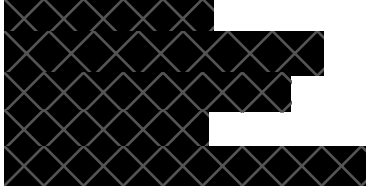


**NESSIE FRUMP: Galactic Local 918**

Issue 1

*“The List”*



**PAGE ONE – One Panel**

**PANEL ONE**

EXTREME CLOSE UP on the angry, swollen, alien face of HARBAK JALOOB, the royal advisor of an extra-terrestrial royal family.

1. Harbak:                      WHERE’S FRUMP?!

**PAGE TWO – Three Panels****PANEL ONE**

Despite his extra-terrestrial heritage, his uniform is very European with ornate pips, a silken sash around the waist., Harbak berates a line of hardened rogues leaning on their once-intimidating weapons, the weight of their bandages pulling them to the ground. They've been on the losing end of a violent skirmish.

1. Harbak: I paid for the best! Where's Nessie Frump?!

**PANEL TWO**

We move in on a trio of hunters in the line, centering on WALDA EUPHRATES, a grim, purple haired woman, a belt draped from shoulder to hip brandishing different creature's skulls over a leather unitard. Through a swollen eye socket, she shoots Harbak a look of contempt.

Flanking her are her two partners, SETI, a fur-bound behemoth licking a patch on his arm where his fur has been singed and PECK, a pterodactyl like hunter, his wing in a sling, a crude bandage over one eye, and a slithering snake-like lower body.

2. Walda: She's not the best...

**PANEL THREE**

Walda looks away from Harbak, her contempt now curled into a sinister smile. Peck CACKLES like a sadistic hyena and Seti's ears perk up like a dog as he continues licking.

3. Walda: She's probably dead.

4. Peck: hee hee heh heh heh

5. Seti: Aroo?

**PAGE THREE – Four Panels****PANEL ONE**

FLASHBACK On a craggy planet capped with a field of stars, Walda marches into battle carrying a futuristic rifle, but a figure streaking out of view catches her attention. Her head follows its trajectory. Marching slightly behind her are Seti and Peck

1. Walda:                   By the time we got there, she'd been tossed halfway to Pollux Prime.
  
2. SFX (trailing off): pyooooooooo

**PANEL TWO**

FLASHBACK Seti stands over Walda and Peck, down with injuries. Walda nurses several lacerations and bruises while Peck screams over a clearly broken arm/wing. Seti growls in defense of his comrades as he strikes a flare, poised to toss it at the enemy off-panel.

3. Walda:               We're only alive 'cuz Seti struck a Nova Flare and dragged our carcasses out of there.

**PANEL THREE**

In a Close-Up, Harbak holds Walda inches from his grim face.

4. Harbak:           I asked for Nessie Frump, not your pathetic excuses!

**PANEL FOUR**

Walda narrows her eyes and tightens her lips, voicing her threat through clenched teeth.

5. Walda:           You have two ticks before I cut off your--

**PAGE FOUR - Two Panel**

**PANEL ONE**

Suddenly, a GIGANTIC REPTILIAN TAIL drops into frame kicking up dust in front of a startled Harbak and Walda.

1. SFX:                      FOOOM!

**PANEL TWO**

Standing in front of the gigantic reptilian tail, it's NESSIE FRUMP. Nessie is a stocky, wide-bodied woman without a neck, but nonetheless very cutesy. Think a cutesy mix between Helga Phugly from "The Oblongs", Miss Marple, and Mary Tyler Moore.

She wears a sunflower-patterned blue rain slicker and matching rain boots. Striking an adorable pose, she leans on a purple umbrella and kicks out one leg with a winning smile.

Various hunters, including Seti, Peck and Walda (still clutching Harbak) look on in disbelief.

2. Nessie:                      That was fun!

3. Nessie:                      Who's next then?

**PAGE FIVE - Six Panels****PANEL ONE**

Nessie jumps onto her chosen mode of transportation, which, for lack of a better term, is a Space Vespa, a ridiculous hover scooter. The other hunters watch with mouths agape. Harbak smiles as Nessie passes, pleased with himself for hiring her.

1. Peck: No way...
2. Harbak: Bravo, Miss.
3. Nessie: Thank ya, kindly.
4. Nessie: And now...

**PANEL TWO**

Nessie beams with an excited smile but the hunters near her roll their eyes and GROAN. She does this all the time and they HATE it!

