

SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

ISSUE 3

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Deborah Trevor stands before a cluster of television monitors, depicting the faces of several terrorist figures and rogue world leaders. One should bear a strong resemblance to Khaddafi, another a typical Arab terrorist, yet another an Hispanic man in sunglasses. All in all, twelve men are shown, with the monitors stacked three high and four across.

"I'm glad you gentlemen have accepted my invitation," she says, her arms crossed, a wry smile on her face. "Of course, I'm not surprised. After all, you well know that in one fell swoop I can turn you from fringe terrorist groups or third world nations...

"...into nuclear powers."

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The men appear mostly skeptical; the Khaddafi clone speaks first.

"This is a very bold claim that you make," he says. "Yet you have given us little by way of detail. Before we can meet your asking price, we require more information."

"I anticipated your skepticism," she says. "Thus, I'm prepared to reveal the details of my plan."

She gestures toward a model behind her, which depicts an erupting Mt. Hansha; a fault line splits off to the right, revealing glowing metal deposits.

"The uranium I'm offering was discovered by a privately-owned satellite specifically attuned to detect radiation. It's positioned rather opportunely - along a fault, near a semi-active volcano."

She points specifically toward the uranium.

"We have a way of artificially inducing the eruption, thereby exposing the fault - and the lode. Our crews should be able to move in and begin extraction within a week after Mt. Hansha blows.

"If our estimates are correct, there should be more than enough material to satisfy all your nuclear needs for quite some time to come."

The Hispanic man speaks.

"Miss Trevor, as eager as my government is to possess what you offer, we have heard that your operation may involve...casualties. Is this true?"

"Well...there may be some effect on the nearby indigenous population, yes. But I assure you that the Philopian government has been properly persuaded to look the other way."

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She continues to speak.

"Ricardo, I hope you aren't getting squeamish on me. Your regime hasn't exactly chalked up accolades for respecting human rights."

"Not at all. We simply wanted to ensure that proper precautions are being taken to reduce culpability."

"I understand."

Deborah has her hands on her hips as a turban-clad man speaks.

"You claim to have discovered a considerable amount of uranium. I warn you that we are not interested in constructing tactical-level explosives. Are you certain there is enough to create devices of real power?"

"Absolutely," she replies. "This is not a small cache."

She continues.

"We estimate no less than half a ton of uranium to be present in the fault. You'll be fully capable of creating several bombs of fairly awesome magnitude.

"And incidentally, we'll be more than happy to throw in the materials and instructions necessary for you to put together just the kind of bombs you want."

The men watch as she talks.

"Now if that satisfies your curiosity, let's get down to it. We've got the goods, if you're still game. Bidding begins...

"...at 100 million dollars."

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We cut to the jungles of South America, with the imposing presence of Mt. Hansha looming in the background. A caption reads,

"Philop, South America."

Sheena and her gang are marching through the foliage. They've clearly been traveling a while, as they're a bit sweaty and haggard-looking.

"Devon, how much further to the site?" asks Sheena.

"Not far," he says. "Perhaps half-a-mile. We'd best be on guard."

Laney has her hand on Miguel's shoulder, looking at him with concern as he limps along.

"Miguel, how's your leg holding up?" she asks.

"Pretty well, all things considered," he answers. "The walk has loosened it up some. Still hurts like heck, though."

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Franklin walks beside Sheena.

"We'll need to formulate a plan of action," he says. "Devon's description of this encampment sounds pretty ominous."

"Yes, it does," she replies. "And Trevor's people have probably alerted them that we're loose. They'll undoubtedly be on alert."

Sheena recoils as a big cat springs toward her from the nearby brush.

"I'm thinking that I can disarm the explosive if - *Sheena, look out!*" yells Franklin.

"OOOHHH!!!"

GRAAAAAARRRR!!! it growls.

They watch as Sheena falls back, her forearm in the cat's throat, keeping it's slavering jaws away. Rudy and Devon aim their rifles at it.

"Sheena, stay still!" yells Rudy. "We've got a shot -"

"NO!!!" she answers. "Don't shoot!"

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Sheena monkey-flips the cat off of her.

RAAAAAARRRR!!! it growls.

Sheena squares off with the cat.

"Okay, kitty," she says. "Let's get it on!"

It leaps again, and she catches it around one arm, with her other arm encircling its throat.

"Gotcha!" she says.

Sheena rides it down, having interlinked her hands, choking it, the arm still trapped.

"Okay, furball..." she says.

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She keeps it pinned beneath her, straddling its back, choking it out.

"...you're going out..."

The cat is fading.

"...nice and easy..."

The cat is completely unconscious.

"...just like that."

Sheena kneels over it as it lies on the ground.

