

"Miss Fury can kick major a**, and Rob Williams' script combined with Herbert's art makes it incredibly clear she is capable of many things." – COMIC VINE



MISS FURY®

DYNAMITE.

MISS
FURY®





MISS FURY®

VOLUME ONE ANGER IS AN ENERGY

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MISS FURY

Pitch for an Initial Four-Issue Mini-Series Arc
by Rob Williams

"What are YOU angry about?"

The High Concept

Miss Fury is a brutal, ultra-violent Hollywood action movie with a psychological edge, part INGLORIOUS BASTERDS, part JJ Abrams's ALIAS.

Our Miss Fury finds herself thrown between two time periods – one is the Manhattan of World War Two, the other is the Washington of 2012. In the 1940s she is a selfish, emotionally dead thief who accidentally stumbles across Nazi spies, in 2012 she is told by her contact to assassinate spies posing as top US politicians. In both times, against her will, she becomes involved in the fight to protect America from great evil. But how can this be happening and which, if any, of these realities is real? Is she losing her mind, is she being sent to murder perfectly good men?

The reveal at the end is that both realities are real. The only way she can escape – and find redemption along the way - is to find and kill the scientist in charge of the machine in both realities. Even if, in the future, he appears to be a Stephen Hawking figure – the world's most pre-eminent scientist and, as far as the world is concerned, a 'good' man. Her ultimate journey is to return to the 1940s, HER time, and become engaged in life once more.

Who is Miss Fury? A Redemption Tale

In WW2 Miss Fury is Marla Drake (the original Miss Fury). She is a rich, bored Manhattan socialite who dons a magical ancient ceremonial Black Leopardskin costume and is transformed into master burglar Miss Fury (as per the character's origin). She's a deeply bored, morally compromised individual (actually, this is because her husband has been killed in the war and she is so traumatised by this that she has emotionally shut down and has blanked his existence out of her own memory. We'll only reveal this at the end). She has nothing to fight for, just the gain of money. The world outside her window is at war but that's taking place far across the ocean. What does she care? But when word comes to her of the world's greatest diamond coming to New York, she decides that this is something she very much wants. And she attempts to steal it.

The Nazis have similar ideas though, for their own reasons. They need the diamond to power a Faraday Cage time machine that they intend to use to steal incredible weapons tech from the future. Miss Fury stumbles across this time machine experiment and is thrown into the battle. But she falls into the Faraday Cage and she emerges in 2012.

Enter Modern Day

This strange new reality appears to offer her endless possibilities for a new start. But then she is contacted by a shadowy 'spook'-like figure, a handsome Don Draper-type, who tells her that there are secret Nazi agents in the 2012 US Government and his

agency needs them dead. His agency know where Miss Fury has come from – this guy was in the room when Miss Fury came through the time machine and saw her kick the shit out of military guards. And because she is a woman ‘out of time’, who shouldn’t be here, there can be no repercussions for his ‘agency’ if she’s caught. He needs her because he’s ordering the murder of members of the US Congress. Miss Fury is the PERFECT assassin for this job. A person who doesn’t exist, so can’t be tracked back to him and his agency. And he promises he’ll get her the diamond she needs to get back home if she helps him.

From Miss Fury’s point of view, she wonders if this guy is part of her imagination or if he’s real (He’s real, as we’ll eventually show). Is he telling her the truth? There’s a constant playing of whether or not she’s losing her mind here. She feels she’s keeping something big back mentally, but what is it? (It’s the death of her husband in WW2, as we’ll eventually reveal). For now, she has murder to commit.

A stylistic shift between eras

The two-era approach allows us to have our cake and eat it – paying homage to Miss Fury’s pulp roots and also bringing the series into a contemporary climate. I’d suggest using two separate artists with distinct styles for the two eras in the book (which would help deadlines, also). In the World War Two era ideally someone with the look of a Chris Samnee, for the contemporary sections, someone with a more cutting edge ‘Ultimates’ style (a Stuart Immonen or Sara Pichelli feel). We want to leave the readers with no doubts what ‘world’ they’re in when the time shifts occur on the page.

The Finale – Nazis, meet America. America...

That time machine that sent Miss Fury into this adventure? Initially the Nazis in WW2 wanted to use it to steal future tech to aid the war effort. But it can be used both ways. When Miss Fury tracks down and corners the main Nazi scientist in 2012, he uses the machine to bring a WW2 Nazi army into Manhattan. Suddenly Panzer tanks are rolling down Broadway. Messerschmitt 109 and jet fighter 262s fly above the city. Fun! World War 2 comes to the present day! It’s up to Miss Fury to reverse the machine, kill the Nazi scientist and decide which of her realities are real.

Emotionally, Miss Fury has to come to terms with her loss, choose to return to the 1940s and get involved in her life again. She has to regain her passion. She has to regain her FURY.

The Theme – Anger Is An Energy...

She’s called Miss Fury and she has plenty to be angry about. In WW2 her target is obvious – the Nazis. The contrast with modern day America will be telling. She’s told these leading politicians she has to kill are ‘Hydra’-style spies, planted to destroy the USA, but is this exactly true? Are they just self-serving, hate-agenda politicians in the Rush Limbaugh mode? Miss Fury may well be insane here and inventing her ‘mission’. But even if she’s not, the question will arise – maybe this is a better world with these fuckers taken out?

In simply terms, and in the words of John Lydon, ‘anger is an energy.’ When we first meet her she’s cold and detached, made barren by loss. By the end of this story she’s awake and alive once again.

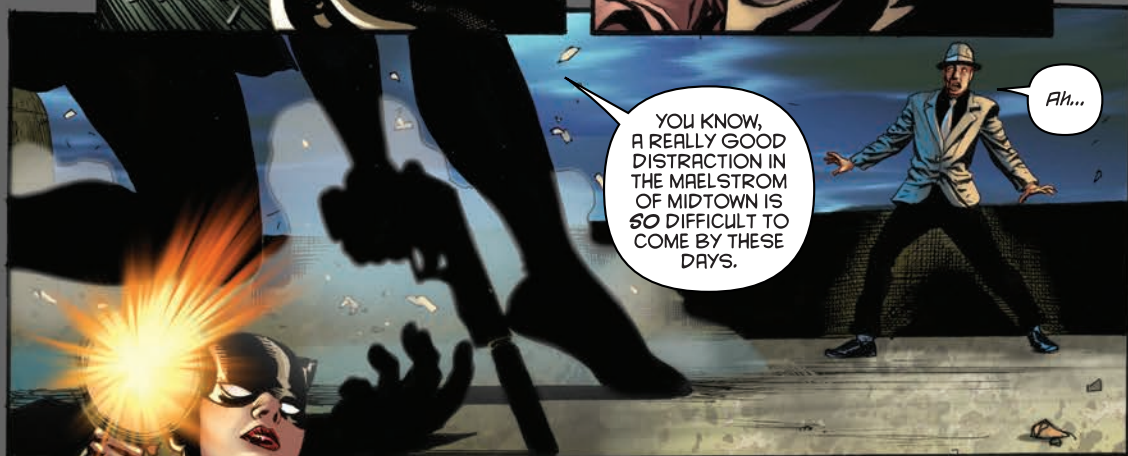


ISSUE ONE

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

1943.







DEATH
CANNOT
STOP US.
WE ARE MORE
POWERFUL
THAN THAT...



DEATH, BY
DEFINITION, IS
FINITE. WE ARE
NOT FINITE.

TIME IS
A LIE.



WE ARE
TOLD THAT IT
OVERPOWERS
US, BUT *WE* ARE
ITS MASTERS.

WE WILL
CONQUER THIS
LAND IN BOTH
TIMES.

WE *HAVE*
CONQUERED
IT IN BOTH
TIMES.



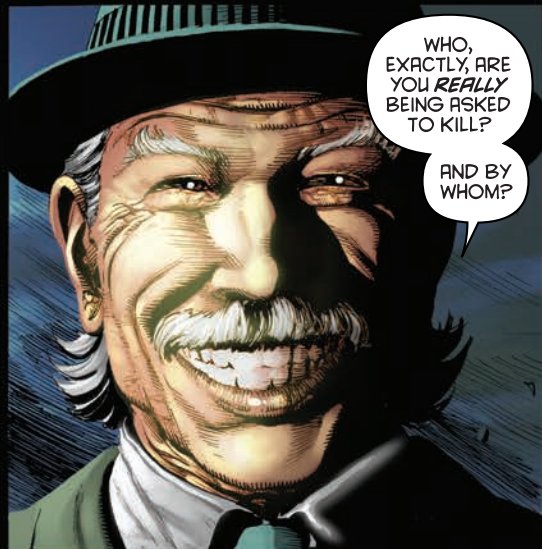
IT HAS
BENT TO THE
FÜHRER'S
WILL.

AND HE
WILL BEND
TO MINE.

THE MACHINE
IS READY.

GOODBYE,
MISS DRAKE.

ENJOY YOUR
JOURNEY AND
ASK YOURSELF
THIS...



WHO,
EXACTLY, ARE
YOU *REALLY*
BEING ASKED
TO KILL?

AND BY
WHOM?





TIME...



... SUCH A
PRECIOUS
THING.

TIME...

... SWITCH.



SWITCH.

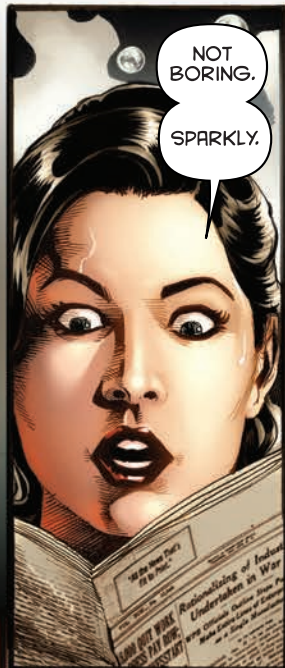
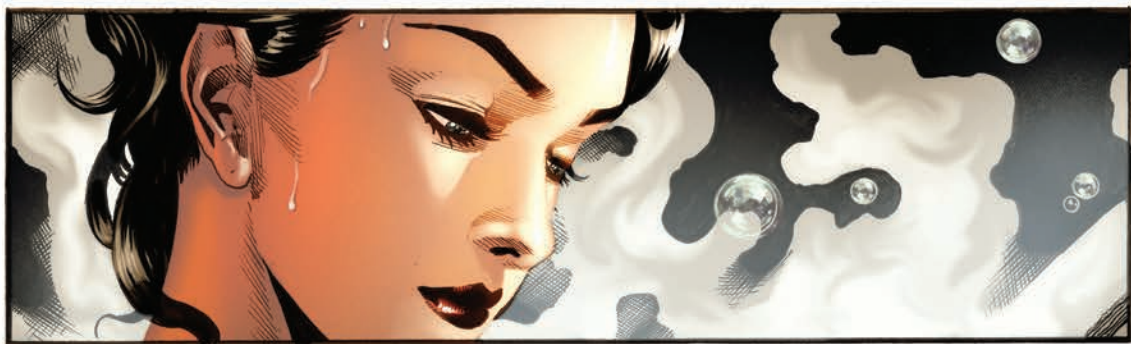


1943.

THERE'S
A WAR ON,
YOU KNOW.

IT'S A
TERRIBLE
BUSINESS.

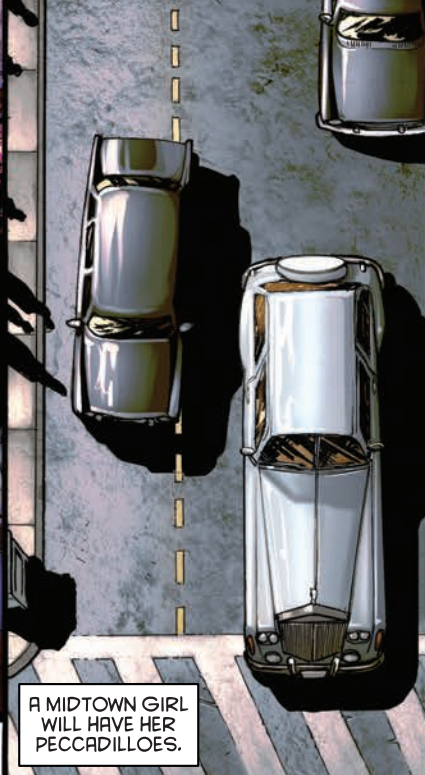






MY NAME
IS MARLA
DRAKE...

I AM ONE OF THE
WEALTHIEST WOMEN
IN MANHATTAN AND I
HAVE THE OCCASIONAL
PENCHANT FOR HIGH-
END ROBBERY.

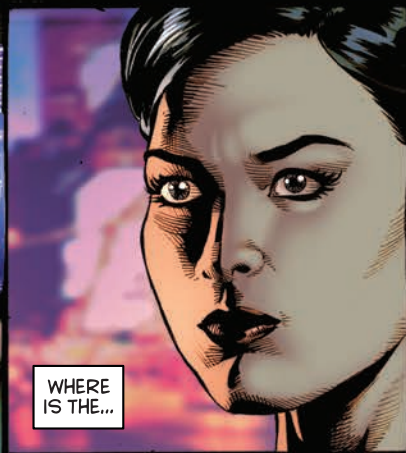


A MIDTOWN GIRL
WILL HAVE HER
PECCADILLOES.

A LIFE OF PRIVILEGE AND RICHES INHERITED IS A
FLICKERING, SENSUAL, AND GLAMOROUS THING.



BUT WHERE ARE
THE CHALLENGES?



WHERE
IS THE...



...SUBSTANCE?

IN A WORLD OF DULL COMFORT,
THE ONLY TRULY SANE THING TO
DO IS DRESS IN AN AFRICAN
BLACK LEOPARD SKIN COSTUME
AND MAKE YOUR OWN FUN...

Hmm...

COULD'VE SWORN
THERE WAS AN OLD GUY
STANDING THERE...

IT WAS ON MY TRIP TO KENYA, MY
PRESENT FROM DADDY ON MY
21st BIRTHDAY, THAT MY "ALTER
EGO" FIRST PRESENTED ITSELF.

ANOTHER IDENTITY...

DADDY HAD HIRED THE LEGENDARY
AND OH-SO-GALLANT ENGLISH
ARISTOCRATIC ADVENTURER
TYRON WOODRELL TO BE MY
GUIDE ACROSS THE SAVANNAH.

SUCH ADVENTURES WE HAD!

UNFORTUNATELY THE ONLY THING WOODRELL LIKED
MORE THAN THE ENDLESS SOUND OF HIS TIRE SOME
TALES OF PERSONAL GLORY WAS BULLYING AND
BRUTALISING OUR MASAI SAFARI HELPERS.

HE BEAT ONE BOY TO DEATH FOR
ACCIDENTALLY DROPPING AND LOSING
ONE OF THE MYRIAD ELEPHANT TUSKS
HE HAD TAKEN AS HIS PRIZE.

THE MASAI HELPERS
RATHER TIRED OF
HIS COMPANY FROM
THAT POINT ON.

AS DID I
OF HIS INCREASINGLY
NUMEROUS WHISKEY-
SOAKED ADVANCES...



AFTER THAT, A MUTUAL AGREEMENT WAS MADE THAT I WOULD PRESS ON WITH THE MASAI AND WOODRELL WOULD BE FREE TO ENJOY THE AFRICAN PLAINS AT HIS LEISURE.

I HELPED AGREE AN APPROPRIATE SEVERANCE PACKAGE AND THANKED HIM FOR HIS SERVICE.

THERE WERE NO HARD FEELINGS.



AFTER THAT, THE TRIP WAS *FAR* MORE RELAXED.

THE LANDSCAPE QUITE BREATHTAKING...



ONE OF THE MASAI, A STRIKING FIGURE CALLED *KAPALEI*, BEFRIENDED ME AND OFFERED ME A LOCAL POTION ONE NIGHT.



COMBINED WITH A MAGIC RITUAL AND THE IMPLICIT LOCAL HALLUCINOGENIC, HE CLAIMED IT WOULD PROVIDE ME WITH *GREAT* SUPERHUMAN POWERS.



ALTHOUGH, TO BE FAIR, HE MAY HAVE JUST BEEN TRYING IT ON.





CERTAINLY, SOMETHING
CHANGED IN ME THAT NIGHT.

THE CRIPPLINGLY
DULL FUTILITY OF HIGH
SOCIETY CONVENTIONS
FELL AWAY AND INSTEAD
I WAS EMPOWERED BY
SOMETHING OTHER...

I WAS ALIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

YES...

I DID ENJOY
THE DARK
CONTINENT.

AFTER THAT, THE GOWNS AND COURTING POLITICS OF MANHATTAN ARISTOCRACY SEEMED TRIVIAL TO THE POINT OF AGONY.

FATHER PASSED AWAY FROM A HEART ATTACK DURING MY JOURNEY HOME. WORD REACHED ME THAT I WAS NOW ALONE IN THE WORLD.

LITTLE CHANGED. HE HAD BEEN AN AWKWARD, DISTANT MAN WITH STRICT, STRANGE RULES FOR HIS ONLY CHILD.

BUT HE WAS MY ONLY REMAINING BLOOD AND NOW HE WAS GONE.

I HAD MONEY. BUT I HAD ALWAYS HAD MONEY...

I HAD EXPERIENCED THE WONDER OF A FLEETING MOMENT OF OTHERNESS THAT COULD NOT BE REPEATED. ITS GLORY ONLY EXISTED IN THE FACT THAT IT WAS UNIQUE.

I WAS WISE ENOUGH TO BE THANKFUL FOR THIS, BUT ALSO TO REALIZE THAT TO ATTEMPT TO REPEAT IT WOULD ONLY CAUSE INCREMENTAL, DIVING LEVELS OF DESPERATION.

AND THEN, JUST AS ALL SEEMED DECAY...

THE UNIVERSE SHOWED ME SOMETHING ENTIRELY UNEXPECTED...

HOPE.

HIS NAME WAS
CHANDLER...

HE HAD ONLY COME
TO THE DOCKSIDE
THAT DAY TO PICK UP
THE FATHER OF A
FRIEND AS A FAVOR.

SWITCH.



1943.





MY GOD...

THE WAY YOU SPEAK AND ACT...



REGINALD WAS ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN AMERICA. *YOU* ARE ONE OF THE RICHEST WOMEN IN AMERICA...

WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU WANT TO STEAL THIS CROWN?

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY MORALS WHATSOEVER?



Hmm...

AREN'T THOSE INTERESTING QUESTIONS.



I'M RATHER INTERESTED TO FIND OUT THE ANSWERS MYSELF.



I LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ON THE ROOF LATER TONIGHT, MISS DRAKE.

WHERE OUR JOURNEY BEGINS...AND ENDS.



CRAZY...

SWITCH.

YOU...



YOU'RE
CRAZY.

2013.



SO...

WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT TO BE
ANGRY ABOUT?



ISSUE TWO





WE ARE ALL
TOLD THAT WE
HAVE A CHOICE
TO MAKE...

EITHER
YOU *FIGHT*
AGAINST
EVIL.



OR YOU
FIGHT
FOR IT.



THESE ARE PLATITUDES
FOR CHILDREN, OBVIOUSLY. A
HUMAN BEING IS BOTH GOOD
AND EVIL CONSTANTLY. THE
TRUTH IS ONLY EVER BURIED
JUST BELOW COMFORT, DESIRE,
FEAR, AND NEED. WE ARE ALL
CONTRADICTIONS.

THERE
IS NO
SOUL.



UNLESS YOU
CARE TO PROVE
ME WRONG,
MISS DRAKE.

SO,
PLEASE, TELL
ME...GOOD
OR EVIL?



WHICH
ONE ARE
YOU?

TIME TRAVEL
IS JUST *SO*
ANNOYING.

YOU GET THE
WORST DREAMS...LIKE
GRATING HANGOVERS
AFTER DRINKING
UNCULTURED WINE.

MIXING RED
AND WHITE.

LEAVES YOU LITTERLY
DISORIENTATED.



THIS IS NEW YORK,
YES? IT CAN'T
BE NEW YORK.

IT LOOKS LIKE
MANHATTAN. IT'S NOT
MY MANHATTAN, BUT...

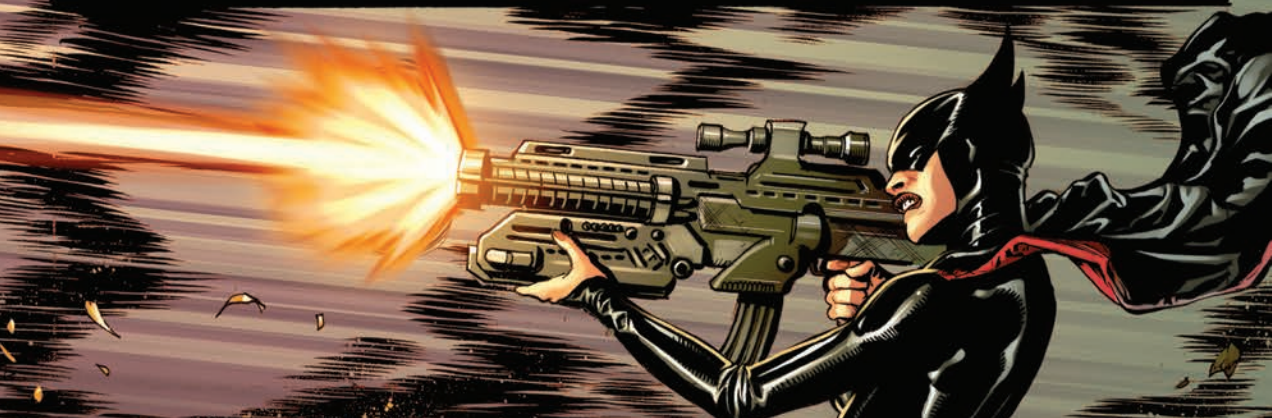
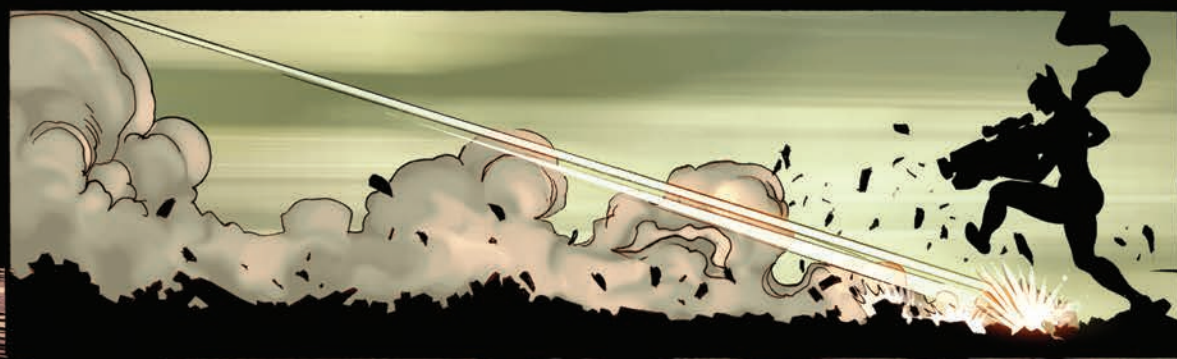
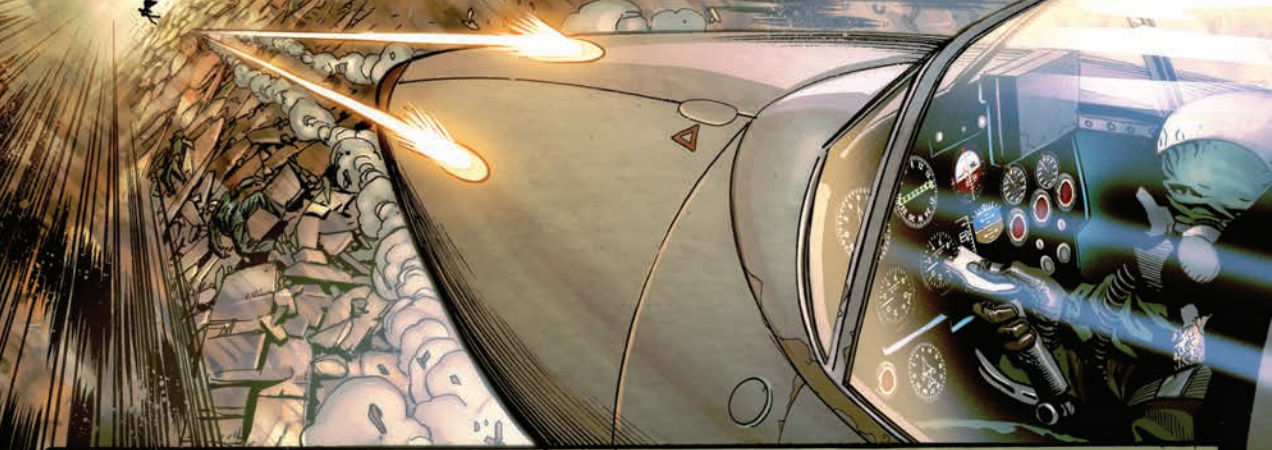




YES...