5. Nessie: Peer review!
6. Hunter #1: agh...

**PANEL THREE**

On a brick wall, a chameleon-like hunter blends in perfectly to the brick pattern, but Nessie clutches him in a headlock, his mouth open, tongue hanging out uncomfortably, and his chameleon-like eyes protruding.

7. Nessie: Dreziloids can see infrared. C'mon, Camo King!

**PANEL FOUR**

Nessie hangs playfully from the end of a GIGANTIC RIFLE, held by a stout, hard-bodied, militant pachyderm, an upright hippo in fatigues.

8. Nessie: Big guns, bigger disappointment, sweetie.

***MORE***

**PAGE FIVE CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

With her umbrella, Nessie points to the TINY SKULLS on Walda's outfit. Nessie simultaneously curtsies to highlight her own outfit, her rain gear covered in small sunflowers.

9. Nessie:                    Tiny Skulls, Walda?

10. Nessie:                 You catch more rodents with cheese.

**PANEL SIX**

In the center of a semicircle of grim, unpleasant, and annoyed hunters, Nessie smiles with her arms outstretched like she's Julie Andrews mid-song on a grassy hilltop.

11. Nessie:                 And smile!

12. Nessie:                 We're hunters!

**PAGE SIX - Six Panels****PANEL ONE**

Establishing shot: The Universal Headquarters of The Hunting Guild. A temple-like complex on a large asteroid, the building is the only developed area of the barren surface. The large asteroid floats among many others in an asteroid belt.

1. Caption: Universal Headquarters – Galactic Local 918
2. Caption: “The Hunters Guild”
3. Eldred (off-panel): Will there be anything else?

**PANEL TWO**

ELDRED, a slim, grim, unpleasant alien, delivers a stone-faced farewell to a customer. He has a menial administrative position and he is NOT a people person. He delivers his line with the dry sensibility and scowl of an Alan Rickman character.

4. Eldred: Happy hunting.

**PANEL THREE**

Over Eldred’s shoulder, we see the next customer in line: Nessie Frump. She leans playfully on her umbrella whispering loudly to the customer behind her, coyly making eye contact with Eldred. They don’t pay Eldred enough to deal with her.

5. Eldred: Ugh...
6. Nessie: Poor tongue-tied Eldred.
7. Nessie (whisper): He has a little thing for me.

**PANEL FOUR**

Nessie strikes a melodramatic pose against the wall by Eldred’s service window, casting a sidelong glance, suggesting there is an unspoken passion here. Eldred, meanwhile, avoids eye contact and grimaces as he addresses her with no affection whatsoever.

8. Eldred: What is it, Frump?
9. Nessie: All business. Don’t tease me ,Eldie!

***MORE***

**PAGE SIX CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

Eldred holds a serious face, refusing to respond to her playful banter. Nessie takes the hint.

10. Nessie:                   ...I need the new list.

**PANEL SIX**

With an obnoxiously confident smile, Nessie winks at Eldred.

11. Eldred:                 A bit late today.

12. Nessie:                 Only fair to give ‘em a head start.



**PAGE SEVEN - Five Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

In a humble, straw bed inside a plaster building, cheap paint peels from the walls over a sleeping figure. This is PEABO, a ferret-like creature with a long slender body, drooling lazily on his pillow.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO**

Suddenly, an EXPLOSION rocks the scene outside the humble living space! Paint chips fall from the ceiling and the walls crack as Peabo dives quickly toward the space under the bed.

1. SFX:                      POOM!

**PANEL THREE**

Under the bed, startled and shivering, Peabo peers out.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR**

Peabo cautiously steps out from under the bed, hoping the worst is over. His eyes locked on the wall in the direction of the previous explosion.

2. Peabo:                      Eh...?

**PANEL FIVE**

Larger panel. The wall EXPLODES! Chunks of plaster and Peabo's limp body fly toward the reader.

3. SFX:                      POOM!

**PAGE EIGHT - Five Panels****PANEL ONE**

The smoke clears. Atop the rubble of the destroyed wall stand three bulky alien hunters: GARF a caterpillar-like insect holding a net fashioned from the silk STREAMING from his mouth, OGIE a Viking-like werewolf pointing a crackling energy-axe at Peabo, and ARBLE a tentacled monster reloading a grenade launcher. These hunters have seen many battles and have the scars to prove it.

Peabo cowers in the foreground.

1. Ogie: Peabo Rashomon. Time to meet the maker.
2. Garf SFX: ffsssfss

**PANEL TWO**

Close On Peabo. He sits on the pile of rubble, pointing a finger angrily as he speaks.

