

Get Out Of Jail Free Card One-Shot

Author: James "Dragon Master" Courneya

Genres: Comedy, Crime.

Page Count: 11

Synopsis:

A notorious Rapper, after having an explosive blowout concert that endangered everyone present, is pardoned and then given a "get out of jail free card" from the president. And with this newly acquired card, he begins to plan the ultimate crime.

Characters:

Rapper: A shirtless megalomaniac with no regard for anyone other than himself.

Idiot Friend: A doofy round looking guy wearing a bandana

President: A faceless figure.

One-shot Script:

Page 1:

Panel 1:

Shot of news anchor with image of MC in box next to them.

Anchor: World famous rapper, MC, has been incarcerated, because of his negligence during their last live performance. We head over now, to an interview with an attendee of the concert.

Panel 2: Person being interviewed, with complete chaos in the background.

BG: Yeah, I was fine with the fire breathing robot dragons, but when the buffalo got released, things started to get bad. Only got worse from there though...

Panel 3: T.V mounted in ceiling corner, playing news report.

Panel 4: Rapper wiped on a bench, behind bars.

Rapper: Yo man, can you turn it to something else?

Cop: This is all that's on the news.

Rapper: Then not the news then?

Cop: No can do.

Rapper: Ahhh, man.

Page 2:

Top Panel 1: Helicopter landing.

Top Panel 2: Person surrounded by men in black walk down hallway.

Top Panel 3: Cop is shocked and salutes, as Rapper looks up at commotion.

Cop: s-s-Sir!

Middle Panel 4: A hand goes up.

President: Stand down, I have official business with this man.

President: Why don't you let me in?

Cop: Right away!

Middle Panel 5: Rapper stunned/star struck.

President: Young man, I am giving you a very good opportunity.

Rapper: y-y-y-You're...

President: Oh, I almost forgot.

Bottom Panel 6: Hand goes up, motioning for people to leave.

President: You can all head out now, I have it from here.

Page 3:

Panel 1: Hand reaching into suit pocket, American eagle pin visible.

President: Now, this whole mess has already been cleared up for you.

President: Though, to make sure this doesn't happen again, for one and only one time, I am giving you this.

Panel 2: President's hand – hands surprised Rapper a get out of jail free card.

President: Make sure to use this wisely.

President: I'm hoping in general though, it won't ever be needed.

Panel 3: Foreground Shoulder shot: President walking away. Background: Rapper excitedly asking question, while holding card with both hands.

Rapper: But why me though?!

President: Isn't that obvious?

Panel 4: Massive thumbs up, with effects coming off of it, one of which being a beam that covers the president's face.

President: I'm a big fan of your music!

Panel 5: Rapper looking out, dumbfounded.

Page 4:

Panel 1: Rapper standing outside police station, blankly looking at card.

Panel 2: Evil grin spreads across their face.

Panel 3: Holding the card to the sky, spotlight shining down upon them.

Rapper: Unlimited power! Ultimate potential! Unbelievable possibilities!

Panel 4: Rapper's face has a shocking realization.

Rapper: But only one shot...

Panel 5: Rapper examines card with every last brain-cell he has.

Rapper: What to do? How do I make the most of this golden ticket?!

Page 5:

Panel 1: Light bulb bursts out of his head.

Panel 2: Stupid mischievous grin, as he laughs manically.

Rapper: I just need to plan the ultimate crime.

Panel 3: Rapper gets a glint in his eyes, as he places his thumb and index against his chin.

Rapper: My street cred will shoot through the roof.

Rapper: Heck, if I play my cards right, maybe I'll be the next leader of the free world... Nay! The whole world!

Panel 4: Behind the back, pulled back shot: Him laughing to himself like a crazy person. The laughter's letters are scratchy and abrasive looking, getting bigger as they fan outwards.

Page 6:

Panel 1: Hard Cut: Idiot friend. Eyes practically pointing in opposite directions. Ticket being waved in front of face.

