

Fabulae  
**ATROCES**  
Fausti



“She’s the Ransom”

Iago Faustus  
Erosarts

## Publication

"She's the Ransom," a short comic and its associated script, published June 30, 2017. The script is by Iago Faustus, Ph.D. The illustration is by Erosarts. Both are published under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0) license.

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DARLING,  
I'M HOME.  
ARE YOU  
THERE?

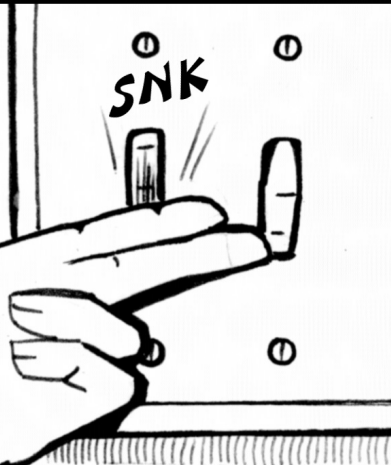
MICAELA,  
ARE YOU IN?



THAT DAMN MAID!  
WHERE IS SHE?



IF SHE'S  
CLAIMING SHE  
HAS TO BE HOME  
WITH HER SICK  
KID AGAIN...





WE ARRANGED FOR YOUR MAID TO HAVE THE EVENING OFF, MRS. BELL. WE ALSO ARRANGED FOR FOR A PHYSICIAN TO SEE HER DAUGHTER.

SOMETHING WHICH I BELIEVE YOU HAVE NEVER DONE, IN SPITE OF HER YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE.





WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
IN MY HOME?



IS THIS YOUR  
HUSBAND'S BRANDY?  
I MUST SAY HE HAS  
EXCELLENT TASTE...

THOUGH I  
WOULD EXPECT NO  
LESS FROM A MAN OF  
SUCH WEALTH AND  
INFLUENCE.



I HEAR  
HE EVEN HAS  
THE EAR OF  
OUR BELOVED  
PRESIDENT  
HIMSELF.

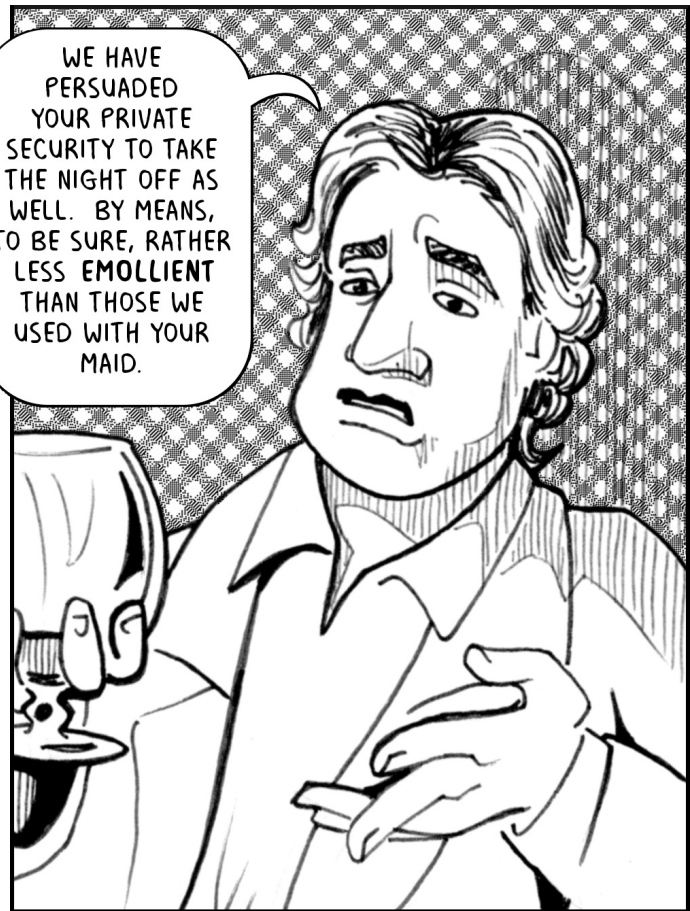


HERE...  
LET ME POUR  
YOU A GLASS.



I'LL HAVE YOU DEALT WITH SOON ENOUGH!

TIK  
TIK  
TIK

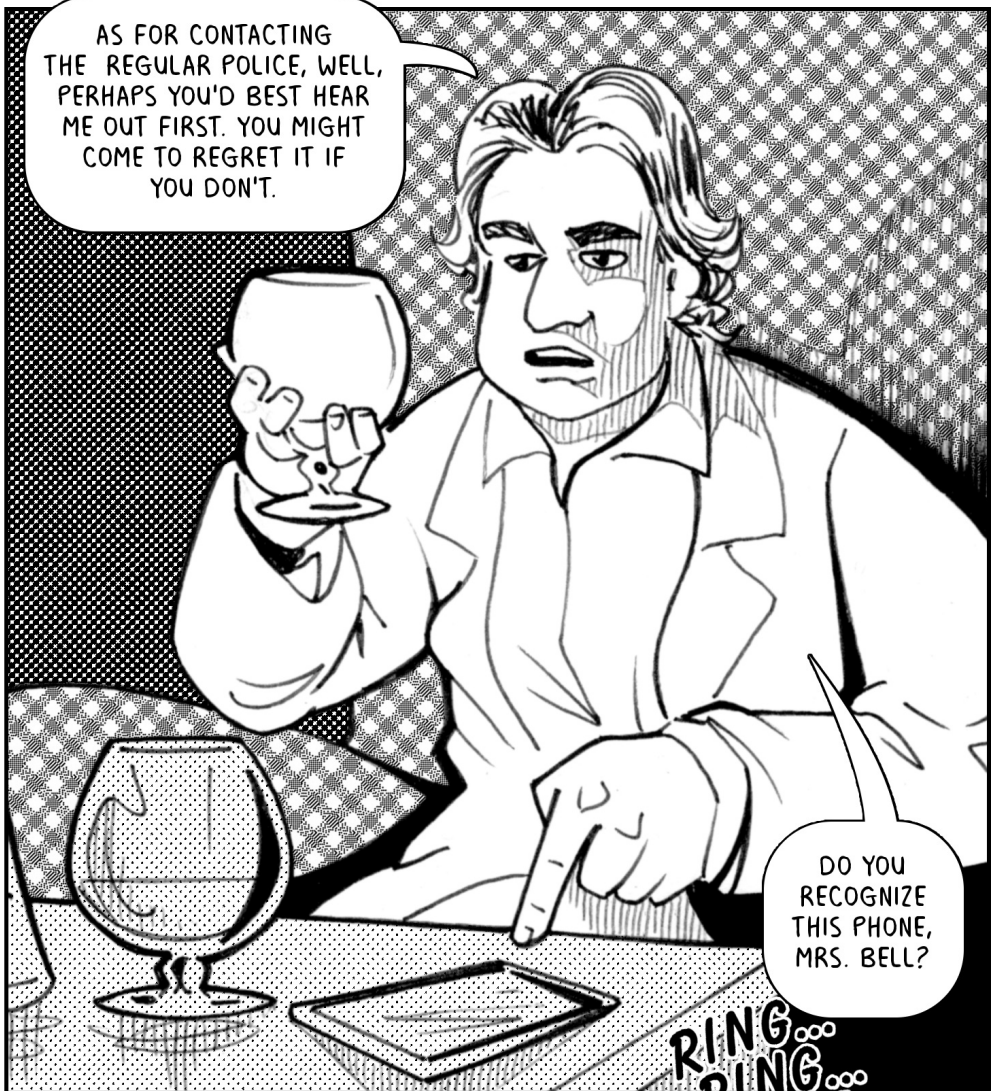


WE HAVE PERSUADED YOUR PRIVATE SECURITY TO TAKE THE NIGHT OFF AS WELL. BY MEANS, TO BE SURE, RATHER LESS EMOLLIENT THAN THOSE WE USED WITH YOUR MAID.



C'MON...

RING...  
RING...  
RING...



AS FOR CONTACTING THE REGULAR POLICE, WELL, PERHAPS YOU'D BEST HEAR ME OUT FIRST. YOU MIGHT COME TO REGRET IT IF YOU DON'T.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS PHONE, MRS. BELL?

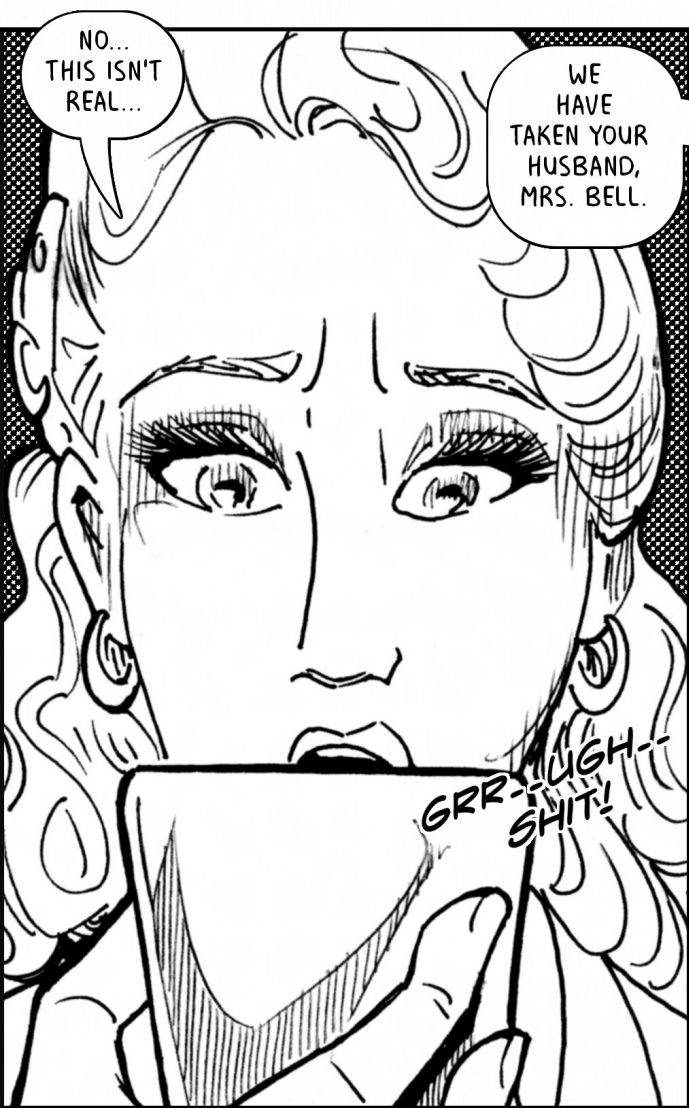
RING...  
RING...



MY HUSBAND HAS ONE JUST LIKE IT.

HAD ONE JUST LIKE IT.

WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE VIDEO APP AND PRESS 'PLAY?'



NO... THIS ISN'T REAL...

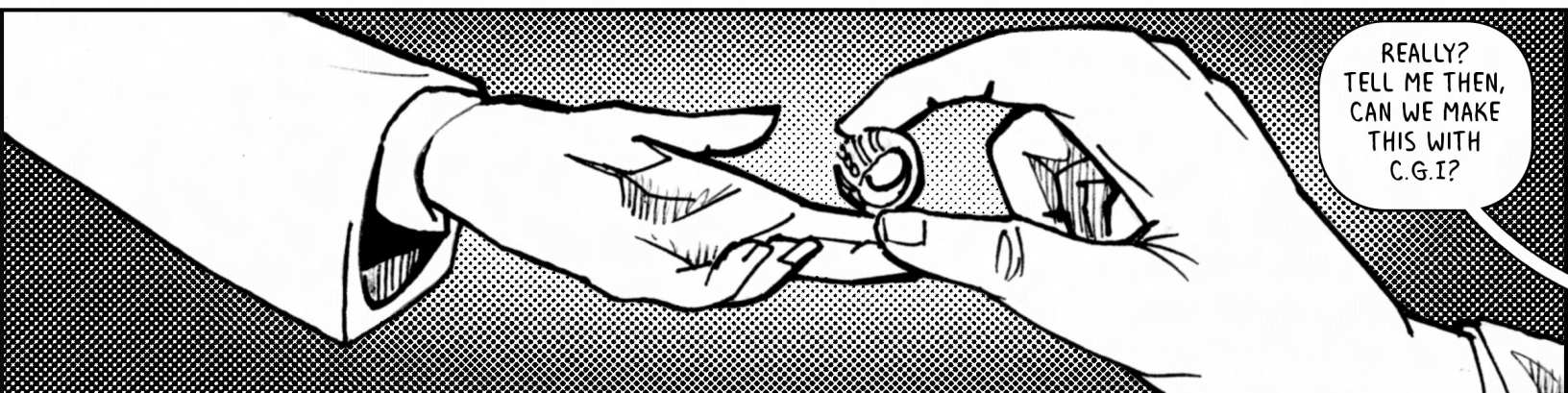
WE HAVE TAKEN YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. BELL.

GRR--UGH--  
SHIT!



FOR A MAN IN HIS CONDITION HE WAS SURPRISINGLY DIFFICULT TO SUBDUE.

