just what to submit!

**PAGE THIRTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Transition to Isaac stretching in his bed in his bedroom. Morning light is shining through a window with shabby blinds. Minus the bed, the room is rather empty.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Today is the day!

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac stands at the fridge while examining a note left by his mom that is hanging by a magnet.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: What's this? Mom already left for work?

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of the note. It reads, "Isaac, I'm so proud of you for trying out for the Writing Team. I'll be home early tonight, so I can't wait to hear if you made it. I know that you will! Love you! - Mom"

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot of Isaac walking through the hallway of his school. Lockers line the walls and there is a collection of kids in front of the lockers. They whisper to each other as Isaac walks through the crowd.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: I wonder what all the commotion is about.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac approaches a bulletin board where a young Scoop is pointing up at scores that are posted on the wall. A crowd of students surround them.

4. SCOOP: Isaac, you did it! They posted the scores! You tied for first! You qualified for the school writing team!

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: What? NO WAY!

6. ALLAN ANTONYM (DISEMBODIED): HEY! ISAAC!

**PAGE THIRTY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot of Isaac looking over his shoulder with a baffled look.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: Huh?

**PAGE THIRTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-page shot of an angry young Allan Anonym pointing accusingly at Isaac. Isaac holds up his hands in an intimidated manner. Allan yells out at him in front of the crowd and Scoop.

1. ALLAN ANONYM: You don't know the work it takes to succeed in Battle Narrative, and you never will.

**PANEL TWO.**

An isolated shot of a disturbed Isaac as he looks upset by Allan's words. Sweat has formed on Isaac's brow.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: What if he's right...

**PANEL THREE.**

End the flashback and grainy filter and return to the shot in the hotel of Isaac sitting on the bed. He looks annoyed as he reflects on his past.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: He wasn't...

**PAGE THIRTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from behind Scoop and Q as they sit at a breakfast table with a variety of food in front of them. Scoop is looking up at the same television broadcast that Isaac is watching while Q is mesmerized by her food.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

Q is shoveling food into her face with a fork in a whirlwind of action via her wrist. She uses her other hand to hold the plate. Her eyes are wide as pieces of food fly in the air towards her mouth.

1. Q: MMHMMM

**PANEL THREE.**

We see Q's hands place an empty plate on the table next to several other empty plates.

2. SFX: THUD

**PANEL FOUR.**

Q rests back in her chair as she holds her hands over her stomach and smiles with her eyes closed.

3. Q: That food was awesome! This hotel is great!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Q turns her head back towards the TV that Scoop is still looking at. They both watch in unison.

4. Q: Speaking of awesome, so is that guy.

**PAGE THIRTY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Close-up of Scoop as he addresses Q's comment.

5. SCOOP: Yeah, Conan Franklin is perhaps one of the greatest teen-fiction authors. Perhaps we will get a chance to meet him while we are here.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Q stands up over the table, leaning towards Scoop. Scoop is taken back as he almost looks afraid of Q.

6. Q: NOT FRANKLIN! I'M TALKING ABOUT WRITER X!

**PAGE THIRTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

An aerial shot of Scoop and Q sitting at their table. Scoop has his hand extended like he is gesturing towards Q. Q has returned to a sitting position.

1. SCOOP: Oh, yeah.... He is rather curious.
2. Q: I am confused, though. How is he allowed to wear a mask like that?

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Scoop as he bites down on a piece of toast.

3. SFX: MUNCH
4. SCOOP: Well, it is technically not against the rules. The rules state that your eyes and ears have to be unobstructed. You saw from his picture earlier on TV that his mask fits those requirements.

**PANEL THREE.**

This should take up the bulk of the middle of the page. It returns to the shot of the aerial view of Q and Scoop eating. Both are now slumped back in their chairs. All of plates and cups at the table are empty.

5. Q: Those are odd requirements.
6. SCOOP: They are put in place so that someone can't cheat by having an earpiece or viewing material through high-tech glasses.
7. Q: Oh, I see!
8. SCOOP: Alright, let's go. I think that Isaac wanted to show us around the rest of the hotel.
9. Q: Oh, yeah! Let's go!



**PAGE THIRTY-FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

Q exits her seat with an expression of an eagerness and joy.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

Scoop delays for a second in his booth. The shot peers over Scoop's shoulder as he looks up at the television screen where Writer X's picture is displayed. Scoop seems to be studying Writer X's picture.

10. SCOOP: Intriguing.

**PAGE THIRTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-page shot of Isaac, Scoop, and Q walking through a giant hotel lobby. They walk on cream-colored marble floors past a winding staircase that is blanketed with crimson and gold-trimmed carpet. The accents on the walls and nearby concierge desk are that of gold and dark oak wood.

1. Q: Wow! I can't believe they give competitors access to an entire separate wing of the hotel!

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Yeah, they definitely treat all those involved with the tournament nicely. Each participant, sportscaster, producer, and special guest is given a suite on the top floors.

3. SCOOP: Impressive.

4. Q: How lucky!

5. SCOOP: Be grateful the school paid for students to come support Isaac and Allan. They really do care about their own.

**PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot of the front of the group as they continue walking. Q looks at Isaac and Scoop with an evil grin.

1. Q: Well, I came to support our school's entrants. Except for Allan, that is. Heh.

**PANEL TWO.**

A half-body shot of Isaac as he addresses Q's comments. He looks ahead as he speaks.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Allan can be... well... Allan. However, he deserves recognition from the school. He is a champion and we should respect him for his talent and dedication.

**PANEL THREE.**

Q looks annoyed at Isaac's comment. She sports a wrinkled nose and disgruntled face.

3. Q: Yeah, but I still do not have to like h-

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot of Q running into the chest of Conan Franklin. Conan is sporting the same brown suit from earlier.

4. Q: OOF!

5. CONAN FRANKLIN: Excuse me. Sorry!

**PANEL FIVE.**

The friends stand opposed to Conan Franklin in the hotel lobby. Q rubs the back of her head in embarrassment. Everyone in the group sports an apologetic smile.

6. Q: I'm the one who should be sorry.

7. CONAN FRANKLIN: No worries at all. Say, are you Isaac Imagery?

**PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A half-body shot of both Isaac and Conan shaking hands. Isaac smiles politely as Conan sports a delighted look upon his face.

8. CONAN FRANKLIN: It is nice to finally meet you in person. I have admired your work in the qualifiers and the tournament thus far.

9: ISAAC IMAGERY: Wow, I'm honored.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Return to the full shot of the group talking in the lobby. Conan has his hand out as he gestures while he talks.

10. ISAAC IMAGERY: These are my friends, Scoop and Q.

11. CONAN FRANKLIN: Nice to meet you both. You really should be proud of Isaac. He is getting to take part in something that authors like me only wish we would have had when we were younger.

**PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-body of shot of Conan's phone buzzing in his pant pocket. It produces an alarmed expression on his face.

1. SFX: BUZZZZ

**PANEL TWO.**

Continue the half-body angle, but now Conan examines the contents on his phone.

2. CONAN FRANKLIN: My apologies, but I must attend to something. It was nice meeting all of you. Best of luck in the tournament, Isaac!

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from behind Scoop's and Q's shoulder as they watch Conan exit through the hotel lobby.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac, Scoop, and Q smile as they watch Conan leave off panel.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Wow, I can't believe we just met Conan Franklin! I love his books. He inspires me to be a better writer.

4. Q: Wow, that's so cool! He sure was nice!

5. SCOOP: Definitely a top-notch author.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Anyway, let's go!

**PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A half-page panel where Isaac is now a little bit ahead of his two friends. He waves at them to catch up. The immaculate hallways of the hotel radiate in the background.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: Come on, I want to show you something unique that they set up for us on this side of the hotel. It is pretty neat.

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot of the group's feet walking on the marble floors.

8. SFX: TPT TPT TPT

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Isaac is in front of a door with his wristband up to a scanner. He is smiling at Scoop and Q, who we only see the backs of in this shot.

9. SCANNER (STATIC): Access Granted.

**PAGE THIRTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

This panel should be on the top-left corner of the page. It should consist of a door opening and revealing a shining light.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel takes up the rest of the page. The room is about the size of a standard hotel swimming-pool room. However, instead of a pool, there is a grey-themed grid that is contained by four slick metal barriers. On opposite ends of the grid are two sitting stations. Each station has a chair with a tall-back and neon trim incorporated in the design. In front of both chairs is a computer and keyboard. Hanging above the grid is a flat-screen.

1. SCOOP: IS THIS WHAT I THINK IT IS?

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: They installed a sparring room for the competitors. There are actually three different rooms in this hotel like this one. Competitors can spar against a computer-generated foe or each other.

**PAGE FORTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Scoop has stars in his eyes as he holds a notepad with a pen up to his chest. His face is exuberant.

1. SCOOP: This is incredible! I remember reading about this sparring technology a couple of months ago. It is supposed to be still in early beta! You guys have to be one of the first to try it out!

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up shot of Scoop's pen quickly writing down on his notepad.

2. SCOOP: This is going to make a great article for the school newspaper!

**PANEL THREE.**

Q holds one of her hands up to her cheek as she observes the sparring technology in front of her. Her face looks very quizzical.

3. Q: So, what exactly is this?

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot of Isaac's feet walking.

[NO DIALOGUE]



**PAGE FORTY CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac is now sitting at one end of the sparring technology. The shot is an aerial view of Scoop still writing on his notepad and Q standing next to him. Isaac addresses Q.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: It is a sparring arena, Q. Think of the Battle Narrative Arena, but this one is a miniature version of it. Also, instead of wearing a virtual headset, the battle takes place right in front of us with holographic images on the grid.

5. Q: No way! How cool!

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Also, there is no generated setting or genre. It is all a free-write.

**PAGE FORTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of Isaac smirking and pointing off panel towards Q.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: So, what do you say? How about a friendly spar? You versus me?

**PANEL TWO.**

Full-body shot of Q looking stunned and overwhelmed with joy at the same time.

2. Q: YES!!!

**PANEL THREE.**

Q lands bottom-first in the seat behind the keyboard.

3. SFX: WHOOSH

**PANEL FOUR.**

Q examines the screen and the keyboard in front of her. She looks very eager.

4. Q: Alright, how do I do this?

**PANEL FIVE.**

This shot should take up the rest of the page. A full-perspective view of the sparring technology. Isaac and Q are seated on opposite sides as Scoop continues to scribble on his notepad.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: It is pretty simple. We both have a base character. Since this sparring system is still in early beta, there are no items to loot. Our goal is simply to write the character in a hand-to-hand battle. We will be reacting to each other. Also, one more thing. Usually, Battle Narratives are done in 1st-person point of view, but this sparring technology uses 3rd-person point of view. Understood?

**PAGE FORTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Half-body shot of Q as she hovers her hand over the keyboard. She looks up determined as she stares down.

1. Q: I think I got it... I'm just writing what I want my character to do, right?

**PANEL TWO.**

Half-body shot of Isaac as with his hands on the table just in front of the keyboard. He smiles towards the direction Q would be off panel.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Correct. Now, do not hold back! Press the green button at the top of your keyboard to start!

**PANEL THREE.**

This panel will take up the remaining half of the page. A dual shot of Isaac and Q's index finger pressing down a green button at the top of their respective keyboards.

3. SFX: CLICK

**PAGE FORTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A blue silhouette of a man appears on the grid in-front of Isaac. The man has a grid around his body with brighter blue lines. He stands in a fighting stance.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A red silhouette of a woman appears on the grid in front of Q. The woman has a similar grid as Isaac's character, but with bright red lines. She stands in a fighting stance.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot of Q's character with Q in the background. She is leaning forward over the top of the computer screen and pointing off panel towards Isaac.

1. Q: Alright! Here we go!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Dual shots of Isaac and Q's hands typing on their keyboards.

2. SFX: TAP TAP TAP

**PAGE FORTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q's character jumps forward with a spinning-kick motion.

1. CAPTION (Q): She runs forward at Isaac and kicks at him.

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac's character dodges to the right of Q's character as she comes in with a spinning kick.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): He dodges to the left with a slide.

**PANEL THREE.**

Q's character lands on her feet with a graceful stance.

3. CAPTION (Q): She lands on her feet, and then-

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot of Q's character punching towards the viewer with spiralling whirlwind circling the punch.

4. CAPTION (Q): -she goes at him with a big punch!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac's character catches Q's punch in its palm. They two stand opposed to each other in equally aggressive stances.

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): He lands a superb block!

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac's character pushes Q's character's arm away and Q's character stumbles back from the attack.

6. SFX: SWIPE

7. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): He pushes her arm away, which causes her to get off-balance.

**PAGE FORTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q's character does a back handspring and lands on her feet. The motion of the handspring is nearly transparent to show the movement.

1. CAPTION (Q): She does a very good back-handspring to land on her feet very good!

**PANEL TWO.**

Another shot of Q's character throwing a punch towards off panel (Isaac's direction).

2. CAPTION (Q): With a very fast motion, she throws another good punch!

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot of Q's character swinging up high, but Isaac's character is crouching as he is ducked below.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): He ducks out of the way, but stays close enough-

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac's character spins his leg and swipes Q's characters legs out from underneath her.

4. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): -to swipe her feet out from underneath her!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Q's character falls on her back.

5. SFX: THUD

6. CAPTION (Q): She makes a very good landing!

**PAGE FORTY-FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up of Q's distressed face as she leans-forward to see the holograms.

7. Q: WHAT? NO!

**PAGE FORTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-page shot of Isaac's character standing over Q's character with his fist held up in a clenched-fashion.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): He goes in for the final attack!

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot of Isaac's character's fist dropping down quickly.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up shot of Isaac's character's hand flicking Q's character's forehead with its index finger.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): He pauses just as his fist gets close to her head. He extends out his fingers and flicks her on the forehead.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A half-body shot of Scoop with his arms crossed, notepad and pen in-hand, with a smile on his face.

3. SCOOP: I would say that is game.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Q buries her head in the keyboard in front of her as she grips it with her hands.

4. Q: NO FAIR! My character didn't do what I wrote! This thing is broken!

**PANEL SIX.**

Scoop holds up his finger to correct Q. He has his eyes closed as he recites specifics.

5. SCOOP: Actually, look up at the writing log for a second.



**PAGE FORTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of the screen that is hanging above the sparring grid. It has two columns of text that show opposing writing logs. The colors of the text denote who each text belongs to.

1. SCOOP: Notice the difference between yours and Isaac's writing? Isaac used a lot of uncommon words, while your sentences contained some repeat words and weak adjectives.

**PANEL TWO.**

Q looks up from her keyboard with her chin resting on it. She has a sad and pouting look on her face.

2. Q: BAH! Weak adjectives?

**PANEL THREE.**

This panel should take up one third of the page in the middle. It is an aerial shot of the entire sparring arena. Everyone remains in their same position. The characters on the grid are no longer there.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Adjectives are the words you use to describe your nouns and actions. Do not take it so hard, though. I think there are a few things that you can work on with your writing to have a better performance next time. I was actually pretty impressed with what I saw.

4. Q: Really? What can I work on?

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: First, notice how you used the word "good" a lot? There are plenty of synonyms you could use instead. Synonyms are simply words that mean the same or are similar to a specific word. For example, instead of using good, you could use the word excellent. Your goal in writing should be to use many of these synonyms instead of one word over and over. It makes your writing fresh and not feel redundant.

6. Q: Redundant? Meaning the same thing over and over?

**PAGE FORTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

As Q remains in her seat, we see her bury her face in her hands.

7. Q: Gosh, I feel embarrassed.

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot of Isaac's hand resting on Q's shoulder. She looks up, shocked.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac is looking down at her with a smile as he has his hand extended out toward her off panel.

8. ISAAC IMAGERY: Do not sweat it. Writing is not something you can just get better at overnight. It takes years of practice.

**PAGE FORTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-body shot of Q as she blushes and eyes the hand on her shoulder.

1. Q: I am so far behind. Is there any quick way to catch up?
2. ISAAC IMAGERY (DISEMBODIED): Actually, there is.

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac is checking his wristband as Q remains seated with a curious look on her face. Scoop is now standing next to them while he scribbles down on his notepad.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: We can take the hotel shuttle to get there.
4. SCOOP: Aw, can't we play around with the sparring tech some more? I have not finished my notes for the article!
5. Q: No! We have to go now!

**PANEL THREE.**

An aerial shot of the hotel shuttle trekking down a busy street in between beautiful skyscrapers. There is a vast array of soft colors, such as yellow taxis, green on random trees on the sidewalk, and slate-gray buildings.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

The hotel shuttle is now parked next to a curb. Isaac is standing on the sidewalk as Scoop is exiting the bus. Q is already standing on the sidewalk, looking up at something off panel.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Alright, we are here.

**PAGE FORTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

This panel should fill the bottom of the page. Up a giant set of stone stairs is a pair of wooden doorways with a gilded sign that reads: “City Library.”

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE FORTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The trio is walking through a giant library with patrons, tables, chairs, and shelves of books in the background.

1. Q: How does reading help me learn how to write better?

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: If you want to learn how to write wonderfully, you have to read wonderful writing. I've spent hours in a library like this back home and at school, as I am sure all other entrants in the tournament have done so as well.

**PANEL TWO.**

Q gazes off panel in wonderment. The backdrop of the library setting is behind her.

3. Q: Wow. I guess I just never really thought about it like that. The books are filled with words from writers. Just like the ones in the Battle Narrative tournament.

**PANEL THREE.**

The three friends stand in the middle of the library as Isaac's hand gestures towards Q. Scoop listens to the conversation.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: I think all of the writers in the Battle Narrative tournament want to be great authors someday. They want to have a book that ends up in the library.

5. SCOOP: Speaking of authors, I want to go check out a book by Conan Franklin.

6. Q: I will come with!

**PAGE FORTY-NINE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

The same shot of the trio standing in the middle of the library, but now they sport scolded and embarrassed faces as an elderly-looking librarian is halfway in the shot with a finger up to her lips. The librarian has her hair up in a bun, half-moon spectacles, and a grey dress with a shawl on.

