

"GNOSIS PHARMACOLOGY: CHAPTER 8"

by

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COVER: Extreme close-up of a woman's hand (that of Jennifer Jones, though this need not be obvious) letting a lit match drop...

PAGE 1 (Four panels):

Panel 1: View from "inside the mailroom," similar to what was done in Ch. 7, P. 23, Pnl. 1, except that this time it's TAYLOR CHASE peering in on a letter for him from KARIN BAUER.

CAPTION: In the middle of all the chaos, a new letter from Karin.

Panel 2: Taylor back in his room, reading.

CAPTION: She suggests that I try to visit her in Munich.

CAPTION: Perhaps working together we might be able to solve some of the Vernon Jackson mysteries.

Panel 3: P.O.V. close-up of Taylor looking at something held in his own hand. It's a picture of Karin, a simple head-and-shoulders snapshot.

CAPTION: She encloses a picture of herself. She's...young and pretty.

CAPTION: That's something I never thought about before.

Panel 4: Taylor peering pensively out the window of his room.

CAPTION: I'd like to visit you, Karin.

PAGE 2 (Single panel page, splash page for the issue):

Single panel: "Medium-long" view from above of Taylor, now clad in a heavy coat and cap, making his way along a wintry path on the Gnosis College campus. He has a satchel by his side in which he is presumably carrying books, etc.

CAPTION: There's work to do first, though.

PAGE 3 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Close-up on a bicycle tire coming to sudden halt (SFX: scrrrsh!) on a campus path.

Panel 2: MEDEA FELDSTEIN, astride the bicycle that has just stopped, is facing off against Taylor, who is standing directly in her path, a grim expression on his face.

Medea: Damnit, Taylor, can't you watch...

Taylor: They're coming for you, Medea.

Panel 3: Taylor, looking through a folder which he has pulled out of his satchel.

Medea (out-of-panel balloon): What?

Taylor: You thought you could throw me off the path with a Bowdlerized version of Vernon Jackson's notes.

Taylor: And you did, for while.

Panel 4: View of Medea's face, darkening with anger.

Taylor (out-of-panel balloon): Awareness of your...experiments has begun leaking out.

Taylor (out-of-panel balloon): And now there are powerful people who want what you have. You'd better get ready...

PAGE 4 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Medea walking her bicycle past Taylor.

Medea: I don't have to listen to this.

Taylor: Professor Rebecca Waite thinks you might have synthesized some new drugs.

Panel 2: Close-up on Medea, who now is beginning to look worried.

Medea: Professor...Waite?

Medea: What new drugs?

Panel 3: Taylor standing behind Medea now, Medea still walking her bike. Taylor is speaking to Medea in a broken-lined balloon filled with dots, indicating that he's whispering something to her which others -- even including the readers -- can't hear. Medea wears a surprised expression, as if she had never expected non-scientist Taylor to come across as so knowledgeable.

Panel 4: Taylor's P.O.V., Medea looking backward over her shoulder.

Medea: So what do you mean, "get ready?"

PAGE 5 (Four panel page)

Panel 1: View "from above" looking down at Medea, FATIMA FADIL, Taylor, and PROFESSOR REBECCA WAITE sitting around Waite's kitchen table, looking at a hologram of IRIS BROCKMAN. Iris is speaking.

Iris (radio balloon coming from hologram): My organization can help to tie up the little problem you've made with governments and other actors.

Panel 2: View of a pile of papers being handed from one abstract person to another.

CAPTION: We'll offer this in return for all of your source materials and lab notes.

Panel 3: View of a tasteful, expensive building exterior. There is a logo by the door.

CAPTION: After the two of you graduate you will begin a high-tech startup, with our organization providing capital. It can be located anywhere in the world you like.

Panel 4: Fatima (looking perhaps a little older) in a white coat, delivering instructions to three other scientists inside a very high-tech looking lab.

CAPTION: You'll continue your research. For us, of course.

PAGE 6 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Medea, looming over Iris's hologram, which we see from a low angle. Iris has her back to us.

Medea: I'm not sure that's very...

Iris (radio balloon coming from hologram): You have two possible futures at this point, Ms. Feldstein...

Panel 2: View of a middle-aged version of Medea, bent over a desk crammed with papers. She looks tired tired and worn down.

CAPTION: Either be a very highly compensated junior partner in a sexy pharma startup...

CAPTION: ...or spend the rest of your days as the government's creature.

Panel 3: Fatima and Medea, side-by-side glancing at each other.

Fatima: So I guess we don't get to rule the world, after all.

