

Molly Saber!

Issue #01

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PAGE ONE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - Establishing shot. WIDE SHOT of a full, lush-green forest surrounding a white, domed structure. This structure is VerdigrisCity the central hub of the world of Beryl. The dome is only partial, as its upper half is an energy shield (invisible to the naked human eye).

Everything about this city looks as though its a completely different world - from this distance, it looks like a beautiful monument. As futuristic as it appears, it is also completely in harmony with the natural environment surrounding it. There is an almost utopian feel to this city, and the world around it. The sun is just barely rising, as the skies fade from a bright yellow to a greenish-blue, with a few sprinkles of clouds.

1 CAP:  
VERDIGRIS CITY, BERYL.

2 CAP:  
"You're paying me to babysit?"

Panel 2 - WIDE SHOT of Claire's office. Here we see Claire for the first time: she is a dark-skinned, well-built woman with generous curves all over, and a large reddish-brown afro that is pulled back by a larger headband. She's wearing a light-grey outfit, complete with a white sash, long gray pants that hug her hips and flare open at the ankles, a thick gray long-sleeve shirt, and a pair of gun holsters strapped around her waist, holding a pistol on each side. She's sitting behind her desk, staring at the heavily shadowed man in the foreground. This man isn't visible at all just yet; in fact, most of what can be seen of him is his cape and barely a bit of his left boot. This is our first sight of the ex-bounty hunter LUCKY.

CLAIRE:  
You're not baby-sitting.

LUCKY:  
Ma'am, you can try to spruce it up any way ya' like. It's baby-sitting.

Panel 3 - CLOSE ON Claire's face as she holds her palm over most of it (the classic face-palm). She's very obviously irritated with the line of discussion, and probably wants to get back to the warm cup of java on her desk, letting off visible steam.

CLAIRE:  
Trust me. She's more destructive than any baby you've ever seen.

LUCKY:  
Ain't my point.

Panel 4 - FULL BODY SHOT of the girl in question, though it is only a silhouette. She is an average-height (5'6"), thin girl, with an afro very similar to Claire's own. She stands with her arms akimbo, her dress fluttering to her right as well. The only facial detail viewable here, is a bright, wicked smile (eyes are not visible, only her teeth). Behind her is an enormous fire - it looks as though she's left an entire city to be consumed by the blaze as she stands proudly looking at the reader. This silhouette is of the main character: MOLLY.

CLAIRE:  
You're underestimating my sister.

LUCKY:  
Kid's that crazy?

CLAIRE:  
Not crazy... *Careless*. Hundreds of thousands in property damage, per job.

PAGE TWO (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - MEDIUM SHOT of Luck; we now see him clearly for the first time. Looking at him would be like looking at a cross between Clint Eastwood and a semi-young Steven Segal, with a square jaw and very broad shoulders. He may have been a muscular man in hi heyday, but age is catching up with him, and his legs look fairly scrawny for his height and stature. His blonde hair is long and in a wild, untamed pony tail; his squinted eyes are barely visible from under the brim of his large cowboy hat. His red cape is slung over one shoulder, while his plain black shirt, brown pants and numerous holsters (with pistols) are strapped all over him. A holster on each side of his trunk and on each hip, as well as a holster on his ankle... He's serious about his guns. His arms are folded, but his left hand is cuffing his chin as he reflects on what Claire just said.

LUCKY:

An' you're sending me to do what, exactly?

CLAIRE:

Get her under control. She needs old-school guidance.

LUCKY:

Why arent'chya' sending someone her age? She ain't gonna' listen to some old fart like me...

Panel 2 - CLOSE on Claire as she holds her hand over her face again. She really, really doesn't want to get into the specifics.

CLAIRE:

I have.. The few that actually made it past the first day, quit the next.

LUCKY:

All of'em?

CLAIRE:

All except one.

Panel 3 - FULL BODY SHOT of a young, very petite girl's silhouette, with her glasses just barely visible. It looks as though she's wearing some sort of casual suit, and her tie is showing a bit as well. A gigantic, long suitcase can be seen in her grasp. This girl is Abigail Addisson, or ABBY as she is often called.

CLAIRE : (OP)

She was my best agent. I knew if anyone could calm my sister down, it was her.

LUCKY: (OP)  
And?

Panel 4 - FULL SHOT of MOLLY and ABBY (silhouettes) walking away from a massive explosion, with all sorts of bandits and villains flying comically in every direction. We're talking full-out, massive megaton explosion here. There's no telling just what they hit these people with but it wiped out everything! Molly and Abby, meanwhile, are just walking towards the viewer as if nothing happened. This is meant to be an extremely cliché shot. The classic "bad-asses walk away from the explosion unscathed" shot. The only thing Molly and Abby are missing are a pair of shades.

