

TRIXIE TEMPUS
"Old School"

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Version 3.2

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PAGE 1 [5 PANELS]**PANEL 1**

Horizontal panel. Establishing shot—Nighttime, PHALANX CITY. The City is Blade Runner futuristic—towering skyscrapers, smog, rain, blazing neon. Flying cars, people in jet packs, massive dirigibles can all be seen cluttering the swollen, cloud-choked skies.

1.1. CAPTION

THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST NATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

1.2. CAPTION

APRIL 11, 2065 A.D.

1.3. CAPTION

(THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF WORLD EMPEROR ADOLF HITLER.)

PANEL 2

Street level, outside the RED DRAGON BAR. The BAR is, like the rest of the city, dingy and rain-slicked, festooned with neon and graffiti and signs in ENGLISH, GERMAN, FRENCH, JAPANESE or ITALIAN. There's a mirrored bay window along the front of the bar, which means we can't see inside.

In front of the bar, we see a parked POLICE VEHICLE—bulky, angular and bristling with weapons. The POLICE VEHICLE is shining it's spotlight at the front door of the RED DRAGON.

Flanking the door are a squad of SPECIAL POLICE troopers—big, bulky, armored, with riot visors and HUGE automatic weapons. [Note: the uniforms should be really hardcore neofascist, like [these](#).] They're crouched and getting ready to burst into the RED DRAGON.

1.4. CAPTION/TRIXIE

PARALLEL UNIVERSES. A MAINSTAY OF

COMICS AND MOVIES WITH ROBOTS AND LASER SWORDS IN 'EM.

1.5. CAPTION/TRIXIE

FOR EVERY DECISION EVERY CREATURE IN THE UNIVERSE COULD POSSIBLY MAKE, THERE'S AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE SOMEWHERE ELSE THAT SHOWS THE OUTCOME.

1.6. CAPTION/TRIXIE

TAKE THIS ONE, F'R'INSTANCE. IN THIS PARTICULAR 'VERSE, HITLER WASN'T BORN A **GENOCIDAL LOON**.

1.7. SPECIAL POLICE LEADER

--HOLD HERE. BRAVO UNIT HAS THE REAR COVERED--

1.8. SPECIAL POLICE 1 (OVERLAPPED)

--HEARD SHE'S ARMED--

1.9. SPECIAL POLICE 2 (OVERLAPPED)

--THE HELL DID SHE GET A GUN?

PANEL 3

Closer in on the SPECIAL POLICE troopers. One is barking orders, the rest charging into the bar.

1.10. TRIXIE/CAPTION

SO, A'COURSE, HE KICKED NINE SHADES OF **SHINOLA** OUTA THE **ENTIRE WORLD**. DIED OF OLD AGE.

1.11. SPECIAL POLICE 1 (YELLING)

ENOUGH CHATTER! **MOVE IN!**

1.12. SPECIAL POLICE TROOPS (UNISON)

HEIL HITLER!

PANEL 4

Horizontal panel--stet panel one, except we can just see the back of the last of the SPECIAL POLICE troopers moving in.

[NOTE: Dialogue here should kind of overlap each other, like we're only hearing fragments of chatter.]

1.13. SPECIAL POLICE (NO TAIL)

FAN OUT! **FAN OUT!**

1.14. SPECIAL POLICE (NO TAIL)

CHECK YOUR **CORNERS!**

1.15. SPECIAL POLICE (NO TAIL)

KILL HER ON SIGHT

1.16. SPECIAL POLICE (NO TAIL)

--WAS THAT MOVEMENT? WE GOT **MOVEMENT**--

PANEL 5

Horizontal panel, stet Panel 1, except the SPECIAL POLICE are no longer in sight.

1.17. SPECIAL POLICE (NO TAIL)

--HAPPENED TO THE **LIGHTS**?

1.18. SPECIAL POLICE (NO TAIL)

SWITCH TO **NIGHTSCOPES**--

1.19. SPECIAL POLICE (NO TAIL, YELLING)

HOLY SH--!!!

