

Future Girl
Vol. 1, Issue 1: And so it begins...

PAGE ONE (four panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Inside of a futuristic suburban middle school classroom. Scene looks through the windows of a ground level classroom. FG can be seen through one of the windows as she gazes into the courtyard. Her chin rests on her hand as the teacher continues to lecture at the front of the room.

INSERT PANEL TWO

Flashback/Daydream. FG – in costume, but without a cape – crouches in a dark alleyway, bracing herself. Almost trying to make herself look smaller against the wall of the building.
Singularity: (not pictured) That suit won't save you this time!

INSERT PANEL THREE

Flashback/Daydream. Panel focuses on Singularity from over FG's shoulder. Singularity has her hand raised over her head, clenched in a fist, with a black orb (a contained singularity) emanating above her ring. There is a slight rip in FG's suit on the back of her shoulder.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

Flashback/Daydream. Pan out. SING launches something at FG from the orb. FG braces herself.

PAGE TWO (six panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Flashback/Daydream. There's a bright flash of light.

INSERT PANEL TWO

Flashback/Daydream. FG shields her eyes, looking into the light. We see the outline of Steadfast shielding her from the blow.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Flashback/Daydream. Pan out. The walls of buildings in the alleyway are scorched from the attack. SING stands, shakily (smoking from the blow?). SF still stands between FG and SING, unaffected by the attack.

SING: (weakly) Is that... all you've got...

INSERT PANEL FOUR

Flashback/Daydream. SING readies another attack. SF braces himself.

HOROLOGIST: (not pictured) Enough!

INSERT PANEL FIVE

Flashback/Daydream. FG looks up to see the Horologist stepping into the alleyway.

HOR: **Singularity**, I suggest you bow out gracefully while you still can.

INSERT PANEL SIX

Flashback/Daydream. FG looks up at HOR – focus on HOR from FG's perspective. He smiles kindly at her.

HOR: That's some suit you have there.

PAGE THREE (six panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Flashback/Daydream. Copy of the previous panel, but the image of HOR starts to fade into the image of FG's history teacher.

TEACHER: (sort of pictured?) Ahem!

INSERT PANEL TWO

FG blinks awake. Her head whips from whatever she was focusing on outside the window and to her teacher.

FG: I'm sorry, what?

INSERT PANEL THREE

Pan out to a view of the classroom. All eyes are on FG. The teacher has crossed his arms, obviously exasperated.

SFX: (classmates laughing) HA ha Ha

SFX: (teacher) sighhh

INSERT PANEL FOUR

The teacher looks down at FG, very obviously unimpressed with her lack of attention.

TEACHER: The United States was founded in...?

INSERT PANEL FIVE

FG looks up at her teacher – her face is the picture of pure panic.

FG: Um... 1776!

TEACHER: ...and *The Transition* occurred in?

FG: 20.... 17?

INSERT PANEL SIX

The teacher makes his way back to the front of the class. FG sighs in relief.

TEACHER: Good. You might have sounded more confident if you'd been paying attention.

PAGE FOUR (six panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG rests her face in her hand, begrudgingly paying attention to the lecture. Her eyes drift upward.

FG: Hmm...

INSERT PANEL TWO

Shot over FG's shoulder. We see that she's looking at the clock on the wall.

FG: (thoughts) I could always just push the clock forward a little...

INSERT PANEL THREE

Focus on the clock as it strikes the hour.

SFX: (school bell) Brrrrrinngggg

INSERT PANEL FOUR

FG grabs her backpack and hurries for the door of the classroom.

FG: Freedom!

INSERT PANEL FIVE

FG stops abruptly at the door, looking out into the hall.

FG: What...

INSERT PANEL SIX

Shot over FG's shoulder. We see SF – his back to his locker. He's surrounded by three bullies. One of the bullies – the largest of the three – knocks books out of SF's hands.

BULLY LEADER: You dropped your books. You better pick those up.

PAGE FIVE (four panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

SF, eyes downcast, crouches to get his books.

BULLY: Yeah. We wouldn't want anyone to trip and fall.

INSERT PANEL TWO

Popout. One of the bullies reaches out, pushing SF.

INSERT PANEL THREE

SF crashes to the floor on top of his books.

SFX: Crashhh

INSERT PANEL FOUR

Shot over SF's shoulder, looking up at the bullies as they laugh.

BULLY: We told you to pick up your books!

SFX: (bullies laughing) HA ha HA

PAGE SIX (five panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Focus on FG frowning. She has her hand on her watch.

FG: Enough of this...

INSERT PANEL TWO

Close up of FG's watch. It glows blue as she turns the bezel backwards.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Shot over FG's shoulder. SF is standing at his locker – his back to FG. His locker is open, and he's retrieving books from a shelf. From what we can see, his locker is extremely tidy. There's a clock on the wall above his locker – it reads two minutes before the hour. Something (his pocket watch) in his coat pocket glows the same blue as FG's watch.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

FG walks over to SF, smiling. SF reaches into his pocket, inspecting his pocket watch.