Rapper: Did you understand what this means?

Idiot Friend: Nah.

Panel 2: Rapper pulls friend in while waving arm out to highlight the possibilities.

Rapper: Think about it? What are some of the things we've always wanted to do?

Rapper: With this ticket we can do any of them!

Panel 3: Idiot Friend rubbing stomach while drooling.

Idiot: Like kidnapping Gordon Ramsay and making him cook us tasty food?

Rapper: Yep!

Panel 4: Rapper leaning in with a crazed expression. Illusion of Eminem looking offended in BG.

Rapper: We could also do that rap battle idea where people actually die to death. But rig it so I win and all the other rappers get got!

Idiot: Then you would like – be famous.

Rapper: I'm already famous!

Idiot: Oh yeah.

Panel 5: Rapper holding the shining ticket over head both staring on at it in awe.

Rapper: We could rob the Queen of England! Or steal from the blood bank while pretending to be vampires!

Idiot: Or have breakfast at other times of the day!

Rapper: Anything is possible now!

Page 7:

Panel 1: Idiot Friend giving a questioning look.

IF: Wait... Didn't we already do most of that stuff?

Panel 2: Rapper giving a side eye with his lips pursed.

Rapper: Oh... Shit.

Panel 3: Both standing there awkwardly.

Panel 4: Both parting ways.

IF: Well call me if you think of anything.

Rapper: Yeah, yeah.

Panel 5: Rapper kicking a rock, one hand in pocket, bent forward leering at the ticket.

Rapper: That's all small bananas. I need to think bigger... Bigger...? Biggering?

Page 8:

Panel 1: Rapper looking over and seeing a bank, dollar signs appearing in his eyes.

Panel 2: Interior shot of bank. People looking out the window across the street at the shouting Rapper.

Rapper: I'll rob a bank!!

Panel 3: Hyper Distorted Fish-Eye lens shot: Rapper knelt over his knee, face and foot pressed against camera. Card next to his manically plotting face.

Rapper: I'll be rich... I'm already rich, but I'll be richer.

Rapper: And my street cred will be higher. Even higher than it already is!

Panel 4: Rapper nodding to himself.

Rapper: It's perfect.

Rapper: Just one problem.

Panel 5: Rapper pressing pointer fingers together and against his lips. Deep in thought.

Rapper: How do I rob a bank?

Page 9:

Panel 1: Rapper's brain fries thinking about it.

Panel 2: Rapper waves off the idea.

Rapper: Ah, that was stupid anyway. Besides, I wasn't thinking big enough.

Panel 3: Rapper back deep in thought.

Rapper: But what's bigger than a bank?

Panel 4: Rapper slapping hand in realization.

Rapper: I'll rob a bigger bank!

Panel 5: Rapper in military hat staring out at Fort Knox.

Rapper: I'll rob the biggest bank! Fort Knox!

Page 10:

Panel 1: Rapper spiraling out of control.

Rapper: And with the gold I could buy anything! Like my own country and army!

Panel 2: Rapper lighting a cigar held in his mouth with a burning American flag.

Rapper: Why not cut out the middleman and just take over the country!

Panel 3: A big silencing realization hits Rapper as he breaks out into a cold sweat.

Panel 4: He stares down at the ticket.

Panel 5: Hyper zoomed in shot of Rapper holding the world in his hands.

Rapper: I could use this to take over the world...

Page 11:

Panel 1: Rapper blankly staring at card tightly held with both hands.

Panel 2: Rapper shrugging, while ripping the card in half.

Rapper: Eh, that sounds like a lot of work.

Panel 3: Rapper throwing card pieces over his shoulder.

Rapper: I got to start thinking about how to top my last concert soon.

Panel 4: Rapper walking off as the card blows in the wind.

Rapper: I know! I'll get seventeen Jaguars this time! That should even out the panda match up. But I'll have to get more cocaine laced bamboo. And my last dealer was mauled by a panda. What if...