

SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

ISSUE 4

PAGE 1

Deborah Trevor sits behind her desk, her chin resting on her entwined fingers, listening as Kyle and Branson (who sports a crutch and a big white cast on his leg) desperately explain their situation to her.

"I know how it looks, Miss Trevor, but we did everything we could," says Kyle. "It was like she had an army or something."

"Yeah," agrees Branson. "An army. A platoon at least."

PAGE 2

She regards them with a bored expression.

They continue to explain.

"T-they were packing serious heat, too," says Kyle. "Big guns. High caliber. The best stuff you can get your hands on."

"Yeah. Big guns," says Branson.

She regards them with the same bored expression.

They continue to explain.

"And Sheena...man, is she scary," says Kyle. "She was hoppin' and choppin' and doin' stuff you'd have to see to believe. Took out ten men with her bare damn hands."

"At least ten men," agrees Branson.

She regards them with the same bored expression.

They continue to explain.

"I mean, we did our best, but we couldn't stop her from takin' out the explosives. I swear, I think she's some kinda demon."

"A demon. Definitely a demon," agrees Branson.

She regards them with the same bored expression.

They're really nervous now.

"Um...you're gonna kill us, aren't you?" says Kyle.

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Deborah stands, her hands on her desk, looking at them.

"No, gentlemen, I'm not going to kill you. I'll admit that I'm angry, but I had a feeling this might happen when I found out Sheena was involved.

"Needless to say, her reputation precedes her."

Deborah has walked around her desk, to stand before the men.

"I didn't get to be chairman and owner of this conglomerate by making rash decisions. You both have done excellent work for me in the past, and unless you become totally incompetent, will remain on my staff.

"However, losing in my bid to acquire the uranium, not to mention bailing you out of the Philopian prison system, was costly. And I have Sheena to thank for that."

She leans against the front of her desk, facing the men, her arms crossed.

"Some sort of retaliation is appropriate here, I think. I want you both to begin tracking her—"

"Um, begging your pardon, ma'am, but that may not be necessary," says Kyle.

PAGE 4

Branson speaks to her.

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah. Before they turned us over to the authorities, we kinda overheard her talking. She said she was...coming after you, to make you regret trying to make that volcano erupt."

Deborah smiles broadly.

"How very interesting! Here I am hoping to locate someone, and she's coming to me! Marvelous!"

"Uh...Miss Trevor, not to rain on your parade or anything, but she's hell on wheels. You don't want her on your tail, okay?" offers Kyle.

She waves her hand dismissively.

"Nonsense. If Sheena wants to charge into the den of the lioness, then by all means, let her.

"Proceed with business as usual. Don't relax security - I don't want her to become suspicious. And if everything goes well..."

Deborah is smiling an evil smile.

"...Sheena will play right into my hands."

PAGE 5

Establishing shot of the Trevor Enterprises skyscraper, the tallest building amidst other towering structures.

Sheena and Rudy stand on ground level, looking up at the building from across the street as traffic and pedestrians criss-cross in front of them. She's wearing a box-cut leather jacket over a cheetah-print jumpsuit.

"There it is," says Rudy, hands on his hips. "The home office of Trevor Enterprises. For all intents and purposes, the heart of dragon itself."

"Yeah," says Sheena. "A dragon I intend to slay."

Rudy looks at her.

"Just slow down, Miss Quixotes. That's a mighty big windmill you're tiltin' at. I don't think it's gonna be all that easy."

"Maybe not. But I'm not going to turn back now."

"Deborah Trevor nearly killed an entire tribe of people and triggered a global catastrophe. Somehow, I'm going to make her regret that."

PAGE 6

We see through a pair of binoculars at the entrance to the building. Numerous guys in suits and sunglasses stand before the doorway, while some obvious guards (wearing jumpsuits, helmets, and bearing sidearms) flank the doors.

"Well, you ain't gettin in through the front door, that's for sure. Place is swarmin' with her people."

Sheena looks on as he talks to her, the binos lowered, smiling devilishly.

"I'm not too worried about that. There's always a way."

"Y'know, that Lara Croft girl'd just scale up the side of the building and punch out a window."

"Oh, don't talk to me about that big-hootered bimbo. Stupid Brit thinks she's God's gift to adventuring."

Rudy's scratching the back of his head, looking at her ample bosom.

"Well, you ain't exactly a piker in the curves department yourself. People in glass houses -"

"You think I don't know that? Makes buying bikinis murder. The tops are always mismatched."

They continue to talk.

"One way or the other," he says, "if you're gonna get in there, you'll need to take an indirect approach. A path they won't be expecting."

"Well, you know..."

She smiles.

"...I'll think of something."

PAGE 7

It's nighttime in the city; Sheena's chopper speeds toward the sprawling skyline. A caption reads, "That evening..."

Inside the chopper, Sheena is rigged for a jump. A parachute is strapped to her back, the straps encircling her armpits and her waist. She's testing the buckle of the belt as Franklin speaks to her. No one else is present (Rudy is flying the chopper, and thus not visible).

Franklin asks, "Sheena, are you sure you want to go through with this? I think we can get Trevor in international court on the basis of our testimony alone -"

"It would never work, Franklin. She's got the best lawyers and too much money.

