

# Charismagic

## “High Stakes”

Vince Hernandez

PAGE ONE.

Panel 1.

We open on a tight close-up of the infamous “Welcome to Las Vegas” sign at nighttime. The sign posted about a half mile down the Vegas strip just before the row of glistening hotels. It’s brightly lit and we cannot see the hotels and casinos in the background yet.

Panel 2.

Same-sized panel as the previous one. We pull out a bit from the sign, but as we do there is now a large hulking mass of a man/creature obstructing our view of the sign, literally covering our view of the bright lights of it. Because the figure is in our extreme foreground, we can’t make out what it is, only that it appears to have a scale-like texture, similar to a reptile.

Panel 3.

Now, pulling out even further for the big shot of this page, we see the full sign, the Vegas hotels and casinos in the background finally, but we also see a pretty sizeable tail (4-5 feet) trailing in front of the sign. We’ll reveal this creature at the very beginning of issue #2, so this is just a tease moment of something to come.

1. Banner:

4 AM.

2. Hank Medley (off panel):

Do you believe in **magic**?

PAGE TWO.

Panel 1.

Now we see **HANK MEDLEY** in his magician tux, on stage, mid-show. This is the moment right before the prestige, or final act of his show. Everything else around him is blanketed in darkness with only a spotlight on Hank as he addresses his sold out audience.

1. Banner: 9 PM.
2. Hank Medley: Are you eager to transcend the trappings of your reality?
3. Hank Medley: To discover a mystic force greater than anything your mind could **possibly** imagine, or comprehend—yet you **still believe**?
4. Hank Medley: Because if you do...

Panel 2.

Close-up upshot of Hank with a mock serious look on his face.

5. Hank Medley: ... then **free** your imagination...

Panel 3.

A shot of the audience, the majority of which are captivated by his charming tirade.

6. Hank Medley: ...and **prepare** yourselves, for...

Panel 4.

Wide shot of the stage now fully lit in a marvelous stage display of mood lights, fog, and strobe lights. This should match up with the double from the zero issue. Hank is flanked on both sides by two quartets of beautiful ladies. One of them on his right is **ALLE STAR**, a knockout blond gal in her late twenties – she’s a major player, and Hank’s girlfriend, so let’s make sure she looks slightly hotter than the 3 other hot girls to her sides. On Hank’s right is the second quartet of hotties. One of them in particular—a **HOT BRUNETTE** – we’ll key in on in a moment, next page.

7. Hank Medley: **The incredible!!!**

PAGE THREE.

Panel 1.

Hank turns his head to his left in the direction of the quartet—the side with the brunette. Not so much looking at any of them in particular.

1. Hank Medley:

With the help of my lovely assistants, I will enter a world where magic not only exists—it **thrives!**

Panel 2.

Small close-up shot of the HOT BRUNETTE looking longingly back at Hank—but only slightly, they all should appear to be looking ahead, very statuesque while Hank addresses the audience here.

Panel 3.

Same size panel as the previous one. They can even be split as part of one larger panel. Close up shot of Alle Star slightly turning her head to her left to witness this glance from the Hot Brunette. She doesn't look pleased.

2. Alle Star (small font):

Hmph.

Panel 4.

Back to Hank as he continues his role-play for the show. He has a real mock serious look on his face.

3. Hank Medley:

However...

Panel 5.

A shot of the audience, clearly absorbing the suspense Hank is bringing to the table with this performance. A few of the more naïve audience members appear to be on the edge of their seats.

4. Hank Medley:

There is no guarantee...I will **return.**

PAGE FOUR.

Panel 1.

Wideshot, from a distance—think ceiling view looking down. We see the stage in all its glory here. We also see most of the theatre. There is a long center aisle that runs from the stage all the way to the rear of the theatre. This is an important logistical note for Hank's signature vanishing act. The lights follow Hank as he takes his position at the tip of the stage, his arms are raised above his head.

1. Hank Medley:

Enough talk! **Las Vegas....**

Panel 2.

Shot of a now empty spot on the tip of the stage where Hank used to be. A few streams of stage fog rise from the floor below.

Panel 3.

A shot of the audience as they look to each other in awe and confusion at Hank's disappearance.

