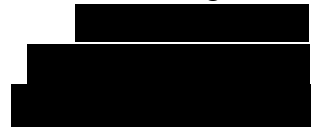


Lauren Burke



lauren@monkeysplustypewriters.com

Greg Sorkin



greg@monkeysplustypewriters.com

PAGE ONE (xxx panels)

Well, this is pretty much academic at this point, as it's already laid out.

Action, explosions, gunplay, sound effects and little-to-no dialogue.

Going forward, the format will change. Going to use a slightly modified Whedon format from Astonishing X-Men. It'll look like this:

PAGE ___ (# of panels)

PANEL ONE:

Description. All letters will be numbered per page to keep it in order for artist, letterer, editor, whomever. Each comic page starts a new page as before. Important shit'll be CAPPED for emphasis.

1 CHARACTER-A:

Here's the dialogue, includes ALL CAPS, *italics*, **bold**.

2 CHARACTER-B (RESPONSE):

Got it.

3 CHARACTER-B (CAP):

Captions are like this.

PANEL TWO:

And so on...

4 SFX:

Kra-KOOOM

5 CHARACTER-B (OFF PANEL):

That oughta send a message...

And that's it! Let's see it in action!

PAGE TWO (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Establishing shot. High angle. Like a crane shot. We look down at a seedy-ish motel. Big neon sign for the EL BUENO SUEÑO MOTEL proclaiming VACANCY and FREE CINEMAX & STARZ. The asphalt shiny, slicked down with water like a noir flick. Jane's BIKE from the last page is among the cars littering the parking lot.

1 JANE (CAP):

"I'll be needing a room for the night."

PANEL TWO:

Jane leans on the front counter, her back to the camera, her weight on her RIGHT ELBOW. Her bitchin' spy suit is beat to hell-- rips, tears, singes. She's got a backpack slung over a shoulder, too. Under her LEFT ARM, her motorcycle helmet, also showing some battle damage. She coolly holds up a couple \$100 bills (folded lengthwise) between her index and middle fingers. We look past her (through the bars-- classy joint, huh?) to a doofy-looking CLERK (can make this a friend if we want). He looks surprised at the sight of her/the state she's in.

2 CLERK:

Uh, certainly. And, erm... your name is...?

3 JANE (RESPONSE):

Franklin.

PANEL THREE:

Security camera angle. There's papers and photos and files strewn about the bed and floor. Also on the bed, a laptop (the one w/ the Pear logo) glows as Jane leans over, looking at the screen.

4 JANE (HUSHED):

Allllright... let's see what was important enough to almost get me killed...

PANEL FOUR:

From Jane's POV, we close-in on the monitor. A FANTASY VERSION of PEGGY is on-screen. She's frantic/panicked.

5 PEGGY:

Jane-- if you're watching this, I'm afraid you're too late. Now, you can still salvage *some* of the mission objective, so listen closely: You must--

PAGE TWO CONTINUED

PANEL FIVE:

From behind Jane, we look at the laptop's screen, which is all static now. The tape's gone dead. It's been replaced by a shrill, deafening, shrieking, well, monkey. Jane plugs/covers her ears with her fingers/hands and spasms at the loud, LOUD noise.

8 SFX:

EEK! EEK! EEEEEK! // CLANK! CLENK! *[etc]*

7 JANE:

What the--?!

PANEL SIX:

Just like Panel Four, but now the screen is half static, half of Jane's monkey alarm clock going nuts.

9 SFX (CONTINUED):

EEK! EEK! EEEEEK! // CLANK! CLENK! *[etc]*

PAGE THREE (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Back to reality. Close-up on the Monkey Alarm Clock, clean, sitting on Jane's nightstand. Her cell phone, glasses and a photo of JANE AND HEATHER MID-#100-COASTER. In better, earlier times. Jane has her old haircut in said photo.

1 SFX (CONTINUED):

EEK! EEK! EEEK! // CLANK! CLENK! *[etc]*

PANEL TWO:

From DIRECTLY above Jane's bed, we look down at Jane in bed. Kinda like from the strip "Breakfast in Dread," but WIDER. The whole bed. Next to her on the bed is her laptop, glowing a DVD menu screen. Strewn about the bed are files and photos and papers. She buries her head under the pillow.

2 JANE (MUFFLED):

GrooOooaaaAAannn...

3 JANE (CAP):

Monday, 8:30 AM...

PANEL THREE:

A WIDE panel. In an homage/throwback to strip #1, we look in at Jane's closet. This time, we're behind her looking into the closet. It's loaded to the gills with WIGS, DRESSES (elaborate and every day wear), BODY SUITS, BOOTS, SHOES, GLASSES, etc.

4 JANE (CAP):

...And I'm already late for my undercover assignment...

5 JANE:

Okaaay... today's look: business casual with a dash of crushed spirit.

PANEL FOUR:

Establishing shot of LINDELOF & LINDELOF. Near the door, Chad strolls in. Jane, behind him, semi-trots to catch up. Make the nice-nice w/ the boss. The Lindelof sign out front reads: YOUR BUSINESS IS **OUR** BUSINESS.

6 JANE (CAP):

...Luckily, so is my target.

7 JANE (SMALL):

Mornin', Chad.

PAGE THREE CONTINUED

PANEL FIVE:

We look through the driver's side window at a SILHOUETTE sitting behind the wheel. On the dash, a camera w/ a telephoto lens. THE FIGURE speaks into a tape recorder. Looking past her, we see Jane and Chad entering the office.

8 MYSTERIOUS FIGURE:

Nine-fifteen A.M. Jane Day arrives at place of employment. A "Lindelof & Lindelof." It's anyone's guess what this business does let alone her role in it...