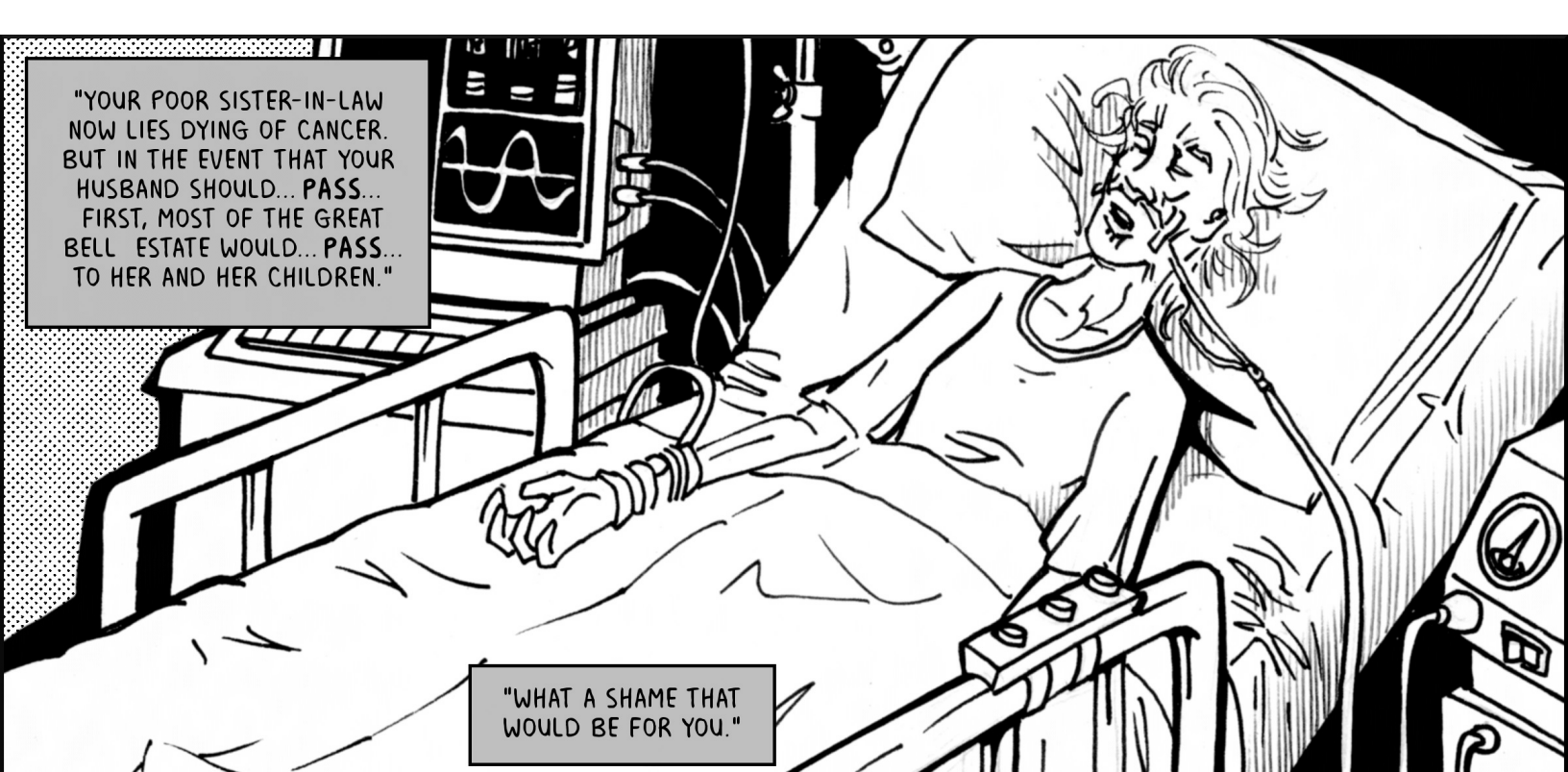
IT'S A FORGERY, A FAKE. YOU CAN DO THAT WITH C.G.I. NOW.



REALLY? TELL ME THEN, CAN WE MAKE THIS WITH C.G.I.?








"YOUR POOR SISTER-IN-LAW  
NOW LIES DYING OF CANCER.  
BUT IN THE EVENT THAT YOUR  
HUSBAND SHOULD... PASS...  
FIRST, MOST OF THE GREAT  
BELL ESTATE WOULD... PASS...  
TO HER AND HER CHILDREN."

"WHAT A SHAME THAT  
WOULD BE FOR YOU."




HOW DARE YOU  
MAKE SUCH  
INSINUATIONS!

I LOVE MY  
HUSBAND.



OH, I AM SORRY.  
I HAD FORGOTTEN -  
NO WOMAN EVER  
MARRIES FOR MONEY.

YOU ARE ALL SAVVY ENOUGH  
TO FALL IN LOVE WITH  
THE BILLIONAIRES FIRST.



CONTINUE TO  
TAUNT ME AND  
I SHALL CALL  
THE POLICE.

AND I DON'T CARE  
WHO WOULD COME  
TO REGRET IT.

VERY WELL. I SHALL COME TO THE POINT. WE WANT YOU TO COME TO THIS ADDRESS I'VE WRITTEN DOWN FOR YOU. WHEN YOU GET THERE, COME IN THE SHIPPING ENTRANCE AND FOLLOW THE RED LIGHT.



YOU MUST DO EXACTLY AS WE SAY FOR A SHORT TIME, PROBABLY LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES. IF YOU DO, WE SHALL NOT LAY A SINGLE FINGER ON YOUR HUSBAND, AND THEN LEAVE THE TWO OF YOU IN PEACE.

WE SHALL HAVE LOOKOUTS POSTED, SO IF YOU TRY TO BRING HELP, WE WILL KNOW, AND IT WILL GO VERY BADLY FOR YOUR HUSBAND.

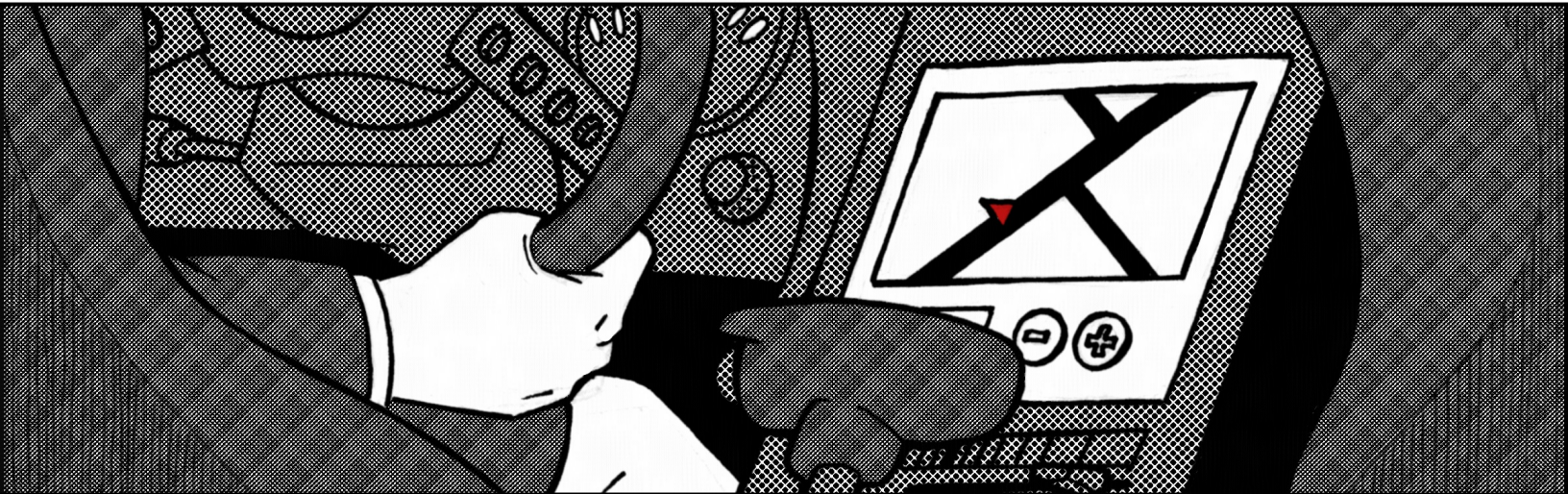
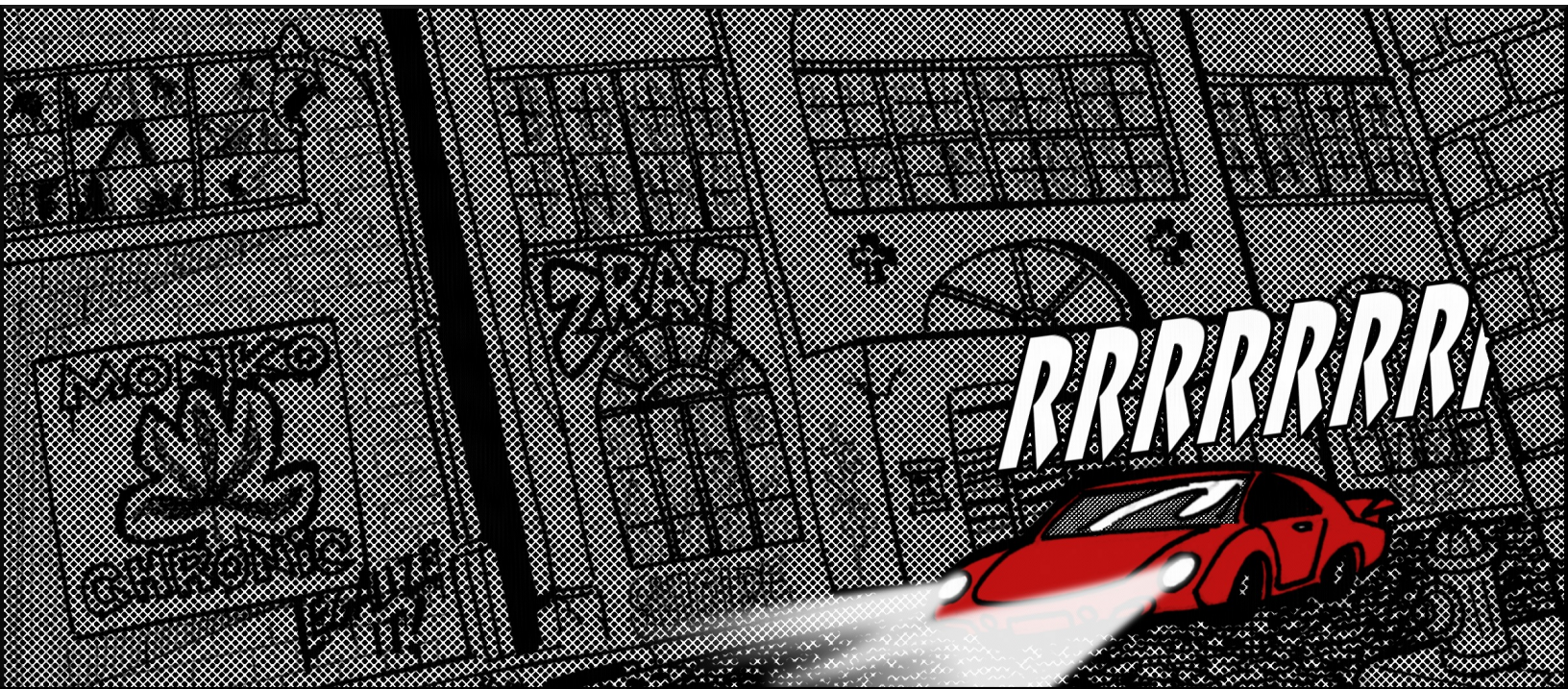


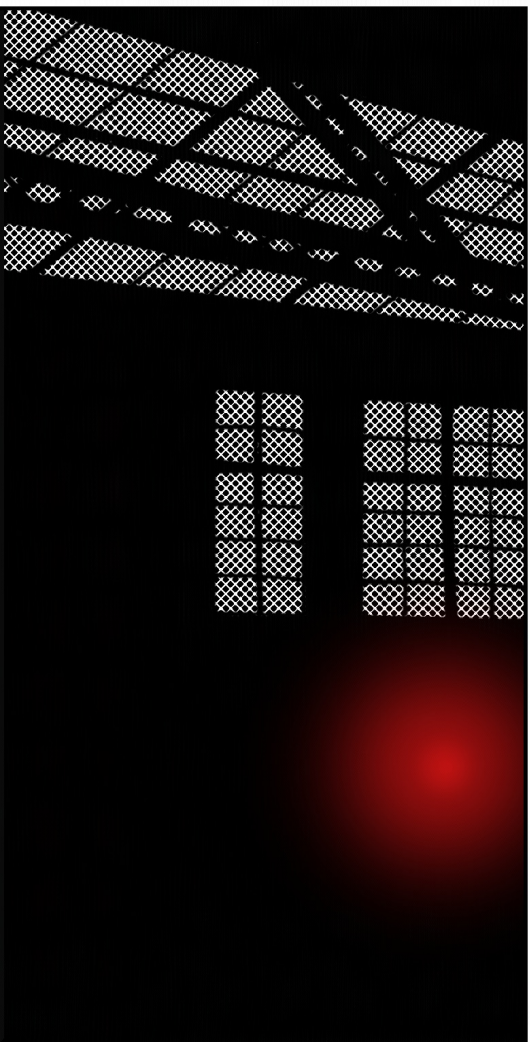
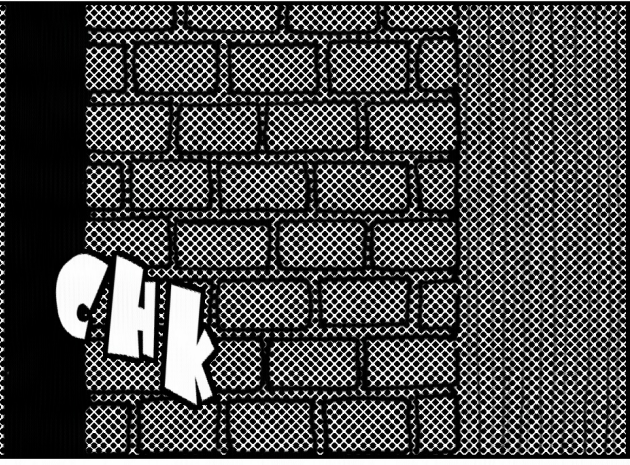
BE THERE AT 2 A.M.



YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE SOME OF THAT BRANDY, MRS. BELL.

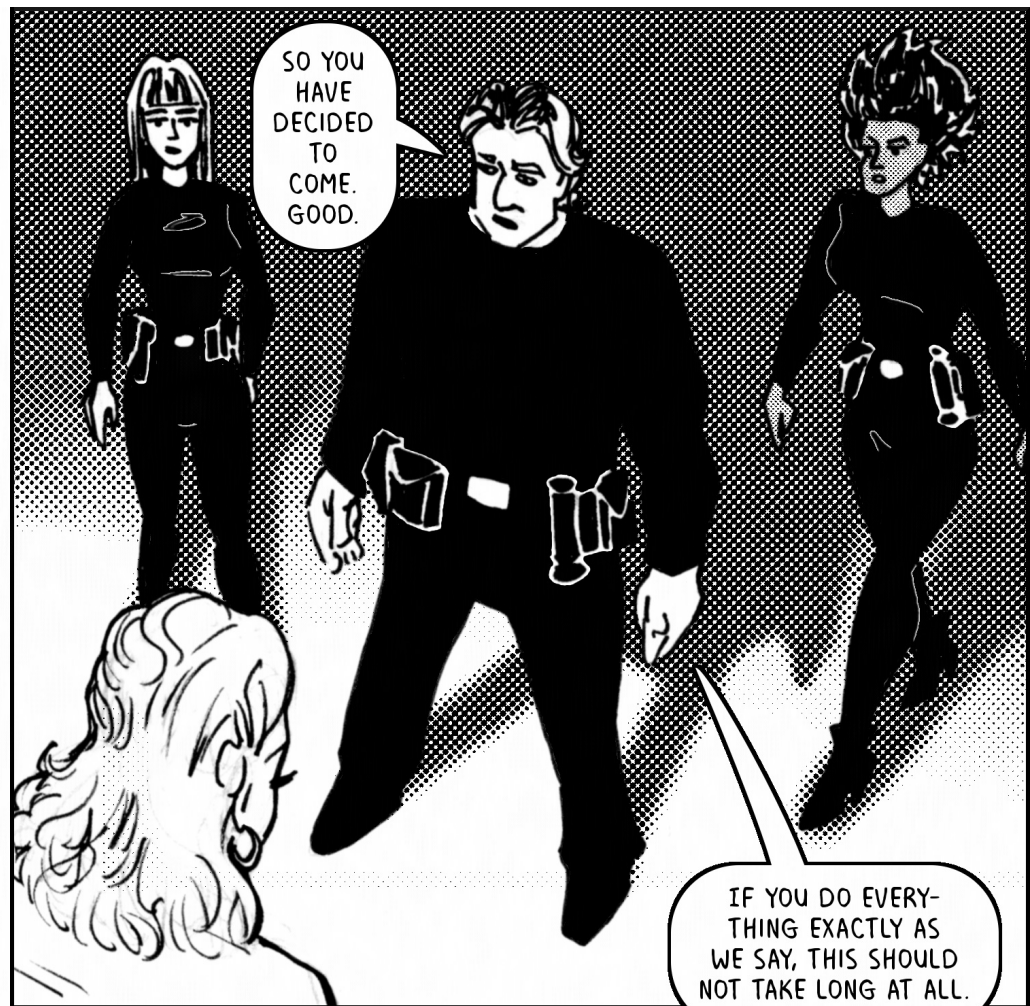
YOU MIGHT NEED IT.

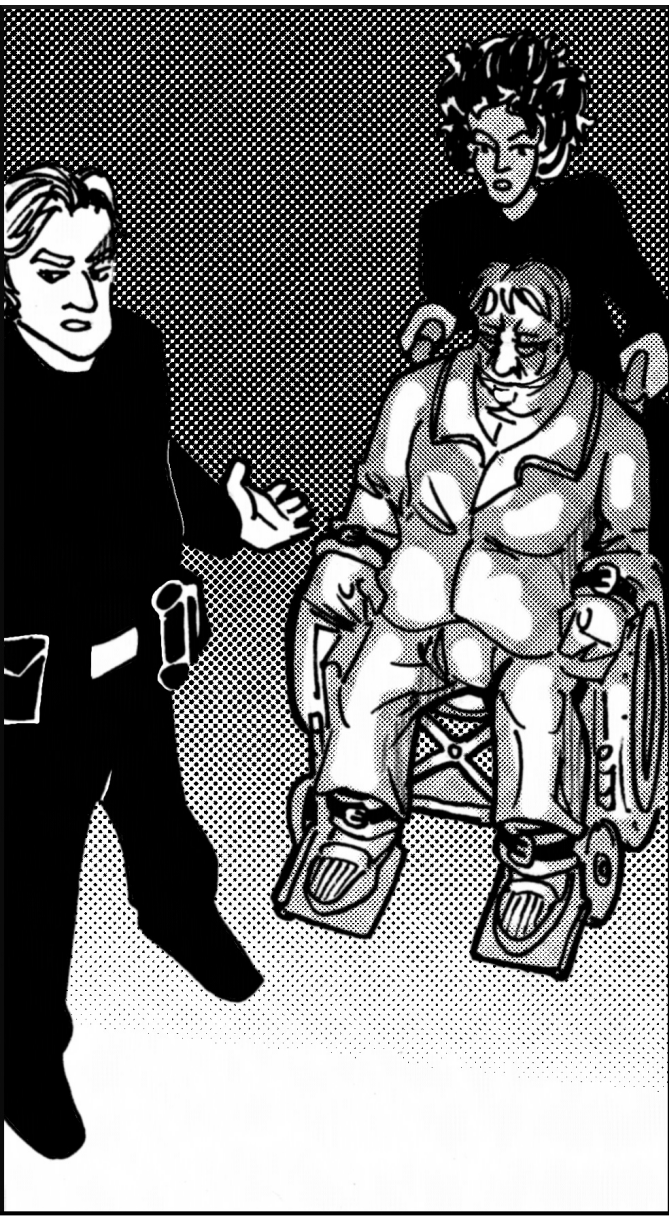






tik tik  
tik tik

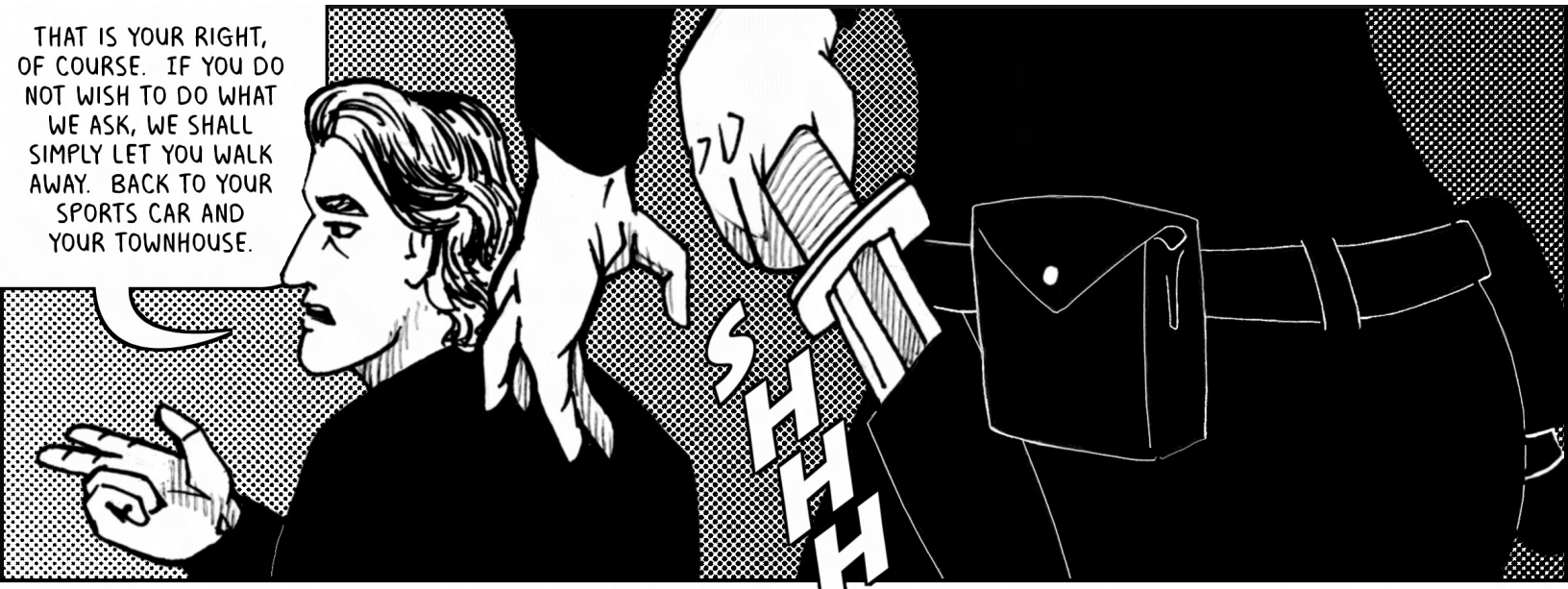






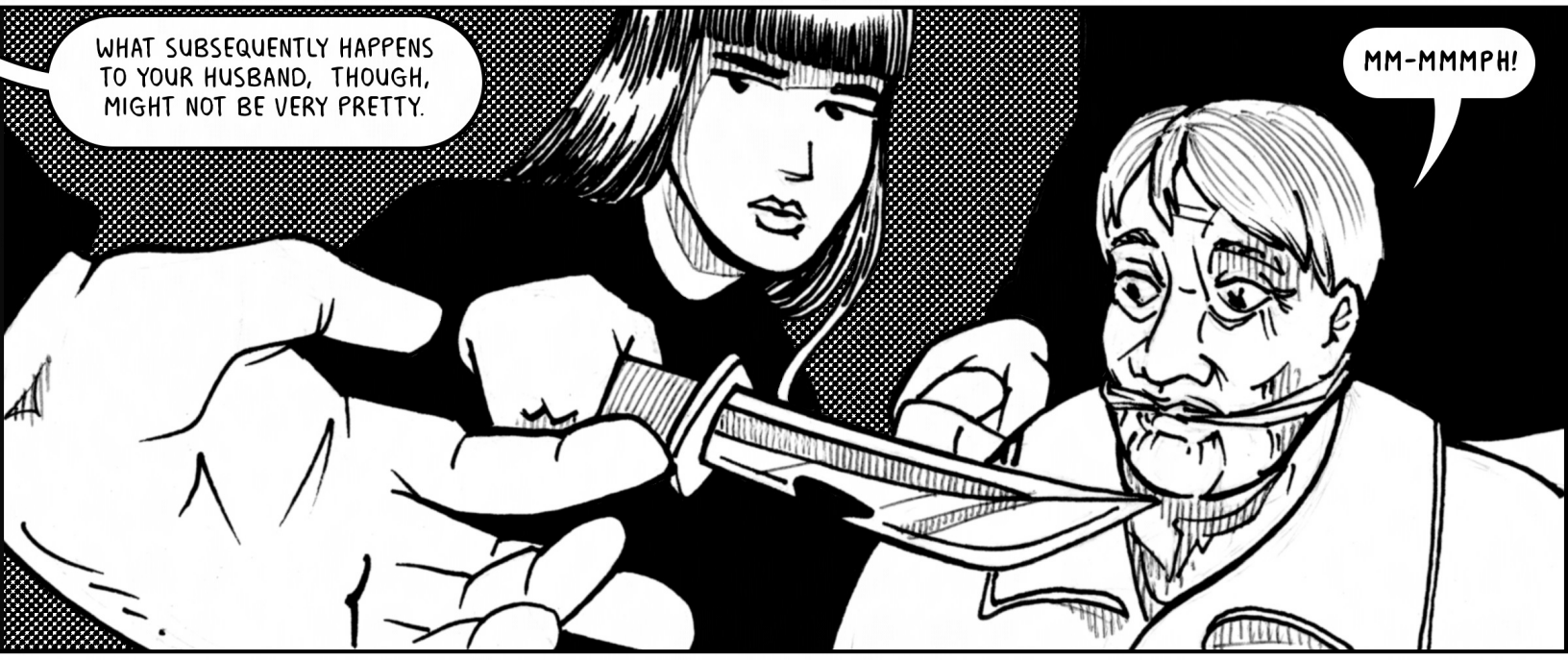
THAT IS YOUR RIGHT, OF COURSE. IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO DO WHAT WE ASK, WE SHALL SIMPLY LET YOU WALK AWAY. BACK TO YOUR SPORTS CAR AND YOUR TOWNHOUSE.