"I'm not going to let her get away with what she tried without doing *something* to make her regret it."

They continue to speak.

"And that's another thing," he says. "You aren't being terribly specific about what kind of payback you're planning. You don't intend to..."

"Kill her? No. That's not my way. You know that.

"But a few bruises might be enough to knock some sense into her."

More conversation.

"At least let the rest of the team help. There must be something we can do."

"No. I won't risk the rest of you. It's too dangerous."

PAGE 8

Franklin puts his hand on her shoulder.

"Are you sure about why you're doing this?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well...no offense, but I'd just hate to see you get hurt, or worse, because your temper got the better of you. You mean a lot to me...to all of us."

Rudy leans back to speak.

"Sheena, I've got the Trevor building in sight. Won't be long now."

"Thanks, Rudy."

Sheena puts her hand on his shoulder softly, smiling.

"Franklin...I know what you're trying to say. Trust me, my head is clear. I might be a little angry, but this is more about responsibility than revenge.

"Those villagers we saved don't have a voice. They don't have a way to fight back. So I've got to do it for them."

She brings her face closer to his, her hand behind his neck/head, looking at his lips.

"And if I weren't clear-headed...

"...would I be able to do *this*?"

PAGE 9

Sheena lays a hard kiss on him.

They part, with her smiling.

"Whoaah..." he says.

He's back in a seat, weak-kneed, as she stands poised by the exit.

"Showtime, Sheena," yells Rudy. "We're in position. Anytime you're ready."

"Okay," she answers.

"Stay here and help Rudy, Franklin," she tells him. "You're my number-one guy."

She leaps out head-first into the night.

"Bye for now!"

Franklin stares after her, his fingers in his hair.

Shift view to his face.

"Wow..." he says.

PAGE 10

Sheena descends toward the top of the Trevor Enterprises building.

She trips her chute, which billows out behind her (**PWAFFF!**).

Using the steering straps, she guides herself toward the roof. There's a collection of air units and similar structures on it, and an empty helipad toward one corner.

Inside, Deborah Trevor sees her approaching on a surveillance camera.

Closer on Trevor's face.

"Welcome to my parlor," she says, smiling.

PAGE 11

Sheena lights on top of the building, atop one of the ventilation units.

She unhooks the chute, and it begins drifting away from her.

She stands above a couple of guards, looking down on them.

The two guards talk, unaware of Sheena's presence above her.

"So then I says to 'er, 'What damn good is payin' for cable if the picture's all crappy? Makes my videotapes look like garbage.'"

"No lie! What'd she say?"

"Well, she tried to feed me a line about them upgradin' to fiber optic, but I know they ain't doin' that for at least six months. Hell, I oughtta just get an antenna 'til then."

"Right on."

PAGE 12

Sheena drops down from behind, hitting them in the back of the neck with a chop (**BRAK! BRAK!**) Their helmets flip off, and spittle flies out of their mouths.

"I tell ya, cable companies'll screw you if - ooof!!!" he says.

"Uuuungh!!!" says the second guard.

One guard lies unconscious nearby; she crouches over the second, holding him up by the collar, patting him on the face.

"Hey, sleepyhead," she says. "Wake up. Time to go to school."

"Jeez, Mom, just a few more minutes..." he moans.

Now more conscious, he looks up at her with wide eyes. She's got an all-business expression.

"Huh? Who the hell are—"

"Never mind who I am. I'm looking for Deborah Trevor. Tell me where she is or you're going on an unscheduled flight off this roof."

He points toward a nearby doorway.

"S-she's in a penthouse on the 59th floor," he answers.

"And how do I get down there?"

"Through that door. Take the private elevator at the end of the hallway. But you've gotta have a code key."

He holds up a laminated badge with a magnetic strip, which she takes.

"You wouldn't happen to have one, would you?"

"Yeah. Right here."

"Thank you! You've been very helpful."

She beans him on top of his noggin (*WHAP!*), knocking him out again.

"I try. Now you ain't gonna throw me off, are you - *uuuugh!!!*"

"No. But it's nappy-time again.

"Sweet dreams."

PAGE 13

Trevor's elevator doors slide open. Deborah's standing there, waiting.

Two unconscious guards fly out and land at her feet. She looks down at them, smiling.

Sheena stands before her, hands on her hips, clearly angry. Two other guards are out cold in the car behind her.

"Okay, Trevor," she says. "I've played with the hired help enough.

"I'm here for you."

Sheena takes her roughly by the collar, her fist poised to strike.

"Y-you're going to kill me? In cold blood?" asks Deborah.

"No. But I'd put my plastic surgeon on retainer for a while. For the people you tried to murder down in South America, it's the least I can do."

Deborah takes Sheena's hand and wrist expertly.

"Do tell."

Sheena goes flipping head-over-heels as Trevor uses a martial arts throw on her.

"Actually, Sheena...

"...I think you're in for something of a surprise."

"Whooooaaah—" she exclaims.

KRAAAASH!!! Sheena eats it through an expensive teakwood endtable.

PAGE 14

Sheena hops into a crouching position, as Trevor walks toward her.