PAGE FOUR (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Medium shot. We look dead on at Jane, who looks BORED sitting at reception. She stares, dead behind the eyes, at the phone and a small stack of papers/file folders. Behind her stands a cardboard cut-out of Chad, giant grin on his face, with word balloon attached: **We Give 100%, five days a week!**

PANEL TWO:

Similar to panel one. This time the stacks are a little bigger. Jane's getting sleepy. CAROLINE stands behind her, arms crossed, looking, well, like Caroline.

1 CAROLINE:

I'll need those by three-thirty, so don't drag your ass on 'em, 'kay?

PANEL THREE:

Similar to panel two. Now the stacks are taller and Jane's full-blown asleep. The real Chad's behind her now, looking around all shiftily, trying to tell her something on the down-low.

2 CHAD:

So, uh, you're cool with the phones if I go grab a nap, right?
(connected)
Great! I'll be up in an hour or three.

PANEL FOUR:

Just like the other panels, but Jane has been JOLTED awake by the loud-ass ringing phone. She's completely buried by a castle of papers, some of which she's knocked over from the jolt.

3 SFX:

BRRRINGGG-BRIIINNNG BRRRINGGG-BRIIINNNG

PANEL FIVE:

This panel is split down the middle. On the left, Jane at the desk answering the phone. On the right, the inside of Peggy's house with Peggy on the phone while doing... something (or just a close-up or silhouette of Peggy. Whatever.).

4 JANE:

Lindelof & Lindelof: We make the world--

5 PEGGY (INTERRUPTING):

Yeah, yeah, can the script; it's Peggy. How's the undercover gig going?

PAGE FOUR CONTINUED

PANEL SIX:

Identical to panel five, but with altered facial expressions/hand gestures/etc. Dialogue nested along the divide.

6 JANE:

It's fine. Sucks having to fill in as the office Heather 'till they find a replacement, but I think I got just the right level of apathy going, so...

7 PEGGY (RESPONSE):

Well, I hope they can stand to be without you for a few days. We'll need to meet up so I can debrief you on this *specific* assignment. **Tonight.**

8 JANE (COUNTER):

Same time, same place?

9 PEGGY (RESPONSE):

Yup. And don't forget-- it's your turn to bring something... *special*.

[special in this case means dessert, so a pie or something, but oh, imagine the entendres!]

PAGE FIVE (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

From around the corner, CHLOE stands outside her car, a pair of binoculars up to her eyes. Similar to her watching Jane and Chad enter the office, but now she's watching Jane on Peggy's porch, using the roof of her car as a brace for the spy gear. The door is open and Peggy looks around suspiciously, like this was a drug deal.

1 CHLOE (WHISPERED):

Well, well, well... What have we here?

PANEL TWO:

Now Peggy and Jane are inside the house. Chloe's gotten closer and looks through the window. She can see Peggy saying something she can't hear, but has put it together because Peggy's holding up the bakery box like a kill trophy.

2 CHLOE (WHISPERED):

Baked goods. We have baked goods. Swing and a miss...

PANEL THREE:

A nice, WIDE shot that shows the entire Stitch & Bitch. Kara's fiddling with the toddler (that used to be the baby), Marissa's doing her makeup in a compact mirror, Jenn's attacking the brownies Jane brought. Peggy can be in the foreground as a silhouette, as we've already seen her. Jane can be omitted for space.

3 PEGGY:

The gang's all here, so let's get down to business. Anything newsworthy?

4 MARISSA:

Nah. I got a couple dates toni-- Oh, you mean work-related. Nothing this week.

5 JENN:

Still working the insurance fraud case. Almost cracked the firewalls.

6 KARA:

Little Benjamin and I are still undercover at Sunny Day Care. Seems legit to us, doesn't it, Benji, doeshn't it! Yesh it doesh!

PAGE FIVE CONTINUED

PANEL FOUR:

Silhouette heads dot the lower third of the panel. Like MST3K. We're looking at Peggy, all eyes rapt on her. The angle/lighting gives her a slight sinister look.

7 PEGGY:

Good. I've got a bit of fresh business to delegate. It's a routine infidelity check... with a twist--

8 PEGGY:

--it's in Las Veg--

PANEL FIVE:

Angle on Jane, who Arnold Horshacks her arm(s) in the air, spitting/spraying blondie brownie crumbs *errywhere*.

9 JANE (INTERRUPTING):

Oh! Oh! Peggy! Pick me! Pick me! Please PLEASE!

PANEL SIX:

Cut back to Peggy, who's now holding a manila file folder up. Half regret, half knowing smile on her face.

10 PEGGY:

Sorry, Janie. I've got something that requires your... *special* set of skills...

PAGE SIX (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

In a shot similar to Jane in bed from PAGE THREE, but this time its BRETT WEGENER, 38 years old. He's stark naked, paunchy, curled up (so as to obscure his front and back junk) in the grass.

1 PEGGY (CAP):

“This is Brett Wegener...”

2 PEGGY (CAP):

“...**your** new client.”

PANEL TWO:

A narrower panel that shows some of the contents of the file folder, in Peggy's handwriting. We'll discuss how to do this.

3 FILE FOLDER DATA:

Name: Brett Wegener

Age: 38

Marital Status: It's complicated

4 JANE (OFF-PANEL):

“*It's complicated*”? Really?!

5 FILE FOLDER DATA (CONT'D):

Reason for hiring MW Investigations: Mr. Wegener has developed a strange new habit-- waking up in strange places. He's never sleepwalked before and is highly concerned. Needs someone to follow and document his flights of unconscious fancy.