SHHHH

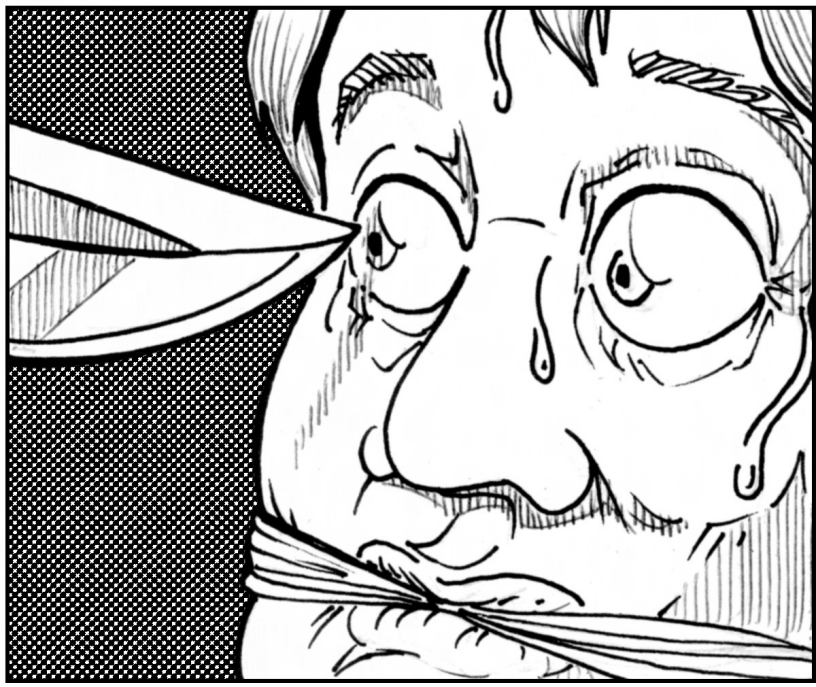
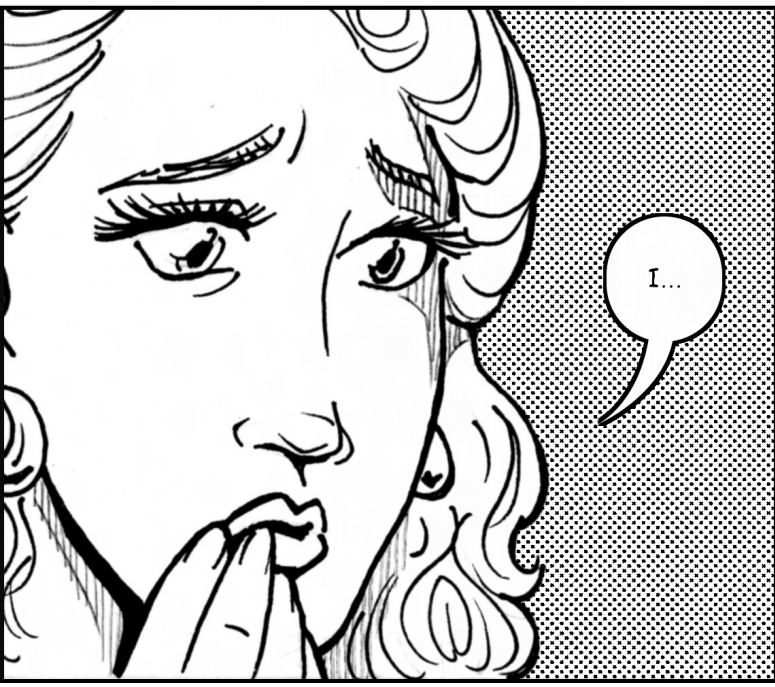


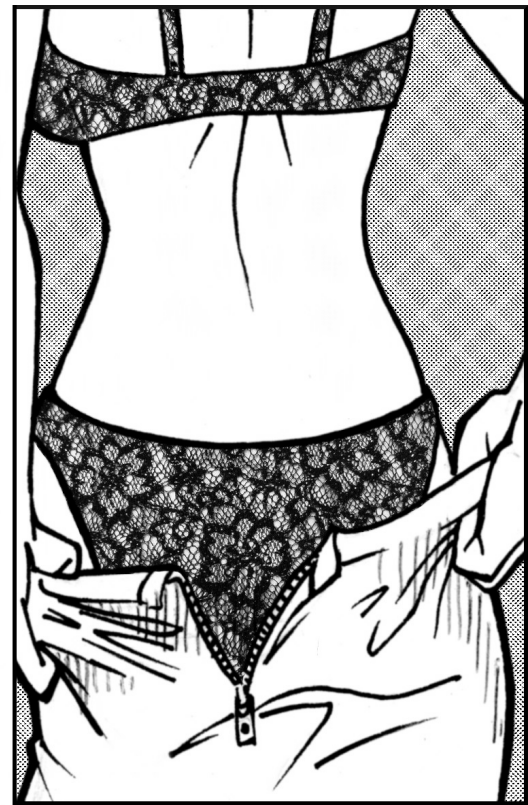
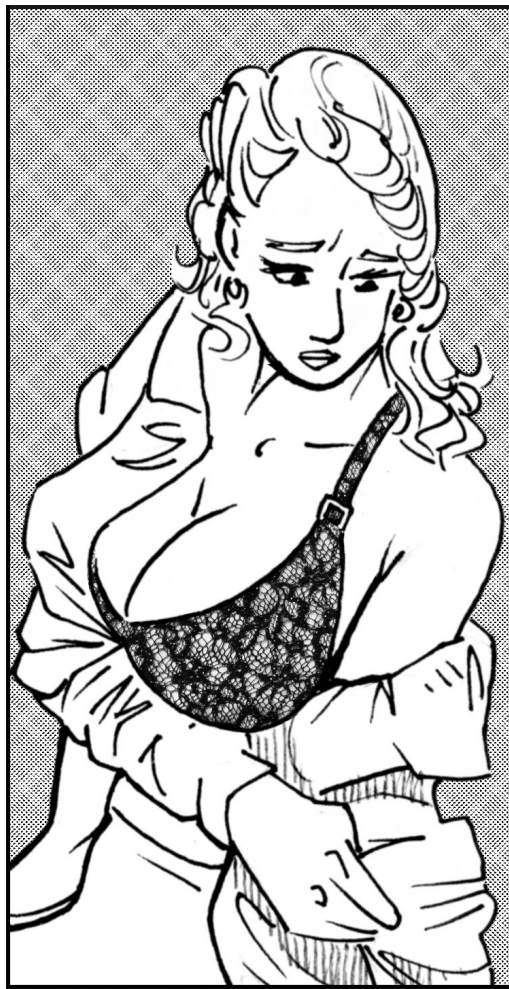
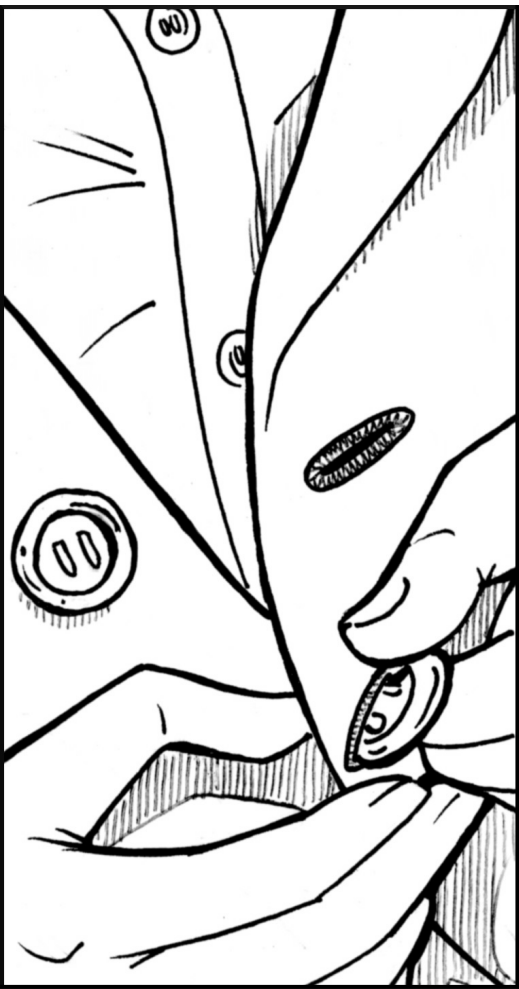
WHAT SUBSEQUENTLY HAPPENS TO YOUR HUSBAND, THOUGH, MIGHT NOT BE VERY PRETTY.

MM-MMMPH!



I...

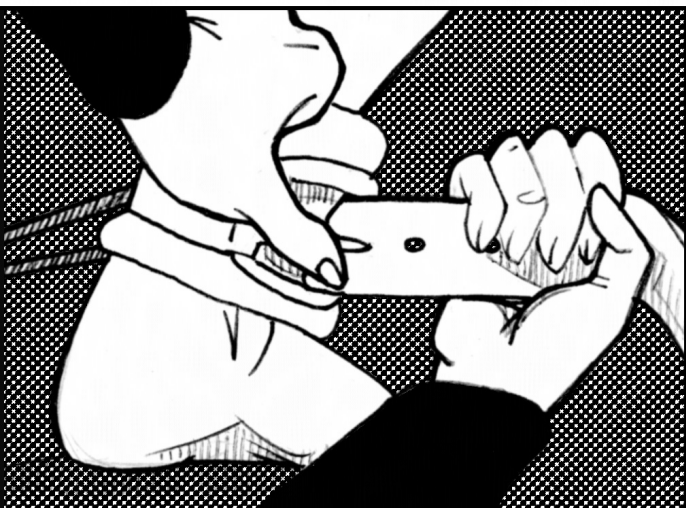
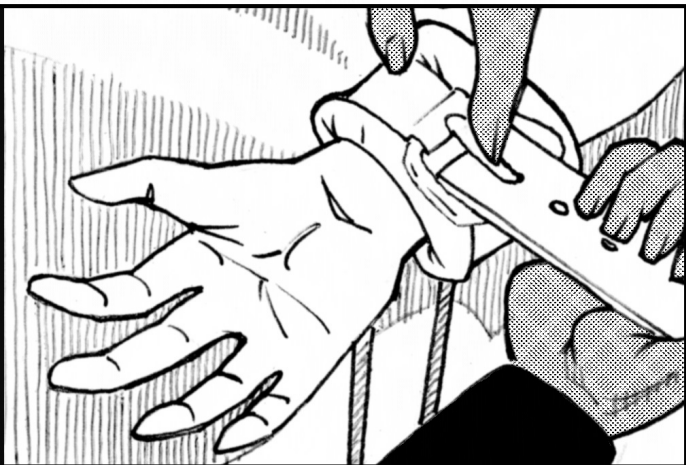