1.20. CAPTION/TRIXIE

'COURSE, THIS UNIVERSE'S ADOLF WAS
STILL A **JERK**.

1.21. CAPTION/TRIXIE

WELCOME TO THE **THOUSAND YEAR REICH**.

PAGE 2 [SPLASH]

Splash page—full page.

A female figure—TRIXIE TEMPUS—crashes backwards through the mirrored window and into the street. She's firing a pair of COLT .45 1911 PISTOLS John Woo-style back into the bar, grinning like a maniac the whole time.

TRIXIE is dressed like a 1930s pulp adventurer—Leather Jacket with fur collar and an embroidered tiger emblem on the back; jodhpurs and high, shiny black boots; pistol holsters on both hips. She's got her red hair in a long pony tail.

Story title and credits block goes here, ideally shaped in the shards of broken glass.

2.1. SFX: BROKEN GLASS

KKKKRAASH

2.2 SFX: TRIXIE'S GUNS

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM, ETC.

2.3 TRIXIE (YELLING)

YYYYYYYYEEEEEE-HAAAAAAAAAAAA!

2.4. TRIXIE/CAPTION

NAME'S **TRIXIE**. I'M A **TIME TRAVELLER** AND **DIMENSION-HOPPER**.

2.5. TRIXIE/CAPTION

FAIR TO SAY I'M ALSO A **THIEF** AN' **GUNRUNNER**.

2.6. TRIXIE/CAPTION

FAIRER TO SAY I'M RUNNIN' GUNS TO THE **RESISTANCE** HERE.

2.7. TRIXIE/CAPTION

KINDA MAKES THE LOCAL GOOSESTEPPERS A TOUCH **IRRITABLE**.

PAGE 3 [5 PANELS]**PANEL 1**

TRIXIE hits the ground in a crouch; she's haloed by broken glass.

3.1 TRIXIE (PANTING)

--PANT--

--PANT--

3.2 TRIXIE/CAPTION

ONE OF THE HANDY THINGS ABOUT FASCIST GOON SQUADS? THEY'RE **PREDICTABLE**.

PANEL 2

Still grinning, we see TRIXIE ejecting the spent magazines from her pistols.

3.3. SFX: PISTOLS

KACHAK! KACHAK!

3.4 TRIXIE/CAPTION

THEY COME AT YOU **HEAD ON**.

PANEL 3

TRIXIE looks startled as three new RIOT VEHICLES arrive—hovering on cushions of excited ions, a la *Star Wars* landspeeders.

3.5 RIOT VEHICLE LOUDSPEAKER (LOUD!)

FREEZE! DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

3.6 SFX: VEHICLES

HHHHHRRRRRRRMMMMM

PANEL 4

A GUNNER atop one of the RIOT VEHICLES shouts orders at her, as he racks the bolt on the massive MACHINE GUN emplacement he mans on top of the VEHICLE.

3.7 TRIXIE/CAPTION

LIKE I SAID: PREDICTABLE.

3.8 TRIXIE/CAPTION

AND I S'POSE YOU'RE ASKIN' YOURSELF, 'SELF? HOW'S A LITTLE GAL LIKE **TRIXIE** GONNA TAKE ON SO MANY **BAD, BAD MEN?**'

3.9 GUNNER (YELLING)

THIS IS YOUR **LAST WARNING!** YOU ARE IN VIOLATION OF IMPERIAL CODE 7167.18, AND I AM AUTHORIZED TO USE **DEADLY FORCE!**

3.10 GUNNER (YELLING)/LINKED

THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING!

3.11 SFX: GUN CHARGING

CHAK-CHAK!

PANEL 5

TRIXIE puts two fingers in her mouth and whistles.

3.12 TRIXIE/CAPTION

IT'S A FAIR QUESTION, I RECKON.