PANEL THREE:

Back to the grass field, Brett sits (still covering his loafiness), rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, confused and ashamed. Nearby, a neighbor and their dog are out for a walk have come upon Brett. The neighbor looks shocked. Lauren says you can make this neighbor Nikki Orivis and her poodle. In the background, a condo building(s) flanking an even nearer-by manmade lake with a geyser-type fountain in the middle.

6 NEIGHBOR:

You can be **sure** the condo board will hear about this, Mr. Wegener!

7 DOG:

rrrrrruff!

PAGE SIX CONTINUED

9 BRETT:

What... I... Huh?

PANEL FOUR:

Back to Peggy in her home. It's close up and she's talking (and possibly doing other things, brownie-related things).

10 PEGGY:

Mr. Wegener is scared and unsure of what his newfound condition could lead to, legally speaking. He's attempted to document these... *episodes* himself, unsuccessfully. Like an even worse *Big Brother*.

PANEL FIVE:

From the POV of one of his self-hidden cameras (static-y, lines, timecode), we watch a fast asleep Brett eating a slab of ribs at his kitchen table, gnawing on a bone like a dog. There's sauce ALL over his face, the table, his pajamas (or whatever he's wearing, or on his chest if not). It's gross.

11 PEGGY (CAP):

"Thus far, he's only managed to capture one incident on camera-- sleepeating."

PANEL SIX:

Back to the living room, Jane slumps in her seat, looking disappointed. Ball of yarn/needles in her lap in a mess. Marissa leans down to 'whisper' in her ear something snarky loud enough for everyone to hear.

12 JANE:

Aw, nertz! Why can't I have the Vegas case? I *never* get the good ones...

13 MARISSA:

Vegas would *eat you alive*, sweetie.

PAGE SEVEN (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Jane stands outside Brett's condo front door. The hallway is exposed (see apparent reference photo). She puts her ear up to the door, knocking gently.

1 JANE:

Uh, Mr. Wegener? My name's Jane. We have an appointment--

PANEL TWO:

Identical to PANEL ONE, but now Jane's expression has become surprise/shock.

2 BRETT (THROUGH DOOR):

Help! HELLLLP!!

PANEL THREE:

Similar to the previous TWO PANELS, but Jane has dropped to one knee and is attempting to pick the lock using a credit card. Jiggling the card because she doesn't know how to actually do this.

3 JANE:

Umm.. working on it!

4 BRETT (COUNTER, THROUGH DOOR):

Hurry! Kick it down!

5 JANE (RESPONSE):

I'm don't--? How--? **I'm not Jason Statham, man!**

PANEL FOUR:

From inside Brett's condo, we look at the door, which has *BARELY* moved under Jane's weight. Note: we don't see anything revealing about Brett, just an average-looking condo interior/"'foyer."

6 SFX:

WHUMPF

7 JANE (THROUGH DOOR):

OW!

PAGE SEVEN CONTINUED

PANEL FIVE:

The other side of the door. Jane's putting her shoulder into the door, GRUNTING at the impact.

8 SFX (LARGER THIS TIME):

WHUMPF

9 JANE:

Son of a--

PANEL SIX:

Fantasy panel. Third person behind Jane, who has just kicked the door in like fucking Coffy, still kind of in the pose. Meanwhile, on the floor, Brett writhes around in a straight jacket.

PAGE EIGHT (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

From some kind of crazy-ass angle, we see once more Chloe's silhouette (or whatever). She's got the binocs up to her face, having just seen Jane's action hero shtick. We can see some of this across the distance-- Jane standing in the post-kick pose in small, rough body forms.

1 CHLOE (WHISPERED, TO SELF):

Hmm... so we're up to breaking and entering. Think I'm starting to like this girl...

2 JANE (CAPTION):

Look, Mr. Wegener, I **specialize** in... *weird*--

PANEL TWO:

Jane stands above Brett, still on the floor in his straight jacket.

3 JANE (CONTINUED):

--but this kinda kink is **way** above my pay grade.

4 BRETT (RESPONSE):

Say, think you can help me outta this thing? I *really* gotta pee.

PANEL THREE:

Brett is now sitting on his couch, still struggling in the jacket, looking all kinds of uncomfortable. Jane sits across from him, if we see her at all.

5 JANE:

Spill. *Words* only.

6 BRETT (RESPONSE):

Sigh So you're well aware by now I have a bit of a sleepwalking, erm, issue. So, uh, I had my wife, er-- *ex*, or whatever we are at the moment, I had her help me into this thing last night. Can't leave if I can't open doors. She said she'd be back in the morning, but, well...

7 JANE (COUNTER):

Uh... huh. So clearly the Posey vest wasn't your best plan. What exactly do you expect me to do? You need *help* help, Mr. Wegener, and I'm no headshrinker--

PAGE EIGHT CONTINUED

PANEL FOUR:

Closer in on Brett, still squirming. Jane's out of frame.

8 BRETT (RESPONSE):

I don't need you to cure me, just catch me in the act. My doctor needs to see me in the act, so to speak. He doesn't really do house-calls. You're paid to watch people, so--

9 BRETT (CONT'D):

--watch *me*.

PANEL FIVE:

Camera's just behind the couch, behind Brett. We look straight ahead, past Brett, past Jane, and at CHLOE ROUSSEAU. She's basically is Gina Torres ([Google Image Search](#)) by way of New Orleans. The door is wide open from Jane fucking it up, so she raps on the door frame. She looks friendly.

11 SFX (small):

knok-knock

10 CHLOE:

Hey, uh, I live down the hall and heard some loud banging. You guys--

12 JANE (INTERRUPTING):

We're okay. Everything's just, um, ducky.