IT...

THIS IS MY
MANHATTAN.





NOW...THOSE
CRASHING JETS
ARE GOING TO HIT
ME, AREN'T THEY?

SHIT.



UH...

UH...

UUHHHHH!

HIT THE EJECTOR
SEAT! HIT THE
EJECTOR SEAT--

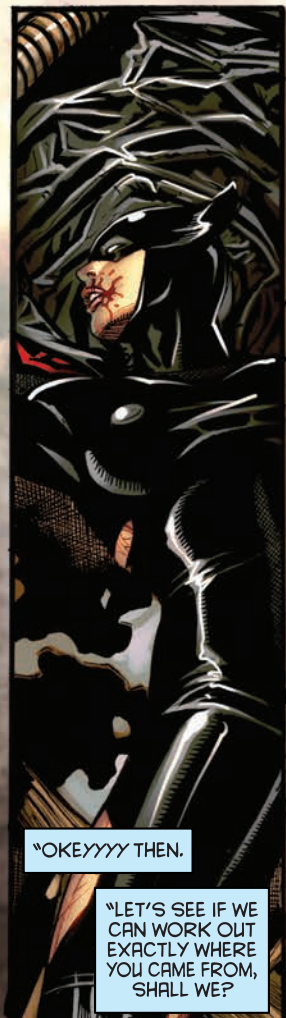
THUNDER



MANHATTAN...
SUCH A HEIGHT
TO FALL FROM...



THANK GOD FOR
SKYSCRAPERS.

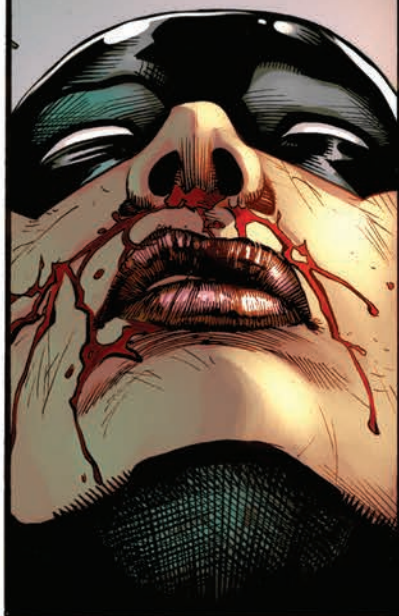


OKEYYYY THEN.

LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN WORK OUT
EXACTLY WHERE
YOU CAME FROM,
SHALL WE?

"THIS IS A PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION. JANE DOE. BLOOD SAMPLES, FINGERPRINTS, ALL CAME BACK EMPTY.

"SIMPLY PUT, MISS, YOU DON'T SEEM TO EXIST.



"YET YOU'RE FOUND UNCONSCIOUS INSIDE THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. *INSIDE* AN APPARENTLY UNBREAKABLE SECURITY SYSTEM."



SWITCH.

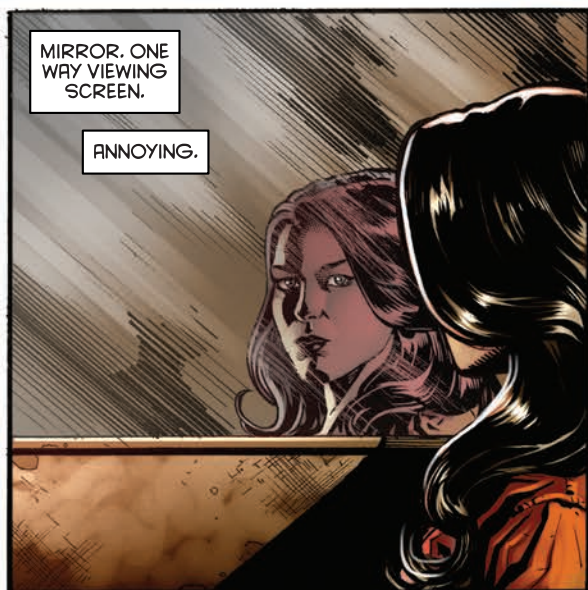
AND THEN YOU BEAT THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF FOUR SECURITY GUARDS AND THREE NYPD COPS WHEN YOU WOKE UP, BEFORE COLLAPSING.



ALL THE WHILE WEARING SOME KINDA FETISH FANCY DRESS COSTUME.

SO, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT THE [REDACTED] IS GOING ON HERE?





MIRROR. ONE WAY VIEWING SCREEN.

ANNOYING.



DO YOU HAVE A CIGARETTE?

MR. HARMON.



NO. I DON'T SMOKE. NO ONE HERE DOES.

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?



WE'VE MET BEFORE. YOU'RE O.S.S.

YOUR CLOTHES LOOK DIFFERENT. AND THE BOYS BY THE DOOR DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY COPS I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE.

WHERE AM I, EXACTLY?



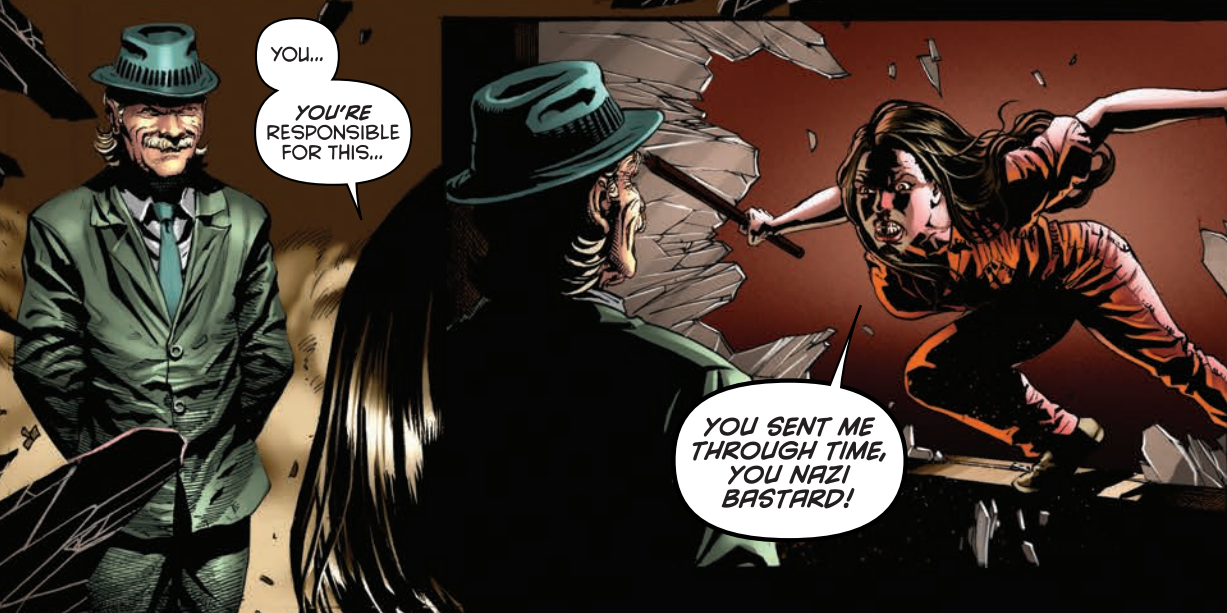
WE'VE NEVER MET BEFORE, YOU'RE MISTAKEN. AND O.S.S.? DO YOU MEAN THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES? THAT WAS BACK IN WORLD WAR II.

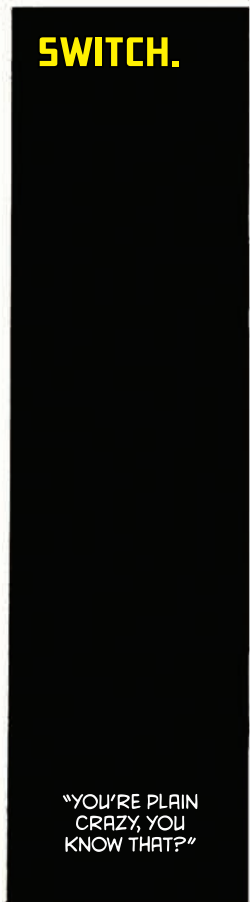
ALSO, YOU MIGHT WANT TO SIT BACK DOWN BEFORE I *MAKE* YOU SIT BACK DOWN.

NOW.



CONSIDER ME APPROPRIATELY INTIMIDATED.





1942.

PEOPLE
WILL *SEE*.

DON'T WORRY,
CAPTAIN CHANDLER.
I SHAN'T SCANDALIZE
YOU. THERE ARE VERY FEW
PEOPLE IN MANHATTAN
WHO CAN AFFORD TO
LIVE THIS HIGH UP.

AND I HAVE
ENOUGH MONEY TO
NOT HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT WHAT ANY OF
THOSE PEOPLE
THINK ANYWAY.

DO YOU
WORRY ABOUT
WHAT I THINK?

...PERHAPS.

THEN STOP
TRYING TO SHOCK
ME AND COME
BACK TO BED.

YOU'RE
EMBARRASSED
OF ME?

NO.

I DON'T
WANT TO
SHARE YOU.



I CAN'T CONCEIVE HOW MUCH THIS MUST HAVE HURT.



HURT MY THREE GUYS WHO DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE B-25 A WHOLE LOT MORE. HURT THEIR WIVES AND GIRLFRIENDS.

I'M NOT THE ONE YOU SHOULD FEEL SORRY FOR.

BUT STILL, YOU'RE GOING BACK. BRAVE CAPTAIN CHANDLER.

THEY HURT YOU AND NOW YOU WANT TO HURT THEM BACK.



NO.

THERE'S A WAR ON.



YOU LIVING HERE, YOUR BACKGROUND, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

DON'T PATRONIZE...

I'M NOT. I SWEAR. TO FIGHT FOR SOMETHING, YOU FIRST HAVE TO *CARE* ABOUT SOMETHING.



YOU'LL FIND IT, MARLA. WHATEVER IT IS.

YOU'RE A GOOD PERSON.



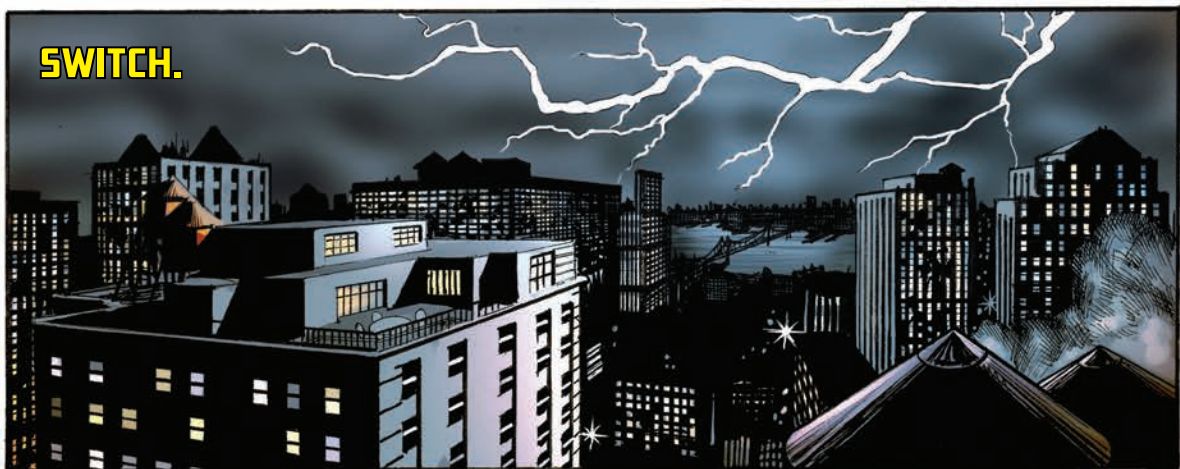
THE
FUTURE...

THE PAST...
SOMETIMES, SINCE
AFRICA... THEY FEEL LIKE
THEY'RE HAPPENING
WITHIN ONE MOMENT.
THE SAME MOMENT.

I THINK
SOMETIMES THAT,
WHEN IT HAPPENED,
I LOST MY MIND...



SWITCH.



"I SAW YOU, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU ARRIVED IN THE MUSEUM.

I'VE WATCHED THE SECURITY FOOTAGE. I'VE WATCHED IT A LOT."

2013.

YOU APPEARED
OUT OF THIN AIR. ONE
MINUTE, YOU'RE NOT
THERE, THE NEXT,
YOU ARE. IT'S...

...IMPOSSIBLE.

WHAT'S
YOUR
POINT?

ONE: YOU'RE THE
PERFECT PERSON
FOR THIS JOB. THERE
ARE NO RECORDS OF
YOU. YOU SHOULDN'T
BE HERE. YOU'RE
COMPLETELY
DENIABLE.

AND YOU'RE
DAMN GOOD IN
A FIGHT. THOSE
THINGS MAKE YOU
VERY USEFUL
TO ME.

AND TWO... I
BELIEVE YOU.

SENSORS ON HER
ARE ALL WORKING FINE.
HER ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
READINGS ARE OFF THE
CHART. AND, IT'S VERY
STRANGE, BUT...

EVERY COUPLE OF
MICRO-SECONDS, ALL
READINGS FLATLINE LIKE
SHE'S NOT ACTUALLY
HERE AT ALL.

I HEARD
THAT.

HE MAY BE RIGHT,
YOU KNOW. IT MAKES
AS MUCH SENSE AS
ANYTHING ELSE
ABOUT THIS. MAYBE
I'M NOT HERE.

MAYBE
I'M CRAZY.

I MET YOU
IN THE 1940s, YOU
KNOW. HOW CAN
YOU BE THERE AND
BE HERE AT THE
SAME TIME?

I HONESTLY
DON'T KNOW.



BUT
ONE THING I
ABSOLUTELY
DO KNOW.

AS CRAZY
AS IT MAY
SOUND...

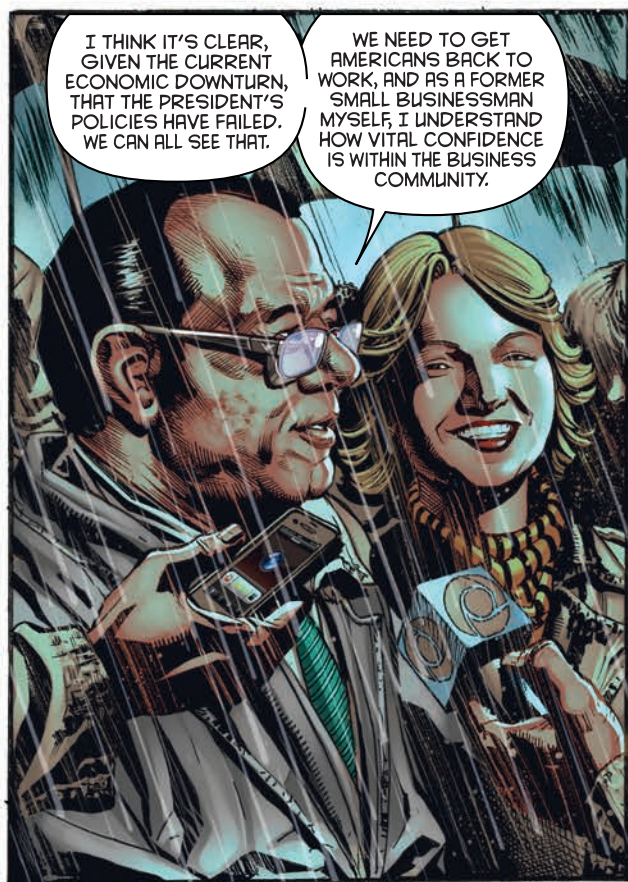


WASHINGTON, D.C.
AND THE POLITICAL
ESTABLISHMENT OF
THIS COUNTRY ARE
CURRENTLY AWASH
WITH COVERT NAZI
AGENTS.

THIS INCLUDES
JAMES H. POLK, THE CURRENT
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF
REPRESENTATIVES, THE MAN
STANDING BEFORE
YOU NOW.



THE MAN
YOU ARE ABOUT
TO KILL.



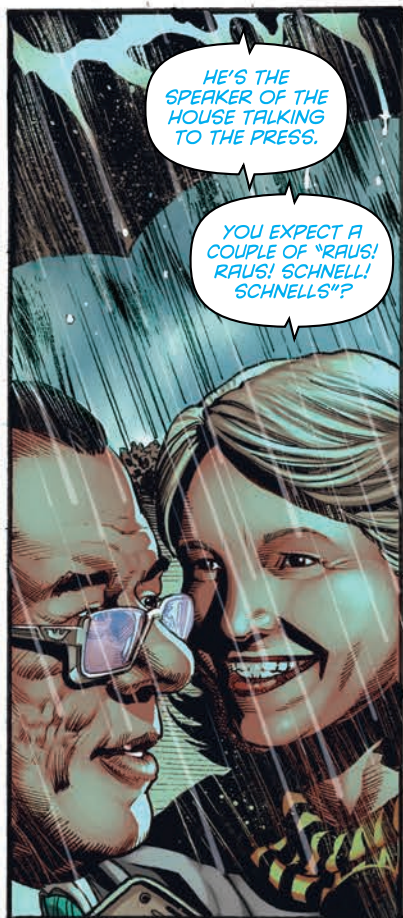
I THINK IT'S CLEAR, GIVEN THE CURRENT ECONOMIC DOWNTURN, THAT THE PRESIDENT'S POLICIES HAVE FAILED. WE CAN ALL SEE THAT.

WE NEED TO GET AMERICANS BACK TO WORK, AND AS A FORMER SMALL BUSINESSMAN MYSELF, I UNDERSTAND HOW VITAL CONFIDENCE IS WITHIN THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.



HE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A NAZI.

WE NEED TO EXTEND CURRENT TAX RATES AND I GENUINELY DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THE PRESIDENT UNDERSTANDS THAT...



HE'S THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE TALKING TO THE PRESS.

YOU EXPECT A COUPLE OF "RAUS! RAUS! SCHNELLS! SCHNELLS"?



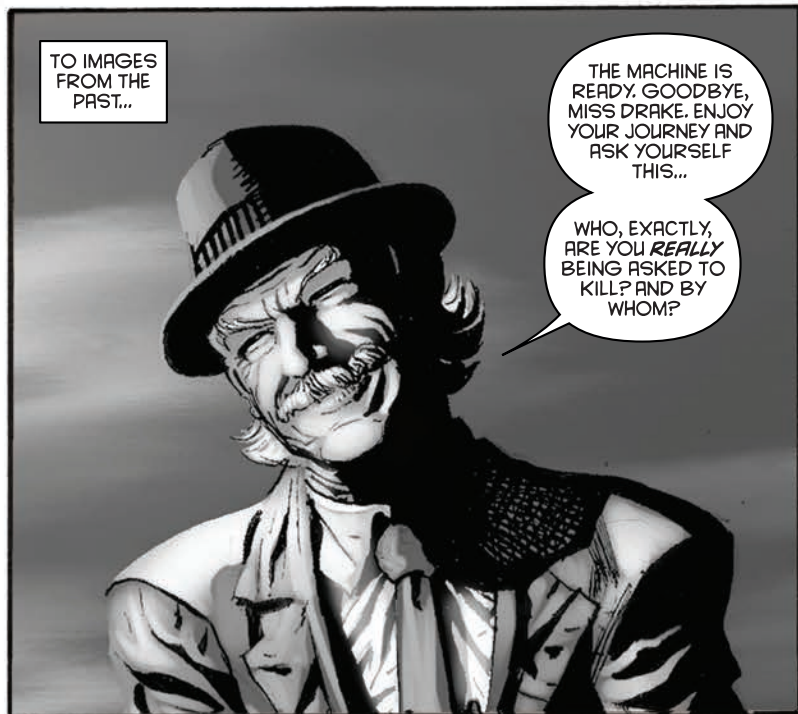
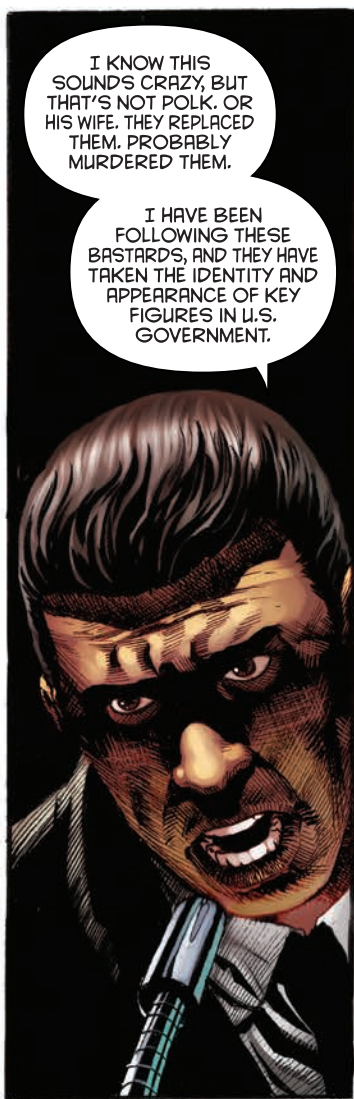
IT'S LIKE I EXPLAINED TO YOU IN THE BRIEFING. YOU FOUGHT NAZI AGENTS WHO WERE USING A TIME MACHINE.

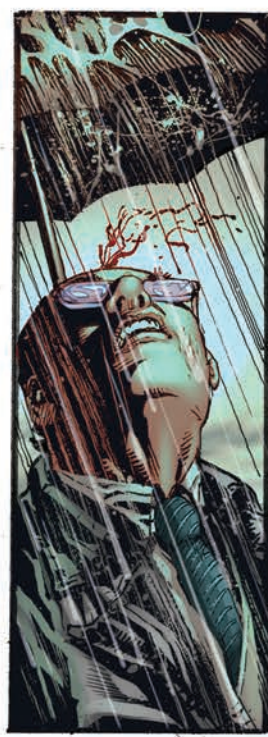
WELL, THEY'RE *HERE*. THEY'VE BEEN HERE FOR SOME TIME NOW.

HELL, YOU SAW ONE IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM.



HIS WIFE'S WITH HIM.







NO, HE'S
NOT.

NOW, GET
**OUT OF
THERE!**



**GET OUT
OF THERE!**



ARE...
ARE YOU
SEEING
THIS?





ISSUE THREE





"THESE PEOPLE, THESE HATEFUL PRICKS PREACHING THEIR MESSAGE OF FEAR."

AND I SAY TO YOU NOW, AND YOU CAN TAKE THIS TO THE **BANK**, IF THAT SOCIALIST IS RE-ELECTED I WILL **LEAVE AMERICA**.



"YOU KNOW HOW IT ALWAYS SEEMS THEY'RE TRYING TO TEAR THIS COUNTRY APART?"

WE HAVE TO TAKE AMERICA BACK. THIS IS NOT OUR AMERICA.

I URGE OUR VIEWERS TO DO THIS. YOU, OUT THERE. IT'S UP TO YOU. TAKE AMERICA BACK!

KIDNAP BOY

SOURCES: FATHER REUNITED WITH SON AFTER

DON BROWN SAYS VICTIMS OF IRA BOMBINGS WILL N



"WELL, TURNS OUT THEY ARE."

...I BELIEVE THAT YOU CANNOT ACTUALLY GET PREGNANT IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES.



WE WILL **NOT** ALLOW THEM TO TAKE YOUR GUNS AWAY FROM YOU!

"I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CRAZY BUT THE POLITICAL ESTABLISHMENT OF THIS COUNTRY IS AWASH WITH CLOAKED HI-TECH NAZI TIME TRAVEL AGENTS..."



"WORLD WAR II IS CONTINUING, HERE, IN 2013, AND IT'S UP TO **YOU** TO STOP THEM FROM DESTROYING AMERICA."

AH, CRAP...

THEY HAVE GUNS.

LOTS OF THEM.



MISS
FURN



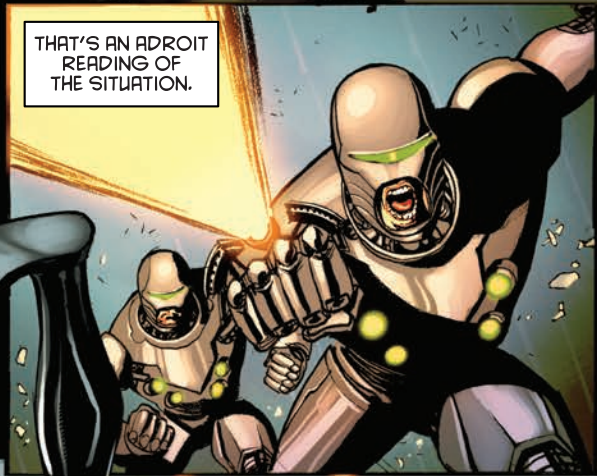


--THE
[REDACTED]!