3.13 TRIXIE/WHISTLING

[RENDER AS A SINGLE MUSICAL NOTE, TO
SIGNIFY SHE'S WHISTLING]

PAGE 4**PANEL 1**

Cutaway—we see TRIXIE's TIME CYCLE, parked in the shadows of a nearby street. Imagine the biggest, nastiest Harley Davidson you think of, and add a bewildering array of pipes, conduits, and crazy chrome mechanical jumble to the engine assembly.

4.1 TRIXIE/CAPTION

'COURSE, I'M NOT EXACTLY **SOLO** HERE.

4.2 TRIXIE (WHISTLE)

[AS PRIOR PAGE, BUT VERY SMALL,
SIGNIFYING THAT SHE'S SOME DISTANCE
AWAY.]

PANEL 2

The front light of the TIME CYCLE lights up, as if the CYCLE is "waking up".

4.3 SFX: TIME CYCLE

RUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUM
BLE

4.4 TIME CYCLE COMPUTER (TCC) (ELEC)

AUDIO CUE RECOGNIZED.

4.5 TCC (ELEC)/LINKED

ACTIVATING MANEUVER DELTA-04.

PANELS 3-4

We watch as a pair of rocket engines fold down from the engine assembly, and ignite.

4.6 TCC (ELEC)

ENGAGED!

4.7 SFX: TIME CYCLE RUMBLE

(AS BEFORE, BUT LOUDER)

4.8 SFX: ROCKET ENGINES UNFOLDING

KLK-WHIRRRRRR

4.9 SFX: ROCKET ENGINES IGNITING

FFFFWOOOOOSH!

PAGE 5**PANEL 1**

Cut back to the street scene—the RIOT POLICE GUNNER is still yelling at TRIXIE. In the foreground, we can see her slapping fresh clips into the pistols.

5.1 GUNNER (YELLING)

--LAST CHANCE! DROP 'EM, NOW!

PANEL 2

We're looking at TRIXIE through the RIOT POLICE GUNNER's gunsight, as she points her two pistols up, racking the slides forward with the slide-release.

5.2 TRIXIE

FAT CHANCE, **FRITZ**. I'VE BEEN KICKIN' NAZI BUTT LONGER 'N YOU'VE BEEN ALIVE.

5.3 SFX: GUN SLIDES ENGAGING

KA-CHAK! KA-CHAK!

PANEL 3

Inset panel—the RIOT GUNNER's finger starts to tighten on the trigger.

5.4 GUNNER (OFF PANEL)

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, LADY.

5.5 GUNNER (OFF PANEL)/LINKED

HEIL HITLER--

PANEL 4

Up angle view of the RIOT gunner, as the TIME CYCLE swoops over the vehicle and knocks the gun aside. The RIOT GUNNER looks startled and a bit scared.

5.6 GUNNER

WHA-?!!!

5.7 SFX: TIME CYCLE

VRRRRROOOOOOOM!

5.8 SFX: CYCLE HITTING GUN

CHANK!

PAGE 6**PANEL 1**

TRIXIE charges forward, in a sprint. The other RIOT POLICE open fire, and we see bullets chewing up the pavement around her.

6.1. SFX: GUNFIRE

BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK

6.2. TRIXIE

SORRY, BOYS--

PANEL 2

TRIXIE leaps, her foot finding purchase on the RIOT POLICE vehicle in front of her; the startled RIOT POLICE GUNNER is starting to recover, and is just beginning to draw his sidearm.

6.3. TRIXIE

--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE--

PANEL 3

TRIXIE flips through the air, tumbling. (Might be cool to do one of those old-school Spider Man riffs, where we can see him tumble in a series of "ghost outlines".)

6.4. TRIXIE

--MY RIDE IS HERE.

PANEL 4

TRIXIE's guns blast the sidearm out of the RIOT POLICE GUNNER's hand, still in midair.

6.5. SFX: TRIXIE'S .45S

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

6.6 GUNNER

--OW!

PANEL 5

TRIXIE lands on the TIME CYCLE, still shooting and grinning. She LOVES this.