(connected; small; to self)

"Ducky?!"

13 CHLOE:

Nice coat there, Chief.

13 BRETT (SHEEPISH/WOBBLY BALLOON):

Thanks.

PAGE NINE (SEVEN PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

A little while later, we're back in Jane's car. She's looking at her rearview mirror, noticing her tail (we don't need to see the tail, just her being suspicious). Her cell phone sits on the dashboard on speaker as she talks to Peggy.

1 JANE:

Heya, Peggles. Met with Wegener. We're gonna need the full Watergate Special-- I'm talkin' cameras, audio bugs, night vision--

2 PEGGY (INTERRUPTING; RESPONSE):

Am I on speaker? You know how I feel about speakerphones. And what've I told you about "Peggles!?"

PANEL TWO:

From Jane's POV (or 3rd person), we look at her driver's side mirror and see a conspicuous car changing lanes.

3 JANE (COUNTER):

Sorry. My Spidey-Sense is all tingly.

4 PEGGY (RESPONSE):

Well, be careful. I'll see what tech Jenn has and send her to Circuit Salvation for the rest.

PANEL THREE:

Similar to panel 2, but now we're looking at Jane's rearview mirror. We can see her narrowed eyes reflected back (and looking directly at us/the camera). Behind her, the car has gotten closer. We can only tell it's Chloe because of the hair. Jane has no idea.

5 JANE:

Yeah. I'm totally being followed. Any, uh, advice or...?

6 PEGGY (RESPONSE):

Listen to me very carefully...

PAGE NINE CONTINUED

PANEL FOUR:

Close-up on Peggy, looking like Liam Neeson in *Taken*. Shadows, menace, flipped blonde hair.

7 PEGGY (CONTINUED):

What I have are a very particular set of skills; skills I have acquired over a very long career. Evasive driving skills that make me a nightmare for people like your pursuant. Use what I've taught you.

8 JANE (RESPONSE; THROUGH PHONE):

You never taught me **anything like** this!!

PANEL FIVE:

We look back at Jane through the windshield, the car in the background. Now she looks worried.

9 PEGGY:

Oh. Well. Then don't come here. I'd steer clear of your place, too. Try to lose her on the freeway'r something.

PANEL SIX:

A small panel of Jane's foot laying on the gas. Pedal to the metal-like fiberglass/glue/carpet... stuff.

10 JANE (CAP):

Okay, Jane. Let's stay calm here. Breathe.

11 JANE (CAP):

Keep it under the speed limit.

PANEL SEVEN:

Another small panel. Bird's eye FANTASY shot of Jane's (now) badass sports car DRIFTING around a corner, sliding through it.

12 JANE (CAP):

No erratic driving means no cops.

PAGE TEN (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

FANTASY. Now we look in at Chloe, driving like Angelina in *Wanted*, in a Dodge Viper or something foreign. Her eyes narrow, fixed.

1 CHLOE (SMALL; TO SELF):

Gotta run outta gas sooner'r later, Miss Day...

PANEL TWO:

FANTASY. Back on Jane, driving like Angelina in *Mr. & Mrs. Smith. Tomb Raider?* I dunno. She's in like a Mercedes or BMW. Something German. You call the scene otherwise.

2 PEGGY (COMING FROM DASH/NAV SYSTEM):

You call me as soon as you're safe. Got that, Janie?

3 SFX (PHONE HANGING UP):

buh-boop

PANEL THREE:

FANTASY. Another peek at the rearview reveals that Chloe's not following her anymore.

4 JANE (CAP):

I love Peggy, but she can be a bit... Clingy. Overly-motherly. Not in a Joan Crawford way or anything, but it's a bit much for me sometimes.

5 JANE:

Haha! Lost 'er!

6 JANE (CAP):

She can't see I can take care of myself. Forest v. trees, I guess.

PANEL FOUR:

FANTASY. Jane driving. You call it. She's proud of her evasive driving skills.

7 JANE (CAPS):

- Also, her plan was boring.
- Where's the pizzazz? Where's the flourish? The showmanship?

PAGE TEN CONTINUED

PANEL FIVE:

REALITY. Chloe's already parked back outside Jane's apartment, watching Jane walk to the front door, her keys out. We can mimic the first shot where we see Chloe watching outside Lindelof & Lindelof here.

8 CHLOE (SMALL; TO SELF):

Poor, predictable Miss Day.

9 JANE (CAP):

Besides, I have some ideas of my own.

PAGE ELEVEN (SIX PANELS)**PANEL ONE:**

We're looking down a loooooong hallway in her apartment building. It's dimly lit, semi-labyrinthine and ominous as fuck. There's a lot of doors on either side of the hallway (not too close together). From around the farthest corner, we see Jane cautiously poke her head out (eyebrow raised, if we can see it).

1-2 JANE (CAPS):

- In the immortal words of Admiral Ackbar--
- --it's a trap!

PANEL TWO:

Similar to panel 1, but now Chloe looks around, hands on her hips confidently.

3-4 JANE (CAPS):

- Lead this stalkerazzi back here, get a little home-field advantage.
- Then, I take 'em out.

PANELS THREE and FOUR:

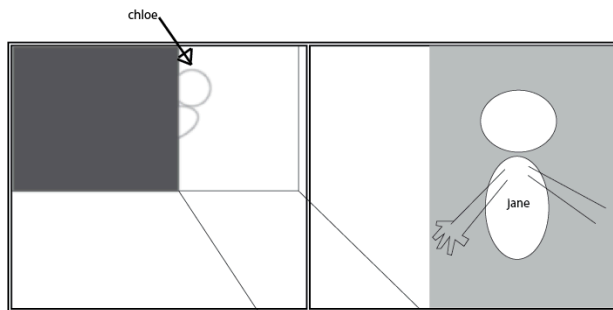
*FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST, THIS **WILL** BE A GODDAMNED PANORAMA, ASSHOLE!*

One large panel the width of the page. It's a part of Jane's hallway that has a Z-shape.