3. Peabo: You tell that haggard old witch--

**PANEL THREE**

Peabo realizes the threat. His posture deflates and his face droops.

4. Peabo: Oh. You mean—oh.

**PANEL FOUR**

Matching the previous panel's composition, Peabo slithers his slender body into the cracks of the rubble beneath him.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE**

Close on the three hunters, Garf's antennas stand straight up, Ogie halts Arble with a hand across his path. Arble smiles sadistically, CLICKS his grenade launcher closed.

5. Garf: Get him!
6. Ogie: I want him alive! It's less paperwork if he's alive.
7. Arble: Where's the fun in that?
8. SFX: chik

**PAGE NINE - Five Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Out in the street of the dusty slum, Garf tosses his net expertly, but the slender Peabo slips through the knitting, his face painted with panic.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL TWO**

Ogie swings his Energy Axe wildly, destroying a nearby wall as it misses Peabo. Peabo leaps over the horizontal swing, lifting his tail end over the sweeping blow in a cartoonish fashion. Peabo SCREAMS, tears streaming from his eyes.

1. Peabo: AAAGHHH!

**PANEL THREE**

Peabo sprints down a cobblestone street lined with humble brick buildings. He looks over his shoulder back toward the reader.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR**

Over Peabo's shoulder, he's alarmed to see Arble firing a grenade towards him.

2. Peabo: ohcrapohcrapohcrap...!

**PANEL FIVE**

The streaming grenade arcs downward toward Peabo as he dives desperately toward the angled doors of a nearby cellar under one of the brick homes.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE TEN - Five Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

The front wall of the building EXPLODES into a shower of shattered bricks.

1. SFX: POOM!

**PANEL TWO**

Ogie, Arble, and Garf stand in the rubble-filled street. Arble lifts his grenade launcher proudly, still smoking.

2. Arble: Dig ‘im up.

3. Ogie: **You** dig him up.

**PANEL THREE**

Ogie and Arble look to Garf. He wiggles his little appendages at his comrades.

4. Garf: You’re kidding, right?

**PANEL FOUR**

Arble shrugs at his comrades.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE**

Arble COCKS his grenade launcher, aiming at the rubble of the destroyed building.

5. SFX: chik chik

**PAGE ELEVEN - Five Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

A black panel. We can just see Peabo's profile in blue-grey, bent over, catching his breath.

1. Peabo:                    huf huf huf...

**PANEL TWO**

Peabo STRIKES a match, illuminating his face, he squints, reacting to the sudden light.

2. SFX:                    kwish

**PANEL THREE**

Peabo breathes a sigh of relief.

3. Peabo:                    phew

**PANEL FOUR**

But an EXPLOSION in the building above rocks the scene! Peabo holds a protective hand above his head as he cringes.

4. SFX:                    POOM!

**PANEL FIVE**

Peabo lifts his head cautiously awaiting the next explosion, but a voice behind him draws his eyes.

5. Nessie (O.P.):        Hunters...

**PAGE TWELVE - Four Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Peabo turns in fear. Leaning casually behind him is Nessie Frump.

1. Peabo: Ah!
2. Nessie: ... No respect for property.

**PANEL TWO**

Over Nessie's shoulder Peabo pleads desperately for help, gripping the lapels of her rain slicker desperately.

3. Peabo: You gotta help me!
4. Peabo: They're after me! ME!

**PANEL THREE**

Peabo trembles in fear, his hands clutching his head stressfully, but Nessie approaches with her arms outstretched for a hug with a sweet smile.

5. Peabo: I didn't... I don't...
6. Nessie: Aww, sweetie, sweetie...

**PANEL FOUR**

Nessie holds Peabo in a comforting hug.

7. Nessie: I'm one of them.

**PAGE THIRTEEN - Five Panels****PANEL ONE**

Panicked, Peabo struggles desperately to pull free from Nessie's hug. He SCREAMS, inadvertently spitting as he does. Nessie cringes, avoiding the drops of saliva.

1. Peabo: Help! HE-ELP
2. Nessie: Quit spraying it, kid!

**PANEL TWO**

Peabo rears his head back, gathering phlegm in his throat for a mighty LOOGIE. Nessie gives him a hard stare, a warning not to spit.

3. Peabo: kHoOokkKK...
4. Nessie: I swear, if you--

**PANEL THREE**

Nessie struggles with the putty-like LOOGIE that Peabo just hit her with. She pulls it in strands from her face like rubbery glue. Peabo leaps from her arms, dashing toward the door.