Panel 4.

Another wide shot of the audience for a beat of silent anticipation.

2. Random Audience Member:

Where'd he go?!?

Panel 5.

Now we're about 75 feet down the center aisle-way of the theatre. An establishing shot setup panel for the next panel.

Panel 6.

Stat the same panel as before, only now Hank has re-appeared in the center aisle in grand fashion—the same pose as panel 1. A big grin washed over his face. A few of the audience members in his direct vicinity are visibly excited.

3. Hank Medley:

--I'll see you on the other side!

PAGE FIVE.

Panel 1.

With Hank soaking it up, the crowd stands and erupts, clapping and cheering around him.

1. Audience Thundering Clap SFX:                      Clap! Clap! Clap!

Panel 2.

A close-up shot of Hank smiling as he briskly walks back towards the stage, his hands out hand slapping his adoring crowd.

2. Hank Medley:                                              Thank you! Thank you!

Panel 3.

Suddenly, in the crowd we see an older gentlemen (late 40s/early 50s) in the audience in an inconspicuous trench coat, very much playing the part of someone who doesn't wanna be noticed. This is our first shot of **HECTOR**, a major player and basically Hank's mentor. Hector is a former Vegas magician as well, but his retirement and fall from grace have not been, well—graceful. He looks tired and worn here, and not all that pleased with Hank's trick. And this is what sets him apart in the crowd, basically the only one not clapping or cheering.

3. Hank Medley:                                              Thank y--

Panel 4.

Small panel. Hank, seeing Hector, briefly loses his cool on-stage persona, acknowledging his mentor with a serious look.

4. Hank Medley:                                              --you.

Panel 5.

Hank now recovers his cool as he's made his way to the steps at the center tip of the stage.

5. Hank Medley:                                              You've all been wonderful collaborators in our thrilling journey through the unknown...

6. Hank Medley:                                              But now the magic calls to me in other mystic surroundings, and I must answer. I bid you all...

Panel 6.

From behind Hank, POV on stage as if we were the backstage audience, we see the curtain begin to come down in front of Hank, ending the show. We see the audience,

standing in applause, satisfied with the performance.

7. Hank Medley: ...Farewell!

PAGE SIX.

Panel 1.

A close-up shot of Hank with a slightly confused look on his face as he is mid-call on his cell phone.

1. Hank Medley: Hello?

2. Hank Medley: Hey...pick up the phone. I saw you...in the audience tonight. Call me back.

3. Alle Star: Hank, are you **listening** to me?!?

Panel 2.

Now we pull out to see that Hank is in his penthouse suite atop the High Stakes later that night. He's got a kickass view of the strip from his living room and all of the essentials for a showrunner living the life in a suite in Vegas. Also in this panel are Alle Star and SPARKLES. The cat is on a ledge near the awesome windows of the suite, looking on as Hank and Alle argue with each other – what appears to be a normal occurrence for them. Alle is all up in Hank's face, he should appear agitated.

4. Hank Medley: It's hard **not** to hear you when you're screaming in my face.

5. Alle Star: Don't give me that, I **saw** the look you gave the new girl, don't act all innocent!

6. Hank Medley: Alle, really. You need to stop. You're making this up in your head.

Panel 3.

A nice good shot of Alle, in Vegas nightlife clothes. A nice cocktail dress type outfit. She looks hot but also pissed here.

7. Alle Star: I didn't leave a good-paying job in LA to become some backup dancer to you while you flirt with **every** piece of a\$\$ in town!

8. Hank Medley: **You** should talk.

Panel 4.

Small inset panel as Sparkles appears to be smiling at this burn.

9. Alle Star: What's **that** supposed to mean?!

10. Hank Medley: ...

Panel 5.

A close-up of Hank, tired from the night's performance, and willing to submit to just get out the situation.

11: Hank Medley: It means...nothing. Forget it. Look I'm tired, can this wait 'til the morning?

Panel 6.

Shot of Alle as she grabs a tiny purse near the door on her way out.

12. Alle Star: Whatever. I'm going out.

13: Han Thought Balloon: Stop her.

Panel 7.

