

**Tommi Gunn:**

**Datastorm**

**Synopsis:** Our story begins shortly after Tommi's departure from the MegaTech Conglomerate, whose enmity she has earned over the destruction of highly valuable information on genetic engineering. Now working as a freelancer, Tommi is contracted by Tyler Dynamics to locate and re-acquire one of their top scientists, Anna Jeffries, who was kidnapped from her guarded living quarters. However, the further Tommi digs, the further complicated--and dangerous--the situation becomes. She discovers that Jeffries was verging on the discovery of a "Datastorm" computer virus that, when introduced into a host system, would effectively destroy it; further, she finds that Tyler intended not only to target corporate rivals with the virus, but virtually all computer systems, to impose a technical monopoly the world over.

What begins as a simple tracking mission evolves into an intrigue-ridden plot of danger and betrayal, as Tommi struggles to prevent a worldwide calamity.

Tommi Gunn:

Datastorm

by Mike Shoemaker

Issue 1

Page 1

Panel 1 - Tommi Gunn is striding down a trash-strewn street, framed by the towering concrete-and-glass canyons of New Miami. Several of the buildings are trimmed with neon and inset with digital bulletin boards, which besiege passers-by with a variety of commercial slogans and perfect faces. Some of the prominent companies advertising include Weylan-Yutani (Alien/Aliens), Consolidated/Amalgamated (Outland), SkyNet (Terminator) and Tyrell Corp. (Blade Runner). English-language messages are most prevalent, although Japanese characters are also prominent. Tommi is clad in skintight leather pants, white thigh-high "stripper" boots, a black, sleeveless sport tank (cut low to show an ample amount of cleavage), black fingerless gloves, and a tapered leather jacket that ends a bit above her belt. Her wrap-around sunglasses reflect the color and brilliance of her surroundings. Not immediately visible to the reader are a pair of big-ass pistols holstered to either side of her body, at rib level. In the distance behind her, four rough-looking men (Turner, White, Bales, and Sloan) walk; they wear a mix of leather, denim, chains, and other back-alley apparel. Their weaponry protrudes a bit more obviously from under their trenchcoats and vests.

Panel 2 - Close on Tommi's sunglasses.

Panel 3 - We can see just over her left ear, where an inset display shows the four men in a corner readout.

Panel 4 - She smiles slightly.

**Page 2**

**Panel 1** - Tommi cuts into an alley, about fifty yards ahead of the men.

**Turner**

There she goes. Okay, people, let's do it. By the numbers. And remember, she's badass.

**Bales**

You got it, Mister Turner.

**Panel 2** - The men round the corner, to confront a broad alley, with dumpsters and boxes lined up against its sides. Tommi is walking in plain view.

**Turner**

There she is. On my mark...

**Panel 3** - They throw open their coats, jackets, and vests, to display their firepower. Turner and Bales carry submachine guns with cylindrical clips affixed to the tops. White handles a jazzed-up shotgun, while Sloan levels an integrated, prosthesis-like, forearm-mounted multi-barrelled minigun from under his trenchcoat, the belt feed curving up from under his apparel.

**Turner**

*NOW!!!*

**Panel 4** - They light the alley up with a barrage of lead, chipping concrete, puncturing metal, shredding wood, and splattering Tommi into bloody pieces.

**SFX**

***BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA***

***BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM***

***KA-BRAM! KA-BRAM!***

Page 3

Panel 1 - Tommi's corpse lies in the foreground, gushing blood. They're standing before it, excited, smiling broadly. Bales and Sloan high-five one another, while White holds his shotgun overhead triumphantly. In the background, Tommi releases the drainpipe she was holding about twenty feet up, dropping toward the middle of the alley.

White

Wooooo!!!

Bales

We did it! We *did* it!!!

Sloan

So that was the big, bad Tommi Gunn! Don't look so bad to me!

Turner

Nice work, gentlemen! I think we're getting a bonus for this one.

Panel 2 - The body they're looking at suddenly crackles.

Turner

After we submit our vouchers, we'll hop an aerotram to Tahiti and--huh?

Panel 3 - The body winks out of view. On the ground before them is a small box, perhaps two inches by four inches, with three lenses clustered in triangular fashion in its center. Six small wheels border its sides.

Turner

Um....