LEFT SIDE: The background. Maybe just out of focus. A human-shaped blob (or just their shadow) peeks around the corner.

RIGHT SIDE: The foreground. On the side facing the camera, Jane presses herself against the wall, hiding in wait.

Fig. A.

**5-6 JANE (CAPS):**

- I've never really taken anyone out before. But years of watching Buffy's always made me want to. At least once. I think I got the gist of it.
- For this, I think I have to go a little *old school*.

(PAGE ELEVEN CONTINUED)

PANEL FIVE:

Angle on: The floor where Jane's standing, her foot sticking out. Behind her, the blob or shadow looms closer.

7 JANE (CAP):

Grade school, specifically.

PANEL SIX:

The aftermath of the previous panel. We see Jane has successfully tripped Chloe, who is free-falling face-first to the ground at the same speed the van in *Inception* fell off the bridge. She's processing what's happened and has an "oh, shiiiiit" expression. If I can figure out how to textually mimic super-slo-motion speech, there may be a line for Chloe:

8 CHLOE (optional):

Ohhh, shiiiiiii--

PAGE TWELVE (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

In profile, we're close in on Chloe's face SMACKING into the hallway floor.

1 CHLOE:

ARGH! How did I not see that coming??

PANEL TWO:

The camera's behind Jane, about 8 feet above and behind her. She stands, legs about shoulder-width apart, her hands on her hips. She's looking at Chloe as she gets up (she doesn't act like she's hurt. Mind game). It's like a gun-less (Mexican/Western) high-noon standoff.

2 JANE:

I went against type. Gave bravery a shot. Your mistake *was* honest.
(connected)

Now-- **talk**. I'll give you a topic: what the f--k, lady?!

PANEL THREE:

From a low angle behind Chloe, we see her pull off some kind of Liu-Kang shit, kicking Jane in the stomach, knocking her backwards.

3 CHLOE:

Gladly. But first--

4 JANE (RESPONSE):

OOF!

PAGE THIRTEEN (THREE PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

A square panel, trisected on a bias shows an ECU of Jane's eye, opened in our reality grayscale in the first section; closed and in color in the middle section; opened in Bruce Lee tracksuit-yellow in the third. She has blinked us into the *Kill Bill* fantasy (which remains that way until further notice). The Crazy-88's scene, specifically. Maybe this is still black and white (like the movie), but with yellow highlights (so's we know it's a fantasy).

PANEL TWO:

Jane hits the ground. She's in The Bride/Beatrix Kiddo's tracksuit. The hallway resembles the Japanese restaurant O Ren Iishi, Gogo and their clan were partying.

1 JANE:

Kicking? Really??
(connected)
Oh, it's *on*.

These fight panels aren't necessarily sequential, but more highlights. The dialogue, however, is. Plan accordingly.

PANEL THREE:

We're behind tracksuit-and-katana Jane looking down the hall at Chloe, dressed as either O Ren, Gogo or a Crazy-88. Your call. Either way, she's got a sword, too (unless you go w/ Gogo). They're staring each other down. The calm before the storm.

2 CHLOE:

I'm a P.I.-- I'm not here to fight you.

3 JANE (RESPONSE):

No, *I'm* a P.I.-- I'm here... not... to fight *you*?
(connected)
Crap! Wait--

PAGE FOURTEEN (THREE PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

From behind Chloe, we look over her shoulder at Jane as they cross blades/chain.

1 CHLOE:

I mean it. I'm an investigator! I just want to talk--

2 JANE:

Then your "I come in peace" act needs workshopping.

3 SFX:

KLING

PANEL TWO:

From close up, Jane's back up against a wall. Chloe's fist crosses Jane's face, just missing as she dodges, sending her fist through the Japanese-style paper wall.

4 SFX:

PFLISSHH

PANEL THREE:

Chloe's on her back, defensive. Jane's mid-air, ready to strike.

5 CHLOE:

Just let me explain, dammit!

PAGE FIFTEEN (SEVEN PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Smallish panel. Looking down the hall at a medium depth, the Charlie Brown waiter from Kill Bill: Vol. 1 sticks his head out of one of the sliding paper doors. His signature yellow/black robe visible.

1 CHARLIE BROWN:

Holy crap! Get over here, Clay – CHICK FIGHT!

PANEL TWO:

Same size panel. REALITY. We flip the camera around to see past the two 20-something slackers looking down the hall at Jane and Chloe fighting, who's *actual* fight is more traditional--slapping, hair-pulling, etc.

PANEL THREE:

Staying in reality, we close back in on the fight down the hall. Chloe has Jane in a headlock down by her waist.

2 CHLOE:

The name Larry Steadman mean anything to you?

3 JANE (RESPONSE):

...cheating **choke** ...husband. Married to **cough** ...last client.

PANEL FOUR:

Angle on Chloe's face (we can tell she still has the headlock going).

LEAVE LOTS OF HEADROOM FOR DIALOGUE!

4 CHLOE:

Yeah. And he's doing the *Big Love* shuffle with my client, Linda Kerry. One night, she saw *your* car parked across from her house. Reckoned you were a crazy ex or stalker'r somethin' and asked me to check into it. So imagine the egg on *my* face when I realized this morning that you were a P.I.!

PANEL FIVE:

Widen out. Similar to panel 1. Jane looks like she's about to pass out.