A nice shot of Hank as he nears the window, rubbing the fur on Sparkle's head as the cat lovingly accepts Hank's hand. A lonely shot of the pair.

14. Hank Medley: Yeah...whatever.

PAGE SEVEN.

Panel 1.

Night time. An establishing shot of an old dusty gas station along a deserted highway path in the desert on the way to Vegas. It's an overhead shot so we see a small figure, **SUDANA**, filling up her station wagon from issue #0.

1. Banner: Later that night.

Panel 2.

Now a good sized introductory shot of Sudana with her arms crossed, her back leaning against her ride as the pump fills up her car.

2. Douchebag #1 (off panel): Hey girl.

Panel 2.

From the flip side, behind her view, we see a pair of **DOUCHEBAG TRUCKERS** looking to harass a hot girl alone on a deserted road. They should appear intimidating though, in reality not two guys a girl alone would want to encounter alone at night—but of course, Sudana's not your average girl.

3. Douchebag #1: What's a fine piece a' tail like you doin' out here all by yerself?

4. Douchebag #2: Yeah, don't you know any better? This ain't a place for a gal like you.

Panel 3.

A close-up shot of Sudana, not budging from her spot, not even looking in their direction. Fearless.

5. Sudana: I'll manage.

Panel 4.

Now the pair of Dbags are closing in on her position, ready to make their move.

6. Dbag #1: Oh, I think this one needs a lesson—



Panel 5.

This panel should be the same size as panel 3. Sudana now turns to acknowledge their presence—and her eyes are glowing green. Not her tattoo, just her eyes. But it's enough to freak out a pair of dbag truckers.

7. Sudana:

I **said**—I'll manage.

Panel 6.

The truckers begin to back-peddle their asses out of there. Sudana manages herself a slight grin.

8. Dbag #1:

What the f&\*k **are you!?** C'mon man, let's get the hell out a' here!

9. Dbag #2:

Yeah, forget this. Freakshow.

PAGE EIGHT.

Panel 1.

Another establishing shot. We're outside a trailer park home as Hank rings on the front door. It's the next morning. We can see the Vegas Strip and all of the hotels in the background, off in the distance. There is a black Corvette parked in front, Hank's car. Alle is leaned on it with her butt on the hood, looking on impatiently.

1. Banner: The next morning.

2. Hank Medley: Hector! Open up!

Panel 2.

Small inset panel. The door swings open as Hank's hand is left hanging in the air, mid knock.

Panel 3.

Hector appears in the doorway, looking downright disheveled, as if he hadn't slept all night, which he hasn't.

3. Hector: I **knew** you'd come.

Panel 4.

A 2 shot as Hank enters Hector's pad without an invitation. It's clear these two know each other well. Hector stands in the doorway as Hank passes by on his way in, looking out at Alle.

4. Hank Medley: I hate when you just **show up** like that in the crowd. It weirds me out.

5. Hector: Does...Alle want to come in?

6. Hank Medley: No.

Panel 5.

Now inside Hector's pad. It's filled with stacks of papers and books. A complete mess. It should appear as if Hector has been living night and day here reading and studying up on all this info. Newspaper clippings are taped all over the walls.

7. Hank Medley:

Whoa.

8. Hank Medley:

Hector, what's going **on** with you?

PAGE NINE.

Panel 1.

Now, Hector is brushing past Hank on his way to the couch. Hank has a stack of papers in his hands that he's picked up off the nearby coffee table. Hank is looking at them with a confused look on his face.

1. Hector:

Nothing's goin' on. I'm sharper than ever.

2. Hank:

It looks like crap in here, and **why** all the papers everywhere? And why were you at my show again last night? You know you don't need to buy a ticket to talk to me. Here--

Panel 2.

Inset panel but important: Hank's hand places the ticket on the coffee table.

3. Hank:

I brought you a ticket to tonight's show.

Panel 3.

Hector is seated on the couch looking up at Hank with a grim look on his face.

4. Hector:

I've always enjoyed your show. Well, Charismagic. Not that crap one you passed off as a performance before you met me.

5. Hector:

Seeing you up there, on stage...it gives me... peace. Reminds me of my own time up there...the lights. The roars of applause. The spectacle.