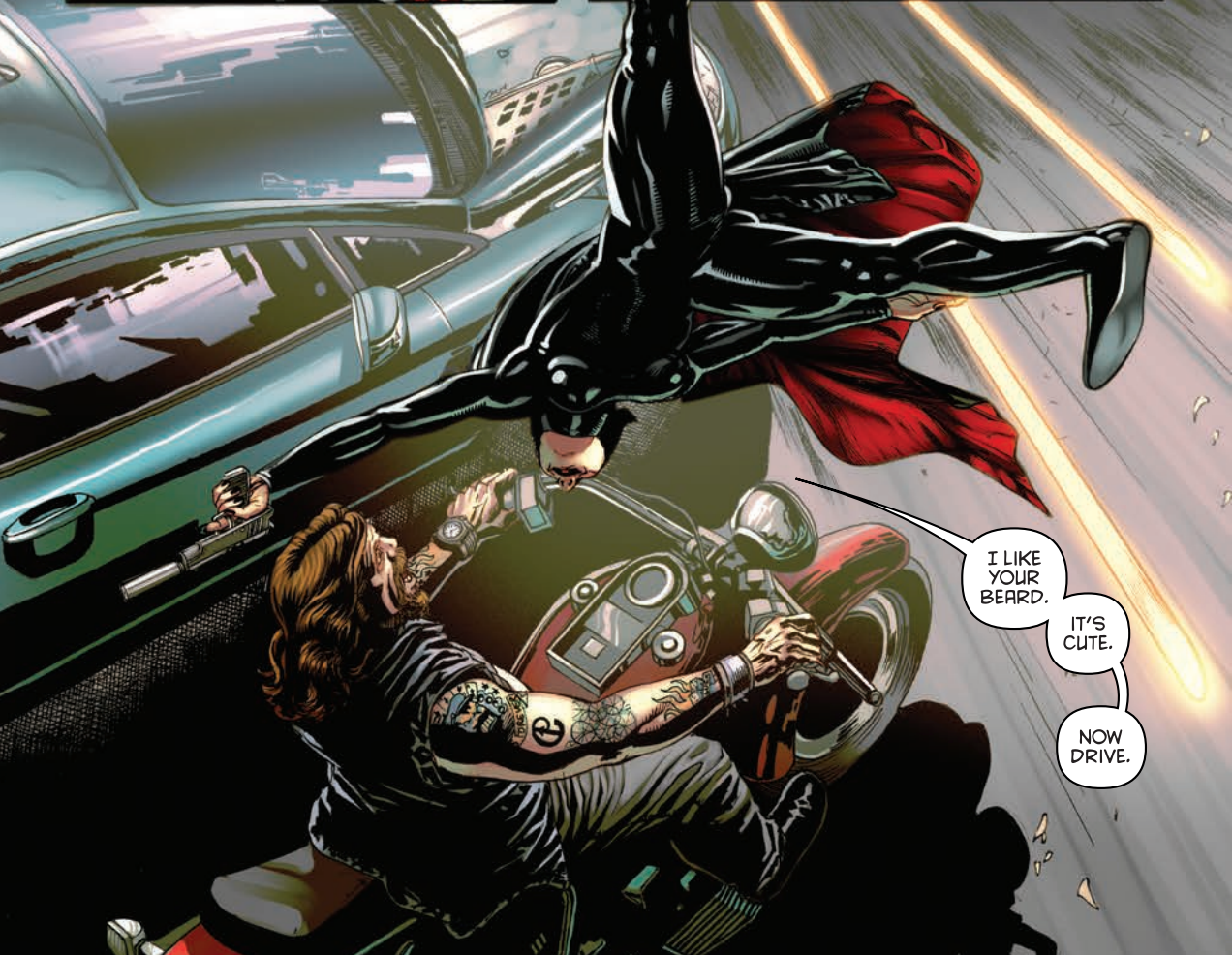
VRRRRM



YEAH...



THAT'S AN ADROIT
READING OF
THE SITUATION.



I LIKE
YOUR
BEARD.

IT'S
CUTE.

NOW
DRIVE.



YES
MA'AM.

PHUT
PHUT



LOOKS LIKE
WHEN THEY'RE
UNCLOAKED
THEY'RE
ARMORED.

THAT'S
NOT FAIR.



SHINK

NEITHER
IS THAT...



AHHH!



ONE!
THIS BIKE'S
BUILT FOR
ONE!



OUTTA
THE WAY!

EVERYBODY
OUTTA
THE WAY!



SOME CRAZY
WOMAN SHOT
JAMES POLK!



WHERE ARE
YOU? ARE YOU
CLEAR?

NOT...
ESPECIALLY...



STERBEN SIE
WEIBCHEN!

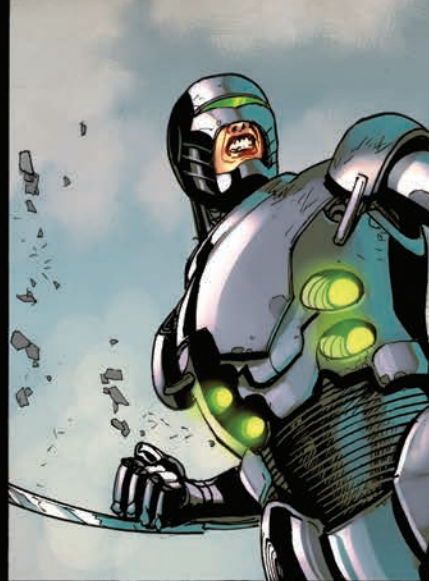
OK, SHE'S
SCREAMING
IN GERMAN!

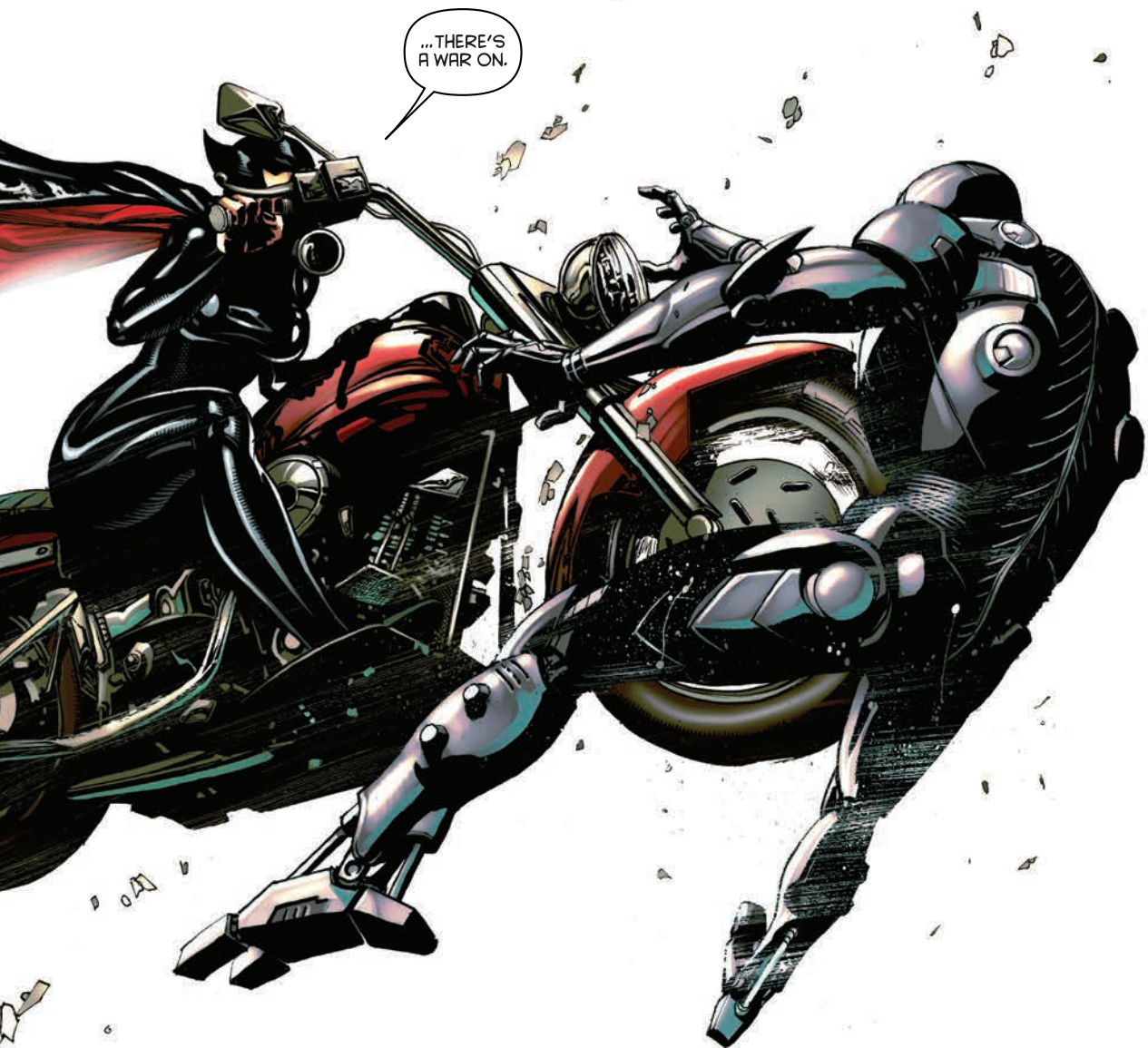
SCREW
THIS...



...YOU
LADIES ARE
WELCOME TO
MY BIKE.

GET
OFF
ME!





SWITCH.





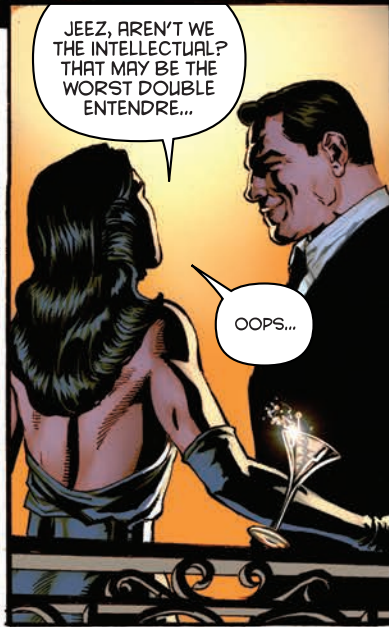
...MARLA DRAKE.
DRUNK AGAIN!
THAT GIRL IS
SUCH A MESS.

IS THAT RICHARD
TRUBSHAW SHE'S WITH?
WASN'T SHE WITH ERIC
ALLEN AT THE FLEISCHER
FUNDRAISER EARLY
IN THE WEEK?

"SHE'S A TRAIN
WRECK. PURE
AND SIMPLE."



I'D BE HAPPY
TO SHOW YOU MY
YACHT ANY TIME
YOU LIKE, MARLA.
IT'S QUITE...
SUBSTANTIAL.



JEEZ, AREN'T WE
THE INTELLECTUAL?
THAT MAY BE THE
WORST DOUBLE
ENTENDRE...

OOPS...



LOOKS LIKE I JUST
BOUGHT SOMEONE ON
THE SIDEWALK A VERY
EXPENSIVE VODKA
MARTINI...

BABY
DOLL. YOU'RE
DRUNK.

MAYBE I
SHOULD TAKE
YOU HOME?



MARLA...





I CONCEDE...

THE LADY
MAY HAVE
A POINT
THERE.



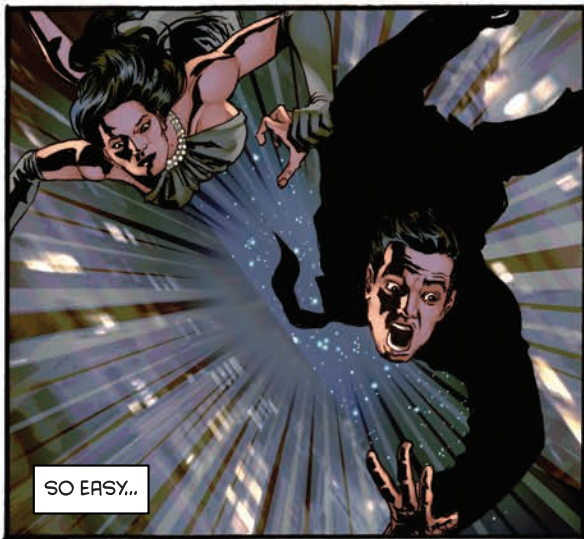
COME
DOWN AT
ONCE!

YOU'RE
EMBARRASSING
ME!



YOU KNOW
WHAT ELSE IS "QUITE
SUBSTANTIAL" BABY
DOLL?

THIS FALL.





KRASH



YOU
HAVEN'T PISSED
YOURSELF, HAVE
YOU?



BECAUSE
THAT *WOULD* BE
EMBARRASSING
FOR YOU.



SWITCH.

"YOU TRAVELED
IN TIME TO GET HERE.
I KNOW THAT."

2013.

NO. I'M *STILL*
TRAVELING IN
TIME, HARMON.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



A MOMENT AGO
I WAS IN THE 1940s.
NOW I'M SITTING
HERE WITH YOU.

EARLIER I WAS
AT THE HIT WITH POLK.
BEFORE THAT I WAS
IN THE '40s...

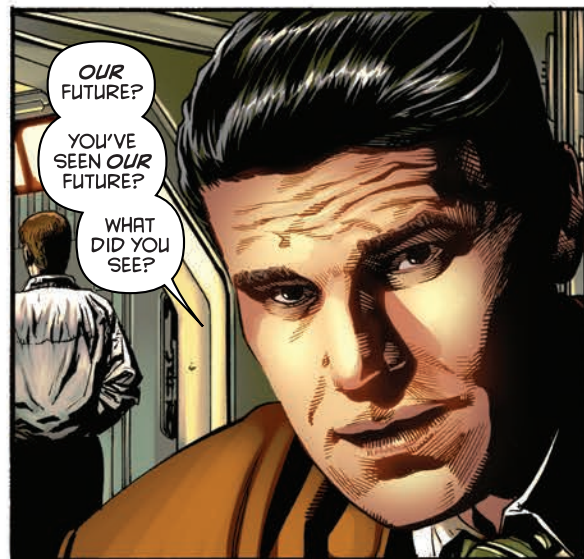
...WITH
SOMEONE
ELSE.



EVER SINCE I FELL
INTO THAT MACHINE IN THE
MUSEUM IN '42 I'VE BEEN
SWITCHING BACKWARDS
AND FORWARDS
THROUGH TIME.

MY PRESENT,
THIS FUTURE...

ANOTHER
FUTURE.



OUR
FUTURE?

YOU'VE
SEEN *OUR*
FUTURE?

WHAT
DID YOU
SEE?



YOU SAID
YOU BELIEVED
THAT THE NAZIS
WERE PLANNING
SOMETHING
BIG...



"YOU WERE RIGHT.



THEY TIME TRAVEL SOME INSANE WEAPONRY THAT LOOKS LIKE IT COMES FROM EVEN FURTHER IN THE FUTURE TO NEW YORK AND...

THEY WIN WORLD WAR II IN 2013.



THE CHIEF NAZI YOU ENCOUNTERED ON THE MUSEUM ROOFTOP. WE CAN IDENTIFY HIM FROM WAR RECORDS.

THE ONE I KEEP SEEING EVEN THOUGH YOU SHOT HIM DEAD IN 1943? WHEN YOU WERE WITH THE O.S.S.?



I WAS NEVER IN 1943. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

AS IMPOSSIBLE AS TIME TRAVELING, SHAPE-CHANGING NAZI AGENTS HIDING AS WASHINGTON POLITICIANS?

I'M INSANE AND NONE OF THIS IS REAL.



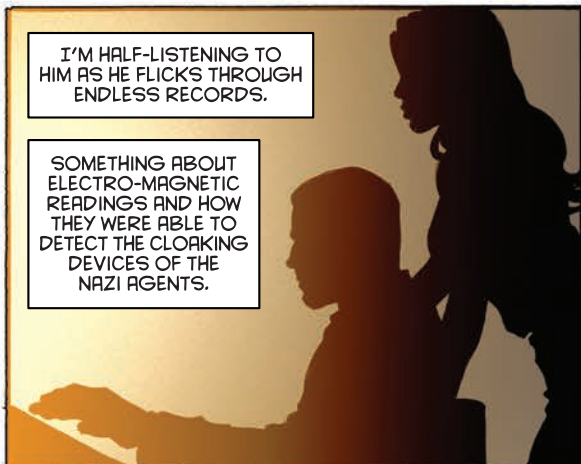
YOU'RE NOT INSANE, MARLA.



HARMON'S KIND.
CARING. BUT I
DON'T TRUST HIM...

I CAN'T BLOCK OUT THE
NAZI SCIENTIST'S WORDS
ON THE MUSEUM ROOF:

WHO, EXACTLY, ARE YOU
REALLY BEING ASKED TO
KILL? AND BY WHOM?



I'M HALF-LISTENING TO
HIM AS HE FLICKS THROUGH
ENDLESS RECORDS.

SOMETHING ABOUT
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
READINGS AND HOW
THEY WERE ABLE TO
DETECT THE CLOAKING
DEVICES OF THE
NAZI AGENTS.



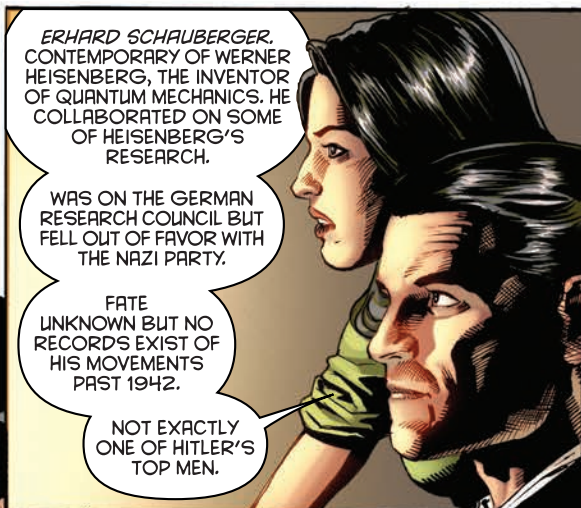
CONCENTRATE
ON THE MISSION.
THE *WAR*.

THE CLARITY OF A
GOAL WILL STOP
ME SLIPPING
INTO INSANITY.



IF I MURDER THE PEOPLE HE
TELLS ME TO KILL, I AM NOT MAD.

THAT'S
HIM!



ERHARD SCHAUBERGER,
CONTEMPORARY OF WERNER
HEISENBERG, THE INVENTOR
OF QUANTUM MECHANICS. HE
COLLABORATED ON SOME
OF HEISENBERG'S
RESEARCH.

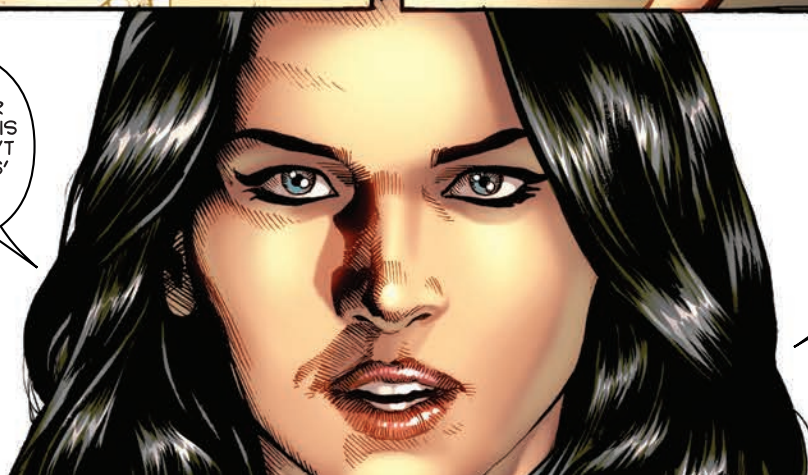
WAS ON THE GERMAN
RESEARCH COUNCIL BUT
FELL OUT OF FAVOR WITH
THE NAZI PARTY.

FATE
UNKNOWN BUT NO
RECORDS EXIST OF
HIS MOVEMENTS
PAST 1942.

NOT EXACTLY
ONE OF HITLER'S
TOP MEN.

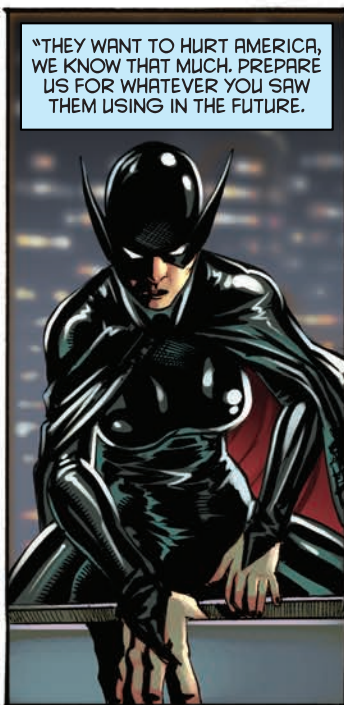
HE SAID TO ME
THAT THE FÜHRER
WOULD BEND TO HIS
WILL. THEY WEREN'T
ON EACH OTHER'S
CHRISTMAS
CARD LIST.

HE'S REAL
THOUGH.

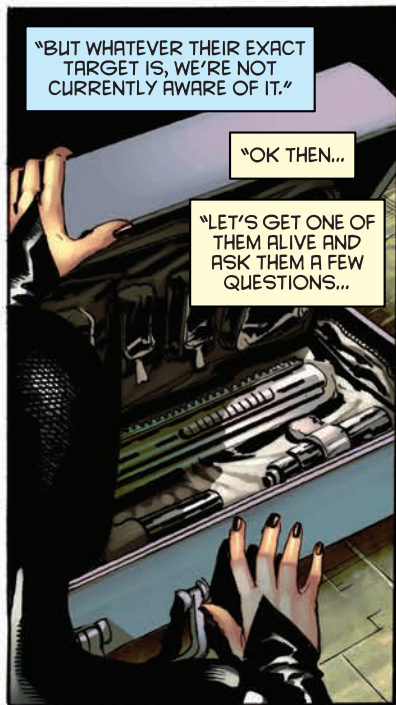




"WHAT DO THEY WANT? THESE CLOAKED AGENTS? WHY ARE THEY HERE?"



"THEY WANT TO HURT AMERICA, WE KNOW THAT MUCH. PREPARE US FOR WHATEVER YOU SAW THEM USING IN THE FUTURE."



"OK THEN..."

"LET'S GET ONE OF THEM ALIVE AND ASK THEM A FEW QUESTIONS..."



"JUST ONE ALIVE, THOUGH..."



"MEL PINKSTON. INDUSTRIALIST BILLIONAIRE. MAJOR FINANCIER OF THE TEA PARTY, SEVERAL OF OUR *'FINEST'* NEWSPAPERS, AND, ALSO, OF THE SOMEWHAT PARTISAN CABLE NEWS CHANNEL, *INSIGHT*."

"OR, AT LEAST, THAT'S WHO MEL PINKSTON *WAS*, BEFORE THEY REPLACED HIM."



"LIKE POLK, THIS IS A NAZI AGENT IN A PRIME POSITION. MAJOR INFLUENCE OVER POLITICAL POLICY MAKING, MASS MEDIA..."



"ER EVEN HAS HIS OWN REALITY TV BUSINESS SHOW..."



"HE'LL BE ONE OF THEIR CORE OPERATIVES. A MAJOR PLAYER."



KRAKK

HELLO, HANDSOME.
SIEG HEIL AND ALL THAT.



YOU...

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU'RE
DEALING WITH.



I DON'T GET
INTIMIDATED BY MEAN
AND THREATENING
MEN WITH MONEY,
SORRY.

I WAS
RAISED
BY ONE.



NO. YOU DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU'RE
DEALING WITH
NOW... WITH US.

WE KNOW ABOUT
SCHAUBERGER.

I'VE SEEN
WHAT HE'S GOT
PLANNED.



ERHARD
SCHAUBERGER? WE
KILLED HIM YEARS
AGO. HE'S NOTHING
TO DO WITH THIS.

YOU DON'T
HAVE A CLUE
DO YOU?



OH,
SHIT.

YOU HAVE
BEEN ILL-
INFORMED,
MISS.

WE ARE
EVERYWHERE IN
THIS REALITY.

YOUR
AMERICA BELONGS
TO US NOW...





ISSUE FOUR



1930.

TELL ME
WHAT YOU
SEE.

QUICKLY
NOW.

AN
ANGEL.