Panel 4: Taylor and Waite, viewed in profile, Taylor in front, as they sit around the table. Taylor has a visible smirk on his face as he listens to Iris's words.

Iris (radio balloon from out-of-panel): I'm in business. I don't grant wishes. I can only make deals.

PAGE 7 (Three panels)

Panel 1: Close-up on hologram Iris.

Iris (radio balloon): Now, as for dealing with the government men...

Panel 2: Medea in abstract space, facing an abstract (but suit-wearing man), who is holding a briefcase in one hand and extending the other as if to shake hands.

CAPTION: Don't expect to be snatched and thrown in a van. This isn't the movies.

CAPTION: Expect a smooth and professional approach, like a corporate recruiter. Play along.

Panel 3: Medea and Fatima in sitting at a table in abstract space, facing the abstract man. There are abstract drinks on the table.

CAPTION: They'll act like they're your friend. Meet you in some public place to put you at ease They won't try any threats or bullying at first. Not with talent like you.

CAPTION: But don't be fooled. There will be muscle nearby.

CAPTION: Getting out of this will be tough, but there's a way.

PAGE 8 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Fatima, in her eerie protective mask, holds up a flask in which she's mixing chemicals of some kind and looks at it.

CAPTION: We'll provide you with a recipe of a drug of our own. Ms. Fadil will have to some quick lab-work.

Panel 2: View of IGOR ZEITLIN, sitting in his chair, reading some book, and looking up from it as if to make eye contact with the reader.

CAPTION: You'll need someone trustworthy and capable of providing a distraction. I hope you know someone like that.

Panel 3: View of a fountain pen being put into an ink-bottle and filled via the lever. You probably know what this looks like, but just in case not there's this YouTube video: <https://youtu.be/IS1XilahfEA>

CAPTION: You'll need one of those old-fashioned fountain pens. The sort you fill via lever.

Panel 4: Close up view of Taylor, who's holding up just such an old-fashioned pen, cap removed and nib up and facing the viewer so that we can see what it is.

CAPTION: Lucky for you there's someone right near campus who knows how they work.

CAPTION: He even picked out this lovely old pen...

PAGE 9 (Two panels)

Panel 1: A larger panel, taking most of the page. View again "from above" showing the five principals in the meeting.

Waite: Everyone agrees, then.

Iris (radio balloon): There is one more term which we must insist on.

Panel 2: Smaller, inset panel. Close up on the Iris hologram.

Iris (radio balloon): We can't have any more of these wildcat field experiments with novel drugs. Ever.

Iris (radio balloon): They're just too unpredictable and dangerous.

PAGE 10 (Single panel page)

Single panel: "Long shot" view of the interior of an abandoned factory (use this image <http://cache3.asset-cache.net/gc/521489449-abandoned-ruined-house-inside-gettyimages.jpg?v=1&c=IWSAsset&k=2&d=uh1YBiBrC4G9cIe9ZIclcAfVY8wTlubnLn2924cy2CptQ24ihmx16ONPA9dbCwqANXTpycMWluR92HA1D1EnQ%3D%3D> for reference). In the middle of the stands a single rickety wooden chair. Approaching the chair are JESSICA JONES and MICHAEL HOOD. Michael is holding a gas can in one hand. Both are wearing winter coats.

Michael: I can't believe we're going to do this.

Jessica: It makes me so excited just thinking about it. Though maybe a little scared.

Michael: Remember the story.

PAGE 11 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Michael, having taking over his shoes is lowering his pants.

CAPTION: "There is an ancient story that King Midas hunted in the forest a long time for the wise Silenus, the companion of Dionysus, without capturing him. When Silenus at last fell into his hands, the king asked him what the best and most desirable of all things for man."

Panel 2: Close-up on Jessica, her coat off, lifting off her shirt.

CAPTION: "'Fixed and immovable, the demigod said not a word, till at last, urged by the kind, he gave a shrill laugh and broke out into these words. 'Oh wretched, ephemeral race, children of chance and misery, why do you compel me to tell you what it would be most expedient for you not to hear?'"

Panel 3: Michael, now ripping away his shirt.

CAPTION: "'What is best of all is utterly beyond your reach: not to be born, not to be, to be nothing.'"

Panel 4: Jessica, now naked except for her panties, which she is now lowering.

CAPTION: "'But the second best for you is — to die soon.'"

PAGE 12 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Close-up on Jessica facing Michael. Michael is drawing on a vaporizer.

Jessica: The first revelation is that we do not enjoy life, but fear death.