7. LIBRARIAN: SHHHH!

8. Q: Sorry...

**PANEL FIVE.**

An aerial shot of the shelves of library books. We see several silhouettes of patrons walking and standing in the middle of the aisles. The only people that can be identified are Q and Scoop walking down an aisle.

**PANEL SIX.**

Scoop is pulling a book off the shelf as Q leans her back against the very same shelf a little bit to the side of where Scoop grabs his book.

9. Q: What's that?

10. SCOOP: The biography of Conan Franklin. Someone researched Franklin's life and wrote a book about it.

11. Q: That's pretty neat.

**PAGE FIFTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Scoop leans back against the bookshelf next to Q while reading the back of the book.

1. SCOOP: I always like reading the back of the book first to get an idea of what the book will be about. “The life of Conan Franklin is one of sadness and great success. Follow along as I uncover Franklin’s early life of working for his dad as a young electrician, struggling to become a paid writer, and eventually finding success as a world-renowned author.”

**PANEL TWO.**

A more zoomed-in shot as Q leans over to peek at the back of the book.

2. Q: Wow, it sounds exciting.

3. SCOOP: Yeah, I’m going to find a place to sit down and read a few chapters.

4. Q: Alright. I’m going to find a book, too.

**PANEL THREE.**

Q wanders down a book aisle as the towering shelves act as walls. She is looking up at the books as she walks past them.

5. Q: Hmm. What book should I get?

**PANEL FOUR.**

An aerial shot of Q entering an opening of the shelves where there are four tables and accompanying chairs. Only one table is occupied.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

At the table, reading a book, is an elderly woman with short gray hair, brown stud gemstone earrings, and a mustard yellow jacket. She looks deeply into her book.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE FIFTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q walks past the lady reading the book. Q continues to look up at the shelves of books around her. The elderly woman does not look up from her book.

1. ELDERLY WOMAN: Whatcha looking for?

**PANEL TWO.**

Q addresses the lady at the table now. The scene depicts both of them looking at each other from their respective positions.

2. Q: Are you talking to me?

3. ELDERLY WOMAN: Yes, I am. What kind of book are you looking for?

**PANEL THREE.**

Q looks up with a quizzical expression on her face.

4. Q: Um, I guess just one that helps me get better at writing?

**PANEL FOUR.**

The elderly woman looks confused as she rubs her chin and leans back in her seat.

5. ELDERLY WOMAN: Writing? Dear, I thought books were for reading?

**PANEL FIVE.**

Q is now standing next to the table as the elderly woman and her spark up a conversation. The elderly woman has both her hands out to gesture while she is talking.

6. Q: Isn't that why people read? To get better at writing?

7. ELDERLY WOMAN: That can be a reason, I suppose... Getting better at writing usually happens when you read... But Dear, don't forget that when you read, you can go on adventures that you never thought you could go on in real life. Whether that be an adventure of a real person or a make-believe character.



**PAGE FIFTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close up of the elderly woman as she continues on with her thought. She holds up her book with one hand.

1. ELDERLY WOMAN: Since I've read many books, I've always found the question "Why do we read?" easy to answer. It seems to me that there is a much more difficult question. Why do people write? More specifically, Dear, why do you want to write?

**PANEL TWO.**

Pull back to the shot of Q standing next to the table. The elderly woman now has her arms folded with her book tucked underneath her arms.

2. Q: I... I do not know...

3. ELDERLY WOMAN: That is a question you should try to answer for yourself. Otherwise, what is the purpose of your writing?

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of Q deep in thought as she rubs her forehead with her hand.

4. Q: Hmm...

**PANEL FOUR.**

A zoomed-out aerial shot above all the library shelves with the patrons throughout the library.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

The same zoomed-out shot from panel four, but the patrons are now absent and some of the shelves have been tipped over. The library looks very disorganized and desolate compared to the shot in the previous panel.

5. CAPTION: Round of 8...

**PAGE FIFTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We see Isaac's fingers furiously typing away at a keyboard.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I turn the corner and find an open aisle and immediately make my way down it.

**PANEL TWO.**

We see Isaac running down an aisle in the library between two parallel rows of bookshelves.

2. ANNOUNCER: Here we are in the Round of 8! If you are just now joining us, this match is set in the realistic fiction genre. The competitors were put in a completely realistic setting: the city library! So far we are 30 minutes into the battle, but no writer has a clear edge. Despite both of them finding loot chests for equipment to use.

**PANEL THREE.**

We see Scoop and Q in the crowd among several other people in the stadium. They are all looking down at the display arena.

3. Q: PFFT! Yeah, right. Isaac may have found a loot chest, but all it had was a rubberband. What a rip off!

4. SCOOP: That's the point of realistic fiction. You take completely realistic things and put them in a fictional story.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac is in running motion as he looks up towards the ceiling off panel.

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): As I make my way down the aisle, I spot a loot chest on the top shelf.

**PAGE FIFTY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac is stopped as he looks up at the loot chest that is several feet up. It is inaccessible without climbing. The shot is viewed from the floor.

6. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I quickly realize that I have to climb to get the loot.

**PANEL SIX.**

A half-body shot of Isaac as he climbs up the bookshelf with a determined look on his face.

7. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I thoughtfully choose each place where I grab and step on to make sure I do not fall down from the shelf. One misstep could cost me everything.

**PAGE FIFTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac is reaching inside of the loot chest. The loot chest resembles a classic treasure chest. It is made of a light-brown wood and its corners and seams are gilded.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I reach inside, hoping for an item of use.

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Isaac's hand as he clutches a piece of wood that is in the shape of a "Y".

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac hangs on to the bookshelf with one arm while clutching the Y-shaped wood with his other hand. Isaac's face is alarmed.

2. HARRY HYPERBOLE (DISEMBODIED): Look alive, cupcake!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac's opponent Harry Hyperbole jumps from the top of the parallel row of bookshelves with a sledgehammer in his hands. Harry is a muscular looking fellow with a green flannel vest and black jeans.

3. ANNOUNCER: Harry Hyperbole has found Isaac Imagery! Harry has been walking on the tops of the the book shelves for minutes, searching for Isaac! Has Isaac made a mistake by climbing up top and revealing himself?!?

**PAGE FIFTY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Harry crashes down his sledgehammer on top of the bookshelf. The top of the shelf breaks as Harry forces the hammer down. Isaac flails towards off panel as he falls from the top of the shelf.

4. SFX: CRASH

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Harry's blunt blow shakes me off the bookshelf, but I can't find anything to grab onto as I fall.

**PAGE FIFTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-page shot of Harry crashing through several levels of the bookshelf. Destroying wood and books in the path of his sledge hammer. He grips the hammer as it falls through the debris. Isaac can be seen falling below in the slew of carnage.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A distressed Q holds the top of her head in disbelief.

1. Q: Isaac! NO!!!

**PANEL THREE.**

An isolated shot of Isaac's hand hanging onto a shelf by three fingers.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I barely grapple the side of a shelf. I have been spared for a moment, but I must act quickly.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac rolls to the side with a spinning motion as Harry crashes through the area that Isaac was just hanging from.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I barely dodge his descent. However, I now have the advantage!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Harry is now on the ground-level as he rests the sledgehammer on his shoulder. He looks up at where Isaac is off panel.

4. HARRY HYPERBOLE: Either you come down, or I will climb to that tallest plateau and pull you down to the depths of the hard floor and make the books fall down upon your egg-shaped face while you look upon me in your defeat.

**PAGE FIFTY-FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Harry baseball swings sideways at the shelf breaking through the wood and books.

5. SFX: SMASH

**PAGE FIFTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac climbs up the bookshelf with dash lines behind him.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Isaac reaching in his pocket and fumbling around inside of it.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Before he can bring down the bookshelf I am on, I reach inside my pocket and grab the rubber band from earlier.

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac is now aiming down the sight of a slingshot he has constructed with the Y-shaped wood and the rubber band he had in his pocket. He is leaned up against the bookshelf while partially sitting on one of the shelves.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I've constructed my final tool for victory. A slingshot!

3. ANNOUNCER: I do not believe it! Isaac has just constructed a slingshot, but what will he use for ammo!?

**PANEL FOUR.**

The sledgehammer that Harry is using is being tossed from his hand.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

Harry is pushing against the bookshelf that Isaac is hanging on at the top.

4. HARRY HYPERBOLE: TIME TO END THIS! YOU WILL NEVER DEFEAT ME WITH A SLINGSHOT AS OLD AS THE HILLS!



**PAGE FIFTY-SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Scoop and Q look shocked as they yell out at the display below! The crowd is rambunctious around them.

5. SCOOP: ISAAC!!!

6. Q: NO!!!

**PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-page shot of the bookshelf Isaac is on falling backwards. Isaac is sitting on a shelf towards the top. He holds on as the shelf falls backwards. Harry is at the bottom with his hands out in front of him after just toppling the shelf. Books are raining down as the shelf falls over.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I can't find anything to grab onto! I FALL WITH THE BOOKSHELF!

**PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The shelf has landed up against another shelf. Isaac looks disarrayed as he uses his feet to keep him balanced with his back lying against the top part of the shelf. The slingshot is still clutched in his hand.

1. ANNOUNCER: This could be it! Harry is making his way up!

**PANEL TWO.**

Harry is walking up the inclined bookshelf with the sledgehammer resting on his shoulder. He sports a wicked grin as he makes his way up.

2. HARRY HYPERBOLE: This is going to be the worst defeat in the history of defeats in the entire world and planets and universes!

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac grits his teeth as he sits up from his current position. He peers down at Harry approaching him below off panel.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I scan my brain for any knowledge on how to deal with this opponent before me. Every thought, every book that I've read—**THAT'S IT!**

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot of Isaac's hand grabbing a tattered book from the slanted shelf below him.

4. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): In the moment where everything seems **BLEAK**, I rely on the ammunition of knowledge! The books are my source to **VANQUISHING** this challenge!

**PANEL FIVE.**

This is a shot from the front as a gold aura outlines Isaac and his slingshot. Isaac has his eyes closed as he embraces the glow from the boost.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Q jumps to her feet with excitement as she joyfully verifies to Scoop what just happened.

5. Q: ISAAC JUST GOT BOOSTS FOR USING THE WORDS, BLEAK AND VANQUISHING?!

6. SCOOP: That's right, Q! See, you are picking this up quickly! Go, Isaac!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Isaac is now standing in the position of an archer as he aims down the sight of his glowing weapon with a book pulled back in the rubber band of his slingshot. Isaac has a serious demeanor with his teeth gritted.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: This ends now!

**PAGE FIFTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up shot of Isaac releasing the string as the book flings forward.

1. SFX: WHOOSH

**PANEL TWO.**

Harry holds up a forearm to deflect a book. He holds on to his sledgehammer with the other hand. He cries out with a warlike expression.

2. HARRY HYPERBOLE: IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT? MY PUPPY COULD SLINGSHOT A BOOK BETTER THAN YOU!

**PANEL THREE.**

A barrage of books flurries down towards Harry off panel. Speed lines are behind each of the books.

3. SFX: WHOOSH

**PANEL FOUR.**

Harry stumbles backwards as he is pelted with books. His sledgehammer drops from his hand.

4. HARRY HYPERBOLE: ARRGH!

5. ANNOUNCER: Harry Hyperbole just dropped his sledgehammer! What a turn of events!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot from underneath the pushed-over bookshelf. The sledgehammer flies down through an opening in the shelf where some books had fallen out. Along with the sledgehammer, several books cascade like rain.

6. ANNOUNCER: The sledgehammer has fallen through the bookshelf! Harry is without a weapon!

**PAGE FIFTY-NINE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot of Isaac dashing down the bookshelf while shooting a book from his slingshot. Dash lines are behind Isaac as he runs.

7. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I take an aggressive offensive stance and make my way down to Harry. He is completely defenseless now!

**PAGE SIXTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac is now stopped at the very bottom of the shelf. He has another book loaded in his slingshot. He steadies his aim as he points his slingshot down towards off panel Harry.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Even though it appears that it is over, I patiently wait with BATED breath for the call of victory.

**PANEL TWO.**

Harry is covered in books with only his pants and hands visible underneath a pile of books. Isaac's slingshot glows again from a word boost. He has his glowing slingshot ready as he stands opposed.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

We see the announcer on the jumbotron above the stadium. He clenches a fist and yells into the microphone with gusto.

2. ANNOUNCER: YOUR WINNER, ISAAC IMAGERY!

**PANEL FOUR.**

The rest of the page is filled with this panel which consists of the crowd cheering over the displayed image of Isaac's battle in the middle of the stadium.

3. SFX: YAH

4. SFX: WOO

5. SFX: RAH

**PAGE SIXTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-page shot of Isaac on a stage outside with the announcer from the battle with Harry. The announcer has an arm extending out toward Isaac as he yells out into a microphone at a screaming crowd that surrounds the stage.

1. ANNOUNCER: Once again, your winner of yesterday's Round of 8 match, ISAAC IMAGERY!

**PANEL TWO.**

A half-page shot of the crowd cheering wildly for Isaac. Some are reaching their arms toward him off panel, blowing him kisses, or simply covering their mouths in admiration.

2. CROWD #1: WE LOVE YOU, ISAAC!

3. CROWD #2: GO ISAAC!

4. CROWD #3: YEAHHH!!!



**PAGE SIXTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We see a wider angle of the full stage. The announcer is in the middle of the stage. He stands in between Isaac Imagery and Allan Anonym. Isaac is waving at the fans in the crowd with a smiling face. Allan Anonym has his arms crossed as he sits on a sofa chair with a small table next to it. The table has a bottle of water on it. There is a similar chair and table setup behind Isaac.

1. ANNOUNCER: Let's not forget that Allan Anonym is also on the stage with us! Both of these writers come from the same school, so it seems only fitting that we get both of their perspectives on the tournament so far.

**PANEL TWO.**

The announcer walks towards the direction of Isaac. The crowd is cheering as Isaac waves at them.

2. CROWD ALL: ISAAC! ISAAC! ISAAC!

**PAGE SIXTY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL THREE.**

A more zoomed-in shot of the announcer standing next to Isaac. The announcer has one hand on Isaac's shoulder as he uses his other to place a microphone between himself and Isaac.

3. ANNOUNCER: Tell us, Isaac. This has been your first big Battle Narrative tournament. You have written assignments in your classroom, but how does that compare to the live, action-paced writing that you do here in the Junior League Genre Tournament?

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: When you write here, it is on a whole different level than in the classroom. Don't get me wrong. I know I wouldn't be here without that classroom practice, but when you are here, you are expected to remember rules and tricks of grammar on your own. If you can't remember those rules, you have to pay the most humiliating price: a loss in Battle Narrative.

5. ANNOUNCER: And there truly are lots of rules, tricks of grammar, and humiliating losses here in Battle Narrative. But there are also triumphant victories like we witnessed with you yesterday! Thank you for your perspective, Isaac, and congratulations again on your hard-fought victory! Best of luck in the next round!

**PAGE SIXTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Return to a full shot of the stage. The announcer now walks towards Allan Anonym.

1. ANNOUNCER: Now, you already know this next individual. This event will mark his fifth time competing in the Junior League. He is a former champion, and looks to claim his second-ever title with this tournament. Going into the Round of 4, I bet he can smell the taste of victory.

**PANEL TWO.**

A half-body shot of the announcer next to Allan. Allan remains seated with his arms crossed and his eyes closed.

2. ANNOUNCER: Allan Anonym, what thoughts are racing through your mind as you share the stage with a writer from your own school that you could end up potentially facing in the finals should you both win your next match.

3. ALLAN ANONYM: At this point..., it is more likely that I face Writer X.

**PANEL THREE.**

A full-stage shot again as Isaac stands in an aggressive stance and points towards Allan across the stage. The crowd is bustling with noise.

4. CROWD ALL: BOOO!

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: It is also just as likely that I do not face you next round either.

**PAGE SIXTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of Allan as half his mouth curls into a smirk. His eyes remain closed.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: Do not take it personally, Isaac. I didn't win my first tournament either. It would seem that Writer X seems to be the more polished writer between you and him. He has been mowing down every opponent in under 5 minutes. I just haven't seen anything from you that would suggest you could last longer than that.

**PANEL TWO.**

A half-body shot of Isaac pointing with confidence towards the direction of Allan off panel.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: You're wrong, and I will prove it when I face Writer X!

**PANEL THREE.**

A dual shot of Isaac and Allan as they share serious glares with one another.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up shot of the announcer as he addresses the audience with a nervous look on his face and sweat forming on his brow.

3. ANNOUNCER: Now, now, boys. Let's save that passion for the battles.

**PAGE SIXTY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A full-stage shot as the announcer gestures to all of the crowd. He stands center stage. The crowd is cheering wildly.

4. ANNOUNCER: Let's give it up one more time for two of our final four contestants, Isaac Imagery and Allan Anonym!

5. CROWD #1: WOOOOO!

6. CROWD #2: YAHH!

7. CROWD #3: LET'S GO!

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up of Scoop and Q from the front as they smile and clap their hands.

8. SCOOP: It is crazy the recognition that a competitive tournament will bring you. Especially if you do well and end up in the final four like these two. I'm really proud of Isaac.

9. Q: Yeah, this is incredible! I'm going to meet Isaac as he comes down from the stage!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

An aerial shot as Q weaves her way through the crowd as they continue cheering for the two competitors on stage.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE SIXTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac is walking down some stairs on the side of the stage as he checks his wristband for messages or tournament updates.

1. WRISTBAND (STATIC): Hey, Isaac! Mr. Nyllid again! Congrats on the win yesterday!

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up shot of Isaac's face as he looks shocked. He reacts as someone calls his name off panel.

2. SILVA STYLES: ISAAC!

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac is now at the bottom of the stairs as he stands opposed to a blonde-haired girl with green eyes. She is wearing a brown leather vest, yellow blouse, dark-faded bell-bottom jeans, and yellow baseball cap on backwards. Her name is Silva Styles.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Yes?

4. SILVA STYLES: Isaac! I'm your biggest fan! My name is Silva!

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Oh, wow. I'm flattered!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A half-body shot of Silva looking distressed as she looks at Isaac off panel. Her eyes are gleaming, but her face shows her nervousness.