CLAIRE:  
I underestimated my sister's... charisma.

LUCKY:  
Turned on ya', eh?

CLAIRE:  
Worse. She and Molly became FRIENDS.

PAGE THREE (FOUR PANEL)

Panel 1 - CLOSE ON Claire as she stands from her desk (we're catching her mid-action here), sighing.

CLAIRE:  
Molly's property damage costs are only lower because Abby's sharing it!

LUCKY: (SMALL)  
You make the kid sound like some kinda' virus...

Panel 2 - FAR, ANGLED SHOT of the office, with Luck closer to the camera and Claire now leaning on the side of her desk in the distance. Her arms are folded, and she looks rather grumpy about discussing the whole thing.

CLAIRE:  
A Virus, huh? That's a kind way to put it.

LUCKY: (SMALL)  
Well damn missy... She is your sister, you know.

CLAIRE:  
...feh.

Panel 3 - CLOSE ON Luck as he stands with his arms folded, glaring at Claire.

LUCKY:  
What's the pay?

Panel 4 - This is similar to Panel 3, except we can see Claire's outstretched hand as she flashes a check in front of Luck, and Luck' eyes look like they might fall out of their sockets from the shock.

CLAIRE:  
I know it's not much, but I will make up for it as soon as I--

LUCKY:  
N-N-No need to worry about that, miss. This'll uh... this'll do.

PAGE FOUR (FOUR PANEL)

Panel 1 - FAR ANGLE SHOT showing Claire and Luck close in the foreground (just after she's passed him the original check), with her desk in the background. This shot resembles Panel 2 of Page 3. Both Claire and Luck LOOK UP, as though they hear something odd coming from the ceiling.

LUCKY: (SMALL)  
...the hell?

CLAIRE: (THOUGHT) (SMALL)  
...pleasedon'tbreakmydeskpleasedon'tbreakmydesk

Panel 2 - FAR ANGLE SHOT, same exact shot as Panel 1. However, we now see the aftermath: the desk is in pieces! Hell, even parts of the floor and the wall are tossed about, as it looks like two objects fell straight through the ceiling and crashed right through. Claire's office is a mess, with plumes of dust and debris flying all over the place. Despite cowering under her shawl to protect herself from the dust and debris, her snarl is obvious (make sure this is seen from under the shawl!).

CLAIRE: (SMALL)  
Gawwwdddaaaammiiiiittt.....

Panel 3 - WIDE BUST SHOT showing Claire, Luck and the door behind them where Abby has just entered. We now see her in full detail: short, perfectly cropped shoulder-length purple hair with one thin, long ponytail, high waist dark-blue pants with a matching tie, white blouse, dark blue jacket, thick rimmed glasses... and an almost perfectly expressionless face.

ABBY:  
I apologize. Molly wanted to... make an entrance.

CLAIRE:  
Stupid.... Idiotic... moronic....

Panel 4 - WIDE SHOT as we see things from over Molly's shoulder. Claire looks like a rabid monster ready to tear her prey apart; Luck tips his head down, hiding his face under the brim of his hat; Abby looks on, as if things are perfectly normal.

CLAIRE:  
You stupid idiot! Why can you use the front door like everyone else?

PAGE FIVE (FULL SPREAD)

Panel 1 - FULL PAGE SHOT, slightly CLOSE, OVERHEAD VIEW of Molly as she rests on the back of an unnamed, muscular man, who is obviously injured beyond repair. He's one of the man bounties they'd been searching for known as MACKINAC. He's a fairly tanned brute, with muscles on top of muscles, flat red eyes, and wearing an all-black body suit and metallic powered gauntlets that are powered by wires attached to a backpack on his back.

Meanwhile, Molly is sitting on the broken man as if its perfectly normal to have come through the damn ceiling! She's relaxing Indian style (legs folded), smiling a smile that the devil would kill to have as she looks back to her allies. Most of the smoke has cleared, so her figure is readily visible, and she is proud of her work. On the page we will also see the main title logo, and credits if need be.

MOLLY:  
Everybody else isn't as good as I am!

CLAIRE: (SMALL) (OP)  
....I'm going to kill you."

PAGE SIX (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - The dust has settled, and Molly still sits on the criminal's back, calmly smiling. Her smug smile is a stark contrast to the wanton destruction she's left in her wake. Her sister's office is a mess, and Molly - as usual - doesn't seem to care.

