PRINTED: A COMIC BOOK SCRIPT

By

DAVID WALLACE MARIOTTE

A Thesis Submitted to The Honors College
In Partial Fulfillment of the Bachelors degree With Honors in
Journalism

THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
APRIL 2016

Approved by:

________________________
Professor Nancy Sharkey
Department of Journalism
Abstract:

*Printed* is a script for a short graphic novel about what would happen if a college student 3-D printed a superhero costume. The book mixes comedy and drama, tackling issues around sexual assault and mental illness while also cracking jokes. The world of *Printed* is somewhat grounded in reality and the personal experiences of the author.

Chris Clines is a nerdy college student who plays Dungeons and Dragons and has always dreamed of being a hero. When the opportunity arrives, Chris jumps into action. As “The Printed Man,” he becomes the vigilante crime-fighter he always hoped to be. However, as the threats he faces become more serious – and as his relationships become more strained – Chris must question who he’s really trying to help: his friends or himself.

Presented is the annotated script, which is written as one-half of a collaborative effort with an artist and is not a complete comic. Additionally, materials including reference pictures, author layouts, some rough sketches, a playlist and a creative statement are included.
TRIGGER WARNING

Warning: This book features depictions of sexual assault and of mental illness instigated by trauma.

The events within may be difficult to read or witness. Though the themes run throughout, if you need to skip some pages, it is the third and fourth that most graphically show the assault. Even then, the majority takes place off-panel.

I am not a survivor. I’ve been in this situation. I’m a cis, hetero, white man and am removed from some of the things I talk about in this book. I know that the assault as depicted is an extreme rarity of how sexual assault happens. I don’t wish to propagate the false assumptions that the majority of rapes happen from some man hiding in the bushes. They don’t.

But for anything else, well, I’m not sure I could do it justice.

Many women already go without justice for their assaults. They are not believed. They are not supported by the legal system. They are blamed and their truth is questioned. Particularly in comics, they are victimized and not given the chance to tell their own story or allowed to recover. If an assault doesn’t happen in a public place, with witnesses beyond the parties involved, it is so much less likely to be recognized.

I can only hope that I’m doing you justice now.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
This one’s for all the people who have helped me along the way. Particularly my parents, Jeff and Maryelizabeth; my sister, Holly; my thesis advisor, Nancy; my friends Santino, Gordon, Lou and Natasha; and my heroes and colleagues in the comic industry including Whilce Portacio, Paul Levitz, Dave Baker and so many more.

To those who have been students, to those who have dreamed of doing something bigger than themselves, to those who have suffered and gone through hardships, to those who haven’t always been strong, to those who have survived despite the world around you or your own mind telling you not to, this story’s for you.

“Cause no matter where you go… There you are,” Buckaroo Banzai.

CREDITS

Story by: David Mariotte
Accompanying conceptual illustrations and photos by: David Mariotte

PAGE ONE

Panel One
Vivian Rosing¹, a young black woman walks across a college campus² alone. She is wearing a fluffy black jacket and sweatpants. She walks past a mid-sized brick building. Only the back half of the name can be seen “-ALOGY.” To her left and slightly ahead of her is a tree-lined walkway, lit only by the streetlight at the end.


Panel Two
A hand is manipulating a computer mouse to make a figure on a computer screen. The figure looks like a dwarf holding a book triumphantly over his head⁴.

Panel Three
The woman stops in front of the unlit walkway. She peers down it. Her breath rises.

Panel Four
A dialogue window has popped up over the figure. It says “Print?” Below it, two clickable options read “Print” and “Cancel.” The digital mouse is pressing the “Print” button.

Panel Five
The woman begins to walk down the unlit walkway.

Panel Six
A 3D printer about the size of a microwave chugs along, working on bringing the figure to life.
Panel Seven
About halfway down the walkway, an arm reaches out, grabbing the woman. The backlighting silhouettes them.

Panel Eight
A hand reaches down to collect the small dwarven figure, freshly printed in all white.

Panel Nine
A solid black panel.

PAGE TWO

Panel One
Backpack slumped over his shoulder, Chris Clines\textsuperscript{5} walks out of the college library. Chris is a tall and lanky white guy in his early twenties, with mid-length dirty blond hair and David Bowie eyes\textsuperscript{6}. His usual sort of dress, including now, is a slim single-color dress shirt, a pair of slim jeans, Converse and a light jacket\textsuperscript{7}. The jacket is black, but old enough that the color has started to fade. The right breast has a few buttons on it and a patch is on the left arm. He has on a pair of headphones.

1. Chris: I'm searching for that man. I need one to be the Joker to my Batman\textsuperscript{8}.

Panel Two
Chris crosses (heh) the campus mall from left to right. Around him, groups of sorority girls in tight dresses flock together; two boys hold hands while walking their dog; a dad decked out in Adams gear takes a photo of his daughter (with the flash, of course), sheepishly grinning in front of a statue of the Adams Antelope - the school mascot. Chris is oblivious to what is happening around him.

2. Chris: I'm now hiring. Inquire within. -sigh- Man, wouldn't it be nice to get a superhero job off Craigslist.

Panel Three
Chris rounds a corner, turned to be almost head on to the reader. He swings his right fist out in front of him. A few more students and faculty are around, many seemingly headed for the parking garage behind Chris, but this area is already much quieter than the mall. Chris remains oblivious.

3. Chris: Pow! Take that Men's Rights Activists! Bam! Take that xenophobic presidential candidates\textsuperscript{9}! Biff! Eat fist, bad guy!

Panel Four
Chris is finally turned to be walking right to left. He is alone on the street. He is passing a brick building marked “Earth Sciences.” In front of him, distinctly in the panel, is the tree-lined walkway. Self-awareness seems to have finally taken a hold and he is removing his headphones.

4. Chris: -sigh- What I wouldn't give to do something like that?

5. Vivian (from the trees): Hlff hlff\textsuperscript{10}!
Panel One
Chris runs into the walkway to investigate. There is nothing and no one immediately visible.
   1. Chris: Huh? Uhh... Who's there?
   2. Chris (thought): Please be a weird-sounding bird.

Panel Two
An indistinct shape causes a rustling of branches.
   3. SFX: Chrrks
   4. Chris (off-panel): Hello?

Panel Three
Suddenly, Vivian's right hand comes bursting through the trees. Her hand is badly scratched, mostly by branches. A few splinters can be seen in her fingers. In the center of her palm is a deep cut. The fake nail on her middle finger has broken off.
   5. Chris (off-panel): Gahh! Shit!

Panel Four
The rest of Vivian's body comes crashing through the trees. Chris tries to catch her, awkwardly grabbing for her armpits. She's beaten up. Her lip is fat and her nose is bleeding. Her sweatpants and underwear are caught at her knees.
   7. Chris: Oh god!

Panel Five
From further down the walkway, a man, almost featureless in the bad lighting, bursts out of the trees. He books it toward the exit with the street lamp. Not much can be told about him except that he's a shorter man (about 5'3") and he's dressed in dark colors. He holds a bloody knife in his left hand. His name is Ricky, though that won't be known until much later.
   8. SFX: Thok thok thok

Panel One
Chris looks between the bloodied Vivian in his arms and the mysterious figure running away. He's torn between caring for her and chasing the man. The angle of this panel should roughly be replicated for panels two, four and five.
   1. Chris: Umm... Fuck.

Panel Two
Chris eases Vivian to the ground and pursues the figure, who is rounding his way out of the walkway.
2. Chris (to Vivian): You’ll be okay...
3. Chris (yelling): Stop right there, n-ne’er-do-well!

Panel Three
Under the streetlamp, the figure looks back. He is wearing a black bandana over his mouth and a black beanie, but the top of his head is visible. He has black hair, small gold earrings, a smattering of freckles and a small cut under his left eye.

Panel Four
Chris is stopped, only a few feet from where he started running. Vivian still lays behind him. One of her hands reaches toward her pants.

Panel Five
Chris leans down and helps her pull her pants back up. Recognition crosses his face.

6. Chris (thought): Hey, I know her, right? Viv or something - from astronomy.

Panel Six
Vivian is crying. One hand covers her mouth.


PAGE FIVE

Panel One
The police have arrived. Red and blue lights flash down the street. Vivian and Chris are sitting on the sidewalk outside of the Mineralogy Building, speaking to a campus police officer. Vivian has a blanket draped around her shoulders. Police tape blocks off the tree-lined walkway on both ends. Another officer inspects the area.

1. Caption: A few minutes later...
2. Chris: And that’s when I called you. I helped her sit up and we waited. Nothing else happened.
3. Officer 1: Thank you for your statement, sir. We’ll be back with you shortly.

Panel Two
Viv and Chris are left alone. They sit in a heavy silence.

Panel Three
The two officers confer by the police tape. One of them keeps a watchful eye on Viv and Chris.

4. Officer 1: Yeah, he was covering his face. Between that and the darkness, the girl isn’t sure she can identify him.
5. Officer 2: Alright. I’ve seen about everything there is to see here. We need to get her to the medical center and run a rape kit.
Panel Four
Chris rummages through his backpack as the first officer starts to head back over. Vivian still sits in silence.