6. SILVA STYLES: I know this is forward, but-

**PANEL FIVE.**

A full-body shot shows Silva in front of Isaac. Silva grabs onto Isaac's arm as he blushes. Silva cries out in emotion.

7. SILVA STYLES: WOULD YOU GO ON A DATE WITH ME?!?!

**PAGE SIXTY-FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up shot of Isaac's beet-red face as he blushes from the question he was just asked.

8. ISAAC IMAGERY: Um... heh...

**PAGE SIXTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Silva tugs on the bottom of Isaac's shirt. Isaac rubs the back of his head in awkwardness. Silva looks up at Isaac in a pleading manner.

1. SILVA STYLES: I'M SORRY! I WAS TOO FORWARD!

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: What? No! I mean, yes. Yes, I would like to go on a date with you.

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Silva's face as literal fireworks are in her eyes. She holds her fists up in front of her face in excitement.

3. SILVA STYLES: YEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac smiles as he continues to rub the back of his head in shyness. Silva blushes and smiles as she holds her own hands behind her back.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: So, where should we go for our date? I'm free tomorrow.

5. SILVA STYLES: How about Pizzano's tomorrow night at 7? It is right down the street from the tournament hotel! We'd just have to scan our bands so our sponsors know we're going.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: That sounds perfect.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from behind Q as she watches from behind a few people in the crowd. From her angle, she can see the interaction between Silva and Isaac.

[NO DIALOGUE]



**PAGE SIXTY-SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up of Q's face as she sports a half-frown. She looks more disappointed than sad at what she witnessed.

7. Q: \*sigh\*

**PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Return to a half-body shot of the announcer on stage. He grips the microphone with one hand close to his chest while extending out his other arm towards the crowd off panel.

1. ANNOUNCER: Alright, it is time to bring our next guest up on the stage. He is the amazing, mysterious, and incredible writer known as WRITER X!!!

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot of the roaring crowd as they cheer wildly for Writer X.

2. CROWD ALL: WRITER X! WRITER X! WRITER X!

**PANEL THREE.**

Writer X stands confidently on stage with his arms crossed. The announcer stands next to him and gesture at him for the crowd's approval.

3. CROWD ALL: WRITER X! WRITER X! WRITER X!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A half-body shot as of the announcer standing next to Writer X. The announcer holds the microphone up to Writer X's mask. Writer X remains standing still with his arms folded.

4. ANNOUNCER: This past round was another finish under five minutes! Amazing! Writer X, we know by now that you write more than you speak, but what are your thoughts going forward in this tournament?

5. WRITER X: Win.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Another shot of the roaring crowd. This shot should be very similar to the shot on panel two.

6. CROWD ALL: WRITER X! WRITER X! WRITER X!

**PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-body shot of Scoop standing with his arms crossed. He is watching the Writer X interview off panel. Scoop has an inquisitive look upon his face.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up shot of Scoop's legs and feet as a foot steps into the picture from behind him. A sound effect is shown coming from the footsteps.

1. SFX: FFPT FFPT

**PANEL THREE.**

This panel should take up the one third of the page in the middle. Allan Antonym now stands next to Scoop. Both of them have their arms crossed and do not look amused by what they are seeing up on stage off panel.

2. SCOOP: What's your read on this guy, Allan?

3. ALLAN ANTONYM: Arrogant.

4. SCOOP: That's funny coming from you.

5. ALLAN ANTONYM: It is rather curious though, isn't it?

6. SCOOP: What's that?

7. ALLAN ANTONYM: You're a reporter. Reporters like to find the answers to questions, right?

8. SCOOP: Of course.

**PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of Allan as he continues looking onwards with his serious face.

9. ALLAN ANTONYM: Here's a question for you. How does an unknown kid make it through the qualifiers and now to the final four with record-setting wins all under five minutes each without so much as a breath of hype before this tournament?

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up shot of Allan's eyes and brow. Allan's eyes are annoyed and his brow is furled.

10. ALLAN ANTONYM: Not only that, but it bothers me that you can't find a single picture of his face. It is like he appeared out of nowhere. Hmmph.

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up shot of Scoop's face as he smiles with his serious eyes.

11. SCOOP: You would make a good reporter, Allan.

**PAGE SIXTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Allan walks away from Scoop with his arm waving. The shot is from in front of Scoop. Scoop's body is diagonal so that we see half-his face as he watches Allan leave.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: I will leave the reporting to you. I have a battle to get ready for.

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Scoop's face as his face is still turned like the previous panel. He smiles at Allan's demeanor.

**PANEL THREE.**

An aerial shot from outside the tournament hotel. It is daytime with cars driving down the street in front of the hotel. There are a few pedestrians walking down the city-styled sidewalk with an occasional bench and tree along the side of the path.

2. CAPTION: The next morning...

**PANEL FOUR.**

Q is sitting on a couch in the hotel lobby. Her head is looking down as she looks at her wristband.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up shot of her wristband. On the screen, it is vibrant with a picture of Scoop, and it says below that he is calling. There are also vibration lines around the wristband.

3. SFX: BZZZZ!!!

**PAGE SIXTY-NINE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up head shot of Q as she holds the wristband up to her face. She looks up as she talks into it.

4. Q: Where are you? You were supposed to be in the lobby 30 minutes ago.

5. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): I will be right there. I'm just finishing up some research on Writer X. I just found that there are actually writer bios on the tournament website!

6. Q: Okay, okay. Just hurry up.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A shot from above as Q is now leaning back on the couch with her head resting on the back. She is looking up at the ceiling.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE SEVENTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The shot gives a bigger perspective of the hotel lobby from an aerial view. We see Q leaning back on the couch in one corner of the panel and Silva with her head down at a table on the opposite corner of the panel.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

An angled shot from where Q is sitting. We see the back of Q's head as she peers over at where Silva is sitting at a table. She has a pencil in hand and a journal resting on the table in front of her. Where Silva is sitting should be noticeably more colorful than the rest of the hotel lobby scenery around her, which should be grayscaled.

1. Q: Is that...?

**PANEL THREE.**

A half-body shot of Silva sitting at the table. She rests her head on one of her hands as she uses the other to scribble down something in the journal on the table.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

Q is now sitting up straight on the couch as she leans forward on the edge of her seat. She is looking toward the direction of Silva off panel.

2. Q: Maybe I should go say hi.

**PANEL FIVE.**

An aerial shot of Q walking across the lobby towards Silva. Again, grayscale everything in the lobby, but where Q is walking and where Silva is sitting.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE SEVENTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q stands next to the table where Silva is. Q is slightly leaned in with her hands behind her back almost in a curious manner. Silva does not notice Q is there and is still writing head-down in her journal.

1. Q: Hi.

**PANEL TWO.**

Same angle, but now Silva is looking up at Q. Both are smiling as they exchange words. Q now has one of her hands up in a waving motion.

2. SILVA STYLES: Hi. Do I know you?

3. Q: Haha, you do not. Sorry, I'm a friend of Isaac's. My name is Q.

**PANEL THREE.**

A closer zoomed-in shot of Silva and Q shaking hands. They smile as they greet one another.

4. SILVA STYLES: Oh, hi! Nice to meet you! Sorry if I seemed rude.

5. Q: No problem, haha!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Q stands behind the chair that is adjacent to where Silva is sitting. She has her hands rested on the top back of it.

6. Q: Do you mind if I sit with you?

7. SILVA STYLES: Go ahead. I was just writing, but I can multi-task!



**PAGE SEVENTY-ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Q is now seated at the table. Q has her hands placed on the table while Silva has her head resting on the palm of one of her hands as they look at each other.

8. Q: So, a date tonight with Isaac? How excited are you?

9. SILVA STYLES: I'm so excited about it! It is at the pizza place in just a little while! Have you tried the pizza there?

10. Q: Haha, no I have not. Your date sounds like it should be fun, though. Heh...

**PAGE SEVENTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Silva jots something down in her journal as Q watches her curiously.

1. SILVA STYLES: I hope you don't mind, I can stop writing if it's distracting.
2. Q: It's no problem. I interrupted you.

**PANEL TWO.**

A half-body shot of Q as she leans in slightly to try to sneak a peek at what Silva is writing down.

3. Q: So, you are a writer?

**PANEL THREE.**

Return to the shot of both at the table as Silva continues to write. Q keeps her same curious face as she is still slightly leaned in.

4. SILVA STYLES: Yeah, I love writing.
5. Q: Do you want to be a writer in the tournament one day?
6. No, not at all.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Close-up shot of Silva's hand as she places the pencil on the desk.

7. SILVA (DISEMBODIED): It is just not my style of writing.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Close-up shot of Q with a confused look on her face. She has her index finger pressed against her cheek as she responds.

8. Q: Really, why do you write then?

**PAGE SEVENTY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Single shot from in front of Silva as she smiles and closes the journal in front of her.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Silva holds the journal up to Q in a hopsitibile way. Q eyes the journal and now has returned to a normal sitting position from her leaned-in state.

9. SILVA STYLES: I can write all my thoughts in here. It is really helpful for someone like me who has a hard time sharing my ideas with spoken words. I can express them much more easily with writing.

**PAGE SEVENTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A zoomed-in shot of Q examining the journal in-front of her. Her eyes are peeled.

1. Q: Wow, that's awesome.

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from Q's point-of-view. Silva has her eyes closed as she smiles and has her arm extended out to the point where the journal is not in the panel shot.

2. SILVA STYLES: Thanks!

**PANEL THREE.**

A side-shot of Silva as she places the journal in a bag that is sitting next to her in her seat. She holds the flap of the bag up with one hand as she places the journal halfway in the bag with the other hand.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

Return to the wider-shot of Q and Silva at the table. Now, both girls have their hands up on the desk and they look at each other as they engage in conversation.

3. Q: So, you do not like battle writing. Then...why do you watch Battle Narrative? I mean you were at the interview stage for the competitors. Also, if you do not like that writing style, why are you so interested in Isaac? He writes to compete. That's what drives him.

4. SILVA STYLES: Wow, those are straightforward questions. Do you like Isaac or something?

**PANEL FIVE.**

Half-body shot of Q as she looks flustered. She waves her arms hysterically and is red in the face.

5. Q: What? No! I'm just asking because he is my friend. I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to be nosy!

**PAGE SEVENTY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Return to full-table shot. Silva shakes her head with a soft smile and puts her hands up to let Q know it is okay.

6. SILVA STYLES: It's okay. I guess if I'm being honest, I just really want to show writers like Isaac that there is more to writing than just winning tournaments and being well-known for their writing skill. Writing can be really personal too. There are a lot of important reasons to know how to write for yourself. You do not have to have your face out there to be a good writer. In fact, some of my favorite writers are the most unknown.

**PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Stick with the full-table shot as Q rubs the back of her head and Silva keeps her eyes closed as she smiles from her seat.

1. Q: I guess I've never thought about writing like that.
2. SILVA STYLES: Many do not. When I see a writer like Isaac, I just think of all that he is missing out on. Let's just hope that I can change Isaac's mind tonight!

**PANEL TWO.**

Silva gets up from her seat to leave the conversation as Q watches her.

3. SILVA STYLES: Sorry to rush, but I have to go to my room real quick. I need to put my bag up, and I do not want to be late! It was nice meeting you!

**PANEL THREE.**

Q is turned around in her seat as she waves at Silva off panel.

4. Q: Thanks for the conversation. Have a good date tonight!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of Q's face as she smiles and still looks straight-ahead off panel.

5. Q: It is strange that Silva would have such a different view of writing and still really want to date Isaac. Wait a minute.....

**PANEL FIVE.**

A grainy flashback of a full-table shot. Silva shakes her head with a soft smile and puts her hands up to let Q know it is okay.

6. SILVA STYLES: ... I just really want to show writers like Isaac that there is more to writing than just winning tournaments and being well-known for their writing skill.
7. Q (DISEMBODIED): She seemed very determined to teach Isaac a lesson.

**PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Another grainy flashback from the previous panel. This time it is zoomed-in on Silva's face.

8. SILVA STYLES: You do not have to have your face out there to be a good writer.

9. Q (DISEMBODIED): No face... good writing...

Q's face looks absolutely shocked at her sudden realization. Her eyes are wide and her mouth agape.

10. Q: IS SILVA WRITER X?!?!?!

**PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

1. CAPTION: THE DATE...

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should take up two-thirds of the page. The scene is outside of Pizanno's restaurant. We see the sidewalk in front of the restaurant with a metal mailbox placed next to the street. The restaurant has two large floor to ceiling windows that showcase the inside of the restaurant. There is a green canopy above the window with gold trim and tassels. Isaac and Silva are sitting at the white-clothed table right inside the window. They have pepperoni pizza in their hands as they cheerfully talk to each other.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from inside shows Isaac and Silva at the same table. Isaac is taking a bite of his pizza as he holds it with two hands. Silva's hands are free as she rests the palm of her right hand on her cheek. She dotes on Isaac across the table. The street is bustling outside of the window with cars and taxis.

2. SILVA STYLES: Wow, I cannot believe that I am on a date with THE Isaac Imagery.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close up of Isaac smiling through a bite of pizza as a string of cheese connects his lips to the pizza in his hands.

[NO DIALOGUE]



**PAGE SEVENTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Full-table shot of Silva smiling at Isaac. Isaac shyly rubs the back of his head as he grins big.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: The pleasure is all mine.

**PANEL TWO.**

An aerial shot of the restaurant. There are several white-clothed tables with patrons occupying the seats. Waiters and waitresses are attending various tables and there are some hedges against the brick wall a good ways from Isaac and Silva's table.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A zoomed-in shot is isolated on a hedge against the brick wall in the background.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from in front of the hedge as Q is shown peeking through the hedge as she veils herself behind it.

2. Q: Would you just look at this? Isaac thinks he is so smart. Well, wait until he finds out that he is actually on a date with Writer X!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A full-profile shot of both Silva and Writer X. Put them side-by-side as if they are in a police lineup.

3. Q: Silva's thoughts about writing match perfectly with what Writer X is all about. A mysterious writer with no name that just wants to write for the beauty of it. She has no ambitions of being known by her name. That is why she wears a disguise! I bet her hair is just a wig, too! She probably has short hair that can easily hide underneath her Writer X mask!

**PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A grainy flashback of a full-table shot. Silva shakes her head with a soft smile and puts her hands up to let Q know it is okay.

1. SILVA STYLES: Let's just hope that I can change Isaac's mind tonight!
2. Q (DISEMBODIED): She must be trying to get inside information on Isaac's writing techniques so she can take him down in their next match!

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from behind the hedge as Q continues peeking through. We see Isaac and Silva at their table in the distance.

3. Q: It is my job as Isaac's friend to tell him if he is being taken advantage of! I can't let Writer X trick him!

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac looks out the window as cars and taxis pass by. There are also some pedestrians walking by on the sidewalks. Silva rests her chin on her fists as her elbows rest on the table. She dotes on Isaac some more.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up shot of Silva as her eyes are large and have sparkles in them. Her eyelids are about one-fourth down in a flirty way.

4. SILVA STYLES: So, are you nervous at all about your next match?

**PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Return to the full table shot and now Isaac is looking across at Silva. Silva remains in her dotting position.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Maybe a little, but that is normal. I think I would be more worried if I were not a little nervous. I never want to be too over-confident.

SILVA STYLES: Writer X is pretty good. I would be nervous if I were you.

**PANEL SIX.**

An accusatory look on Q's face as she watches through the hedge. The shot is from outside of the hedge.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half body-shot of Silva as she twiddles her thumbs. She looks down as if unsure if she should ask her question.

1. SILVA STYLES: So... What is your secret for writing so well in the tournament?

2. Q (DISEMBODIED): I knew it!

**PANEL TWO.**

Q jumps out from behind the hedge where she was hiding. Leaves from the hedge fly out from where she jumps. She has a devilish happy look on her face.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

Q stands next to Isaac and Silva's table. She has her index finger extended as she points at Isaac. She does this in an aggressive stance. Silva has her hands on her cheeks in surprise.

3. Q: Isaac! Don't answer her question! She is trying to deceive you!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up shot of Silva's shocked and angry face. She has her hands on her head.

4. SILVA STYLES: I would do no such thing!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Close-up shot of Isaac's hands slamming down on the table.

5. SFX: SLAM!

**PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Full scene shot of Q still pointing, but now Isaac is standing up. He has his hands pressed down on the table. Silva is still fuming at the accusation as she gives Q a bewildered look.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Q, what is this?!

**PAGE SEVENTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

An isolated shot of Q and Silva. Q is now pointing at Silva with the same aggressive stance. Silva's mouth is ajar as she holds her head in shock.

1. Q: The Silva you think you know is actually someone else! Someone that is trying to steal your writing secrets!

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Isaac with his hands up. Put question marks above his head to emphasize his confusion with the situation.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: What?!

**PANEL THREE.**

Back to the full-table shot, but now Q is tugging on Silva's hair. Q has one foot on Silva's chair and the other on the floor as she tugs on Silva's hair. Silva is crying and waving her arms. Isaac extends out his arm in disbelief and his face should share this thought.

3. Q: It's actually your next opponent, the mysterious Writer X! She is wearing a wig!

4. WRITER X (DISEMBODIED): Uh, excuse me?

**PANEL FOUR.**

Close-up of Q's forehead breaking out in a sweat. She looks terrified at what she just heard.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE SEVENTY-NINE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A pulled-back shot to show Writer X holding a pizza and a fountain drink. Q's mouth is agape as she stares at Writer X in surprise. Isaac looks surprised too, while Silva looks uncomfortable with Q's hands still on her hair.

5. Q: It... It can't be...

6. WRITER X: Even I like pizza...

**PANEL SIX.**

Writer X exits through the restaurant door with pizza and drink in hand.

7. SFX: DING DING

**PAGE EIGHTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Return to the full-table shot. Q still has Silva's hair in her hands. Q is smiling with embarrassment and red cheeks. Silva looks up at her with a scowl and her hands on her lips. Isaac awkwardly looks at them both with his hands in a shrugged manner.

1. Q: Silva, I'm so sorry... I met you earlier and what you said about teaching Isaac a lesson and not needing to be known as a writer made me think you were Writer X. I promise it is one big misunderstanding. I promise!