5 JANE:

...how **cough** ...how did you know?

(PAGE FIFTEEN CONTINUED)

6 CHLOE (RESPONSE):

Saw you crash into that boy's apartment. Thought you were for sure some sort of crazy person, but then I overheard you talking about the case.

(connected)

Also, you just told me. Like five minutes ago.

(connected)

So, a sleepwalker, huh? Ain't life funny sometimes?

PANEL SIX:

Same shot as panel 4, but we tilt down to Jane's level. The bottom of Chloe's chin and hair are just barely seen in the top of the frame. Jane's fading out.

7 JANE:

Hilarious. Probably more so if there was oxygen reaching my brain.

PANEL SEVEN:

Widen out again to a sheepish-looking Chloe, she has just dropped Jane on the ground, who struggles for breath.

8 CHLOE:

Oh, right.

(connected)

Sorry.

(connected)

Can I buy you a drink?

PAGE SIXTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Jane and Chloe sit across from each other on stools at a high table in a corner of a dive bar. There's a neon beer sign for **Señor Borracho** illuminated above and between them (so get designin'). On the table, a bottle of bourbon sits with a couple shot glasses flanking it. The bottle is full. For now. They're licking their bruises/scratches and applying ice packs.

1 CHLOE:

Your right hook's impressive, but you keep dropping your left shoulder. Totally telegraphing. I should give you my Krav Maga instructor's number. \$50 an hour. Worth every penny.

2 JANE (RESPONSE):

I dunno. This was my first fight. Not exactly itching for more just yet...

(connected)

Itching for whiskey. Though maybe not this much...

PANEL TWO:

Pretty much the same as above, but it's a little later. The bourbon level has dropped a bit.

3 CHLOE:

Wait-- I've heard of Peggy Woodward. Good detective, if her methods are a little dated at times. So you like work out of an office downtown or--?

4 JANE (RESPONSE):

An *offiish*? Nah... We meet weekly at her place. Fake knitting group but with real knitting. We talk p.i. shop, get cases. Called the Shtitch and Bitch--

5 CHLOE (COUNTER):

Really?! *That* was what I saw last night? How... *quaint*.

PANEL THREE:

Just like above. A little later, a little less bourbon. Jane's a little more drunk. Chloe's handling her shit, though.

6 CHLOE:

So there's-- what did you say?-- five of you, including yourself. Some kind of love-hate thing with Marissa, who's the bitchy one--?

(PAGE SIXTEEN CONTINUED)

7 JANE (RESPONSE):

OH MY GOD! Sooo bit *hic* bitcheeee... I totally could've handled that Vegas gig. I'm always juggling the *weird* cases-- Lindelof, Wegener... She'sh *clearly* threatened by my amazing skillz, yo..

PANEL FOUR:

Same as above, but the bottle's just about empty. Jane's face-down on the table, possibly drooling. There's a sign on her back that reads **IF FOUND, PLEASE RETURN TO 1630 ROVELLO DRIVE APT. 7G**. Chloe's walking away from the table, throwing some cash down as she passes.

8 CHLOE:

Thanks for all the dirt, kiddo. I'm sure we'll be running into each other soon...

PAGE SEVENTEEN (FOUR PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Wide, security-cam panel. We're in Brett's bedroom. He's in his PJ's, lying flat on his back in his bed, staring at the ceiling. His fingers are folded on his chest. Nearby, a still-visibly-injured and feeling like shit, sits in a chair. An all-day hangover courtesy of the night before. Their positioning sorta resembles a psychiatrist (Jane) and patient (Brett). She's got her iPad out on her lap to surf the net, but it looks like she's taking notes. There's a few small video cameras set up on tripods around the room, shooting Brett from various angles. One maybe is even infrared.

0 JANE (CAP):

Time: 11:41PM

Location: Home of Brett Wegener

Status: *Blergh.*

1 JANE:

This is the only time I'm happy to have a night gig. Got to sleep off most of this twelve hour hangover. Still feeling *mildly* barfy, but functional.

2 BRETT (RESPONSE):

Man, I miss those nights. Haven't gone out on those marathon drinking sessions with my buddies in, like, a year? Sixteen months?

3 JANE (COUNTER):

Why not?

PANEL TWO:

Same deal, different angle. Jane's leaning in a bit, interested. Cameras still there.

4 BRETT:

Work got crazy. My marriage was crumbling. Work. Moving. Work.

5 JANE (RESPONSE):

Mmm-hmm... And have you been experiencing panic attacks? Migraines? A sense of impending doom? Hallucinations?

6 BRETT (COUNTER):

Yes; a couple; sometimes; once or twice. And also random, mysterious bald patches. Like when I was a kid and my dog had mange.

(PAGE SEVENTEEN CONTINUED)

PANEL THREE:

From Jane's P.O.V., we look down at Jane's iPad, which is on the NetDoc website (a WebMD knockoff). A list of possible symptoms (including the above and a few others). If you want to design the webpage, the Lord of Font can fill in the text.

7 JANE:

Let's plug in your symptoms into NetDoc. See what they say.

8 NETDOC SITE:

(listed)

- Stress • Migraines • Sense of impending doom • Hallucinations • Night sweats
- Epilepsy • Depression • Anxiety • Sleep Apnea • Baby aspirin poisoning

(maybe more, depending on space)

(at the bottom, in BOLD)

CONSULT A DOCTOR!

9 JANE (CONNECTED TO ABOVE):

According to this, you have up-to-and-including: epilepsy, depression, anxiety, sleep apnea, baby aspirin poisoning.

PANEL FOUR:

Angle on Brett in his bed. He looks off-panel toward Jane. He looks a little nervous. A camera points right at his pillow behind him.

