

STRYKE

"Loose Ends", Part 1

by

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Promo blurb: *Loose Ends*, Part 1. Learning that Greco is bodyguarding fugitive arms dealer Abdul Al-Kassi, Stryke plans to visit her old friend. But is she ready for the femme fatale known as Savate?

Page 1

An overhead view of the luxury yacht *The Jewel of Allah*, as it knifes through smooth waters. A caption should read, "Somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea...."

Abdul Al-Kassi walks along the deck of his yacht, wearing a white silkshirt and black slacks. His dark sunglasses and herringbone gold necklace catch a glint from the bright overhead sun. He is handsome, mid-thirties, with short, dark hair and a closely-trimmed beard and mustache ringing his mouth. Beside him is Esteban Delgado, wearing a gray double-breasted suit; his hair is longer, reaching the back of his neck. He has several rings on his fingers. Behind them both is Greco, wearing a white sleeveless vest over a form-fitting tank top. Knee-high cycle boots meet his olive drab slacks at the knees. A pistol is holstered to one side, and a katana is strapped to his back.

This scene takes place around a pool inset in the yacht's deck (it's a BIG-ass boat), where a copious number of gorgeous bikini babes are lounging and playing. Make certain that one is a tall, athletic woman with abundant blonde hair (to her mid-back). She will be wearing a revealing black bikini and mirrored sunglasses. This is Jeanette Charvet, code-named *Savate*, and she's a real hardbody, with strong shoulders, defined arms and abs, and well-built, killer legs (which she'll be putting to good use kicking the shit out of people in this adventure). Of course, her breasts are big and perfect.

"You promised me *Stingers*, Mr. Al-Kassi!" says Esteban. "I do not want old Soviet *shit*. Russian weapons are the worst on the market."

"Ah, but Mr. Delgado, there is something of an issue of payment here. *Stingers* are rather difficult to come by, and are a bit out of your price range. Though less effective, the SA-7's give you *much* greater value."

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They continue to talk. The pool and the babes are in the foreground.

"It is more than an issue of value! If I return with inferior weapons, I will be a laughingstock. Tigador just purchased Stingers! How can they afford them, while I cannot?"

"Ah, and I think I see the nature of your dilemma. You are, how do the Americans say it? 'Keeping up with the Joneses'?"

"Well...."

Al-Kassi has one arm around Delgado's shoulders. He's giving Delgado a used-car salesman's grin.

"Actually, there *may* be an alternative. Have you heard of SG-209's?"

"Er...no."

"Allow me to explain. They are French-made anti-aircraft missiles with the range and accuracy of Stingers. But, the French are *much* freer with the sale of their munitions, so I've procured several at very affordable rates."

Nearby, a couple of babes are playfully wrestling with one another.

Al-Kassi continues. "We both know that the French make fine weapons. Why, I sold you some Mirage fighter jets just last year! Those have been very helpful in dealing with your regional rivals, have they not?"

"Si."

"There you go! With your current budget, I can line you up with two thousand SG-209's by tomorrow, and another two thousand in a week. How does that sound?"

The two men are distracted by a commotion behind them. A pair of Al-Kassi's guards have come forward, hauling a handcuffed, beaten man with them. The guards wear short-sleeved olive shirts, black combat fatigues, and black boots. Uzi submachine guns are slung over their shoulders.

"I--I do not know. It is tempting--"

One of the guards shouts, "Mr. Al-Kassi!"

"One moment, Esteban.

"Yes, what is it?"

They've shoved the man to his knees before Abdul, and stand to either side of him.

"We found him in the computer operations area," says the guard. "He was accessing your financial transactions and saving them to a disk."

"Is that so? Does he carry identification?"

The guard hands him an ID carrier, which Al-Kassi examines. It contains an Interpol card and badge. The name on the badge is "Vachon, Pierre."

"Ah...my friends at Interpol are at it again. Tell me, Mr. Vachon...how did you get aboard my ship? Honesty will make what follows much less painful."