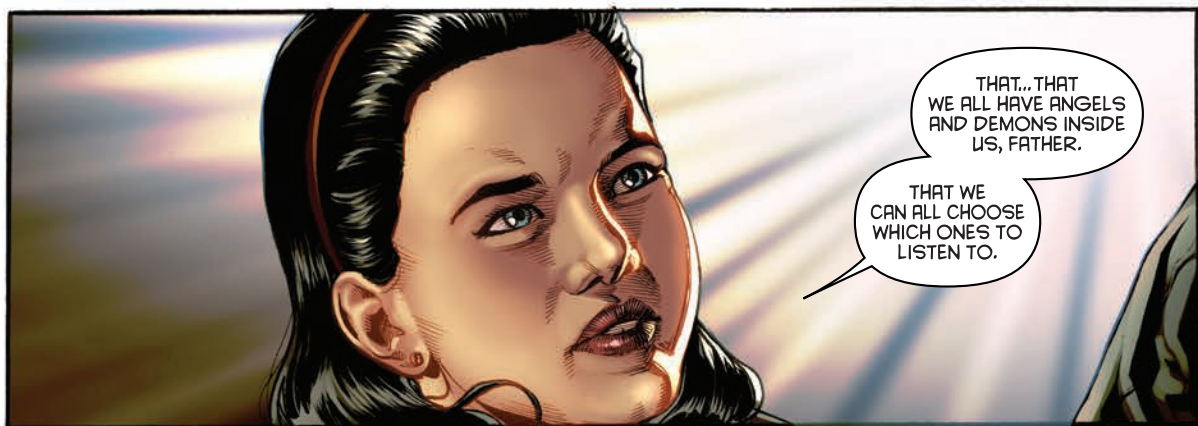
Hmm. AND ITS
ANTITHESIS? FOR
GOD THERE IS
HIS ADVERSARY,
THE...

...THE DEVIL.

YES, ANGELS
AND DEMONS. ONE
TAKING THE SOUL
TO HEAVEN, THE
OTHER TAKING
IT TO HELL.

TELL ME, MARLA,
WHY DO YOU THINK
I HAVE BROUGHT
YOU HERE TODAY TO
SHOW YOU THESE
THINGS?

WHAT AM
I TEACHING
YOU HERE?



2013.

A dynamic comic book illustration of Batman in his black and red suit, leaping through the air towards a massive, silver, spherical robot. The robot has a large, open mouth with sharp teeth and a glowing green light in its chest. Batman is surrounded by several smaller, silver, humanoid robots with glowing green eyes. The background is a desert landscape with a bright, hazy sky. The overall style is high-contrast and action-oriented.

PARANOIA. A PRODUCT
OF ANXIETY AND FEAR THAT
CAN LEAD TO DELUSIONARY
FEELINGS OF CONSPIRACY
AND PERSECUTION...

YOU KIND OF FEEL
THAT EVERYONE'S
OUT TO GET YOU.



WE'RE
CIA! CI--

ARRGHH!

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**

MARLA? WHAT'S
HAPPENING?



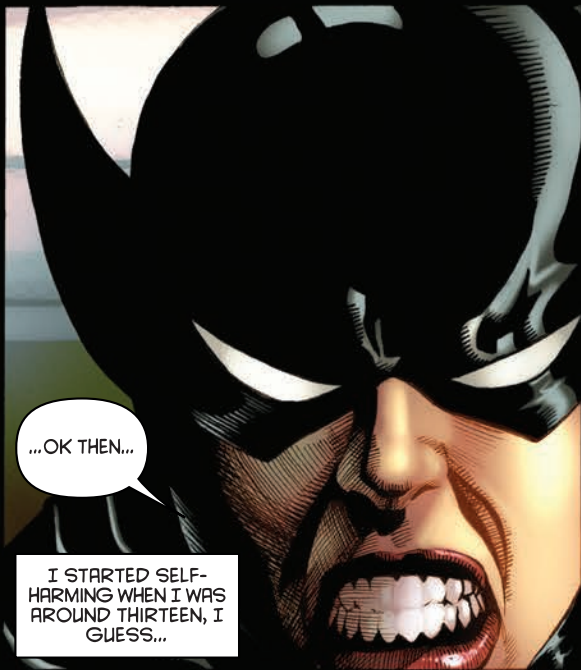
STEPHENSON?
POUNCEY? REPORT?

MARLA?

BLAM



MARLA!



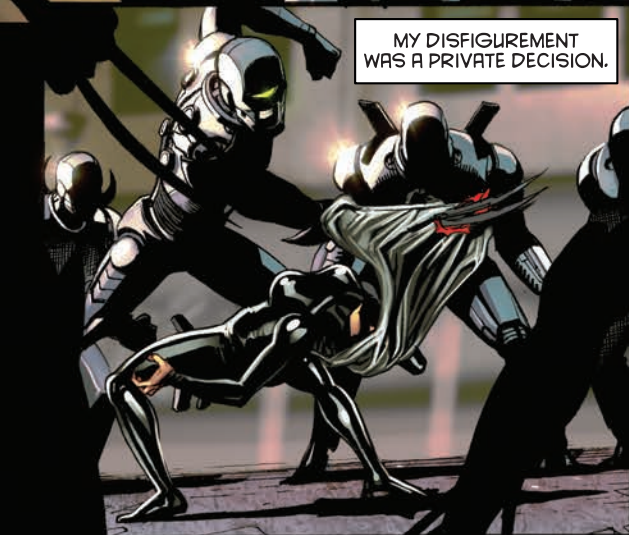
...OK THEN...

I STARTED SELF-
HARMING WHEN I WAS
AROUND THIRTEEN, I
GUESS...

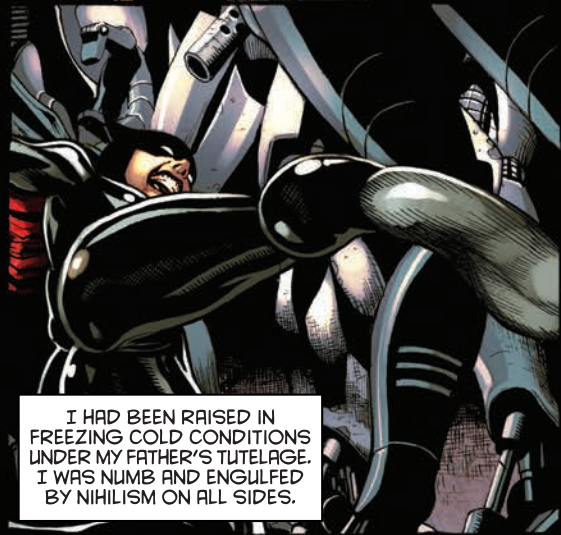


KRACK

GLOVES WERE MY FASHION
ACCESSORY OF CHOICE...



MY DISFIGUREMENT
WAS A PRIVATE DECISION.



I HAD BEEN RAISED IN
FREEZING COLD CONDITIONS
UNDER MY FATHER'S TUTELAGE.
I WAS NUMB AND ENGULFED
BY NIHILISM ON ALL SIDES.



I COULD FEEL
NOTHING.

BLAM

SO THE PAIN
AWAKENED ME.

IT GAVE
ME CLARITY.

IT MOMENTARILY ALLOWED
ME TO REMEMBER THAT I DID
NOT HAVE TO BE THE DULL,
DEAD-EYED, OBEDIENT THING
MY FATHER HAD CREATED.

IT ALLOWED
ME TEMPORARY
OWNERSHIP
OF MYSELF.



TAKE
HER ALIVE,
PLEASE.

I'D LIKE TO
KNOW WHO SHE IS
AND WHICH FACTION
SHE FIGHTS FOR.
BUT FEEL FREE TO
HURT HER.

BADLY.

BUT THAT
WAS *SELF-HARM*.

I'D REALLY RATHER
OTHERS DIDN'T JOIN IN.



THE
FÜHRER
WAS A
FOOL!

WHAT?



HE BELIEVED
THAT THE FARADAY
DEVICE WOULD GIVE
HIM POWER.

WOULD YOU
LIKE ME TO
SHOW YOU
WHAT TRUE
POWER IS,
PINKSTON?



SCHAUBURGER?

BUT HE'S
DEAD.





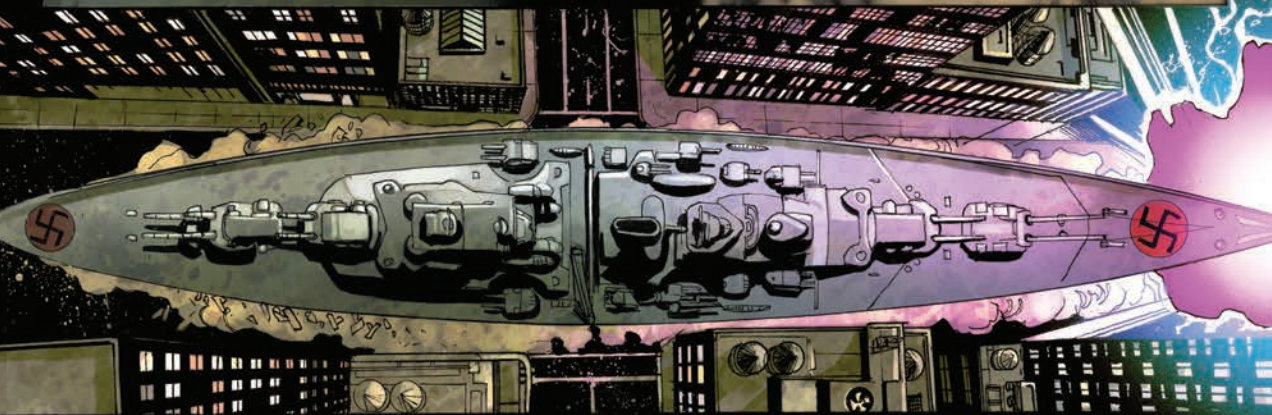


NEIN!

NEIN!

BIG SHIP.

REALLY BIG SHIIII...







YOUR
SNIPER RIFLE,
MISS DRAKE.

YOU'RE GOING
TO NEED THIS TO
SHOOT DOWN THE
ME-262 FIGHTER.

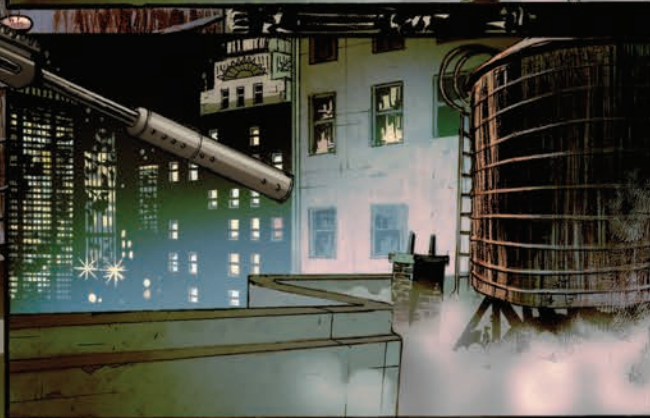


NO!

YOU DON'T
DISAPPEAR ON
ME AGAIN, YOU
BASTARD!



I NEED TO
KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENING!

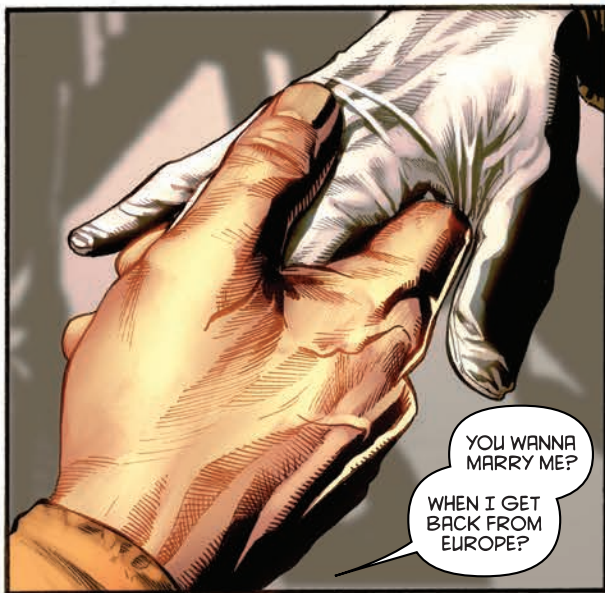


IT'S A BATTLESHIP!
A GODDAMN
GREAT BATTLESHIP
IN DOWNTOWN DC!

SWITCH.

1942.





YOU WANNA
MARRY ME?
WHEN I GET
BACK FROM
EUROPE?



I BEEN WANTING TO
ASK, BUT...YOU KNOW,
MARLA. WITH ALL YOUR
MONEY AND YOUR HIGH
SOCIETY LIFE AND YOUR
UPBRINGING...

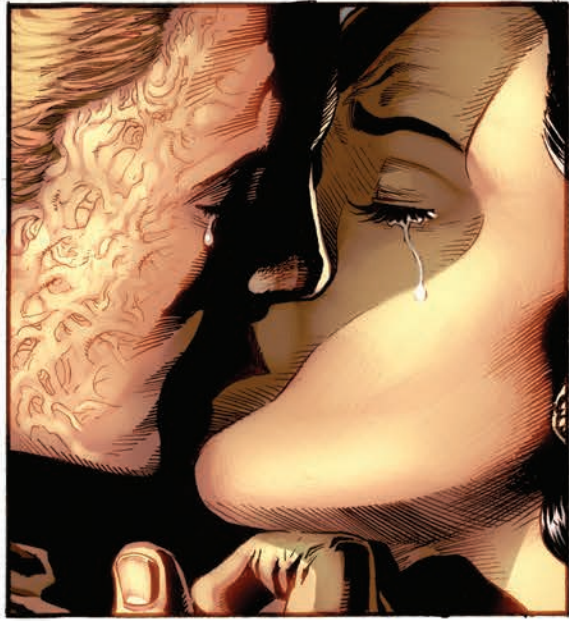
"AM I GOOD
ENOUGH TO MARRY
THAT PERSON," YOU
ASK YOURSELF.



AND
YOU ARE,
MARLA.

YOU'RE
GOOD.

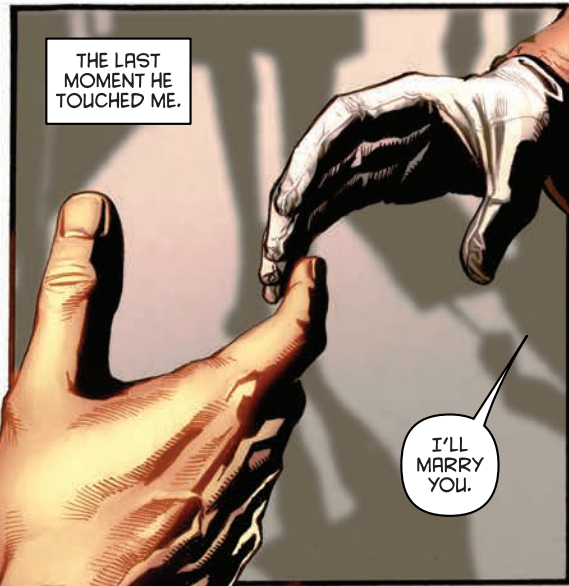
YOU JUST
HAVE TO
BELIEVE IT.



TIME TRAVEL IN AN
ORDINARY INSTANT.
THE FUTURE AND THE
PRESENT AND THE
PAST CRASHING
INTO ONE ANOTHER.

YES.

I WANTED TO FREEZE IT THERE
AND THEN. HIM WITH ME ON THE
TRAIN PLATFORM. THE TACTILE,
HUMAN CONTACT OF HIS
FINGER'S LEAVING MY HAND.



THE LAST
MOMENT HE
TOUCHED ME.

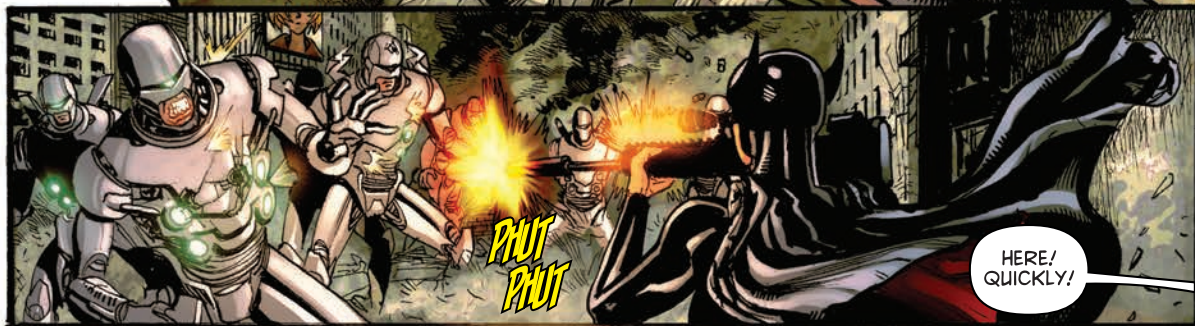
I'LL
MARRY
YOU.



THE ONLY
PERSON WHO EVER
BELIEVED IN ME...



THE FUTURE.







WILL YOU REALLY SHOOT ME HERE? MURDERING ME WOULD ONLY PROVE YOURSELF TO BE A COLD-BLOODED KILLER.

AND HOW WOULD YOU EVER RETURN BACK TO 2013?



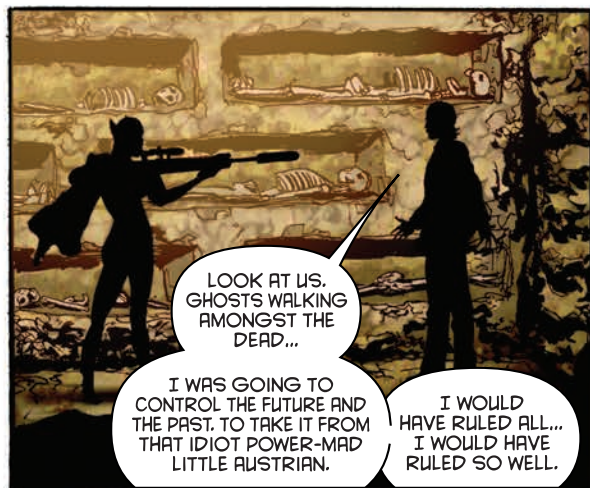
I SEEM TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME PERFECTLY WELL WITHOUT YOU.

AND I AM FULLY AWARE OF WHAT I AM.



DEATH CANNOT STOP US...

I TOLD YOU THAT IN 1943, ON THAT FIRST NIGHT, ON THE ROOF OF THE MUSEUM.



LOOK AT US. GHOSTS WALKING AMONGST THE DEAD...

I WAS GOING TO CONTROL THE FUTURE AND THE PAST, TO TAKE IT FROM THAT IDIOT POWER-MAD LITTLE AUSTRIAN.

I WOULD HAVE RULED ALL... I WOULD HAVE RULED SO WELL.



"AND THEN I 'DIED'."



"ON THAT
MUSEUM ROOFTOP
IN 1943, JUST AFTER
WE FIRST MET.

"AT *HIS* HAND."



HARMON.

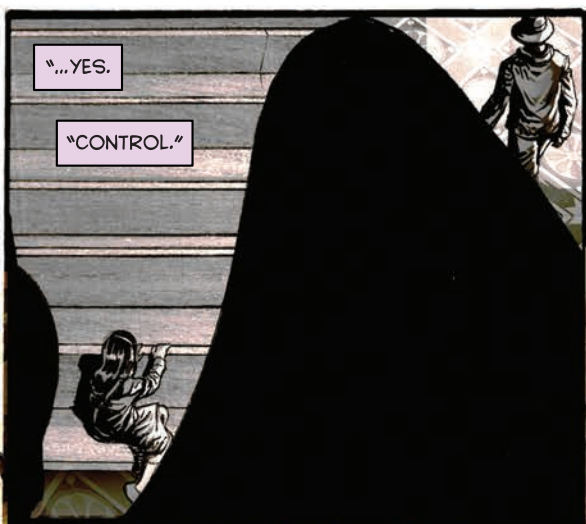
A MAN WHO
EXISTS IN
BOTH 2013
AND 1943.



HOW DO YOU
THINK THAT
IS POSSIBLE,
MISS FURY?

SUCH A MAN
MUST EITHER BE
LOST IN TIME...

OR IN
CONTROL
OF IT.



"...YES.

"CONTROL."



"WHO, EXACTLY,
ARE YOU REALLY
BEING ASKED TO
KILL? AND BY
WHOM?" EHP

THIS FUTURE IS
ALREADY LOST, MISS
FURY. THIS AMERICA IS
DESTROYED. THE WORLD
TURNED RUBBLE. YOU
CANNOT SAVE IT.

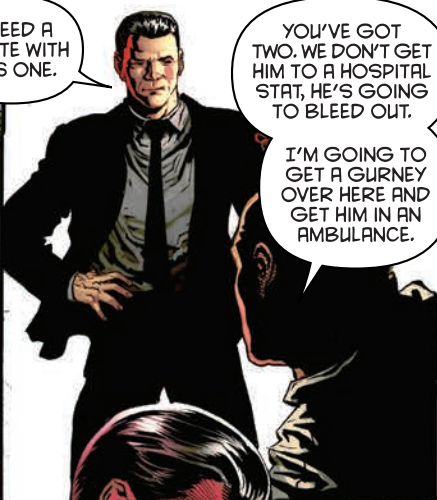
BUT, IN 2013,
THERE IS STILL
TIME FOR YOU
TO STOP THIS
HAPPENING.

2013.

"TO SAVE THE WORLD *AND* YOURSELF."



I NEED A MINUTE WITH THIS ONE.



YOU'VE GOT TWO. WE DON'T GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL STAT, HE'S GOING TO BLEED OUT.

I'M GOING TO GET A GURNEY OVER HERE AND GET HIM IN AN AMBULANCE.



YOU GOT IT.

HELLO, JOSEF..

TELL ME, QUICKLY NOW, BEFORE I KILL YOU...



WHERE IS THE RWANDAN CROWN AND THE TIME MACHINE?

I HAVE A WAR TO WIN.



ISSUE FIVE



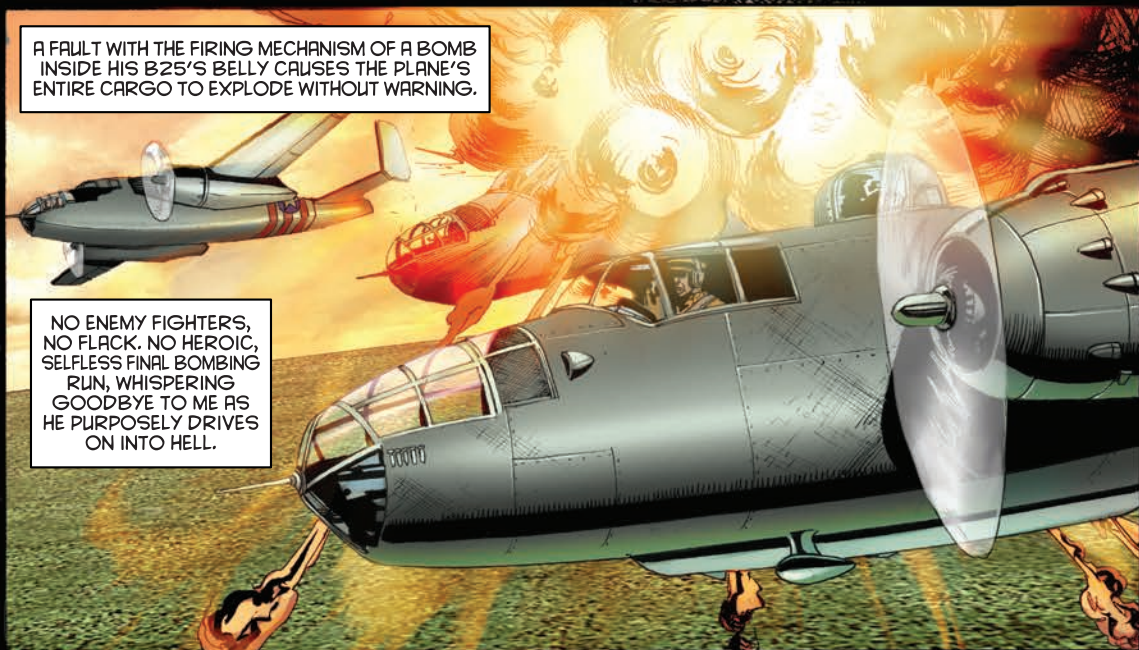
IN 1943, CAPTAIN MATTHEW CHANDLER, A GOOD MAN, FLIES HIS B25 MITCHELL ON A BOMBING MISSION TOWARDS A SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND NO-ONE HAS HEARD OF.



HE IS THE ONLY PERSON I'VE EVER FELT TRULY KNOWS ME. I LOVE HIM WHEN I DID NOT BELIEVE I WAS CAPABLE OF LOVE AND HE IS ABOUT TO DIE.

VIA AN *ENTIRELY* RANDOM ACT.

A FAULT WITH THE FIRING MECHANISM OF A BOMB INSIDE HIS B25'S BELLY CAUSES THE PLANE'S ENTIRE CARGO TO EXPLODE WITHOUT WARNING.



NO ENEMY FIGHTERS, NO FLACK. NO HEROIC, SELFLESS FINAL BOMBING RUN, WHISPERING GOODBYE TO ME AS HE PURPOSELY DRIVES ON INTO HELL.

A FAULT INSIDE A FIRING MECHANISM. SO MUNDANE AND RANDOM. A GRIEF-FILLED ACT FUELLED BY NOTHINGNESS.