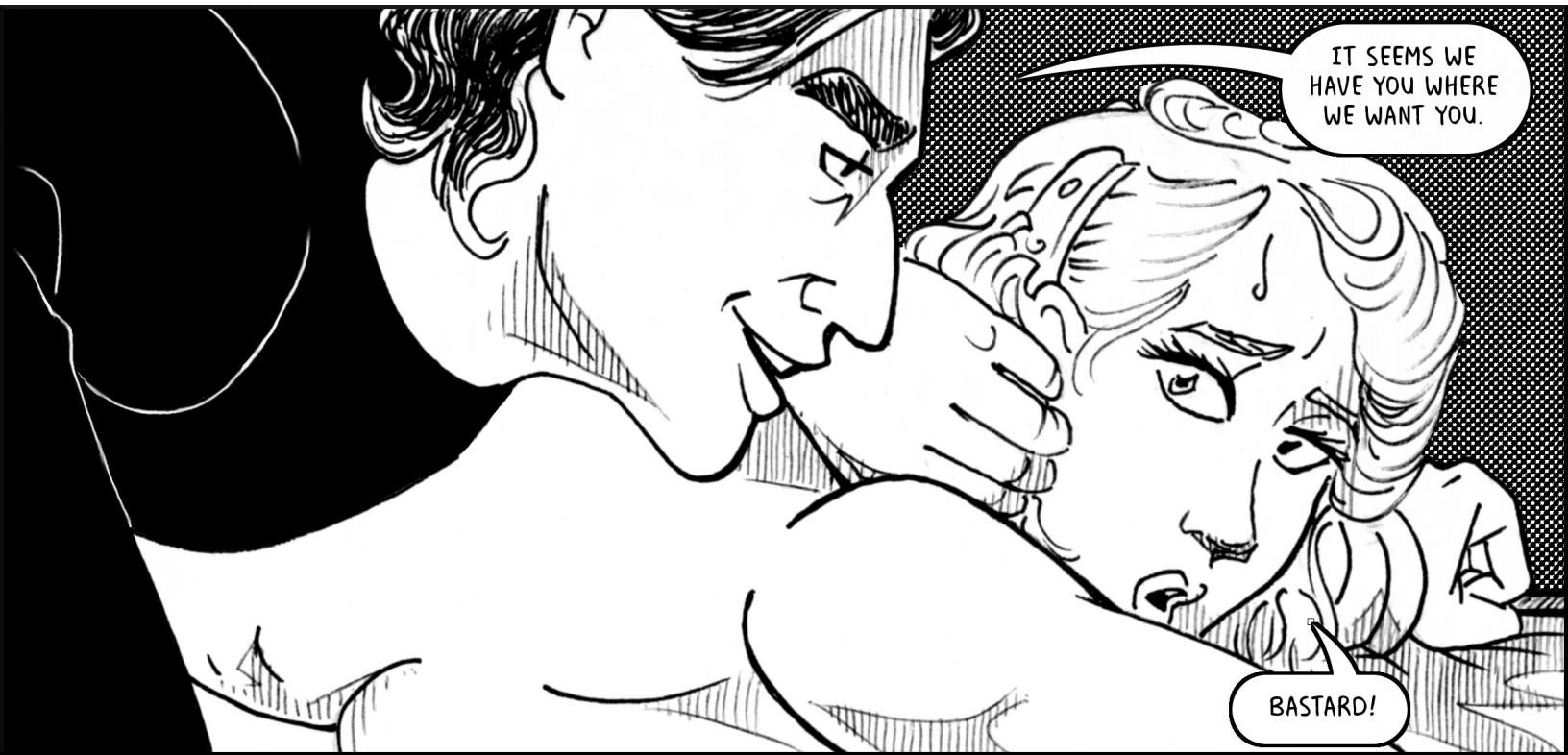
THERE.  
HAPPY  
NOW?



SHAVED.  
I MIGHT  
HAVE  
GUESSED.



"YOUR WIFE MAKES  
QUITE A SIGHT, DOESN'T  
SHE, MR. BELL?"



IT SEEMS WE HAVE YOU WHERE WE WANT YOU.

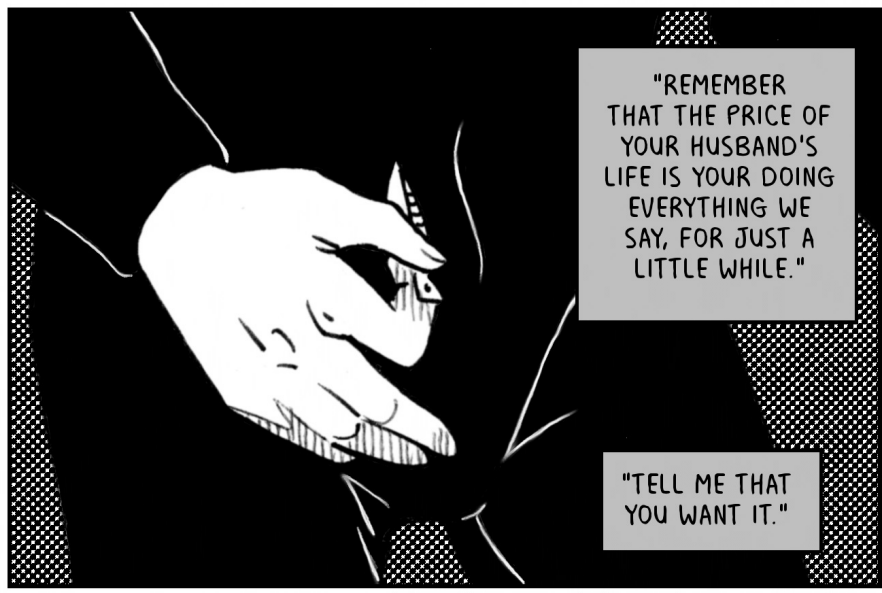
BASTARD!



I THINK YOU'RE ACTUALLY EXCITED BY THIS.

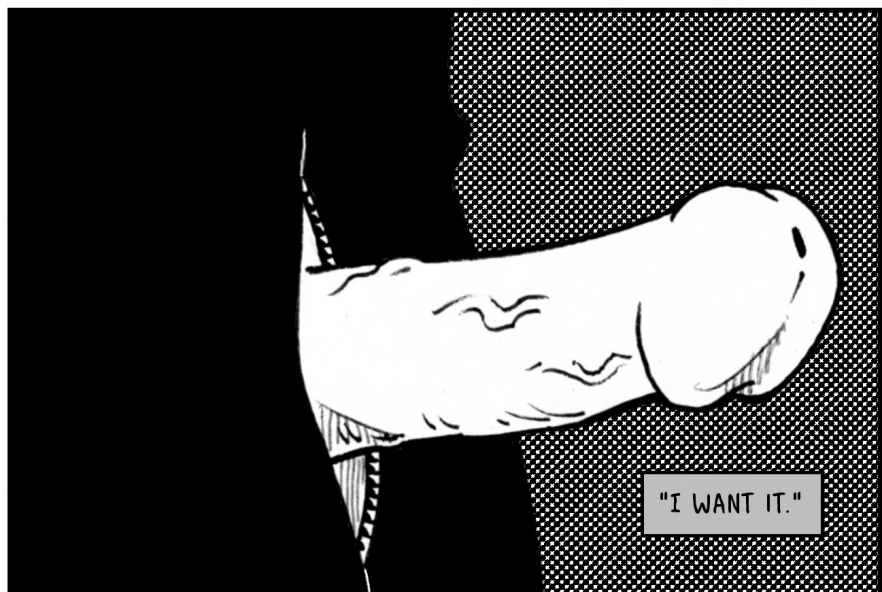
NO!

YES!



"REMEMBER THAT THE PRICE OF YOUR HUSBAND'S LIFE IS YOUR DOING EVERYTHING WE SAY, FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE."

"TELL ME THAT YOU WANT IT."



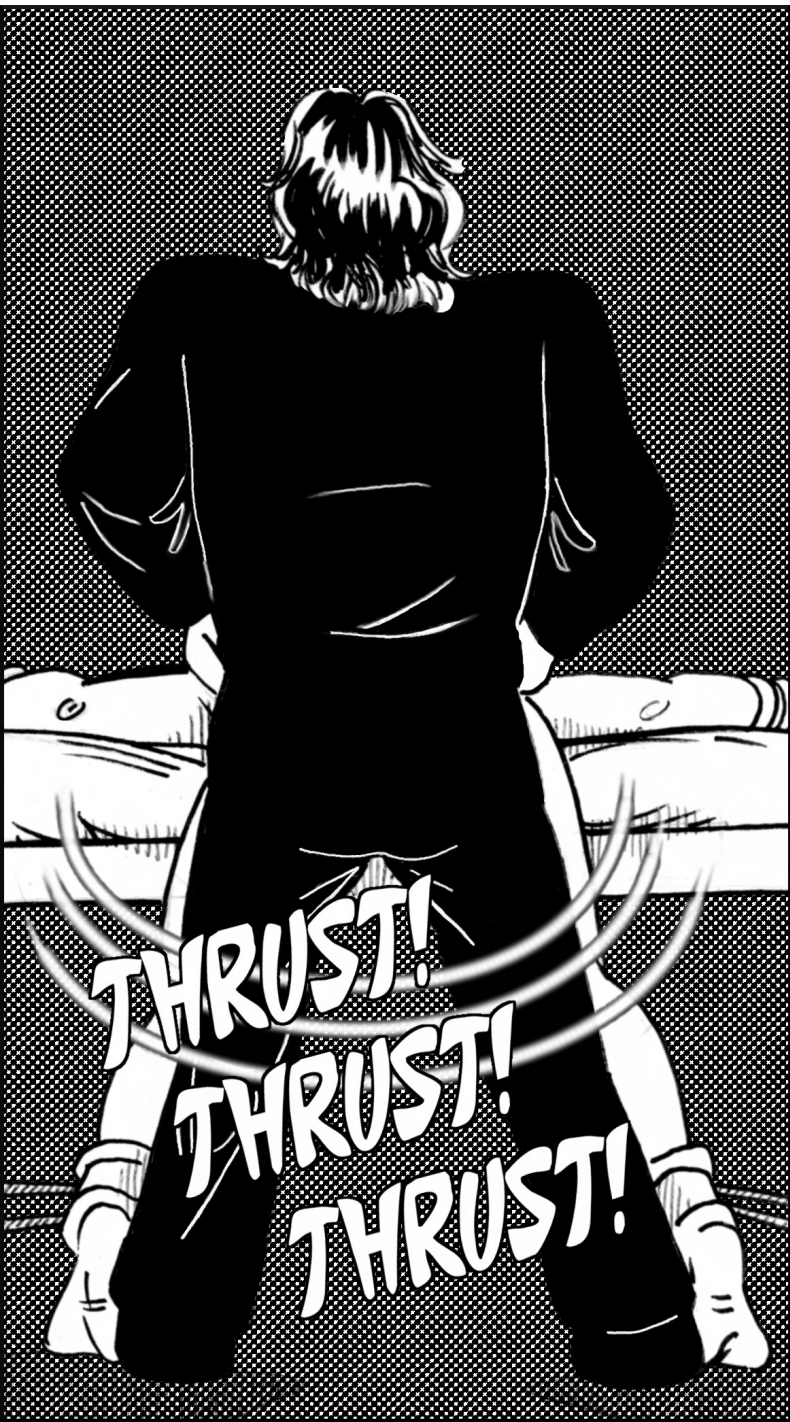
"I WANT IT."



OH, I THINK YOU DO WANT IT.

HONG, BRING MR. BELL OVER SO THAT HE MIGHT HAVE A BETTER VIEW.

OHHH...!

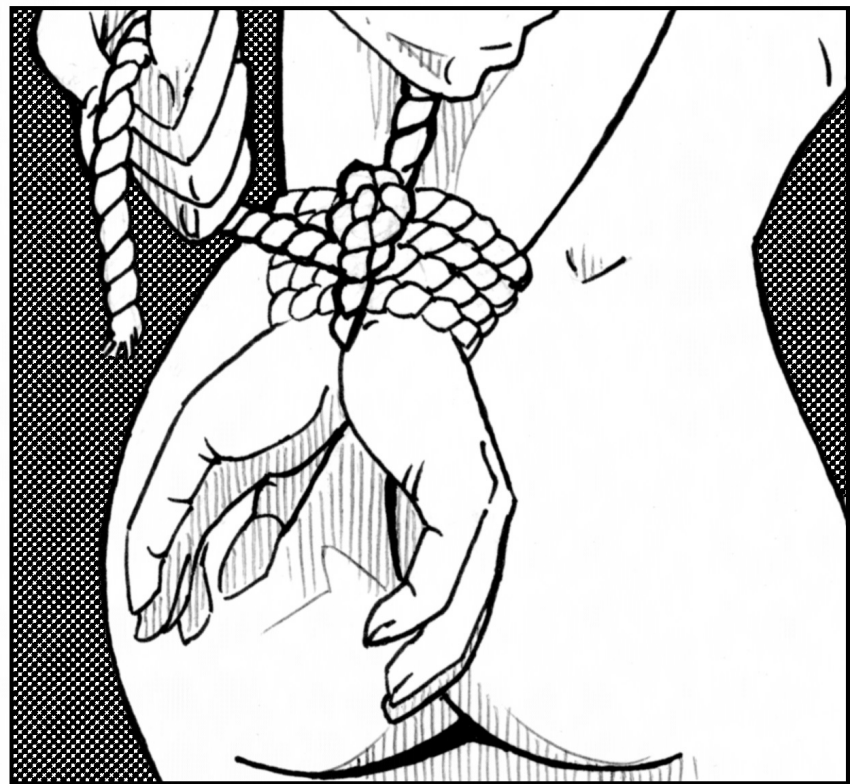
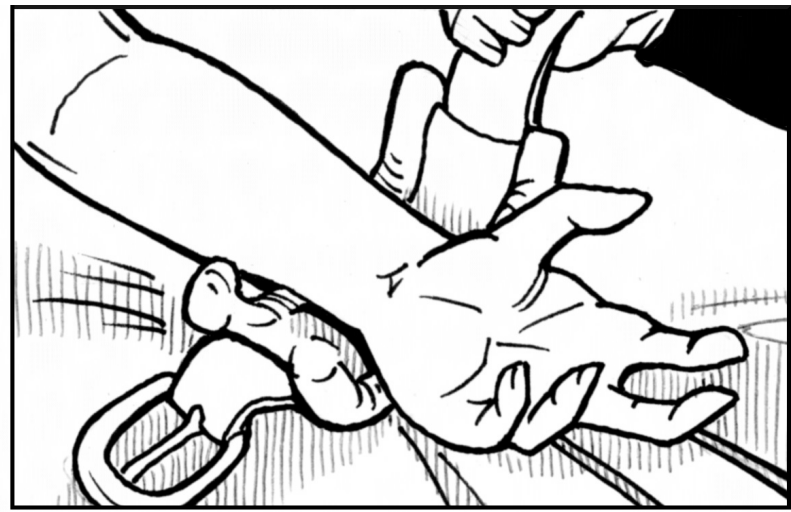
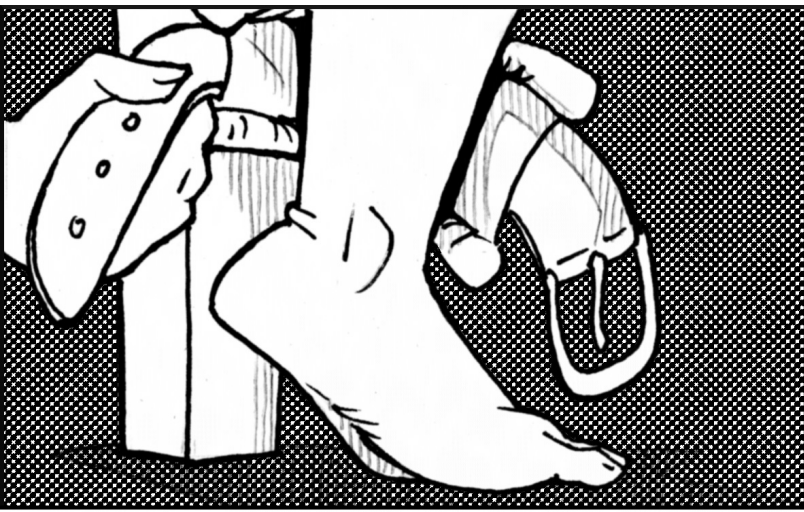