5. Nessie: agghhh!

**PANEL FOUR**

From over Peabo's shoulder, we see him LEAP at the door; his outstretched hand inches from the doorknob and freedom.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FIVE**

Tight on Peabo, a triumphant smile painted across his face, still reaching for the door. He might just get away!

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PAGE FOURTEEN - Six Panels****PANEL ONE**

Outside, among the rubble, Ogie, exasperated, argues with Arble, who hangs his head waiting for Ogie to shut up. Garf spots something off-panel, his antennae raised like a dog's ears when someone's at the door.

1. Ogie:                    You HAVE TO keep the pins or we CAN'T expense the grenades!
2. Arble:                 Again wif dis?
3. Garf:                  Well, I'll be...

**PANEL TWO**

Out from the Cellar Door, Nessie DRAGS Peabo, now bound in ROPE-LIKE BANDS OF ENERGY (think a mix between a whip and a lightsaber). Nessie holds the hilt over her shoulder, pulling him like a sack of heavy Christmas presents. Peabo pouts, his hopes of escape completely dashed.

In the background, several yards away, Ogie and Arble argue, but Garf worms his way toward Nessie.

4. Nessie:                Quit pouting! They would've killed you.

**PANEL THREE**

Garf slithers into Nessie's path, blocking her way. Nessie pushes past him with her free arm.

5. Garf:                  You wouldn't be trying to steal our collar--
6. Nessie:                Garf! You old bag o' tricks. Still earning those wings?

**PANEL THREE**

Garf brandishes a TATTOO over one of his appendages, like the douche-y shoulder tattoo of some wannabe tough guy. It reads: "LARVAL 4 LYFE". Nessie shrugs with a smile.

7. Garf:                  Grounded by choice, Frump.
8. Nessie:                You do you, sweetie.
9. Ogie (O.P.):         Well, well, well.

**MORE**

**PAGE FOURTEEN CONTINUED**



**PANEL FOUR**

REVEAL: Ogie and Arble TOWER over Nessie. Arble loads grenades into his grenade launcher with a scowl and Ogie foams in a toothy grin, gripping his energy axe tightly, anxious for the excuse to fight Nessie Frump. Garf's mouth produces a fibrous material, which his little appendages fashion into rope. She looks up at them, not impressed, but Peabo cringes preparing for conflict.

10. Ogie:                Look who's sinking our bottom line, Arble?

11. Arble:              Dat bitch.

**PANEL FIVE**

XCU: Nessie's narrow, deadly serious eyes. She hates the b-word.

12. Nessie:            Oh you did not.

**PANEL SIX**

In a medium shot, Nessie passes the handle of Peabo's restraints (the energy whip) to Peabo, her eyes still locked on Arble (off-panel). She's about to teach these boys some manners. Peabo takes the energy whip handle in his hand, confused by the gesture.

13. Nessie:            Hold this, will you, sugarpie?

14. Peabo:             Huh?

15. Nessie:            These boys could use a quick refresher.

**PAGE FIFTEEN - Eight Panels**

PAGE LAYOUT: PANEL ONE spans the width of the page, while TWO, THREE, and FOUR lineup side-by-side beneath it. PANEL FIVE once again spans the width of the page and SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT lineup side-by-side beneath it.

**PANEL ONE**

Nessie simultaneously kicks the barrel of Arble's grenade launcher off-target and pulls Ogie's face with the curved handle of her outstretched umbrella hooking his cheek. She pulls off the dual strike with a touch of balletic grace.

1. Nessie:                   Gentlemen, let's review our Guild Charter. 'Kay?

**PANEL TWO**

Ogie falls out of frame, Nessie's foot catches Arble in the face, and she tosses her umbrella toward Garf in the foreground. The handle hits Garf in the face like a missile.

2. Nessie:                   "A bounty remains unclaimed...

**PANEL THREE**

Nessie wraps one of Arble's tentacles around Ogie's neck and pulls while standing on his shoulders. Ogie struggles for breath, clawing at the unfortunate tentacle. Arble SCREAMS in pain.

3. Nessie:                   ... Until the subject is incapacitated...

4. Nessie:                   ... AND..."

**PANEL FOUR**

Nessie pulls a length of WIRE from a dispenser on her belt and binds Ogie's hands behind his back. His tongue hangs loosely as he lay unconscious.

5. Nessie:                   Say it with me now.

6. Nessie:                   "..AND in the hunter's custody."

***MORE***

**PAGE FIFTEEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

Nessie LEAPS at Arble with a devastating KNEE TO THE FACE! But behind her, Garf's lasso hangs in the air, on its way to roping her in.