2. SILVA STYLES: Hmmmph!

**PANEL TWO.**

Silva storms off in-front of Isaac and Q. Silva has her arms crossed as she continues to wear the scowl on her face. Q wears a distressed look and Isaac reaches out for Silva.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Silva, wait!

**PANEL THREE.**

A half-body shot of Silva looking back with a terrifying death glare.

4. SILVA STYLES: If this is how you let your friends treat people, I do not think I need to finish this date, Isaac Imagery!

**PANEL FOUR.**

An isolated shot of Isaac reaching out for Silva with a soft-colored gradient background.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Wait! It was an accident! Do not go!

**PANEL FIVE.**

The restaurant door is shown slamming shut with speed lines behind it.

6. SFX: SLAM!



**PAGE EIGHTY CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Q is on her knees with her hands clasped together. She has her head down and holds her hands up high to Isaac. Isaac looks at her with an unsure expression, but forgiving eyes.

7. Q: Isaac, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

8. ISAAC IMAGERY: \*sigh\*

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Half-body shot of Isaac rubbing behind his head with a forgiving smile.

9. ISAAC IMAGERY: Don't worry about it. You are my friend. If she can't forgive one of my friends for making a mistake, then I don't think I needed to finish the date either.

**PAGE EIGHTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q smiles and blushes as Isaac walks past her and touches her shoulder with his fingers..

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Come on! Let's get out of here.

**PANEL TWO.**

As Isaac exits the restaurant, Q bashfully follows behind him. The patrons of the restaurant stare at them as they leave.

2. Q: Okay...

**PANEL THREE.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

3. CAPTION: BACK AT THE HOTEL LOBBY...

**PANEL FOUR.**

Scoop on a couch at a coffee table in the hotel lobby with a laptop opened up in front of him. He has a pondering look upon his face as he stares at the screen.

4. SCOOP: I hope Q isn't mad I stood her up for go-karts. I was on the verge of a research breakthrough.

5. CONAN FRANKLIN (DISEMBODIED): I told you I can't be out there on that day!

**PAGE EIGHTY-ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

An angle from where Scoop is sitting. He looks across the lobby and sees Conan Franklin talking to a man in black slacks and a red button-up shirt.

6. RED SHIRT: I'm just delivering a message from the producer. He said that it was in the contract under emergency protocol.

7. CONAN FRANKLIN: This is ridiculous. My contract dates were supposed to end with the Round of 8.

8. RED SHIRT: The special guest coming in after you had a family emergency. We are bringing someone in for the final match, but for now, you will have to fill in.

9. CONAN FRANKLIN: Do not talk to me about family emergencies!

**PAGE EIGHTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Conan storms away from the red shirt man in anger. The man in red just shrugs as he watches Conan walk away.

1. RED SHIRT: I'm sorry, Conan!

**PANEL TWO.**

Scoop continues to observe the situation from the lobby couch as he looks off panel

2. SCOOP: That seemed kind of inconsiderate by Mr. Franklin. Not nice at all like when we met him the other day... It seemed like he has somewhere to be tomorrow, but that other guy had a family emergency...

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac and Q walk through the hotel entrance which are sliding glass doors. There are two plants in the corner of the front entrance. Q and Isaac seem to be in some type of conversation as they look at each other while they walk.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac and Q wave at each other as they part ways and walk in different directions.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE EIGHTY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Q is now standing next to Scoop. Scoop looks up at Q.

3. SCOOP: Q! I'm sorry about earlier.

4. Q: No worries, Scoop! I ended up having an eventful night anyway.

5. SCOOP: Did Isaac go to bed?

6. Q: Yeah. He said he wanted to get some good sleep for tomorrow's match.

7. SCOOP: How did his date go?

**PANEL SIX.**

Q plops down next to Scoop with a smile on her face as she has her eyes closed and her head leaned back..

8. Q: It went well.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Q yawns as she sits next to Scoop. Scoops is now hunched over his laptop as he types on it.

9. Q: I am exhausted! I might head to bed, too.

**PAGE EIGHTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Scoop, with a focused face, types away at his computer as Q has her head turned to watch Scoop.

1. Q: What have you been up to?

**PANEL TWO.**

Scoop continues typing at his computer as Q sits up and quizzically looks at him.

2. Q: Scoop? HELLO? Scoop? Earth to Scoop!

3. SCOOP: Huh? Sorry.

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of Q who sports a curious look. She has one eyebrow raised as she questions Scoop.

4. Q: What are you so obsessed with?

**PANEL FOUR.**

A full shot of both of them on the couch. Scoop is still sitting up at his computer as he has his eyes on his screen. However, he is not typing. Q stares at him fully-engaged.

5. SCOOP: The bios of the contestants.

6. Q: Oh, yeah? You told me you found those earlier! What about them?

7. SCOOP: Well, each contestant has to have a website that details all of their achievements and biographic information in writing competitions. It is really helpful for those that want to learn more about the competitors.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Close-up shot of Scoop's face. His eyes are shifted towards Q off panel.

8. SCOOP: I've been looking at Writer X's website...

**PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Return to the full shot of the couch. Q curiously leans in to look at the computer. Scoop is also looking at the computer while being hunched over again.

1. Q: Oh? What did you find?
2. SCOOP: A completely normal bio that explains why he has virtually come out of nowhere.

**PANEL TWO.**

On the laptop screen, we see Writer X's website with a picture of Writer X. There are also several illegible blocks of paragraphs next to the picture of Writer X.

3. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Writer X's real name is Carson Pultz. He was home-schooled and had very little social interaction. Since he couldn't compete in public school tournaments, Carson competed in unofficial tournaments around the world. His unpredictable writing style gave him the nickname "Writer X."
4. Q (DISEMBODIED): Wow, well at least we know now why no one has ever heard of him before.

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up shot from the side of Scoop's face as he rubs his chin methodically.

5. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Sounds pretty convincing right? This is where a real researcher comes into play. The story seemed pretty unique, so I tried clicking on some of the links like "photos" of the competition. It didn't take me anywhere. There is nothing there. Then, I tried searching the names of the events that Writer X won. It turns out the events do not exist. I couldn't find a single source to back them up online.

**PAGE EIGHTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Return to the full-couch shot. Q looks at Scoop with a worried face. Scoop continues to look down at the screen with a stone-faced expression.

1. Q: What are you saying?
  
2. SCOOP: I'm saying that this website tries really hard to look real, but it is ultimately fake. It's not a credible source.
  
3. Q: What does that mean about Writer X?
  
4. SCOOP: It means that he is not who he is claiming to be. Furthermore, there is something else that bothers me.
  
5. Q: What's that?

**PANEL TWO.**

An aerial shot of Scoop as he leans back on the couch with his hands behind his head. He looks straight up at the ceiling.

6. SCOOP: Carson Pultz... I've heard that name before somewhere. I just can't remember where...
  
7. Q: Are you going to tell Isaac?
  
8. SCOOP: No, it would just be a distraction for him at this time. I do not want to bother him with it until I get the facts straight. Writer X got cleared through the tournament, so he must be at least a legitimate competitor. Right?
  
9. Q: Well, why don't you ask those that are running the tournament?



**PAGE EIGHTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Full-couch shot with Scoop sitting up next to Q. Scoop rests his forearms on his knees and has his hands clasped together as he stares at the ground. Q looks at him somewhat nervously

1. SCOOP: That's when I question whether or not they are a part of this. I just want to be cautious. I am going to do some more research tonight. Man, if I can just figure this out, it is going to make one great story for the school paper...

**PANEL TWO.**

Scoop and Q both lean back on the couch with their hands behind their respective heads. Their faces are neutral as they stare up at the ceiling.

2. Q: Scoop?

3. SCOOP: Yeah?

4. Q: Why do you like to write?

5. SCOOP: Well... I guess I like to write to inform people. I've always liked giving people the facts about certain topics. Writing is a way for me to shed my knowledge on a certain subject. I feel special when someone says they have learned something from my writing. Why do you ask?

6. Q: Just wondering...

7. SCOOP: That chandelier is beautiful up there.

8. Q: Yeah...

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot of the chandelier hanging in the hotel lobby. It is beautiful with white and gold incorporated with the crystal glass..

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE EIGHTY-SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

9. CAPTION: THE WRITER X MATCH...

**PANEL FIVE.**

The announcer is shown on the jumbotron hanging above the Battle Narrative stadium. He has a blue suit on as he holds a microphone up to his mouth.

ANNOUNCER: Welcome, ladies and gentlemen to one of two matches today. It'll be Isaac Imagery vs. Writer X! In one station, we have the youthful Isaac Imagery!

**PAGE EIGHTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot of Isaac as he sits at a writing station in front of a computer with his virtual headset on.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

Return to the announcer on the big screen. He holds out his free hand as he speaks. He clutches the microphone with his other hand.

1. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): In the other station..., the incredible Writer X!

**PANEL THREE.**

Writer X is sitting at his writing station with his virtual headset on.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close up shot of Writer X's fingers hovering over the keyboard.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

Scoop and Q are seen in the audience. The area where they are standing should be very clear, while the audience around them should be somewhat blurred and indistinguishable. Scoop and Q are both looking up at the jumbotron above the arena. Scoop has his arms crossed.

2. Q: Did you find anything out about Writer X last night?

3. SCOOP: Nothing... there is something I am missing... I just can't put my finger on it.

**PAGE EIGHTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

We see the male and female sportscaster from the Harry Hyperbole match earlier. They are sitting behind a reporting desk with Conan Franklin. The male sportscaster has a black suit with a red tie while the female sportscaster has a blue jacket and a yellow blouse. Conan has his same brown suit and white buttoned shirt.

4. MALE SPORTSCASTER: This one is sure to be an exciting match. We would like to extend a warm welcome back to award-winning author, Conan Franklin. Conan, we didn't expect to have you an extra day, but thank you so much for being here.

5. CONAN FRANKLIN: Thank you both for having me back. I'm glad to be back. It's a bit unexpected, but I actually consider it a treat to get to stick around for one more match. Especially for a Writer X match. I haven't had a chance to commentate on one of these yet.

**PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Scoop and Q look up from their stadium seats to watch the sportscasters and Conan off panel.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Scoop's serious face as he leers up at the jumbotron.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

Return to the shot of the team of commentators with the female sportscaster gesturing towards Conan.

1. FEMALE SPORTSCASTER: So, who are you predicting to win in this match?

2. CONAN FRANKLIN: I think I would be crazy to go against Writer X at this point. So, I will have to go with him. I really respect Isaac Imagery as a writer, but Writer X has shown literally no flaws in this tournament so far. It has been very exciting to see how well he has done after being relatively unknown.

3. FEMALE SPORTSCASTER: Some might say that is a safe choice to pick, but I think it is definitely the wisest choice.

4. MALE SPORTSCASTER: Great, we will get your words after the battle, Conan. Thank you for your thoughts. Well, let's switch back. The battle is about to begin!

**PANEL FOUR.**

On the jumbotron, the announcer holds the microphone with both hands as he yells into it.

5. ANNOUNCER: Alright, here we go! Audience..... ARE YOU READY??

**PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A full stadium shot as the audience cheers wildly. People are standing and hands are extended in the air.

6. CROWD ALL: YAH!!!

7. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Isaac Imagery vs. Writer X! This is the final four! Here we go!

**PANEL SIX.**

The same full stadium shot, but now the arena has a dark tint as the power has gone off. The audience is not cheering as they were before.

8. SFX: ZSHHRRRR

9. CROWD ALL: AHHHH!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Q and Scoop are still in their seats. They are looking in opposite directions with a concerned look on both of their faces.

10. Q: What's going on?!

11. SCOOP: I'm not sure. Maybe there was an overload to the building?

**PAGE EIGHTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Full-shot of the entire arena in the dark.

1. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Attention, audience. As you can tell, there are some technical issues in the building. There has been a power outage. There is no reason to be alarmed. Please calmly exit the building and you will be redirected once outside. Thank you for your compliance at this time.

**PANEL TWO.**

Scoop and Q walk down the line of seats as there is a line of people in front of and behind them. Where Scoop and Q are on the screen should be more visible than the area around them.

2. Q: How strange...

**PANEL THREE.**

A ceiling-shot of Scoop and Q walking through the dark stadium hallways with a sea of indistinguishable people. The walls in the hallways are gray and there should be a couple closed doors along the wall.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A half-body shot of an alarmed Scoop as he looks to the side. He should have an exclamation point above his head to emphasize his notice of a situation.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE EIGHTY-NINE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Two workers are standing in a hallway with flashlights. They are wearing blue pants, blue colored shirts, the word “staff” is on their chest pockets.

3. WORKER #1: It looks like someone tampered with the breakers.

4. WORKER #2: Dang kids.

5. WORKER #1: I don't know if it was a kid. Whoever did it had to have some experience with electrical work. It's going to need a complete reset. There will not be any matches today.

**PANEL SIX.**

An isolated half-body shot of Scoop as he rubs his chin. He is looking down, thoughtful, and continues to walk forward.

[NO DIALOGUE]



**PAGE NINETY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

An aerial view of the daytime scene outside of the arena. A large number of people are being waved on by staff members. We can see a top-down view of Scoop and Q among the group that is exiting the doors of the arena.

1. WORKER #3: Sorry, folks. All matches today have been canceled due to technical issues. We will keep you updated on your tournament wristbands. We apologize for the inconvenience.
2. Q: Aw, man. I was really looking forward to the matches today.
3. SCOOP: It is just strange, but I can't wrap my head around it. I'm missing something....

**PANEL TWO.**

An isolated half-body shot of Scoop rubbing his chin with a soft-colored gradient in the background. In the right of this panel should be a grainy version of the panel earlier with the workers in the hallway talking about the power outage.

4. Q (DISEMBODIED): I bet it'll be a mess trying to meet Isaac outside with all of these people around. Maybe we should meet him somewhere. How about the library?

**PANEL THREE.**

Scoop's eyes are bright as a light bulb shines over his head. He looks to have had a sudden epiphany!

5. SCOOP: That's it!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Scoop is running away through the thick of the crowd as he calls back at Q.

6. Q: Are you okay? Hey, Scoop!
7. SCOOP: Bring Isaac to the library! I think I figured something out!

**PAGE NINETY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot of Q left alone in the large crowd. She looks worried as she watches Scoop leave off panel. She stands clear while the area around her is vague and indistinguishable.

1. Q: Okay...

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

2. CAPTION: A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE LIBRARY...

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac and Q are walking through the front foyer of the library. There are tables, seats, and indistinguishable patrons in the background.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: So, he said to meet him here?

4. Q: Yeah, he said that he figured something out. Hey, there he is!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac and Q stand at a table where Scoop is reading a book that is spread open on the table. He is hunched over it.

5. SCOOP: So, something has been bothering me about Writer X. His sudden ascension among the elite junior writers just seemed a little odd and unprecedented. It is been bothering me since the beginning of the tournament...

**PAGE NINETY-ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

This panel should fill up the rest of the page. A close up of Scoop as he points down at a spot in the book.

6. SCOOP: Then, something strange happened in the lobby of the hotel last night that didn't make sense until after the power outage at the stadium earlier. Let me read something from chapter two of *The Biography of Conan Franklin*. And I quote, "Franklin spent many summers when he wasn't in school working under his father as an electrical engineer for the company his father worked for. Many considered Franklin a prodigy in the field of electrical work. He finds his way around a breaker box as well as an experienced electrician. Franklin has even admitted in past interviews that had he not succeeded as an author, he would have stuck with electrical work."

**PAGE NINETY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q scratches her head as Isaac holds his hand up to his chin. Scoop looks up at them from his seat.

1. Q: I do not understand.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Are you saying that Conan Franklin caused the power outage today?

3. SCOOP: I heard a couple of workers talking about a breaker box being tampered with that needed a system reset. They said it was a work of an experienced electrician. Seems like a pretty big coincidence. Right?

**PANEL TWO.**

Half-body shot of Isaac as he leans forward with one of his hands placed on the table.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: I mean, could it not just be one big coincidence? Why would Franklin even want to turn off the power?

**PANEL THREE.**

Full-table shot again as Scoop gestures towards Isaac. Isaac now has his arms crossed.

4. SCOOP: That's a great question that provides a little more insight into what I've been researching. Last night at the lobby, I witnessed Conan getting very upset when finding out he would have to call today's match as he was originally scheduled to leave, but an emergency came up with the other guest announcer.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A grainy flashback of Conan storming away from the red shirt man in anger in the hotel lobby. The man in red just shrugs as he watches Conan walk away.

5. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): It seemed strange that he was so upset, and I even thought for a second that maybe he just really didn't want to work that night because he had other plans. However-

**PAGE NINETY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up shot of Scoop's sly face.

6. SCOOP: That's when something else struck me as strange.

**PANEL SIX.**

A grainy flashback of earlier with the male and female sportscaster sitting behind a reporting desk with Conan Franklin.

7. SCOOP: Franklin mentioned that he had not commentated on a single Writer X match while he was here. I found that str-

**PAGE NINETY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac leans over the table closer to Scoop. Q's face is shocked listening to Isaac's comment.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Scoop, I think it is a bit of a stretch if you are leaning to what I think you are. How could Franklin possibly be Writer X?

2. Q (SHOCKED): GASP

**PANEL TWO.**

An isolated shot of Scoop leaning over the biography.

3. SCOOP: One last piece to tie it all-together. Last night, I talked with Q about Writer X's bio on the tournament's website. Writer X's real name is Carson Pultz. That name bothered me because it seemed so familiar, but I just couldn't remember where I heard it from.

**PANEL THREE.**

Scoop looks up at Q with a smile, and she looks humbled that she helped in some small way.

4. SCOOP: That's when Q mentioned the library earlier and everything just began to click.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Scoop points and looks down at the book as Isaac and Q lean forward to examine the book he is reading from.

5. SCOOP: From chapter four of *The Biography of Conan Franklin*: "Franklin's parents struggled to provide for their kids. When Franklin was 13, he submitted his first short story to be published in order to help his family make money. However, the story was rejected. To this day, only Franklin owns a copy of the work. He has briefly mentioned it before to interviewers citing that it contained the adventures of his imaginary friend as a child named Carson Pultz." Still a coincidence?

**PAGE NINETY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

An isolated shot of Isaac with a soft-colored gradient in the background. He looks stunned with his eyes wide open.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: I- I do not believe it.