Panel Five
Chris pulls out a piece of scrap paper and a pen as the officer stops to speak with them again.

6. Officer 1: Alright, Vivian, we’re going to take you to the hospital. They’ll be able to treat your wounds and it’ll help us gather evidence. Okay?
8. Officer 1: Do you have anyone who can meet you there? Maybe bring you a change of clothes, make sure you get home?

PAGE SIX

Panel One
Vivian stands up to leave. She looks at Chris, who is scrawling something on the paper.

   1. Vivian: Thank you.
   2. Chris: Yeah.

Panel Two
Chris, still sitting, hands Vivian the scrap of paper he’s been writing on.

   3. Chris: Umm… Before you go, take this. My girlfriend is an advocate and can help you through the process or find resources or… Yeah. And feel free to call me if you need anything.

Panel Three
A trace of a smile crosses Vivian’s face. She’s largely numb, but appreciates Chris’s offer.


Panel Four
The officer starts to lead Vivian away to his waiting car. He speaks to Chris as he starts to go.

   5. Officer 1: Thank you, sir. You’re free to go. We’ll contact you when we need anything else.

Panel Five
Chris puts his hands in a triangle shape over his nose and mouth. He’s trying not to cry or hyperventilate.

PAGE SEVEN

Panel One
Mariotte

Kali, Raina, Thad and Chase sit around the boys’ living room. Raina and Thad sit on the couch while the other two sit on the floor. They’re seated so we can see across the coffee table between them to the front door. On the table is gaming gear - pencils, papers, a few miniatures, dice, etc. Kali and Thad are talking.

Kali Dawson is about 5’4”, 160 lbs, with jet black hair usually worn in a loose bun, brown eyes, and a septum piercing. Her hair makes it easy to tell her ears aren’t pierced. Her background is native and Pacific islander. Generally she wears crop tops and shorts to beat the heat. She has a small female symbol tattooed just below the left side of her collar bone.

Raina Thatcher tends to wear billowy tops and colorful leggings. She always has her leather jacket with her, though it seems as if she’s never worn it. Her brown hair is kept short with a fade on the side and a single streak of blond in the front. She’s about 5’10” and gangly, making her billowy tops seem that much more billowy.

Thad Summers is almost always half-hidden by his hair. His shaggy mop reaches down to almost his nose though he tries to keep it out of his eyes. The parts of his face that can be seen are very narrow and very lean, giving him just a little bit of room for his wispy soul patch. He’s solidly put together at 5’8” - a little bit muscular, but with a pudge of a belly. He tends to wear cargo shorts and pop punk band t-shirts under a plaid shirt. He’s also a stoner, so his eyes are often red and he keeps his pipe at least in his shorts.

Chase Barnes is a little bit taller than Chris. He’s a fat man, weighing in at about 250 lbs., but seems happy and healthy with his weight. He keeps his hair cropped short in a military style and has a blond chinstrap. Being overly busy working on his final classes, his thesis and grad school applications, he often dresses in an Adams University hoodie and sweatpants.

1. Kali: But that’s just it, innit, Thad? The reason so many superheroes are journalists is because they have a responsibility to minimize harm.
2. Thad: I think you’re misinterpreting, Kali. It seems very utilitarian, but at what point is the act of lying and disruption of objectivity against the greater good?
3. Kali: Superman’s objectively good, despite his secrets. Darkseid, however, is objectively dictator of a planet called Apokolips...
4. SFX: Click

Panel Two
The front door opens and a very bedraggled, tired-looking Chris arrives. As he walks in, the conversation suddenly stops leaving a very pregnant pause.

Panel Three
Still without saying a word, Chris plunks the dwarven miniature he printed earlier down on the center of the table.
Panel Four
Chris walks away, leaving the room. Everyone stares after him.
5. Raina: What the fuck?

PAGE EIGHT

Panel One
Chris flops onto his bed. The gesture would almost look casual if it wasn’t so heavy. His walls are covered in bookcases and art. The bookcases are full of books, but also some small toys. Though we may not see it all in this panel, it is worth mentioning he has a closet on one side of his room, a dresser, a desk with a nice looking PC, and a private bathroom.

Panel Two
Kali sticks her head into the room without knocking.
1. Kali: Chris, sweetie, are you okay? That was a weird thing you just did. And where have you been?

Panel Three
Chris lies curled up on his bed, not quite in the fetal position. Kali sits next to him.
2. Chris: Umm... God. How do I... I was at the library, making little Merle for tonight. I started walking home, pretending I was a hero. Then I had a chance and I blew it.

Panel Four
Kali rests her hand on his arm, comfortingly. Chris begins to cry.
3. Chris: A girl - this girl from my astronomy class - was being assaulted in the trees next to Mineralogy. I might have helped stop it, but the bad guy got away and she was just so hurt and...

Panel Five
Chris - in close up - is really crying now.
4. Chris: It just feels so wrong, y’know? It feels wrong being as upset as I am when the worst didn’t even happen to me. It just feels so self-centered.

Panel Six
Kali holds Chris ever so gently with one hand while wiping his tears with the other.
5. Kali: I know this is hard, baby. You don’t need to feel bad about, well, feeling bad. But I understand where you’re coming from. Just tell me more about what happened and I’ll help you any way I can.
Switching back to the living room, Chase, Thad and Raina are still sitting around. Thad has pulled out his bong.

1. Thad: So, as long as we’re waiting on whatever they’re doing, either of you want some of Druid Bartheny’s Sweet Green Remedy? Chase? Raina?

Panel Two
Chase rolls his eyes exaggeratedly.

2. Chase: I can’t believe you just made a weed D&D joke. But, no. Remember that whole allergic thing?

Panel Three
Thad looks playfully indignant as Raina grabs his arm to lead him away.

3. Thad: Lame!

4. Raina: I’ll come smoke with you. Let’s just go to the carport so we don’t kill Chase.

5. Thad: Fine. Later, straightedge!

Panel Four
Left by himself, Chase sighs.

6. Chase: -sigh- I get one night to have fun a week and it ends up like this.

Panel Five
Chase picks up a miniature from the table and holds it in front of him. The miniature is of a big hulk of a man, with bulging muscles and a dim-expression on his small face. He has a rapier in one hand and a shield on his other arm. He’s flexing.

7. Chase (pretending to be the miniature): *Let the adventure begin!*

8. Chase: You know I’d like to Tyrone, but there’s no one else here. Again.

PAGE TEN

Panel One
Back to Chris and Kali, Chris is sitting up, holding his legs close to his chest. Kali has her arm around him, comforting him.

1. Chris: So, that’s it.

2. Kali: Yeah? Thank you for telling me. It sounds like you did a lot of good.

3. Chris: Did I?

Panel Two
Kali, up close.

4. Kali: Yes, Chris. I know you feel like you didn’t do enough, but you got her the help she needed. You stayed with her. Honestly, given how violent and unusual this was being in a public place, you may have saved her life.
Chris leans his head against Kali’s shoulder.

5. **Chris:** It was just surreal. I know it doesn’t happen like this and yet, it did. But, thank you.

Panel Four
Kali leans her head back against Chris’s. She hugs him close.

6. **Kali:** Of course. So, you gave her our info? If she needs an advocate to help her through the process, I’m happy to be there for her. And I’ll be here for you when you need me. We both know how low your lows can be.

Panel Five
They kiss.

Panel Six
They look at each other. There’s a bit of tension in the air as their heads pull away while their bodies remain so close.

7. **Kali:** Speaking of, well, what do you want to do tonight? Do you want to be...?
8. **Chris:** Alone?

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel One
Chris looks hesitant and sighs.

1. **Chris:** -sigh- I think that’d be best. I don’t entirely want to be alone, but I think I need to be. I’m sorry.

Panel Two
Kali gives him a small smile.

2. **Kali:** It’s okay. I understand. I’ll get Raina and tell the guys to leave you be. And call me if you’re feeling depressed, okay?

Panel Three
Kali crosses the room and holds up at the door, looking back at Chris.

3. **Chris:** Thank you.
4. **Kali:** I love you.
5. **Chris:** I love you too.

Panel Four
Kali returns to the living room to find only Chase.

6. **Kali:** Where’s Raina?
7. **Chase:** Carport. She and Thad went to enjoy the 4:20 in the 520.

Panel Five
Kali works on gathering her and Raina’s stuff.
8. Kali: Well, Chris had a big night. He’s really down. Anything you can do to help him the next little while would be great.
9. Chase: What happened?
10. Kali: It’s probably best if he tells you.

PAGE TWELVE

Panel One
Chris brushes his teeth, which we’re seeing in a mirror. There’s a sticky note that says “Don’t forget to take your brain meds.”

Panel Two
Chris turns off his light.

Panel Three
Through the curtain of darkness (not actually that dark), Chris calls into bed and looks at his phone.

Panel Four
Chris reads texts in his phone. The texts are displayed on the top of the panel.

One is from Kali: I love you. Text me if you need...
One is from Chase: I’ll keep Thad quiet. If you ne...
One is from Thad: Sorry bro. Hope you feel bett...
One is from Vivian, but since Chris wouldn’t have her number yet, it says (555) 554-1726²³: Thank you.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Panel One
Chris turns his phone off and sets it on a bedside table.