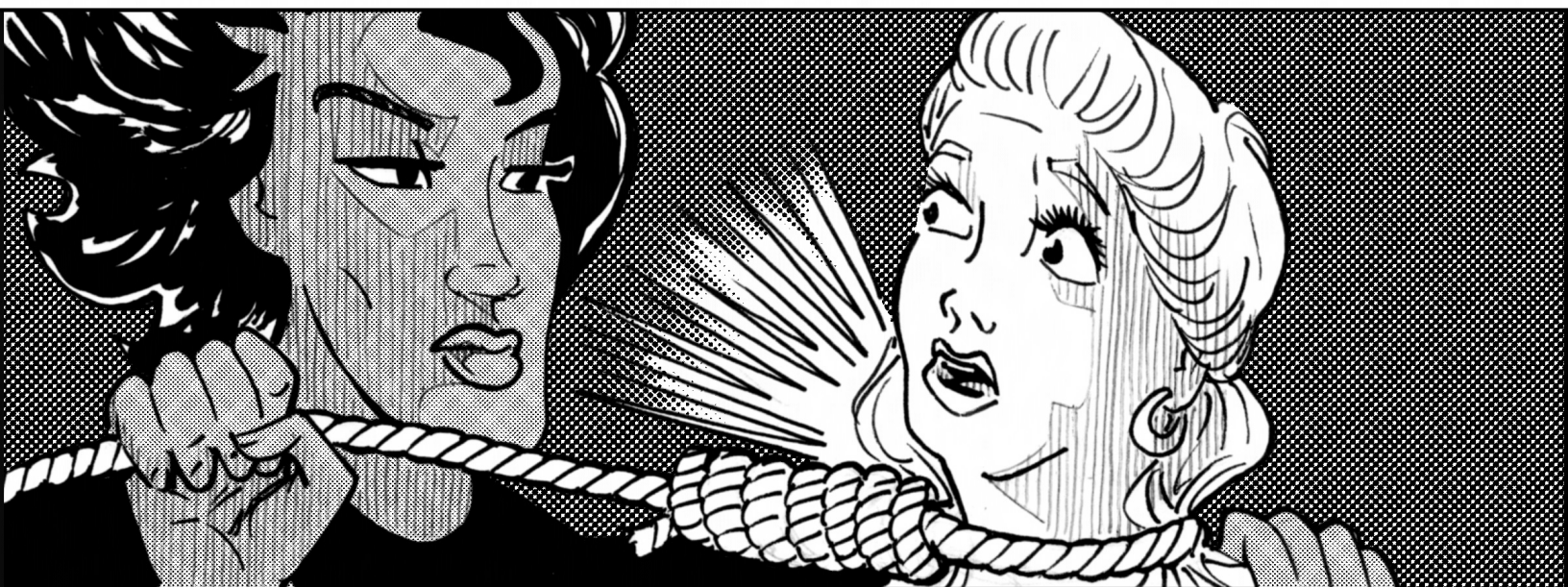


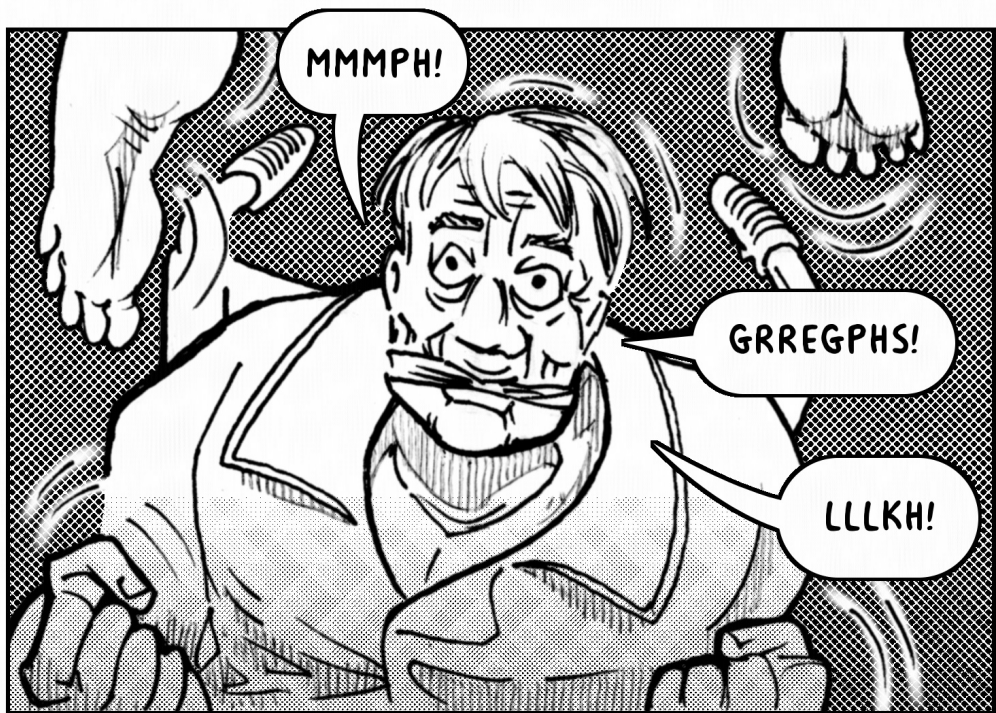
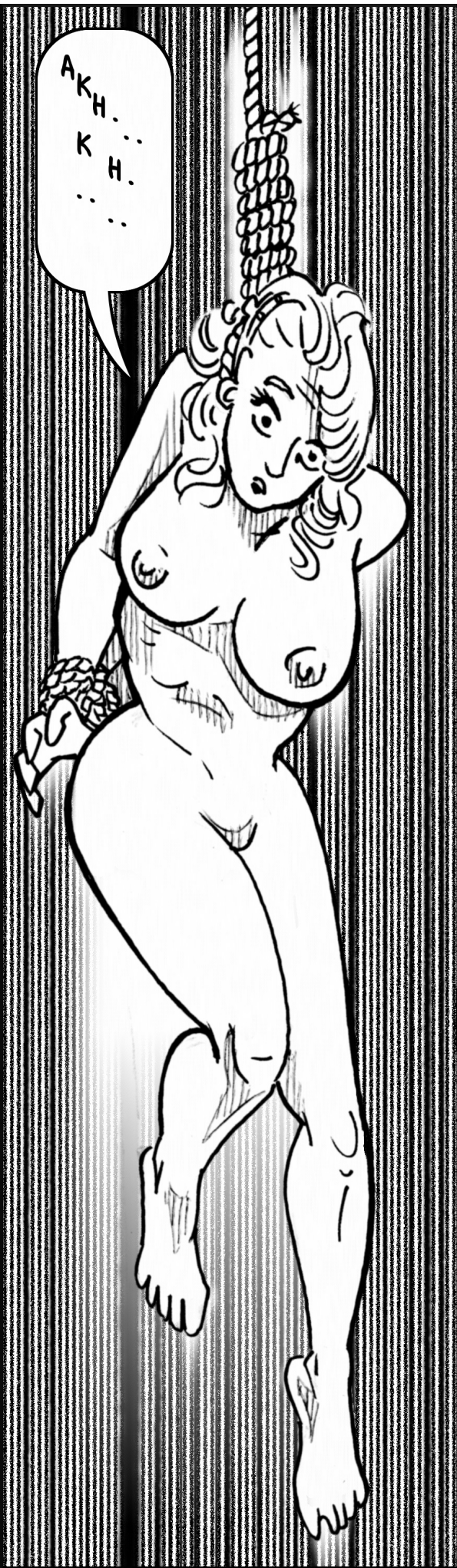
UHHNG....











GOOD WORK, TEAM.  
MURRAY, DID YOU  
GET ALL THAT?

SURE DID. EVEN A FEW  
GOOD FACIAL SHOTS OF  
LAURA BELL'S EXCITING  
LAST MINUTES ON EARTH.

JUST A BIT  
OF EDITING  
AND STRATEGIC  
FACIAL  
PIXELATIONS,  
AND IT WILL  
BE READY TO  
RELEASE.



SEE THAT? I MEAN, JESUS, HECTOR. I THINK YOU ACTUALLY MADE HER COME.



HMPH!



WE SHALL BE RELEASING THIS, MR. BELL, ON A VARIETY OF SOCIAL NETWORKS. BLABBER, STUMBLR, FACEPALM, ARTFART, YOU NAME IT.



THE AUTHORITIES WILL TRY TO SUPPRESS IT, FOR EVERY COPY THEY REMOVE, TEN MORE WILL POP UP.



"THE EVER-APPEALING ELEMENTS OF SEX AND VIOLENCE WILL GUARANTEE THE VIDEO'S GOING VIRAL."



THE MESSAGE WILL BE CLEAR, MR. BELL. EVERYONE WHO SERVES YOUR "DEAR LEADER" AS YOU HAVE MUST LIVE IN FEAR. THEY CAN HIDE NOWHERE. WE CAN REACH THEM ANYWHERE.

THE DAY OF OUR LIBERATION, COMRADES, MAY BE FAR OFF, BUT IT WILL COME.