NARRATOR LUCKY

So this was a great start to our little deal...

MOLLY

And of course, another successful capture by your truly, with minimal destruction caused!

CLAIRE (OP)

Idiot! Look around you for once!

Panel 2 - Side shot of Molly and Claire, as Claire hovers over her like a monstrous beast ready to rip her apart! Molly still looks smug and completely unaware of what's going on, talking to herself while Claire berates her. Luck and Abigail stand in the distance, wondering if either of them should step in.

MOLLY

I wonder how much this lug will bring in?

CLAIRE

Are you even listening? You could've killed someone!

MOLLY

Maybe 20k? Double for the sheer speed I managed to return him with...

Panel 3 - Extreme close on Claire's demonic face. The devil himself would cower in fear.

CLAIRE

...you aren't listening.

MOLLY (OP)

Sorry, what were you saying boss?

Panel 4 - Wide shot. To the left in the distance, we see Claire rapidly smacking Molly across the face with a wet catfish. Pulled completely from hammer space, she is a pro at the art of "Smacking Molly in the Face with Random Object." In the foreground on the left, we see Luck and Abby whispering to each other, facing away from the action. They look rather embarrassed despite not being involved at all...

CLAIRE

Idiot! I'm gonna' beat some care into you!

LUCKY

So... This' normal, kid?

ABBY

Yes. Normal for them, anyway.

PAGE SEVEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - Claire has completed her beating of Molly, and is now shown a MEDIUM SHOT clearing her throat as she returns her attention to the others, calm and relaxed (though obviously still very irritated). Abby and Lucky are back to business as well, and they seem to be completely ignoring Molly. She sits far back, apparently stunned by her sister's attack.

MOLLY  
Seriously? A fish?

CLAIRE  
\*ahem\* As I was saying, the girl has issues.

LUCKY  
Yeah. Girl's reckless as a rattlesnake on a highway.

CLAIRE (SMALL)  
What does that even...

Panel 2 - MEDIUM SHOT of Molly as she picks up a pile of papers off the head of the subdued bounty that she's still sitting on. She's got bruises and bandages all over her face from getting slapped around by Claire, but she... doesn't seem to notice. Or care.

MOLLY:  
Let's see... outstanding bounties... ten grand...

Panel 3 - CLOSE ON the huge, muscle-bound bounty MACKINAC, whose back Molly is still sitting on. He just looks absolutely dumb, and especially so with so many of his teeth missing and his eyes swollen over. He's looking upwards at Molly (her legs are barely visible at the top of the panel), a snarl of contempt on his beaten face.

MACKINAC:  
Stupid kid... Gonna' kill you when I get up from--

Panel 4 - MEDIUM SHOT of Molly as she pounds the hilt of her sword into the head of Mackinac... while still casually reading the list in her right hand.

SFX : (BURST)  
BONK

MOLLY:  
...yeeeeeeup. This is you alright.

PAGE EIGHT (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - WIDE SHOT of the office as Molly triumphantly holds up the reward papers on one side of the shot, pointing to them with one hand as she flashes them at Claire on the other side of the room. The rest of the team looks at her incredulously. She's still completely unaware of what everyone has been discussing - there's a sense that she's purposely being dense to avoid responsibility.

MOLLY:  
Hey boss! I got the right guy this time!

LUCKY:  
...this time?

CLAIRE: (RESPONSE)  
Third try. Still paying hospital bills for the last two.

Panel 2 - CLOSE ON LUCKY as he tips the brim of his hat down, only his right eye visible. He looks very determined in this shot, as if he's been given a very dire task that the world depends on him to complete.

LUCKY:  
S'long as you don't mind the circumstances that set this all up... we got ourselves a deal.

CLAIRE:  
The circumstances are exactly why I made the offer.

Panel 3 - Small panel CLOSE UP of the handshake between Claire and Lucky, with Abby visible in the backdrop.

CLAIRE:  
Who's better suited to be her partner than someone that was once paid to kill her?

LUCKY: (SMALL)  
You're as kooky as her, you know that right?

Panel 4 - LOW-ANGLE SHOT emphasizing the handshake between Claire and Lucky, with the focus on Claire at the center of the panel with a smug smirk on her face. This smile needs to have a sinister little edge to it, as though she herself could be the villain behind every plot in the world. Molly is still looking on far in the back, though her cheeky little smile is a little less happy and a bit more "okay, I'm getting tired of waiting now". Abby is in the foreground but mostly shadowed (And seen from behind).

NOTE: this concludes the "MOLLY NEEDS A PROPER INTRO!" Prologue.