Panel Two
Chris tries to sleep.

Panel Three
Chris is still trying to sleep, but is in a totally different position.

Panel Four
Chris is clearly tossing and turning, but trying to fake sleep.

Panel Five
Chris sits up. Sleep isn’t happening.
Panel Six
Chris sits in front of his computer and turns it on.

PAGE FOURTEEN

Panels One through Four
At the top of the page, relatively small, are four websites. They’re implied to be what Chris is looking at on the computer and this imagery will be mirrored at the bottom of the page. The first panel is an Imgur page (http://imgur.com/gallery/57Ypa) displaying CAD models for D&D miniatures. The second is a link to a non-descript geek website (think io9, Gizmodo, Comic Book Resources) with an article (http://gizmodo.com/this-fantastic-batman-armour-is-entirely-3d-printed-1676987879) about 3D printing superhero costumes. The third panel is a 3D model batarang (http://www.thingiverse.com/thing:701175). The final panel is an Onion article titled “Area Man Dresses as Bat, Fights Crime, Turns Out Fine”

Panel Five
Chris has a notepad and pencil next to his keyboard. His hand is on the mouse as he scrolls through the internet. His desk is relatively clean.

1. Chris: Seriously? This is so cool.

Panel Six
Chris scribbles frantically on his notepad, looking away from the computer opened to a text heavy site. His desk looks slightly more messy, with a few extra pieces of paper - some crumpled, some not - strewn around and a can of Red Bull.

2. Chris: So how heavy would it be if I printed it this thick?

Panel Seven
Chris has a CAD program up on his computer and seems to be playing with a grey block on the screen. One hand is on his mouse while the other looks like he’s holding his head up with a pencil. His desk is even more cluttered with papers covered in equations and drawings, sticky notes, and three cans of Red Bull.

Panel Eight
Chris has managed to generate enough papers and miscellania to have completely covered his keyboard. He uses a pile of the stuff on his desk as a pillow. His computer screen has shut off. He’s finally asleep\textsuperscript{24}, which makes it more appropriate that sunlight is starting to illuminate his sleeping face.

Panels Nine through Twelve
Like at the top, this is four panels of computer displays. However, instead of websites, these are all CAD models. The first is a longish rectangular shape with a large indent in the center - think forearm armor. The second is a pair of fairly simple joints. They look like they could work with a lot of things. Very modular. The third looks like a glove - a larger hand piece (http://3dprint.com/wp-
content/uploads/2015/01/digital-fabrication.jpg) with covering on both the back of hand and palm attached to smaller pieces that cover the finger bones but not the joints. The final piece is a domino mask.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Panel One
Chris wakes up. A sticky note with a sketch of a domino mask - labeled “cool face disguise” - has attached itself to his forehead. His desk is still cluttered and there are bags under Chris’s eyes.


Panel Two
Sitting up, Chris opens up his computer screen. He’s looking around his desk, trying to understand his scribblings and scrawlings. The sticky note is still on his forehead.

2. Chris (thought): Did my papers reproduce? I don’t remember this being so messy. Computer, baby, can you elaborate what all this is?

Panel Three
Lots of files and pages are open on Chris’s computer - websites, CAD models, spreadsheets, and a calculator. As Chris looks at them, he finally brushes the sticky note off his head.

3. Chris (thought): Wow! I did a lot in my... shock and Bull haze. Anyway, this is for “The Printed Man.” Hmm... A lot of this actually looks pretty good.

Panel Four
Chris gets up from his desk and stretches.


Panel Five
Chris looks at his phone while sitting in what we can assume is his bathroom. We can’t see much but plain white walls and a towel holder behind him, with two hand towels on it. Like before, much of the top part of the panel is texts and email notifications.

The first one is from Kali: Hey baby. Thinking of you. Lunch later?
The second is an email: Your funds have distributed.
The third is from Thad: Student loan $$$ dropped. Tonite we feast!
The fourth just says Mom: Hi honey! Haven’t heard from you. How...

PAGE SIXTEEN

Panel One
Chris is pacing around his room, looking for a new set of clothes.
1. Chris (thought): Well damn. I got a lot of extra student loan money. Maybe this crazy idea isn’t so crazy. Maybe I could be a superhero - or at least try to catch that guy from last night.

Panel Two
Chris sits down on his bed, clothes in hand. He looks very suddenly haunted.

2. Chris (thought): Last night. Damn. I almost forgot for a minute. I hope Viv’s alright. Well, as alright as she can be. That was crazy. And that guy’s still out there. What if it happens again?

Panel Three
Chris looks very suddenly determined.

3. Chris: It won’t happen again! Not if the Printed Man has anything to say about it!

Panel Four
Chris sheepishly looks around his room.

4. Chris: There is no one here for me to be announcing this to.

Panel Five
Chris goes back to his computer and plugs in a portable hard drive.

5. Chris (thought): Well, no time like the present. Going to transfer this stuff, then off to the library. God. I’m giddy with excitement.

Panel Six
Chris, having downloaded everything onto his hard drive in record time, throws it in his backpack as he goes out his door. He’s still wearing the same clothes as the day before, having forgotten to have changed.

6. Chris: Let the adventure begin!

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Panel One
A full page splash. In the center we have Chris fully dressed as the Printed Man. The costume is made out of blocky (but not unwieldy) pieces of plastic. It almost looks like the G1 Transformer Ironhide - lots of simple polygons put on top of each other. It also bares resemblance to Iron Man’s second season armor from the 90’s cartoon. It isn’t as sleek or rounded as a Batman costume or Iron Man suit would be though. He also leaves more exposed. Other than his domino mask, his head is exposed from the neck up. The armor is lighter around his joints, giving them more flexibility and allowing his compression shirt underneath to be seen. It looks secure enough to work for a good cosplay, at least. Much of the costume is printed in black, with the compression shirt being cyan and most of the highlights of the armor being outlined in yellow and magenta. The two colors should particularly be around places where the armor attaches to give the idea that one magenta piece should attach to one yellow piece.

In the background of the panel, we have glimpses of the process to get to this point. This includes
images of Chris working on the library computer, the 3D printer printing the mask, Chris trying the glove on in the mirror, Chris developing tools - batarang type throwing objects, boleadora weights and a pair of escrima sticks. There’s a day calendar marked with Xs, giving the impression that this was a few weeks of worth. Chris’s bank account is steadily dropping. He works on assembling pieces together at home. He paints them. Chris’s friends check on him occasionally with worry as he hides his project from them.

Suffice to say, there’s a lot going on in this page.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel One
In a long, scene-setting panel, two young women are walking in front of a parking garage, chatting. Creeping up behind them is a man dressed in a dark fedora hat and trench coat. He’s so stereotypically a creep, he almost seems like the suspicious character from a neighborhood watch sign come to life. It’s about twilight, so there’s still some sun, but getting dark and the street seems otherwise empty.

1. Caption: A few weeks later...
2. Girl 1: Can you send Michelle a text telling her parking was ridiculous? What’s even up with that?

Panel Two
The girls come to a temporary halt as the one girl texts their friend. The creep gets much closer. This panel is framed like the first.

4. Girl 2: Why aren’t you texting Michelle again?
5. Girl 1: Because my phone’s at like 10 percent.

Panel Three
The creep, now maybe a yard and a half behind the girls grabs at his trench coat. He looks about ready to tear it open.

6. Creep: Excuse me, ladies, but do you want to see something wonderful? I swear, it’ll be the time of your life.

Panel Four
The girls, without responding, start to walk much faster. The one with the dying phone breaks it out, ready for anything. The creep trails behind them.

7. Creep: C’mon, don’t go. It’ll only take one minute to see what I got.

PAGE NINETEEN

Panel One
The girl who texted stops. Carefully, her head starts to turn around to look. The man starts to open his trench coat.

1. Printed Man (off-panel): Hey you ... scofflaw, stop!

Panel Two
Everyone looks in astonishment as the Printed Man bursts forth from between the two girls, running full speed at the creep. The creep’s jacket is open on one side, but from where PM’s body is, we can’t see what he’s exposing.

2. Girl 2: What?
3. Girl 1: I am so calling the cops right now.

Panel Three
Printed Man tackles the creep and watches fly from the creep’s coat. Almost like Hobbes pouncing on Calvin.

4. PM: Pow!
5. SFX: Whumph!

Panel Four
Printed Man and the creep tumble to the ground. PM stays on top and holds the creep down with his knees.

6. PM: I’ve got you now, villain.

Panel Five
The girl is on the phone with campus police, staring at PM and the creep.

7. Girl 1: A crazy guy in a costume just leapt on a dude who I thought was a flasher but was a back alley watch salesmen and please send help.
8. PM (calling to the girls): Are you okay? Calling for help? Probably good for someone to come book this guy!

Panel Six
Printed Man looks down at the creep underneath him. The creep isn’t putting up a fight and looks dazed.

9. PM: You are selling these watches illegally, right?
11. PM: I’m the Printed Man. I’m a superhero. And you’re a guy who thinks selling watches from a trenchcoat is a good idea.

