

Title: What Gazes Also  
Author: A. David Lewis  
Artist: Jason Copland  
Letterer: Dan Cooney  
Draft: 3 12/4/02

PAGE ONE

Six panels

Panel one. Interior of hotel room. Close-up on television set displaying the opening credits to a show entitled "Irreality Chasm". MARLO KURTZ speaks from the bed off-panel.

1. Display (TV): *Irreality Chasm*
2. Marlo: NO, I'M HERE.
3. Marlo: YEAH, ROUGH TRIP. GOOD IN-FLIGHT, THOUGH. I LOVE COPPOLA.

Panel two. Same as previous, except the television screen shows the Irreality Chasm logo with the "Created by Donald Fahrllndt" credit below it.

4. Display (TV): *Irreality Chasm*  
Created by Don Fahrllndt
5. Marlo: UH-HUH. I'M WATCHING IT NOW.
6. Marlo: TOMORROW MORNING... YUP, THE MAN HIMSELF. WHEN THE NETWORK SENDS ME ALL THIS WAY, I TOLD THEM, A FACE-TO-FACE WITH THEIR RECLUSE-GURU IS A NON-NEGOCIABLE.

Panel three. The television blinks off and, in the screen's reflection, we see Marlo on the bed, the phone in one hand and a remote in the other.

7. SFX: click
8. Marlo: ...THE STEELY-VOICE MARLO KURTZ-SPECIAL.
9. Marlo: TRUST ME, THEY GOT THE POINT -- FAHRLINDT *WILL* BE THERE.

Panel four. Large overhead view of Marlo in bed. Very fit, very attractive woman. For bed, she wears only a Georgetown tank-top and a pair of men's boxers. Various files, including pictures of Fahrllndt, documents with the I.C. logo on it, and network memos, are spread all across its sheets in front of her. In addition to the phone, she holds the photo of Charlie Hopper.

10. Marlo: ...HUH? OH, YEAH, WELL...JUST THINKING. THE NETWORK USUALLY SENDS ME TO DROP THE AXE, NOT TO PLAY NICEY-NICE WITH SOME HIT-SHOW... YES, EVEN THE *NUMBNER-ONE* HIT-SHOW.
11. Marlo: ...WELL, YEAH, I KNOW *TIME* CALLED IT A "GLOBAL PHENOMENON". BUT THEY SAID THE SAME THING ABOUT *THE OSBOURNES*...

Panel five. Close-up on Marlo, still holding picture in front of her, but now standing and looking away slightly. She seems ever-so slightly uncomfortable with the conversation.

12. Marlo: WHEN THE NETWORK SENT HOPPER -- DON'T HAVE THE *SLIGHTEST* WHAT FAHRLINDT SAID TO HIM. DIDN'T EVEN LOG A REPORT...YEAH, LIKE I SAID, NO EXPLANATION. HOPPER JUST...*QUIT*.
13. Marlo: ME NEITHER...ANYHOW, BACK TOMORROW. I -- I MISS YOU TOO, FRED... NO, I...I FEEL THE SAME WAY...YEAH. 'NIGHT.

Panel six. With the phone back in the cradle, Marlo stands by the bed looking slightly grim-faced. She is equidistant between the television, the bed of files, and the phone -- at least one of them is eating at her.

PAGE TWO & THREE

Four large panels across top, five small across the bottom

Panel one (large). Aboard a slaveship crewed by ugly, vile monsters, there stands a magnificent warrior-woman who looks almost exactly like Marlo were it not for her battle-attire, blood-drizzled bare skin, and massive broadsword. The broken chains that once held her still dangle from her wrists, as she stands ready-for-battle against the boatload of brutes.

Panel two (large). The warrior-woman charges at the monsters, who had been in the process of chaining another of their human captives.

Panel three (large). Zooming in slightly, the warrior-woman wades into the savage mob, hacking-and-slashing with a combination of big-eyed delight and anger on her face.