6.7. TRIXIE (YELLING)

YAHOOOOO!

6.8. SFX: GUNFIRE

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

PANEL 6

Inset panel: Trixie winks.

6.9. TRIXIE

IT'S BEEN **FUN**. GIVE MY REGARDS TO **DER**
FUEHRER.

PAGE 7

[Note: this page should just be a series of stacked, horizontal panels.]

PANEL 1

Horizontal panel. The rocket engines of the TIME CYCLE fire up massively, and the vehicle just RIPS forward. TRIXIE is leaning forward, her hair blowing back, and the city background is nothing but a blur.

7.1. SFX: TIME CYCLE

VVVVRRROOOOOOOOM!

7.2. TCC/ELEC

WARNING: MISSION CLOCK BECOMING
CRITICAL.

7.3. TCC/ELEC/LINKED

QUERY: **MISSION STATUS?**

PANEL 2

Still on the cycle; TRIXIE talking.

7.4. TRIXIE/CAPTION

GUESS I SHOULD TELL YOU WHAT I'M DOIN'
HERE, HUH?

7.5. TRIXIE

IT'LL BE **TIGHT**, BUT WE'LL MAKE IT IF WE
HURRY. INFORM **NEXUS CENTRAL** THAT WE'RE
HEADING FOR THE **NEO-REICHSTAG** NOW.

PANEL 3

We're watching the TIME CYCLE from behind now, as it races toward a massive structure in the center background. The building is HUGE—stretching what seems like miles into the sky. It has that weird art deco look of old [Albert Speer Nazi architecture](#).

7.6. TRIXIE/CAPTION

WELL, FIRST OFF, I'M RUNNING SOME **GUNS**
FROM THE **QA-17 UNIVERSE** TO THE
RESISTANCE HERE.

7.7. TRIXIE/CAPTION

NEXUS CENTRAL -- THE OUTFIT I WORK FOR
-- ISN'T FOND OF NAZIS, SO THEY FIGURE
SOME WEAPONS FROM A UNIVERSE WHERE
NICOLA TESLA PERFECTED **DEATH RAYS** IN
THE 1930S MIGHT CAUSE SOME SUITABLE
MISCHIEF.

7.8. TRIXIE/CAPTION

ME? I HAVE A, UH, **SECONDARY** OBJECTIVE.

7.9. TCC/ELEC

QUERY: OPERATIVE **TRIXIE TEMPUS**, THE
NEO-REICHSTAG IS **NOT** A MISSION-SPECIFIC
COORDINATE. WHY ARE YOU **DEVIATING** FROM
MISSION PLAN?

PAGE 8**PANEL 1**

Horizontal panel, side view of TRIXIE buzzing over city streets, as passersby duck for cover.

8.1. TRIXIE/CAPTION

TECHNICALLY, I'M BREAKIN' THE RULES A BIT. THE ENERGY BUDGETS FOR TIME TRAVEL DON'T ALLOW FOR A LOT O' FLEXIBILITY.

8.2. TRIXIE

WE'LL MAKE IT. JUST NEED TO MAKE ONE QUICK STOP ON TH' WAY.

PANEL 2

The TIME CYCLE swoops up, flying parallel to the side of one of the city skyscrapers.

8.3. TCC/ELEC

OPERATIVE TEMPUS, THIS COURSE OF ACTION IS NOT ADVISED.

8.4. TCC/ELEC

FLIGHT PLAN / TIME WINDOW SCHEDULE INDICATES RENDEZVOUS WITH RESISTANCE LEADERS IS IMMINENT.

8.5. TRIXIE

TRUST ME. I'VE GOT A PLAN--

PANEL 3

The TIME CYCLE skids to a halt (skidding on air, just like a dirt bike would on ground). The TIME CYCLE is being illuminated from off panel by some kind of spotlight.

8.6. SFX: SKID

SCREEEEEEEEEEEE

PANEL 4

Close up on TRIXIE's very startled face.

8.7. TRIXIE

--OOPS!