"I...have nothing to say to a *pig* like you."

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Al-Kassi points toward Vachon, and Greco draws his katana from over his shoulder.

"My French friend, a pig I may be..."

"...but I would much rather be a pig, and living..."

Greco executes a downward stroke (*SCHLUCK!!!*), cleaving through his head and neck.

Vachon collapses face-first to the deck, blood gushing from him.

"...than an Interpol agent, and very, very *dead*."

He turns to Greco as the big assassin wipes away his blade.

"Thank you, Mr. Greco. Your services are always appreciated."

Greco answers, "No problema."

Al-Kassi turns to Delgado, his face a bit more severe than a moment before. Greco stands menacingly in the background, still wiping down his bloody sword.

"Now, Mr. Delgado, I believe we were conducting business.

"Do we have a deal?"

Delgado stares down at the katana, and adjusts his collar.

"Er...uh, si, si, we do! They will be v-very acceptable substitutes."

Al-Kassi smiles as a pair of babes nestle up to either side of Delgado.

"Excellent decision! You will be praised in your country for your wisdom. Please, accept the hospitality of my lovely servants. They will be happy to fulfill your every desire for the remainder of our cruise."

"Gracias, Mr. Al-Kassi!"

"Think nothing of it."

The woman we know as Savate takes off her sunglasses, looking down at the blood-stained deck.

She then looks toward Greco, who stands beside Al-Kassi and Delgado.

She gives him a glare that would melt sheet steel.

Jacklyn Mitchell and a tall, rough-looking guy come spilling through the door of her penthouse apartment. He's tall, unshaven in a rugged sort of way, with a ponytail hanging down his back. His leather jacket reads "HELL'S WARRIORS", the words ringing a horned, laughing skull with fiery eyes. Under the jacket is a black tank top. She's dressed in a miniskirt, a sleeveless half-top that leaves her chiseled abdomen bare, and thigh-high boots. Her body is sleek, tight, and athletic, with square shoulders and strong definition. He's groping her, and she's letting him. The room is full of plush, modern furniture (think Ethan Allen or Pier 1), and the walls are decorated with oriental fans, paintings, and weaponry.

Adam (her male friend) offers, "Baby, you are so drunk."

"Asshole." she answers, smiling. "So are you."

"True."

She's leading the way into her bedroom, which features a brass bed surrounded by oaken cabinets and drawers. His hands are fondling up under her half-top. Mounted above a chest of drawers is the katana she obtained in the Stryke Annual. He's lost his jacket somewhere along the way, exposing his muscular body.

"Nice. You changed it since the last time."

"Got tired of the same old shit."

"Now are you gonna talk, or fuck?"

He jams her stomach-first against an exposed portion of wall, yanking away her miniskirt, showing off her white cotton thong. Things are getting rough now.

"Oh, you wanna get down to business, huh? Fine. I got what you need, and you're gonna get it--*hard*."

Jacklyn exclaims, "Oh!"

He leans in from behind, pinning her wrists overhead with one big hand, jerking her head back by the hair.

"When I'm done with you--"

Suddenly, she's changed. Her face and hair is that of her sister, Nicole, complete with Razor's facepaint (to make it blatant to the reader what's going on), wearing a white hospital smock.

"--you ain't just gonna love me--" he says from behind her.

He's no longer the biker guy; he's now the creepy attendant that raped Nicole while she was an inmate in the asylum. The backdrop is her padded cell, lighted in tomblike fashion. She still appears as Nicole. He's absolutely malevolent when he says,

"--you're gonna *fear* me, *bitch!*"

"Oooh, God--" she cries.

With her face pressed against the padding, she sees the butt end of his flashlight in his hand, and her eyes widen in absolute terror.

"I'm gonna give you every *inch* of this!" he says.

"OOOOOOOOH--"

She whirls and backfists Adam hard (**BRAK!!!**), sending him flying.

"--NOOOOOO!!!"