Panel four (large). Close-up of the warrior-woman's battle-face; her eyes are wide — almost crazy-looking, were it not for her beauty; her teeth are gritted into a near-smile. Blood flies everywhere around her from the massive slashes of her sword. At this moment of risking death, she has never been more alive. (But perhaps the steam rising from the shower in panel three "infects" this panel, making the bottom section of it dissipate.)

Panel one (small). After knotting herself up in the covers, Marlo's eyes finally open as the sun begins to creep into the room.

Panel two (small). Standing at the sink, a bleary-eyed Marlo brushes her teeth and lightly scratches her rear.

Panel three (small). Leaning against the stall wall, Marlo lets the shower water hit her square in the face as she reads the instructions on the hotel's complimentary shampoo bottle.

Panel four (small). Towel on the floor along with her sleep-attire, a fully and smartly dressed Marlo awkwardly hangs on to closet shelf while putting her pumps on.

Panel five (small). Inside personal car, Marlo closes her eyes, but her brow is knit as she readies herself and reacts to the strong rays of sun falling on her face. Her attache bag sits in the seat beside her, and the landscape outside the window shows the city falling into the distance.

#### PAGE FOUR

Four panels

Panel one. Beneath the massive logo for Irreality Chasm Unlimited (ICU), Marlo — wearing a "VISITOR" pass — stands inside their massive, almost space-age facility and looks at the wall-pictures of still-shots from previous I.C. episodes. If visible, one seems taken from each of *Mortal Coils* #1's stories, another looks vaguely to be like the warrior-woman in Marlo's dream, and another is a bird's eye view of an older woman in a hospital room. MS.

NELLIE CONRAD approaches from behind Marlo, off-panel.

1. Display (beam): *Irreality Chasm, Unlimited - I.C.U.*
2. Ms. Conrad (off-panel): MARLO?

Panel two. Marlo turns to meet Ms. Conrad, a smartly dressed older black lady, wearing an "ICU - CONRAD" pass.

3. Marlo: YES?
4. Ms. Conrad: I'M NELLIE CONRAD, MR. FAHRLINDT'S EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT. WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING YOU.
5. Marlo: NICE TO MEET YOU. THOUGH, MORE LUCK THAN ANYTHING THAT I'M HERE --

Panel three. The two women walk together through the enormous, twisting corridors. They pass various employees and visitors.

6. Ms. Conrad: NONSENSE. I DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR FACILITY, MARLO?
7. Marlo: "MS. KURTZ," IF YOU DON'T MIND -- AND IT'S QUITE THE SHOP YOU PEOPLE HAVE HERE.

Panel four. Extreme zoom-out of their walking corridor to show it as just the smallest vein in the massive city-sized ICU facility.

8. Display (various banners): Containment  
Shunt K-9  
Mass Transit Supply

9. Ms. Conrad: YES, WELL, IT SUITS OUR NEEDS. ALWAYS UPSETS POOR GEORGE WHEN WE REMIND HIM THAT HIS RANCH WOULD FIT INSIDE JUST *ONE* OF OUR CAFETERIAS.
10. Marlo: GEORGE?
11. Ms. Conrad: LUCAS. SKYWALKER RANCH.

PAGE FIVE

Six panels

Panel one. The two women converse, walking by a glass-window room, showing a virtual fleet of cheery phone operators taking calls, almost like a telethon.

1. Ms. Conrad: TO SAY YOUR REPUTATION PRECEEDS YOU, MARLO, WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT -- YOU ARE THE NETWORK'S VERY OWN VALKRYE.
2. Marlo: MY REP'S BESIDE THE POINT, *NELLIE*... WE'RE HERE TO TALK ABOUT YOUR SHOW, NOT MY PERSONAL CHARACTER.

Panel two. Another massive shot of surrounding room, two women on escalator with various activity going on. In foreground, two men look over a directory of names. Many levels of the complex are shown here, including signs to the "Gym", "Editing Wing", "Account Management", "Guest Quarters" and whatnot. It's a hotbed of activity.