**PAGE NINETY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-table shot as Q looks shocked, Isaac looks in disbelief, and Scoop has his arms folded while he looks up at both of them.

1. Q: What are we going to do?

2. SCOOP: We are going to confront him. He tried to stall the match so that he could compete, but it has backfired by giving us more time to expose him.

3. Q: Isaac?

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: Scoop is right. We should confront Franklin at the hotel first before we go to the tournament officials.

5. SCOOP: Okay. Let's do it.

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

6. CAPTION: AT CONAN FRANKLIN'S HOTEL ROOM...

**PANEL THREE.**

The shot is a close-up of Scoop's hand knocking on the door. Impact lines surround his fist.

7. SFX: KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

**PANEL FOUR.**

The shot is from behind Isaac, Scoop, and Q as they stand outside Conan's hotel room. While waiting, they can hear someone stirring close to the door.

8. SFX: SHFSHFSH



**PAGE NINETY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Front view of the three kids through the limited view of a peephole. The kids wave and try their best to curl their disappointed lips into half-real smiles.

9. ISAAC, Q, AND SCOOP (IN UNISON): Hi, Mr. Franklin.

**PANEL SIX.**

The shot is from behind the three kids as the door opens to reveal Conan Franklin. Conan has his arm outstretched gesturing for the kids to enter the hotel room.

10. CONAN: Hello, Isaac Imagery and friends! Come on in. Glad to see you are all calm after that strange power-outage earlier. To what do I owe this pleasure?

**PANEL SEVEN.**

From a side view with Scoop one step in front of Q and Isaac facing Conan. Scoop's hand is extended as he shoves the biography from the library into Conan's hands.

11. SCOOP: We have found some interesting information about you, Mr. Franklin.

**PAGE NINETY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac leans up against a wall as Scoop stands tall with his arms crossed. Q has her hands in her pocket with a disgruntled face. The entry of Conan's hotel room is behind them with a door and an entry into a bathroom.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A ceiling shot of the hotel room with the gang in the same stances, but from a top-down angle. Conan Franklin is standing deeper into the room while reading the biography from the library. He holds it with one hand, and he has his other hand in his pocket.

1. CONAN FRANKLIN: So, you found my my biography at the library?

**PANEL THREE.**

A half-body shot of of Conan smiling playfully as he looks down at the book.

2. CONAN FRANKLIN: What rotten luck...

**PANEL FOUR.**

A half-body shot of Scoop as he looks annoyed with his arms crossed..

3. SCOOP: So, it is true? You're Writer X?

**PANEL FIVE.**

Conan hands the book back to Scoop as Isaac stays leaned up against the wall in the background with his head down. Q watches Scoop and Conan.

4. CONAN FRANKLIN: It is not quite that simple, Scoop. The tournament officials would know if it were me behind the mask.

**PAGE NINETY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Half-body shot of Q as she shrugs with her hands in a quizzical way.

1. Q: Then, who is behind the mask? Who is Writer X?

**PANEL TWO.**

Conan sits on the side of his hotel bed. His window in the background has the curtains pulled closed, but a sliver of light shines through them.

2. CONAN FRANKLIN: I am, but the person you see behind the mask is actually my much younger cousin named Chris. We both are Writer X.

**PANEL THREE.**

Ceiling shot of the entire hotel room. Everyone remains in their same position, but it is viewed from a top-down angle.

3. SCOOP: What do you mean you both are?

4. CONAN FRANKLIN: You see, he wears these small receiver beads underneath his fingers.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Half-body shot of Conan holding his thumb and index finger together to emphasize the smallness.

5. CONAN FRANKLIN (DISEMBODIED): The beads are actually very high-tech. You see, I invested in a company five years ago that was working on transmissive motion tools. It would allow one person to wear the receivers and the other person to send motion to the person while wearing the transmitters.

**PAGE NINETY-SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Half-body shot of Conan sitting on the bed and explaining. He gestures towards the kids off panel.

6. CONAN FRANKLIN: So, during battles, I type with the transmitters, and it sends the motion to Writer X's hands. He is in the chair, but I am doing the writing.

**PAGE NINETY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A fist slams against the room wall.

1. SFX: SLAM!

**PANEL TWO.**

A pulled-back shot shows Isaac slamming his fist against the wall.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: DANG IT!

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac stands up from the wall and yells towards the direction of Conan off panel.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: You sit there and act like this is just something that doesn't even matter. This isn't just a game. You've ruined the integrity of this tournament! What you've done is illegal!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from the side of the room as Conan and Isaac share glares across the room.

4. CONAN FRANKLIN: Trust me, Isaac. I take this very seriously.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: OH, YEAH? TELL ME WHY YOU TAKE IT SO SERIOUSLY AS AN ADULT WHO IS CHEATING HIS WAY INTO A WRITING LEAGUE FOR KIDS?!

**PANEL FIVE.**

An aerial shot of Conan walking over to the window of his hotel.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SIX.**

He looks out the window and downwards at the street below off panel.

6. CONAN FRANKLIN: You showed me a lot of evidence, but you did you happen to read the rest of chapter four, Scoop?

**PAGE NINETY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Half-body shot of Scoop as he thinks to himself.

1. SCOOP: No.

**PANEL TWO.**

Return to the shot of Conan at the window. He sadly looks out the glass panes.

2. CONAN FRANKLIN: When I was a child, there was no Battle Narrative. There wasn't as much opportunity to become successful as there is now for kids like you three. I submitted my first short story to be published because my family did not have a lot of money. I hoped that my story about Carson Pultz would sell millions. It didn't even get published, and my family remained poor. Since they didn't have the money, they had to send several of my brothers and sisters to live with different family members... a lot of whom I never saw again. If there had only been something like Battle Narrative, maybe I could have made a name for myself and stopped that from happening.

**PANEL THREE.**

Aerial shot of the hotel room. Conan is now turned towards the kids.

3. CONAN FRANKLIN: And so I guess this is my "what if" experiment. What if Carson Pultz was put into Battle Narrative?

4. Q: You are crazy. You can't just say, "what if?" It is not fair! You have years of experience on everyone you have beaten. How do you get any satisfaction out of that?

**PANEL FOUR.**

Half-body shot of an unsure Conan looking down at the carpet in front of the window..

5. CONAN FRANKLIN: I just figured that each kid I faced would benefit from the experience of facing a higher-tier writer.

**PAGE NINETY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Split panel of a close-up of Scoop's face and Conan's face.

6. SCOOP: This is ridiculous. I've heard enough. We are turning you into the league officials.

CONAN FRANKLIN: That's fine. I deserve it. I will warn you though; they most likely will close the tournament and nullify all results. Most likely, all of Isaac's wins will be erased. I am truly sorry.

**PAGE NINETY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Q grabs onto Isaac's sleeve. She cries out to him with a concerned look on her face. Isaac just keeps looking down with a serious look on his face.

1. Q: This isn't fair! Isaac, you worked so hard this tournament. We can't just throw away everything you achieved!

**PANEL TWO.**

A closeup of Isaac's face as he seems to be intently pondering something.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A grainy flashback to earlier with Allan and Isaac on stage.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: ...It would seem that Writer X seems to be the more polished writer between you and him. He has been mowing down every opponent in under five minutes. I just haven't seen anything from you that would suggest you could last longer than that.

**PANEL FOUR.**

An isolated shot of Isaac holding up five fingers.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Five minutes.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Q and Scoop both look at Isaac with confusion as he holds up his five fingers.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: If I can last five minutes, you will forfeit our battle.

**PANEL SIX.**

Half-body shot of Scoop as he gestures towards Isaac off panel.

5. SCOOP: Isaac, think about this! He is an award-winning author!



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Half-body shot of Conan smiling as he gestures towards himself.

1. CONAN FRANKLIN: And if I win?

**PANEL TWO.**

Half-body shot of Isaac as he has his arms crossed.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Then Allan will defeat you.

**PANEL THREE.**

An aerial shot of the hotel room. Q gestures towards Isaac.

3. Q: Isaac, he doesn't deserve to keep battling! He's cheated to get here. What about everyone else that lost to him?

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: Every battle writer would want him to be taken down by the next person. Getting disqualified would be too good for him at this point. I have to avenge their losses.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Conan walks forward with an open handshake.

5. CONAN FRANKLIN: I have to admit, Isaac Imagery. You impress me, and I do not say that about everyone.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac looks at Conan's hand as we only get the two of them in the shot.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: I will shake your hand when you honor our agreement after the five minutes is up. Show me that you still have that honor left as a writer.

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac opens the door to leave.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: I will see you tomorrow. Good luck.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Aerial shot of Scoop and Q following behind him through the doorway as Conan watches them leave..

1. CONAN FRANKLIN: See you then, Isaac Imagery.

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

2. CAPTION: ISAAC IMAGERY VS WRITER X!

**PANEL THREE.**

The announcer yells into his microphone on the jumbotron of the stadium.

3. ANNOUNCER: ARE YOU READY?!?!?!?!?

**PANEL FOUR.**

Aerial shot of the arena . The audience cheers wildly with arms extended.

4. CROWD ALL: YES! YES! YES!

5. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): THEN IT IS TIME TO DECIDE WHO WILL HEAD TO OUR FINAL MATCH OF THE TOURNAMENT! THIS IS FINAL FOUR ACTION! ISAAC IMAGERY VS WRITER X! LET'S GO! BEGIN!

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac with pointy ears is laying on a cobblestone floor. His eyes are half open as we only get a shot from his torso and up.

6. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I awake to the smell of stone. The floor is cold and unfriendly.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up shot of Isaac's hands as he pushes himself off the cobblestone ground. His hands have lines of dirt and grime.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A pulled-back shot reveals that Isaac is actually in a jail cell. There is a goblin sleeping on the bed that is chained to the wall. The ground and walls are all cobblestone.

7. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I examine my surroundings and see that I am in a jail cell.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

We see Q and Scoop in the audience watching the battle. Those around them are indistinguishable.

1. Q: Why is Isaac in a prison? I thought this round was under the fantasy genre?
2. SCOOP: It is, but do not forget that fantasy can have magical creatures and elements mixed with some realistic settings and characters. It doesn't have to be all magic.
3. Q: Oh, yeah. Hmm... I'm nervous about Franklin. Isaac has to last 5 minutes.
4. SCOOP: Do not be. I'm sure Isaac knows what he is doing.

**PANEL TWO.**

An aerial shot of Q looking up from her stadium seat.

5. Q: Let's just hope that time is on our side.

**PANEL THREE.**

There is a red clock at the top of the jumbotron that reads, "0:15"

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac shakes the goblin that is sleeping in the bed. The goblin looks over his shoulder at who is shaking him.

6. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I shake the goblin furiously.
7. ISAAC IMAGERY: Goblin, how do I get out of this jail cell?
8. GOBLIN: WAH WAH WHAT?
9. ISAAC IMAGERY: I said, how do I get out of this jail cell?

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The goblin is now fully awake as he sits on the side of the bed.

1. GOBLIN: Now, why did you have to go and wake me?
2. ISAAC IMAGERY: I do not have time for small talk. How do I get out of here?

**PANEL TWO.**

The goblin looks annoyed at Isaac and waves him off.

3. GOBLIN: That's easy. All you have to do is say the magic word at the lock. Now, good night!

**PANEL THREE.**

The goblin turns back over on the bed to sleep.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac looks over at the lock on the jail cell door.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

Close-up of Isaac holding the lock as he stands at the jail cell door.

4. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I ponder on what the "magic word" means for a second. The magic word... What could that mean?

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac holds the lock up to his lips.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Please?

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Nothing happens as Isaac stares at the lock.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac speaks to the lock again as he holds it up to his lips.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Alakazam! Abrakadabra!

**PANEL THREE.**

The goblin is rolled over on his back as he laughs.

2. GOBLIN: HA HA HA!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac looks back at the Goblin over his shoulder.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: What's so funny?

4. GOBLIN: It is a puzzle, you foolish human. Abrakadabra? HA HA HA!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot of the Goblin's face laughing hysterically.

5. GOBLIN: HA HA HA!

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac stares at the lock with a scrunched-up face.

6. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): A puzzle he says? I have to stop and breathe. I can't overthink this. The magic word? Magic word? Word magic? The word magic?

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac yells out the word at the lock.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: MAGIC!

**PANEL TWO.**

The lock unlocks while in Isaac's hands.

2. SFX: CLICK

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac exits through the jail cell door.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

An aerial shot of Isaac going down the aisle in between all of the jell cells.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac presses his face up against some bars to a jail cell. He grips onto them with his hands.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Loot chest!

**PANEL SIX**

A shot through the bars that shows a loot chest that looks like a treasure chest resting against the cobblestone wall.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SEVEN.**

The red clock is shown again that is above the jumbotron in the stadium, and we see the time at “1:25”.

[NO DIALOGUE]



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac pulls out a pair of orange gloves from the loot chest. They have a symbol of fire on the top of them.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Ah, fire gloves! I can cast fire magic with these!

**PANEL TWO.**

A somewhat aerial shot as Isaac exits through the cell door.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

An isolated shot of an ice spike zooming through the air with a soft-colored gradient behind it.

2. SFX: ZOOM!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac looks over at the ice spike now stuck in the wall. Isaac's face is one of shock and surprise.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): NO! He is here already!?!?

**PANEL FIVE.**

An angle from Isaac's point-of-view as he looks and sees Writer X standing with ice gloves on that have a frost aura around them. Writer X has one hand extended out towards Isaac.

4. WRITER X: Time's up!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot from the ceiling as Isaac runs through a wooden door frame that exits to the outside of the jail cell. Writer X is not in the shot, but ice spikes should be zooming behind Isaac as he flees.

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Writer X has the element of surprise, so I must regain the advantage. I spot a door and exit through it.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

An aerial shot as Isaac runs into a wheat field with giant hay bales littered throughout it. The wheat field is down a hill a good fifty feet away from the jail. The jail cell with the door frame and a couple windows are illuminated.

6. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I spot a wheat field and make a mad dash towards it. Maybe I can take refuge behind one of the hay bales.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A half-body shot of Isaac turning back and shooting a fireball out of his hand as he runs into the wheat field in the background.

1. SFX: ZHOOM!

**PANEL TWO.**

Writer X, with her hand and forearm covered in frost, swipes her arm as the fireball is deflected to the side.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

An aerial shot of Writer X chasing Isaac as he continues to make his way into the wheat field. At this point, Isaac is in the heart of the wheat field as Writer X is just now coming down the hill.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

Writer X is now in the middle of the hay bales as she looks around. Isaac is nowhere to be seen. Writer X is just surrounded by the stagnant hay bales.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

An aerial shot depicts Writer X in the middle of the hay bales and really captures the massive number of hay bales actually in the field.

2. WRITER X: So, are we hiding now, Isaac?

**PANEL SIX.**

A candid shot as Writer X is walking between the hay bales. The shot should be back behind two hay bales and looking through the gap between the two.

3. WRITER X: Come now, Isaac. I didn't know you just wanted to stall time?

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Writer X has her arm extended as her hand glows with frost. In the same view is a hay bale with an ice spike pierced through the middle of it.

1. WRITER X: If I have to, I'll put a spike through every one of these hay bales until I find you!

**PANEL TWO.**

We see Isaac with his back against a hay bale with a tense look on his face. The shot reveals the scene behind the hay bale which shows Writer X in the distance where she is shooting ice spikes.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of Isaac's face as he lets out a breath.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I don't want to hide, but I need to even the playing field. Actually...

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac kneels down with his fire-gloved hand glowing orange on the ground.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I need to burn the playing field!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A close-up shot of Isaac's hand as fire erupts from underneath it onto the grass.

4. SFX: KRRHHH!

**PANEL SIX.**

Writer X is shocked as fire surrounds her on the ground. She has one of her arms covering her face and her other hand extended out like she is pushing back the fire.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of Writer X's face behind her forearm. Her eyes are fierce as the fire reflects in them.

1. WRITER X: Nice try, Isaac.

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should take up the bulk of the page. Writer X is crouching as she uses both hands to shoot an icy blast at the ground. It pushes up against the fire that has surrounded her.

2. SFX: WHOOSH!

**PANEL THREE.**

An aerial shot as an icy frost fills up the area in between all of the hay bales across the field. Isaac is seen in the shot, still kneeling behind his hay bale with his hand to the ground.

WRITER X: There will be no more of that, Isaac! The ground is now permafrost. Meaning that you can't ignite any of the grass around you. Let's just hope you weren't still touching the ground with your hand either.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac has a panicked look as he stares down at his hand on the ground. His fire glove is now faded and purple. So is half his forearm.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): No..

**PANEL TWO.**

Return to Scoop and Q in the crowd. Q has her mouth covered in horror. Scoop looks worried.

2. Q: HIS HAND!

**PANEL THREE.**

Isaac holds up his arm and looks at it with intense pain in his face. The glove is ripped and reveals that from his hand to halfway down to his elbow is purple and frostbitten.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY) The pain... It's like I can't feel my hand, but I know that the source of all the pain in the world is emitting from exactly where I should feel my hand. I can't- I CAN'T-

**PANEL FOUR.**

An aerial shot of Isaac as he looks up at the sky with his arm still clutched in his other hand. He screams out in pain up at the sky. There are tears developing in his eyes.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: AHHH!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A half-body shot of Writer X looking towards the direction of where the scream is coming from off panel.

5. WRITER X: Some say the world will end in fire. Some say in ice. From what I've tasted of desire, I hold with those who favor fire. But if it had to perish twice, I think I know enough of hate to know that for destruction... Ice is also great and would SUFFICE!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot of Writer X who is now glowing with a gold aura around herself and her ice gloves due to the boost of using the word SUFFICE.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac is now sitting down with his back against the hay bale. He has his frostbitten hand up against his chest as he has his other hand down on the ground. He looks up with tears still building in the bottom of his eyes.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Breathe... You can still use your other hand... Feel the grass... feel the dirt... feel the--

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up shot of Isaac's good hand wiping away dirt to reveal the top of a loot chest.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of Isaac's eyes wide-opened as he realizes what he has just discovered.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): A LOOT CHEST! WHAT LUCK!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A pulled-back shot of Isaac pulling out a pair of earth gloves with his good hand from the loot chest. The gloves are brown and have a symbol of earth on them.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I find a pair of earth gloves that will allow me to do earth magic.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac, wincing from the pain, puts one of the earth gloves on his frostbitten hand.

4. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): It hurts to equip the glove, but I do not need my hand. I just need the magical elemental power of the earth.



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

An isolated shot of the palms of Isaac's fire-glove hand and earth-glove hands. The shot should have a soft-colored gradient in the background.

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Fire... Earth... Now the game has changed!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

An aerial shot of Writer X walking through the hay bales towards the direction of Isaac.

Writer X continues looking around the big hay bales.

6. WRITER X: Come on, Isaac. I heard you over here. Reveal yourself!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac is now standing up behind the hay bale where he has been hiding. He is tugging on the bottom of his earth glove to tighten it. He has a determined look on his face and the tears are no longer visible in his eyes.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac extends his arm and puts his fire-glove hand against the hay bale where he has been hiding.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: Let's do this!

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from behind Isaac as fire bursts out of his hand and engulfs the hay bale in front of him in flames in a brilliant display.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from the other side of the hay bale as the bottom is blackened and the top part is decimated. Fire embers fly in the air to reveal Isaac standing with his arm still extended towards the hay bale. The fire glows in Isaac's determined eyes.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

An aerial shot of Writer X standing a few feet away on the opposite side of the burned hay bale. Writer X and Isaac stand opposed, both with their hands out. Writer X with her ice glove, and Isaac with his fire glove.

2. WRITER X: There you go! Step up like a true warrior. Face your end with honor! Your fire is no match for the overwhelming power of ICE! A fire burn is no comparison to a frost burn!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from in front of Writer X who yells out while an ice spike is shooting out from her hand towards Isaac off panel.

1. WRITER X: IT'S OVER!

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from behind the spikes as they go at Isaac, who still has his fire hand extended. He doesn't flinch.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from in front of Isaac as he holds out his arms with his fingers extended. He is yelling out at Writer X off panel.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Behold! The CONCERTED power of earth and fire!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot of Isaac's hands clapping together. His hands are glowing gold from the boost he got for the word "concerted." Impact lines should be drawn around the clapping.

3. SFX: CLAP!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot from behind Isaac as a geyser of lava shoots out and devours the ice spikes that were coming toward him.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up of Writer X's shocked face.

4. WRITER X: LAVA?!?!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A fuller side perspective shot of Isaac shooting out the lava with his hands clapped together. As the lava and ice spikes meet, there is a black bubbly impact.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: That's right! The most powerful combination of fire and earth is lava! Your glacier will DECOMPOSE in a pool of lava!

2. WRITER X: We will see about that!

**PANEL TWO.**

Return to Scoop and Q in the audience. Scoop is clapping and looking up towards the top of the arena while Q has her arms extended in a cheering motion as she watches the action down below.

3. Q: Yeah! GO ISAAC! He just got another boost for using "decompose!"

4. SCOOP: Isaac recovered well from that frostbite. He can pull this off! Time is starting to be on his side, too!

**PANEL THREE.**

The red timer at the top of the arena shows "3:58" on the clock.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

An angled front shot of Isaac as he has the sides of his thumbs pressed together and shoots out lava from them. He yells out like a warrior as he performs this action. Embers from the lava fly up in the air.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A similar angled front shot of Writer X as she has her arms extended out shooting waves of ice from her hands. Writer X's eyes are fierce as she yells out in triumph. Frost and pieces of ice fly up in the air as the ice blast is executed.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SIX.**

An isolated shot of the lava and ice colliding in the center of the panel. Embers and ice crystals shatter and disperse from the conflict of the opposing powers.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A close-up of Writer X's face as she glares towards Isaac off panel.

5. WRITER X: This could go on forever... I don't have this kind of time.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE**

Writer X keeps shooting ice from one of her extended hands, but she aims her other one at the ground and shoots an ice blast below the main colliding blast in the middle.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot of Isaac's point-of-view as he sees an ice blast coming from underneath.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I see an ice blast from below, but I can't pull my hands away from each other. Otherwise, the lava will stop. There is nothing I can do!

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot through a curtain of embers and shards as Isaac falls back as the ice blast takes out his feet. He cries out with his eyes closed as he flails his arms.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: NO!

**PANEL FOUR**

Writer X dashes forward as she places one of her hands on her other forearm. From where she is touching her forearm, ice is starting to form.

3. WRITER X: Now is my chance!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A zoomed-in shot of Writer X's arm nearly consumed by ice. It is coming to a point towards the wrist.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot from the front of Writer X as she is lunging forward with her arm raised up. Her arm is now fully turned into an ice blade.

4. WRITER X: Here I come!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

With a striking ice blade blow, Writer X falls down on Isaac, who is grounded from the previous ice slip. Isaac uses both hands to block the blade from above.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I barely catch the ice blade as he swings down with incredible force!

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Isaac's hands holding the blade back. Steam is emitting from underneath his hands as the area he is holding is glowing orange.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): If I can just burn through the blade, I can survive this!

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from the ground that looks up at Writer X. She grits her teeth with a grin as she forces the blade down.

3. WRITER X: NICE TRY!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac's eyes are wide as his face shows his shock. Ice begins to cascade over his hands as he holds the blade back.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: WHAT?!



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A zoomed-back shot of the struggle as Isaac's arms, up to their elbows, are now consumed in ice. Isaac yells out in anger as Writer X pushes her blade down with aggression.

5. WRITER X: It's no use! Your time is up, Isaac!

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: NO!

7. WRITER X: IT IS OVER!

8. ISAAC IMAGERY: I WON'T LOSE LIKE THIS!!!!!!!!!!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of Isaac's face as his eyes begin to glow like lava.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Writer X's ice blade presses down! I must MUTATE quickly!

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: I CAN'T MELT THE ICE, BUT I CAN MELT MYSELF!

**PANEL TWO.**

A pulled-back shot of Isaac's body beginning to turn into lava. The body does not become liquidy, but keeps the shape of Isaac's body. Writer X watches from her position over Isaac. She is shocked at what she sees.

3 WRITER X: WHAT?!? HOW?!?

**PANEL THREE.**

A closer shot of Isaac as his body is now fully glowing like lava. He is slightly sunken into the ground now as the earth steams from him melting into the ground.

4. SFX: SSSSSSSS

**PANEL FOUR.**

An isolated shot of Writer X trying to yank back her hand from Isaac. The ice has begun to bubble black and simmer at the point where Isaac's lava hands meet with the ice.

5. WRITER X: My arm is stuck!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A half-body shot from above as lava Isaac is falling back into the ground. He smiles and addresses Writer X off panel.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Ready for a ride?

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-page shot of lava Isaac falling backwards through layers of sediment. The layers get darker as they get lower. In the bottom right corner (the direction Isaac should be falling) is the molten core of the planet. Writer X falls head first as her arm remains attached to Isaac's hands. The bubbling black continues to simmer around where they are connected.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: It's a long way down to the core of the planet, Writer X! Time doesn't matter under the pressure of molten lava!

2. WRITER X: NO!! I can't break free. You're going to destroy us both!

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: WE'LL SEE!

4. WRITER X: WAIT! We had an agreement... I hate to say it... BUT I RESIGN!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The shot is of the writing station where Writer X is. She is still with her headset on as her mouth is agape as she is stunned.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of her hands over the keyboard as they tremble. Lines should be added around her hands to emphasize the shakiness.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from the ceiling of Conan Franklin sitting at a computer desk with a laptop in his hotel room.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from in front of Conan as he looks down at his computer with a smile of admiration.

1. CONAN FRANKLIN: Nice, kid.

**PANEL FIVE.**

On the jumbotron above the battle stadium, the announcer leans into his microphone as he grips it with two hands. He yells into the microphone with excited eyes.

2. ANNOUNCER: I don't believe it! Writer X has forfeited before the epic conclusion of the match! Isaac Imagery wins! He advances to the finals!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

An aerial shot of the audience as they cheer wildly with arms extended.

3. CROWD #1: YAHHH!

4. CROWD #2: LET'S GOO!

5. CROWD #3: WOOOH!!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot of Scoop and Q cheering in the crowd. They both hold their fists up high in the air as they happily yell out to cheer Isaac.

1. Q: YES!! ISAAC!!

2. SCOOP: LET'S GOOOO!

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac lets out a sigh of relief as he leans back in his writing chair. His headset is removed, but it should be clear that he is in his writing station.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from above as Isaac continues to lean back in his chair and smile with his eyes closed.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

3. CAPTION: THE NEXT MORNING...

**PANEL FIVE.**

We transition to the hotel lobby where Conan Franklin is standing with Writer X. They are standing adjacent to Isaac, Scoop, and Q. Both Conan and Writer X have luggage standing next to them. Conan gestures towards Isaac as he speaks.

4. CONAN FRANKLIN: Well, I learned a lot from our match, Isaac. I want to congratulate you. I guess I never really was a good short story writer.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Conan and Isaac shake hands as the rest of the group watches them with smiles.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Thank you. I am sorry about your family when you were younger. I'm sorry this opportunity wasn't there for you, but thank you for honoring your word.

6. CONAN FRANKLIN: That's okay. The important thing is that it is here now, and there are young writers like you who are capitalizing on the opportunity to show your talents. I want to wish you luck. I saw that Allan won his match, too, so it looks like it'll be an exciting finale. I'll make sure to watch it when I get home from my flight.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close up of Isaac's face as he smiles at Conan off panel.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A half-body shot of Conan shaking hands with Scoop. Scoop smiles proudly. Writer X is seen smiling in the background.

1. CONAN FRANKLIN: Best research/detective work I've ever seen from a young scholar. Keep up the good work, Scoop.
2. Scoop: Thanks. Have a safe trip back home.

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from behind Isaac, Scoop and Q as Conan walks away with his rolling luggage bag. He exits the hotel lobby through the sliding glass doors to go outside.

3. WRITER X (DISEMBODIED) \*cough\* Ahem.

**PANEL FOUR.**

Writer X is shown with her mask off. She is actually a girl with short blond hair and vibrant purple lipstick.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

An isolated shot of Scoop and Isaac with their mouths ajar and wide eyes. A soft-colored gradient should be in the background.

4. SCOOP AND ISAAC: WHA- WHA- WHAT?



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A full-group shot as Q laughs, Writer X smiles as she puts one of her hands underneath her chin, and the boys keep their same pose from the previous panel as they stare at Writer X.

5. Q: I knew Writer X was a girl!

6. WRITER X: My cousin Conan has a good heart. Thank you for keeping him honest.

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A close-up shot as Writer X plants a kiss on Scoop's cheek. Scoop is beet red in the face as he is stunned upon getting the kiss.

7. SFX: KISS

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

An isolated half-body shot of the stunned Scoop with purple lip marks left on his cheek.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

The same shot from behind Isaac, Scoop, and Q, but now they wave and watch Writer X exit through the glass sliding doors.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from in front of Q as she reaches out and runs after Writer X and Conan.

1. Q: Wait, before you leave! I want to ask Conan something!

**PANEL FOUR.**

An aerial shot as Q is outside on the sidewalk where Conan and Writer X are with their luggage. A taxi is parked next to them as the driver puts one of their bags in the back of the trunk.

2. CONAN FRANKLIN: Yes?

3. Q: It's kind of been something I've been trying to learn myself. Why... Why do you write?

4. CONAN FRANKLIN: Oh? Hmm, that's an interesting question.

**PANEL FIVE.**

A half-body shot of Conan rubbing his chin as he thinks about the question. The back of the taxi is in the background.

5. CONAN FRANKLIN: I guess I write so that I can be remembered.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Q stands next to Conan in front of the taxi. They gesture towards each other as they exchange conversation.

6. Q: To tell stories?

7. CONAN FRANKLIN: Yeah. Think about it. Cave paintings, history books, and everything else written. The only reason we know about those things is because someone took the time to write them down. That's what I believe. If you want to be remembered, write something down. That's why I write. To be remembered. I hope that helps. Have a good one, kid!

8. Q: Thank you. Your insight has helped me!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

An angled shot as Q waves goodbye with the front of the hotel behind her. She is waving down the street as Conan and Writer X leave in their taxi.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

1. CAPTION: THE INTERVIEW BEFORE THE FINAL MATCH...

**PANEL THREE.**

A full-stage shot of the interview with Isaac and Allan. Also on stage is the announcer that has been on the jumbotron and at previous interviews. Isaac and Allan are sitting on opposite sides of the stage on large dark-brown sofa chairs. They each have a small table next to their chairs with bottles of water on them. The announcer is standing center stage with the microphone held up to his mouth. In the background is a giant backdrop with both Isaac's and Allan's faces. The text "Tournament Final" is written in large font in the middle.

2. ANNOUNCER: Welcome, ladies and gentlemen. We have our final competitors up here on stage. Thank you so much for joining us today. Are you excited to be here?

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from the stage as we see the large crowd reaching up and cheering in excitement for the upcoming interview.

3. CROWD ALL: YAH!!!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

The announcer is kneeling next to Allan as he sits with his arms crossed. The announcer stretches the microphone in front of Allan's face.

4. ANNOUNCER: We have to know, Allan. You and Isaac are both from the same school. What do you think about your opponent?

5. ALLAN ANTONYM: I think he is over his head.

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot of the disgruntled crowd as many of them have scowls and frowns as they shake their fists.

6. CROWD ALL: BOO!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

The announcer has returned to center stage as we get a full-stage shot. Both Isaac and Allan have their arms crossed as they look away from the announcer with their noses up.

1. ANNOUNCER: Tell me, what has got you two so worked up? Everyone couldn't help but notice some animosity between you two for most of the tournament. Where did this rivalry start?

2. ISAAC IMAGERY & ALLAN ANTONYM: Easy, October 10th. 1 year ago!

3. ANNOUNCER: Woah, woah. What happened on October 10th?

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot of Isaac in his chair as he looks up with his arms still crossed. His face is pensive as he has a flashback.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: I can tell you, but we need to go back a couple months earlier than that. In August last year, I was nominated by teachers to be one of the representatives for our school to compete in Battle Narrative competitions around the nation.

**PANEL THREE.**

A grainy filter on a shot of a younger Isaac being congratulated by a group of kids in a school hallway. A young Scoop is there congratulating him as well.

5. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): So, Allan wasn't happy for you?

6. ISAAC IMAGERY (DISEMBODIED): Well, at first I wasn't sure. He never said much to me when we traveled to events as a writing team. I was really proud of how well I was doing.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

A grainy filter on a shot of a young Allan Antonym with a scowl as he stands opposed to Isaac in the middle of the group that was congratulating him.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY (DISEMBODIED) Then, on October 10th, after a school writing competition, he came up to me and said-

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot of Allan with a scowl on his face as he sits in his chair on the stage. He still has his arms crossed.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: Let's back up and I'll tell you my side of the story. When it was announced that Isaac made the writing team, I had already won my first tournament in the Junior Writing League. Most of the school knew that, including Isaac. What Isaac doesn't remember, since he wasn't there yet, was how many times I tried to join the writing team and got rejected.

**PANEL TWO.**

Continue with a grainy filter denoting the flashback. A shot of a young Allan Anonym sitting at a desk with a lamp shining down on a desk of papers crumpled up and disarrayed.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM (DISEMBODIED): I spent hours every night writing and rewriting stories to get to a high enough level to compete with other writers at our school. But what was it all for? I just kept getting rejected.

**PANEL THREE.**

Continue with a grainy filter denoting the flashback. Young Allan is sitting in his bed with the covers over his legs. In front of him are crumpled-up pieces of paper littered all over the bed. In the background is the silhouette of Allan's mother in the bedroom doorway with light shining behind her.

3. ALLAN ANTONYM (DISEMBODIED) I remember one night I was so upset that I hadn't made the writing team that I decided to quit writing. I sat in my bed with all of my crumbled-up and rejected writing pieces in front of me. My mom walked in and said these words-



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

Continue with a grainy filter denoting the flashback. Young Allan is sitting in his bed as we see the shot from over Allan's mother's shoulder.

4. ALLAN'S MOM: Some kids are just natural at certain things, but others have to work extra hard to even get a chance. Don't give up. Your hard work will pay off, son.

**PANEL FIVE.**

Return to Allan sitting in the chair on stage. He has an even bigger scowl on his face as he stares daggers across the stage at where Isaac would be off panel.

5. ALLAN ANTONYM: It was a few months later when I finally made the team. Flash forward to a year later, and Isaac makes the team in his first school competition, and they post the scores for all to see.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Young Allan looks up at a billboard with papers posted. There is writing that is indistinguishable on them. Allan looks distraught at what he sees.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM (DISEMBODIED): There I see it, his work next to mine. We were graded for the same grade! It made me sick. I spent months trying to just get on the writing team for the first time. Now, this kid got on the team on his first try and everyone saw us as equals?! That's when I went up to him-

**PANEL TWO.**

Return to the shot where young Allan is confronting Isaac in front of the group that is congratulating him. Young Allan is pointing aggressively at Isaac as Isaac looks upset.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY (DISEMBODIED): And he said: "You don't know the work it takes to succeed in Battle Narrative, and you never will."

3. ALLAN ANTONYM (DISEMBODIED): And that's it. Isaac is a talented writer, but he has spent no time practicing compared to those of us who have given everything just to get a chance. It's not easy for people like me, and that's why I won't make it easy for him to even be MY EQUAL.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL THREE.**

A full-stage shot of a worked-up Isaac as he stands up and leans forward with his torso towards Allan. Allan remains seated with his arms crossed and eyes closed.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: Allan, I'm sorry that things just come naturally to me, but why is that a reason not to like me?

5. ALLAN ANTONYM: You've been in a library before, Isaac. You know that you don't always like every book that you see.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Maybe that's because you've been reading me wrong.

7. ANNOUNCER: Boys, boys! We have an exciting epic final matchup tomorrow where you can vent all of these pent-up emotions! It's time for us to end the interview. I hope everyone has a good evening and gets some good rest for tomorrow. You are going to need it! See you then! Goodbye, everyone!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac goes down the stairs on the side of the stage. He looks upset from what just transpired on stage.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

Scoop and Q greet him at the bottom of the stairs. Q puts her hand on Isaac's shoulder as he continues to look disgruntled. Scoop stands with his arms crossed and a serious face on.