WEEKS LATER, A TELEGRAM IS DELIVERED TO ME IN MY MANHATTAN APARTMENT AND THE HEART I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD BURNS AND FALLS IN SYMMETRY.



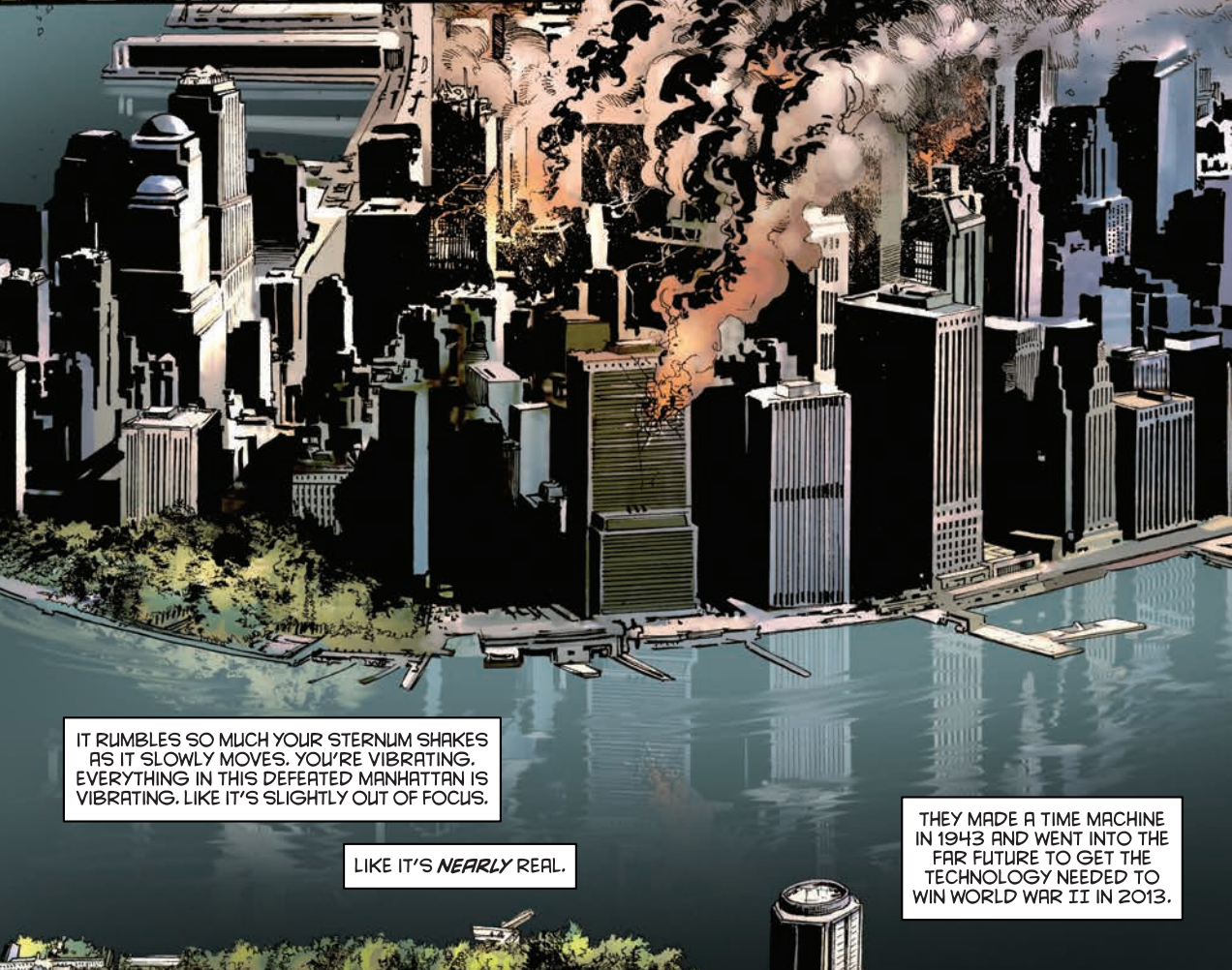
ALL HOPE IS
GONE FOREVER.

AND THERE IS NO WAY
OF MAKING IT RETURN.

MANHATTAN, THE NEAR FUTURE.

THE MAIN NAZI FLYING V IS LIKE
SOME NATIONAL SOCIALIST
FLYING CITY. IT COVERS MOST
OF THE ISLAND AND KNOCKS
OVER SKYSCRAPERS AS
THOUGH THEY WERE IDEAS
WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

IT BLOCKS OUT THE SUN.



IT RUMBLES SO MUCH YOUR STERNUM SHAKES
AS IT SLOWLY MOVES. YOU'RE VIBRATING.
EVERYTHING IN THIS DEFEATED MANHATTAN IS
VIBRATING. LIKE IT'S SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS.

LIKE IT'S *NEARLY* REAL.

THEY MADE A TIME MACHINE
IN 1943 AND WENT INTO THE
FAR FUTURE TO GET THE
TECHNOLOGY NEEDED TO
WIN WORLD WAR II IN 2013.

INSANE.



THEY JUST DESTROYED
HALF THE BUILDINGS ON
THE LOWER EAST SIDE.



SAY WHAT
YOU WILL ABOUT
TIME TRAVELING
SPACE NAZIS...

THEY PLAINLY
HAVE A MODICUM
OF TASTE WHEN
IT COMES TO
ARCHITECTURE.

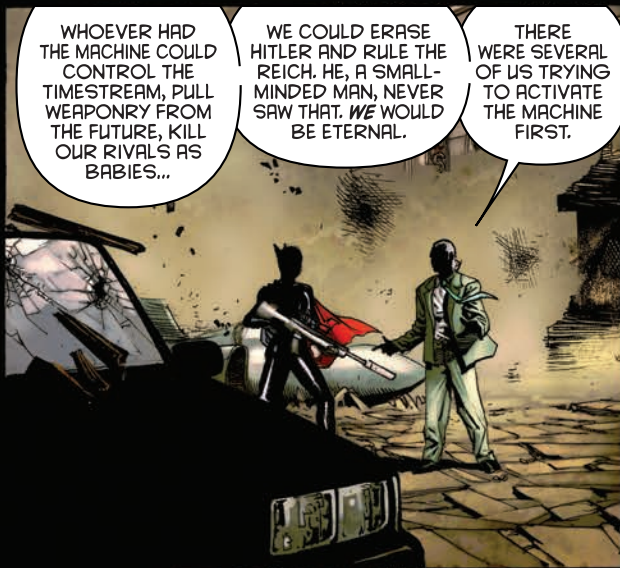


FACTIONS,
MISS DRAKE.

HUMAN AMBITION
DOES NOT SIMPLY
STOP BECAUSE WE
ACT UNDER ONE
BANNER.



HITLER MAY HAVE
ORDERED THE STUDY AND
THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE
FARADAY DEVICE, BUT ONCE
WE KNEW IT WAS FEASIBLE IT
BECAME A RACE AMONGST
SCIENTISTS.



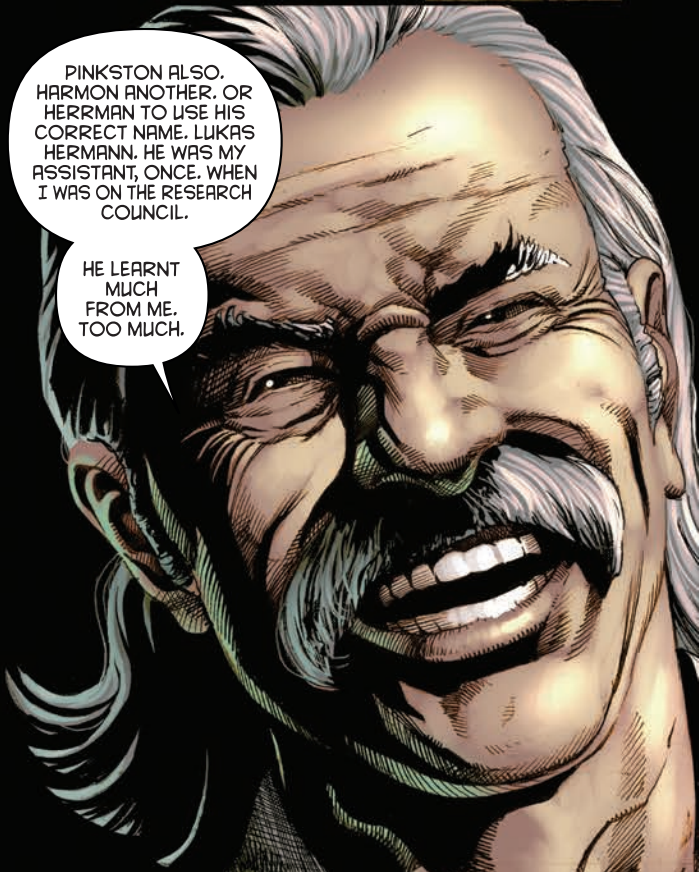
WHOEVER HAD
THE MACHINE COULD
CONTROL THE
TIMESTREAM, PULL
WEAPONRY FROM
THE FUTURE, KILL
OUR RIVALS AS
BABIES...

WE COULD ERASE
HITLER AND RULE THE
REICH. HE, A SMALL-
MINDED MAN, NEVER
SAW THAT. *WE* WOULD
BE ETERNAL.

THERE
WERE SEVERAL
OF US TRYING
TO ACTIVATE
THE MACHINE
FIRST.



HARMON
WAS ONE.



PINKSTON ALSO.
HARMON ANOTHER. OR
HERRMAN TO USE HIS
CORRECT NAME. LUKAS
HERMANN. HE WAS MY
ASSISTANT, ONCE. WHEN
I WAS ON THE RESEARCH
COUNCIL.

HE LEARNT
MUCH
FROM ME.
TOO MUCH.



"HERMANN FOLLOWED ME TO NEW YORK. HE KNEW MY THEORY THAT THE DIAMONDS FROM THE RWANDAN CROWN WERE OF A UNIQUE REFRACTION AND DENSITY.

"HE KNEW THAT I BELIEVED THEY WOULD SUCCESSFULLY POWER THE FARADAY DEVICE.



"WE HAD BROKEN INTO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. THE CROWN WAS IN PLACE. ALL WAS READY.

"I WAS ABOUT TO BECOME THE KING OF ALL POSSIBILITIES.

"BUT THEN I HEARD SHOUTING AND GUNFIRE FROM THE ROOF.



"AND YOU FOREVER JOINED MY TIMELINE, MARLA DRAKE.



"HERMANN'S ETERNAL AMBITION WAS THE BULLET THAT ENDED MY LIFE."



"WAIT, SCHAUBURGER, BEFORE HE SHOT YOU, YOU WARNED ME ABOUT HIM. YOU ACTED LIKE YOU'D MET ME BEFORE.

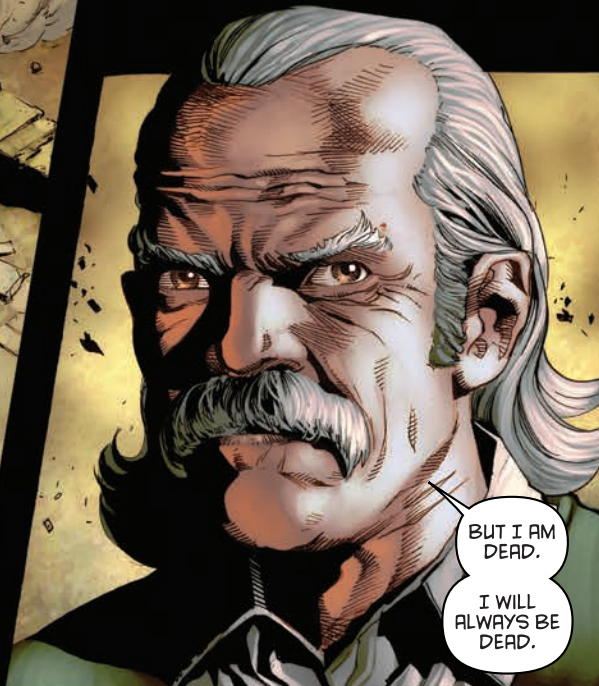
"THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE."



VERY LITTLE
MAKES SENSE
WHEN IT COMES
TO TIME TRAVEL,
MISS FURY.

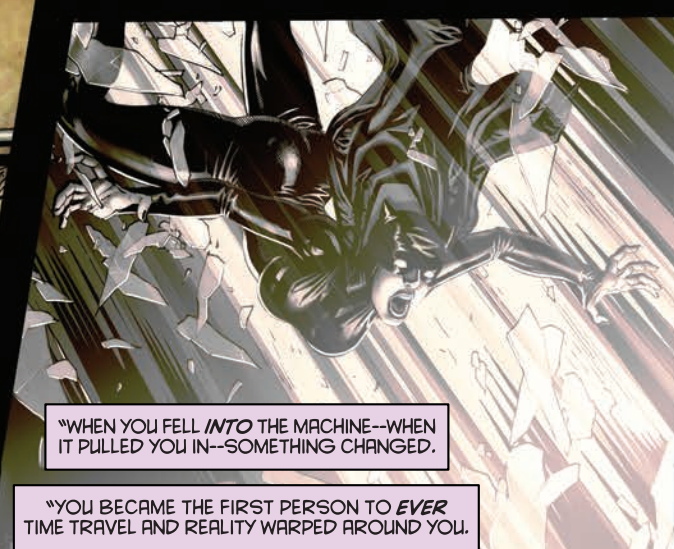
HAVE YOU NOT
LEARNT YET THAT THE
PAST, THE PRESENT, THE
FUTURE...*ALL* EXIST
SIMULTANEOUSLY.

THE MOMENT
THE TIME MACHINE WAS
ACTIVATED, I WAS SPREAD
THROUGHOUT ALL TIME.
MY KNOWLEDGE THEN AND
IN THE FUTURE IS MY
KNOWLEDGE NOW.



BUT I AM
DEAD.

I WILL
ALWAYS BE
DEAD.



"WHEN YOU FELL *INTO* THE MACHINE--WHEN
IT PULLED YOU IN--SOMETHING CHANGED.

"YOU BECAME THE FIRST PERSON TO *EVER*
TIME TRAVEL AND REALITY WARPED AROUND YOU.



"I CAN ONLY IMAGINE THAT WHATEVER
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC 'SOUL' I HAD, WHICH
WAS SLIPPING FROM THIS WORLD, WAS
SUDDENLY SCATTERED THROUGHOUT TIME.

"PULLED AND TRAPPED INSIDE THE
TIMESTREAM ALONG WITH YOU."





THE TWO
NAZI JET
FIGHTERS...



YOU SAID TO ME,
IN 2013, THAT I'D
NEED THE SNIPER
RIFLE TO SHOOT
THEM DOWN.

I HAVE SEEN
IT PLAY OUT A HUNDRED
TIMES. YOU SHOOT THE
LEAD PILOT. THEY CRASH.
YOU ESCAPE VIA THE
EJECTOR SEAT.

I HAVE
SEEN *ALL*
SCENES A
HUNDRED
TIMES.



I HAVE
TRAVELED TO THE FAR
FUTURE WHERE I STOLE
TWO TIME GRENADES.
ONE OF WHICH YOU WILL
STILL NEED.

I HAVE ALL THE
POWERS I COULD
HAVE EVER DREAMED
OF, BUT I AM STILL
A GHOST. I AM
STILL DEAD.

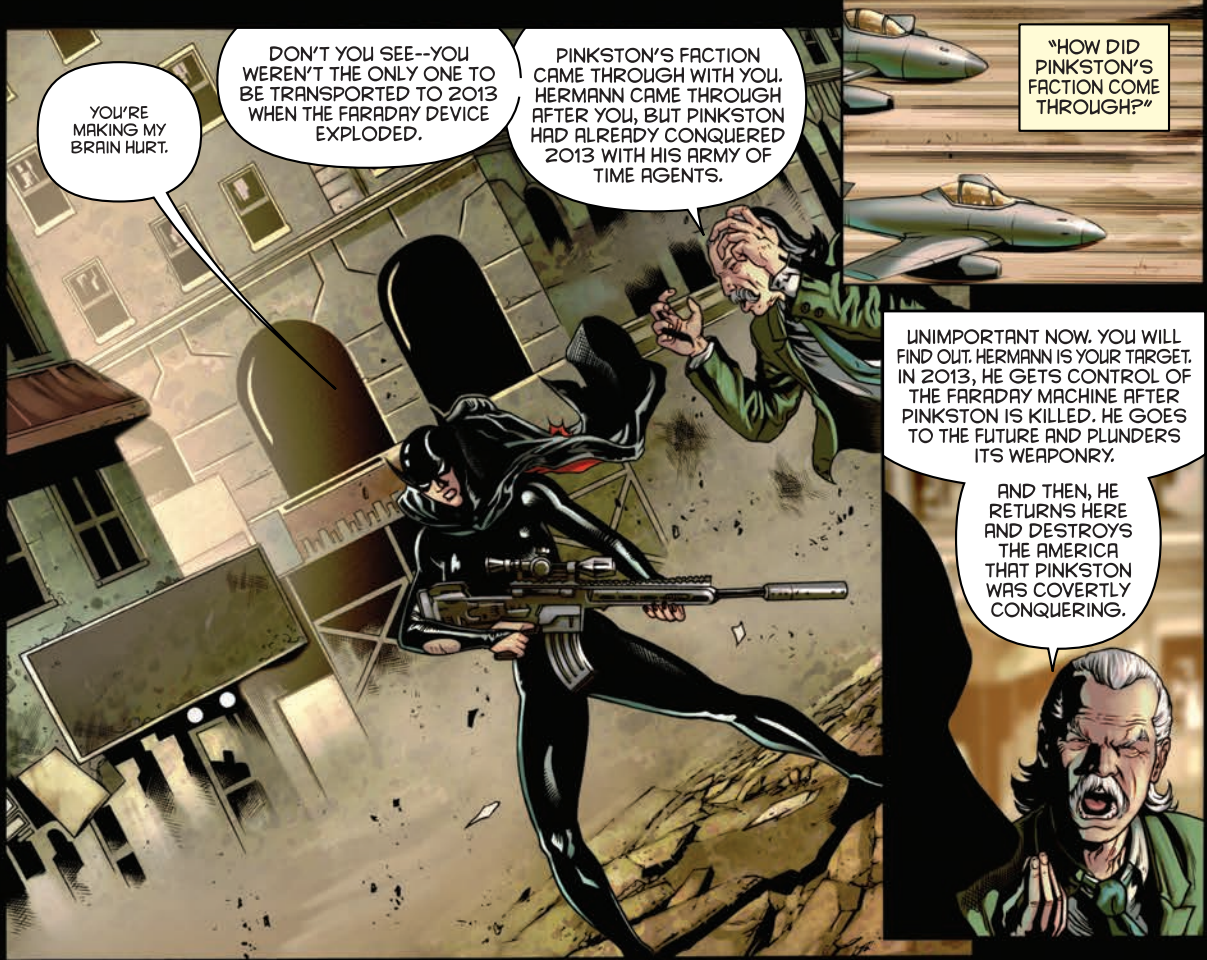


WHEREAS YOU
ARE NOT, MISS DRAKE.
REGARDLESS OF WHAT
YOUR GRIEF MAY HAVE
CONVINCED YOU.

YOU ARE ALIVE
AND CAPABLE OF
EXACTING REVENGE.
MY REVENGE. I WANT
YOU TO TAKE THIS
TIME GRENADE...



"AND I WANT YOU TO
KILL HERMANN FOR ME."



YOU'RE
MAKING MY
BRAIN HURT.

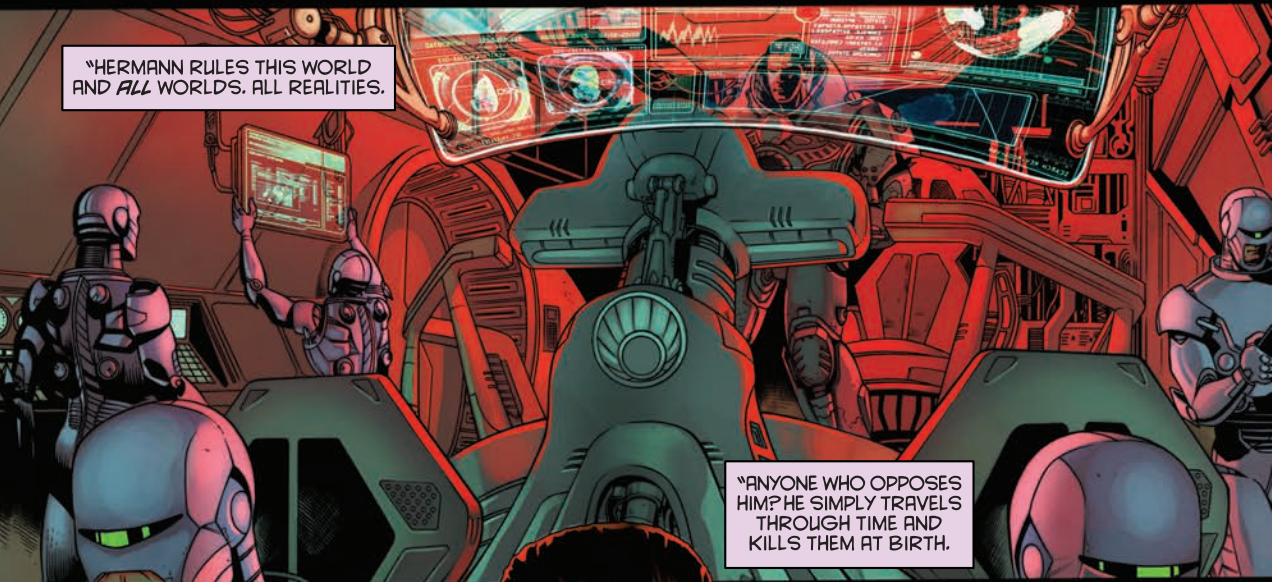
DON'T YOU SEE--YOU
WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE TO
BE TRANSPORTED TO 2013
WHEN THE FARADAY DEVICE
EXPLODED.

PINKSTON'S FACTION
CAME THROUGH WITH YOU.
HERMANN CAME THROUGH
AFTER YOU, BUT PINKSTON
HAD ALREADY CONQUERED
2013 WITH HIS ARMY OF
TIME AGENTS.

"HOW DID
PINKSTON'S
FACTION COME
THROUGH?"

UNIMPORTANT NOW. YOU WILL
FIND OUT. HERMANN IS YOUR TARGET.
IN 2013, HE GETS CONTROL OF
THE FARADAY MACHINE AFTER
PINKSTON IS KILLED. HE GOES
TO THE FUTURE AND PLUNDERS
ITS WEAPONRY.

AND THEN, HE
RETURNS HERE
AND DESTROYS
THE AMERICA
THAT PINKSTON
WAS COVERTLY
CONQUERING.



"HERMANN RULES THIS WORLD
AND *ALL* WORLDS. ALL REALITIES.

"ANYONE WHO OPPOSES
HIM? HE SIMPLY TRAVELS
THROUGH TIME AND
KILLS THEM AT BIRTH.



"HERMANN BECOMES
THE GENOCIDE OF TIME."



BUT
YOU KILLED
PINKSTON
IN 2013.

YOU ALLOWED
HARMON TO GAIN
CONTROL OF THE
TIME MACHINE.

"CERTAIN THINGS
HAVE TO HAPPEN,
MARLA DRAKE.

"I HAVE SEEN THEM HAPPEN ENDLESS
TIMES. I KILL PINKSTON, WE TALK.
YOU SHOOT DOWN THESE FIGHTERS."



THIS OCCURS IN
ORDER TO FACILITATE THE
FINAL CHANCE THERE IS TO
STOP HERMANN'S
ETERNAL REICH.

YOU ARE
THAT FINAL
CHANCE.

IF I
OPPOSE HIM,
HE'LL JUST
TRAVEL BACK
AND KILL ME
AS A BABY,
RIGHT?



"NO. YOU FELL
INTO THE MACHINE.



"YOU ARE THE *ORIGINAL*, THE ONLY ONE ADRIFT
IN THE TIMESTREAM. YOU, HE CANNOT FIND."

SO...

...UP TO
ME TO SAVE
THE WORLD.



PEOPLE ALWAYS SEEM
TO WANT ME TO MURDER
FOR THEM. FOR THE
GREATER GOOD.



HOW GOOD
CAN MURDER BE?

HOW GOOD CAN I EVER BE?



THIS *HAS*
TO HAPPEN?

THAT.



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



SHOOT THE PILOT.
PULL THE EJECTOR
SEAT. BLACK OUT ON
THE ROOFTOP AND
RETURN THROUGH
TIME TO KILL...

I'VE
HAD ENOUGH
OF PEOPLE
CONTROLLING
ME.

AND I'VE
HAD ENOUGH
OF KILLING.



IF I DIE
HERE, THIS
ALL ENDS.

EVERYTHING
ENDS.