"UUUUNH!!!"

Jacklyn-as-Nicole is crouched over the attendant, fist poised to hammer him. The shadows of the padded cell have taken on demonic character, resembling gargoyles, wraiths, demons.

"You won't hurt me again, you sonofabitch! I won't let you, I won't--"

"No! Jackie, stop!" he pleads.

We look down on him, as his face is half that of the attendant, and half Adam.

"P-please! I'm sorry, I'm sorry!!!"

Close on her face, which is now half-Nicole, half-Jacklyn. Her expression is softening.

"W-what am..."

She re-gains her senses, straddling Adam's waist, her fists drawn to her chest. He's rubbing the side of his face that she struck.

"Adam...oh, Lord, Adam, I--"

"It's...okay, baby. It's okay."

She's seated on her bed, legs closed tight, holding herself by the shoulders, tears streaming down her cheeks. Adam's seated beside her, his arm across her shoulders, one hand on her closest leg.

"Jackie...I'm real sorry. You used to like the rough stuff, that's the only reason I did--"

"No...no, it's not you. It's me. It's all me."

"Wanna talk about it?"

Closer on her face.

"I haven't told anybody about this, but...do you remember when that demonic thing happened in Queen City?"

"Yeah. It was in the news. People rioting, monsters, all kinds of crazy shit. Were you there?"

A shot of Razor, Poizon, and Nicole, as they confront Roman Von Drake in the final issue of Razor: Torture. These flashback panels should have rounded corners.

"Yeah. Me, my sister, and a girl named Poizon. We were in a fight with my former master, Roman Von Drake. He...had come back from Hell, and was helping lead the charge of demons into our world."

A shot of the three of them fusing to become the amalgamated character.

"By ourselves, we weren't strong enough to stop him. But through Poizon's magic, we joined into one being."

Von Drake screams as the amalgam creature projects spikes out of its body as it embraces him, impaling him in gory fashion.

"It worked. Together, we were able to kill him, hopefully for good this time.

"But the process wasn't without...complications."

Another flashback shot; this is of Stryke, looking in the mirror, dropping a hairbrush as she stares in shock at the reflection. The reflected image is Nicole, who is mimicking the same action.

"When we separated, and became ourselves again, I found that...pieces of Nicole's mind were in me. I know her innermost thoughts, and she knows mine.

"Sometimes, things get blurred. I don't know how to describe it, except that occasionally, I...don't know which of us I am."

We're back in the present now. He's leaning a bit closer.

"You didn't do anything wrong, Adam. You know what I like. Or used to like. I--I mean...."

"Hey, relax, Jackie. I don't know exactly what you're goin' through, but if it was *half* as insane as what you're tellin' me, then I'm surprised it didn't screw you up worse.

"Look, you prob'ly need some time to think. I can catch you tomorrow."

Jacklyn has pushed him down across the bed, and is pulling up at his tank top. He's smiling.

"No. I'm not gonna let this shit beat me, you understand?"

"You'd better get ready, lover, 'cause you're gonna get rode hard and put up wet. Can you hang?"

"Well..."

She's closing in for a kiss.

"...I guess as long as you don't whack me again...."

"Quit whining, you big baby."

We're back at *The Jewel of Allah*, as it cruises through the nighttime seas. The full moon is high overhead.

The scene shifts to the stern of the ship, as three guards are dragging Jeanette along with them. She's still wearing the bikini from earlier. The guys seem pretty amused, while she's alarmed. One guard holds each arm, while a third is coming with a couple of bottles of hooch.

The guard to her left (Hans) says, "HAHAHAHAAA!!! Dieter, you have the booze, ja?"

"Ja, Hans!" he answers. "You cannot party without it!"

They stop with her back against the railing. They hold her arms down and behind the rail, puffing out her chest. Dieter gropes her with his right hand.

Merci', monsieur!" she says. "I-I am part of Al-Kassi's personal harem! He would not approve!"

"Save your pleading, fraulein." he says. "We do as we wish with his whores!"

