

# THE ADVENTURES OF HAROLD MITTY

## PIZZA BOY

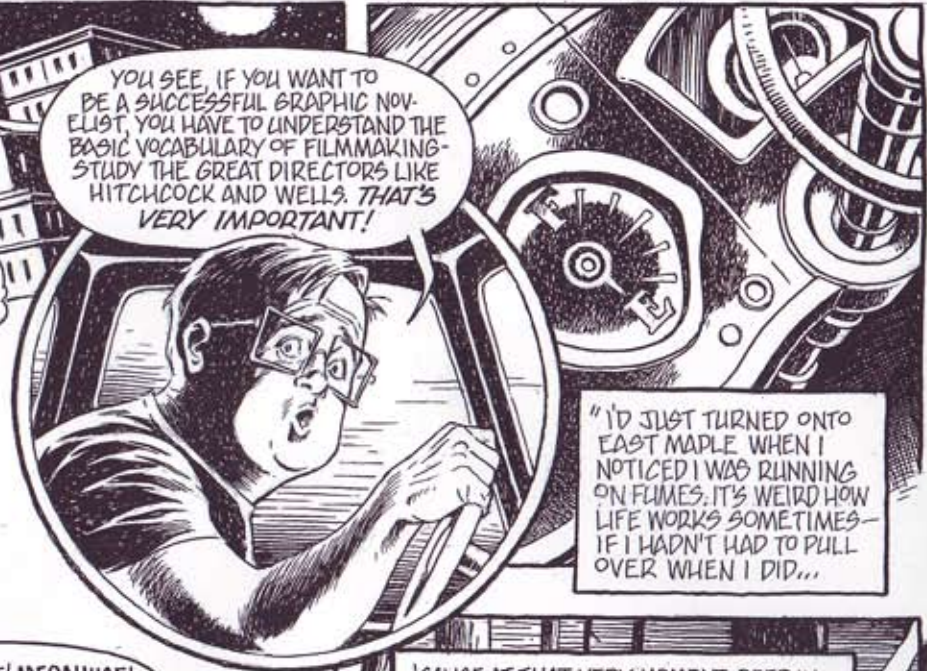
CHAP 3: SO I WAS HEADING BACK TO HAVE-A-LUNCH PIZZA PARLOR, HAVING SURVIVED ANOTHER DELIVERY TO THE TROBLODYTES ON WILLCHUCK AVE, JUST COUNTING THE HOURS UNTIL I COULD GET BACK TO WORK ON MY GRAPHIC NOVEL. THEN, ABOUT HALF WAY BACK...

THINGS STARTED TO GET STRANGE...



MAYBE THE OPENING SHOT SHOULD BE AN EXTERIOR OF THE SPACE SHIP...

THEN CUT TO A CLOSE-UP ON ACE AT THE CONTROLS.



YOU SEE, IF YOU WANT TO BE A SUCCESSFUL GRAPHIC NOVELIST, YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THE BASIC VOCABULARY OF FILMMAKING—STUDY THE GREAT DIRECTORS LIKE HITCHCOCK AND WELLS. THAT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

"I'D JUST TURNED ONTO EAST MAPLE WHEN I NOTICED I WAS RUNNING ON FUMES. IT'S WEIRD HOW LIFE WORKS SOMETIMES—IF I HADN'T HAD TO PULL OVER WHEN I DID..."



"I'D NEVER'VE SEEN THAT LIGHT COME STREAKING DOWN..."

OHMYGOD—A METEOR! WOW! AN' I SWEAR—IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA LAND RIGHT OUTSIDE OF TOWN—MAN-O-MAN—



THIS IS HUGE! MEGA HUGE! A METEOR! IT MIGHT CONTAIN SOME METAL ORE THAT WILL CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY. IF I GET THERE FIRST, MAYBE THEY'LL NAME IT AFTER ME! THAT'D BE SO COOL!

"LITTLE DID I KNOW WHAT WAS IN STORE..."



'CAUSE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DEEP IN THE PINEY WOODS, A MALIGNANT RED EYE WAS PEERING OVER A CRATER OF ITS OWN MAKING, CASTING A MALIGNANT GLARE ACROSS THE SMOLDERING WOODS...

NEXT: HAROLD INVESTS IN A TREASURY