PAGE TWENTY

Panel One
Girl 2 is taking cellphone pictures and video of PM on the creep. Girl 1 is still on the phone with the police.
1. Girl 1: Yeah, the one in the costume is just pinning the other guy. ... The Cranberry Garage at Cranberry and Rosemont, yes.

Panel Two
Police lights flash down the street, illuminating PM and the creep in red and blue. PM has a zip tie in his hands and starts rolling the creep over underneath him.

2. Creep: What are you doing?
3. PM: Cuffing you.

Panel Three
PM pulls the zip tie closed, leaving the creep with his hands secured behind his back. He places a note on the man’s back.

Panel Four
Though we focus on the man still on the ground, lights still flashing, we see PM’s feet as he takes off into the night.

Panel Five
The front page of *The Adams Collider*\(^3\), the school newspaper, features the headline “Vigilante strikes on campus” and the subhead “AUPD investigating ‘Printed Man’.” Above the fold photos include one of the cell phone photos of PM on the creep and a reprinting of PM’s note, “Another criminal caught by your friendly campus Printed Man.” The note is printed, not handwritten.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Panel One
This same newspaper is being plucked from the front of a newspaper box.

Panel Two
Chris is walking across the campus with Thad, having just picked up the paper and shown it to his friend and roommate.

1. Chris: So, what do you think of this vigilante superhero?
2. Thad: Bro, you just picked that paper up. I have no idea other than the headline.

Panel Three
Chris makes a face at Thad.

3. Chris: Okay, generally then and with the caveat that you can change your mind after reading.

Panel Four
Thad holds his chin thoughtfully. The boys seem to have paused.

4. Thad: Generally... Hmm... Someone who is working to help people and can be a symbol for safety while being outside the traditional structures of authority is probably a good thing. But, without the
checks - limited as they may sometimes be - of oversight from a governing body, I worry about overreach and acting on his own morals rather than written law. Alternatively, he may also overreact and punish anyone he disagrees with more severely than would be legally just.

Panel Five
Chris looks a bit taken aback, but is trying to cover it.

5. Chris: I thought it was cool. But, yeah, you’re right. That’s, uh, kind of astonishingly insightful.

Panel Six
Thad looks back at Chris having taken no offense.

6. Thad: Thanks, bro. I just don’t want to see some punk get the shit kicked out of him by some vigilante for smoking some herb.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

Panel One
A wide panel establishing the scene. Two young black women, one recognizable as Vivian, are walking and talking headed in the same direction and to the left of Chris and Thad. Chris sees Vivian and Thad sees someone he knows to the right, off-panel. In the background, toward where Viv and her friend are walking, is a man with a small crowd gathered around him. The man is holding a sign that says “Leviticus 18:22.”

1. Chris (thought): Viv!
2. Chris: Hey man, I see someone I need to talk to. I’ll catch you at home, okay?
3. Thad: Right on. I see someone too. Hey, yo, Ricky!

Panel Two
Chris is trying to catch up to Viv and her friend.

4. Viv’s friend (Olivia): I’m just saying, wouldn’t it have been better if Formation hadn’t just been a bitching Black feminist anthem, but also Bey’s entrance into the presidential race?
5. Chris: Hey Vivian!

Panel Three
Viv and her friend pause. Chris walks over.

6. Viv: Hi Chris. Umm... Chris, this is my friend Olivia. Olivia, this is Chris.
7. Chris: Hi, nice to meet you, Olivia.
8. Olivia: Nice to meet you too.

Panel Four
Olivia stares at Chris for a second.

9. Olivia: You were the guy from the other night, right?
Mariotte

Panel Five
Chris looks at Viv. He’s not trying to ignore Olivia, but he’s clearly uncomfortable.

11. Chris: How are you?
12. Viv: Umm... Olivia, could you give us a minute?
13. Olivia: Sure. I have to get to class anyway. [to Chris] Thank you for being there for her.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

Panel One
Viv looks away from Chris in the direction she was originally walking.

1. Viv: Hey, do you mind walking and talking? It’ll be like The West Wing.
2. Chris: Sure.

Panel Two
Viv and Chris walk together, toward the preacher and his crowd.

3. Viv: To answer your question, I know the police are still looking for the guy, which keeps me up at night sometimes. But, I’m seeing a therapist and she’s helping. She’s done a lot of this counseling before.
4. Chris: I’m glad she’s helping.
5. Viv: Me too.

Panel Three
Viv and Chris walk in awkward silence. Both look almost embarrassed.

Panel Four
Viv and Chris keep walking. They’re getting pretty close to the preacher now.

6. Viv: Look, I appreciate you checking on me. I appreciate everything you’ve done. You’re a super nice guy, but I barely know you. It’s hard to talk about this with people I’ve known my whole life, much less someone who’s practically a stranger.

Panel Five
Chris nods.

7. Chris: Okay. I get that. Just, y’know, if you end up needing someone else to talk to, you know how to get a hold of me.


Panel Six
Interrupting their moment is a preacher\textsuperscript{12} with a raggedy beard shoving his face fairly close to Viv’s.

9. Preacher: Sluts and whores! That’s what women like you are! Sluts and whores! It was Eve who committed the original sin and now her daughters - college Jezebels - are tempting men into wickedness. And when you feel dirty from your sin, you condemn the man by calling “rape!”
Panel One
The next few panels have more rounded edges, suggesting this is a dream sequence. The colors are also slightly different. Chris, in his Printed Man costume is perched on the branch of a tree. It’s night.

Panel Two
The preacher, sign in hand, is walking along, up toward a tree. He looks like he’s going home for the night.

Panel Three
Printed Man drops from his perch, while still holding the tree branch. Though surprising, it looks more like a kitten in a “Hang in there” poster than a dramatic drop out from the tree.

1. PM: Boo!

Panel Four
The preacher drops his sign, taking a step back. He’s leaning back hard and appears to be smaller, especially compared to the large, looming Printed Man in front of him.

2. PM: I come with a message. Stop harassing women and queer folks. Traumatizing and triggering people is not the path to God. It’s the path to, well...

Panel Five
The ground beneath the preacher opens up into a fiery inferno. Printed Man continues looming large. This is the last panel in the dream sequence.

3. PM: Hell!

Panel Five and a Half
Chris’s head and shoulders are pictured. He’s imagining the rest of the page.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

Panel One
As Chris’s fists curl into balls from rage, Viv just looks the preacher dead in the eye.


Panel Two
Viv walks away. The preacher looks like he’s ready to try to engage her more, but a stray call from the crowd draws him back. Chris looks on dumbfounded.

2. Person in crowd: Ha! You got owned. Fuckin’ stain boy! You don’t know shit about Christ.

Panel Three
Chris catches up to Viv.

3. Chris: That was... kind of amazing?
5. Chris: Yeah.

Panel Four

The two of them pause.

6. Viv: Look, there are bad people out there. People who are toxic. People who just want to drag you down to the dregs and hurt you for the crime of your very existence. So, what do you do about it?

Panel Five

Chris looks down at his fists, still balled up.

7. Viv (off-panel): If you had punched him that would have just been more people getting hurt. It wouldn’t have solved anything.

Panel Six

Chris looks back up at Viv.

8. Viv: I don’t need protecting or saving or anything like that. I need support. I need care. I’ve needed these things since long before I knew you and I’ll need them the rest of my life. I don’t need toxic masculinity or vengeance in the place of justice or whatever. I need support from my friends and family and loved ones and the structures that, as a Black woman, I’m frequently not supported by. I don’t need a skinny white man swinging his fists.

Panel Seven

Viv turns around and walks away.


PAGE TWENTY-SIX

Panel One

Chris is suiting up into his costume at home that night. He has one of his low windows open, ready to sneak out. So far, he’s wearing his black Under Armour pants and shirt and most of his leg and torso armor. His mask, gloves, and some of his arm armor are laying on his bed. Elvis Costello’s “(What’s So Funny ‘Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding” is playing from his laptop.

1. Caption: Later that night.
2. Computer: Peace, love and understanding? Oo-ho! What’s so funny...

Panel Two

Chris, pulling a glove on, walks to his computer and presses a button. Elvis Costello’s “Pump It Up” starts playing.

3. Chris: Not the right music for getting ready to go patrol.
4. Computer: Until you can’t feel it...
Panel Three
Chris slides the rest of his armor on to his other arm. He’s now fully armored, except glove and mask.
5. Computer: When you don’t really need it...
6. Chris (thought): I can’t stop thinking about what Viv said earlier. I want to support her. But, I also want people like her rapist to face justice. And her having a day in court would be supporting her, right?

Panel Four
Chris puts his domino mask on.
7. Chris (thought): I don’t need to beat up a preacher, even an asshole like that one. I can’t keep thinking about this. I have to get out there. I have to...
8 and 9. Chris and the Computer: Pump it up!

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

Panel One
Chris has one leg out the window when suddenly there’s a knock at his door.
1. SFX: Knok knok
2. Thad (outside the door): Hey bro, Kali texted me. She says you’ve been weird and distant. You should talk to her about that.