NO...
YOU CAN'T!



HERMANN
MURDERED
CAPTAIN
CHANDLER!

HE ALTERED
THE BOMB
MECHANISM
IN THE B25!



"TO FIGHT
FOR SOMETHING, YOU
FIRST HAVE TO CARE
ABOUT SOMETHING."



YOU'LL
FIND IT, MARLA.
WHATEVER IT IS.

YOU'RE
A GOOD
PERSON.

AND
THAT WAS
ENOUGH.



SWITCH.



...WHAT?

...SHE...
SHE TIME
TRAVELED.



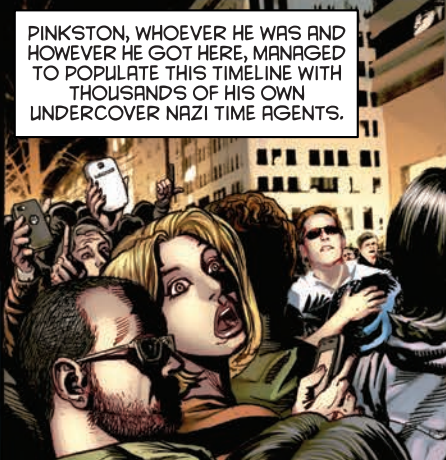
...JUST BY
WISHING IT.

IMPOSSIBLE.

AND I SCREAM THROUGH THE PAST...



IN 2013, I SEE ONE OF THE GREATEST WARSHIPS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN SIT IMPOSSIBLY IN THE MIDDLE OF DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON DC.



PINKSTON, WHOEVER HE WAS AND HOWEVER HE GOT HERE, MANAGED TO POPULATE THIS TIMELINE WITH THOUSANDS OF HIS OWN UNDERCOVER NAZI TIME AGENTS.



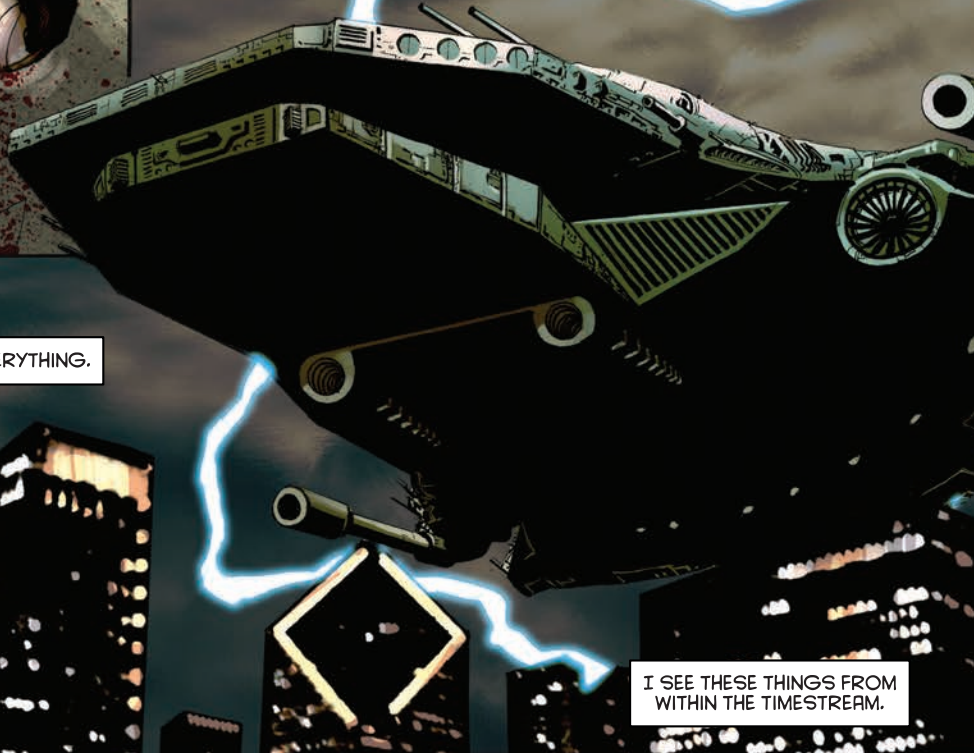
HE WON THIS FRONT OF THE TIME WAR.

RIGHT UP UNTIL THE POINT THAT AN IMPOSSIBLE BATTLESHIP RAN OVER HIS LEGS.

AND THEN, HARMON BRINGS THROUGH HIS MOTHERSHIP..

HE MUST HAVE OWNED THE TIME MACHINE HERE. TAKEN CONTROL OF THIS ERA.

...AND MURDERS EVERYTHING.



I SEE THESE THINGS FROM WITHIN THE TIMESTREAM.



EVIL TRIUMPHANT. AN INFINITELY POWERFUL FORCE.

FAR TOO LATE TO SAVE THIS WORLD.

1943.

BUT NOT TOO
LATE TO SAVE
ANOTHER.





YOU?

BUT I JUST SAW YOU FALL INTO THE MACHINE.



AND I SAW YOU TAKE OVER ALL OF TIME AS SOME KIND OF NAZI SPACE GOD.

IT WASN'T EXACTLY A BROADWAY MUSICAL.



I DO IT?

I... RULE?



YOU KNOW, SOMEONE ONCE TOLD ME THAT I WAS A GOOD PERSON AND, DESPITE WHAT MY HEART TOLD ME...

I BELIEVED HIM.



I'M SICK OF KILLING ON THE ORDERS OF OTHERS. I WON'T KILL AGAIN, NO MATTER WHAT.



...AFTER THIS.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW MOST OF THIS HAS HAPPENED...

BUT I KNOW DEAD WHEN I SEE IT.



THIS... WAS WHO I WAS.

... SPARKLY.

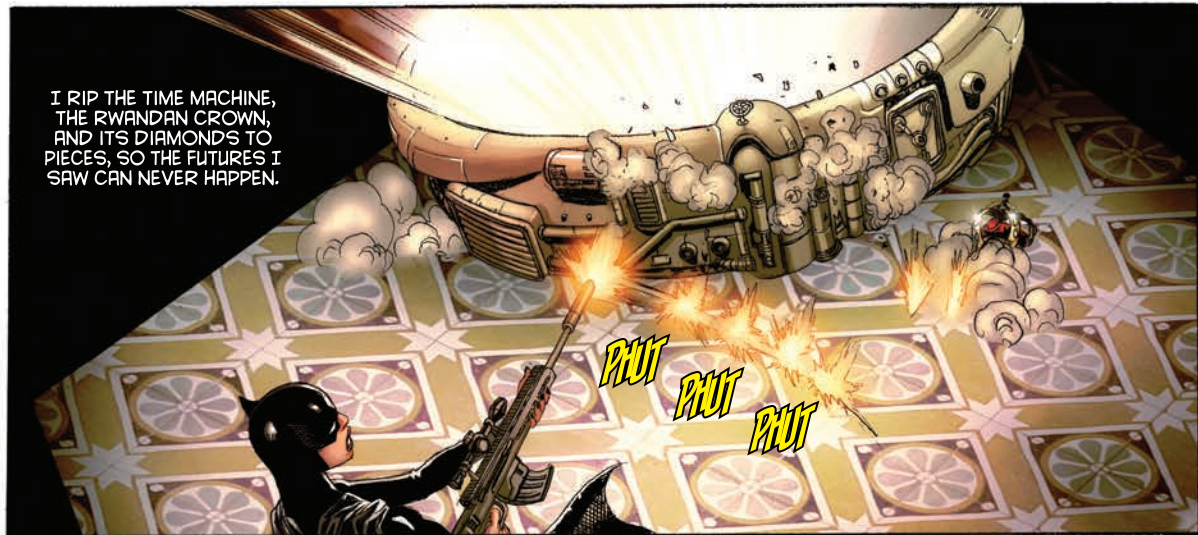


RWWWWWWW...



AAAAAAA!

I RIP THE TIME MACHINE,
THE RWANDAN CROWN,
AND ITS DIAMONDS TO
PIECES, SO THE FUTURES I
SAW CAN NEVER HAPPEN.



TAKING AWAY
MY HOPE OF EVER
SEEING HIM AGAIN.



I'M *NOT* INSANE.



I LOST THE ONLY PERSON
WHO EVER MEANT ANYTHING
TO ME AND, AS A RESULT, I
COULDN'T SEE A FUTURE
THAT WASN'T PURE DEATH.

I AM NO LONGER LOST
IN THE TIMESTREAM. THIS
IS 1943. *MY* TIME. AND I
CAN GRIEVE FOR HIM.

FINALLY.





AND THEN I FEEL IT.



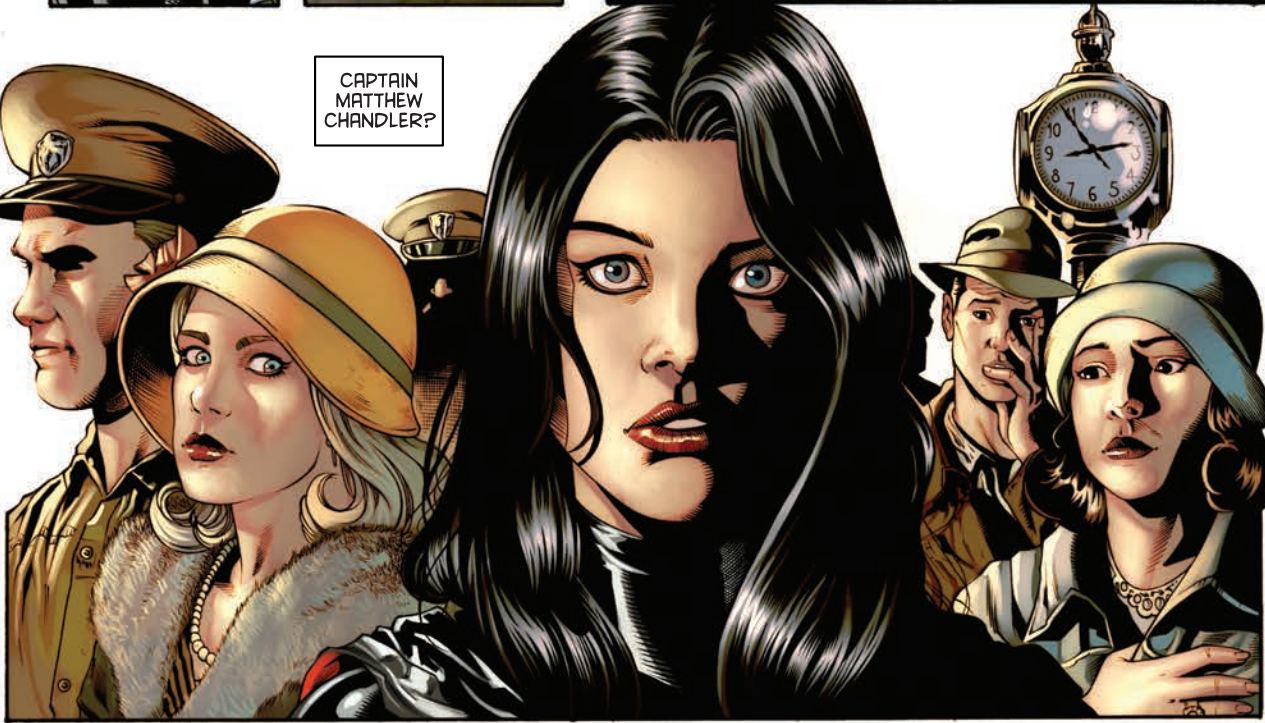
SCHAUBURGER'S
FINAL TIME GRENADE.



1942.

AND I SWITCH.

ONE LAST TIME.

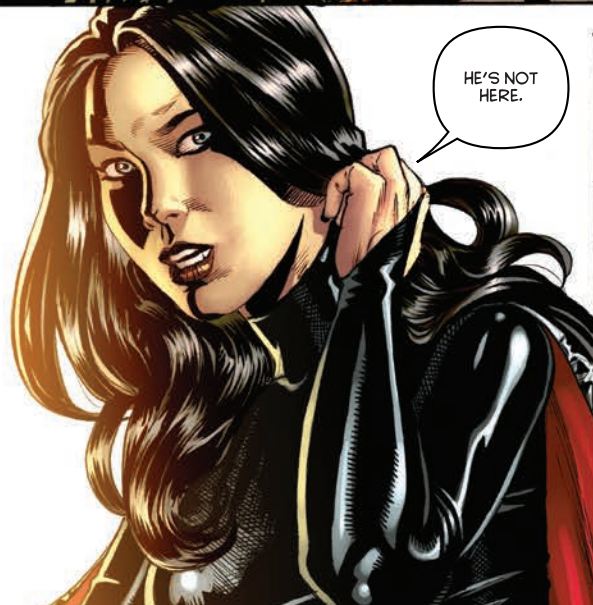


CAPTAIN
MATTHEW
CHANDLER?



THIS IS
THE PLATFORM
WHERE WE SAID
GOODBYE. THE
TRAIN HASN'T
LEFT YET.

HE'LL BE HERE. I'LL BE HERE.





THIS IS THE MOMENT
AND HE'S NOT HERE!

DID...

HE EVEN EXIST?



OH DEAR.
POOR MARLA
DRAKE...

POOR
MISS FURY.

HOW VERY
SAD...

SWITCH.



THE END



ISSUE SIX







THEN
LET HER
COME.

AND THE BITE
OF OUR BLADES
SHALL FATALLY
BLOCK HER
ENTRANCE.

I WANT YOU TO DO
SOMETHING FOR ME...

CLOSE
YOUR EYES.



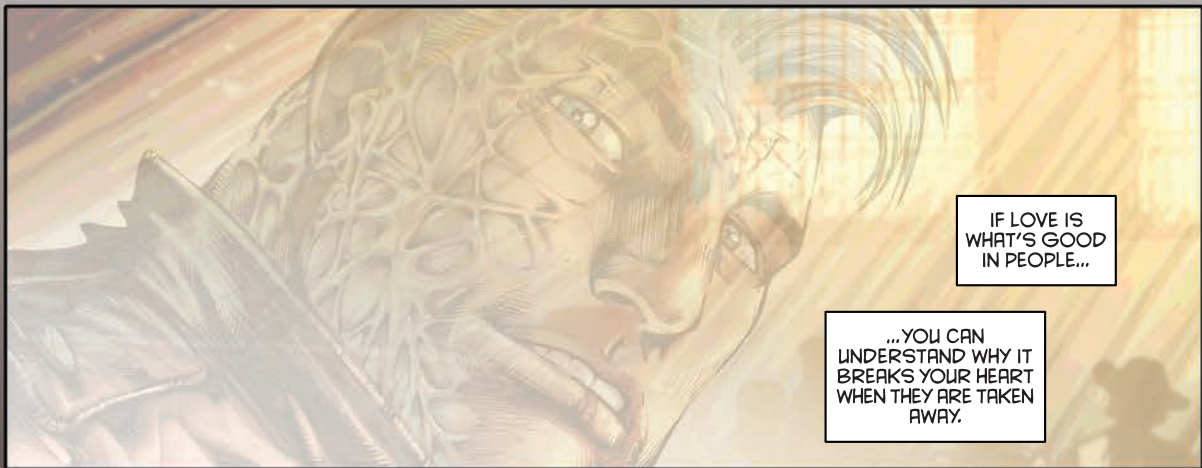
NOW PICTURE THE
FACE OF THE LOVE
OF YOUR LIFE.

DON'T THINK
ABOUT IT.
JUST DO IT.



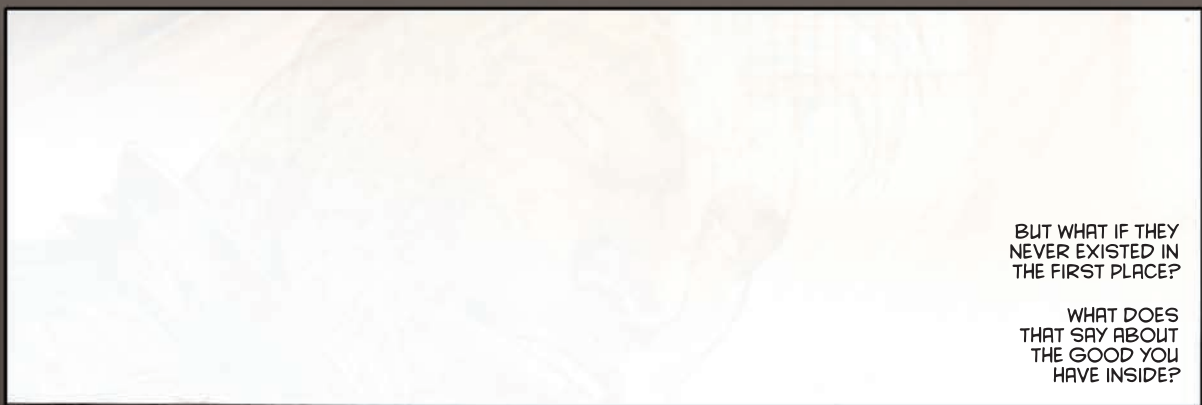
THE ONE PERSON
WHO KNEW YOU
BETTER THAN ANYONE.

WHO SAW STRENGTH IN
YOU WHEN NO-ONE ELSE DID.



IF LOVE IS
WHAT'S GOOD
IN PEOPLE...

...YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND WHY IT
BREAKS YOUR HEART
WHEN THEY ARE TAKEN
AWAY.



BUT WHAT IF THEY
NEVER EXISTED IN
THE FIRST PLACE?

WHAT DOES
THAT SAY ABOUT
THE GOOD YOU
HAVE INSIDE?



CALM
DOWN,
MISS.

...CHANDLER?

YOU WANT
TO COME WITH
US, HONEY?

I DUNNO
WHAT THE
FANCY DRESS
COSTUME'S
ABOUT, BUT...

**GRAND CENTRAL STATION,
NEW YORK CITY, 1943.**



I'M HERE TO
SEE A CAPTAIN
MATTHEW CHANDLER.
AIR FORCE. HE'S MY
FIANCÉ AND HE'S
GETTING ON THIS
TRAIN NOW!

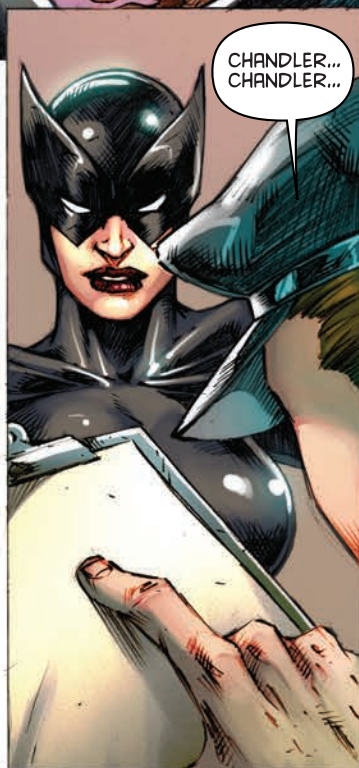
WOAH THERE.
LOT OF PEOPLE
GETTING ON
THESE TRAINS
TODAY.

HE JILT YOU
AT THE CRAZY
ALTER OR
SOMETHIN'?

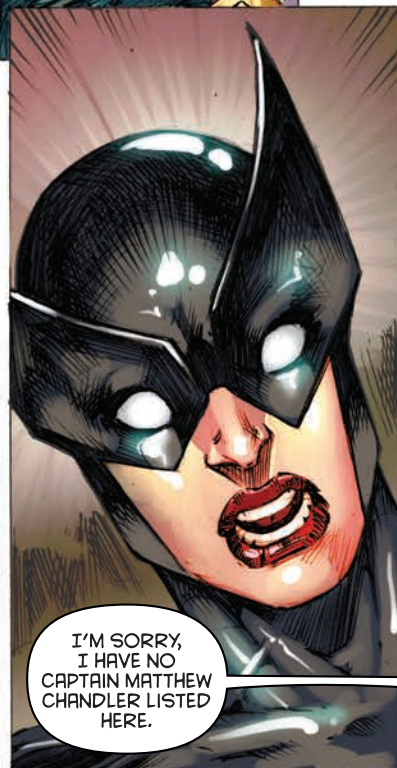


YOU!

CAPTAIN
MATTHEW
CHANDLER,
AIR FORCE!



CHANDLER...
CHANDLER...



I'M SORRY,
I HAVE NO
CAPTAIN MATTHEW
CHANDLER LISTED
HERE.



WHAT?



SCHAUBURGER.



WHERE IS
HER? WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM, YOU
BASTARD!

NNNNN!



MY BRAIN TURNS INSIDE OUT AND
BUZZES LIKE ELECTRICITY ON FIRE
WHEN I SEE HIM. LIKE HE'S AN INSULT
TO THIS REALITY JUST BEING HERE.

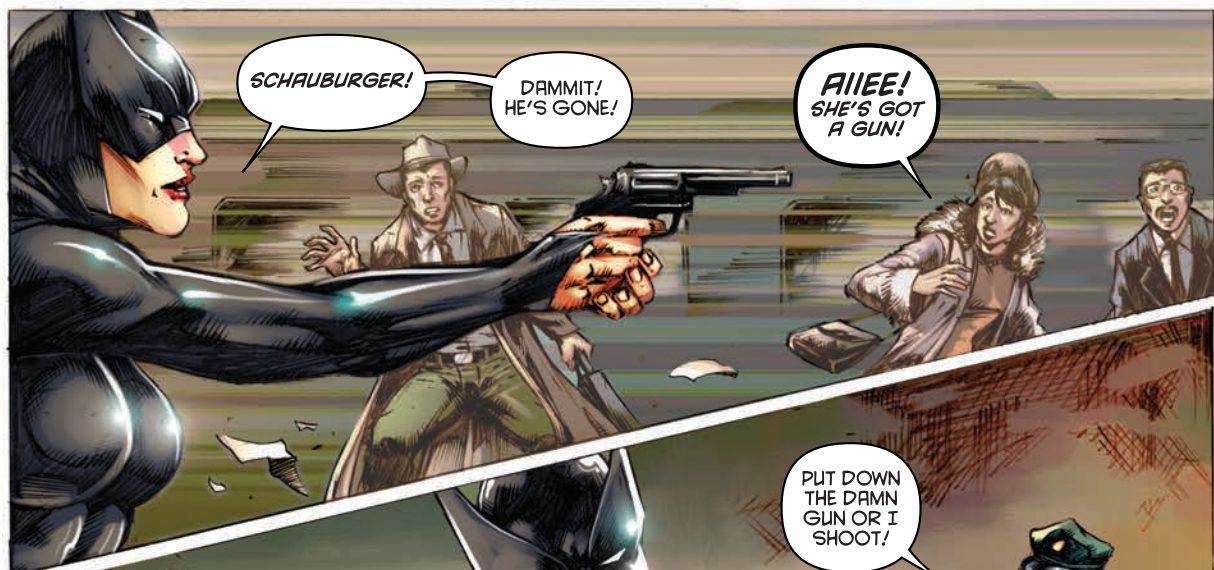


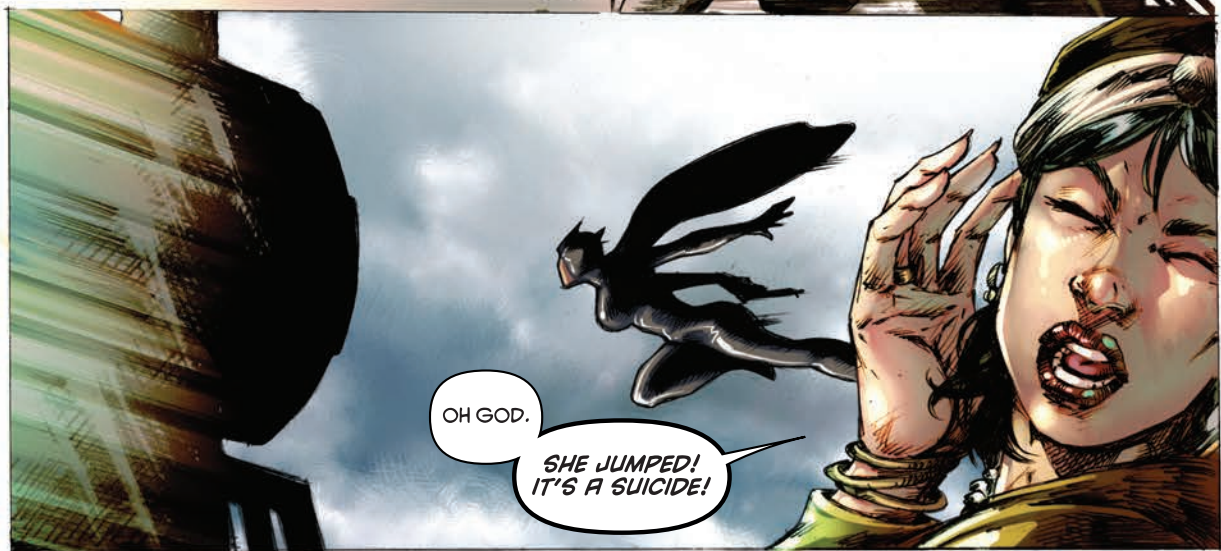
SCHAUBURGER!