3. Ms. Conrad: NOT MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE...
4. Display (various banners):     Gym  
  Account Management  
  Guest Quarters
5. Display (directory):            Suites  
  D. Adams                         42  
  S. Beckett, PhD                 2008  
  R. Bradbury                     451  
  J. Cornelius                     1969  
  J. Dysart                         55  
  D. Grayson                     345  
  R. Heinlein                     3030  
  F. Underhill                     9  
  M. Waid                         85

Panel three. The two women proceed down a massive escalator; Ms. Conrad is tapped on the shoulder by an employee to sign something.

6. Ms. Conrad: BUT, YES, SEVEN YEARS, ONE-HUNDRED EPISODES, EIGHT-HUNDRED PLUS EMPLOYEES. ALL IN THIS ONE SPOT.
7. Marlo: BECAUSE FAHRLINDT COMPOSED THE FIRST SCRIPT IN THIS EXACT PLACE -- I READ THE NETWORK DOSSIER.

Panel four. Stepping off escalator, Marlo notices a sign saying "Studio 17" ahead, but tries not to get too distracted. Ms. Conrad, grinning, signs and hands back the clipboard to her employee.

8. Ms. Conrad: SOMETHING LIKE THAT. OUR CASTS MAY CHANGE, BUT THE CREWS REMAIN THE SAME. WITH, OF COURSE, DON'S JOURNALS ALWAYS FUELING IT ALL.
9. Ms. Conrad (small font):        Thank you, Thomas.

Panel five. Marlo is momentarily distracted as she glances at the scene being filmed in Studio 17: Two ordinary-looking men, one in a grimy tux and the other looking vaguely like Jerry Garcia, confront a mugger on a street corner. The tuxedoed man blows a fireball at the attacker. (See me for reference.)

10. SFX (in background): fwoosh!
11. Marlo: ...PRETTY REALISTIC...
12. Marlo: I'M SORRY -- HIS *WHAT?* "JOURNALS"?
13. Ms. Conrad: HIS SCRIPTS. HIS STORIES. THE CHRONICLES OF HIS SINGULAR VISION.

Panel six. Ms. Conrad has continued ahead of Marlo, and is punching digits into a doorpad. The sign beside the door reads "NELLIE CONRAD: EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT". Marlo has regained her focused composure.

14. Display (doorplate): 1902 - Nellie Conrad  
Executive Assistant
15. Marlo: SINGULAR IS RIGHT, AS IN WORKING WITHOUT ANY WORD TO THE NETWORK ITSELF. *IRREALITY CHASMS* AUTONOMY HAS GONE UNCHALLENGED FOR A BIT TOO LONG.
16. Marlo: THE NETWORK IS --
17. Ms. Conrad: UNHAPPY?
18. Marlo: IN SHORT, YES.

PAGE SIX

Six panels

Panel one. Inside Ms. Conrad's incredibly spacious and lavish office. In fact, the trained eye will wonder how it could be this size and have a window view with the studio next to it and having descended so far. But, Marlo misses this, standing behind the chair in front of Ms. Conrad's desk. Ms. Conrad has moved to look out window behind desk. Nautical knick-knacks adorn the walls, most especially a large elephant tusk.

1. Ms. Conrad: WHAT IS IT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MARLO?
2. Marlo: THE NETWORK NEEDS *I.C.* BROUGHT UNDER SOME CONTROL. THEY THINK YOU'VE GONE MAVERICK.
3. Ms. Conrad: YES, BUT WHAT DO *YOU* NEED?
4. Ms. Conrad: MY ANCESTORS WERE SLAVES, MARLO.

Panel two. From outside window, we look in on Ms. Conrad's placid face, as Marlo takes a seat behind her.

5. Ms. Conrad: BROUGHT TO AMERICA FROM AFRICA. THIS, OF COURSE, WAS AT A TIME WHEN THE CONGO PROVIDED EUROPEANS WITH TWO FORMS OF GOLD: WHITE AND BLACK -- IVORY AND SLAVES.
6. Ms. Conrad: BUT MY GENETIC TEMPLATE, I SUPPOSE, STILL CRIES FOR FREEDOM. AND I FIND THAT HERE. IN FACT, YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THE OCEAN FROM THIS VIEW.

Panel four. Ms. Conrad turns to face Marlo, whose face is quite skeptical.