PAGE 9

Splash/full page.

We see, in the background, close by, the sci-fi Neo-Reichstag established on page 7. In front of it, along it's bordering security wall, we see large towers—brushed steel, with lots of hatches and mounts for a blistering array of weapons. The towers themselves (sort of a futuristic [flak tower](#)) seem to be part mechanical—rising and leaning forward a bit, and pointing weapons and spotlights at TRIXIE, who we see from behind, in the foreground of the panel. (We're basically taking an elevated view, and we see the building looming and it's defenses active).

More TROOPS line the wall, aiming machine guns and assault rifles at TRIXIE.

Leaping from the walls are several PANZERMECHS—twenty-foot high walking tanks. (Essentially, imagine crossing a Star Wars [scout walker/AT-ST](#), [with the turret from a Tiger tank](#). Instead of just the big cannon on the front, you can sidemount gatling cannons, rocket pods, and so on. Fascist imagery - [falcons/eagles and death's heads most likely](#) - decorate the PANZERMECHS.

9.1. TCC/ELEC

QUERY: IS THIS PART OF YOUR PLAN?

9.2. TRIXIE (QUIETLY)

NOT EXACTLY, NO.

PAGE 10**PANEL 1**

The TIME CYCLES skids ahead, as TRIXIE guns the motor, her expression determined now.

10.1. TRIXIE

'COURSE, NO PLAN IS PERFECT. SO, IT PAYS TO **IMPROVISE**.

10.2. SFX: MOTOR

VRRROOOOOOM!

PANEL 2

Small panel, inset, focusing on her hand as she opens a small pouch on her belt.

10.3. TRIXIE/CAPTION

RUNNING **GUNS** THROUGH TIME IS A BIT TRICKY. YOU NEED TO BE ABLE TO BALANCE ENERGY AND MASS, AND CALCULATE WHEN THE **TIME CHARGE** IS GOING TO WEAR OFF AND SEND YOU **BACK**.

PANEL 3

Small panel, inset, and we see that TRIXIE has removed a small cylindrical object from the belt pouch, roughly the size and shape of a large pen. On the top, like with a ballpoint, is a small button (though this button glows green).

9.6. TRIXIE/CAPTION

SO THE **NEXUS** BOYS COOKED UP SOME CUTE **TRICKS** TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO TRANSPORT STUFF BACK THROUGH TIME AND ACROSS **DIMENSIONS**.

PANEL 4

Small panel, inset. We see TRIXIE's thumb press the button, which now glows red.

10.4. TRIXIE/CAPTION

WE CAN PACKAGE STUFF--LIKE ARMS FOR THE LOCAL RESISTANCE CELL--INTO **LITTLE ARTIFICIAL UNIVERSES**, POCKET SIZED.

PAGE 11**PANEL 1**

Horizontal panel. Side view of TRIXIE and the TIME CYCLE as they race ahead. The background is a blur, but we can see incoming fire all around her. In her right hand, we see the small pen device, which she's holding up a bit, almost like a riding crop. Above the glowing red button, a glowing orb appears, about the size of a large melon.

11.1. TRIXIE/CAPTION

THEIR **QUANTUM BATTERIES** HOLD ENOUGH
CHARGE TO USE 'EM **TWICE**. ONE TO **LOAD**
'EM UP WITH SOMETHING--

PANEL 2

We see TRIXIE's hand reach into the orb, disappearing inside. She's in up to her elbow; her hand SHOULD be appearing on the other side of the orb, but it isn't-- it should be clear that she's reaching deep inside something that's more or less physically impossible, a hole in the air.

11.2. TRIXIE/CAPTION

--AND THE **SECOND** TIME--

PANEL 3

TRIXIE rears back, and she's now holding the BIGGEST DAMN GUN you can think of it. It's huge, and ugly, and is covered with bolts, and rivets, and glowing [Jacob's Ladders](#), glowing vacuum tubes, and so on. It shouldn't look too modern - it's a death ray created in an alternate 1930s, so it should look all sorts of crazy retro mad-scientist weird.