Panel 4 - Bales' right arm explodes off at the shoulder in a spray of blood, and a huge hole blows through his body at chest-level. In addition to blood and bone, wire and shrapnel come flying out as well. The other men stare in disbelief.

SFX

**KA-BLAM!!! KA-BLAM!!!**

Bales

YEAAAAAARGH!!!

**Page 4**

Tommi stands before them, her pistols smoking, ready for business.

**Tommi**

Hey, guys. I assume...

**Tommi**

...that you're looking for me?

Page 5

Panel 1 - White's head erupts into a geyser of bone, blood, and electronic bits as Tommi dives and fires. Her other shot shatters Sloan's minigun. Their shots fly wildly by, missing her.

SFX

**BRAM! BRAM!**

Turner

W-White! Sloan! Nail 'er!!!

White

GKKKKK--\*

Panel 2 - Tommi lashes out with a kick, and knocks Turner's submachine gun flying.

Tommi

Okay, fellas--

Panel 3 - Tommi holsters her pistols, her legs in a broad, ready stance, standing between the two now-unarmed men.

Tommi

Let's have some fun!

Panel 4 - She ducks a wild swing from Sloan, and grabs his wrist.

Sloan

I got yer fun right here--

Tommi

Do tell.

Page 6

Panel 1 - In an arc of blood and a spray of sparks, Tommi rips Sloan's arm out of it's socket, revealing wires and a metallic joint underneath the flesh. Sparks fly from the separated limb.

SFX

*RIIIIIIIIP!!! KZZZZT!!!*

Sloan

*AAAAAAAAAAH!!!*

Panel 2 - Tommi turns and hits Turner with a home-run swing, clubbing him by the bloody end of the arm into the wall.

SFX

*BRAK!!!*

Turner

*Uuuunh!*

Panel 3 - Tommi regards the downed men, pulling out one of her pistols.

Tommi

*Well, it's been real...*

Panel 4 - From below her, as she points her pistol down at Sloan.

Tommi

*...but I've got places to go...*

Sloan

*NOOO--*

Page 7

Panel 1 - Sloan's head explodes as she puts a high-explosive round through it.

SFX  
*BLAM!*

Tommi  
...people to see...

Panel 2 - She walks over to Turner, who is on his back, recovering. She's not pointing her gun at him.

Tommi  
...you know the rest.

Turner  
Uhhnn....

Panel 3 - Tommi has seated herself astride Turner's upper chest/neck, her lower legs pinning his arms, the barrel of her huge gun in his mouth.

Tommi  
I recognize you. You're Jake Turner, one of TelTech's goons. This explains a lot.

Turner  
Uuuuhmff--

Tommi  
Guess what? You're not going to die! Not now, anyway.

Panel 4 - Up on Tommi.

Tommi  
I want you to send a message back to your company. Tell 'em to let the Jordan hit go. It was nothing personal. You got that?

Turner  
U-uhh humph....

Tommi  
And tell 'em one other thing. Next time they want a job done...

Panel 5 - She smiles at him.

Tommi  
...look me up.



Page 8

Panel 1 - Establishing shot of Tommi's skyscraper homebase. The stars shine down through a clear sky, and the moon is at three-quarters.

Panel 2 - Tommi is reclined in an ergonomically-designed chair, the lower portion of which recesses a bit, conforming to the contours of her body. Patches are affixed to her at key joints and along her torso/abdomen, to which cables are attached. She is holding up the little wheeled projector from the last scene. Matt is examining a false-color readout on a nearby screen, tweaking the controls a bit. As the scene pans around, we'll see that this is his "workshop", containing all manner of high-tech tools and parts.

Tommi

This reactive hologram unit you designed worked like a charm, Matt. Making it mobile was a nice touch, too. They were clueless.

Matt

If it's all the same, Tonya, I'd prefer you didn't go looking for trouble like that. You knew those guys were hunting you, and you exposed yourself. That isn't smart.

Panel 3 - Tommi's looking over at him.

Tommi

Relax, okay? I had it under control. I've handled *much* worse. Besides, they were old tech.

Matt

I'm aware of that. I just worry about you. You're tough, but you're not immortal.

Tommi

Well, if I'm not immortal, then what am I?