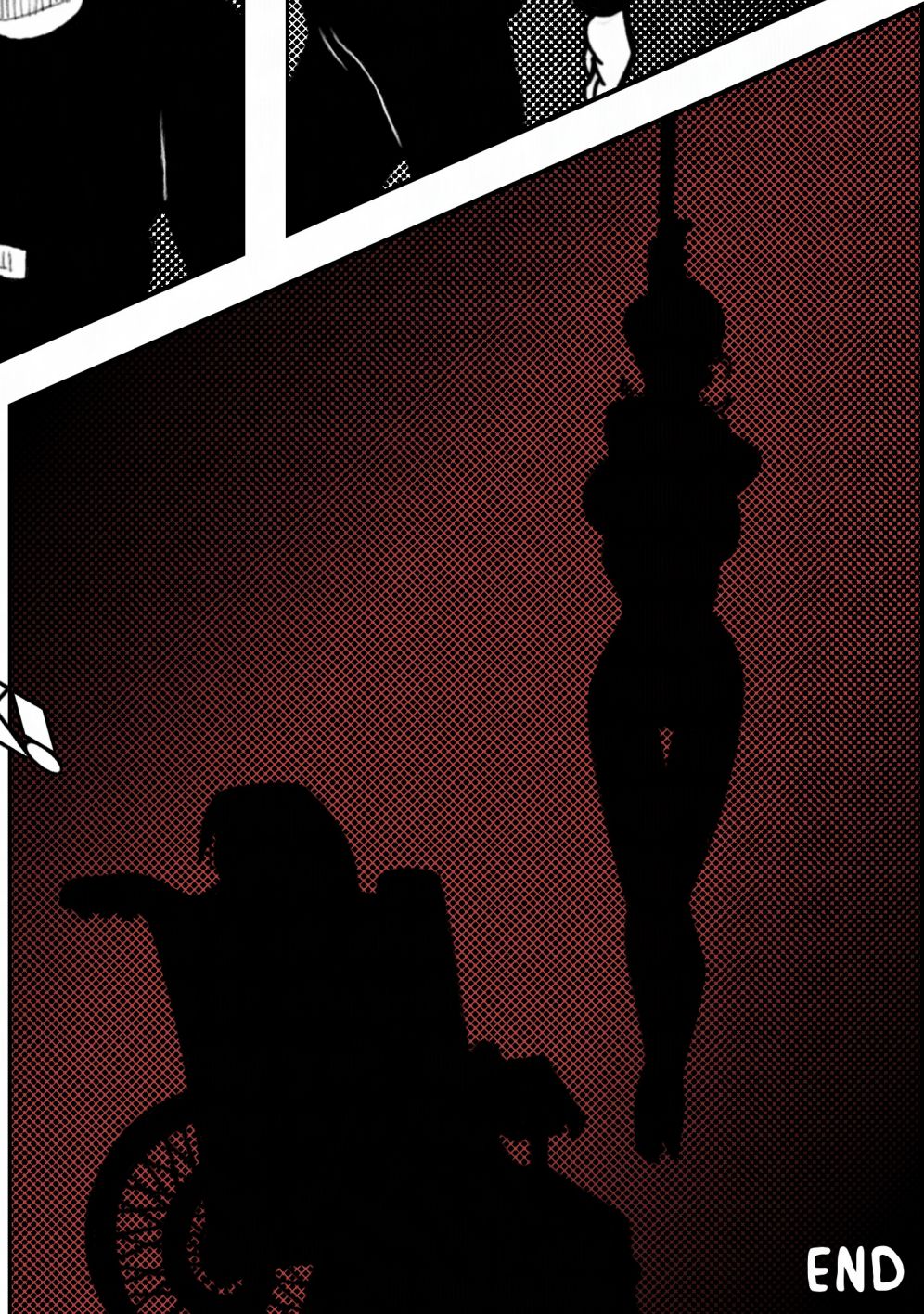
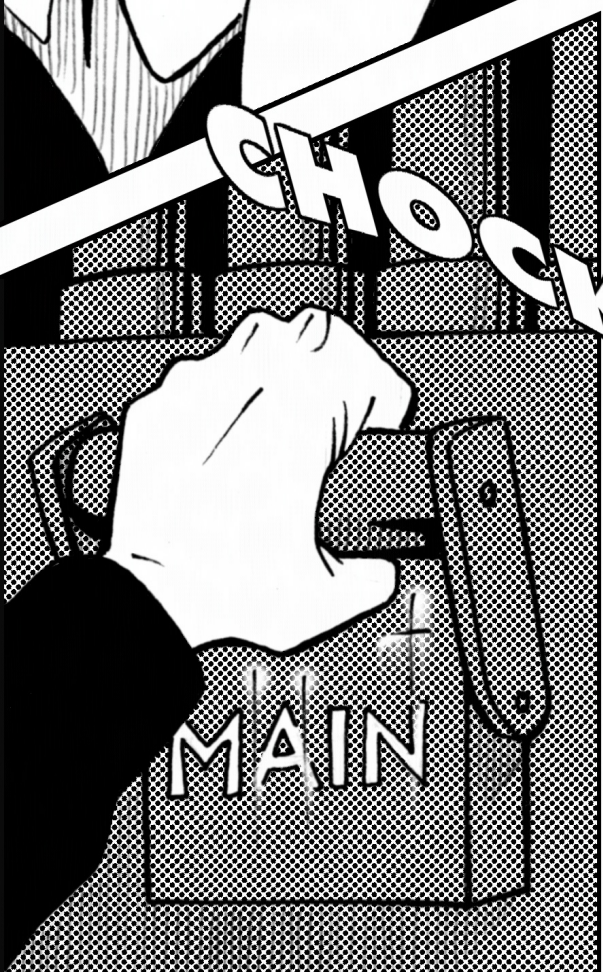


WELL, MRS. BELL, YOU CANNOT SAY WE DID NOT HOLD UP OUR END OF THE BARGAIN.

WE DID NOT LAY A FINGER MORE ON YOUR HUSBAND, AND NOW WE ARE GOING TO LEAVE YOU BOTH IN PEACE.



GOODBYE, MR. AND MRS. BELL.



END

"She's the Ransom"

a comics script by

Iago Faustus, Ph.D.

First in the series

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COVER: This is largely at the artist's discretion, to be based on the material in the script. Rather than specify a cover, the aim will be to recreate a specific style of pulp cover associated with Spicy Mystery Stories or Spicy Detective Stories (Google image searches on either will produce a wealth of examples), with a logo for Fabulae Atroces Fausti at the top, and then the story name "She's the Ransom" with the names of the artist and Iago Faustus in the lower right-hand corner. With respect to the text logo, the most important element is the adjective "Atroces."



PAGE 1 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Nighttime. View through the front windshield of a very expensive sedan. Sitting in the driver's seat and driving is JAMES ("James"), a very large African-American man in a chauffeur's uniform. In the back seat, on the passenger side, sits LAURA BELL ("Laura"). Laura is a supermodel-beautiful but buxom blond woman, very stylishly attired in a suit with a low-cut blouse that reveals some cleavage. She's fixing her makeup. On the seat beside her are shopping bags from some sort of pricey department store or boutique.

Panel 2: James is holding the rear passenger door open for Laura, who is getting out of the car, carrying her shopping bags. They are parked in front of an urban town-house of the sort one sees on the more expensive streets of Manhattan or central Philadelphia.

James (1): Will you be needing me any more tonight, Mrs. Bell?

Laura (2): No, James, that will be all. You may go.

Panel 3: Laura climbing the stairs with her shopping bags.

Panel 4: Extreme close-up, showing Laura's hand tapping the keys of a numeric keypad, presumably next to the front door of the townhouse.

SFX (3): Beep...beep...boop...

PAGE 2 (Three panels)

Panel 1: A long panel on the left-hand side of the page. View as if from above down at Laura entering the front vestibule of the townhouse through the front door. It is dark in the vestibule.

Laura (1): Darling, I'm home. Are you there?

Laura (2): Micaela, are you in?

Panel 2: Laura putting her shopping bags down on a table in the vestibule.

Laura (3): That damn maid! Where is she?

Panel 3: Extreme close-up on Laura's hand flicking a light switch.

Laura (4): If she's claiming she has to be home with her sick kid again...

SFX OF LIGHT SWITCH TURNING ON (5): Snk!

PAGE 3 (Two panels)

Panel 1: This should be a smaller inset panel in the upper right-hand corner of the page showing Laura's face registering shock. She has just turned on the lights to her living room and sees what we shall see in Panel 2 just below.

Panel 2: Laura's P.O.V. At one end of a richly (but very tastefully – there are books and expensive objets d'art on shelves) appointed living room sits HECTOR GUERRERO ("Hector"). Hector is a man of medium height, muscular, with chiseled handsome features, an olive complexion, black, slightly wavy hair, and eyes like coal. In this panel is he dressed in slacks, a button-down shirt and a tweed jacket, such that were it not for his physicality vague air of menace he might be taken for a college professor. He is seated in a high-backed chair, holding a snifter of brandy. His expression is entirely calm. On a low table in front are laid out a brandy decanter, a second empty snifter, an ash tray, and a high-end mobile phone. To Hector's right there is a couch, currently unoccupied.

Hector (1): We arranged for your maid to have the evening off, Mrs. Bell. We also arranged for for a physician to see her daughter.

Hector (2): Something which I believe you have never done, in spite of her years of loyal service.

PAGE 4 (Four panels)

Panel 1: View of Laura, her face contorted in anger.

Laura (1): Who are you? What are you doing in my home?

Panel 2: View of Hector, calmly taking a sip from his snifter of brandy.

Hector (2): Is this your husband's brandy? I must say he has excellent taste...

Panel 3: Hector, still holding the snifter in his hand, now looking up with a slight smile.

Hector (4): Though I would expect no less from a man of such wealth and influence.

Hector (5): I hear he even has the ear of our beloved President himself.

Panel 4: Hector pouring a little brandy from the decanter on the table into the previously-empty snifter.

Hector (6): Here...let me pour you a glass.

PAGE 5 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Laura is now holding a mobile phone in one hand, dialing with her thumb, pointing with her other hand, her expression at once haughty and angry.

Laura (1): I'll have you dealt with soon enough!

SFX – PHONE DIALING (2): tik...tik...tik...

Panel 2: Hector sits back in his chair, brandy in hand, an almost-pitying look on his face. He speaks as Laura's phone rings at length, going unanswered.

Hector (3): We have persuaded your private security to take the night off as well. By means, to be sure, rather less emollient than those we used with your maid.

SFX – PHONE RINGING (4): ring...ring...ring...ring...

Panel 3: Laura holding her phone to her ear, beginning to look agitated as no one picks up on the other end of the line.

Laura (5): C'mon...

SFX – PHONE RINGING (6): ring...ring...

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (7): "As for contacting the regular police, well, perhaps you'd best hear me out first. You might come to regret it if you don't."

Panel 4: Hector leaning forward in his chair, touching his finger to the mobile phone laid out on the table.

Hector (8): Do you recognize this phone, Mrs. Bell?

PAGE 6 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Laura holding up the phone, looking at it, her expression skeptical.

Laura (1): My husband has one just like it.

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (2): "Had one just like it."

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (3): "Why don't you open the video app and press 'play?'"

Panel 2: Laura looking at the phone, her face registering confusion and alarm.

Laura (4): No...this isn't real...

SFX – SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE ON VIDEO (5): grr..ugh..shit!

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (6): "We have taken your husband, Mrs. Bell."

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (7): "For a man in his condition he was surprisingly difficult to subdue."

Panel 3: Hector in his chair, having put down his brandy snifter. He is reaching into his jacket to withdraw something from an inner pocket.

CAPTION – LAURA SPEAKING (8): It's a forgery, a fake. You can do that with CGI now.

Hector: Really? Tell me then, can we make this with CGI?

Panel 4: Extreme close-up showing a gold wedding band being passed from Hector's finger's to Laura's.

PAGE 7 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Laura's P.O.V. She is looking at the inside of the wedding band, which she holds with her fingertips. Inside the band we can read at least part of the inscription STEVEN & LINDA BELL.

CAPTION — LAURA SPEAKING (1): "No."

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (2): "Yes."

Panel 2: Linda is now sitting on the couch to Hector's right. Laura looks like someone trying — successfully for the moment — to keep her anger under control. Hector is lighting a cigar and looks very calm.

Laura (3): What do you want? Is it money? To make some sort of political statement?

Hector (4): Did you know, your husband has excellent taste in cigars as well?

Panel 3: Hector smoking, having now lit his cigar.

Hector (5): It would be a shame if anything untoward should happen to a man of such refinement.

Laura (6): Stop toying with me!

Panel 4: Close up on Hector's face. He's blowing smoke rings.

Hector (7): Oh, I can see that you're very concerned.

PAGE 8 (Four panels)

Panel 1: View of an emaciated woman lying in a hospital bed, an oxygen mask over her face.

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (1): "Your poor sister-in-law now lies dying of cancer. But in the event that your husband should...pass... first, most the of the great Bell estate would...pass...to her and her children."

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (2): "What a shame that would be for you."

Panel 2: View of Laura on the couch, looking indignant.

Laura (3): How dare you make such insinuations!

Laura (4): I love my husband.

Panel 3: Hector, his face mock-apologetic, the cigar to one side.

Hector (5): Oh, I am sorry. I had forgotten – no woman ever marries for money.

Hector (6): You are all savvy enough to fall in love with the billionaires first.

Panel 4: Laura, leaning forward, her face now dark and flushed with anger.

Laura (7): Continue to taunt me and I shall call the police.

Laura (8): And I don't care who would come to regret it.



PAGE 9 (Three panels)

Panel 1: Panel occupying the upper left of the page. Hector has reached into his jacket again and is in the middle of bringing out a single folded sheet of paper.

Hector (1): Very well. I shall come to the point. We want you to come to this address I've written down for you. When you get there, come in the shipping entrance and follow the red light.

Hector (2): You must do exactly as we say for a short time, probably less than fifteen minutes. If you do, we shall not lay a single finger on your husband, and then leave the two of you in peace.

Panel 2: Panel occupying the lower left of the page. Close-up of Laura looking at the sheet, studying it. The P.O.V. in this panel should be so close that the sheet obscures her mouth and chin.

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (3): "We shall have lookouts posted, so if you try to bring help, we will know, and it will go very badly for your husband."

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (4): "Be there at 2 a.m."

Panel 3: Long panel down the lower-right of the page. Same P.O.V. as we done on Page 2, Panel 1. Hector is in the act of letting himself out the front door, with his head turned to speak a parting sentence or two.

Hector (5): You really should have some of that brandy, Mrs. Bell.

Hector (6): You might need it.

PAGE 10 (Four panels)

(Partly in color – just Laura's car)

Panel 1: Nighttime. A cute and very pricey little red sports car drives underneath a street light in what is clearly a pretty tough part of town – the street has cobbles, the streetlight might be askew, and whatever other details the artist can think to add to convey this idea.

SFX – CAR ENGINE (1): RRRRR....

Panel 2: Interior of the car, a view as if we are looking between the front seats from the back. We can see Laura's right arm on the steering wheel, and in the center of the dash a GPS screen. In the next several panels, Laura is wearing a sober, conservative women's business suit.