10 BRETT:

Thanks, Doc.

(connected)

Sooo... you can go hang out on the couch. Or you planning on *literally* watching me all night?

PAGE EIGHTEEN (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

In Brett's living room, Jane sits in the dark on the couch. She's got a pair of night-vision goggles on (maybe we have a green glow from the 2 eyepieces/1 receiver, even though this is a reality panel. The glow could light the otherwise dark scene), which she's using to read a book (because, let's face it; we'd all at least try it).

1 JANE (CAP):

Time: 4:17AM

Status: Confused.

2 JANE (CAP):

Brett's been under crazy stress for a year-plus, but the sleepwalking is. So what set it off?

PANEL TWO:

Jane's bent over, looking in Brett's fridge. The goggles are sitting on top of her head, as the light from the fridge would BLIND her. But the fridge light is our light source this time.

3 JANE (CAP):

Hmm... diet can affect mood.

4 JANE (CAP):

I should probably try everything. Make sure it's not tainted. It's the *responsible* thing to do.

PANEL THREE:

Jane's got the kitchen lights on as she sits at the table (goggles still on top of her head), slice of cake in front of her, amidst the cadre of other foodlies she's liberated from the fridge and cabinets. She's got a forkful of cake halfway between the plate and her mouth. She's distracted by a growling coming from off-panel.

5 JANE (CAP):

NetDoc says fatty foods can lead to gastroesophageal reflux disease--

6 JANE (CAP):

--a symptom of which is, you guessed it: sleepwalking.

7 SFX:

gggrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...

(PAGE EIGHTEEN CONTINUED)

PANEL FOUR:

Jane's following sleepwalking Brett through the living room towards the front door. She's filming him with a handheld camera (night-vision capabilities, if you're going to draw what she's seeing on the LCD screen).

8 JANE (CAP):

But it's unlikely Baby Huey's diet is new.

9 JANE (CAP):

So I guess that's out.

PANEL FIVE:

Continuous with before, but now Brett's tripped over an end table and smacked his face right into the door.

10 JANE (CAP):

But what do I know; I'm not a doctor--

11 JANE (CAP):

--I'm just here to document. Like a crappier *Blair Witch*.

PANEL SIX:

From the POV of the ceiling, we stare straight down at a conscious and moaning Brett, with Jane standing over him talking directly into the camera.

12 JANE:

4:51AM-- Mr. Wegener, the client, has just defied millennia of biology by knocking himself **conscious**.

PAGE NINETEEN (SIX PANELS)

*THIS PAGE IS ENTIRELY FROM JANE'S NIGHT VISION CAMERA POV.
WE'LL NEED A CAMERA-IS-RECORDING BORDER/TIMESTAMP/REC•ETC.*

PANEL ONE:

The next night at Brett's. Chad's standing in front of his open fridge, GUZZLING from a gallon of milk, which is streaming down his chin, all over his pajamas, leaving a puddle on the linoleum (if we see that much). **TIME IS 3:21AM**

1 JANE (CAP):

Night: Two

Status: Disgusted / Impressed (that was a *full* gallon!)

PANEL TWO:

Jane films Brett from inside his apartment, but watching him sleep-twirling in circles in his building's parking lot. **TIME IS 3:54AM**

2 JANE (CAP):

Night: Four

Status: Nervous

PANEL THREE:

Jane's pointing at the bathroom door, which is cracked and we can see him sitting on the throne. Asleep.

3 JANE (CAP):

Night: Nine

Status: *Uhhhhh...* Back to disgusted.

4 JANE:

Soooo... you're totally sleep-pooing, huh?

PANEL FOUR:

Jane talks directly to the camera, pointed up at her face, a little like the famous shot from *Blair Witch*. She looks burnt out; bags under her eyes. **TIME IS 6:48AM**

4 JANE:

I'm... just... **so tired.**

(connected)

Thankfully, no incidents tonight. Sleep *walking* or otherwise...

(PAGE NINETEEN CONTINUED)

PANEL FIVE:

Similar to **PANEL FOUR** but exhaustion has been mixed with fear. Her eyes dart around, paranoid that someone's around. She's not wrong. Behind her, a shadow looms (Brett's).

5 JANE:

...I *hope* that means Brett's new meds are worki--

(connected)

Wait; did you hear that?

(connected)

I haven't slept in two weeks. I don't know what's real anymore.

PANEL SIX:

Jane whips the camera around to reveal Brett standing in the corner like the end of *Blair Witch*. It's all creepy-like.

6 JANE:

AAAAAHHHHH!

(connected)

NOOOOOOOOOO!! I thought I was done! I thought I could **sleep!**

PAGE TWENTY (FIVE PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

Wide shot of Peggy's living room. The whole gang's there... except for Peggy. They chat, but it's still quiet. Different without Peggy. Some knit, some snack. Jane 1000 yard stares at a water bottle filled with some kind of non-water liquid (a little darker in tone).

1 KARA:

What's taking Peggy so long? I got a schedule here!

2 JENN:

She's probably cutting the crusts off her tea sandwiches with Martha Stewart-like precision.

3 MARISSA:

What are you drinking, Jane? It smells like if death vomited.

4 JANE:

Oh yeah, it's pretty rank. Tastes... slightly less rank.

(connected)

Homemade energy drink.

PANEL TWO:

Close in on Marissa and Jane. Jane faces straight ahead, only eyes looking at Marissa, who's rolling her eyes or being bitchy some other way. She SHAKILY brings the bottle up to her lips. Like a grizzled 'Nam vet that's "seen some things, man." In the background, Peggy enters the room, platter of tea sammiches in tow.

