

**PAGE 2 (6 PANELS)**

**Panel 1.**

As seen from over Darquefire's shoulder, the crowd listens as he speaks. In the background, Young Maple still spies alone from around the corner.

DARQUEFIRE  
For too long, we people of **color**  
have been **held down!**

**Panel 2.**

Real tight on Darquefire's face, his spreading smile pushing up the corners of his mouth.

The retinas of his eyes turn bright PURPLE.

DARQUEFIRE (1)  
(loud)  
We've been **oppressed!**

DARQUEFIRE (2)  
(louder)  
**Repressed!**

DARQUEFIRE (3)  
(loudest)  
**Depressed!**

DARQUEFIRE (4)  
But no longer.

**Panel 3.**

The same as Panel 1 of this page, only now the CROWD'S EYES TURN PURPLE, too.

DARQUEFIRE  
Now is the time to **take up** arms,  
**take to** the streets, and **take back**  
what is **ours!**

Members of the crowd start to voice their agreement.

CROWD MEMBER #1  
(weak, in a trance)  
... yes... he's **right...**

CROWD MEMBER #2  
(weak, in a trance)  
... preach, Darquefire, **preach...**

**Panel 4.**

Young Maple's eyes -- still brown, not purple -- bulge as he realizes what's happening to the crowd.

MAPLE (CAP 1)

It was the same old speech, the same angry rhetoric that **mesmerized** the crowd, spreading his **influence** through them like **wildfire**.

MAPLE (CAP 2)

But something about that night seemed **different**.

MAPLE (CAP 3)

**Dangerous.**

**Panel 5.**

Young Maple races down a back alley, his thin legs carrying him towards an EMERGENCY PHONE at the end of the corridor.

It looks like a specialized pay phone, but there's no glass booth or yellow pages, just a flashing BLUE LIGHT on top like a police siren.

MAPLE (CAP)

If only I had known how right I was.

YOUNG MAPLE

Have'ta to hurry -- have'ta to dial "P" --

**Panel 6.**

Extreme close-up of the Emergency Phone. Young Maple has taken the receiver from the cradle with one hand.

With the other hand, he uses his index finger to press the ONLY BUTTON on the phone.

The button has a simple "P" embossed on its surface.

YOUNG MAPLE

-- for **Pimp**.

**PAGE 3 (6 PANELS)**

**Panel 1.**

Wide shot of PIMPS' LAIR, the secret headquarters of the Hood's resident crime-fighters. The converted brownstone has it all:

Mirrored ceilings. Disco balls. Lava lamps. A hot tub.

Strands of incense smoke waft about the pad, outlining FOUR MEN and ONE WOMAN, their faces hidden behind the haze.

They recline imposingly in the over-stuffed couches, their body language conveying a sort of "I own this place" vibe.

**Panel 2.**

A door into the Lair swings open, revealing FLAPJACK, the heroes' humble manservant.

He's frantic as he points to the ALARM KLAXON blaring overhead, but Flapjack is most noticeable for his signature PLAID GREEN PANTS, which stand out in the dark room.

FLAPJACK

**Playas!** It's the emergency phone  
at the library!

SFX

CLANGCLANGCLANGCLANG!

**Panel 3.**

Over Flapjack's shoulder. The mysterious crime-fighters rise, their features still unknown.

The guy in the center, though, seems to sport a massively unkempt BEARD.

BLACKBEARD

What's the word, Flapjack?

FLAPJACK (O.P.)

Ain't good. It's **Darquefire**.

**Panel 4.**

Close on the bearded one, backlit by lava lamps.

BLACKBEARD

To the **Pimpmobile**.

**Panel 5.**

Inside the Lair's GARAGE.

An overhead shot of the PIMPMOBILE, a customized white stretched limo with 20 inch rims, shag-carpeted ceiling, and a giant, gilded "P" welded to the grill.

The driver's side door and the two rear doors slam shut as the heroes seal themselves inside the Pimpmobile.