MOLLY:

Uh, hey... pay?

NARRATOR:

This girl made no sense. I wasn't sure myself just what she was trying to plan... but for that kinda' cash and a clean slate?

NARRATOR: (CONT)

...figured I'd find a way to reel the kid in.

PAGE NINE (FULL PAGE)

FULL PAGE SPREAD COVER for the first full chapter. All characters here are “chibi-style” (super-deformed). Molly is being held by her collar as she tries to fight out of Lucky’s grasp, with Abby “facepalming” on Lucky’s right side. Behind them is a city that is apparently still on fire and in ruin. Chapter information (number and title) will also appear on this page, in the upper right corner.

PAGE TEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - ESTABLISHING LONG SHOT of a back alley in Beryl City. This place looks like the exact opposite of everything we've seen of Beryl so far; seedy, rickety, unpleasant, foreboding, and just a festering place for all kinds of scum. It's late evening, and as seedy as this place looks, there is a glimpse of beauty in how the waning sunset shows through the few places where sunlight can hit. The people traveling here look as though they've seen much better days, and they too are tired of this seedy looking place.

CAPTION:

Beryl City, Eastern 3rd District, 7PM.

NARRATOR LUCKY:

It didn't take long for that kid to stir up some trouble. In fact, I reckon it was bout an hour at most.

Panel 2 - WORM'S EYE VIEW of a long alley, lined with all sorts of thrift shops and outdoor markets. Despite the nature of this street, it still holds a very contemporary look to it; its just that the buildings and the roads have seen better days. In the midst of this alley, as dying sunbeams shoot through it, we barely see the silhouette of a tall, skinny man with a Mohawk running through it as if he's trying to escape a demon. This man's name is Lawrence Lockhart - commonly referred to just as LOCKHART.

LOCKHART: (THOUGHT)

If I can just get to--

LOCKHART: (CONT) (THOUGHT)

...the hell is that noise?

Panel 3 - WORM'S EYE VIEW from beneath Lockhart as he looks to the skies above, and sees multiple trails of smoke directly overhead.

LOCKHART:

...no @\$#ing way.

Panel 4 - CLOSE SHOT of Molly as she lays atop the roof of one of the shops, a sickeningly dark grin on her face as she holds a portable missile launcher in her grasp, its port still leaking smoke from a fresh round of firing.

MOLLY:

No escape for you!

PAGE ELEVEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - This is a further distance shot of the last panel from page 10 - we now see Lucky standing right beside Molly, arms folded and frowning in complete disapproval.

LUCKY:  
Too much firepower kid'.

MOLLY:  
Naaaaaaaah'. Just a couple of M-950s.

Panel 2 - SAME SHOT as Panel 1. The difference here is that Molly has lifted the rocket launcher upwards, as her eyes are clearly focused on the missiles she sent off a moment beforehand. Not one word is exchanged in this shot; we get to bask in this moment of Lucky being completely shocked by her nonchalant response, and Molly's appreciation of her own handiwork.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 3 - Similar shot to the last two panels, and Luck finally explodes at her response. Molly nearly tumbles off the roof from his yelling at her.

LUCKY:  
ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT'LL DESTROY HALF A BLOCK!

MOLLY:  
Aiiiiieee!!

Panel 4 - BIRD'S EYE VIEW from above the rockets; CLOSE UP of the rockets as they soar through the skies, with a slightly warped/rounded perspective of the city below them. The rockets all have a devious, childish smile painted on them, almost as if drawn with a kid's crayon set.

MOLLY: (OP)  
I'm not stupid, they're modified! They won't do that kinda' damage!

LUCKY: (OP)  
Really. You sure about that kid?

MOLLY: (OP)  
You doubt me?

PAGE TWELVE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - CLOSE on Molly as she looks to the small phone on her hip. Its a touch-screen device - think this world's version of an iPhone. She looks at it pretty surprised; she wasn't expecting a call. In the foreground and barely visible, Lucky is standing there and still frustrated.

MOLLY:  
Who--?

LUCKY: (SMALL)  
This kid is going to give me a heart attack on the first damn day...

Panel 2 - CLOSE ON MOLLY as she speaks on the phone, visibly annoyed with all the distractions around her.

MOLLY:  
What's up Abby? Yeah I used those... Did I switch the numbers? I thought you were suppose--

Panel 3 - EXTREME CLOSE-UP on Molly's ghastly expression as she looks extremely nervous - sweat droplets everywhere. Something has gone horribly wrong, and it shows.

LUCKY: (OP)  
What?