11.3. TRIXIE/CAPTION

--**THAT'S** FOR PULLIN' STUFF OUT.

PANEL 4

Close up on TRIXIE's face, as she smiles wickedly, squinting through the crosshairs on the weapon's scope, pointed right at the reader.

11.4. TRIXIE

WATCH THE BIRDIE, BOYS!

PANEL 5

View from underneath the TIME CYCLE, as it reaches the edge of the rooftop she's on, and vaults her toward the FLAK TOWER walls of the REICHSTAG.

11.5. SFX: TIME CYCLE

VWWWOOOOSH!

PAGE 12**PANEL 1**

Wide splash panel (eats most of page; leave room for remaining panels to run horizontally below panel 1).

TRIXIE (still in flight, from piloting the TIME CYCLE off the edge of the building roof) shoulders the TESLA RAY GUN and fires. A half dozen lightning bolts fork from the end of the gun, striking the PANZERMECHS, the FLAK TOWERS, the assembled troops.

12.1. SFX: TESLA GUN

SSSSHRRRRRVVVZZZZAAAAAAAK!

12.2 TRIXIE/CAPTION

ON THE **DOWNSIDE**, THAT'S ONE WEAPON
WON'T BE GOING TO THE RESISTANCE.

PANEL 2

We see several PANZERMECHS explode.

12.3. TRIXIE/CAPTION

THE UPSIDE IS, I DON'T GET **DEAD**.

12.4. SFX: EXPLOSION

KA-BOOOOM!

PANEL 3

The FLAK TOWERS detonate, sending men and wreckage flying.

12.5. SFX: EXPLOSION

BA-WHOOOOM!

PANEL 4

We see several of the assembled TROOPS flung into the air, electricity wrapping around them, and sending their boots shooting off, their helmets flung way, their hair standing on end...

12.6. SFX: ELECTRICAL BLASTS

SSSSHAAAAAAKKKK!

PAGE 13**PANEL 1**

Close up of the front wheels of the TIME CYCLE as it lands on the ground. In the background, we can see a massive hole blasted into the SECURITY WALL.

13.1. TRIXIE/CAPTION

THE **REASON** I LIKE HITTIN' THESE NAZI UNIVERSES IS THAT THERE'S **ONE** THING THE SAME FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

PANEL 2

TRIXIE whistles nonchalantly, tossing aside the melted TESLA GUN.

13.2. TRIXIE (WHISTLING, QUIETLY)

[[[RENDER AS SMALL MUSICAL NOTE.]]]

13.3. SFX: GUN HITTING GROUND

THUNK.

13.4. TRIXIE/CAPTION

IT'S TH' **LITTLE** THINGS. LIKE HOW THE GOOSESTEPPERS LOVE THEIR PRETTY **UNIFORMS**. THEIR BIG **GUNS**. THEIR HUGE **BUILDINGS**.

PANEL 3

TRIXIE draws her pistols, running forward through the hole.

13.5. TRIXIE/CAPTION

THEY ALSO HAVE A FONDNESS FOR **ART**.

PAGE 14

Splash panel/full page.

Deep inside a concrete bunker/chamber in the REICHSTAG, we find a room filled with artworks—the MONA LISA, Picassos, Da Vinci statues, etc. A giant art repository. Unconscious / dead troops lie all around the room, and her pistols are smoking from recent firing.

14.1. TRIXIE/CAPTION

AND THEY DO SO **LOVE** TO PUT IT ALL IN
ONE PLACE.

PAGE 15**PANEL 1**

TRIXIE pulls another pen-shaped device from her belt pouches.

15.1. TRIXIE/CAPTION

MAKES IT EASIER ON A GAL LIKE ME.

PANEL 2

Close up on her hand, as she thumbs down the button.

15.2. SFX: DEVICE

CLICK!