Page 9

Panel 1 - Matt is looking at a "transparent" view of her, which clearly shows her skeletal armature underneath. It bears more than a passing resemblance to the one seen in "The Terminator", with the torso actually being a plated housing for her power supply and various systems.

Matt

What you are is a near-total cybernetic organism. You have a polymer-based ceramoplastic skeleton which controls your locomotion and power supply, which itself is covered by specially bioengineered tissues designed to mimic flesh and blood.

Matt

All that is surrounded by Duralene syntheskin, which is a mix of biomimetic fibers and embedded sensory receptors. It registers the environment normally, but can withstand damage from most conventional weaponry.

Panel 2 - Matt shuts down the station as Tommi begins to rise.

Tommi

So you're saying that my skin and flesh are really just...facades?

Matt

Well, yes and no. They're integrated parts of your system, but they aren't necessary for your survival.

Panel 3 - Tommi sits on the side of the lounge as Matt peels away the patches.

Tommi

Well...what's left of *me*? The *original* me, I mean.

Matt

The most important part, Tommi: your mind. That's been preserved. But you've had your bodily imperfections replaced with enhanced substitutes.

Matt

Consider yourself more human than human, if you will.

Panel 4 - He's taken her hand, and smiles at her. She returns the smile, if a bit weakly.

Matt

And don't pull a Pinnochio act with me. Flesh and bone don't make a person *human*. It's what they think and do that matters.

Matt

From where I stand, you've got a lot to be proud of there.

Tommi

Thanks.

Page 10

Panel 1 - Matt is handing her a flat digital monitor as she stands.

Matt

You were contacted while you were out. Looks like you've got another contract. An anonymous buyer wants you for some acquisition duty. The money looks good.

Tommi

Did you trace the source?

Panel 2 - The monitor shows the exterior of a corporate building with some text readouts beside and underneath.

Matt

Whoever it is went totally top-secret. My tracker daemon got past a few initial firewalls, but then the path dissolved into a list of nonexistent servers. But I traced their financial link--they've got the money waiting for you.

Tommi

That's all I need to know. Looks like a pretty straightforward job, just get in, get off, and get out. They need me to liberate some data modules.

Panel 3 - Tommi's putting down the monitor, and pulling Matt toward her by the collar.

Matt

That's what I thought, too. Just don't take anything for granted.

Tommi

Never do. I'll take the job, of course. And when I get back, Gepetto...

Panel 4 - She pulls him close, their lips touching.

Tommi

...I'll want you to remind me just how *human* I really am.

**Page 11**

**Panel 1** - Jason Hooks, hacker/netrunner extraordinaire, is sitting before his extensive desktop setup. Before him is a wide-screen monitor, and to his left and right are banks of blinking machinery three feet in height. His hands are covered in a pair of VR-like gloves, and are waving around as he does his business. He's wearing dark slacks and a white T-shirt. His hair is short and a bit mussed. On the screen is a Mortal Kombat-like ninja, in an attack posture.

**Ninja**

*You have slain my minions, Jason-san! Now face my wrath!*

**Jason**

You want some of this? Bring it on, punk!

**Panel 2** - From over Tommi's shoulder as she approaches from behind; Jason brings a right hook across the screen. The ninja recoils in synch from the virtual blow.

**Jason**

*Haaaaaaaaai!!!*

**Ninja**

*Aaaaaagh!!!*

**Panel 3**

Tommi's hands are sliding down his chest from behind, surprising him. He stops his melee and looks up. She's wearing the black outfit from before, minus the leather jacket.

**Tommi**

Hey, Jason. Still have those fists of fury, I see.

**Jason**

Huh? Oh, hi, Tommi.

**Panel 4** - Tommi has slid into his lap, one arm around his neck, smiling.

**Tommi**

So, how ya been? Still hacking away at those megacorps?

**Jason**

Well...I don't like to use the term "hacking". I think "information acquisition" is a little more accurate.

Page 12

Panel 1 - Tommi's tracing her finger along his chest; on the monitor, the ninja is throwing punches toward the viewer.

Ninja

*Kwaiiii!!!*

Tommi

I get the point. Look, I need some help, and I just *knew* you were the right man to call--

Jason

Oh, right. The last time I helped you out, I wound up with a contract on my head. I had to go underground for six months.

Panel 2 - Tommi's still flirting with him.