7. Ms. Conrad: WHAT WOULD SET YOU FREE, MARLO?
8. Marlo: PLENTY FREE ALREADY, THANK YOU.
9. Marlo: IS THIS HOW YOU GOT HOPPER? OFFERING HIM POETIC DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR?
10. Ms. Conrad: THE ONLY DELUSIONS CHARLES BROUGHT WERE HIS OWN.

Panel five. Close-up of Marlo finally letting her icy, no-bullshit demeanor shine through.

11. Marlo: HOW VERY FORTUNE COOKIE. BUT THAT DOESN'T WORK FOR ME. I WANT DIRECT ANSWERS. AND FRANKLY, CONRAD, I DOUBT YOU CAN GIVE THEM TO ME.

Panel six. Close-up of a seated Ms. Conrad's face, a combination of both kind and mysterious.

12. Marlo (off-panel): I WANT TO SEE FAHRLINDT -- *NOW*.
13. Ms. Conrad: I'M AFRAID, MY DEAR, THAT'S LITERALLY NEXT-TO-IMPOSSIBLE. DON IS NO LONGER HERE ANYMORE.

PAGE SEVEN

Six panels

Panel one. Straight-on shot of Marlo, as if we are looking out from Ms. Conrad's eyes. Marlo has one eyebrow raised and her mouth half-open, momentarily flabbergasted and exasperated.

Panel two. Same shot, except Marlo is recovered and totally bitch-steely.

1. Marlo: OKAY, SEE, THIS IS HOW IT'S GOING TO GO:
2. Marlo: FIRST COME THE LAWYERS. WE'LL SEND A FLEET OF THEM AT YOU -- BREACH OF CONTRACT, BAD FAITH, FRAUD. A THREE-PIECE SUIT ARMADA.

Panel three. Same shot, but Marlo has moved into a more reclined, offhand position. This stuff is old-hat to her and, frankly, she like the performance.

3. Marlo: YOUR ASSETS FREEZE. YOUR PRODUCTION HALTS. YOUR DEBTS START CHOKING YOU LIKE A THROAT CANCER. WE RE-ROUTE ALL AD REVENUES: PEPSI, FORD, BATEX. WE CAN AFFORD IT. YOU CAN'T.
4. Marlo: THEN, WE'LL GET NASTY.

Panel four. Same shot, but Marlo now looks up from under her eyebrows, rather sinisterly.

5. Marlo: WE'LL ABANDON THE TIMESLOT. BURY IT IN RE-RUNS. INFOMERCIALS. CELEBRITY SPECIALS.
6. Marlo: RATINGS DROP, AND THE SHOW'LL MOVE TO A TIME AND PLACE YOU COULDN'T FIND WITH A FLASHLIGHT, A MAP, AND H.G. WELLS.

Panel five. Swing 180-degrees to face Ms. Conrad, who wears a curious poker-face; she seems to be listening to something behind Marlo's words.

7. Marlo (off-panel): YOU WITHER ON THE VINE. WE KEEP YOUR LICENSING -- *IRREALITY CHASM* BECOMES OUR SYNDICATED CASH COW AND A FANBOY'S PIPEDREAM. IN SHORT, YOU'RE EXTERMINATED.
8. Marlo (off-panel): WE *CAN* DO THIS. WITHOUT FAHRLINDT, WE *WILL* DO THIS.

Panel six. Same shot. Ms. Conrad barely moves.

9. Ms. Conrad: YES...*AND?*

#### PAGE EIGHT

Seven panels (note panels 2 through 4 decrease in size, leaving black space for small-font captions; the blast of panel 5 – perhaps unbound by an actual panel border – snaps us back to normal size with panel 6)

Panel one. From just outside Ms. Conrad's office, TAYLOR DUNNE pokes his head around the corner, lightly knocking on its doorframe. He is dressed casually, yet still looks rather movie-star handsome. Ms. Conrad stands to greet him, while Marlo just cranes her head.

1. SFX: KNOCK KNOCK
2. Taylor: UH, EXCUSE ME, NELLIE?
3. Ms. Conrad: TAYLOR, MY DEAR. AREN'T YOU DUE BACK IN L.A.?

Panel two. Marlo returns to facing forward, both chagrined and irritated, while Ms. Conrad moves past her to engage Taylor.