7. Nessie: Even if the competition uses the B-WORD!

**PANEL SIX**

Over Garf's shoulder, we see his rope pulled taut around Nessie, snatching her in mid-air. His little appendages hold tight and he leans back, using his body weight to pull her back.

8. Garf: Now you're just making things up.

**PANEL SEVEN**

MEDIUM SHOT of Nessie, she turns toward Garf, her feet shoulder width apart, her hands taking a strong grip of the rope. With a sly smile, she prepares for a game of tug-of-war.

9. Nessie: It's implied.

**PANEL EIGHT**

CLOSE UP: Garf's face is painted with regret. Though he HAS her in his lasso, she also HAS HIM!

10. Garf: Uh oh.

**PAGE SIXTEEN - Seven Panels****PANEL ONE**

In a large panel, the width of the page, Nessie SWINGS Garf by his lasso in a circle with a playful smile. Garf SCREAMS. Peabo, still bound by the energy whip, DUCKS to avoid the swinging insect.

1. GARF:                   wwwWWAAAaaaa

\*

**PANEL TWO**

NOTE: Panels 2-5 lineup across the page with matching close-ups. The SCREAMS AND LAUGHTER interchange across the page in one long stream of letters.

CLOSE UP: Nessie LAUGHS like a kid on a carousel.

2. LAUGHTER:       HAahahaAHAHAha

**PANEL THREE**

CLOSE UP: Garf SCREAMS while clutching the lasso that has now become his lifeline.

3. SCREAM:           aaWWAghAwaaGHAAW

**PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE UP: Nessie LAUGHS, continuing this fun game she has started.

4. LAUGHTER:       HAahahaAHAHAha

**PANEL FIVE**

CLOSE UP: Garf's screams have subsided and his face droops, going pale with nausea. He's going to puke.

5. SCREAM:           aWAGHaaWURFffurfff

\*

**PANEL SIX**

As Arble lifts himself to his feet, Nessie has released Garf's lasso. Garf's body SMASHES into Arble and his grenade launcher flies from his open hand.

6. Arble:               Oof!

***MORE***

**PAGE SIXTEEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL SEVEN**

The GRENADE LAUNCHER lands directly in Peabo's arms (still bound by the energy whip, but able to grasp the launcher). He cracks a menacing smile. This is his chance.

7. Peabo:                   Heh.

**PAGE SEVENTEEN - Six Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Nessie, her umbrella outstretched, desperately knocks the GRENADE LAUNCHER in Peabo's hands off its mark. Peabo looks at her in shock.

1. Nessie:                    No!

**PANEL TWO**

Peabo argues with Nessie, wide-eyed and hysterical. Nessie firmly retakes the handle of the energy whip and YELLS.

2. Peabo:                    What the hell? Why?

3. Nessie:                    He's my Secret Santa this year!

4. Arble:                    N-not... supposed to... know--

**PANEL THREE**

With a wave of her hand, Nessie dismisses Arble's comment.

5. Nessie:                    Oh, please. You were so obvious!

**PANEL FOUR**

MEDIUM SHOT of Peabo, incredulous.

6. Peabo:                    He tried to kill us!

**PANEL FIVE**

Peabo stares at the ground, shaking his head in confusion. Nessie walks with the energy whip handle in hand, stepping directly on Arble's torso as he speaks.

7. Nessie:                    We're hunters! What's a little competition between friends?

8. Arble:                    We're not fr—URK!

***MORE***

**PAGE SEVENTEEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL SIX**

Nessie tugs the energy whip as Peabo is in mid-sentence. His body bends with the force of her pull and his feet struggle to keep his body upright.

9. Peabo: I do not get y—OUU!.

10. Nessie: Come on now. Let's give 'em some time for reflection.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN - Five Panels****PANEL ONE**

Nessie attaches the handle of the energy whip to the back of her SPACE VESPA like a tow hitch on the back of a truck. Peabo leans his body back to resist while pleading with her.

1. Peabo: PLEASE! I didn't do anything wrong?
2. Nessie: Then it'll be a quick trip to the Assembly.

**PANEL TWO**

Nessie rolls her eyes as she PRESSES a button on the back of the Space Vespa. An ENERGY BUBBLE rolls along the energy whip holding Peabo and takes shape AROUND HIM as he YELLS.

3. Peabo: Who do you think sent those goons after me?!
4. Nessie: Right, right. The legal system's out to get YOU. It's not back-rent or non-support or bail jumping.