Tommi

Oh, right, *that*. But didn't I fix that? I took out the guy that was after you! You owe me!

Jason

You're saying I owe *you* for saving me from somebody who wouldn't have been after me *at all* if--ah, what's the use?

Panel 3 - Tommi is nibbling gently on his ear. His eyes are rolling back in his head.

Tommi

Relax, Jason. You're the best netrunner in the business, and I need help. See, I'm supposed to pay a visit to Tyler Dynamics soon, and make a little withdrawal.

Tommi

I'll need somebody to penetrate their intranet and take over their security systems. Think you can help me with that?

Jason

Uuuuh...um....

Panel 4 - Close on Tommi's lovely face, with an irresistible little girl's pout.

Tommi

Please?

Panel 4 - Jason's throwing his arms up in defeat.

Jason

Alright! Alright, already! Good grief, I should have known I couldn't turn you down. I'll hack their security system and take it over for awhile.

Tommi

Thanks, Jason. I knew you'd come through.

Page 13

Panel 1 - Tommi's moved around to straddle his lap, her hands on his body under his arms.

Jason

While I'm signing my own death warrant for you--*again*--is there anything else you need?

Tommi

Well, now that you mention it...

Panel 2 - Tommi peels her top up overhead. Her perfect body is exposed to him. He is the very definition of shocked.

Tommi

...there *is* something you can do.

Panel 3 - Tommi is placing his hands on her breasts. Jason has not yet recovered his faculties.

Tommi

I'm *really* grateful for all the things you've done, Jason. I don't think I've ever expressed that like I should have.

Tommi

Would you make love to me?

Jason

Uhh...um...omiGod....

Panel 4 - Tommi has jerked his face between her breasts. She's smiling devilishly.

Tommi

Thanks, Jason. You don't know how much this means....

Jason

I--*ummmff*--

**Page 14**

**Panel 1** - Tommi is lying sideways on Jason's bed, partly concealed by the sheets. Jason is sprawled out and exhausted.

**Tommi**

Gonna make it?

**Jason**

Uhhhh...y-yeah, I think so.

**Panel 2** - Jason's looking over at her.

**Jason**

Wow...I've never had actual sex before. Sorta puts that virtual shit to shame.

**Tommi**

Ain't nothin' like the real thing, babe.

**Panel 3** - Tommi has leaned over, and is kissing him, her right hand holding his chin.

**Tommi**

So, are we clear on what's going down?

**Jason**

Yeah. Just be on time, so I can stay in their system as little as possible--umf!

**Panel 4** - Tommi is pulling her pants up, smiling.

**Tommi**

I'm *always* on time. Just be ready. Right now I have to go make arrangements to get into Tyler Dynamics' facilities.

**Jason**

It won't be easy. They've got security out the ass.

**Tommi**

Maybe. But you know me...



Page 15

Panel 1 - Exterior view of the Tyler Dynamics corporate building.

Caption #1

...I'm just *full* of surprises.

Panel 2 - A truck carrying a pair of huge, cylindrical cooling units is at the perimeter, being checked by security men in jumpsuits and helmets with glossy full-face visors. Clip-fed autorifles are slung over their shoulders. Two are moving scanners around the outside, while one is crawling along the top of the furthest. On the ground, a guard is talking on a wrist communicator.

Guard #1

Ho-kay, we got two Avery cooling modules at gate six, registry alpha-alpha-two-echo-charlie, due for delivery to R&D. Confirm?

Response

That's affirmative. Send 'em on after your scan.

Panel 3 - Guard #1 has his hands on his hips, looking up at the others.

Guard #1

How 'bout it, guys? She okay?

Guard #2

Yeah, we got nothin' here.

Guard #1

Hey, Tex! How's it look?

Panel 4 - Atop the unit, Tex looks down; he's on all fours.

Tex

Nothing funny.

Guard #1

Okay, let's move this puppy out!

Panel 5 - A panel slides back, and Tommi's fist shoots through the gap, catching Tex unawares.

SFX

**BAP!**

Panel 6 - Tex is dragged down through the hole.

**Page 16**

**Panel 1** - The truck swings into a loading bay inside the building. It's a huge, wide open warehouse-type facility, with stacks of crates and equipment scattered about.

**Panel 2** - Tommi pushes herself through the opening, now clad in the guard's uniform; it's a bit baggy, masking her regular clothes and pistols.