FG: Hey, Nicholas!

INSERT PANEL FIVE

FG and SF look over their shoulders as the three bullies walk by, watching FG and SF. The clock strikes the hour – again.

SF: (whispering) You know you can't just play with time like that.

SFX: (school bell) Brrrrrinngggg

PAGE SEVEN (five panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG and SF watch as the bullies begin to pick on a kid a little smaller than SF.

FG: I was just trying to help...

INSERT PANEL TWO

SF reaches into his locker. One of the books on his shelf isn't standing completely straight. Behind SF, we can see the bully down the hall. He's knocking books out of the hands of a smaller kid.

SF: Time has balance. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

FG: (off panel) But I...

INSERT PANEL THREE

SF pushes the book back into place so all of his text books are straight and orderly.

SF: Time may be a tool, but it's one we shouldn't underestimate...

INSERT PANEL FOUR

SF shuts his locker and turns to face FG.

SF: Even the smallest decisions can cause big changes. That's why all our decisions – good *and* bad – matter.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

FG slings her shoulder bag on as SF shrugs on his backpack. Behind our heroes, we can see the bullies down the hall. They've begun to push the smaller kid around.

FG: So I should have let the bullies hurt you?

SF: Perhaps. I wouldn't have liked it, but *your* choice might get that kid beat up, whereas I likely would have gotten out of it with just mild humiliation.

PAGE EIGHT (three panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Scene pans out. FG's watch starts to glow a darker blue – almost indigo. The same glow can be seen coming from SF's coat pocket.

SF: What...?

INSERT PANEL TWO

Close up of FG frowning.

FG: We better go see **The Horologist**.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Popout panel. SF looks over his shoulder, looking concerned.

SF: Just a second...

INSERT PANEL FOUR

SF pulls his pocket watch out of his pocket. It glows in his hand – we can see the hands slowing down. There's a colored field (same color the watch glows) around the bullies, indicating they're affected by the power.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

SF picks up the smaller kid

SF: Sorry about this, Henry.

INSERT PANEL SIX

SF sets Henry back down near a larger group of kids, making him safe from the bullies.

SF: Alright. They shouldn't pick on him now.

SF: Let's get out of here.

PAGE NINE (seven panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Outside of an old clock shop (“The Time Bum”). The district is fairly well maintained – so the run down looking clock shop seems completely out of place.

SF: (not pictured/from within the shop) Oh no... How are these out of order again??

SF: (not pictured/from within the shop) It's like a thousand years of mess. Every week!

INSERT PANEL TWO

Inside the clock shop. The Horologist sits in front of a large, intricate, complex, detailed, entire wall-sized grandfather clock. It's glowing the same as FG's watch. FG is studying a particular portion of the clock face – as if it can tell her something, as it did for HOR. SF hurries around the clock shop, tidying things up (hopelessly... the shop is always in complete disarray).

HOR: I've detected a time blip. I think it's **Singularity**, at it again.

SF: (in the background, mumbling) Always out of order...

INSERT PANEL THREE

FG faces HOR. SF has moved on to another shelf.

FG: What does she want?

HOR: Eternal life.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

HOR reaches out, touching the dial on FG's watch. It glows, producing a hologram of Singularity.

HOR: She's been trying to bring about *The Convergence*. She wants to fuse humanity with machine. Technology has never been able to support human consciousness. **Singularity** wants to change that.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

FG frowns, inspecting the hologram.

FG: So? That doesn't sound harmful...

INSERT PANEL SIX

HOR turns off the hologram, looking at FG with a kind patience.

HOR: *The Convergence* would allow humans to live forever, but at what cost? Do you think free will – imagination, even – will be coded into these computers?

HOR: Someone has to be running the computers. *Controlling* the computers. Who do you think that would be?

FG: (almost a whisper) **Singularity**...

INSERT PANEL SEVEN

Popout panel. Focus on FG. She looks stunned, slack jawed.

FG: We have to stop her.

PAGE TEN (four panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG has dropped her backpack to the floor. She's in the process of pulling off her t-shirt. It's revealed that the blue shirt under the t-shirt is her costume tunic.

FG: Coming?

INSERT PANEL TWO

Pan over to where we last saw SF. He's crouching, stuffing his street clothes into his backpack – already in his SF costume. He's grinning – excited at the prospect of time traveling.

SF: As always, I'm waiting on you.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Focus on SF as he puts on the goggles given to him by HOR. His hands are on one lens and the strap. Gears – untouched by his hand – are turning on their own.

SF: I see **Singularity**. Transferring space/time coordinates to your watch now. Open the portal, **Future Girl**.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

FG fiddles with her watch, it begins to project a portal before them.