Panel Two
Thad stands leaning against the outside of the door. In his hand is a plastic bag full of joints.
3. Chris (inside): Oh, uh, thanks. I will.
4. Thad: Good. I’d hate for you guys to fall apart.

Panel Three
Close-up on Thad. His eyes are bloodshot and he has a grin a mile wide.
5. Thad: You guys are the parents. And the rest of us don’t want to choose custody.

Panel Four
Chris sits on the windowsill with both legs in his room.
6. Chris: Kinda weird, but thanks, Thad.

Panel Five
Thad stands up from the door, ready to walk away. He tucks the bag of joints in his pocket and simultaneously pulls out his phone from his other pocket.
7. Thad: Anytime. Now I’m off to meet my friend Ricky. Later!

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT
Panel One
Chris retreats back into his room.

1. Chris (thought): Better wait a minute so Thad doesn’t see me.

Panel Two
Chris arbitrarily sits away from his window. He checks his phone. He has a text from Kali.

The text reads: Thad said he’d be out tonite. Want me to come over? I’ll wear the sexxy...

2. SFX: Ch-THOOM.
3. Thad (Off-panel, streaming in through the window): Never gonna stop, give it up for the younger kind...

Panel Three
Chris pockets his phone without responding. He walks to the window.

4. Chris (thought): I’ll need to deal with this soon, but for now, patrolling.

Panel Four
Chris lowers himself out the window carefully.

Panel Five
A figure obscured by shadow (Kali) sees Chris sneaking out of his window.

5. Kali: What?

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

Panel One
Printed Man is stealthily moving through back alleys. He’s searching for crime and knows he can’t reasonably do that from rooftops. He also knows he doesn’t want to be seen because he is a vigilante. Also he thinks crime happens in back alleys. He gets another text from Kali, but doesn’t check it.

The text reads: I’m really starting to worry about you. Please call me - K.

Panel Two
PM peeks out over a trashcan at a couple of hoodlums tagging a wall. Both the hoodlums are short, kind of pudgy white teens. We see this over his shoulder

Panel Three
From roughly the same angle, we see PM has stood. The trashcan lid flies into the wall just down from the kids.

1. PM: Freeze!
Panel Four
The hoodlums turn and stare in awe, surprise, fear and well, a little amusement.

2. PM: Put your hands against the wall.

Panel One
The hoodlums look at each other.

Panel Two
The hoodlums start to run.

Panel Three
PM runs after them.

Panel Four
From a slot on his forearm, PM pulls out two escrima sticks. Each is black, with blue trim and about 8 inches long.

Panel Five
PM puts one in each hand.

Panel Six
PM tosses the one in his right hand at the hoodlum in the front right.

Panel Seven
He misses. The hoodlums keep running.

Panel Eight
PM throws his second escrima right-handed.

Panel Nine
The stick hits one of the hoodlums, knocking him into the other.

PAGE THIRTY-ONE

Panel One
PM stands over the two hoodlums. One of them looks like his nose just got broken. The other has a cut lip. They’re clearly teenage boys.

1. PM: Put your hands up and out.

Panel Two
The hoodlums offer their hands. PM grabs a couple of zipties. The trio stands under a streetlight.

2. PM: Here, put your hands around this lamppost.

Panel Three
The hoodlums have their hands bound around the lamppost. They don’t look like they’re going to go anywhere. They look really afraid.

3. Hoodlum 1: What’re you gonna do to us?
4. Hoodlum 2: Yeah. We weren’t hurtin’ nobody.
5. PM: Either of you have a phone?

Panel Four
Both hoodlums nod.

6. PM: Where?

Panel Five
PM pulls Hoodlum 2’s phone out of his hoodie.

Panel Six
PM is on the phone.

9. PM: Hello? Police. There are a couple of graffiti artists tied up at the lamppost on Adams and O’Neil.

PAGE THIRTY-TWO

Panel One
Printed Man watches from the shadows of a fire escape across the street as police come pick up the hoodlums.

1. PM (whisper): That kid’s bleeding a lot. Maybe I went too hard on them.

Panel Two
Printed Man pops his escrima sticks back into their compartment on his left arm.

2. PM (thought): This is what Thad was talking about. A vigilante taking it too hard on a couple of kids who were doing something illegal, but not that dangerous.

Panel Three
Printed Man descends the fire escape, going back into the shadows of the alley.

3. PM (thought): I need to get out of here.
He walks quickly, trying to get away quietly, but there’s a newfound slump of disappointment in his shoulders. There’s sadness on his face.

4. PM: I assaulted those two kids... Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

PAGE THIRTY-THREE

Panel One
PM is distracted still by what he’s done. He stumbles out onto the street.

1. PM: I’m a bad guy. I hurt people.

Panel Two
He continues crossing the street, totally visible. A car is approaching in the second lane.

2. SFX (Car horn): Bbbbbbp! Bbbbbbp!

Panel Three
Realizing there’s a car coming toward him, PM makes for the curb, stumbling. The car swerves to go around him.

3. PM: FUCK!
4. Driver: Asshole!

PAGE THIRTY-FOUR

Panel One
PM slumps against the wall of the next alley he’s crossed into.

1. PM: Okay. That’s it. I can’t do this. I need to go home.

Panel Two
He’s still walking slumped, but appears to be less manic as he continues down the alleyway. He uses a wall for support.

2. PM: I never should have done this. I’m not a hero. I’m just... Chris.

Panel Three
He leans over a trash can in the alley and pukes. We can’t see any of the actual vomit, but it doesn’t seem like he’s actually puking much out - mostly water.

Panel Four
He wipes his mouth off with his sleeve$^{35}$.

Panel Five
PM goes to remove his mask.

3. PM: This is it. This is quits. Back to normal life.
4. PM (thought): Do I really want to dramatically throw my mask into my own puke?
Panel One
Holding his mask, Chris walks toward the other end of the alleyway.

Panel Two
Suddenly, walking down the sidewalk, crossing in front of the alleyway, Chris sees a man. He’s wearing a black beanie over his black hair, has small gold earrings in his visible ear, and has some freckles. He’s dressed in an Adams U sweatshirt and some JNCO jeans. Out of his back pocket is a black bandana.

Panel Three
Chris stands absolutely still, like he’s seeing a T-Rex and doesn’t want to be seen.

Panel Four
Chris flashes back to the image of the man who raped Vivian. He is wearing a black bandana over his mouth and a black beanie, but the top of his head is visible. He has black hair, small gold earrings, a smattering of freckles and a small cut under his left eye.

Panel Five
A focus on the beanie.

Panel Six
A focus on the earrings.

Panel Seven
A focus on the bandana.

Panel One
Ricky walks past the alley without looking, disappearing out of sight.

Panel Two
Chris remains motionless. He’s frozen with fear.

Panel Three
Chris starts trembling as he raises his mask back to his face.

1. PM (thought): That’s him.
2. PM: For Vivian.
PM sneaks to the corner, peeking around to locate Ricky. We can see him walking down the otherwise unoccupied street.

3. PM (thought): I catch him and it all gets better.

PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN

Panel One
We see over Ricky’s right shoulder, revealing the right half of his face. In the background, PM keeps close to a wall and follows. The rest of the block is largely closed shops and one open sandwich place with a large cardboard cutout of a man in a chef outfit who has an egg for a head, a hogie for a nose and bacon for a mustache. He has a dour expression on his face and a word balloon that reads “Sonny’s Sandwiches: The best food to fix your disposition.”

Panel Two
Ricky pauses at a crosswalk. He’s waiting for the light to change, which we can tell by the Don’t Walk hand growing above his head (we’re still in the same POV). PM approaches the cutout. It’s his only real cover other than streetlamps, a small table and two chair set made of metal, and a trash can.

Panel Three
Ricky looks back over his shoulder. For the first time, we can see the left side of his face with the cut under his eye. He’s also pulled out his switchblade, though he hasn’t gotten the blade out. PM is nowhere to be seen.

Panel Four
Ricky shakes his head, looking forward again. PM peeks out from behind the cutout. The light above Ricky turns to the walking man.

1. Ricky: Probably just a cat or sumptin.

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT

Panel One
From PM’s point of view as he emerges from behind the cutout. He watches Ricky cross the street and slowly creeps out to follow.

1. PM (thought): That’s him. I’m almost positive.

Panel Two
PM follows to the crosswalk, but instead of going immediately behind Ricky, he crosses the street to be opposite him. Where Ricky’s walking, there are more storefronts, while where PM goes, there’s a small cobblestone wall that he can sneak behind.

2. PM (thought): I just need to be 100% sure. C’mon. Do some other crimes.

Panel Three
PM follows from across the street. Ricky, having reached the next corner, starts to cross toward PM.

Panel Four
PM continues to follow Ricky up this new direction.
   3. PM (thought): Do I know him from somewhere else?

Panel Five
Ricky starts crossing the street one final time, straight into the tree-lined walkway where he assaulted Vivian. PM pauses, hiding.
   4. PM (thought): This is it.

PAGE THIRTY-NINE

Panel One
Ricky and Thad meet-up on the walkway. They do that very bro-ish handshake high five.
   1. Thad: Yo! What’s up?
   2. Ricky: Nuttin much. You got the goods?