MOLLY:  
Um... ah heh... well...

Panel 4 - Full view of the Eastern District from Molly and Luck's perch on roof, as a massive explosion shakes the city far ahead. Whatever just exploded, there is tons of damage. The fireball that shoots up from the center of this explosion is MASSIVE.

LUCKY:  
...wrong ammo, huh?

MOLLY: (RESPONSE)  
...maaaaaybe?

LUCKY: (COUNTER-REPSONSE)  
Fantastic.

PAGE THIRTEEN (FOUR PANEL)

Panel 1 - ESTABLISHING SHOT of the alleyway that was leveled by Molly's misfire about ten minutes later. There are emergency crews all about, and a few people are shown here with some minor injuries, but miraculously there is nothing more than that. While not seen, Molly and Abby are talking off-panel about the situation.

CAPTION:  
10 minutes later...

ABBY: (OP)  
While the level of force used was excessive... the injuries were minimal. No casualties reported.

MOLLY: (OP)  
Good to know. At least we get to collect that bounty now right?

ABBY: (OP)  
Negative.

MOLLY: (OP)  
"Negative?" Whaddya' mean "negative?!"

Panel 2 - WIDE SHOT of a large sewer tunnel, WORM'S EYE VIEW as Lockhart is dashing through the dank escape route. His hair is singed and he's got lots of burns, but somehow he managed to duck into this tunnel just in time.

ABBY: (OP)  
Because our bounty has escaped underground.

MOLLY: (OP)  
...Dammit!

Panel 3 - DISTANT SHOT of Molly and Luck as they leap off the rooftop and to the staircase below their perch. Thanks to the very commotion caused by Molly's misfire, they aren't spotted as they start their chase. Abigail is not nearby, but is communicating over Molly's phone via speaker.

ABBY:  
I am already in pursuit of our target.

MOLLY:  
We can't let him get away! He's our collateral damage coverage!

SFX: (MOLLY LEAPING)  
FWIP!

Panel 4 - BIRD'S EYE VIEW of Molly and Lucky as Lucky is tossing a manhole cover to the side. He's trying very hard not to strain his back, but perhaps with little luck. Meanwhile, Molly is holding her phone in her grasp now, communicating with Abby one more.

ABBY:

He will not get very far.

MOLLY:

How are you chasing him anyway? Aren't you on foot?

ABBY:

I am no longer "on foot"...

## PAGE FOURTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - Large, epic FULL SHOT, CLOSE ON Abby on top of an insanely souped-up motorcycle. This thing looks otherworldly, as if it doesn't even belong in their futuristic time frame. This is something no one should have and certainly not something that should be driven through the sewers! Lockhart is not very far in the distance, and he is looking back at the motorcycle that threatens to squash him from the air, unable to fathom just *how* this happened.

LOCKHART:

Where are you people getting all this crap?!

ABBY:

....Job Perks.

Panel 2 - Lockhart shows his true abilities as he leaps to a nearby wall, clinging to it with ease and avoiding Abby's motorcycle without issue. She looks to him unaffected in this shot, while he is returning her look with a cocky smile of his own. He knows that she won't be able to keep up with him in the tight tunnels ahead.

LOCKHART:

Ha! Screw your job perks!

ABBY:

.....

Panel 3 - CLOSE ON Lockhart as he scuttles along the ceiling like a common gecko, scurrying away from his would-be pursuer. Abby is still on his trail but even in this shot, the motorcycle looks like an unwieldy vehicle to drive in such a space.

ABBY:

This... may be a problem.

Panel 4 - Lockhart is getting further and further away as they turn another corner. WORM'S EYE SHOT from Abby's motorcycle as she tries to chase him down another narrow corner. Her motorcycle bangs against the wall as she forces her way through the turn.

SFX: (MOTORCYCLE)  
SCREEECH!!!

SFX: (WALL)  
CLANG!!

PAGE FIFTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - Lockhart looks back, still smiling deviously at his supposed pursuer. Abby's gotten further away due to the size of her bike, having underestimated his ability to run along the walls and ceilings so fast!

ABBY:

I am losing our target. He is more agile than we expected.

Panel 2 - WORM'S EYE VIEW as Lockhart looks up above his head, seeing a way out of the dank sewers and likely away from his pursuers scot free.

LOCKHART:

Heh... bunch of losers.

Panel 3 - EXTREME CLOSE-UP on a shotgun barrel digging into Lockhart's right side.