4. Taylor: WELL...YEAH, COSTUMING FOR THE SEQUEL BEGINS TOMORROW, BUT...

Panel three. Smaller profile of Marlo, trying to regain composure as the other two speak off-panel.

5. Taylor (off-panel): ...I FELT LIKE I SHOULD...*APOLOGIZE* TO YOU, NELLIE. A PART OF ME WANTS TO *STAY*. TO...TO...
6. Ms. Conrad (off-panel): BUT IT'S NOT YOUR TIME, TAYLOR. WE KNOW THAT. YOU'RE NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

Panel four. Even smaller, but same shot on Marlo, except she is pinching the bridge of her nose and closing her eyes. The font gets increasingly smaller as Marlo tunes out.

7. Taylor (off-panel): I...JUST *FEEL* IT HERE, NELLIE. I --
8. Ms. Conrad (off-panel - small font): AND YOU ARE WELCOME BACK AT ANY TIME, TAYLOR. BUT I SUSPECT HOLLYWOOD ISN'T READY TO PART WITH YOU YET.
9. Taylor (off-panel - smaller font): NO...I KNOW. YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT, *FLYING* -- IT WAS...

Panel five. A larger panel, suddenly shifting into Marlo's mental picture, of her warrior-women personae continuing to slaughter left-and-right in fierce glee.

Panel six. Just like panel four as Marlo's eyes snap back open as Ms. Conrad suddenly stands beside her.

10. Ms. Conrad: STILL WITH US, MARLO?
11. Marlo: ...SO MISTER TWENTY-MILLION-A-MOVIE TAYLOR DUNNE WAS A NEW GUEST STAR OF YOUR LITTLE CULT, MS. CONRAD?

Panel seven. With a close-up only on half of Marlo's face, we see Ms. Conrad exiting out the door behind her.

12. Ms. Conrad: OH, MARLO. NOT A CULT -- NOT AT ALL.
13. Ms. Conrad: WALK WITH ME. WE'LL TAKE THE *EXTENDED* TOUR.

#### PAGE NINE

Three panels (two small balloon-dominated panels, followed by one dwarfing visual panel)

Panel one. Ms. Conrad stands in the hall beside her door as Marlo walks towards her.

1. Marlo: DUNNE PART OF THE *EPSILON* PROPERTY YOU OPTIONED?
2. Ms. Conrad: NO, TAYLOR WILL BE APPEARING ON AN UPCOMING *I.C.* AS ONE OF PETER PAN'S LOST BOYS -- EXCEPT EMOTIONALLY SCARRED FROM THEIR ISOLATION.
3. Marlo: OH, THE HORROR. AGAINST TYPE FOR ACTION-BOY DUNNE.
4. Ms. Conrad: YOU'D BE SURPRISED.

Panel two. Ms. Conrad looks down the hall at the hustle of bodies moving about the corridors. Marlo just stands there annoyed.

5. Ms. Conrad: APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING. THAT'S THE CORE TO *IRREALITY ABYSS* --
6. Marlo: *CHASM. IRREALITY CHASM.*
7. Ms. Conrad: ITS ORIGINAL NAME. AS I SAID, IT *APPEARS* THE SPONSORS BUY ADS FROM YOU, WHEREAS SEVERAL PRIVATELY FUND US. IT APPEARS WE NEED THE NETWORK WHEN, IN FACT, WE COULD BUY YOU OUT ENTIRELY. NOR WOULD YOU SUSPECT WHAT DON HAS *ACTUALLY* CREATED HERE.
8. Marlo: WHEN DOES THIS "EXTENDED TOUR" BEGIN, CONRAD?

Panel three. Ms. Conrad casually depresses a button on her doorpad. Marlo is staggered by the massive doorway which appears seemingly out of nowhere in the air of the hallway.