"Sheena, you took a big risk there," says Devon.

"What makes you say that?" she asks. "This isn't the first cat I've tangled with. It certainly won't be the last."

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The gang has stopped at the fringe of the underbrush; against one side of the mountain is a cleared-off area, with about a dozen guards visible. Central to the site is a cylindrical explosive device, about three feet in diameter and 10 feet high.

"There it is," says Devon, pointing. "The cylinder is the control mechanism. The actual bomb itself is deeper underground. It's a shaped charge capable of penetrating quite a mass of rock."

"I can imagine," says Sheena.

They continue to talk.

"Any ideas on how to proceed?" she asks.

"It's going to be tricky," Devon says. "A frontal assault is clearly right out. We should move closer for a better look."

Warren starts forward, and trips a lightbeam sensor.

"I'll take point - huh?" he says.

BEEEEEEP!!! goes the sensor.

The guards swivel at the sound of the alarm.

"What the hell?" says one.

"Movement in sector three!" answers another. "We've got company!"

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They dive for cover as a hail of bullets comes their way.

"Down!!! Everybody down!!!" yells Sheena.

"Good idea!!!" yells Rudy.

Franklin snaps at Warren.

"'I'll take point?' What in the world were you thinking?"

"Sorry man! I didn't mean to -"

"Oh, save it," he answers.

Laney stands and starts blowing off rounds at the guards.

"You buncha losers!" she yells. "Eat this!"

"Laney!!!" yells Franklin. "Get down! Get down!"

Rudy and Devon talk.

"How are we doing for ammo?" asks Devon.

"Not good!" says Rudy. "We're gonna have to figure something out - fast! Sheena, what do you want to do?"

"Sheena?"

Sheena's gone.

"I hate when she does that..." says Rudy.

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The guard leader, looking toward the area of jungle our gang occupies, talks to another guard (Givens).

"We've got 'em pinned," he says, pointing off to one side. "Take first squad and circle around east. We'll flank 'em and take 'em out."

"Roger that," says Givens.

The guard squad (six in all) jogs into the brush, weapons at the ready.

"You heard the man!" says Givens. "Move like you've got a purpose! Jenkins, you're on point!"

"Gotcha," he says.

They've slowed to a walk. Sheena drops down behind the last one.

"We aren't far from them," says Givens. "Lock and load!"

Sheena blasts one guard with a devastating kick to the back of the head (**BRAK!!!**).

"Uuunh!" he exclaims.

Sheena delivers a chop to the back of the neck of another
(**WHAK!!!**).

"Aaak!!!" he says.

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The other guards turn and open fire; she dives behind a copse of trees.

"Where'd she come from?!?" yells Givens.

"Get 'er! Get 'er!" yells another guard.

They circle around the trees.

Givens says, "Okay, stay frosty...she should be right—"

They come around the trees; nobody's home.

"—here! Huh?"

"She's gone!" offers an observant guard.

From above Sheena, as she drops down from the tree toward them.

"Where the hell could she have —" asks Givens.

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Sheena drops between two, delivering chops to the backs of their necks (**WHAK! BRAK!**)

"Ooof!!!" says one.

"Uuuunh!!!" says the other.

She ducks under Givens' rifle fire.

"I'll get her!" he yells.

"Says whom?" she asks.

She leaps forward, seizing his left forearm and bending it back.

She spins and uses his arm like a fulcrum, throwing him toward the other guard.

"Whoooooaahhhh!!!" he exclaims.

CRASH!!! The men collide savagely, knocking them both out.

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We re-join our gang, still hunkered down.

"I'm out of ammo!" yells Franklin.

"As am I," says Devon. "How about you, Rudy?"

"Almost dry," he says. "Unless Sheena's got something up her sleeve, we may need to effect a strategic withdrawal."

Laney speaks.

"Wait!" she says. "The shooting's stopped!"

"She's right!" says Franklin. "Let's take a look!"

They peek up from the long log that was providing cover for them.

"Okay, everybody -" comes an off-panel voice.

Sheena stands in the clearing, the other guards unconscious, her hands on her hips.

"-if you're through hiding in the weeds, maybe we can get to disarming this bomb?" she asks.

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They rush over to her, jubilant.

"Sheena," says Rudy, "nothing you do should surprise me anymore."

"I thought you'd've learned that by now," she answers, smiling. "Franklin, what about this device?"

Franklin feels carefully along the exterior.

"I need to find the access panel," he says. "It should be here somewhere - a-ha!!!"

"Find it?" asks Laney.

He flips the plate up, and sees a row of eight horizontally-aligned circuit boards. Above them in digital letters is the word "ARMED."