FG: I won't let **Singularity** destroy the human spirit!

PAGE ELEVEN (three panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG's watch projects a portal before them.

INSERT PANEL TWO

Popout. The heroes look at one another – determined – and nod.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Splash. The portal widens as the two heroes leap into the portal.

PAGE TWELVE (five panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Empty alleyway. There are no dumpsters (as you'd expect to see in an alleyway), and the buildings on either side are brick. At the corner of one building, facing the street, is a stray cat that is licking its paw. There's a sense of stillness in the panel.

INSERT PANEL TWO

Suddenly, FG's portal snaps open in the middle of the alleyway. We see the cat from the previous scene stop what its doing and stare at the light coming from the portal – mesmerized.

INSERT PANEL THREE

With a crack, our heroes fall from the portal onto the ground of the alleyway. They're still dressed in their costumes. FG lands in a crouch – on one knee, steadying herself on her hands. SF lands practically on his face.

SFX: (portal) CRAACKK

INSERT PANEL FOUR

SF shakily rises to his feet, rubbing the arm he landed on. FG spots the cat and waves.

SF: Oww...

FG: Hi, kitty.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

Close up of the cat. It jumps, fearful of the strangers. It runs away, streaking around the corner of the building.

SFX: (cat) Hissss

PAGE THIRTEEN (one panel)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Splash. The heroes step out from the alleyway to face the town. Scene looks over the shoulders of our heroes as they observe the scene. It's a busy street full of cars and bicyclists – all circa 1941 Brooklyn.

FG: (in awe) Wow...

SF: Where... *when* are we?

PAGE FOURTEEN (five panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG continues to look around herself in awe. SF stealthily retrieves a newspaper from the bag of a paperboy when he's not looking.

SF: Here.

INSERT PANEL TWO

Focus on the newspaper in SF's hand. The headline reads "F.D.R. ENDORSES MAYOR". The newspaper - The Brooklyn Eagle - is clearly dated for October 24, 1941.

SF: (off panel) We're in New York...

SF: (off panel) ...in 1941.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Pan out from the previous panel. FG and SF are standing in front of a cafe. Their reflections are seen in the glass of the front window. The reflections show FG and SF in period clothing – while we see them in their costumes. Inside the cafe, we can just make out Isaac Asimov reading a novel as he enjoys some coffee.

FG: But **Singularity** is after computers, right? What could she want here?

INSERT PANEL FOUR

SF shrugs, sliding the newspaper back into the paper boy's bag.

SF: I have no idea what she's planning.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

SF and FG face their reflections. SF points to FG's reflection, grinning.

SF: You're wearing a dress!

PAGE FIFTEEN (four panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG crosses her arms, making a face.

FG: Ew.

FG: Let's go find **Singularity**.

INSERT PANEL TWO

SF continues to look into the window of the cafe. His smile is gone. He's staring, concentrating on something.

FG: Coming, **Steadfast**?

INSERT PANEL THREE

SF shakes his head, gesturing toward the window.

SF: I thought I recognized him. It's probably not important.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

Inside the cafe. We see Isaac Asimov sipping his coffee. FG and SF can be made out through the window as they walk away.

PAGE SIXTEEN (four panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG and SF walk the streets of Brooklyn. Their watches begin to glow.

SF: What...?

INSERT PANEL TWO

FG plays with her watch as SF fiddles with his goggles.

FG: **Singularity**. Where is she?

SF: I've got her, she's in Manhattan.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Panel is a map of 1940's Manhattan, seen through the lenses of SF's goggles. Columbia University glows brightly on the map, indicating a disturbance in time. Where FG and SF are also glows on the map.

SF: (not pictured) Columbia University.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

SF pushes his goggles onto his forehead, smiling at FG.

FG: Let's go get her.

PAGE SEVENTEEN (two panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Inside a small office – one that features multiple desks, like it's shared by graduate students. Singularity is rifling through one of the desks. A nameplate on the desk reads Asimov. Papers fly to the floor as Singularity scans through documents, feverishly looking for something.

SINGULARITY: It *has* to be here...

FG: (not pictured) Stop what you're doing!

INSERT PANEL TWO

Panel looks over SING's shoulder. Standing in the doorway is FG and SF.

FG: We're not going to let you turn humanity into mindless drones!

PAGE EIGHTEEN (seven panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Focus on SING. Her lip curls into a snarl. She's grasping a wrinkled piece of paper in one hand.

SING: Aha!

SING: You think I'm going to let a couple of kids stop me?

INSERT PANEL TWO

SING heads towards the door, leaping over the desk – more sliding across it, bringing everything onto the floor as she lands on the other side. SF moves to block her path.