**PANEL THREE**

Nessie turns back to Peabo, wiggling her fingers in his direction in a mockingly eerie spell-casting pose.

5. Nessie: It's a conspiracy! Wooo-oooo

**PANEL FOUR**

Peabo sulks in his tow-behind energy bubble, hopeless and defeated. Nessie secures a cutesy space helmet over her head, preparing for takeoff.

6. Peabo (small): I just wanted to help people.
7. Nessie: I'd save your breath!
8. Nessie: That bubble only holds so much oxygen!

**PANEL FIVE**

Nessie WHIPS through space on her Space Vespa, the energy bubble dragging behind her. G-forces SLAM Peabo into the back of the bubble.

9. SFX: VVVVIIIIMMMMMMMM



**PAGE NINETEEN - Six Panels****PANEL ONE**

Establishing shot: The Universal Headquarters of The Hunting Guild. A temple-like complex on a large asteroid, the building is the only developed area of the barren surface. The large asteroid floats among many others in an asteroid belt.

1. Caption: Universal Headquarters – Galactic Local 918
2. Caption: “The Hunters Guild”
3. Nessie: I do not care!

**PANEL TWO**

Just inside the doorway, Nessie CARRIES Peabo over her shoulder, still bound. He hangs, sullen, hopeless.

4. Nessie: You’re on the list? I bring you in. Simple as that.
5. Peabo: Because my name was on a list.
6. Nessie: Exactly.

**PANEL THREE**

Nessie carries Peabo through the Guild’s waiting area where a large group of hunters are now standing out of their chairs, eyes on the two of them. Like watching a lit-fuse, they seem to be waiting excitedly for an explosion. Peabo still hangs listlessly, but Nessie grows suspicious.

[NO DIALOGUE]

**PANEL FOUR**

Nessie speaks over her shoulder to her captive while keeping an eye on the ominous crowd.

7. Nessie: Yeesh! You musta done somethin’, sweetie.
8. Nessie: Everyone’s getting an eyeful.

***MORE***

**PAGE NINETEEN CONTINUED**

**PANEL FIVE**

She looks in another direction and finds yet more hunters with eyes on them. Their faces now curling into sadistic smiles, worrying Nessie further.

9. Nessie: Whatta you do again?

10. Nessie: Pop singer? Child star?

**PANEL SIX**

CLOSE UP on Peabo as he delivers his line with a dry sense of humor.

11. Peabo: I sweep up at the Pharmacy.

**PAGE TWENTY - Four Panels**

NOTE: among the various shots of hunters on the next two pages, let's use the hunters mentioned in earlier pages (minus Ogie, Arble and Garf). This includes Walda, Seti, Peck, Camo King, and the militant pachyderm, though we will need to add several to make a sinister crowd)

**PANEL ONE**

Over Eldred's shoulder, we see Nessie stopped at his window, still carrying Peabo and looking back at the gathering of hunters off-panel.

1. Nessie: Eldie, honey, I never ask...
2. Nessie: But what exactly did this cuddly li'l chimichanga do that's got everyone so excited.

**PANEL TWO**

WE REVERSE THE SHOT: Over Nessie's shoulder, we reveal Eldred's menacing smile. He holds a piece of paper nimbly in his fingers.

3. Eldred: Oh they aren't excited about him.
4. Eldred: The new list just came down from the Minister.

**PANEL THREE**

Eldred playfully holds the paper up, visualizing where it might go on the wall of his little office.

5. Eldred: I'm thinking of having it framed...

**PANEL FOUR**

ANGLE ON Nessie as she reads THE LIST with wide eyes. Eldred holds out the list in one hand and a PEN in the other. Peabo turns back from slumping over Nessie's shoulder and reads the list with a confused look.

6. Eldred: But I hoped you might autograph it first.
7. Nessie: No...
8. Peabo: Who's...

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE - One Panels**

**PANEL ONE**

Now surrounded by a crowd of hunters, Nessie's lips tighten, her eyes narrow as she sizes up the threat, her umbrella raised, ready for action. In her other hand, she holds Peabo by the energy whip binding his torso and uses his cowering form as a shield.

Eldred holds out THE LIST clearly showing NESSIE FRUMP and PEABO RASHOMON listed as #1 and #2 respectively.

The hunters grin sadistically, hovering over Nessie, their weapons drawn. They have waited a very long time for this.

1. Eldred:                   Nessie. Frump.
2. Peabo:                    Oh.
3. Caption:                 The Frump Continues!