6. Hector (small font):

Sigh.

Panel 3.

Even closer on Hector as he delivers an ominous statement.

7. Hector:

But, last night.

8. Hector: Last night Hank, I was there to catch your show one last time.

Panel 4.

A shot of Hank, serious, but still not onboard with what Hector's telling him.

9. Hank: Hec—have you been drinking again?

Panel 5.

Hector rises up in a hurry off the sofa. To show Hank something.

10. Hector Yes, but that's **not** the issue here. Just shut up and listen. Those aren't just papers in your hands. They're not even really made of paper, actually. No, those are **Druid Scriptures**.

11. Hank: Come again?

12. Hector: You know, if you make a living as a magician, it wouldn't hurt you to study up a bit on magic.

Panel 6.

As Hector makes his way over to a cabinet, Hank follows behind with a big grin.

13. Hank: I know magic. And I know there's more than meets the eye. You've taught me that much. But, I'm really an **entertainer**, remember?

PAGE TEN.

Panel 1.

In the foreground we see one of the papers contains a drawing of a flower, similar to the one on Sudana's neck tattoo. In the background we see Hector rummaging through one of the drawers of his cabinet.

1. Hector:

Ah, you'll never let me live that line down, huh? You've gotten better kid. I'll give you that.

2. Hector:

But you still have a lot to learn.

Panel 2.

Hector finds what he's looking for. A rolled up scroll-type piece of paper.

3. Hector:

**Aha!**

Panel 3.

An over the shoulder shot as Hector unravels the scroll paper on the coffee table in front of the couch. Hank looks on curiously. What we see on the paper is a very primitive, archaic drawing of Samsun. It's not an exact portrait of what he looks like because these Druid records have been written over and transferred through over a thousand years. But we should be able to connect the dots from the drawing on the scroll paper to Samsun. But most importantly, the drawing should have a boogeyman type feel to it. The legend of Samsun is kinda like that to the people of magic, so his image should be made to invoke fear among them.

4. Hector:

Here. See for yourself.

5. Hank:

He looks friendly.

6. Hector:

The legend of **Samsun** is anything but friendly.

Panel 4.

Hector now looks to Hank with a serious glance.

7. Hector:

It's filled with blood and death.  
Incomprehensible acts.

8. Hank:

**Why** are you showing me this?

Panel 5.

Now we pull in close on the boogeyman drawing.

9. Hector:

Because he is **coming**.

PAGE ELEVEN.

Panel 1.

A shot of Hank, still not completely buying what Hector is selling. While this is going on, Hector is headed in the direction of his kitchen, reaching for an apple. We need to establish a kitchen counter here as well.

1. Hank: What, here? Vegas? He'd fit right in with this lot of freaks.
2. Hector: This isn't a **fu^&ing joke**, Hank. There are things you don't know about magic.
3. Hector: About what fuels it.

Panel 2.

Hector holds out the apple in front of his face, right in front of Hank.

4. Hector: Imagine for a moment that you're a being of magic. And this apple is your life force--what drives every fiber of your magical abilities.
5. Hector: Now, this apple's skin, it's outer shape, they both exist in our sight—our dimension—so to speak. Picture

if you will, that the skin is the **fabric** of our dimension.

6. Hector:

Well, now realize that Samsun is the **core** of this apple. His being trapped inside the apple for ages. Plotting. Planning to get out by **any** means necessary.

Panel 3.

Now, Hector is holding up the apple directly in front of hank's face.

7. Hector:

Now how do you suppose this core can escape its outer shell ...

Panel 4.

Hector slams the apple down on the kitchen counter.

8. SFX:

Slam!

Panel 5.

Now, similar to panel 3, Hector holds up simply the core of the apple in front of Hank's nose. Hank is visibly unnerved from this quick outburst by his mentor.

9. Hector:

...Without destroying the **very** fabric of our dimension?



PAGE TWELVE.

Panel 1.

Back in the backstage area of Charismagic, Hank sits in full tuxedo about to go on stage for the night's performance. He sits on a small wooden stool with his back leaning against a wall. He is clearly still distraught from the talk with Hector. His face is serious and he's completely oblivious to everyone making last second preparations around him. Sparkles is perched on his lap as he strokes the fur on her head.

