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**Panel 1** Wide, exterior shot of a bright, busy, near-future city street. Futuristic cars and bikes flit about over a tangle of elevated roads. Street vendors sell street meat to the crush of pedestrians that completely fill the sidewalks. The scene is very noisy - a jumble of speech balloons jostle against each other.

VENDOR  
Hot Dogs - \$45!

ANGRY MAN  
Back off, man!

YUPPIE  
I just love these new shoes.

(ETC)

**Panel 2** Side view of THE GIRL walking through the crowd. She has clunky wired headphones on, which look older than she does (early 20s). She's dressed like an old-fashioned punk (army jacket? patches? boots?) but with some futuristic touches. The jumble of speech balloons are somewhat drowned out by music notes from her headphones.

GUY IN BACKGROUND  
Hey, did you see the latest feed -

(ETC)

**Panel 3** Medium shot of THE GIRL as she continues walking down the street. She's coming up to the corner

**Panel 4** Close up of the (futuristic!) traffic signal. It's on walk.

**Panel 5** Identical close up of the signal as it turns to stop.

**Panel 6** Medium shot of THE GIRL as she steps off of the curb. To the crowd it looks like she's not paying attention, but she's subtly looking up from her music and has a slight grin on her face.

WOMAN AT CORNER  
Hey- watch out!

**Panel 7** Not really a panel, but tire-screeching sound effects that cover the bottom edge of the last row of panels, and go into the bleed.

**Panel 1**      Totally dark panel, with a speech balloon tenuously sneaking out of the nothingness.

NURSE  
Our mystery girl is coming around.

DOCTOR  
Good - maybe we'll get some answers.

**Panel 2**      Interior shot of a bright, clean hospital room. A DOCTOR and a NURSE are standing at the bedside of THE GIRL, who has just woken up.

DOCTOR  
How are you feeling? You had quite the accident there.

**Panel 3**      Close up of the conversation. The DOCTOR has his best consoling face on.

DOCTOR  
I'm afraid that your arm couldn't be saved. We replaced it, but-

THE GIRL  
Where is it?

DOCTOR  
What? Your arm?

THE GIRL  
Yes. I'd like to keep it.

**Panel 4**      The DOCTOR and the NURSE exchange concerned looks. The GIRL absentmindedly inspects her replacement arm in the foreground. It is very life-like - the only difference being an access panel which is currently open, showing the internal robotics.

DOCTOR  
Uh, I - I guess so. But first I have a couple of questions about your medical history.

**Panel 5**      The GIRL has gotten out of bed. She's picking up her things from a side table. The DOCTOR and NURSE are taken aback by her speedy recovery and seeming indifference.

DOCTOR  
We couldn't find your records anywhere on the system. You've obviously had, um, *other treatments*, but-

THE GIRL  
Just wrap it up in a box, please.

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**Panel 1** Exterior shot of the GIRL walking down the street, carrying a box under her new arm. The box has a bio-hazard symbol on it. She's whistling along with her headphones.

**Panel 2** The GIRL climbs the stairs to her walk-up apartment.

**Panel 3** Interior shot of the apartment. The place is a mess of electronics. Cables go everywhere, and the entire place is bathed in the glow of dozens of monitors. The GIRL closes the door, hangs up her coat, and walks in. A cat with robot hind legs perks up at her approach.

THE GIRL  
Hello Mr. Fuzzums. How was your day?

**Panel 4** Frontal view of the GIRL, who as walked up to the wall that we are looking through, and is bent down, opening the box. The cat has followed her and is looking down into the box expectantly.

THE GIRL  
I had an excellent day.

**Panel 5** The GIRL has put her severed arm into a fluid-filled jar with a satisfying >plop!<

**Panel 6** Rear view of the GIRL, who is standing in front of a set of jerry-rigged shelves. The shelves hold differently shaped jars, arranged into the rough shape of a body. About half of the jars are filled with their corresponding body part. With her jacket off, it's obvious that the GIRL has several prosthetic parts. The cat purrs and sidles up to the GIRL's leg.

THE GIRL  
Now we're getting somewhere.