INSERT PANEL THREE

SF and SING collide. SING, being larger than SF, knocks him down. He didn't have time to enable his steadfast power before the collision.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

FG rushes to SF, standing next to him sitting on the ground. SING heads for the window.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

FG – still standing in front of the door – turns a dial on her watch, which starts to glow.

FG: Not so fast, **Singularity**.

INSERT PANEL SIX

Time warps back a minute. SF and FG are unaffected because they are within range of FG's watch.

INSERT PANEL SEVEN

SING rushes toward SF, as in panel three, but this time SF is ready, turning a dial on his goggles.

PAGE NINETEEN (six panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

SF is shown in a blue aura, depicting that his steadfast power is activated.

INSERT PANEL TWO

SF's winces just a bit as SING collides with him.

INSERT PANEL THREE

The two collide – SING falls to the floor by the door way. The paper in SING's hand goes flying. We can see "Laws of Robotics" scrawled on the paper.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

FG stands over SING, arms folded over her chest – watch glowing.

FG: You're not going to get away that easily.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

SING launches from her position on the floor and again makes her way toward the open window.

INSERT PANEL SIX

FG reaches for her watch, starting to turn back time. Her watch glows as she uses her power.

FG: No you don't. I can do this all day.

PAGE TWENTY (five panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

Before FG can activate her power: close up of SING's upper body with arm outstretched, pointing her ring at FG.

SING: That trick isn't going to work twice!

INSERT PANEL TWO

Panel looks over SING's shoulder.

SING activates the ring, emitting a seemingly holographic net toward FG.

SING: Take this!

INSERT PANEL THREE

FG shields herself with her cape, but the holographic net entangles FG and stops her from using her watch.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

SF runs toward FG. FG is already regaining her footing as the holographic net starts to dissolve.

SF: Are you alright?!

FG: I'm fine...

INSERT PANEL FIVE

FG looks toward the open window as the last bits of net dissolve. A brief flash of light can just be seen outside. A breeze makes the drapes blow away from the window.

FG: She's gone...

ISAAC: (not pictured) My desk!

PAGE TWENTY-ONE (four panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG and SF look toward the door just in time to see Isaac Asimov walk in. His face is aghast as he walks toward his desk.

IA: What... why...?

INSERT PANEL TWO

FG starts picking up papers.

FG: I'm so sorry, sir. We tried to stop her.

INSERT PANEL THREE

IA looks through the papers on his desk, accounting for everything.

IA: (to himself) That's here... That's still here...

IA: (to the heroes) My story!

INSERT PANEL FOUR

IA looks up from his papers and at FG.

FG picks up piece of paper from floor, handing it back to IA

FG: **Singularity** was after it, but we got it back.

IA: What would that woman want with my story?

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (four panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG looks up at IA, determined.

FG: Uh,... I don't know. But we're going to figure that out.

INSERT PANEL TWO

SF picks up the nameplate that was tossed from IA's desk.

SF: Asimov...

INSERT PANEL THREE

SF looks at IA – realization plain on his features.

SF: *Isaac* Asimov?

SF: **Singularity** was after his Laws of Robotics!

INSERT PANEL FOUR

IA looks at SF curiously.

IA: What? What would she want with *Runaround*? It is but a work of fiction...

SF: Not to **Singularity**.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (five panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG faces SF.

SF: What now?

FG: Even though we know what she was after, we still don't know what she's planning...

INSERT PANEL TWO

SF runs a hand through his hair, making it stick up worse than before.

SF: Let's go talk to **The Horologist**. There's no telling what **Singularity** will try next...

INSERT PANEL THREE

FG nods, looking determined. SF reaches for his goggles – we see the gears moving.

FG: Right. I'll open a portal home.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

FG fiddles with her watch, projecting another portal.

IA: (off panel) ...and *Runaround* isn't even published!

INSERT PANEL FIVE

There's a blinding light as our heroes return through the portal. We can just make out their outlines though the light.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR (five panels)

INSERT PANEL ONE

IA is left in the destroyed office, scratching the back of his head.

IA: I need paper...

INSERT PANEL TWO

IA crumples up Runaround and throws into trash.

INSERT PANEL THREE

IA starts scribbling something furiously. We see IA in the distance; the point of view of this panel is from the doorway or even from outside the office.

IA: This will make an even better story...

INSERT PANEL FOUR

This panel pans out from the previous one. IA is still scribbling away, but he's fading into the background. We see a familiar glow (SF's pocket watch) from the corner of the panel.

INSERT PANEL FIVE

A dark silhouette of a hand picks up SF's pocket watch.

???: What have we here....

PAGE 25/Inside Back Cover (two panels across top of page only)

INSERT PANEL ONE

FG and SF jump out of the portal, returning to HOR's clock shop.

FG: We did it! We stopped **Singularity!**

CAPTION: Next time in Future Girl...

INSERT PANEL TWO

HOR looks away from his grandfather clock, looking at the heroes.

HOR: We need to talk...