SFX: (SHOTGUN BARREL)

T'CH-CLICK

Panel 4 - Lockhart glares down in unimaginable fear, and right into the narrowed, evil eyes of Luck, who's grinning nearly ear-to-ear that they caught up to him. A short ways behind him stands Molly, hunched over and panting, out of breath.

LOCKHART:

How--

LUCKY:

I forgot more stuff about this here city than you could ever remember, kid.

MOLLY: (SMALL)

...this guy... so fast... huff...

PAGE SIXTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - ESTABLISHING SHOT (WIDE) of their base of operations. It appears to be nothing more than a humble little beige building with an arched doorway and a dark orange, shingled roof. A casual onlooker driving by might even mistake it for a small chapel. It's just after sunset now, and while the blues and purples of the night sky have settled in, a trace of the sun still looms in the horizon, slightly pink and even a taste of orange in the skies. The streets surrounding their base of operations seem remarkably clear, but this is not unusual for this time of day.

The lights are slightly dimmed within Claire's office but still show a bit through the windows in this shot.

CAPTION:  
Claire's Office of Operations, 9PM.

CLAIRE: (OP)  
The reward for his capture is... virtually nil'.

MOLLY:  
Define, "virtually nil".

CLAIRE:  
As in, "can't get much closer to zero."

Panel 2 - MEDIUM SHOT of Molly's utterly shocked, devastated face. She looks as though she has just found out that the world is about to explode under her feet and everything she holds dear will go with it, leaving her adrift in space to die alone... She is mortified.

MOLLY:  
WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT????!!! WHYYYYYYYYY?????

Panel 3 - MEDIUM SHOT of Lockhart as he sits cross-legged leaning against the wall, hands cuffed, and looking absolutely annoyed and dejected.

CLAIRE: (OP)  
He was cleared of all major charges.

MOLLY:  
When?

CLAIRE:  
A day ago.

Panel 4 - Lucky literally slaps his own face with his massive palm, while Molly gives a quite little embarrassed smile.

CLAIRE:

You didn't double check the rewards list, did you?

MOLLY:

I... maaaaay have forgot to check before I searched him out.

LUCKY:

Goddammit, this kid...

PAGE SEVENTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - We see a better view of Lockhart, Claire, Luck and Molly in this shot, as they continue to discuss Molly's mistake. Lockhart still looks completely uninterested in what's happening.

LOCKHART:  
Pfft. Story of my freaking life.

MOLLY:  
Then we can't afford... all those repairs?

CLAIRE:  
All WHAT repairs?

Panel 2 - Semi-chibi style interpretation of Abby handing Claire a paper bill, with Claire's eyes looking a bit curious at it.

CLAIRE:  
??

Panel 3 - Same as Panel 3, with Abby still remaining in the semi-chibi style. However, in comparison, Claire has the look of a demon that is about to rip the soul out of the nearest living being and feast upon it in one gulp. Her eyes are glaring at the piece of paper that Abby handed her as if it did very bad things to her family. Hell, Claire can just barely form proper words.

CLAIRE:  
Bffg... BRFFPPHHH... MOLLY... GONNA KILL...

Panel 4 - Even Molly is a bit nervous this time. She's sweating bullets as she steps away from her sister. Claire still looks like she could spit up a blaze of fire at any second.

MOLLY:  
Okay, okay.... So um, just take it out of my next paycheck...?

CLAIRE:  
...Can't talk to you right now. Urge to kill too strong.

PAGE EIGHTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - MEDIUM SHOT of Claire as she turns her attention to Lockhart, who stares up at her with complete indifference. Unlike Molly and Abby, he isn't the least bit impressed by her temper.

CLAIRE:

So you. Unfortunately I can't let you go just yet since you fled.

Panel 2 - Lockhart is visibly irritated, replying with a grunt in his speech.

LOCKHART:

Yeah, your little helper over there opened fire first, thanks.

CLAIRE:

You're still a member of the Vipers. Gotta' make sure you're not going to cause more trouble.

LOCKHART:

I'm probably a dead man either way.

Panel 3 - Claire's brow raises at that.

CLAIRE:

Oh?

LOCKHART: (OP)

Once you're captured as a Viper, you're marked for death. No questions asked.

Panel 4 - From far behind the others, Lockhart can be seen leaning on the wall, looking fairly defeated as well. He appears to have resigned himself to his fate.

LOCKHART:

I probably won't make it to see another sunrise.

MOLLY: (OP) (SMALL)

Geez... emo much?

PAGE NINETEEN (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - Claire is helping Lockhart stand up, pulling him upwards by his right arm. He doesn't appear to be resisting in the slightest in fact, he may even be too peaceful about his impending death.