9. Ms. Conrad: NOW.
10. SFX: WWHHRMM

#### PAGE TEN

Four panels (three column breaks w/one small corner box)

Panel one. The first of a full-splash page broken into three vertical panels. The silhouettes of Ms. Conrad and a rather unsteady Marlo stand in the background of a busy film set. A Tyrannosaurus Rex appears to be helping both a normal human technician and a futuristic women in a jetpack hang lighting. An amoebae wearing a cowboy hat slinks by.

1. Ms. Conrad: IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO THAT DON FIRST FOUND THE ABYSS -- LESS A PATHWAY BETWEEN WORLDS THAN A CAVITY. ALTERNATE DIMENSIONS, ALIEN PLANETS, MYTHOLOGICAL LANDS, DREAMSCAPES, TIMELINES. ALL INADVERTANTLY ACCESSIBLE HERE.
2. SFX (jetpack): wssshrrmm

Panel two. Moving slightly to the right, Ms. Conrad leads a lagging Marlo by the hand behind a small Asian monk sitting atop a saber-toothed tiger with a superhero sidekick walking beside the two, chatting animatedly. Meanwhile,

a pygmy dragging a number of shrunken heads behind him is wearing spectacles and reading a script. Ms. Conrad waves to the alien in the next panel.

3. Ms. Conrad: BY SOME MIRACLE, DON FOUND HIS WAY BACK FROM THE UNKNOWN. HE KNEW THAT HIS TRAVELS HAD TO BE RECORDED. DOCUMENTARIANS SCOFFED, SO DON HIRED HIS OWN FILM CREW TO ACCOMPANY HIM -- THUS, OUR PILOT EPISODE WAS BORN.
4. Ms. Conrad: HELLO, ЖОƆ◀Θ!
5. Alien: ⚡⚡⚡
6. Display (Baldy's book): T.S. Eliot

Panel three. The two women continue to pass through the background. An alien with a number of limbs waves to Ms. Conrad even as his other arms read a script, help a human technician tape down a floor wire, and raising two digits to a key grip who notes it on a clipboard. Bigfoot shields his eyes to look up into the bright lights above. A cyborg screws a device into the wall with one of his body-drills. And a character who looks like Marlon Brando from *Apocalypse Now* just sits and rubs his bald head while staring at a book of poetry.

7. SFX (Bigfoot): grrrhhh
8. Marlo: MONSTERS...
9. Ms. Conrad: NO. REFUGEES, MANY OF THEM. OTHERS EXPLORERS. AND SOME ARE JUST HONORED VISITORS WITH A DRAMATIC FLAIR. IT BECAME TOO HAZARDOUS TO FILM ACROSS THE VOID, SO DON RESORTED TO BRINGING BACK DETAILED JOURNALS AND SOME OF THIS "OUTSIDE HELP."

Panel four. Small panel at corner of page featuring a close-up of Ms. Conrad, with her face in dark, ominous shadows.

10. Ms. Conrad: THEN, DON HIMSELF STOPPED COMING BACK...

## PAGE ELEVEN

Five panels

Panel one. Marlo still looks off in the direction of the strange activity like a shanghaied tourist, while Ms. Conrad pauses to work through Fahrlindt's disturbing events.

1. Marlo: I'M -- I'M SORRY?
2. Ms. Conrad: ...OVER THE YEARS, DON TRAVELED TO A NUMBER OF TIMES, PLACES, DIMENSIONS. AND I SUPPOSE, AT SOME POINT, HE BEGAN TO QUESTION THE REALITY OF EVEN THIS, HIS HOME WORLD.

Panel two. Close-up on Marlo, who snaps back to attention as Ms. Conrad's seemingly random comment gets her attention.

3. Ms. Conrad (off-panel): AFTER ALL, WHEN YOU LIVE IN DREAMS, WHAT LIFE DOES WAKING OFFER?
4. Ms. Conrad (off-panel): THIS WAY.

Panel three. From Marlo's perspective, we see Ms. Conrad once again leading her upwards via a series of free-floating steps that resemble gangplanks leading into a ship.

5. Marlo: WHERE NOW?
6. Ms. Conrad: LET ME ASK YOU AGAIN, MARLO: WHAT WOULD SET YOU FREE?
7. Ms. Conrad: ...YOU DON'T KNOW, DO YOU? THAT'S ALRIGHT -- FEW DO.