Panel Two
Thad takes the bag of joints out of his pocket, holding it out to Ricky.
   3. Thad: Always, Rickster. Though before I give them over, why’d you want to meet out here?

Panel Three
Ricky smiles. It’s a mean, ugly crocodile smile. He holds up one finger.
   4. Ricky: No pigs patrol over here.

Panel Four
Ricky holds up two fingers.
   5. Ricky: Means neither of us has to know where the other one lives.

Panel Five
With one hand in his jacket pocket, Ricky reaches out the other for the bag of joints.
   6. Ricky: That reason nuff for ya?

PAGE FORTY

Panel One
Thad pulls the bag back and wags his finger in a “tut tut” way.
1. Thad: Nuh-uh compadre. You know the score. American Capitalism, Ricky Moranis\textsuperscript{37}, you pay for your goods and services.

Panel Two
Ricky pulls out a small wad of cash, exchanging it with Thad for the bag.
2. Ricky: Ricky Moranis?
3. Thad: You got a special relationship with the green, man.

Panel Three
PM steps out from his hiding spot across the street and yells at Thad and Ricky. To the side, we see he’s just gotten a new text from Kali.
The text reads: I’m worried about you.
4. PM: STOP!

PAGE FORTY-ONE

Panel One
Both Thad and Ricky just stare at PM.

Panel Two
PM charges them, screaming.
1. PM: AAAAAARRRGHH!
2. Ricky (off-panel): Shit!

Panel Three
PM flying tackles Ricky. Thad moves away from their tumble, unsure if he should run or fight.
3. PM: You bastard!

Panel Four
PM and Ricky roll into a heap on the ground. PM has the advantage still. He holds Ricky’s hands against the pavement, but only has one leg pinned.
4. PM: You raping, druggie bastard.

Panel Five
Ricky kneels PM in the stomach and rolls, flipping PM off of him.
5. Ricky: What the hell? Get off me, fucker.

PAGE FORTY-TWO

Panel One
Ricky starts to pick himself up. Thad still stands frozen. PM lies on his back, temporarily down.
1. Ricky: I’ll fuck you up. Attacking me! Fucker.
Panel Two
Ricky whips out his switchblade and knees PM in the face as he starts to sit up.
   2. Ricky: You’re so dumb you didn’t even protect your face.

Panel Three
Ricky kicks PM in the ribs. Blood is steaming out PM’s nose.
   3. Ricky: And what is this, plastic? Plastic breaks, homie.
   4. SFX: Kkik

Panel Four
Ricky kicks again.
   5. SFX: Kkrak

Panel Five
Ricky kicks a third time.
   6. SFX: KRAK

Panel Six
Ricky turns to face Thad.
   7. Ricky: You gonna do anything or just stand there, pussy?

PAGE FORTY-THREE

Panel One
PM takes Ricky’s momentary distraction to punch him, hard, in the back of the knee. His face is still covered in blood.

Panel Two
Ricky falls.
   1. Ricky: Oof!

Panel Three
PM scrambles back onto his feet, keeping an eye on Ricky. His armor is cracked where he’s been kicked and his face is bloody. He’s favoring the ribs that were kicked so they don’t get hurt too much more. He receives another text that we see on the side of the panel. It’s from Kali. The text reads: Please be careful. Don’t do anything to get yourself hurt.
   2. PM: Don’t either of you move.

Panel Four
Ricky slashes at PM’s leg. He only cuts plastic, which is good because if it had gone deeper, he’d have cut the Achilles tendon.

Panel One
PM takes a step back from Ricky. He breaks the Escrima sticks out of their case. He gets another text from Kali: Have you been taking your medicine? I’m worried you’re...

Panel Two
Ricky pushes himself back up, though he’s not standing yet. Thad still stands petrified.

1. Ricky (to Thad): Hey asshole, you gonna help me?

Panel Three
As Ricky stands himself up, PM’s phone rings. It plays “Holding Out for a Hero” by Bonnie Tyler\textsuperscript{38}. Recognition starts to cross Thad’s face. A message on the phone display (off to the side like the texts) says “Incoming Call From Kali Dawson <3” PM has shifted one stick into each hand.

2. Phone: Where have all the good men gone and where are all the gods?

Panel Four
Thad looks straight at PM. His mouth is agape and recognition is in his eyes.

3. Phone (off-panel): Where’s the streetwise Hercules...

4. Thad (whisper): Chris?

Panel Five
PM looks back at Thad. He’s angry and hurt.

5. Phone: To fight the rising odds?

PAGE FORTY-FIVE

Panel One
Thad books it.

Panel Two
Seeing PM focusing on Thad, Ricky starts to run in the opposite direction.

Panel Three
PM stands in the center of these two running men.

Panel Four
PM’s head turns to look after Ricky. The Escrima stick drops from his right hand.
Panel One
PM takes off after Ricky.

Panel Two
As he runs after Ricky, he passes memories of earlier. He passes his memory of Viv emerging from the treeline.

Panel Three
He runs next to a ghostly version of himself from earlier. As he does so, he reaches for something in a pouch on his belt.

Panel Four
He runs well past where he stopped earlier, leaving his memory in the dust. He pulls out a piece of braided paracord with three balls on its ends. It’s a boleadora.

Panel Five
He runs past the memory of Ricky, when he first saw him fleeing under the streetlamp. He whips the boleadora once in a circle around the side of his body.

Page Forty-Seven

Panel One
The boleadora winds around Ricky’s legs.

Panel Two
Ricky goes down, hard. The knife goes flying from his hand.
   1. Ricky: Fuck!

Panel Three
PM runs a little past Ricky. He kicks the knife well out of reach.
   2. Ricky: What the fuck’s your problem? Why aren’t you going after the asshole dealer?

Panel Five
PM smacks Ricky’s arms with his Escrima.
   3. PM: Because, Ricky, you’re both slime, but only one of you raped a girl right there.

Page Forty-Eight
Panel One
PM grabs Ricky’s arms and starts to bind them.
1. Ricky: Fuck you. And fuck that bitch.

Panel Two
PM stands up. Ricky’s practically hogtied.
2. PM: Just stop, Ricky.

Panel Three
PM carefully picks up Ricky’s knife, folding it.
3. Ricky: She was a cunt and a cocktease. So I took what was mine. If it wasn’t for you...
4. PM: You would have gotten away with it, too.

Panel Four
PM walks over to Ricky and sits on his back. It’s clear Ricky isn’t going anywhere.
5. PM: You’re already a bad person, Ricky. No need to be trite too.
6. Ricky: How you know my name?

Panel Five
PM pulls out his phone. He hits 9 (1-1).
7. PM: I dunno, Ricky Moranis.

Panel Six
PM holds the phone to his ear.
8. PM: Police. I’m the Printed Man and I have the rapist of Vivian Rosing...

PAGE FORTY-NINE

Panels One and Two
Vivian sits in a witness box. She points (and her finger breaks the gutter to point in the next panel). She’s in tears - this is clearly hard for her. In panel two, we see her finger indicating Ricky.
1. Caption: A few months later...
2. Vivian: Yes, that’s him. That’s the man who raped me.

Panel Four
We pull out and see Kali in the audience. She gives Viv a loving smile.

Panel Five
The judge confers with his bailiff.

4. Judge: And with that, let’s adjourn for lunch.

PAGE FIFTY

Panel One
Viv, her lawyer and Kali walk out of the courtroom together.

1. Lawyer: You did great, Vivian.
2. Kali: Mhmm. There are a lot of people who can’t do what you just did.

Panel Two
Viv hugs them both.

3. Viv: Thank you. I just want this nightmare to be over.

Panel Three
Kali and Viv look at each other.

4. Kali: I know. Another couple of days and this will be resolved.

Panel Four
A middle-aged Black couple walks up to the group.

5. Viv’s mom: Viv, honey, I’m so proud of you.
6. Viv’s dad: We both are. We love you very much.

PAGE FIFTY-ONE

Panel One
Another copy of The Adams Collider. This one’s headline reads “Ricky Rogers Guilty.” Another headline reads “Rosing Foundation to donate 3D printer lab.”

Panel Two
Chris places the paper on a desk in front of him. Sunlight streams in from a nearby window. This isn’t his bedroom. It’s too clinical, more like a hospital. Chase sits on his bed.

1. Chris: Thanks for bringing this, Chase.
2. Chase: Sure thing. Thought you’d want to know.

Panel Three
Chase stands up from the bed.

3. Chase: Anyway, visiting hours are almost over and someone else wants to see you - privately.
4. Chris: Who?
5. Chase: You’ll see. And I’ll see you first thing next week, Chris.
Kali peeks her head into the room.
7. Chris (off-panel): Hi.

Panel Five
Kali sheepishly enters the room.
8. Kali: How are you?

PAGE FIFTY-TWO

Panel One
Kali sits on the bed.
2. Kali: Yeah?

Panel Two
Chris sits next to her.