Panel 2.

The exact same shot and pose as the previous panel only pulling in slightly. We see movement around him. Alle sticks her head in the frame to shout to Hank:

- |          |                         |
|----------|-------------------------|
| 1. Alle: | You're on in two, Hank! |
| 2. Hank: | Yeah...                 |

Panel 3.

Now we pull in even closer as Hank mumbles something, still deep in thought.

- |               |                        |
|---------------|------------------------|
| 3. Hank:      | ...On in two...Got it. |
| 4. Alle Star: | Hey, what's your deal! |

Panel 4.

Now, Alle yells even more at Hank to break him out of his spell (bad magic pun).

- |               |       |
|---------------|-------|
| 5. Alle Star: | Hank! |
|---------------|-------|

6. Hank: Yeah, I'm ready. I'm good to go. Are you on now with me?

7. Alle Star: No. I was just in. Did you not notice?

8. Alle Star: **What's** going on with you?

9. Hank: It's nothing. Just something Hector said to me. Has me thinking, that's all.

10. Alle Star (Thought Balloon): See if he's ok.

11. Alle Star: Well whatever it is, you can figure it out later. You're on!

Panel 5.  
Hank looks off, in heavy contemplation.

12. Hank: Yeah...I hope so.

PAGE THIRTEEN.

Panel 1.  
An establishing shot of Stonehenge in England. You can choose the angle/distance for the establishing shot but it should definitely look recognizable and cool. Looking through the reference, I've found the coolest-looking shots were from the ground level or looking up at them. A TOURIST COUPLE stand behind the roped off line looking at the rocks and snapping pics. Think honeymoon.

1. Banner: Stonehenge.

2. Guy Tourist: Sooo, it's just a bunch of rocks?

Panel 2.  
The Girl Tourist turns to face him. She has a camera around her neck and seems excited to be there, in contrast to her guy, who is bored. We need to have a nice shot of the Stones behind her.

3. Girl Tourist: It's not **just** a bunch of rocks! It's history.

4. Guy Tourist: Well with the long ride over, I guess I was expecting more.

Panel 3.

Now it's a shot of the Tourist Girl again, but this time the stones behind her are moving.

5. Girl Tourist:

**More?** Nobody can explain how these ended up here. It's miraculous. It has to **mean** something, don't ya think?

Panel 4.

Close-up shot of the Tourist Guy, stunned as he sees the stones moving behind her.

6. Guy Tourist:

Crazy...

7. Girl Tourist:

I know, right?!

8. Guy Tourist:

No...turn around.

9. Guy Tourist:

I think we should leave--**now**.

Panels 5-8.

I'm thinking for these panels, we have small vertical strip panels to show the stones moving and forming something in quick succession. What they are forming is one huge badass gateway or doorway for Samsun to return (on the next page).

10. SFX (In the Black Panel):

RUMBLE!

PAGE FOURTEEN.

Panel 1.

This page needs to mirror the shot from panel 1 of page four, but doesn't need to be an exact duplicate, maybe a different angle. We're back to the moment before Hank performs his vanishing act in Charismagic.

1. Hank Medley:

Enough talk! Las Vegas...

Panels 2-4.

A series of establishing shots of the human characters.

Panel 2.

The pair of tourists begin to run away from Stonehenge.

2. Tourists (together big font):

Run!

Panel 3.

Alle Star is backstage smoking a cigarette.

Panel 4.

Hector is on the sidewalk of the Vegas strip, looking very dour.

Panels 5-7.

These will basically be the exact same images from the previous 3 panels only, the characters are vanishing, parts of them are already just a faded blur of what they were. Khary, all six of these panels (2-7) you can stack in the center of the page between panels 1 and 8. They should feel like a quick sequence that takes place in a few seconds.

Panel 5.

The Tourists fade away.

Panel 6.

Alle Star vanishes, all we see is the wisps of smoke from her cig.

Panel 7.

Hector evaporates off the Vegas strip.

Panel 8.

Hank vanishes in a puff of smoke similar to panel 2 on page four.

PAGE FIFTEEN.