1. Q: Wow, I never knew Allan felt that way.

2. SCOOP: That's the thing about different perspectives. We see things one way, while someone else can see something completely differently. We are happy for Isaac's accomplishments, even if Allan thinks he got the easy way.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Don't mind him. I'll let my writing do the talking tomorrow. He doubted me against Writer X, and he was wrong. He'll be wrong this time, too.

**PANEL THREE.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

4. CAPTION: THE FINAL MATCH...

**PANEL FOUR.**

On the jumbotron above the arena, we see the announcer holding up a giant gold trophy with one hand. He holds the microphone up to his mouth with the other.

5. ANNOUNCER: This has been an exciting tournament, but only one writer can walk away as the Junior League Genre Tournament Champion! Who will that be? It's time to find out! Two writers; one champion!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Allan is sitting at a writing station. He has his headset on and his hands on the keyboard in front of him.

6. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): In one station, Allan Antonym!

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac is sitting in his writing station. He has his headset on and his hands on the keyboard in front of him.

7. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): In the other station, Isaac Imagery!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A dual shot that shows a close-up of Isaac's and Allan's faces that are seen through their headsets which should be made transparent in this panel.

8. ANNOUNCER: THIS BATTLE WILL BE UNDER THE SCIENCE FICTION GENRE... BEGIN!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-profile of Isaac as he is wearing a futuristic suit from the neck down. The suit is dark slate gray with glowing neon blue lines where the seams would be. He has his arms out as he examines the glowing lines on his forearms and hands.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I awaken in an unfamiliar place with some unfamiliar clothes. My arms glow brightly at the seams of the futuristic space suit that I am wearing.

**PANEL TWO.**

An aerial shot of the location that Isaac is in. It is a large slate-gray metallic room that is in the shape of a circle. In the middle of the room is a smaller, glowing circle with a futuristic bike parked in it. From the circumference of the circle, glowing white lines extend across the room and up the walls, dividing the room like slices of a pie.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A look from the side as Isaac is running across the room toward the futuristic looking bike off panel. The white glowing lines on the wall shine in the background.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I excitedly spot a bike in the distance and make my way towards it. The sight of it all makes me realize how different this battle will be compared to past ones.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of the futuristic bike. It has lines similar to the glowing blue lines on Isaac's clothes, but they are gray and not lit up. There is a hologram disk sitting on the seat of the bike. The hologram disk is the shape of a floppy disk with a gray border and a green grid in the middle.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac stands next to the bike as he holds up the the hologram disk in front of him. He curiously inspects it while he holds it with both hands. In this shot, there is a clearly visible small maroon button on one of the sides of the hologram disk.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I spot a device on the bike and pick it up. I've never seen anything quite like it. But I'm in luck! I see a button on one of its sides and press it down.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE.****PANEL ONE**

This panel should take up the entire page. A half-body shot of Isaac as his face glows green from a hologram of the announcer that is projecting up from the the hologram disk in his hands. Isaac leans in with a look of wonderment as he listens carefully.

1. ANNOUNCER: “Up until this point, you have fought head-to-head in battles with magic, folk tales, and realistic tools to best your opponent. Now, this battle will end with a race. In front of you is a data stream bike. When you sit on this bike, you will be connected to the technology of the bike. If you are removed from your bike, you will lose this battle. As a result, your opponent will win. However, another way to win this race is to get to the finish line. Whatever path of victory you choose, be on the lookout for hologram loot boxes along the way. By breaking these loot boxes, you can get upgrades to your bike or suit that provide you with a definite advantage against your opponent. Best of luck, and let the race begin!



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac hooks one of his legs over the seat of the data stream bike as he grips both sides of the steering handles with his hands.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Sitting on the bike provides an interesting experience for me. It's like we connect with wifi... How strange, but empowering!

**PANEL TWO.**

Isaac is now fully sitting on the bike. He is hunched forward in a racing posture. The once dull gray lines of the bike now glow neon blue just like Isaac's suit.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

An isolated shot of Isaac's hand throttling the gas handle. The background should be a soft-colored gradient.

2. SFX: REV REV REV!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from behind the data stream bike as Isaac zooms forward towards an opening where one of the "slices" of the wall begins to lower in the distance like a ramp from a spaceship. The data stream bike leaves behind a blue stream of pixelated vapor.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): There is no time to waste. I notice an opening in one of the walls. Let's ride!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot of Scoop and Q in the audience. Q leans in with her mouth agape as she marvels at Isaac's setting. Scoop is scribbling down on his notepad.

4. Q: That bike is so cool!

5. SCOOP: I've never heard of a Battle Narrative being done as a race. This is truly a rare sight.

**PANEL SIX.**

An aerial shot as Isaac zooms through the opening on his data stream bike. The bike continues to produce a blue pixelated jet stream behind it.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

This panel should take up half the page. The shot is very zoomed-out as we see a brilliant mixture of dark purple and midnight blue as the background. In the dark hues, there is a collection of planets, big and small, of varied colors, shining stars, both stagnant and shooting, and the racetrack set in the middle of it all. The slate-gray metallic racetrack is outlined in neon yellow and has checkered pattern throughout all of it. From this angle, we can see the entry point where Isaac and Allan are both exiting their respective “pods” that housed their bikes. Up ahead are the forks, narrow paths, ramps, tunnels, and finish line that awaits them in their epic race.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

Looking down at the lowered platforms, we see Isaac and Allan driving into the yellow checkered road where they will be racing. Their pathways are separated by a gap in the middle that is about the size of another path. We also see that Allan is on a red data stream bike with a red suit as opposed to Isaac’s blue color.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

An angled look from behind Isaac’s shoulder. He looks over and sees Allan on a parallel pathway that is separated by a small gap. Allan is looking back at him.

3. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Our competitors want to be careful! If they fall off this track, it will result in a loss and what will feel like an endless fall into a black void.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from above as Isaac and Allan both merge to the middle as their path demands it. The paths perfectly line up with their yellow checkered pattern.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): At any point, Allan could try to ram me off the road. There is no telling if he will try to play the long game of winning the race, or take this to more drastic measures. I can't let him outthink me!

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from behind both racers as they zoom forward with their colored jet streams left behind.

2. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Look at our competitors go! Give it up for them!

**PANEL THREE.**

A full-perspective shot of the crowd cheering wildly in the stadium as they root for the action being displayed in the middle.

3. CROWD ALL: YAHHHHH!!!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from the front as Allan cuts Isaac off and zooms in front of him. His red bike stream indicates the swerve he took to get in front of Isaac. Isaac's face looks shocked at Allan's sudden move. Allan looks focused as he speeds forward.

4. ALLAN ANTONYM: I have no intentions of playing games, Isaac!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot from above that shows a glowing purple loot box up ahead in the middle of the road.

5. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Dang it. Allan makes the first move. And unfortunately, glowing like a jewel, I see a loot box up ahead. I can't let Allan get this first one! I increase my VELOCITY to match his speed!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

An isolated shot of Isaac as he zooms forward. He glows gold with the boost he got for the word “VELOCITY.” Add some extra speed lines to emphasize the speed of Isaac. In addition, his jet stream should be bolstered to reflect the speed boost.

6. SFX: ZOOOOOMMMM!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

We see the glowing blue front tire of Isaac’s bike right next to the glowing red back tire of Allan’s bike.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

An isolated shot of the two tires connecting and scraping up against each other. Purple sparks fly out from the point of impact. The background should have a soft-color gradient.

1. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Looks like we are starting to get some contact!

**PANEL TWO.**

Allan turns his head to look back behind him. He yells back at Isaac with a cocky look upon his face.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: There's the spirit, Isaac, but you're not getting this loot box!

**PANEL THREE.**

A zoomed-in shot of Allan pressing his heel down on the road. Orange sparks fly up from the point of impact.

3. SFX: ERRKKK!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A look from above as Allan is midway through a 360 turn as he goes the opposite way of Isaac. The red jet stream behind him shows the turn he is making. Orange sparks fly up from underneath him.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Allan is positioning himself behind Isaac! What a move!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot from behind Allan and Isaac as Allan is now positioned behind his rival. Isaac has his torso turned as he looks back with a stunned expression on his face.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: What are you doing?!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up of a concerned Q as she yells out at the action unfolding off panel.

6. Q: ISAAC! LOOK OUT!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A zoomed-in shot of Allan's red front tire going into Isaac's blue back tire at a slanted angle.

1. SFX: SMASH!

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from above of Isaac's bike skidding over to the side of the road as Allan zooms past while remaining in the middle of the roadway. Green sparks flare up from Isaac's skidding back. Isaac sports a distressed look on his face.

2. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): OH NO! ISAAC IS HEADING TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE ROAD!

**PANEL THREE.**

From the edge of the road, we see Isaac's bike sliding towards it with green sparks flying up from the skidding tires.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I FRANTICALLY pull back on the handlebars, hoping that I can stop the bike in time!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of Isaac's face as he grits his teeth and stares off panel at the edge of the road.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

Isaac's tires are stopped and glow gold right on the edge of the road.

4. ANNOUNCER: WHAT A CLOSE ONE! BUT HE'S ALRIGHT, FOLKS!



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A half-body shot as Isaac looks down at infinite space below off panel. He breathes a sigh of relief.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: That was close...

**PANEL SEVEN.**

We see Allan going by the purple hologram loot box and one of his fists punching through it. The box looks like it is exploding into thousands of pixelated bits.

6. ALLAN ANTONYM: Got it!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from in front of Allan as he continues to zoom forward. We see the back of a purple hologram of the announcer that has appeared in front of Allan. Allan watches the hologram as it speaks.

1. ANNOUNCER: Congratulations, you have obtained a bike upgrade called Bubble Mode! Your tires will now be coated with a bubble-like material which will provide some extra bounciness in your bike jumps! Enjoy!

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up on Allan's tires which now have a pink bubble-like substance on them.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A side-shot as Allan jumps his bike slightly up off the road.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: Awesome! Let's test these bubble tires!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A close-up of the pink-trimmed tires bouncing off the road. Impact lines should be included to emphasize the bounciness of the tires at the point of impact.

3. SFX: BOING!

**PANEL FIVE.**

An isolated shot of Allan jumping in the air with his bike. He has a cocky grin on his face. The background should be a soft-colored gradient.

4. ALLAN ANTONYM: This should come in handy!

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot from the front as Allan drives forward on the road. We see Isaac over Allan's shoulder as he is catching up in the distance.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A full-page shot from the side as we pit Isaac, and his bike, in the center of the universe with the cosmos behind him. Isaac has his head turned toward the display as planets, stars, and galaxies twinkle vibrantly.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): For a moment, I forget about the race. I look out at the stars and planets that hang above the race track. Maybe on one of those planets, another boy is racing his rival in a tournament. Maybe there are aliens competing in math tournaments. Who knows? All I know is that I am treated to an amazing sight. It's like a movie of the universe, and I have a front row seat. The universe is big, but I am here... on this racetrack... competing for GLORY!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of Isaac's determined face as he drives his bike.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I SWIFTLY drive my bike to catch up to Allan.

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from above of both riders as we see that Isaac has closed the gap significantly and is only about a bike-length away. Isaac's bike should be glowing gold from the boost he got for the word "SWIFTLY."

**PANEL THREE.**

A look from behind the two competitors shows that they are approaching a ramp in the near-distance.

2. ANNOUNCER: Our competitors are approaching a ramp up ahead! If they don't clear the ramp, they will fall into the endless void of space!

**PANEL FOUR.**

They both go up the ramp as we see their bikes ascending the incline from behind. Their respective colored jet streams follow them. Isaac is slightly behind Allan going up the ramp.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from the side as both bikes are airborne. They are now neck-and-neck in the air with their jet streams behind them. The cosmos sparkle in the background amidst the blue and purple palette.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A shot from in front of Isaac as he leans forward on his bike and flies through the air.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I can't be afraid! I won't RESIGN!

**PANEL THREE.**

A side shot of Isaac midway through a front flip with his bike. He and his bike should be glowing gold from his boost for "RESIGN." The first of the front flip should be shown through transparent images of Isaac in each action pose. Also, the jet stream from the bike should reflect the motion of the flip.

2. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Isaac Imagery with the fancy flips!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

From in front of Isaac, we see that speed lines and a larger jet stream show that he has gained notable momentum in his landing as he comes down on the descending ramp.

1. SFX: ZOOOMMMM!

**PANEL TWO.**

From above, we now see Isaac in front of Allan with the ramps off to the side as they drive away from them with jet streams blazing behind.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

Cut to a cheering Scoop and Q in the crowd. They both have arms extended in jubilant gestures.

2. SCOOP: Big risk, big reward! Let's go!

3. Q: WOOOOOOOH!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from behind as we see Isaac and Allan approaching a three-prong fork in the road that has a very small sliver of a road in the middle that is just about the size of a bike tire. The sideways paths are normal sized.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

A zoomed-in shot beyond the competitors reveals that there is a purple hologram loot box down the thin middle pathway.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): The competitors are approaching the next loot box!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A zoomed-back shot from the side of Allan and Isaac running into the side of each other with their bikes. Allan and Isaac are pushing off each other with their hands.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Get off!

6. ALLAN ANTONYM: That loot box is mine!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A shot from the front as Isaac does a front-tire wheelie. Allan has overcorrected and has zoomed to the side and in front of Isaac. We see the transparent trail and data stream trail from where he crossed over. Allan has a look of concern on his face.

7. SFX: ERRRKKK!

8. ALLAN ANTONYM: WHAT?!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A look from above Allan as he is able to stop his bike before getting too close to the edge, but we see Isaac zooming past with his blue stream trailing.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: Dang it!

**PANEL TWO.**

An aerial shot of Isaac as he goes down the route in the middle. Isaac's wheels barely fit on on the middle pathway he goes across it.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

The shot zooms in as Isaac goes through the loot box. He leans forward on his bike to embrace the breaking of the loot box. It explodes into purple bits around Isaac.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): Getting a loot box feels like a small victory! I can do this!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Isaac continues to zoom forward as a purple hologram of the announcer appears in front of his face. Isaac pays attention to the hologram as it speaks.

1. ANNOUNCER: Congratulations, you have obtained a bike upgrade called Mirage! You can create a mirror image of you and your bike for a brief period of time! However, the mirage is not real and will disappear shortly after being created. Enjoy!

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Awesome!

**PANEL FIVE.**

An aerial shot shows Allan pulling around the corner as Isaac exits off the middle path.

[NO DIALOGUE]



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A side shot depicts the two competitors racing side-by-side. They both engage in a shouting match as they look at each other with heads turned.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: I'm not losing this, Allan!

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: We'll see!

**PANEL TWO.**

A close-up of Isaac looking up towards the sky off panel.

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY) A small ray of purple catches my eye.

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from the side of the road looking up shows that Isaac and Allan are soon approaching a loot box that is floating in the air about 10 feet off the ground.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Loot box #3! They each have ONE! Who will break the tie?

**PANEL FOUR.**

An isolated shot of Allan as he jumps his bike in the air. The background should be a soft-colored gradient.

5. ALLAN ANTONYM: This is where bubble tires comes in handy!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A side-angle shot shows Allan's bike now above Isaac's bike. Isaac reaches up his arm and grabs onto the bottom of Allan's bike. Allan looks down with a look of detest. Isaac yells up at Allan.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: Not so fast, Allan!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac pulls Allan's bike down back to the road as Allan yells at Isaac.

7. ALLAN ANTONYM: HEY!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of one of Isaac's blue glowing shoes stepping up on his bike seat.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I will not lose this loot box. I stand on the seat of my bike like a daredevil at the circus.

**PANEL TWO.**

A perspective shot of both bikers racing shows that Isaac is standing on his bike like a surfboard as it continues to go. Allan looks up at him in a stunned fashion.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: Are you crazy?!

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of one of Allan's red glowing shoes stepping up on his bike seat. This shot should mirror the one of Isaac's foot stepping on his bike seat.

3. ALLAN ANTONYM (DISEMBODIED): Fine! Two can play that game.

**PANEL FOUR.**

The two bikes ride side-by-side as Isaac and Allan try to keep their balance while remaining in a standing position.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): These kids are crazy! They'll do anything for the win!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A quick cut to Scoop and Q in the stadium. Q has her hands over her eyes in worry as Scoop has his hands on his head in distress.

5. Q: Tell me when it is over!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

A aerial-side shot as Allan and Isaac both try to push each other off their respective bikes. They each have their hands pressed against the other's shoulders. They grit their teeth in the attempt to dismount the other.

6. ALLAN ANTONYM: So you resort to dangerous tricks?!

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: Whatever it takes to beat you!

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A more zoomed-in shot of the shove match as Isaac steps one foot over onto Allan's bike

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from the front as Allan steps over onto Isaac's bike. They now each have one foot on the opposing bike as they continue to push on each other's shoulders.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: Well, they won't work! You can't just get lucky in this battle! You have to earn it!

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: I will earn it by beating you, Allan!

**PANEL TWO.**

Looking up from the road ahead, we see that both competitors have now switched bikes completely as they continue to push on each other.

3. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): I don't believe it! They are now on different bikes! However, as long as they stay on a bike, regardless of who it belongs to, they are both still in the battle!

**PANEL THREE.**

A look from behind the bikes as they both reach up for the loot box that is overhead. It shatters into purple bits around their fists as they grasp at it. While this happens, Isaac is pushing against Allan's chest as Allan blocks the push with his forearm crossed over his torso.

4. ALLAN AND ISAAC: Got it!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A dual shot of both of their hands turning into a blaster. The blaster somewhat resembles the shape of a cement mixer as it goes from where their finger tips would extend up to the middle of their forearms. Allan's is colored red and Isaac's is colored blue.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FIVE.**

A half-body shot of both Isaac and Allan as they pause their shoving match to look at their hands that are now blasters. While they do this, we see the back of a purple hologram announcer talking to them.