15.3. TRIXIE/CAPTION

JUST POWER UP A SPARE DIMENSIONAL
(WHICH I JUST **HAPPENED** TO BRING ALONG)
POCKET--

PANEL 3

We see her kneel and jam the device into the stone floor.

15.4. SFX: DEVICE JAMMED INTO FLOOR

CHUNK!

15.5. TRIXIE/CAPTION

-- COUNT TO FIVE --

PANEL 4

The glowing orb appears, and the various artworks and goodies are stretched and distorted as the orb sucks them inside.

15.6. SFX: DEVICE HUM

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVMMMMMM

15.7. TRIXIE/CAPTION

--AND LET THE **MAGIC HAPPEN**.

PANEL 5

The orb disappears with a "POP!" leaving nothing behind save bare concrete/stone walls and dead/unconscious guards, and an amused looking TRIXIE.

15.8. SFX: POCKET UNIVERSE CLOSSES

POP!

15.9. TRIXIE

VOILA!

PAGE 16**PANEL 1**

Close-up on Trixie's face, grinning as she holds up the pen-sized dimensional pocket, the top button of which is now green.

16.1. TRIXIE/CAPTION

JUS' A HOP, SKIP, AN' A JUMP, AND I CAN **DUMP** THE REST OF THE RESISTANCE'S MERCHANDISE TO 'EM, GET HOME, AND **COUNT MY CASH**.

16.2. TRIXIE/CAPTION/LINKED

A GOOD DAY, AND A GOOD PLAN, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF. AN' I **DO**.

16.3. VOICE/OFFPANEL (RENDER IN A DIFFERENTIATING WAY—A GERMANIC CALLIGRAPHY SCRIPT, OR UNUSUAL WAVY BALLOON BORDER OR SOME SUCH)

--**OBERSTURMFÜHRER GRETCSCH**: YOU WILL INFORM **SCIENCE BRIGADE** THAT THEIR FINDINGS WERE CORRECT. THEY HAVE SUCCESSFULLY DETECTED AND IDENTIFIED THE FIRST KNOWN **CROSS-DIMENSIONAL INVADER**.

PANEL 2

STET panel, but it's now in black and white, with TV scanlines running through it. Text on the screen reads: SECURI-CAM DELTA-NINE. Another line reads "TARGET SIGHTED". A steel-gauntleted hand can be seen near the screen, clenched in a fist.

16.4. VOICE/OFFPANEL

THEY HAVE DONE **WELL**. CANCEL THEIR **EXECUTIONS**.

16.5. GRETSCH

JAWOHL, MY COUNT. THEY SHOULD BE PLEASED. AND THE **INVADER**?

PANEL 3

Splash panel. We see the source of the off-panel voice now LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK, THE IRON EXECUTIONER—a tall, wide-shouldered figure in a stylized NAZI OFFICER'S UNIFORM. He is wearing no hat, so we can see his head clearly, which appears to be a face-covering mask, in the shape of a skull. A line of

small horns or spikes, also in steel runs across the crown of the head, and two glittering steel curved tusks protrude from the apparition's mask, as well. He's standing in standard super-villain pose, surrounded by monitors, all of which show TRIXIE, grinning. He's holding his fist, clenched in the air. In the background, we can see a legion of SHOCK TROOPS, preparing for battle. Behind him, we see a bored looking young blonde man, also in a stylized Nazi with a clipboard, transcribing what VON BISMARCK is saying.

16.6. VON BISMARCK

TRACK HER **BIOSIGNS**. SHE WILL **LEAD** US TO THE ACCURSED **RESISTANCE CELL** SOON, AND WHEN SHE DOES --

16.7. VON BISMARCK / LINKED / LOUD

--SHE WILL FIND THAT SHE BRINGS THEM ONLY **DESTRUCTION**.

16.8. VON BISMARCK / LINKED / VERY LOUDSPEAKER

DESTRUCTION AT THE HANDS OF **COUNT LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK**, THE **IRON EXECUTIONER!**

TO BE CONTINUED...

(...someday. Maybe.)