AND
NOW SHE'S
SHOUTING
GERMAN
NAMES.

YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST.
COVER HER
DAMN MOUTH--

HEY!







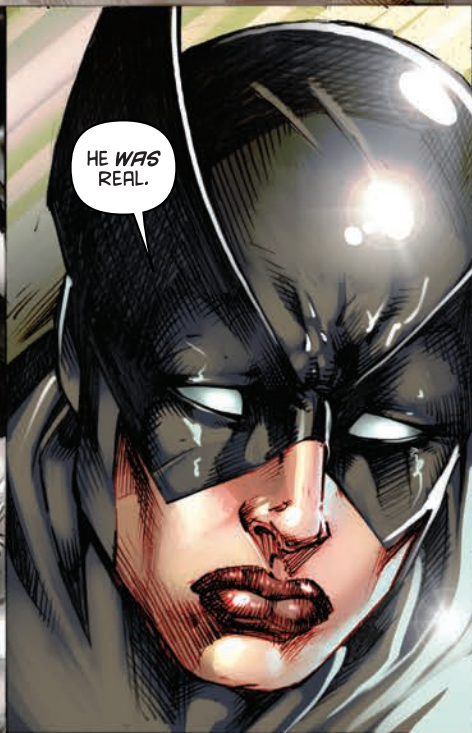
SUICIDE? I USED TO LIKE A SPOT OF SELF-HARMING AS MUCH AS THE NEXT SOLIPSISTIC DIVA, BUT...NO. NOT REALLY MY STYLE.

YOU HAVE TO FEEL TRULY WORTHLESS TO COMMIT SUICIDE.



AND HE MADE ME FEEL WORTHWHILE.

I CAN STILL FEEL HIM...THE PHYSICAL SENSATION OF HIM TOUCHING ME. INSIDE ME.



HE *WAS* REAL.



AND I'M GOING TO FIND HIM.



KRASHH

NO DISPAREN!
NO DISPAREN!
TENGO DINERO!

CHANDLER'S OLD APARTMENT.
THE ONE HE REFUSED TO GIVE UP
DESPITE MY INSULTS REGARDING
SARTORIAL STANDARDS.

DÉCOR'S *COMPLETELY* DIFFERENT
(AND EVEN MORE UNPLEASANT,
REMARKABLY). AND I DON'T RECALL
HIM HAVING A YETI FOR A ROOMMATE.



SORRY
ABOUT THE
DOOR.

ES
HALLOWEEN?

HE NEVER
RENTED IT.



HE WAS
NEVER HERE...

I'M EXHAUSTED. NEED
SOME FOOD AND A
CHANGE OF CLOTHES.
NEED HOME.

AND THEN
I SEE IT.

AND ANOTHER
WORLD OPENS UP
TO SWALLOW ME.

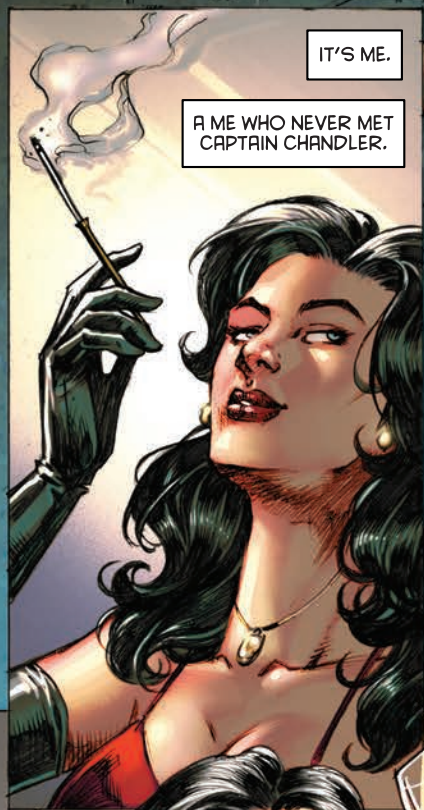




A WORLD OF
MIRRORS AND
MADNESS...

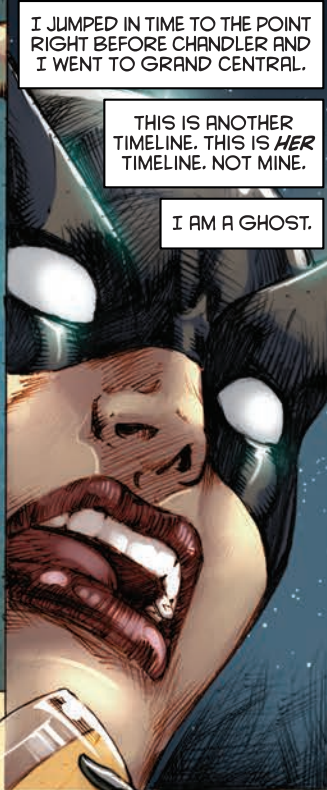
HEY, LOOK.
IT'S MARLA
DRAKE.

IN HER
SALUBRIOUS
UPTOWN
MANHATTAN
PENTHOUSE.



IT'S ME.

A ME WHO NEVER MET
CAPTAIN CHANDLER.



I JUMPED IN TIME TO THE POINT
RIGHT BEFORE CHANDLER AND
I WENT TO GRAND CENTRAL.

THIS IS ANOTHER
TIMELINE. THIS IS *HER*
TIMELINE. NOT MINE.

I AM A GHOST.



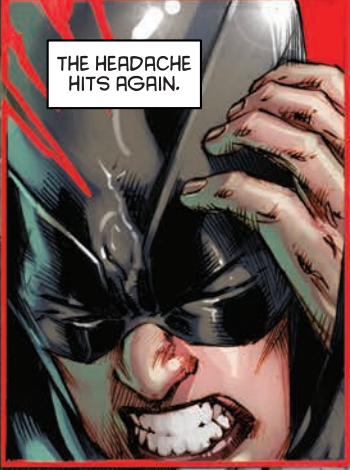
AND THEN
SOMETHING
VERY STRANGE
HAPPENS.

SHE... LOOKS
UP... I LOOK UP.



AND SHE
SPOTS ME.

AND THE SMUG
BITCH SMILES.



THE HEADACHE
HITS AGAIN.



THE LEGACY OF TIME
TRAVEL SPLITTING MY
SKULL OPEN LIKE RUSTY
SCISSORS OPERATING
ON A THRASHING
MENTAL PATIENT.

IT REMINDS
ME WHO I AM.

I'M MARLA DRAKE, IN THIS
WORLD AND MY OWN. I AM
THE DAUGHTER OF REGINALD
DRAKE, ONE OF THE RICHEST
DEAD MEN IN MANHATTAN.

I HAVE INFLUENCE AND
POWER AND AN ASS MOST
WOMEN WOULD KILL THEIR
CHILDREN FOR.

IT'S PAST TIME I
USED THESE THINGS.

HELLO,
MARCUS.



Muh... MARLA...
WHAT ARE YOU...
WEARING?

ON MY WAY TO A
WILD PARTY, MARCUS.
I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE TO JOIN
ME. RIGHT NOW.

MARCUS LIVERMORE, STOCK BROKER. SUBLIME WITH
NUMBERS, BAD WITH EVERYTHING ELSE. OLD MONEY FAMILY.
HAS WANTED ME FOR YEARS BUT... WELL, LOOK AT HIM.



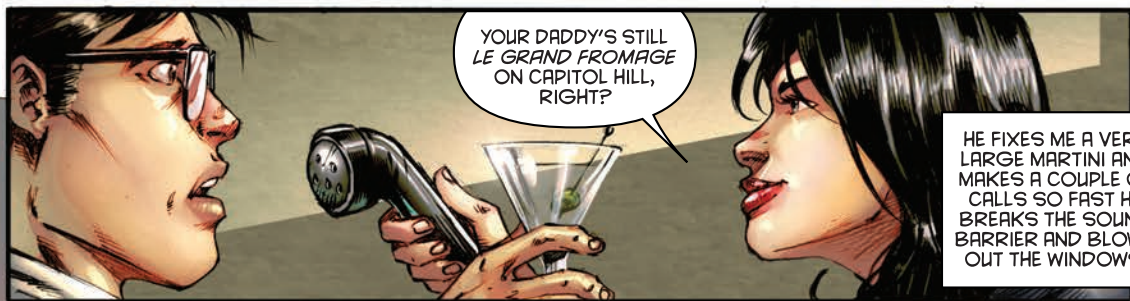
REALLY?
WHAT WOULD
I WEAR?

I DON'T KNOW.
SOMETHING ADVENTUROUS.
WHY DON'T YOU USE YOUR...
IMAGINATION.



I NEED
JUST ONE
THING FROM
YOU... BEFORE
WE CAN GO.





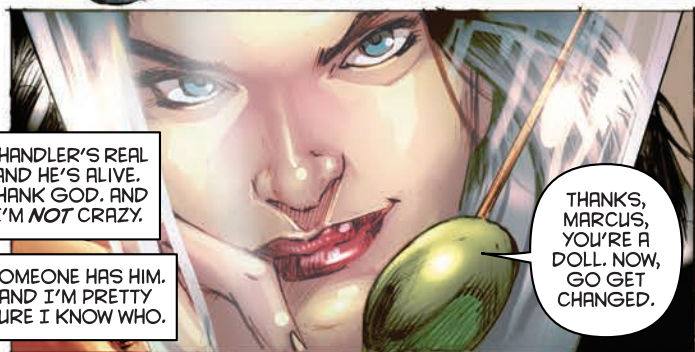
YOUR DADDY'S STILL
LE GRAND FROMAGE
ON CAPITOL HILL,
RIGHT?

HE FIXES ME A VERY
LARGE MARTINI AND
MAKES A COUPLE OF
CALLS SO FAST HE
BREAKS THE SOUND
BARRIER AND BLOWS
OUT THE WINDOWS.



MATTHEW
CHANDLER,
AIR FORCE.

MISSING, PRESUMED
AWOL. DISAPPEARED
FROM RAF FAIRFORD
IN ENGLAND THIRTEEN
MONTHS AGO.



CHANDLER'S REAL
AND HE'S ALIVE.
THANK GOD. AND
I'M *NOT* CRAZY.

SOMEONE HAS HIM.
AND I'M PRETTY
SURE I KNOW WHO.

THANKS,
MARCUS,
YOU'RE A
DOLL. NOW,
GO GET
CHANGED.



DRESS
FOR THE
PART.



Uh...
MARLA...

IS THIS
THE SORT OF
ADVENTUROUS
THING YOU HAD
IN MIND?



...MARLA?



PEACE...

IT'S NOT
SOMETHING
I'VE EVER
EXPERIENCED
MUCH OF.

BUT UP HERE, AWAY
FROM EVERYONE
AND EVERYTHING...

FUNNY HOW THE FURTHER AWAY YOU GET FROM
HUMAN BEINGS, THE MORE OF IT YOU FIND.

I HAVE TRAVELED
THROUGH TIME. I
RECOGNIZE THE MENTAL
STATIC OF THIS.

WHEN SOMETHING
THAT SHOULD NOT BE
IN A PLACE IS THERE...

THE
HEADACHES...

HARMON OR SCHAUBURGER
PLUCKED CHANDLER FROM OUT
OF THE TIMESTREAM. HAS TO BE.

I KILLED HARMON IN THE
MUSEUM, SO ODDS ARE
SLIGHTLY AGAINST HIM,
BUT...WITH TIME TRAVEL,
WHO THE HELL KNOWS.

SCHAUBURGER WAS AT
GRAND CENTRAL, THE
PLACE AND TIME WHERE
CHANDLER LEFT ME.

SO, BOOKIES' FAVORITE
GOES TO THE CREEPY AND
BITTER NAZI TIMEGHOST.

THE MORE YOU TIME TRAVEL,
THE MORE YOU REALIZE THAT ALL
PLACES, ALL TIMES, EXIST IN THE
SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME.

IF YOU CONTROL THIS, YOU
CAN OPEN DOORS AT A WHIM. YOU
CAN SENSE WHERE THESE DOORS
ARE IN EVERYDAY PLACE...

USE THE HEADACHE,
MARLA. FOLLOW IT. LOOK
AROUND THE CITY.

FIND THE DOORS TO
OTHER WORLDS THAT
SIT ALL AROUND US.



AND THEN
REALITY EXPLODES.

I WILL WEAR YOUR
GUT-FLESH AS A TUNIC
AND VIGOROUSLY LAY
WITH YOUR SEPARATED
LOWER HALF.



AREN'T WE
QUITE THE
SMOOTH
TALKER.









IT IS...
DONE...



YEAH...IT
REALLY IS...



MATTHEW?

IT'S
MARLA...



...I
FOUND
YOU.

NO, YOU
HAVEN'T...



AT
LEAST...NOT
QUITE YET.



NNNAAAAA!

THUNK



I SEE YOUR VOW TO NOT KILL AGAIN HAS LASTED.

YOU ARE A WOMAN OF IRON WILL, MARLA DRAKE.

AND THE ALREADY DEAD CANNOT DIE. I TOLD YOU THIS.

WHERE IS HE, YOU EVIL [REDACTED]?



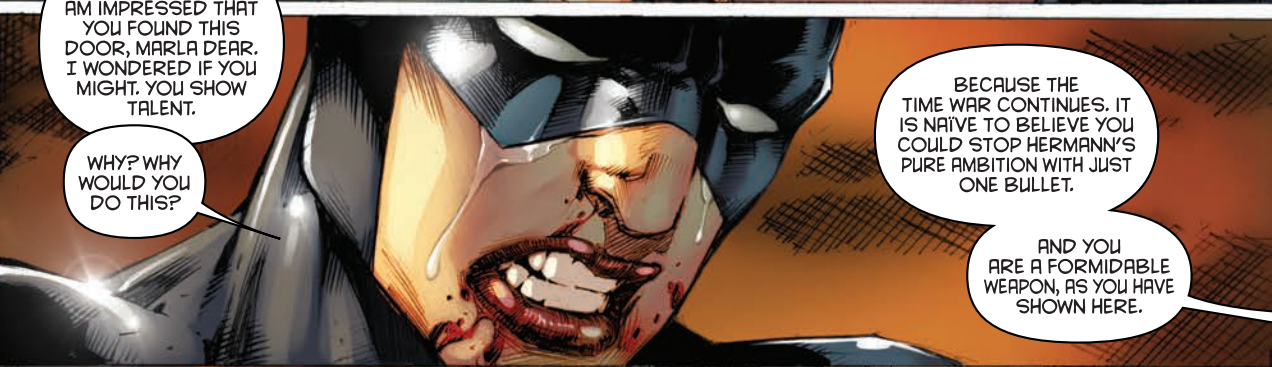
I HAVE DEPOSITED YOUR DEAR CAPTAIN CHANDLER SOMEWHERE IN TIME. SOMEWHERE OUT OF YOUR REACH. INFINITE POSSIBILITIES.

ALTHOUGH, I AM IMPRESSED THAT YOU FOUND THIS DOOR, MARLA DEAR. I WONDERED IF YOU MIGHT. YOU SHOW TALENT.

WHY? WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS?

BECAUSE THE TIME WAR CONTINUES. IT IS NAÏVE TO BELIEVE YOU COULD STOP HERMANN'S PURE AMBITION WITH JUST ONE BULLET.

AND YOU ARE A FORMIDABLE WEAPON, AS YOU HAVE SHOWN HERE.



YOU WILL FIGHT FOR ME. OR YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR LOVE AGAIN.

AND, PLEASE, MISS FURY, WHEN YOU DO LOOK BACK ON ALL THIS, ATTEMPT TO SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE...



AT LEAST YOU KNOW THAT HE WAS REAL.

THE END



MISS FURY #1
WRITTEN BY ROB WILLIAMS

Page One (Five Page-wide Panels)

Panel One

A three-panel incremental sequence to open. Massively tight close up on Miss Fury's face – she's in full costume here – but the mask is slightly ripped and she's plainly in the middle of a huge battle. Her teeth are gritted and she's lost in rage and, yes, fury. Slashing her claws across the face and neck of one goon. Blood splatter flies through the air from the damage she's doing to someone. She's fighting four goons here – '40s G-Men types in suits and fedoras with knives and handguns. Don't worry about establishing them or the room. This is all about a close-up on Miss Fury and her incredible fucking RAGE. She's called Miss Fury for a reason and we're going to get to the heart of that in this story. BTW – if this were a movie Miss Fury is played by Olivia Munn from The Newsroom. Plenty of reference here:

<http://www.imdb.com/media/rm1247652352/nm1601397> In terms of setting, this is all taking place on a Manhattan rooftop at night, but we'll establish that on page two. For now, just go in tight on her and get tighter. Miss Fury is in her main outfit – it's a skin-tight black catsuit with a small red cape. Plenty of reference here: <http://tinyurl.com/cmhnsc> **Let's largely stick to the original but with a couple of amends – let's lose the cat ears. She's already way too close to Catwoman. Similar for the cat's tail. Let's lose that. I think the small red cape helps distance the look from Catwoman too, so keep that.**

CAPTION: “Everyone is doing themselves a weak and cowardly disservice if they don't ask themselves this question...”

Panel Two

Same sequence but even closer in here on Miss Fury's face. If she looked angry last panel she's even angrier here. She's not trying to win a fight, she's lost in red mist. She wants to fucking HURT these people. She wants to hurt everything and everyone. The blood splatter hits her face here. Hitting across her cheek and the edge of her mouth. She lets fly another hit – blood on her claws - as on one of the G-Men grabs her round the shoulders from behind.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Cut to different scene. Close up on female hands holding a 1940s telegram from Western Union – ‘we regret to inform you...’ the type of telegram sent to people who've lost loved ones in the war, Reference here <http://tinyurl.com/cf4sj65>

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Four

Back to the angry sequence but even closer in on her face here. Her rage even HIGHER. The blood's on the edge of her lips, like she's a vampire. She's lost in the rage. Reaching behind her to claw at the eyes of the guy who's grabbed her. Three things should be apparent here – 1) she's incredible badass and a fearsome fighter. 2) She's got serious anger management issues. 3) This is no quippy do-gooder. This is an extremely troubled individual.

CAPTION: “What are YOU angry about?”

Panel Five

The guy she's been attacking – deep slash marks across his face – much blood - looks up at ‘us’/her – fear in his eyes. Pleading! MERCY!

GOON: Please...

GOON: ... don't.

Page Two (Six Panels)

Panel One

Pullback now so we get some context. The 1940s Midtown Manhattan rooftop (this is the museum of natural hoistory, so a beautiful stonework rooftop) at night. Beautiful moonlight shining down, lighting this scene. Empire State Building shining in the background etc. Miss Fury slashes her claws right across the throat of the pleading goon. Ripping his throat out. The other goon – big guy – has his arm around her throat, she's already reaching up to deal with him next. Three other goons are nearby – one is coming in with a knife, one has a luger pistol fitted with a silencer. They're all wearing suits and fedoras. NB – there's a skylight on the roof behind this fight, we'll go crashing through that soon enough. These goons are Nazi agents, as we'll soon see.

LOCATOR: 1943.

FX: SLASSSH!

THROAT RIP GOON: Ack.

Panel Two

Miss Fury reaches up and stabs her claws into the eyes of the goon who had her round the neck. Nasty.

FX: PHLOKK!

GOON: AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Panel Three

The goon with the Luger/silencer fires it twice at 'us'/Miss Fury. She's reached over with both hands and grabbed the collars of the now-blind goon.

FX: THONK!!

FX: THONK!!

Panel Four

Miss Fury, with incredible strength and dexterity pulls the now-blind guy right over her head so he comes crashing over her and the bullets pound into him instead.

FX: THONK!!

FX: THONK!!

Panel Five

Miss Fury throws the now dead goon right at the guy with the Luger – amazing strength!

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Six

The remaining goon throws that big old knife with amazing skill right at Miss Fury – its blade whizzing right through the air towards 'us'. It looks utterly sharp and deadly.

FX: WHOOOOSH!!!

Page Three (Six Panels)

Panel One

Miss Fury acrobatically grabs the knife from mid-air with phenomenal dexterity, seemingly just barely touching it with her fingertips – she's already turning – going to use the momentum of the knife and send it back.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Two

She sends it back and it thunks right into the forehead of the goon with the Luger and the silencer. Deadly.

FX: THUNK!!!

Panel Three

The goon who did have the knife now looks on, terrified, running his options in a mental panic – no weapons left. He's edging backwards to the edge of the roof. In the foreground of the shot, very calmly, Miss Fury coolly kneels down to pick up the luger from the dead goon.

GOON: Ah...

GOON: Ah...

MISS FURY: You know, a really good distraction in the maelstrom of Midtown Midtown is SO difficult to come by these days.

Panel Four

Miss Fury, looking sensational and cool in the moonlight, points the luger with the silencer, right at 'us'. And fires it.

MISS FURY: Jump.

MISS FURY: Please.

FX: THONK!

Panel Five

The goon, bug eyed, sweating and terrified, right on the edge of the building, stares at us in shock as his right knee explodes as the bullet hits it.

MISS FURY (o/s): And here's your incentive.

FX: THONK!

Panel Six

We're below the building as the goon falls/jumps off the edge, into mid-air. A lethal fall, this. The building is the American Museum Of Natural History. Plenty of reference here <http://tinyurl.com/c7jw7hr> Man frozen in mid-air, plainly falling to his death.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Four (Six Panels)

Panel One

Miss Fury stands on the edge of the building, looking down, that luger in her hand, admiring her handiwork.

SCHAUBERGER (from behind her): Death cannot stop us. We are more powerful than that...

Panel Two

Miss Fury whirls around but a brief blast of machine gun fire hits the luger out of her hand. For the first time she's out of her comfort zone.

FX: BRAAAPPPP!!

MISS FURY: AH!

Panel Three

Standing on the roof in front of her is a strange old man in suit and fedora. Far older, thinner and STRANGER than the goons thus far. Pure white hair. He's early 70s but somehow looks older, face lined like he's smoked 200 cigarettes a day his entire adult life. He holds a machine gun, pointing at her. And there's intelligence and madness in his eyes. This is a key player in our story. A nazi scientist named Schauberger.

SCHAUBERGER: Death, by definition, is finite. We are not finite.

SCHAUBERGER: Time is a lie. We are told that it overpowers us but WE are its masters. We will conquer this land in both times.

Panel Four

Same panel/angle but Schauberger flickers weirdly, like he's here but not. Pixelates round the edges slightly. What the hell is this? Is he a ghost, a hologram? No, he's still physically here, but part of him suddenly... isn't. Like he's trapped in time.

SCHAUBERGER: We HAVE conquered it in both times.

Panel Five

Miss Fury, looking confused/worried here. He's got her dead-to-rights.

SCHAUBERGER (o/s): It has bent to the Fuhrer's will.

SCHAUBERGER (o/s): And he will bend to mine.

Panel Six

Close up on Schauberger here, and the creepy old fuck smiles a knowing smile.

SCHAUBERGER: The machine is ready. Goodbye, Miss Drake. Enjoy your journey and ask yourself this...

SCHAUBERGER: Who, exactly, are you REALLY being asked to kill? And by whom?

Page Five (Five Panels)

Panel One

Schauberger is suddenly shot through the head from someone off panel. He pixelates again ever so slightly as this occurs. But there's no doubting the physical presence he has to be shot through the brain this way.

FX: BANG!!

Panel Two

Miss Fury, shocked, looks up and sees a CIA/OSS agent holding a smoking revolver. He's a mid-thirties, manly, square-jawed type. Good looking, confident. Think Don Draper/Jon Hamm from Mad Men. Wearing a fedora and suit. This is HARMON. He smiles at her.

HARMON: Nazi agents in New York City.

HARMON: Right in the heart of America.

HARMON: Makes you kind of sick, don't it?

Panel Three

Harmon kneels and checks Schauberger's pulse on the floor, holding out his OSS badge to show Miss Fury in the process, Miss Fury in the background. Schauberger is quite dead, eyes open. Miss Fury approaches, behind. She's unreadable.

HARMON: Name's Harmon. OSS. I've been tracking this group but they gave me the slip.
HARMON: Glad to see that there's ordinary citizens able to protect America too.
HARMON: Well, I say ordinary...

Panel Four

He looks up at Miss Fury, smiling at her (they're on the same side!).

HARMON: You're one of those new costume adventurers, right?
HARMON: Wadda they call you? Superheroes?

Panel Five

Miss Fury slashes/smashes Harmon across the face with a HUGE hit that'll draw blood, knock him out and seriously mark him. And the look on her face here is just plain mean.

MISS FURY: I'm NOT a superhero.

FX: THWAKKKKKK!!!!