2. ANNOUNCER: Congratulations, you have obtained a suit upgrade called Charge Blaster! You can shoot small blasts from it that can knock your opponent back! You can also charge it longer for a more powerful blast. This will of course take more time and require more concentration. Enjoy!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A zoomed-in dual shot of them both staring at each other in a startled manner as if they just discovered the secret to victory.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

From the front, we see the two of them now in a sitting position on each other's bikes. The colors of the bikes do not change.

1. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): It looks as though both competitors will stick with their opponent's bike!

**PANEL THREE.**

A pulled-back aerial shot from the side as they shoot at each other with the blasters. All the blasts zoom past one another and hit the road. The blasts are white balls of energy with an outline of each competitor's respective color.

2. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): There is little time to charge a blast. We are in a crossfire that will never end!

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from behind the bikes as they continue shooting at each other with similar misses from the previous panel. We see that they are approaching a two-tiered tunnel system.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

A zoomed-in shot of the two-tiered tunnel system reveals that there is a ramp going up to a higher tier that says "Quicker, but more dangerous." The bottom route says, "Slower, but safer."

3. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): I spot two tunnels up ahead. I haven't played it safe up to this point. The top tunnel is the way to go!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

An aerial shot as Allan zooms in front of Isaac. Allan's jet stream show him veering up in front of Isaac.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Allan takes the lead as they approach the tunnel system! Get ready audience, whichever tunnel they choose could change the entire course of this battle!



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

An isolated shot of Allan jumping his bike up off the ground. The background should be a soft-colored gradient. Allan's face looks worried.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: My tires!

**PANEL TWO.**

A close up of Allan's stunned face as he looks down at his tires off panel.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: I forgot! I switched bikes with Isaac! He has the Bubble Tires!

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from below as Isaac jumps over Allan's head into the dark tunnel at the top while Allan looks up in anger. Isaac looks down with his tongue out.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: See ya!

**PANEL FOUR.**

This panel should fill up the rest of the page. A dual shot of Isaac and Allan zooming through the dark tunnel. Isaac's jet stream illustrates the twists and winds that he has to go through while Allan's jet stream is more straightforward.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Isaac's pathway is not an easy one. One wrong turn could send him spiraling down and put him out of this battle!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from below of Isaac jumping out of the dark tunnel from the top tier. His jet stream follows him from behind.

1. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): But he navigates through it with flying colors!

**PANEL TWO.**

While still in the air, we see from behind Isaac's shoulder that the finish line is not too far off in the distance.

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: There's the end!

**PANEL THREE.**

A close-up of Isaac's front tire landing down on the neon yellow checkered road.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

A pulled-back shot of Isaac spinning around to face the tunnel off panel. There should be transparent versions of each action phase that shows him turning around. Also, his jet stream should indicate the motion.

3. SFX: ERRRRRK!

**PANEL FIVE.**

A shot from behind Isaac as he faces towards the bottom tunnel exit that Allan will come out of.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): What is Isaac Imagery doing? He is so close to the finish!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SIX.**

Isaac holds up his blaster and starts charging. It builds up a white aura inside the barrel of the blaster.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL SEVEN.**

Cut to Scoop and Q in the audience. Scoop has his finger pointed out toward the action with a perplexed look. Q is grabbing her head with her hands as she crouches down in nervousness.

5. Q: What is he doing!?!

6. SCOOP: I don't know!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from behind Isaac as he has a huge aura glowing from his blaster.

1. CAPTION (ISAAC IMAGERY): This is it! Allan is too skilled to trust it to a bike race to the finish! I have to end this here! I must end this battle!

**PANEL TWO.**

A side shot of Allan as he goes through the dark tunnel still. His red suit glows in the dark as his blue bike does the same. The blue jet stream follows behind him.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: Huh?

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from behind Allan's shoulder as he sees a white light up ahead that is shining through the darkness.

3. ALLAN ANTONYM: What is that?

**PANEL FOUR.**

An aerial shot as Allan zooms out of the tunnel towards Isaac's bike.

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): Allan Anonym is riding right into Isaac's trap!

**PANEL FIVE.**

From in front, we see Isaac screaming out as he fires the charged blast from his blaster. The blast blows his hair backwards.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: THIS ENDS NOW!

**PANEL SIX.**

A shot from behind Isaac as he watches the blast engulf Allan. Almost everything beyond Isaac is engulfed in white with a faint hue of blue.

4. SFX: BOOM!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL SEVEN.**

A zoomed-in shot of Allan zooming through the blast unaffected. His face is stoic as he rides forward.

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: WHAT?!?

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A zoomed-in shot of Isaac's completely shocked face. His eyes are wide and his skin is white.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: IT CAN'T BE!

**PANEL TWO.**

An shot from above as Allan and his bike go right through Isaac like a ghost.

2. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): WHAT?!?!?!?

**PANEL THREE.**

Cut to Scoop and Q with wide eyes and hands on their head in disbelief.

3. SCOOP AND Q: WHAT?!?

**PANEL FOUR.**

A shot from the front that shows Isaac's shocked stance on his bike as the mirage Allan disappears behind him. Allan, his bike, and his jet stream are nearly fully transparent.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from behind Isaac as he sees a blinding white light with a red outline coming through the dark tunnel exit.

1. ISAAC IMAGERY: A...mirage?

**PANEL TWO.**

A more zoomed-in shot of the exit, but now Allan comes out of the tunnel with his blaster charged-up. He steadies it with his other hand as he aims straight-forward off panel at Isaac.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: This is the PINNACLE of our conflict, Isaac! THIS ENDS NOW!

**PANEL THREE.**

A shot from Allan's point of view as he lowers his aim at Isaac's bike. His blaster glows gold from the boost he received for using the word "pinnacle."

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR.**

An isolated shot of the blaster shooting out a blast across the panel toward Isaac's bike off panel.

3. SFX: BOOOM!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY.**

**PANEL ONE.**

This panel should be half the page. Isaac gets blasted back first with his bike sliding down the road next to him. Sparks fly up as the two skid across the road. Smoke emits from both of them after just being blasted. Isaac's eyes are closed as he yells out in pain.

1. SFX: ERRKKK!

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: AHHH!

**PANEL TWO.**

This panel should be the bottom half of this page. Isaac is still on his back with the bike laying next to him. They are both smoking from the blaster.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: No... It can't be...

4. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): I don't believe it.... ALLAN ANTONYM WINS!



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A close-up of Allan's glowing shoes walking on the road.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

A perspective shot shows Allan reaching a hand down to Isaac as he is on the ground.

1. ALLAN ANTONYM: Come on. Stand up.

**PANEL THREE.**

An isolated shot of Isaac grabbing Allan's hand.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL FOUR.**

The two stand next to each other. Isaac has bruises and smoke marks all over his body. Isaac's bike smokes in the background.

2. ALLAN ANTONYM: You could've ended this. The finish line isn't too far from here. I was caught in the tunnel.

3. ISAAC IMAGERY: Yeah, but I knew that you would out write and out race me in the final stretch. It was going to take a gamble to best you. I know that much about you, Allan.

4. ALLAN ANTONYM: I see... Hey, do you remember what I told you in our first interview here?

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: That I couldn't beat Writer X?

6. ALLAN ANTONYM: No, there was something else. I told the announcer that I didn't win my first tournament. Isaac, just because you didn't win your first tournament, doesn't mean you won't ever win one. Keep your chin up. The school is lucky to have you represent it. Everything I saw from you really showed how well you wrote today.

7. ISAAC IMAGERY: Thanks, Allan... They are lucky to have you, too. Congratulations!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO.**

**PANEL ONE.**

A shot from below as Isaac and Allan shake hands with an exchange of smiles.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO.**

An aerial shot of the arena as the audience cheers for the display of sportsmanship.

1. CROWD ALL: WOOOOOO!!!

**PANEL THREE.**

On the jumbotron, we see Isaac hold up Allan's hand in victory.

2. ANNOUNCER (DISEMBODIED/STATIC): GIVE IT UP FOR OUR CHAMPION, ALLAN ANTONYM!

**PANEL FOUR.**

Transition to a shot of a television screen with Allan holding the championship trophy on it.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

A pulled-back shot reveals Isaac, Scoop, and Q watching the tv from the hotel lobby. They have their luggage standing next to them.

3, Q: Wow, that was such a great match.

4. SCOOP: Yeah, I can't wait to write about it in the school paper. I have so many stories! I'm going to go see if I can get an interview real quick from someone at the front desk before we leave!

5. ISAAC IMAGERY: Haha, alright. Mr. Nyllid said he'd be here to pick us up soon. It should only be a few minutes. Be quick!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Isaac sits down on a couch in the lobby and Q sits down next to him. Isaac leans back while Q sits up with her hands in her lap.

1. Q: Isaac, can I ask you something?

2. ISAAC IMAGERY: Sure. What is it?

3. Q: This is something I have been asking everyone recently. I wanted to wait until you were finished with the tournament to ask you.

4. ISAAC IMAGERY: Uh-huh? You can ask me.

5. Q: Why do you write? Like, what drives you to write? What is your purpose for tournaments like this?

**PANEL TWO.**

An aerial shot of Isaac smiling and looking up at the ceiling.

6. ISAAC IMAGERY: You know, when Allan and I had our interview on stage, I disagreed with him in a lot of ways. Mainly because my perspective was different on things. One thing I don't think he realizes is that competing in tournaments like this is my practice. That's the only way that I can get better at writing. This is all practice to me. Sure, it's not traditional practice of sitting and writing at a desk, but it's still practice to get better...

7. Q: So...

8. ISAAC IMAGERY: So, I write because I enjoy telling stories. I always have since I was a kid. I would just create them in my head until one day I learned how to write them out on paper. I enjoy writing them. It is exciting, and I feel like it's something I am good at. But, I know I can't be great at it unless I keep practicing.

9. Q: Hmm, that seems simple, but I like it.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL THREE.**

Q sits back in her chair and looks up alongside Isaac.

10. ISAAC IMAGERY: So, why do you like to write?

11. Q: I like the reason you write, but I'm not sure if I know why I like to write just yet... I need to really think about all the reasons to write before I decide.

12. ISAAC IMAGERY: I think that is okay. You will know it when you find it.

13. Q: Heh, yeah... This was a great tournament.

14. ISAAC IMAGERY: Yeah, it was.

**PANEL FOUR.**

A full-perspective of the bustling hotel with Isaac and Q on the couch, Scoop at the front desk with his notepad, various patrons moving throughout the hotel lobby, and the general beautiful decor of the building's interior.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE.**

This panel should be all black with the text in white on it. The caption should be in the top left corner of the panel.

15. CAPTION: ONE YEAR LATER...

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR.****PANEL ONE.**

This entire page should be set up like the front page of a newspaper. The newspaper is tan with all of the text being black. This panel covers the full page with other panels transposed on top of it in various places. At the top of the paper are small bold words that say: "School Newspaper." Below that, in between two horizontal black lines that stretch across the page is the bold headline: "One Year Later: Follow Up Issue." Below the title, it says: "By: Scoop." The dialogue on this panel appears as the front page article.

1. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): At the end of this month, writers across the nation from various schools will travel to compete in the annual Junior League Genre Tournament. After many months of qualifying events, our school is proud to send a few of our own students. However, many first year students, and even many students in general, do not know that this year's tournament will mark the one year anniversary of perhaps one of the biggest tournaments in the event's history. More importantly, it affected all of those who participated in the event. Now, one year after the event, the school newspaper will inform everyone where the participants of last year's tournament are and what they are doing now.

**PANEL TWO.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the school newspaper. This panel should be positioned in the top-right corner of the article. The text of the article should be adjusted as to not overlap this photo. The photo is of last year's tournament announcer as he holds a microphone up to his mouth with one hand and has his other arm stretched out in a theatrical display.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL THREE.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the school newspaper. This panel should be positioned below the article and be displayed like an advertisement banner. The banner's text is in black on the left of the banner with a picture of a school bus on the right side of the banner.

2. CAPTION: Deadline to sign up to travel to the tournament with the school is this Friday! Don't delay!

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.****PANEL ONE.**

This entire page should be set up like a page of the newspaper. The newspaper is tan with all of the text being black. This panel covers the full page with other panels transposed on top of it in various places. At the top of the page are bold words that say: "Tournament Controversy Turned Into Victory". Similar to the title on the front, the subtitle for this page is in between two horizontal black lines that stretch across the page. Below the subheading, it says: "By: Scoop." The dialogue on this panel appears as the page's article.

1. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Most will remember one month after last year's tournament that Conan Franklin came clean and revealed that he actually competed as Writer X in this tournament. Tournament officials considered not counting the results of the tournament because of the reveal, but after discussion between Franklin, tournament officials, and writers who Franklin had defeated, a settlement was decided on. Franklin agreed to give every writer in the tournament a \$5,000 scholarship and agreed to not have any future association on the broadcasting team.

**PANEL TWO.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned on the right side of the page. It should be in a rectangle shape and stretches down most of the page. The text of the article should be adjusted as to not overlap this photo. The photo is of Conan shaking hands with a young writer on a stage. Tournament officials are sitting behind booths behind the two as the photo is taken from the angle behind reporters who are taking photos with their cameras.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE CONTINUED.**

**PANEL THREE.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned below the article and be displayed like an advertisement banner. The banner's text is in black with an aerial shot of a soccer field displayed behind the text.

2. CAPTION: Come out and support our soccer team this Thursday for the last game of the season as they try to finish the season undefeated!



**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX.****PANEL ONE.**

This entire page should be set up like a page of the newspaper. The newspaper is tan with all of the text being black. This panel covers the full page with other panels transposed on top of it in various places. At the top of the paper are bold words that say: “The Champion Reigns.” Similar to the title on the front, the subtitle for this page is in between two horizontal black lines that stretch across the page. Below the subheading, it says: “By: Scoop.” The dialogue on this panel appears as the page’s article.

1. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Last year, Allan Antonym won his second major Battle Narrative tournament when he bested Isaac Imagery in the finals of the Junior League Genre Tournament. Winning the tournament automatically qualified Allan for this year’s tournament. Since Allan did not have to compete in qualifying events, he has spent his spare time student tutoring scholars at our school. Not just those who want to become battle writers, but any student who needs help with their writing skills. As this is Allan’s last year before he moves on to high school, he hopes to end his Junior League career as a back-to-back Genre Tournament champion.

**PANEL TWO.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned at the top of the article just below the subheading. It should be in a rectangle shape across the page. The text of the article should be adjusted as to not overlap this photo. The photo is taken from the back of a classroom as Allan Antonym is at a SMARTboard with students sitting at desks and pencils and paper out in front of them. Allan is pointing up at an indistinguishable paragraph displayed on the SMARTboard.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX CONTINUED.**

**PANEL THREE.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned below the article and be displayed like an advertisement banner. The banner's text is in black on the left side with a shot of two scholars walking with backpacks on the right side of the banner.

2. CAPTION: A reminder from your principal. The school uniform requires that you wear a belt. Your phone charger cable does not count as a belt! Thank you.

-Principal Bubbles

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN.****PANEL ONE.**

This entire page should be set up like a page of the newspaper. The newspaper is tan with all of the text being black. This panel covers the full page with other panels transposed on top of it in various places. At the top of the paper are bold words that say: “After the Loss.” Similar to the title on the front, the subtitle for this page is in between two horizontal black lines that stretch across the page. Below the subheading, it says: “By: Scoop.” The dialogue on this panel appears as the page’s article.

1. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): Our school was lucky enough to send two competitors to last year’s Junior League Genre Tournament. One was the champion, Allan Antonym, and the other was the runner-up, Isaac Imagery. For Isaac, he decided to take a brain break from the practice of writing this school year. Well, that is not completely true. Isaac still competed at qualifying events, and even qualified for this year’s tournament. But much more of Isaac’s energy was put into school activities. Most notably, Isaac was elected as our school’s student government public speaker. He has helped organize several school events and through this position, he has spoken at school pep rallies where he has encouraged many students to support our school at events and follow their dreams whether it be sports, art, science, math, or writing.

**PANEL TWO.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned at the bottom-left corner of the article. It should be in a square-shaped box outline. The text of the article should be adjusted as to not overlap this photo. The photo shows Isaac standing on a ladder as he tapes up a corner of a “School Dance” poster on a wall. Isaac is looking down from the ladder and is grabbing a piece of of tape from someone down below off panel.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN CONTINUED.**

**PANEL THREE.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned below the article and be displayed like an advertisement banner. The banner's text is in black on the left side with a small blank calendar on the right side of the banner.

2. CAPTION: Tomorrow's lunch will be pizza with pineapples and ham.

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT.****PANEL ONE.**

This entire page should be set up like a page of the newspaper. The newspaper is tan with all of the text being black. This panel covers the full page with other panels transposed on top of it in various places. At the top of the paper are bold words that say: “The Story Continues”. Similar to the title on the front, the subtitle for this page is in between two horizontal black lines that stretch across the page. Below the subheading, it says: “By: Scoop.” The dialogue on this panel appears as the page’s article.

1. SCOOP (DISEMBODIED): To end this week’s edition of the school newspaper, the staff would like to congratulate the third member of the writing team that will be competing at this year’s Junior League Genre Tournament. You all know her as Q. Q and I traveled to the tournament last year where we cheered on our school’s writers. This year, I will get to cheer her on. Her enthusiasm for writing helped her earn a spot on the writing team earlier this year. Then, she quickly qualified through events. Since this will be her first major tournament in the Junior League, I interviewed her about the upcoming event. I asked her the same question she was asking everyone last year,, “Why do you write?” She laughed and then told me, “There are many reasons to write. For me, I’ve discovered that I like to tell stories with my writing.” Go on, Q. Write your story at the tournament. We can’t wait to read it.

**PANEL TWO.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned at the top of the article just below the subheading. It should be in a square shape, centered on the page. The text of the article should be adjusted as to not overlap this photo. The photo shows an isolated shot of Q with her arms folded in a diagonal stance. She confidently smiles at the camera.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT CONTINUED.**

**PANEL THREE.**

A sepia-filter should be applied to this panel as it should appear as a photo in the article. This panel should be positioned below the article and be displayed like an advertisement banner. The banner's text is in black.

2. CAPTION: We want to wish all of the writers the best of luck in the upcoming tournament. Make us proud. -School Newspaper Staff, aka Me, Scoop