"In addition to my academic and professional achievements, I also happen to be a fifth dan in aikido - and accomplished in other martial arts. You know, sound mind and body and all that."

"I'm impressed. But I'm still going to tear you a new one."

Sheena leaps and connects with Trevor's jaw with her heel (**BRAK!!!**).

"Starting now!!!"

"Uuunh!" she exclaims.

Deborah rolls to her feet, smiling, a bit of blood trickling from one side of her mouth.

"Excellent!" she says. "Perfectly timed and executed. You will be a challenge."

"I'll be more than that," she says. "I'm going to be your worst nightmare."

Sheena misses with a palm strike, as Deborah blocks it aside.

"As heroes go, you need to work on your cliches," says Trevor. "I believe I heard that line in a Rambo movie."

Deborah lands a spinning backfist to her head (**BIFF!!!**)

"Haaaaai!!!" she yells.

Sheena goes chest-first through a chair (**KRASH!!!**)

Deborah stands at the ready as Sheena rolls to her side.

"Come on!" she says. "Don't make this easy on me! Show me what you've got!"

"Alright," she says.

Sheena leaps.

"Here it comes!!!"

PAGE 15 - 16

These pages are devoted to one hell of a fight. We should get several panels of Trevor and Sheena punching, kicking, and throwing one another in a furious confrontation in the tradition of Jackie Chan, Jet Li, and other Hong Kong action stars. Shattered furniture, broken antiques, torn costumes - you get the idea. Leave no room for doubt that both are giving and receiving no quarter.

PAGE 17

Exhausted and bloody, their clothes in tatters, Sheena and Deborah Trevor stop and look to one side as a voice yells, "FREEZE!!!"

The four battered guards Sheena beat up earlier kneel/stand before them, their assault rifles trained on Sheena. They don't look too eager to get close.

Deborah relaxes her posture, as Sheena turns to face the men.

"Hm," says Deborah. "A pity. I was enjoying our little dance. Ah, well, such is life."

"This is it, then?" asks Sheena. "You're going to kill me? Or maybe turn me in to the cops?"

"On the contrary. I'm letting you go."

Sheena turns, an incredulous look on her face.

"You're...what?!?"

"You heard me. I'm permitting you to leave. I'll even have you driven to your hotel if you'd like."

Sheena approaches Trevor.

"I don't understand. This is a perfect chance to take me out."

"True. And many of your adversaries would leap at the chance. But not me. Not today."

PAGE 18

Trevor stands before Sheena with her hands on her hips. Sheena is most unhappy as the guards keep their weapons trained on her.

"No, Sheena, I'm letting you leave, and for a reason. You see, despite the headaches you've caused me, you've brought a sense of...*fun* to my schemes, a wildcard that I've not yet had to deal with.

"Simply put, the world's a vastly more interesting - and challenging - place with you in it."

Sheena turns and walks toward the elevator, through the guards.

"Leave now. Lick your wounds, and be prepared to meet again. And we *will* meet again, I'll see to that."

"Alright, Trevor. I'm leaving. But understand one thing..."

Over her shoulder, she says,

"The next time we do this...you'll wish you'd finished me when you had the chance."

The elevator doors close.

Trevor maintains her smile, unaffected.

PAGE 19

Back at Sheena's HQ, Franklin dabs at her minor facial lacerations with a wet cloth. A caption reads, "Later..."

"She let you *walk?!?*" he says. "I knew she was arrogant, but I had no idea..."

Rudy says, "Well, let's all be thankful about this. This could've gone wrong in a lotta ways."

Miguel steps forward.

"So what now? Trevor continues with her rape of the planet, and we sit by and watch?"

"No, Miguel," says Sheena. "We stay on watch, as usual. We dog her every move. And ultimately, we find her weakness and beat her."

Sheena continues to speak.

"This could be a long struggle, everybody. And a dangerous one. There's no guarantee we're going to win. But I'm going to keep on with it until we do.

"I'll...understand if you'd like to jump ship. There are safer ways to make a living."

Franklin smiles at her.

"Yeah. Safer, like accounting, or retail, or working on an assembly line somewhere, right? I don't think so. It may be risky, but at least here, I'm making a difference. Count me in."

"Thanks, Franklin," she says.

PAGE 20

Warren puts his hand on Laney's shoulder, who smiles.

"Well, I know my sister here's in for the long haul, so I am, too. Somebody's gotta keep an eye on her."

"I don't need a watchdog, Warren. But I want you here."

Miguel speaks, shaking his fist.

"I *must* stay. With the international community dragging its feet on environmental issues, someone has to help save nature, and lives."

Rudy now speaks.

"Well, if I weren't doing this, I'd be taking weed samples and spending all my time in a lab somewhere. And somebody's got to keep you slackers in line."

Sheena and the others pile their hands together in a team spirit gesture.

"Okay, then," she says. "We do this together. And we don't quit until the war is over, and we've won. Sound off!"

"Yeah!!!" they yell.

"Gooooo planet!!!" offers Laney.

"I'll pretend I didn't hear that," says Sheena.

Watch for Sheena's continuing adventures from London Night Studios!!!