Panel 1.

Now, similar to the last panel shot of page four. Hank reappears in the center aisle of the theatre. Only now there is a big difference—the audience has vanished.

1. Hank: I'll see you on the other si--

Panel 2.

Close-up shot of Hank realizing he is all alone. Stunned.

1. Hank: Um...

Panel 3.

Another shot of an empty audience as Hank calls out.

2. Hank: ...Hello?

PAGE SIXTEEN.

Panel 1.

Big panel shot. The stones have formed one huge gateway, an upside-down U-shaped doorway if you will. Within it's center, magical energy crackles and generates (this needs to feel nuclear epic because he's channeling every living human's life force on earth.).

Panel 2.

Back on the Stonehenge gateway, we see Samsun's figure begin to emerge out of the gateway.

Panel 3.

Our big shot of Samsun, returned to our realm. He's satisfied with his return, but also pissed. Basically, he looks bad ass!

Panel 4.

With one flick of his hand, Samsun shatters the Stonehenge stones behind him. If you need to, feel free to add a small inset panel of his hand to make the action work on the page.

PAGE SEVENTEEN.

Panel 1.

Hank walks out of the back doors of the theatre.

Panel 2.

A big splash-type panel. Hank has now walked out into the casino area, and everyone has vanished. Drinks sit on the craps tables. Slot machines sit unattended. Everyone is gone.

1. Hank:

Hello?!

Panel 3.

A small shot of Hank pushing through the revolving door of the High Stakes, now in full on panic mode.

2. Hank (Thought Balloon):

Oh c'mon. This **can't** be happening...

PAGES EIGHTEEN AND NINETEEN.

A vast spread of Hank standing in the front of the High Stakes Hotel and Casino, right on the Vegas Strip. And everyone is gone. This is our big moment of this issue so it needs to be awesome. Hank should be all alone in the center of this now completely empty city. Cars sit unattended on the strip. This is the I Am Legend shot. It's a ghost town.

1. Hank:

...What did I **do**?



PAGE TWENTY.

Panel 1.

Sudana speeds along behind the wheel of her station wagon. The same wagon we saw in the zero issue. She has a determined look on her face as she races to her destination.

Panel 2.

A close-up on her face as her eyes widen in surprise.

Panel 3.

Small inset panel as she hits the brakes hard to the floorboard to brake the car.

1. SFX:

Sreeeeech!

Panel 4.

From her POV in the now stopped car, we see in front of her a few cars left unattended with no passengers on the road, as their headlights glow off into the distance. They have created a minor roadblock. She is too late.

2. Sudana:

Sh&t.

Panel 5.

Another small inset panel as now her foot hits the accelerator.

3. SFX:

Rrrrrrrrrr!

Panel 6.

As we see her wagon maneuver around the idle cars, we see a sign with a mile indicator for Las Vegas. It should read: "Las Vegas, 95 miles."

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Panel 1.

Back in Vegas. Hank has re-entered the High Stakes Casino, wandering around aimlessly looking for any sign of human life. He looks distressed.

1. Hank:

Okay. Okay.

2.Hank (Thought Balloon):

Think. If I did this, there  
**must** be a way I can...

Panel 2.

From our POV, in the foreground of this panel, we see a huge stack of chips stacked on the edge of a poker table all by itself. In the background, Hank is eyeing the huge amount of unattended loot.

3. Hank (small):

...undo it.

Panel 3.

Hank shakes off the momentary spell he was under in seeing the poker chips.

4. Hank:

Snap out of it, Hank. You've gotta figure out what's going on.

Panel 4.

A stack of poker chips is falling over behind Frank, but we can't see what caused them to fall yet.

5. SFX:

Krssh.

Panel 5.

Hank turns around suddenly, but from his vantage point, he can't see anything yet.

6. Hank:

What was that? **Who's there?!**

7. Sparkles (off panel):

Hey—

PAGE TWENTY-TWO.

Splash Page.

Hank is looking down and is shocked to see that SPARKLES is now sitting down in front of him, talking to him.

1. Sparkles:

--Down here.

2. Sparkles:

I think it's time we had a talk.

3. Banner:

To Be Continued.