Panel 3: Laura's sports car coming to to a stop in front of a loading dock of an old brick factory.

SFX – CAR ENGINE SLOWING AND STOPPING (2): RRrrr...

Panel 4: Laura stepping out of her sports car. She's clutching a purse tightly to herself and looking around, a nervous expression on her face.

PAGE 11 (Five panels)

(Note: partly in color, the red light)

Panel 1: Laura coming up a short flight of stairs leading to the loading platform.

Panel 2: Laura tugging hard with both hands at a sliding metal door into the factory interior. She's grimacing with the effort. The door has not slid easily and has jammed after opening about a foot.

SFX – DOOR OPENING (1): Screeeee...chk!

Panel 3: This is a small inset panel in a corner of Panel 4, below, representing Laura's P.O.V. as she looks into the gloom of the factory interior. It is a dot of red light set in a field of black.

Panel 4: View from inside the factory. Laura's face is peering through slot made possible by the partly opened door. There is a faint flush of red illumination over everything. Laura's eyes are wide open, nervous.

Panel 5: Laura squeezing through the slot into the factory.

PAGE 12 (Single panel page)

(Note: in color – red light)

Single panel: View from what would be the factory rafters or a catwalk. A tiny Laura is walking across the factory floor, the only sound that of her heels clicking. Towering on either side of her are hulks of ruined machinery, somewhat fantastical-looking and bathed in a slightly brighter red light.

SFX – SOUND OF LAURA'S HEELS (1): tik tik tik tik tik...

PAGE 13 (Four panels)

Panel 1: View from the middle distance, as Laura is suddenly coned in a bright white light from above. Laura's arms are thrown out as she is startled.

Laura (1): Ah!

SFX – BIG SWITCH BEING THROWN (2): chock!

JAGGED BALLOON INDICATING SOMEONE GIVING AN ORDER (3): Stop right there!

Panel 2: Walking into the cone of light are Hector and his two helpers, KEISHA ("Keisha") and HONG ("Hong"). Keisha is African-American, Hong Asian-American. Both are attractive fit-looking young women. All of Hector, Keisha, and Hong are wearing form-fitting black jumpsuits. All have various hard-to-define doo-dads on belts on their suits. Hector stands in the middle of the three and a little closer to to Laura than his two assistants.

Hector (4): So you have decided to come. Good.

Hector (5): If you do everything exactly as we say, this should not take long at all.

Panel 3: Laura standing, looking defiant.

Laura (6): I want to see my husband first.

Panel 4: Hector is making a gesture with his hand in the direction of Keisha, as if directing Keisha to make this happen. As he is doing this Keisha is turning away into the darkness.

Hector (7): Not unreasonable. Keisha, make it so.

PAGE 14 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Keisha pushing STEVEN BELL ("Bell") into the light. Bell looks like an aging, overweight, alcoholic version of Robert Redford. Bell is sitting in a wheelchair, restrained at his wrists and ankles (the restraints are psychiatric-issue and do not look too painful). He has also been gagged. He is wearing what appear to be silk pajamas.

Panel 2: Laura is starting forward as if to embrace her husband.

Laura (1): Darling...

JAGGED BALLOON INDICATING HECTOR GIVING AN ORDER (2):  
Stop!

Panel 3: Hector, still calm, but holding up an admonitory finger.

Hector (3): Our arrangement was that you would do everything exactly as we told you.

Hector (4): Now take off your clothes. All of them.

Panel 4: Laura stands, hands on hips, angry.

Laura (5): Are you insane?

Laura (6): I refuse!

PAGE 15 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Hector stands, shrugging slightly, still looking calm. Just to his side, Hong is in the act of pulling a wicked-looking combat knife out of a sheath on her belt.

Hector (1): That is your right, of course. If you do not wish to do what we ask, we shall simply let you walk away. Back your sports car and your townhouse.

SFX – HONG'S KNIFE BEING PULLED FROM ITS SHEATH (2):  
shhhh...

Panel 2: Hector and Hong flank Bell on either side. Hector gestures at Bell as if he were some sort of interesting exhibit, while Hong holds the point of her knife just short of one of Bell's eyeballs.

Hector (3): What subsequently happens to your husband, though, night not be very pretty.

Bell (4): Mmm-mmph!

Panel 3: View of Laura, standing, now clearly in a moment of confusion and indecision. She is touching the tips of her fingers to her lower lip.

Laura (5): I...

Panel 4: Close-up on Bell's face. Hong's knife enters the panel and its point is clearly only millimeters from his eye. His eyes are wide open, pleading. A drop of sweat is visibly rolling down the side of his face.

PAGE 16 (Six panels – arrange panels three across the bottom and three across the top)

Panels 1-5: Laura proceeds to strip off everything she is wearing, down to being nearly naked by Panel 5. Exact sequence is left to the artist's discretion.

Panel 6: Laura now stands naked, arms folded over her breasts, clearly uncomfortable. Note that Laura has no pubic hair, it presumably having been removed at some point.

Laura (1): There. Happy now?

CAPTION – HECTOR SPEAKING (2): "Shaved. I might have guessed."



PAGE 17 (Five panels)

Panel 1: Laura has been seized by both arms, Keisha on one, Hong on the other. She's being pulled somewhere and is resisting somewhat.

Laura (1): Hey!

JAGGED BALLOON INDICATING HECTOR GIVING AN ORDER (2):  
Cooperation, remember!

Panel 2: View seen as if from the room of the factory. We see Laura bent down over some sort of high, padded table. Her arms are being spread out by Keisha and Hong and fastened with restraints at each end of the table so she is face down, cruciform. On the legs of the table are two more restraints for each of her ankles.

Panels 3 & 4: One normal panel, divided diagonally. In Panel 3, we see an extreme close-up of one of Laura's wrists being fastened, and in Panel 4, one of her ankles.

Panel 5: A view of Laura from behind, her ass and vulva exposed as she is bent over facing away from the viewer, her legs and arms spread apart.

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (3): "Your wife makes quite a sight, doesn't she, Mr. Bell."

CAPTION — BELL TRYING TO SPEAK THROUGH HIS GAG (4): MMPH!

Laura (5): Asshole!

PAGE 18 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Hector behind Laura, leaning over to speak to her while brushing her hair out of her eyes. Laura has her head turned on its side, resting on the table.

Hector (1): It seems we have you where we want you.

Laura (2): Bastard!

Panel 2: Extreme close-up showing Hector's fingers stroking Laura's labia and clitoris.

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (3): "I think you're actually excited by this."

CAPTION — LAURA SPEAKING (4): "No!"

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (5): "Yes."

Panel 3: Close up of the fly of Hector's jumpsuit, which he is unzipping.

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (6): "Remember that the price of your husband's life is your doing everything we say, for just a little while."

CAPTION — HECTOR SPEAKING (7): "Tell me that you want it."

Panel 4: Same close up as the previous panel, except that Hector's penis is now out. It is large and erect.

CAPTION — LAURA SPEAKING (8): "I want it."

PAGE 19 (Single panel)

Single panel: Against a dimly-visible background of looming wrecked machinery similar to that illustrated on Page 12, we see a side view of Hector having fully penetrated the bound, bent-over Laura from behind. Laura's face is slightly contorted, her mouth open.

Laura (1): Ohhhh....!

Hector (2): Oh, I think you do want it.

Hector (3): Hong, bring Mr. Bell over so that he might have a better view.

PAGE 20 (Four panels)

Panel 1: View shown of Hector from behind, with indications from motion lines and and action words showing him vigorously fucking Laura.

ACTION WORDS PER ABOVE (1): thrust thrust thrust thrust

Panel 2: Close-up on Laura's face. Her eyes are closed, her mouth hanging open.

Laura (2): oh oh oh!

Panel 3: Close up on Bell's face. It is flushed and contorted with rage and helplessness. He's writhing from side to side (indicate with motion lines) but can't get out of his bonds.

Bell (3): <<gurgle>> MMPH!

Panel 4: Hector's face, seen in profile, with a wicked grin.

Hector (4): Tell me you love it!

PAGE 21 (Single panel)

Single panel: View from high above. We look down at Laura spread out on the padded table, Hector fucking her in mid-thrust, so that we can see at least part of the shaft of his penis thrusting in. Off to the side, Bell in his wheelchair with Keisha and Hong on either side.

Laura (1): Uhhng....

PAGE 22 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Close up on Laura's face, her mouth and eyes now wide open.

Laura (1): Oh god...oh god!

Laura (2): I love it...

Panel 2: View of Hector's face in profile, eyes squeezed shut, in a grimace as he climaxes.

Hector (3): Uhng!

Panel 3: View of the crotch area of Hector's jumpsuit, just at the moment he has finished zipping himself back up.

SFX – ZIPPER HAVE JUST GONE UP (4): Zzzip!

Panel 4: Laura's face, looking now relaxed, her eyes closed.

PAGE 23 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Close-up of Hong's hands untying one of the restraints holding Laura's wrists.

Panel 2: Medium-length view, showing Laura standing up, held at each arm by Keisha and Hong. Laura looks dazed. Hector stands just to one side.

Laura (1): What now?

Hector (2): Just a few minutes more

Panel 3: Close-up of Laura's arms being tied behind her back by Hong.

Panel 4: Hector and Laura viewed from the shoulders up. Laura looks distinctly nervous, Hector still calm and in control.

Hector (3): Just two more things.

Hector (4): First, this...

PAGE 24 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Close-up of Hector placing a deep kiss on Laura's mouth. In this panel she looks shocked, surprised, perhaps even a little disgusted.

Panel 2: Similar view to Panel 1, except in this one Laura has her eyes closed. She has, to use a somewhat musty phrase, submitted to Hector's embrace.

Panel 3: A slightly longer view than Panel 2. Hector has pulled back. We can see lurking behind her Keisha, holding up something which we cannot quite make out.

Hector (1): And now finally this.

Panel 4: Keisha has just dropped and tightened a hangman's noose around Laura's neck.



PAGE 25 (Four panels)

(Note: partly in color)

Panel 1: The noose has jerked upward, pulled up by some mechanism, jerking Laura up off the floor with it (indicate with motion lines.

Laura (1): Akh...kh...

Panels 2 & 3: Laura jerks and writhes, hanging in mid-air by the noose, strangling, helpless to do anything because her hands have been pinioned behind her back. Details are at the artist's discretion.

Panel 4: View of Bell in his chair, rattling furiously, turned a ferocious shade of red by his efforts.

Bell (2): MMMPH! GRREGPHS! LLLKH!

PANEL 26 (Single panel)

Single panel: Hector, Keisha, and Hong all stand around the now-dead Laura, whose body hangs by the neck a few feet off the floor from a rope leading up out of the panel. Bell in his wheelchair is visible, his head slumped forward onto his chest. Emerging into the panel is MURRAY, a short, slightly plump Euro-American with curly brown hair and thick glasses. He's wearing a photographer's vest and Army-surplus boots and khaki pants and holding a video recorder.

Hector (1): Good work, team. Murray, did you get all that?

Murray (2): Sure did. Even a few good facial shots of Laura Bell's exciting last minutes on earth.

Murray (3): Just a bit of editing and strategic facial pixelations, and it will be ready to release.

PAGE 27 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Hector looking at something on a tablet computer, apparently video. Hector wears a smirk. Murray on one side of him, and Hong on the other, sneak a peek at what he's watching.

Murray (1): See that? I mean, Jesus, Hector. I think you actually made her come.

Hector (2): Hmph!

Panel 2: Hector faces Bell, both seen in profile. Bell's head is still slumped against his chest.

Hector (3): We shall be releasing this, Mr. Bell, on a variety of social networks. Blabber, Stumblr, Facepalm, Artfart, you name it.

Hector (4): The authorities will try to suppress it, for every copy they remove, ten more will pop up.

Panel 3: Daytime outside somewhere. A group of wide-eyed teenagers staring at a mobile phone held by one of them.

CAPTION – HECTOR NARRATING (5): The ever-appealing elements of sex and violence will guarantee the video's going viral.

Panel 4: Hector, striking a pose as if he's looking off into the distance.

Hector (5): The message will be clear, Mr. Bell. Everyone who serves your "Dear Leader" as you have must live in fear. They can hide nowhere. We can reach them anywhere.

Hector (6): The day of our liberation, comrades, may be far off, but it will come.

PAGE 28 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Hector looks up at the hanging Laura. Her head is above the panel. He apostrophizes her.

Hector (1): Well, Mrs. Bell, you cannot say we did not hold up our end of the bargain.

Hector (2): We did not lay a finger more on your husband, and now we are going to leave you both in peace.

Panel 2: Hector, seen from chest-level up, apparently walking away, turning his head back to have one last work.

Hector (3): Goodbye, Mr. and Mrs. Bell.

Panel 3: Close-up on a hand having just thrown a big master switch on an industrial-looking panel somewhere.

SFX – SWITCH THROWN (4): chock!

Panel 4: A mostly-black panel, seen from the middle distance, showing the hanging Laura and the abandoned Bell as the most dimly-visible outlines in the darkness of the factory.