"Ja!" says Frans, the guard to her right. "We were saving you for last!"

The guards to either side of her have released her arms, and are unzipping their trousers. Dieter is taking a swig from the bottle.

"Fitting, is it not?" asks Hans. "France falls to the Germans again!"

"Ja! Brace yourself for the blitzkrieg of our panzers!" says Frans.

Close on her face, as she adopts a sly smile.

"Cheri', ze only ones who fall tonight..."

Savate lays into Dieter with a roundhouse sidekick, sending the bridge of her foot into his temple (**WHAM!!! KRICK!!!**) That "KRICK!" sound was that of his neck snapping. The big thing to emphasize here is that Savate's strikes and kicks carry with them lethal force, so choose angles that emphasize her leverage and power. Her balance is perfect, her form flawless, as the coiled muscle in her leg unleashes its payload.

"...weel be you!"

Hans and Frans, flies still unzipped, reach for her as she ducks under their grasp. Dieter, meanwhile, crumbles to the deck, blood trickling from one side of his mouth.

"Hans!" says Frans. "Get her-"

"I do not think so!"

In a lightning barrage, she fires several punches into Hans' chest (**BAP! BAP! BAP! BAP! BAP! BAP!**). He staggers from the force.

"OOOF!!!" He exclaims.

She ducks a punch from Frans, which strikes Hans in the jaw (**BRAK!!!**).

"SCHEITZEN!!!" he exclaims.

Jeanette drives an elbow into the back of Frans' neck (**BAP!!!**), adding force by pushing down on her fist with the palm of her opposite hand.

Standing balanced on her right leg between them, she repeatedly strikes them back and forth with her other foot, nailing Hans with the backstroke and Frans with the forestroke (**WHAP! BAP! WHAP! BAP! WHAP! BAP!**)

Arms extended, she sends them both down with a double-clothesline, hooking their throats in the crooks of her arms. The move sweeps their feet out from under them and will leave them flat on their backs.

"Guuuk!!!" Guuiks Frans.

Savate stands over the kneeling Frans, the back of his neck against her crotch, as she calmly twists his jaw up at a strange angle (**SNAP!!!**), with her opposing hand bracing the back of his head. Hans is slumped against the railing, nearly out.

"Uuuunh...." moans Hans.

Hans holds up his hand, begging off weakly.

"M-mercy, fraulein!" he says. "My friends, they made me do it!
I-"

"'You were only following orders,' eh? I do not think so. I was
about to feel ze fury of your little 'Panzer', was I not?"

She jerks him up by his collar.

"But I weel geeve you a small taste of what you were looking
for..."

She plants a hard kiss on him.

"...a kiss before dying."

Jeanette drives the heel of her foot into his sternum (**WHAM! KE-
RACK!**), driving broken ribs into his vitals; blood spews from his mouth.

He pitches over the side of the yacht.

The water gushes up as he hits.

A near-identical splash effect as someone emerges from beneath the surface; use this to segue between the scenes.

We see Jacklyn, wearing a skimpy white bikini, standing in a pool, slicking water back away from her face. She's the only one in it. Nearby stands her personal assistant, Jessica, a slender brunette wearing a form-fitting, short business skirt and blouse.

"Excuse me, Miss Mitchell?"

"Hm? Oh, hey, Jessica. What's up?"

Overhead view of her corporate offices; off to one side is a helicopter pad, with a lounge area and pool nearby. Jessica and Jacklyn are mere dots against the roof. Other skyscrapers are nearby, but none are taller.

"I have some news that I'm pretty sure you'll want to hear."

"Lay it on me!"

Back at rooftop-level, Jessica is now standing at the pool's edge; Jacklyn has walked closer as well.

"We've had some success looking for someone you've been wanting to find," says Jessica.

"Who might that be?" asks Jacklyn.

"Greco," says Jessica.

Jacklyn stares at her for a second, mouth open slightly.

(I picture the above as two separate panels.)