CLAIRE:

Well, either way, I'm afraid you'll have to stay in lockup overnight. Try not to slash your wrists.

Panel 2 - Lockhart looks to Claire with a snide little smirk. Again he seems frighteningly calm about all this.

LOCKHART:

Lockup sounds fantastic. Put me in there for a month if you want.

CLAIRE:

You're that confident they're going to assassinate a pipsqueak like you?

Panel 3 - That one makes Lockhart snap back. We see him glaring down at all of them like a dragon preparing to slaughter and feast on his prey. His very words send winds all about the four of them... who aren't exactly afraid of his outburst.

LOCKHART:

WHO THE \*\*\*\* YOU CALLING A PIPSQUEAK! YOU SAW WHAT THE \$%#! I WAS ACCUSED OF RIGHT? RIGHT?!! YEAH! I THOUGHT SO!! MESS WITH ME AND YOU MIGHT NOT MAKE IT THRO--

Panel 4 - ...and just like that, in the very next moment, Claire has grabbed him by his ear, twisting it nearly backwards. And the vulgar monster from a moment ago is on the floor in tears. Molly and the others can be seen off to the right side; Molly is giving Lockhart an incredulous glare.

CLAIRE:

You done?

LOCKHART:

Okay okay oww oww leggo I get it you can stop now no more yelling and stuff I promise~

MOLLY:

Wow. Scary guy.

LUCKY:

Remember, kid. You blew up half a block catching... this.

MOLLY:

....

PAGE TWENTY (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 - ESTABLISHING SHOT of Central Holding, which sits a few blocks down the way from the headquarters of Claire's team. She, Abigail and Lucky are marching Lockhart there personally (seen from a distance here).

CAPTION:

Midnight, just outside of Central Holding...

LUCKY:

I'm not a big fan of how quiet it is 'round here.

CLAIRE:

Lucky, it's midnight. What're you expecting?

Panel 2 - CLOSE ON LUCKY as he tilts his head down a slight bit. Right behind him, Claire's walking fairly calm, even slightly smirking at his paranoia. It isn't that she doesn't trust his instincts here - more that she's surprised he's that riled up by the quiet. It's a quick sign that he's not used to being back within the inactive Verdigris City.

LUCKY:

Lots of gunfire. Swords. A tank. You tell me.

CLAIRE:

You really think they're going to come after this guy?

Panel 3 - DISTANT SHOT (possibly slightly angled?) from inside Central Office as they enter, with Lockhart still silently in tow and handcuffed.

LUCKY:

If they're here to bring him back? Yeah.

Panel 4 - By this time, they've reached the holding cells, and down the long stretching hallway of cells many of the prisoners just look like lazy drunks with little to actually say or do. It's only Central Holding after all; most of these people actually are drunkards that are just awaiting their day in court so they can get out to do more public drinking. A couple look as though they might cause harm once they're out... and in the furthest cell, hardly visible, is Mackinac.

LUCKY:

And if they're out to kill'im? Hell yeah.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE (FOUR PANEL)

Panel 1 - MEDIUM SHOT of Lockhart, handcuffed and being ushered along by Claire. He looks deadly serious as he glares at Lucky.

LOCKHART:  
So you're the smart one out of this little group?

LUCKY:  
You always this depressing?

Panel 2 - EXTREME CLOSE ON MACKINAC'S FACE as he looks surprised to see Lockhart there. He looks a bit battered from his earlier encounter with Molly, but aside from a few bandages and scrapes, nothing a big lumbering brute like him would ever worry about.

LOCKHART: (OP)  
It's what I do...

Panel 3 - EXTREME CLOSE ON MACKINAC'S FACE again, same exact shot as the last panel, except now he's smiling a grin so evil and sinister that there's absolutely no question about it: he is happy to see Lockhart there for the sole purpose of murdering him.

LOCKHART: (OP)  
Wh-wh-what the bloody hell is he doing here?!

Panel 4 - WIDE TILT SHOT of Claire, Lucky and Abby as they peer at Mackinac far down the hall, locked in his cell, still grinning like a devil.

MACKINAC:  
I don't think they care about your well-being, old friend.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1 - CLOSE ON THE HILT OF MOLLY'S SWORD as it bashes into Mackinac's forehead from the other side of his cell bars, bonking him nicely.

SFX: BONK!

MOLLY: (OP)  
Hey you! Thought I said no chit-chatting eh?

Panel 2 - BUST SHOT OF MOLLY as she grins at Mack through his cage. She knows there's nothing he can do, and she is loving it.

MOLLY:  
Now you be quiet and behave like all the rest of the prisoners, okay?

