



**Outlaw Entertainment  
Presents**

**Jenna Blue**  
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**For purpose of the Outlaw Entertainment International Artist Search**

Description of Jenna Blue: Early 30s, hot female assassin with pale blue skin, a condition so rare that only a handful share in it. She is not always blue however. When in public she wears a highly advanced make-up that allows her to blend in like everyone else. This is of important note.

**Page 1/Panel 1**

Int. Hotel Bar – Night

A woman sits at a tiny table in a crowded bar. She stares down at her drink. She is alone. She is JENNA BLUE.

Caption: My name is Jenna Blue. I know what you're thinking... It sounds like a porn star's name.

**Page 1/Panel 2**

Jenna sips from her drink.

Caption: I get that all the time, but I don't make a living by being naked on my knees for eight hours a day.

Caption: Admittedly though, Jenna Blue is not my real name.

Caption: What is my real name?





### Page 1/Panel 3

Jenna places her drink back down on the table. In the distance a man approaches.

Caption: That information is classified.

### Page 1/Panel 4

We're in tight on a man that has approached Jenna. He wears leather pants, a trendy shirt and a bandana, which covers the majority of his long hair. He is BRET.

Bret

Hey, pretty lady. Can I buy you a drink?

### Page 1/Panel 5

Jenna looks up at Bret. She is not impressed and it shows all over her face. She shakes her drink at Bret.

Jenna

Got one.

Bret

You'll run out eventually.

Jenna

I'm not concerned. I'm a slow drinker.

### Page 1/Panel 6

Bret sits down at Jenna's table.

Bret

That's OK. I've got time.





### Page 2/Panel 1

Jenna stares at Bret as if she wants to tip the table over on top of him.

Bret

I look familiar, right? Yeah... I'm the guy you think I am. I'm what the kids call a rock star. I'm the singer for the band Cast a Shadow.

### Page 2/Panel 2

We're in tight on Jenna.

Jenna

Didn't you die? That's what I heard on VH1's "Where Are They Now" about six years ago.

### Page 2/Panel 3

Bret seems to squirm in his seat.

Bret

Well ... No. I just overdosed. Once.

Bret

No big deal though. Technically I was dead for a few minutes, but that didn't last.

Jenna (off)

That's a shame.

### Page 2/Panel 4

Bret reaches over and rests his hand on top of Jenna's.

Bret

Anyway, I'm staying in this very hotel tonight. The band has a show tomorrow in town, but tonight I'm free. I was thinking that you could





come upstairs and I'll pull out the acoustic guitar and put on a show just for you.

### Page 2/Panel 5

We're out wide on the two strangers. Bret is smug. He smiles a cocky grin.

Jenna

I don't think my boyfriend would approve of that.

Bret

Boyfriend? That's never stopped anyone before, beautiful. Besides, I'm probably better looking than him.

### Page 2/Panel 6

Jenna points over her shoulder to a guy at the bar. He is the kind of guy women would stand in line to be with.

Jenna

Maybe. Judge for yourself.

### Page 2/Panel 7

We're in tight on Bret. He seems a little embarrassed.

Bret

Whoa... I mean, yeah, I guess he's a good-looking guy... If you like that look. But, I bet he isn't as successful as I am.

### Page 3/Panel 1

We're out wide on the pair again.

Jenna

Forbes Magazine would disagree with you. They named him one of the most successful and profitable businessmen of his generation.

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### Page 3/Panel 2

Bret appears to be sweating at this point. He's never experienced anything like this before. He's beginning to run out of tricks.

Bret

Oh. Well, I bet he doesn't have nine inches of man in his pants to offer you.

### Page 3/Panel 3

We're in tight on Jenna. She smirks.

Jenna

Ten actually. I know this because we measured it last weekend and to my surprise, it clocked out at double digits.

### Page 3/Panel 4

Bret walks away from the table. He mutters to himself.

Bret (quietly)

Bitch!

### Page 3/Panel 5

Jenna sips from her drink.

Caption: Where was I? Oh yeah... My name is Jenna Blue and apparently I'm a cold-hearted bitch. Fortunately for me, I take pride in those kinds of labels.

### Page 3/Panel 6

Jenna stirs the drink with her tiny straw.





Caption: I've always been a little on the thorny side, and in my line of work, that's a good thing.

### **Page 3/Panel 7**

Jenna glances at her watch.

Caption: What line of work is it you ask?

### **Page 3/Panel 8**

Jenna gets up from the table and walks away. We're in tight on her glass, which has been marked by her lipstick.

Caption: I don't want to brag, but I'm in the business of killing people.

### **Page 4/Panel 1**

Int. Hotel Room – Bathroom – Night

Jenna enters the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her body. She is preparing for a bath.

Caption: I know it probably doesn't look like it, but I could kill you with a Nerf football if it was all I had to work with.

Caption: I'm an assassin.

### **Page 4/Panel 2**

We're in tight on Jenna's hands, which are under the faucet of the sink being filled with water.

Caption: It's not like I had a lot of options in life.





### Page 4/Panel 3

Jenna bends down to the sink and splashes water over her face.

Caption: After all...

### Page 4/Panel 4

Jenna looks up in the mirror. The water she has splashed on her face has made the flesh colored makeup run. Jenna Blue is actually blue. Her true skin color is a light, almost deathly looking blue.

Caption: There's not a lot out there for a blue girl with blonde hair. What was I gonna do, go to law school?

### Page 4/Panel 5

Jenna reaches her hand under the bathtub faucet, testing the temperature of the water.

Caption: Nope. Instead I put my skills to use... Those skills being the ability to maim and slaughter.

### Page 4/Panel 6

We're looking at Jenna's back as she drops the towel.

Caption: Growing up, I was never the type to sit by and let the other kids make fun of me. They called me Smurf, I drove their faces into a bike rack.

Caption: Kids may be cruel, but I could be crueler.

### Page 4/Panel 7

Jenna dips her foot into the water and the flesh colored makeup spreads out in the water like an oil spill.





Caption: Rather than curling up with a good book, I dove head first into martial arts and hand-to-hand combat. I was good at it and it fit.

### Page 5/Panel 1

Jenna lies down in the bathtub with her head resting on a towel. She has a facecloth placed over her eyes. The skin that is exposed is blue. The water covers her “special” parts. The water is no longer transparent because of the coating of makeup that sits at the surface.

Caption: Before long, anything I held in my hand became a weapon, and the older I got, the more deadly I got.

### Page 5/Panel 2

Jenna removes the facecloth from her eyes and looks up.

Caption: No matter how many people I tell this too though, it doesn't seem to sink in.

### Page 5/Panel 3

A big man, dressed entirely in black, kneels next to the tub, staring down at Jenna.

Man

It's nothing personal, love. I respect ya... I really do. But in this business, it's kill or be killed.

### Page 5/Panel 4

We're under the water as the man tries to drown Jenna.

Caption: As much as I hate to admit it, this guy makes a good point.





**Page 5/Panel 5**

The man kneels over Jenna with his hands around her neck, holding her under the water.

Man

I thought you'd put up more of a fight than this, love?