Panel Three
Taking up most of the rest of the page, almost a splash, Chris and Kali hold hands in the sunlight.
4. Chris: Viv got the justice she so rightly deserved. I didn’t get tossed in jail, but Ricky did. I got the help for the mental illness I need.
5. Kali: All good things.
6. Chris (continued): Mhmm. It sucks that Thad’s gone off and is completely incommunicado.
7. Kali (continued): It does. He was toxic and kind of an asshole, but he was our friend.
8. Chris (continued): He was. But now I have my real friends. And right now I have the person who loves me and still thinks I’m a hero even if I was a PTSD and bipolar induced vigilante. And that’s all I need.

Panel Four
Chris and Kali smooch.
Annotations

Page One - Panel One

1. Like many of the characters in the story, Vivian’s name is inspired by another piece of media I love, the podcast *My Brother, My Brother and Me*. Her last name, “Rosing” is a reference to Rachel Rosing, a frequent contributor on the show. Game recognize game.

2. The campus described in *Printed* is loosely modeled on the University of Arizona campus in Tucson.

3. Adams University is named after Adams College, the fictional home of the titular nerds in the 1984 cult classic film, *Revenge of the Nerds*.

Page One - Panel Two

4. This Dungeons and Dragons miniature is modeled after Merle Highchurch, dwarven cleric of *The Adventure Zone* podcast. Clint McElroy plays Merle. Chris, our hero, will later refer to the miniature as “Merle.”

Page Two – Panel One

5. Chris’s last name comes from Peter Clines, author of the *Ex-Heroes* series. His first name, Chris, has no origin beyond the fact that alliterative names in superhero fiction are a trope.
inspired by early Stan Lee created Marvel Comics characters including Reed Richards, Peter Parker, Bruce Banner and more.

6. I wrote the early part of this book in January 2016, the same month that David Bowie died. He was on my mind a lot around this time. Having Chris have similar eyes seemed like the bare minimum tribute to one of my favorite musicians.

7. Chris and I share a fashion sense. Though he and I are very different people in many ways, he certainly acts as my stand-in and a way for me to reflect on my own college experiences in many ways. His fashion sense is also influenced by the image of Quentin Coldwater from Lev Grossman’s *The Magicians* trilogy.

8. Lyrics from Dr. Awkward's "Now Hiring" featuring Schaffer the Darklord. The song chronicles the adventures of a superhero putting up a Craigslist ad to find his new archenemy.

9. Definitely a stab at some of the 2016 Republican candidates.

10. Fun fact: Experimenting with how things should sound, like muffled cries for help or gasps or certain materials hitting other materials can make people around you very confused and uncomfortable.

11. Writing this scene was extremely difficult. From my research and experiences speaking to survivors, I realize that public assaults are rare. Most sexual assaults happen in private. Similarly, though all sexual assaults are act of violence, many do not have the additional physical violence and battery included in this scene.
My reasoning for this depiction was partially certainly means of the plot. The story works better if the assault is more public.

However, I also wanted to critique the way sexual assault is discussed. In some circles, due to a culture of slut-shaming and victim-blaming, women are disbelieved when making accusations of rape. There is a rhetoric suggesting that the only valid rapes are ones that happen in public and with additional physical violence.

I hope my contribution by including a scene in a fantasy story that blurs the line between realism and the often fantasy expectation that the majority of rape looks like this can help open the conversation about rape on a college campus.

Page Three – Panel Five

12. On a much lighter note, this is what I think running sounds like.

Page Four – Panel Six

13. Something that was very important to me, and that I certainly tried to include, was Vivian being a character in her own right.

Long-time comics writer Gail Simone coined the term “Women in Refrigerators” to refer to the trope in superhero comics of depowering, raping or murdering female characters to give motivation or inspiration to the hero. Alternatively, it was to put the heroic male figure through some sort of torment, often overlooking the brutal trauma inflicted on the female character.

Examples of this include Barbara Gordon’s paralyzation and possible sexual assault at the hands of the Joker in *Batman: The Killing Joke*, Sue Dinby in *Identity Crisis* and Alexandra DeWitt in *Green Lantern*.

I hoped to turn this trope on its head by having Vivian be an essential part of the story with her own arc and even go so far as to own her trauma and experience and specifically refute any
desire Chris has to become a superhero for her. Her trauma is not his instigating experience – whatever he may think.

Page Five – Panel Five

14. Olivia is named after my friend Olivia Robertson. She was a fellow intern in Feminists Organized to Resist, Create and Empower – the campus feminist group at the University of Arizona. She is a wonderful friend and fellow feminist and her name came to mind when thinking of a name for Vivian’s friend.

Page Seven – Panel One

15. This is very much the sort of set-up I tend to have when I have folks over to play Dungeons and Dragons.

16. I have multiple friends who have variations of Cali/Callie as their name. I decided not to go with a “C” simply because there are already too many characters in the story who have a name that starts with a C. Her last name, Dawson, came from writer and friend, Delilah Dawson.

17. Thad is named after a friend from high school. Like this Thad, he also had his face frequently hidden by all his hair. Unlike this Thad, we built robots together. His last name, Summers is a reference to the Summers family from X-Men comics.

18. This sort of conversation is one I’ve had many times as a journalism major. At one point, I considered the ethics of superheroics as a journalist for the subject of my thesis.

19. Superman, Darkseid, Apokolips, etc are all references to DC Comics characters and their world.

Page Seven – Panel Four

20. Swearing is a tough decision in comics. The trope, of course, is to swear through Wingdings type text. For this, though, I felt like keeping the swearing unedited lends an additional layer of
authenticity to the story. Also, as the story developed and some of the darker undertones became clearer, I decided it was more appropriate to have uncensored swearing than to follow jokey tropes.

Page Nine – Panel One

21. Druids, being the crunchiest of D&D classes, seem the most likely to have that herb. Or, to put it in less ridiculous terms, Druids connection to nature makes them the most likely to have and smoke magical marijuana.

Page Nine – Panel Five

22. Tyrone is based on my own main D&D player character, Tyrone the Thick.

Page Twelve – Panel Four

23. The phone number includes the classic fake area code of 555 and the last four digits are my old high school robotics team’s number. We were FIRST team 1726, the Nifty Engineering Robotics Design Squad (N.E.R.D.S.) out of Buena High School in Sierra Vista, Arizona.

Page Fourteen – Panel Eight

24. I'm assuming you can fall asleep from a sugar crash or something after drinking multiple Red Bulls. I don't drink the stuff or pull all-nighters, so I wouldn't really know.

Page Fifteen – Panel Five

25. Superheroes never get to use the bathroom. I wanted to make sure Chris could while he still had a chance.

Page Sixteen – Panel Four

26. I'd say this was based on my own behavior, but I have a dog so I can justify my exclamations to no one in particular

Page Seventeen – Panel One
27. Black, cyan, yellow and magenta - the traditional colors of ink! He's one smart cookie to make an additional printing goof in his outfit.

Page Eighteen – Panel One

28. He's also heavily influenced by Waylon Jeepers from the classic Kid's WB cartoon, Freakazoid.

Page Nineteen – Panel One

29. One of the trademarks of Printed Man’s speech is to use older superhero slang. So of course he’s calling people scofflaws and hoodlums. I think it also shows he thinks of himself as a more classic 1960s style Spider-Man superhero instead of a post-1980s Batman style vigilante.

Page Nineteen – Panel Three

30. Of classic comic strip, Calvin and Hobbes by Bill Waterson.

Page Twenty – Panel Five

31. I wish The Adams Collider was a real newspaper.

Page Twenty-three – Panel Six

32. Based on real campus preachers seen at the UA.

Page Twenty-six – Panel Two

33. I wonder why Chris might not want to “feel it.” No, but I liked the contrast of Chris skipping the rest of “Peace, Love and Understanding” for “Pump It Up” without really realizing what either song was saying.

Page Twenty-eight – Panel Two

34. A song that everyone loves and loves to sing. But, as hinted, it ultimately has some creepy connotations.

Page Thirty-four – Panel Four

Page Thirty-five – Panel Two

36. JNCO jeans are making a comeback. Also, I find them endlessly entertaining.

Page Forty – Panel One

37. Thad is completely the type to make jokes about *Little Shop of Horrors* mid-drug deal. I also like to imagine “Skid Row” from the *Little Shop of Horrors* soundtrack playing during this exchange.

Page Forty-four – Panel Three

38. “Holding Out for a Hero” is the perfect blend of slightly romantic, slightly nerdy and slightly self-satisfying to fit Chris.

Additional Notes:

- The font Calibri and size 11 were chosen to mirror that of other comic scripts. Though there is much variation within the script format, the ones I am familiar with tend to follow those guidelines.

- The annotations above were done after the style of Carla Speed McNeil’s *Finder* series and the annotations therein.
Playlist

Below is a playlist – as inspired by the works of Kieron Gillen and Jaime McKelvie in their *Young Avengers* and *Wicked + the Divine* series. The list is divided into two parts. The first part features the songs directly referenced within *Printed*. The second part includes music I listened to during the writing process and that thematically ties into the story.