MACKINAC: (OP)  
I'm going to enjoy killing you the most.

Panel 3 - MEDIUM SIDE SHOT OF MOLLY AND MACKINAC as the two of them glare each other down through the bars. The contempt is real, despite Molly's wide grin. This is a grin of violence. She is ready to do bodily harm to this muscle-bound moron.

MOLLY:  
Sure you will! Just like that first time?

MACKINAC:  
You think it'll be the same?

Panel 4 - MEDIUM SHOT of Claire commanding Molly while having popped her in the back of her head like a little mischievous kid.

CLAIRE:  
What did I tell you about taunting prisoners?

MOLLY:  
I... Um.... forgot?

Panel 5 - WIDE SHOT of Clair and Abby as they leave Lucky and Molly behind to keep watch over the jail.

CLAIRE:  
If you don't mind Lucky....

LUCKY:

Yeah yeah yeah. Guess I gotta babysit them now.

MOLLY:

You know I am standing right here!

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1 - ESTABLISHING SHOT CENTERED ON MACKINAC'S CELL. The entire jail is now completely darkened, save for the dim desk lamp in the far corner of the shot. Even within this darkness however, we can see Mackinac's silhouette, and his glowing, beady eyes as they peer straight onward as if he's staring at the reader.

LOCKHART: (OP)  
And of course...

Panel 2 - MEDIUM SHOT of both Lucky and Molly sleeping at the lit desk, with Molly resting in the chair and Lucky snoring with his mouth agape as he sits against the wall. They both look like they have no idea they aren't in beds; they simply passed right out where they sat.

LOCKHART: (OP)  
...they take a nap on me. Because why not?

Panel 3 - MEDIUM SHOT OF LOCKHART in his cell, leaning against the rear wall, arms folded, and flat-out pouting.

LOCKHART:  
Bunch of losers, this lot.

Panel 4 - WIDE WORM'S EYE VIEW that shows the entire jail, with the end of this hall once again showing hints of Mackinac and his demonic grin as he observes from within his cell.

MACKINAC:  
Looks like your bodyguards are done.

LOCKHART: (OP)  
Bodyguards? You serious?

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1 - CLOSE ON MACKINAC'S MANIACAL FACE as he stares down the hall again. He has fixed his view in the direction of Lockhart's cell (to his left) and his grin reflects the nature of his thoughts: absolutely sadistic.

MACKINAC:

Guess his part of the job is over...

LOCKHART: (OP)

What? Part of the job? What are you ramblin' about you--

Panel 2 - WIDE SHOT of MACKINAC'S cell as its completely rocked by an explosion from behind. Mackinac sits in his cell unfazed by it, as if he expected it. He's still smiling all the while, and it becomes very obvious that this is a prison break!

MACKINAC:

Well your day just keeps getting worse, doesn't it?

Panel 3 - FULL BODY SHOT of Mackinac as he rips apart the bars of his jail cell as if they were made of foam, his massive hands making little effort to break them.

LOCKHART: (OP)

You let them catch you, didn't you?

MACKINAC:

Of course I did.

Panel 4 - WIDE SHOT of Mackinac looming over Lockhart's cell like the giant monster he is, one hand already reaching for the bars that have proved to be frail going up against his grasp. Lockhart is stumbling back from the doors, as he is completely unarmed and obviously not in this beast's league!

LOCKHART:

Dammit... not by this idiot...

Panel 5 - We now see a CLOSE SHOT of Lockhart's right hand as he looks like he's about to grab something. We can't fully be certain, but whatever he's about to do, he knows its his last chance to get out alive...

LUCKY: (OP)

I'd put the door down if I were you. Friendly warning.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE (FULL PAGE SPREAD)

Panel 1 - BIRD'S EYE VIEW of both Lucky and Molly as they have Mackinac at a standstill! Lucky has his revolver aimed right at Mackinac's forehead, while Molly has her electric sword resting right on his waist. Lucky looks deadly serious here, with the brim of his hat down and covering his face as well. This is his bad-assery moment, having gotten the drop on their fugitive killer.

Meanwhile, Molly is holding her sword with an evil, shit-eating grin that shows how proud she is to have gotten the drop on this same dumb-ass thug yet again. She can't wait to put yet another beating on him, the first time was fun enough!

LUCKY:

I don't leaving is an option, ya' ugly sack.

MOLLY:

Dawwwww you just wanna' have fun again, right?

MACKINAC: (SMALL)

Gotta be \*\*\*\*\* me...

PAGE TWENTY-SIX (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1 -