5 JANE:

Figure if I can stay up till at least nine, I can maybe get back on a normal schedule. Brett's got plenty of footage for his doctor and I need a bit of a break.

6 PEGGY (BACKGROUND):

Girls!

7 MARISSA:

So you closed the sleepwalker case. Way to go, Nancy Drew.

PANEL THREE:

Stomach-up shot on Peggy (w/ platter peeking up). She looks concerned. Dead serious.

8 PEGGY:

Listen up-- We have a... *situation*.

(PAGE TWENTY CONTINUED)

PANEL FOUR:

Straight shot of Peggy. She's holding up a newspaper ad for Chloe's agency. It's a full-page thing (classy AND fancy), the design of which will be up to you. Go for professional looking. Leave room for the copy above and below.

9 PEGGY:

Memorize this face. It belongs to *Chloe Rousseau*. She's *stealing* clients!

10 AD COPY (TOP):

You need Sam Spade, not Martha Stewart.

11 AD COPY (BOTTOM):

We're **real** detectives; **not** bored housewives.

PANEL FIVE:

Jane does a SPIT TAKE in Marissa's face. Or close to it.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

FANTASY. This is a fancier looking version of the last panel. Peggy looks like she did on [PAGE 2](#), with the eyepatch and vest/tie combo. Instead of holding up the newspaper, it's above her shoulder, like Jane's opened the file separately (or like over the shoulder of a news anchor).

1 PEGGY:

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to track down Chloe Rousseau and--

(connected; one bubble per word)

Take. Her. DOWN.

PANEL TWO:

FANTASY. Back in the motel room (also from the beginning of the book), we're back with *sleek* Jane. Her catsuit has been repaired. Her helmet, too. She's staring at the glowing screen.

2 JANE:

Oh, I choose. I choose very, very much.

PANEL THREE:

FANTASY. Jane stands (*not quite* posing, not far off) in a dark alley. It's spooky and ominous. She holds a folded \$20 just out of reach of some newsie kid (an informant).

3 NEWSIE:

I hear she's holed up in warehouse loft downtown...

4 JANE:

Thanks, kid.

PANEL FOUR:

FANTASY. We look through a fancy, Bruce Wayne/Lucious Fox kind of binoculars. So it's one solid image (*not* 2 circles, which is innacurate), but it's got a future-y rounded shape. There's all kinds of data/numbers crunched. Fancy crosshairs marking distance. We're looking in at Chloe's loft. She's in a ball gown, as are any other lady guests. The men are in tuxedos.

PANEL FIVE:

FANTASY. Close up on Jane, holding the grappling gun, ready to fire.

PANEL SIX:

FANTASY. *Loooooong/wide* silhouette shot of Jane ZIPLINING across the skyline towards Chloe's loft. Very cinematic-looking.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO (SIX PANELS)

PANEL ONE:

FANTASY. From inside Chloe's loft, we watch Jane CRASH through the window, her foot coming right for the camera; glass everywhere.

PANEL TWO:

FANTASY. Jane's shoulder rolled into a crouch from the zipline. She's in silhouette in the foreground. Chloe, in gown and jewels, stands in the background, her hands on hips. The guests behind her all look shocked at the events.

1 CHLOE:

Well, well, well... If it isn't Jane Day.

(connected)

If you wanted to come tonight, all you had to do was ask.

PANEL THREE:

FANTASY. Medium close on Jane. She's holding up a folder.

2 JANE:

My invitation must have been lost in the mail.

(connected)

Chloe Rousseau-- I'm calling you out! I have *proof* exposing you as a **fraud!**

PANEL FOUR:

FANTASY. Medium close on Chloe. Her hands are still on her hips, but she throws her head back in laughter.

3 CHLOE:

HA! That'd mean you'd actually have to do some *real* detective work!

PANEL FIVE:

FANTASY. Back on Jane. She drops the folder, which is a pretty blatant symbol for the dropped gauntlet.

4 JANE:

Ok. Fine. I'll try it your way: kick first, ask questions later.

(PAGE TWENTY-TWO CONTINUED)

PANEL SIX:

FANTASY. Jane stands in the middle of the floor, she's being encircled by tuxedoed henchman. Chloe's backed off, choosing to watch instead of participate. She waves Jane off at the the henchmen, to go with her line:

5 CHLOE:

Sigh *Deal* with her.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE (FIVE PANELS)

THE FIRST THREE PANELS WILL BE DONE IN THE STYLE OF 60'S BATMAN.

PANEL ONE:

FANTASY. Jane fights off the first couple henchmen. Artist choice.

1 SFX:

POW! BIFF!

PANEL TWO:

FANTASY. Jane gets one of the henchman into a full nelson and uses him as a shield for another punching henchman.

3 SFX:

GRAPPLE! BAM!

PANEL THREE:

FANTASY. The fight continues. Jane grabs a tuxedo guy by the lapels and head-butts him, knocking his head back out of panel (or toward it).

2 SFX:

BONK!

PANEL FOUR:

FANTASY. Continuation of the previous panel. Jane, still holding the lapels, pulls the guy back toward herself. Only the guy is a stuffed bunny. In a tuxedo.

3 JANE:

?

PANEL FIVE:

REALITY. A *WIDE* angled shot, from like a bird's eye/security camera angle. It must be wide enough to show the breadth of what she's done in her sleep. Her room is TRASHED. Clothes and stuffed animals and action figures *everywhere*, bookcases, chairs, etc. knocked over-- the full nine. She's choking the lack-of-life from a stuffed rabbit. The same one from the last panel, natch.

4 JANE:

Whoa-- What the-- *Sleepwalking is contagious?!*

5 CAPTION:

To Be Continued!