Jacklyn stands with her hands on her hips.

"Greco. Huh. I thought he'd fallen off the face of the earth."

"So did we, until intelligence got a lead on him. He's been on the move for the past six months, working as the personal bodyguard and assassin for an arms merchant named Abdul Al-Kassi."

Stryke's now at the pool's edge, her hands resting on the concrete.

"Al-Kassi? He's that gun runner that lives on his yacht, right? Last time I checked, he was wanted by about half the planet."

"Yes, and the other half gives him safe haven. He's arguably the top weapons trafficker in the business."

Jessica sits at poolside, setting her high heels down. Jacklyn is beside her, unbuttoning Jessica's blouse with one hand, while feeling along her leg with the other.

"Okay, I want you to find out when he's bringing his boat into port, and where. And I'll want a list of his most recent transactions."

"Yes, ma'am. If you don't mind me asking, are you...still hoping to get to Greco?"

Closer on Jacklyn's face.

"Yeah. He and I...had something once, y'know? I mean, it wasn't love or anything, but...it was the closest I'd ever had to it.

"I want to at least show him that I'm alive, and...that I've changed. And maybe I can get *him* to change. I want to try, anyway."

Jacklyn has now mostly unbuttoned Jessica's blouse; if she owns a bra, she's not wearing it today.

"That won't be easy. He's a career assassin, it's not like you can just turn that switch off."

"I know. I've been there. But if it was easy, it wouldn't be fun."

Jacklyn crawls over Jessica, who lowers to the concrete under her.

"When do you want me to collect that information for you?"

"Later..." she says.

Jessica lies back, as Jacklyn firmly grasps one breast, kissing her hard.

"...*much* later."

"*Mmmmf*..." moans her faithful helper.

Al-Kassi is on his helicopter deck, shaking hands with Delgado.

"Gracias, Mr. Al-Kassi", says Delgado. "It has been a pleasure doing business with you."

"The feeling is mutual, Senor Delgado. Have a safe trip back. When the money is wired into my account, you'll have the weapons."

As the helicopter glides away, Greco walks over to Al-Kassi, holding a Stinger missile.

"Is it ready, Mr. Greco?"

"Yessir," he says. "All you've got to do is point and shoot."

Al-Kassi levels the Stinger at the helicopter.

"Very well, then. I've always wanted to play with one of these...."

We see the chopper through the sight on the Stinger. A readout in one corner says, "TARGET LOCKED".

He fires (**FWOOSH!!!**); a burst of flame and smoke fire out as the missile shoots from the tube. As the backblast is lethal, Greco is to one side of Al-Kassi, not behind him.

From inside the chopper, as Delgado looks back toward the yacht. He sees the stream of smoke, and the missile near his window.

"Madre de Dios, *no*-"

KA-BOOOOM!!! The chopper explodes into a ball of fire, smoke, and shrapnel.

Al-Kassi hands the smoking tube back to Greco as they watch the pieces fall.

"Ironic, isn't it, Mr. Greco? That the thing he coveted most highly was the item of his demise?"

"Yeah. Almost poetic or something."

They walk away, as Greco tosses the tube to a nearby guard.

"It was unfortunate for him that I received a better offer from the Tigadoran government. That they wanted him killed as well was, how do you Americans put it? 'The icing on the cake?'"

"That about sums it up."

"We might have a problem, though."

Al-Kassi looks at him.

"What kind of problem?"

"Three of our guards are missing, the Germans. They went out with a bottle of bourbon last night, and we can't find 'em now."

"Hm. Well, it's likely that they all got drunk and fell overboard. It's happened before, you know. But nonetheless, one can't be too careful. Do some looking, and let me know what you come up with."

"Yessir."

Al-Kassi smiles cruelly.

"And if we have another infiltrator, like our Interpol friend from yesterday..."

"...that I'll take my *time* killing this one."

NEXT ISSUE: DEADLY REUNION !!! DON'T MISS IT!!!