SFX  
(driver's door)  
SLAM!

SFX  
(rear doors)  
SLAM! SLAM!

BLACKBEARD  
(inside back of limo)  
Hit it.

**Panel 6.**

Tight on the Pimpmobile's TAIL PIPE as it erupts into FLAMES, illuminating a custom license plate that reads: BTCHSLAP.

SFX  
FWOOSH!

**PAGE 4 (4 PANELS)**

**Panel 1.**

Back at the library steps.

Darquefire, as seen between the RAISED FISTS of the crowd members in the foreground, continues his diatribe.

Manic, he gestures wildly as he speaks, the violet fire in his hands arcing higher and higher.

DARQUEFIRE  
Let's show this city who **really**  
rules it! Not the **rich!** Not the  
**White!** But us -- the **Black!**

CROWD MEMBER #3  
(shouting)  
Yes! Yes!

CROWD MEMBER #4  
(shouting)  
Lead us, Darquefire! To **power!**

**Panel 2.**

Young Maple braves another peek around the corner, the purple fireglow reflecting on his face.

YOUNG MAPLE  
(whispering)  
Where are they? Why aren't they --

**Panel 3.**

Darquefire and the people in the crowd turn their heads as the PIMPMOBILE SCREECHES to a halt in front of the library steps, its white-walled tires still smoking.

SFX  
SCREEEEEE!

MAPLE (CAP)  
I never should've doubted them.

DARQUEFIRE  
**No!** Not now! Not **them!**

CROWD MEMBER #5  
Huh -- ?

CROWD MEMBER #6  
Wha -- ?

**Panel 4.**

The Pimpmobile's doors crack OPEN and, in the background, Young Maple leaves the corner and jumps for joy, pumping a jubilant fist in the air.

YOUNG MAPLE  
Yes!

**PAGE 5 (1 PANEL)**

**Panel 1.**

SPLASH PAGE.

Having emerged from their Pimpmobile, The SUPER PIMPS strike a dynamic pose, exhibiting a small sample of their powers and showing off their vintage 70s polyester uniforms, complete with bell bottoms, wide lapels, and platform shoes.

MAPLE (CAP 1)  
My childhood heroes.

MAPLE (CAP 2)  
Our Urban Revengers.

MAPLE (CAP 3)  
The **Super Pimps**.

BLACKBEARD, their leader, stands at the center of the formation, his eyes determined beneath his mask.

Under his exaggerated pimp hat, a wild, untamed BEARD and AFRO seem to move on their own, as if alive.

MAPLE (CAP 4)  
**Blackbeard** -- the leader with the **living locks!**

To Blackbeard's right, FOXY MAMA arches her back seductively under a fur coat and thigh-high boots, her ears pointed, her canines slightly sharp, and her eyes yellow and feral.

She's sexy *and* scary.

MAPLE (CAP 5)  
**Foxy Mama** -- **lupine** lady of the night!

HOMEBODY, the "big" man of the team, stands by the driver's door with his bare, muscular arms crossed over his chest, his face chiseled with the *meanest* stare ever.

Maybe it's because of his receding hairline.

MAPLE (CAP 6)  
**Homeboy** -- the sentinel with a **special connection** to the streets!

GHETTO BLASTER adjusts controls on his high-tech (for the 70s) 8-TRACK SUIT, an outfit of interlaced cables linking wrist-mounted speakers to the 8-track deck on his belt.

His hair is braided in the style of a young Rick James.

MAPLE (CAP 7)  
**Ghetto Blaster** -- wielder of the fantastic **8-Track Suit!**

Finally, to Blackbeard's left, SIDEKICK assumes a threatening karate stance, his distinctive Oriental HEADBAND and kimono rippling in the breeze.

Sidekick stands a bit closer to Blackbeard than the rest. Their body language conveys a sense of closeness, protection.

MAPLE (CAP 8)  
**Sidekick** -- **rookie** Kung Fu master!