Music of *Printed*

1. Now Hiring by Dr. Awkward featuring Schaffer the Darklord
2. What’s So Funny ‘Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding by Elvis Costello
3. Pump It Up by Elvis Costello
4. My Sharona by The Knack
5. Skid Row (Downtown) by Alan Menken and the Little Shop of Horrors cast
6. Holding out for a Hero by Bonnie Tyler

Music of the *Printed* creative process

1. Short Change Hero by The Heavy
2. Werewolf by Fiona Apple
3. No Diggity by Blackstreet
4. X Gon’ Give It To Ya by DMX
5. A Lot like Me by Schaffer the Darklord
6. The Cops by K. Flay
7. Geekquilibrium by Dr. Awkward
8. Dlshwks by Dr. Awkward
9. Rawr by Schaffer the Darklord
10. Hooked On A Feeling by Blue Swede
11. Don’t Stop (Color on the Walls) by Foster the People
12. Take Me Out by Franz Ferdinand
13. Extraordinary Machine by Fiona Apple
14. Daredevil by Fiona Apple
15. Werewolf by Fiona Apple
16. Get Gone by Fiona Apple
17. I’m Kind of a Big Deal by Tribe One
18. Kaiju (CrushKillDestroy) by Tribe One
19. Wolf Like Me by TV on the Radio
20. Toxic by Britney Spears
21. Kiss With a Fist by Florence + the Machine
22. Mr. Brightside by The Killers
23. Hit Me With Your Best Shot by Pat Benatar
24. Heimdalsgate Like A Promethean Curse by Of Montreal
25. Tom Sawyer by Rush
26. The Touch by Stan Bush
27. Ain’t No Rest for the Wicked by Cage the Elephant
28. Super Rad by the Aquabats!
29. March/Theme from Buckaroo Banzai by Joohyun Park
30. True Survivor by David Hasselhoff
31. Do Better by Say Anything
The playlist is available at

https://open.spotify.com/user/1242297286/playlist/3pAGKXmaksEGhFmnOYXarY
Sketches and Photo Reference

The following pages consist of images related to the final product of *Printed*. Among these are photo references for locations in the story – taken on the University of Arizona campus - sketches of characters and pages, pictures of 3D printed objects from the research portion and additional 3D designs.

Location reference for the chase scene on *Printed* pages 37 and 38. Taken at the corner of North Park Avenue and East University Boulevard in Tucson.
Photo reference for the wall from the chase scene on page 38. Taken at on North Park Avenue in Tucson.

Location reference for the wooded path seen at the beginning of *Printed* and at the end – pages 1 through 6 and 38 through 46. Taken on East Second St. in Tucson on the University of Arizona campus.
Location reference for the wooded path seen at the beginning of *Printed* and at the end – pages 1 through 6 and 38 through 46. Taken on East Second St. in Tucson on the University of Arizona campus.

Photo reference of a 3D printed miniature. Tyrone the Thick, Chase’s Dungeons and Dragons character from page 9.

Additional 3D printed object for research purposes – a Green Lantern ring. Ring printed by Mark Yturralde.


Concept sketches for pages 14, 17 and 24.
Color concept of Chris (and self-portrait)
Artist’s Statement

Printed is the culmination of my learning at the University of Arizona. The project combines the storytelling skills learned in journalism with topics relevant to gender and women’s studies and is told through a medium explored in general education and Honors classes.

Printed is a comic script. The story started its life as an idea on a quickly scribbled sticky note my sophomore year. I had thought, what if a college student could become a superhero using 3D printing technology and student loan money? I named the idea Printed and set it aside.

At that point in time, I was working on my script for the first issue of SLATE, an upcoming comic mini-series from Visionary Comics co-written by Jeff Mariotte, my father, and me. Though that project is still unfinished at this time, it is moving closer to being a reality with the help of artist Sean Lee.

My post-graduation goal has always been to write comics. That’s why I went to journalism school.

In my sophomore year, I was already learning how to use dialogue to move a story along and add the important information and characterization that couldn’t be told through visuals or text. I was learning brevity. I was learning how to use photos and text to tell stories. I was conducting research on complicated subjects full of jargon and simplifying them to be accessible to a broad audience.

Those were the skills I needed to write a comic.

Skipping forward to the end of my junior year, I was trying to come up with a thesis. While running down my ideas with my advisor, I suggested following in the steps of Joe Sacco. I could write, and perhaps illustrate, a journalistic story told through the medium of comics. Then I was asked why not just do a fiction comic story that utilized journalism research techniques.
The result was submitting a prospectus for a story that had only existed in my notes for over a year – *Printed*. I would finally get around to researching 3D printing, have another complete comic script under my belt, research a bit into comics as an art form and try to find a way to tie in gender and women’s studies.

**The Why of it All**

The original conceit for *Printed* was that it would be an action-comedy. It would spoof other superhero books by relying on a real technology. It would be hyper-referential to other pop culture.

If you have read it, obviously that is not how it turned out. Instead it was a drama that dealt with the heavy subjects of mental health and sexual assault, while still engaging in the antics of a twenty-something, Batman wannabe. It more closely reflected my actual experience in college. There were plenty of goofs and references, but there was always something serious at the core.

Early during the script writing process, I began figuring out if I could incorporate any of my other thesis ideas into the story. A few ideas got through, including the ever so brief discussion of the ethics of super journalists. One of those early thesis ideas had been to do a thorough investigative story on sexual assault at the University of Arizona.

If I made one of the crimes my superhero dealt with rape, it would instantly change the tone of the book. Yet, I felt that it was an important story to tell. When one in five college age women experiences sexual assault or attempted sexual assault, how could I leave it out?

It hit me that part of the problem was the pre-existing rape problem in superhero comics. Gail Simone, former writer of *Batgirl*, *Birds of Prey* and much more had gotten her start in the
field critiquing “Women in Refrigerators.” The trope, as coined by Simone, referred to the use of depowering, rape and murder of female characters to drive and motivate male characters.

I wasn’t willing to dismember a girl and stuff her body in a refrigerator for her boyfriend, Green Lantern, to find. I wasn’t willing to paralyze Batgirl and leave her – having just been sexually assaulted – to focus on how that affected her father and her mentor.

Was I willing to have a fictional woman raped to make a point and turn a trope on its ear? I decided I was. I would have a character who openly refused to let the “hero” justify his motivations through her trauma. I’d have a character who had her own story arc of dealing with her assault – in therapy, in court, with the help of her friends and family.

I would fictionalize it, but I would tell a real story. With that decision, Printed took on a whole new life. It would be grounded. It would have a blend of light humor and the grimmer, more serious side of life.

The door was opened. Suddenly this was a comic that had something to say about sexual assault. It would have something to say about mental illness – about Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and about Bipolar Disorder. It would critique the medium it was created in and embrace the ways of storytelling that only work in the comic form.

**Understanding Comics**

In the first semester of my senior year, I was taking an Honors course called “Wording Pictures.” The class started out reading Scott McCloud’s seminal *Understanding Comics*, a key guide to understanding the medium and really any sequential art.

The class covered not only comics, but other forms of word and picture juxtapositions from entertainment to history to academia to meditation. As part of the class, I was creating my
own comic strips. I was also combining the imagery of comics with my meditations and
reflections on my mental health.

It was an entirely new experience to me. I had always understood comics and how they
functioned – I have read all of McCloud’s books on comics and several of his actual comics. But
now I had the grounding of using comics images to tell stories that were somehow deeply
personal and completely removed.

Too bad *Understanding Comics*, and its sequel *Making Comics* couldn’t help me draw.

Still, a new way of thinking about my script entered my mind. I had already known how
to write a script from a practical point of view – *Slate* is all written in Calibri size 11 font and
structured much the same as *Printed*. My new way of thinking was trying to figure out if the
visuals were feasible. Could I draw a sketch of a page that seemed complicated? Could I find
references for the art?

The art and photographs in my thesis are not a major part. They have little bearing on the
story. Yet I wanted to include them to juxtapose them against the story and provide a fuller
picture of the vision of *Printed*. Simply put, a comic script is not a comic and for a comic to truly
be understood, it must have visuals.

**Final Product**

Ultimately, *Printed* was a personal project – a passion project.

I utilized the research techniques learned from journalism school to experiment with 3D
printing. I 3D printed my own Dungeons and Dragons miniature with help from the 3D modeling
engine on HeroForge. I watched 3D printers slowly pour layer upon layer of plastic to create an
object. I went into the practice of 3D printing and learned about the durability of different types
of plastics.
Very little of that made it into the story.

I already knew many of the statistics around sexual assault. I knew the estimated figure of one in five college women experiencing attempted or completed sexual assault. I knew that the number reported to the University of Arizona Police Department was far below that. I knew that rapes are underreported and that likely leads to the discrepancy. I learned about the fight, flight or freeze response.

Only some of that made it into the story.

I am absolutely sure that Printed draws upon my skills learned in journalism school. It deals with ethics. It was edited with an eye accustomed to reading for AP style. It was written in a way that covered the important beats of the story and delved into the human experience and human color without getting lost in the intricacies of how 3D printing technology works or engaging in too much jargon.

Yet so much of that was invisible at the time of writing. The final product reflects exactly what I have learned, but it is so ingrained into my thinking now that I can barely piece out what parts are a direct result of anything.

I hope you enjoyed the story. I hope you enjoyed a fraction of the stories behind the story. Thank you.
Bibliography