**Panel 3** - As she drops down beside the truck, a guard chief (no helmet) holds out a clipboard-like digital display.

**Chief**

You there! Take this to central! And bring me back an eclair!

**Tommi**

Uh...yes sir!

**Panel 4** - As she exits the warehouse facility, she flips up her visor, holding her wrist communicator up to her mouth.

**Tommi**

Jason! This is Tommi. I'm in.

**Jason**

Roger that! What's your status?

**Page 17**

**Panel 1** - Tommi presses a button on a wall panel, and the door to the dark storage room she's entered slides closed. She's peeling away her jumpsuit with her other hand, revealing her black half-top.

**Tommi**

I'm okay, and nearing first insertion point. Are you tied in?

**Jason**

Yeah.

**Panel 2** - Tommi, now re-dressed in her previous costume, stands before a ventilation duct about four feet from the floor.

**Jason**

What's your position?

**Tommi**

Storage closet 13-A. Got it on the blueprints?

**Jason**

Affirmative. I'm in their security web, I should have a visual...

**Panel 3** - View of a security camera, perched in one corner of the room. A light atop it activates.

**Panel 4** - From over Jason's shoulder, as he uses the security cam to get a look at Tommi. On his monitor is a close-up of Tommi's cleavage; she's moved closer to the camera and pulled her top open a bit to give him a good look.

**Jason**

...now--*whoa!!!*

**Tommi**

Hi, Jason! Remember these?

**Page 18**

**Panel 1** - Jason looks a bit perturbed as he taps a few buttons on his console.

**Jason**

C'mon, Tommi, quit clownin' around. I can't keep a filter on their net for long without them noticing.

**Tommi**

Okay, don't get all bent out of shape. I'm removing the vent cover.

**Panel 2** - The cover is on the floor, and Tommi is looking down the exposed shaft.

**Tommi**

Okay, the shaft is open. Wait a second...

**Jason**

What's up?

**Panel 3** - Close on Tommi's eyes. Circuitry patterning is vaguely visible against them as she uses her enhanced senses.

**Panel 4** - Several glowing, criss-crossing beams of light run down the shaft.

**Tommi**

Shit. They've put in a laser grid.

**Panel 5** - Tommi has one hand on her hip, speaking into her wristcom.

**Jason**

Lasers? They don't show on these plans. Must've been added recently.

**Jason**

Okay, I'm locating the breakers...got 'em. They're off.

**Tommi**

Thanks. I'm going in.

**Panel 6** - In the shaft, Tommi comes to an opening ten feet above a corridor. Visible below are a pair of guards, flanking a sliding metal door. To one side of the entryway is a control panel with a nine-button numeric keypad. "ECM DEVELOPMENT" is written above it in block-style letters.

**Tommi**

I'm at the ECM labs. Two guards, standard armament.

**Jason**

I'm monitoring security message traffic. Nobody knows you're in yet. I've got the goons on visual, can you handle 'em?



**Page 19**

**Panel 1** - In a strobe effect, Tommi launches from the shaft, tumbles in mid-air, and lands before the guards. They are understandably stunned.

**Guard #1**

What the--?

**Panel 2** - Tommi nails them both with a double clothesline that flips them.

**Guard #2**

GKKKKK--

**Panel 3** - Tommi stands between their unconscious bodies, reaching for the number pad on the door's control panel.

**Jason**

Showoff.

**Tommi**

Just doin' what comes naturally. Got the security sequence for this door?

**Jason**

Yep. Try "29387521".

**Panel 4** - Tommi stands in the doorway as it opens. Visible in the foreground are several guards, leveling their autorifles at her.

**Tommi**

Worked like a charm! I'll just--um....

**Voice (figure not visible)**

Hello, Miss Gunn. So glad you could join us.

**Page 20**

Inside the lab, half-a-dozen guards hold their weapons level at Tommi. Between them is a tall, hawk-nosed man, clad in a black turtleneck and matching pants. He has his hands clasped behind his back.

**Tyler**

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Roderick Tyler, owner and chief executive officer of Tyler Dynamics. I'm elated that you accepted my invitation. Having done so...

**Tyler**

...what say we get down to business?

***Next issue: Tommi learns the terrifying truth about DATASTORM!!!***