Panel four. Ms. Conrad, with Marlo behind, approaches a small opening above, like a porthole, into a remarkably bright space.

8. Ms. Conrad: FOR DON, THE ABYSS WAS HIS FREEDOM. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT CAUSED IT. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO MADE IT. BUT, DON KNEW A USE FOR IT -- *ESCAPE*.

Panel five. Ms. Conrad has already emerged through the portal and Marlo now shields her eyes from the intense change of light. The ground on this new level is covered in lush grass.

9. Ms. Conrad: NOT *JUST* ENTERTAINMENT, THOUGH THAT BECAME A USEFUL FAÇADE. BUT ALSO ESCAPE FROM OPPRESSION, FROM ABUSE, FROM ALL THAT WHICH CONFINES YOU.
10. Ms. Conrad: THE ABYSS ITSELF BECAME DON'S ESCAPE.

PAGE TWELVE

Six panels

Panel one. Almost-bird's eye view of both Ms. Conrad and Marlo standing in the center of a vibrant, grassy field with a river (very important) and forest nearby — it is like something out of Tolkein.

1. Ms. Conrad: WE CONTINUE HIS EFFORTS HERE. TAKING IN THE LOST, GIVING THEIR HOPES TRUE SHAPE, PROVIDING THEM WITH A COMMUNITY.
2. Marlo: ...AND HOPPER?
3. Ms. Conrad: HE'S HERE...AND HAPPY. STUDYING UNDER A LORD-MAGE TO BECOME A MYSTIC LIBRARIAN.

Panel two. Marlo's sense of humor finally emerges, as she smiles amusedly at the thought of Hopper. Ms. Conrad seems pleased by Marlo's warm reaction, placing a hand on her shoulder.

4. Marlo: HOPPER? A *LIBRARIAN*?
5. Ms. Conrad: CHARLES LOVES IT. IT WAS ALWAYS HIS SECRET FANTASY.
6. Ms. Conrad: AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, MARLO? WHERE DOES YOUR HEART LIE?

Panel three. Marlo looks at the wide span of beautiful land all around her, with a blue sky above and misty mountains in the distance. The expression of deep, sorrowful contemplation on her face provides Ms. Conrad with an answer.

Panel four. Ms. Conrad steps to the side, holding out her arm as if to invite Marlo deeper. A dark silhouetted figure stands in the distance.

7. Ms. Conrad: DON REMAINS...OUT THERE, HAVING COURIERS DELIVER HIS JOURNALS HERE.
8. Ms. Conrad: THIS IS HIS LATEST.

Panel five. Marlo steps beyond Ms. Conrad towards the figure, whose garments are now clear to us in the foreground.

Panel six. Long horizontal box. The figure, now much closer to Marlo, turns to face the network executive. Marlo stares at her exact warrior-woman duplicate, both of whom are clearly shown in profile. Marlo is surprised, but not shocked. The warrior-woman does not smile, but still seems to accept this mirror image of herself, as if she were expecting it.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Four panels

Panel one. Small panel across top, where all we see is warrior-woman's hand open and offered to Marlo.

Panel two. Small panel across top, same as panel one, except Marlo's hand now hovers over the warrior-woman's in hesitation.

Panel three. Small panel across top, same as previous two panels, except now the hands clasp.

Panel four. Large panel. In the foreground, Ms. Conrad walks away, talking into her cell phone and smiling happily to herself. She is obviously quite pleased. Just behind her, Marlo's executive clothes fall to the ground, having no body to support them any longer. A minor, mystical effect surrounds the warrior-woman, who seems to stand taller than before as she smiles and leans her head back slightly to enjoy the sun's rays. Marlo has become her.

1. Ms. Conrad: YES, INFORM THE CREW THAT THE STAGE IS READY.
2. Credits (bottom left): "What Gazes Also"  
Story by A. David Lewis  
Art by Jason Copland  
Lettering by Dan Cooney
3. Post-script: "“Perhaps life is just that ... a dream and a fear.” – J. Conrad 1911