Page Six (Five Panels)

Panel One

Pull back for a wide shot. Miss Fury has the roof to herself. Everyone dead or unconscious and bleeding. She looks over to the side to the skylight we established earlier, and it's aglow. Loads of light streaming out of the room below, a huge amount of light. Unnatural amount. This gets her attention.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Two

We're below the skylight now, looking up out of it. Miss Fury looks down at 'us', leaning on the skylight for a better look. The incredible light shining up.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Close-up on Miss Fury's face. Shock, amazement, wonder. Light engulfing her, flooding up from below. We're still below the skylight though, and the glass is starting to shatter. Lots of little cracks on the glass. This looks like Miss Fury's face/her mind is cracking.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Four

Repeat of the telegram panel from page one, panel three.

MISS FURY CAPTION: "Time..."

Panel Five

The glass on the skylight shatters and Miss Fury comes crashing through it, falling down into the source of the light below.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Seven (Four Panels)

Panel One

Cut to, in the middle of an astonishing burning flame – the source of this light – an African crown with six huge diamonds in it. The light is burning through and out of those diamonds. We'll pull back in a second for context.

MISS FURY CAPTION: “... such a PRECIOUS thing.”

Panel Two

Miss Fury falling down into the light here, shattered glass around her, and, in her panic, she reaches out towards and for that African crown – the thing she came here to steal, as we’ll see. The character’s drive appears to be riches, but actually it’s time, as we’ll see. A wish for times past and lost.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Pull back now for a wide shot of the room, Miss Fury falling down from the ceiling – and she’s falling down into the incredible light that is emanating from a very strange looking piece of machinery.

Disappearing into the light. This is a ‘40s style mad Nazi tech Faraday Machine. A TIME MACHINE, effectively. Go crazy with the mad period tech here. At its heart is the crown and the diamonds, which are powering it. The light its creating is, in fact, a portal. NB – the machine sits at the heart of a large museum room, which we’ll return to later. Plenty of ancient artefacts in displays around the room. Time is a theme in this room.

CAPTION: “Time...”

Panel Four

Thin, page-wide black panel.

CAPTION: “...switch.”

Page Eight (Five Panels)

Panel One

Cut to daylight. Close-up on Miss Fury in costume, unharmed, on top of a skyscraper in Manhattan. But this is 2013 Manhattan as we’ll see. She’s lying down in sniper pose (we’ll pull back to show her rifle in a second). She looks like she’s woken with a jolt here. Shock on her face. Like she’s been startled out of a dream.

MISS FURY: Huh?

Panel Two

Pull back now and we see that, on a tripod in front of her, is the MOTHER of hi-tech 21st century sniper rifles. Incredible size on this thing, crazy barrel. Think Sienkiewicz Elektra-ish. Don’t be afraid to make this thing OTT and oversized. It looks like it could take out an elephant from a mile away. Miss Fury looks at the gun in confusion and shock. In her costume and with this gun she looks like an amazing sleek assassin.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

She gets to her feet, slowly, stunned, looking around. Confusion.

MISS FURY: What the...

Panel Four

Large panel. Pull back for a widescreen shot now, we’re behind Miss Fury as she looks out at the skyline of 21st century, modern-day Manhattan. She’s in the future here, as far as she’s concerned, and has no clue how she got here.

MISS FURY: ... hell?

Panel Five

Small, thin black panel again.

LOCATOR: SWITCH.

Page Nine (Splash Page)

Cut to a new scene. 1943. Side on shot Miss Fury, naked in a salubrious bubble bath – and it's a huge art deco bath that only the very rich could afford. The bubbles cover her to an extent, although one leg's stretched out of the bath, the other's playing with the ornate taps. NB – she's wearing long silk gloves that go up to her elbows,, which makes no sense in the bath but we'll reveal why. She's reading a newspaper (and it's a 1943 newspaper). She's beautiful, aloof and aristocratic-looking. Long black hair tied up. Again, go to Olivia Munn for reference. The bath sits in the middle of huge room in a millionaire's apartment in Manhattan, steam rising from it. Oak wood floorboards that shine, they're so well kept. Moneyed paintings on the wall, a candelabra hangs from the centre of the ceiling. Everything in this room says money and luxury. Everything plays as the polar opposite of the dialogue. If people are out there dying and suffering due to World War 2, it's not apparent here. And, what's more, she doesn't give a fuck. She is utterly cocky and confident. If page one said anger, this image says complete nonchalance.

LOCATOR: 1943.

MISS FURY CAPTION: "There's a war on you know."

MISS FURY CAPTION: "It's a terrible business."

Page Ten (Six Panels)

Panel One

Close-up on Miss Fury's eyes. Her face sweaty from the bath heat. Reading.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Two

Now we see the front cover of the paper she's reading: THE NEW YORK POST (it's the NY Times but we're changing the title for legal reasons). Reference: <http://tinyurl.com/cjxwfhq> Same headline too - ROOSEVELT, CHURCHILL MAP 1943 WAR STRATEGY etc.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Back to Miss Fury's eyes, and she rolls them. Bored.

MISS FURY: Booooring.

Panel Four

Back to the newspaper but a small story, halfway down and to the left. The headline reads: RWANDAN DIAMOND CROWN COMES TO AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Five

Close-up on the eyes. She likes this.

MISS FURY: Not boring.

MISS FURY: Sparkly.

Panel Six

A few moments later, with her back to us and soap suds dripping down her (she looks sensational), she walks away from the bath, leaving wet foot marks behind her. An effete-haughty-looking plainly furiously gay butler in his early sixties, averting his eyes (he's well trained) holds out a towel for her to take.

MISS FURY: Prepare my prettiest outfit, please.

MISS FURY: BOTH my prettiest outfits.

Page Eleven (Five panels)

Panel One

Out on the sidewalk. Miss Fury in a SENSATIONAL high society dress with gloves going up to her elbows (that cover her lower arms) diamond necklace (why does she need to steal a diamond crown? That's the question here) walks to enter the back of her pure white limousine – the door held open by the same butler. It's a Rolls Royce, obviously. Ref: <http://tinyurl.com/cyp5td4> People on the sidewalk look and stare – she looks sensational, she reeks of money in tough times.

CAPTION: “My name is Marla Drake...”

CAPTION: “I am one of the wealthiest women in Manhattan and I have the occasional penchant for high-end robbery.”

Panel Two

Aerial shot now as we look down on that limo as it drives through the streets of Midtown Manhattan. It stands out, being white and amazing. The streets are as busy as ever – the city full of life and lights. Plenty of amazing reference pics here: <http://tinyurl.com/cqrhuy8> The Roller is getting snarled up in traffic here, some drunken revellers spilling into the roads from the sidewalk.

CAPTION: “A Midtown girl will have her peccadilloes.”

Panel Three

Miss Fury in the back of the limo, gazing out at the lights of Times Square as they pass. She looks bored.

CAPTION: “A life of privilege and riches inherited is a flickering, sensual and glamorous thing.”

CAPTION: “But, where are the challenges?”

Panel Four

Close-up on her now, and she's troubled. But this is more than boredom. There's depression here.

CAPTION: “Where is the...”

Panel Five

We're in the back of the car now, looking up at her as she gazes up out of the window. One of those sleeves has rolled down and we can see self-inflicted cuts and claw marks on her lower arms. She's a self-harmer. And they're deep too. No cry for help, these.

CAPTION: “...substance?”

Page Twelve (Six panels)

Panel One

Out on the busy street as she drives along. Lots of people on the sidewalks. In the middle of them. And the middle of our panel - Schauburger stands there, smiling at 'us' in his evil, creepy, way. Like he knows what's coming.

CAPTION: "In a world of dull comfort the only truly sane thing to do is dress in an African black leopardskin costume and make your own fun..."

Panel Two

Same panel but Schauburger has disappeared. Like he was never there.

CAPTION: "Hmmm..."

CAPTION: "... strange."

Panel Three

Miss Fury in the back of the limo now, lost in thought.

CAPTION: "It was on my trip to Kenya, my present from daddy on my 21st birthday, that my 'alter ego' first presented itself."

CAPTION: "Another identity..."

Panel Four

Cut to a campfire at night in the Masai Mara. A hunky, manly late-thirties western white hunter type – Tyron Woodrell - shielding a seemingly terrified Miss Fury (in impeccable safari garb etc) as a huge bull elephant approaches them and angrily stomps its feet at them. He has a large hunting shotgun in his hands. She's playing the part of the terrified heroine. He the gallant hero. Very clichéd and stereotypical, this image. Think a young Oliver Reed for Woodrell.

CAPTION: "Daddy had hired the legendary and oh-so-gallant English aristocratic adventurer Tyron Woodrell to be my guide across the Savannah."

CAPTION: "Such adventures we had!"

Panel Five

Cut to Woodrell being a right shit to some Masai men who are carrying their gear, hitting one small Masai tribesman his shotgun belt right across the jaw, knocking out teeth. The man's plainly an enormous bully. Miss Fury looks on.

CAPTION: "Unfortunately the only thing Woodrell liked more than the endless sound of his tire some tales of personal glory was bullying and brutalising our Masai Safari helpers."

CAPTION: "He beat one boy to-death for accidentally dropping and losing one of the myriad elephant tusks he had taken as his prize."

Panel Six

Woodrell, oppressively coming onto Miss Fury here against a tree – his strong arm barring her way from leaving. Smug smile on his face. Very drunk. She plainly finds him rather disgusting.

CAPTION: "The Masai helpers rather tired of his company from that point on."

CAPTION: "As did I of his increasingly numerous whiskey-soaked advances..."

Page Thirteen (Five panels)

Panel One

Cut to Woodrell tied to a wooden stake, panic written on his face as a pack of hungry, slavering hyenas approach him. He's been left as dinner.

CAPTION: "After that a mutual agreement was made that I would press on with the Masai and Woodrell would be free to enjoy the African plains at his leisure."

CAPTION: "I helped agree an appropriate severance package and thanked him for his service."

CAPTION: "There were no hard feelings."

Panel Two

As the Masai group and Miss Fury walk through the bush, she exchanges a glance with a tall, hunky, muscled Masai tribesman. Sexual chemistry here.

CAPTION: “After that, the trip was FAR more relaxed.”

CAPTION: “The landscape quite breathtaking...”

Panel Three

Around a campfire at night, with colourful markings on both their faces, the Masai tribesman hands Miss Fury a wooden cup with a potion in it. This is the start of a magic ritual. The other Masai people sat around the fire. Similar markings.

CAPTION: “One of the Masai, a striking figure called Kapalei, befriended me and offered me a local potion one night.”

CAPTION: “Combined with a magic ritual and the implicit local hallucinogenic he claimed it would provide me with GREAT superhuman powers.”

Panel Four

Large panel. ‘Crane’ shot now as we’re above the camp as rains pour down at biblical levels. All the Masai and Miss Fury are dancing, raising their arms to the heavens and as naked as the day is born. This looks like a magical ceremony. Off to the side is jungle.

CAPTION: “Although, to be fair, he may have just been trying it on.”

Panel Five

Ground level shot now of the same scene and lightning fills the skies as they dance. This sure seems like a magical scene where great power is being imbued. The rain crashes down.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Fourteen (Three panels)

Panel One

Miss Fury and Kapalei turn towards ‘us’ as something large emerges from the jungle shrubbery and they see it – not fear in their eyes but fascination. Both they and the other Masai tribespeople are tripping their arses off here. Miss Fury reaches down to the ground to pick up a large Masai knife. Rain still hammering down.

CAPTION: “Certainly, something changed in me that night.”

Panel Two

Large panel as a HUGE black panther – this is enhanced by the hallucinogenic to look like the king of all panthers. Emerges from the jungle darkness towards them, to attack.

CAPTION: “The cripplingly dull futility of high society conventions fell away and instead I was empowered by something other...”

Panel Three

Large panel. The huge panther leaps through the air towards Miss Fury, to attack as a lightning bolt flashes across the sky, she goes for the animal’s heart with her knife, meeting the attack with equal ferocity.

CAPTION: “I was alive for the first time.”

Panel Four

Miss Fury, covered in blood – the panther’s - in bed with the Masai guy in one of their tents. But she’s on top. She’s in command. Let’s not make this too explicit, eh? But it’s pretty obvious what’s occurring.

CAPTION: "Yes...."

CAPTION: "I did enjoy the Dark Continent."

Page Fifteen (Five Panels)

Panel One

Cut to an plush late 1930s ocean liner travelling across the sea. Heading home.

CAPTION: "After that the gowns and courting politics of Manhattan aristocracy seemed trivial to the point of agony."

Panel Two

Miss Fury, politely dressed, on the deck of the ship. She looks sad.

CAPTION: "Father passed away from a heart attack during my journey home. Word reached me that I was now alone in the world."

CAPTION: "Little changed. He had been an awkward, distant man with strict, strange rules for his only child."

CAPTION: "But he was my only remaining blood and now he was gone."

Panel Three

We're behind the liner now as it comes into dock in 1930s Manhattan. Spires gleaming.

CAPTION: "I had money."

CAPTION: "But I had always had money..."

Panel Four

Miss Fury leaving the ship, coming down the gangway, she looks sad. Lots of people around. Big crowd getting off the ship.

CAPTION: "I had experienced the wonder of a fleeting moment of otherness that could not be repeated. Its glory only existed in the fact that it was unique."

CAPTION: "I was wise enough to be thankful for this but also to realise that to attempt to repeat it would only cause incremental, diving levels of desperation."

Panel Five

Close-up on Miss Fury's amazed face as, through the crowd, she sees someone. And it's a subtle little jaw dropping moment. This is the moment she sees the love of her life for the first time.

CAPTION: "And then, just as all seemed decay..."

CAPTION: "The universe showed me something entirely unexpected..."

Page Sixteen (Four Panels)

Panel One

Large panel. Strong introductory shot of Captain Matthew Chandler. He's a good-looking US Air Force Captain in uniform. He smiles at 'us' as the crowd parts here and it's not a smug smile, despite his good looks. It's a kind smile. There's a good heart in this guy, we can see it. The complication is that half his face is recovering from horrible burns that he suffered in an aeroplane crash. Some of the crowd are parting and staring in horror at him. But he's unaffected. Plenty of WW2 USAF air force uniform reference here. <http://tinyurl.com/cw555m8> This is a bombshell moment for Miss Fury. The love of her life emerging unexpectedly from the crowd.

MISS FURY CAPTION: "Hope."

Panel Two

Miss Fury and Captain Chandler smiling at each other as the crowd moves around them, a frozen moment.

CAPTION: "His name was Chandler..."

CAPTION: "He had only come to the dockside that day to pick up his the father of a friend as a favour."

Panel Three

Cut to a repeat of that telegram panel from page one, panel three.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Four

Entirely black panel again.

LOCATOR: SWITCH.

Page Seventeen (Six Panels)

Panel One

Cut to a wide establishing shot of a high society party at the Museum. This is the large room where we saw the time machine earlier. Lots of champagne glasses and entrees on trays. Miss Fury is centre of this panel in her stunning dress (don't forget the long arm length gloves). There's several exhibits dotted around in glass cases. One of them that she's staring at, is the crown with the diamonds in it.

LOCATOR: 1943.

Panel Two

Close-up of the African crown in the case. Those diamonds showing.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Miss Fury, champagne glass in hand, staring at 'us'/the crown. One of the museum's administrators – a man in his 60s in a tuxedo – leans across and smiles at Miss Fury.

ADMINSTRATOR: It's wonderful, isn't it?

MISS FURY: Hmm...

MISS FURY: It is, yes.

Panel Four

The administrator leans into Miss Fury. She doesn't even notice him. Just staring at the crowd.

ADMINSTRATOR: You're Reginald Drake's daughter. I understand.

ADMINSTRATOR: Great man, Reginald. Great, great man. Very sadly missed. We were happy to enjoy his patronage here at the museum.

MISS FURY: He was a fucking asshole whose heart finally gave out 50 years after it had ACTUALLY died..

Panel Five

The administrator's eyes near pop out of his head and he goes very red. Miss Fury, coolly, hardly looks at him. Still staring at the crown.

ADMINSTRATOR (small): Ummm... well, yes... ummm... every... every family has its...

MISS FURY: You came over here either because you're hoping I'll give money to the museum like daddy did or because you're a lecherous old man and you'd like to screw me, right?

MISS FURY: So, which one is it?

ADMINISTRATOR: (small) The money...

Panel Six

Miss Fury turns and smiles at 'us'/him here. Cocky.

MISS FURY: I didn't come here to give you money.

MISS FURY: I came here to work out how I'm going to steal this crown.

MISS FURY: Tonight.

Page Eighteen (Six Panels)

Panel One

The Administrator looks shocked & slightly annoyed.

ADMINISTRATOR: My god...

ADMINISTRATOR: The way you speak and act...

ADMINISTRATOR: Reginald was one of the richest men in America. YOU are one of the richest women in America...

Panel Two

Miss Fury, nonchalant, downs her champagne.

ADMINISTRATOR (o/s): Why on earth would you want to steal this crown?

ADMINISTRATOR (o/s): Don't you have any morals whatsoever?

Panel Three

Full length shot of Miss Fury as she strides away towards us, throwing the empty champagne glass over her shoulder and not looking, or caring, where it lands. The Administrator, in panic, tries to catch it.

MISS FURY: Hmm...

MISS FURY: Aren't those interesting questions.

Panel Four

In the crowd of shocked people in the museum, looking on, we can see SCHAUBERGER, smiling at all this. Like he knows how it will play out. Miss Fury walking towards him, but she hasn't noticed him here.

MISS FURY: I'm rather interested to find out the answers myself.

Panel Five

Schauberger grabs Miss Fury's arm as she passes and smiles at her – she looks him in the eyes, surprised. She doesn't recognise him. Lots of people looking on.

SCHAUBERGER: I look forward to seeing you on the roof. Tonight.

SCHAUBERGER: Where our journey begins... and ends.

Panel Six

Miss Fury, slightly unnerved and losing her cool (for once) pushes his hand away.

MISS FURY: Crazy...

Page Nineteen (Five Panels)

Panel One

Page-wide, entirely black panel.

MISS FURY CAPTION: "You..."

LOCATOR: SWITCH.

Panel Two

Miss Fury, in costume, breathing hard, distraught, exhausted. Costume ripped from battle. She's just been through an incredible battle. She's holding that huge oversized sniper rifle we saw from earlier and it's smoking where she's been firing it. Behind her are dead bodies and carnage. This is a Midtown Manhattan street that's been turned into a war zone. Craters, tanks, dead soldiers, ruined buildings. Midtown turned into a scene from Call Of Duty Modern Warfare.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Three

Close-up on Miss Fury, tears in her eyes, as she looks up at the sky. Something big coming in over the top. Ground shaking with the low rumble of huge engines.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Four

We're at her feet now, looking up at battle-scarred skyscrapers as a massive shape blocks out the sky. This is a monster-sized Nazi Flying wing jet bomber (we'll establish this next page, for here it looks like a massive mothership). A third of the size of Manhattan. There's small shapes whizzing beneath it. These are Messerschmitt 262 jet fighters (reference <http://tinyurl.com/cdcke8>). Little squadrons of them whizzing by.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel Five

Miss Fury looks down the street. Tears in her eyes now. DESPERATE. Is she going out of her mind?

CAPTION: "You're crazy."

Page Twenty (Splash Page)

Aerial wide shot of the island of Manhattan here, and it's a war zone. And hovering above it are four of those HUGE Nazi Flying wing jet bombers (make sure we get the HUGE swastikas on the wings here). The air is filled with squadrons of the Me 262 fighters. And the battle is plainly over and New York has been taken over and largely destroyed. The Nazis triumphant.

LOCATOR: 2013.

CAPTION: "So..."

CAPTION: "What have YOU got to be angry about?"

TO BE CONTINUED...

WRITER'S COMMENTARY

BEHIND MISS FURY #1 WITH ROB WILLIAMS



PG 1

"Everyone is doing themselves a weak and cowardly disservice if they don't ask themselves this question... What are YOU angry about?" Start a storyline with the controlling idea front and centre. It's on the nose, yes, but it's effective. And this was the key question for Miss Fury when I approached the book. She's called 'fury' yet she's a super rich Manhattan socialite who's incredibly good looking. What's she got to be angry about? Over the course of the first arc – that's the core question. And we open in 1943. The world's at war. America's at war. Millions dying and suffering. Yet Marla Drake's life is all roses. She hasn't found herself yet.

"Anger is an energy," was something I wrote in the pitch, stealing from John Lydon.

And that telegram in panel 3 is a flashback, by the way. To a key moment in her journey towards her own anger. We'll find out more as we go.

PG 2

My first draft of the script I started things further on with some character-setting dialogue, but then I decided this was an issue one, we probably needed some action straight out of the blocks.

More punching. And kicking. This is a superhero book.

We're establishing here that a) Miss Fury is a fearsome, superhumanly quick fighter (she twists an assailant around in time to get his body to take the bullets meant for her – that's quick). And b) she's not a squeaky clean, morally black and white figure. She's slashing and drawing blood here.

Also: Jack Herbert, our seriously impressive artist, is establishing that he can draw an action sequence really, REALLY well.

PG 3

She catches a knife in mid-air and returns it at the thrower, getting him right between the eyes!

You know, for kids!

When I saw these pages in B&W I was delighted. I hadn't worked with Jack before but there's a real fluidity to the action here, and Miss Fury looks terrific in panel 4. Lots of swagger there. The colours are wonderful too. Ivan Nunes did a killer job on the book. Really talented colourist.

Love the 'Thunk!' sound effect there too. Nice job by Simon Bowland, our letterer, throughout.

PG 6

The idea here was, on a kind of suggestive level, that Miss Fury doesn't just fall through the skylight into the Nazi's time machine, but the time machine rather pulls her through. It wants her. None of this is established in text, and to have her saying "It almost feels like it... wants me," would've been plain bad writing. A bit of ambiguity here and there isn't necessarily a bad thing, I think. Let readers fill in the blanks as long as the narrative is clear. Even if no one gets what the intention was, she still falls into the time machine so the plot is serviced.

The whole idea of Miss Fury's time travel in the arc is so personal to her. It's meant to be ambiguous to an extent. Is she really travelling through time or is she still in 1943 and insane?

PG 9

Jack drew this to be a real highlight of the issue. And it's completely different from the script and what I imagined. But who cares when it looks this amazing.

The script called for a side-on shot of an art deco bath, which sits in the middle of a huge room in Miss Fury's Manhattan apartment. The idea being that this room is enormous but she's kind of so emotionally empty that there's nothing in it, just a luxury bath. Jack changed the angle, the sense of this huge room with just a small bath in it. But she's still wearing the gloves in the bath (that's not for 'cool and sexy' aesthetic reasons, we'll reveal why later). She's reading the '43 newspaper, and the contradiction of the salubrious image and the dialogue "there's a war on, you know. It's a terrible business" is still there. I don't mind an artist changing what I've asked for as long as the narrative point is served. It is here.

And it looks fantastic. So shut up Mr. Writer.

PG 13

Miss Fury's new origin. Her voice is more than a little tongue-in-cheek here. "The implicit local hallucinogenic..." "he may have just been trying it on." The humour hopefully lifts this scene beyond being the typical superhero origin. And I liked the fact that she isn't 100% sure if she has superpowers. It's, again, a little ambiguous.



PG 14

Sex Panther! It stings the nostrils.

Is the panther real? She doesn't know.

Although, she is covered in blood during sex in the final panel, so there's a hint. She's a dark one, eh? I wanted to show her as being in control here. She drives the action.

Titillating? Yes. But true to her character. These are all little snapshots of Marla Drake. The entire initial arc is something of a jigsaw puzzle for her and, hopefully, by the end of the first storyline, you have something of a three-dimensional woman.

And who among us can say that we haven't had sex with a Masai tribesman while under the influence of a powerful hallucinogen and covered in the blood of a MAS-SIVE jungle cat that we've just killed in hand-to-paw combat? I know I have.



PG 18

Who's this bloke then? Badly burnt face? He's a super-villain, surely.

This is Captain Chandler. Who'll make a big difference in Marla Drake's life. A key figure in her journey.

Great faces in the crowd scene behind Captain Chandler. Jack does great faces..

And there's that telegram again in panel three. If it repeats like this, it's a key moment.

PG 21

And suddenly we're in a scene from Modern Warfare. Tanks, guns, jet fighters, a street scene where Manhattan's been turned into Chechnya. Romance is very much over and Miss Fury's suddenly thrust into war. Her war.

And something big overhead is blocking out the sun. That can't be good.

The script, by the way, asked for her to be carrying a 'Sienkiewicz rifle', as in Bill. I used the same phrase in an issue of Daken: Dark Wolverine and it's become shorthand for an impossibly large and deadly weapon. The language of comics... I'm going to keep using it.



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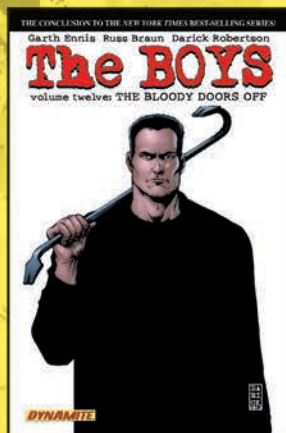
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