"Oh, yeah," he answers. "And it's ready to go."

"How much time do we have?" asks Sheena.

Franklin considers the boards thoughtfully.

"Impossible to say," he answers. "They've primed it, that's all. It's not on a timer. If they decide to blow it, then we're all toast."

"Then I suggest you get it disarmed as soon as possible," says Sheena.

"Well, that is the idea," he says.

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Franklin is sweating as he considers which of the boards to remove.

"One of these boards is the trigger mechanism," he says. "It's the one we want to pull. Once out, the bomb's inert."

"Will that render the others inoperable, too?" asks Rudy.

"Yeah," he answers. "The arming chain will be broken."

Sheena walks up and yanks out the third board.

"But I'll have to study this a while before I can ascertain -"

"Oh, nonsense. Just pull a board and see what happens!" she says.

"WAAAAAIT!!!" he yells, recoiling.

Sheena has one hand on her hip, looking at the board she pulled. Franklin is sitting down behind her, a nauseated look on his face.

"Hm. Must have been the third board," she says.

"Um...uh...see, that could've been really bad," Franklin says. "If it hadn't been the right one...I mean...boom..."

Laney is helping Franklin up, as the gang gathers together. A helicopter is visible in the background, toward which Devon looks.

"Looks like we've stopped the eruption," says Rudy. "I guess it's Miller time."

"Not so fast," says Devon. "We've got company."

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From inside the cockpit of the Trevor Enterprises helicopter, as Kyle and Branson look down on them, holding automatic rifles.

"Well, well, well," says Kyle. "Looks like we've found 'em."

"Yeah," answers Branson. "Get me in position for a clear shot."

"You got it," answers the pilot.

The group goes diving for cover as Branson opens up on them from the side of the chopper.

"Not again!!!" yells Franklin.

"Just friggin' great -" says Rudy.

A trail of bullets leads behind Franklin as he and Laney jump behind some crates.

"Laney, move it!" he says.

"I'm moving! I'm moving!" she answers.

They sit hunkered behind the crates.

"Just when you think it's over..." he moans.

"Hey, what's that?" asks Laney, pointing off-panel.

"What's what?"

A ground-to-air Stinger missile is propped against one of the crates.

"Oh..." he answers.

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Franklin pops up from behind his crates; Sheena and Rudy crouch nearby, behind some equipment. He's got the Stinger overhead.

"Rudy! Catch!" he yells.

"Huh?" says Rudy.

The Stinger arcs through the air, and into Rudy's hands.

Rudy smiles.

"Righteous," he says.

Kyle and Branson are both situated at the side of the chopper, looking for targets.

"They're fast, I'll give 'em that," says Kyle. "Not many places to hide, though."

"Yeah," answers Branson. "If we hang here for a sec, we'll tag 'em."

Rudy stands, the Stinger over his shoulder.

"Acquiring...acquiring...*locked*." he says.

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Kyle and Branson look down at him.

"What the hell is he -"

FWOOOSH!!! The missile fires.

Kyle and Branson jump from the chopper.

"YEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHH!!!" they yell in unison.

BUH-WHAMMMMM!!! The chopper goes up in a fireball.

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Kyle and Branson lie on the ground, groggy.

"Uhhhh..." moans Kyle. "B-Branson? You okay?"

"Y-yeah," he answers. "I think my leg's busted."

They're pushing themselves up from the ground. Sheena's shapely posterior is in the foreground, and we see them from between her legs.

"We'd better get mobile," says Branson. "I don't wanna"

"Don't wanna what?" says Sheena.

She and the gang are in a semi-circle around the men.

"Don't wanna be around in case we find you?" she asks. "Too late.

"Rudy, Franklin...tie up our friends here, if you don't mind."

"Got it," says Rudy.

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Back at the bomb site, Kyle and Branson are bound, along with the other guards.

"What now?" asks Franklin.

"Well, for starters, we bypass the Philopian government entirely and contact the U.N.," says Sheena. "We make sure Interpol handles the prosecution in this matter."

Franklin has moved closer.

"Good idea," he says. "I suspect major bribes were passed around to make the local military look the other way. That should seal the fate of this operation."

"Is that all?" asks Laney. "I mean, is Trevor Enterprises gonna get away with this?"

Sheena looks at her.

"Not if I can help it," she answers. "Deborah Trevor's hands aren't directly dirty from this. She can probably claim plausible deniability, maybe get away with paying a small fine. That's not good enough.

"No, after we lock down these gentlemen..."

Close on her face.

"...we're going to pay Deborah Trevor a personal visit. One I doubt she'll like."

END -- ISSUE 3

TO BE CONCLUDED IN SHEENA #4!!! DON'T MISS IT!!!

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