Jessica: The second is that death is not to be feared, but that only sacred drugs, not reason, can deliver us from that fear.

Panel 2: Close-up of Michael's hands, pouring some liquid out from the gas can.

CAPTION: Pleasure can be ours.

Panel 3: Close up on Michael and Jessica's midsections. Both are naked. Michael is sitting on the rickety wooden chair. Jessica is straddling him, tucking his now-hard penis into her.

CAPTION: Voluptas in excelsis.

Panel 4: Extreme close-up on Jessica's hand's. They are held above her head, striking a kitchen match against its box (SFX: skkrtch...)

PAGE 13 (Single panel page, color)

Single panel: Jessica astride Michael. They are embracing each other and in a deep kiss while engulfed in flames.

CAPTION: "...how many would speed up the process of extinction once euthanasia was decriminalized and offered in human and even enjoyable ways? --Thomas Ligotti, The Conspiracy against the Human Race"

CAPTION (hugs lower-right corner): Happy Valentine's Day, everyone!

PAGE 14 (Single panel page)

Single panel: View inside The Gadget. SENIOR OPERATIVE ROSE THORNE (model her after the actress [Dyanne Thorne](#)) sits at a table, faced by Medea and Fatima. Thorne wears a severe business suit. The Gadget itself is moderately crowded. Somewhere in the Gadget lurk OPERATIVE ONE and OPERATIVE TWO, large men not wearing suits but ill-disguised as college students. (There is also an OPERATIVE THREE, but not visible in this panel. Operative Three is more discreet.)

Thorne: You two made a good choice coming here to talk with me.

PAGE 15 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Fatima glances at Medea, apparently nervous.
Medea speaks to Thorne.

Medea: What's this about, Ms. Thorne?

Panel 2: Thorne pushing a dossier across a table at Fatima and Medea.

Thorne: You've made some serious errors of judgment in some of your...science.

Thorne: We have some documentation.

Panel 3: Medea and Fatima looking in the dossier.

Thorne (out-of-panel balloon): As you can see, there's lots in there you wouldn't want coming to the attention of the criminal justice system.

Panel 4: Thorne leaning across the table, looking sympathetic.

Thorne: But, with the right cooperation from both of you, we could make that all go away.

PAGE 16 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Igor is coming through the door into the Gadget, wearing a coat.

CAPTION: Who here looks like they're not from Gnosis?

Panel 2: Igor's P.O.V. looking at Operative One, sitting at another table, pretending to nurse a soft drink.

CAPTION: That joker, there.

Panel 3: Igor leaning forward on Operative One's table, looking aggressive and slightly pissed off. Operative One is playing it cool.

Igor: Hey, buddy, my girlfriend and I are going to need this table. You're gonna have to move...

Operative One: Fuck you, bro.

Panel 4: Igor having clobbered Operative One with a sucker punch (indicate with action lines, also SFX: POW!)

Igor: Nobody at Gnosis uses a stupid word like "bro."

PAGE 17 (Four panel page)

Panel 1: Thorne is glancing, however briefly in the direction of the distraction (SFX: tussle...crash!)

Thorne: You really need to consider...

Panel 2: Extreme close-up of Medea stabbing Thorne in the back of the hand with the nib of the fountain pen shown on Page 8 (action word: stab!). Right next to Thorne's hand there is a business card, askew as if just dropped there. It contains a QR code:



and also a handwritten note "if you want more, you need to deal with us more fairly"

Panel 3: Thorne drawn back, looking shocked, holding her wounded hand. In the background, chaos is beginning to break out (dialog line as SFX: holy crap he has a gun!)

Thorne: What...?

Panel 4: Thorne now slumped in her chair with a blissful expression and huge pupils in her eyes. (SFX: splash! argh!)

Thorne: ohhhh...

PAGE 18 (Single panel page)

Single panel: In an action set-piece, Operative Two in is the act of pulling out a small submachine gun. He is standing in front of the counter at the gadget. Behind the counter, POLLY MONAGHAN, a coed server, is very visibly and determinedly reaching for a pot of hot coffee. Somewhere in the Gadget someone has noticed the gun and is freaking out about it (dialog line as SFX: HOLY CRAP HE HAS A GUN!)

PAGE 19 (Two panels)

Panel 1: Operative Two getting a face full of scalding hot coffee thrown with the pot by Polly. He screams in pain (SFX: AAAHH!) and drops his gun.

Panel 2: A "viewbook shot" (i.e. race/gender diversity) of angry looking Gnosis College students looking back at Operative Two. Design of the students is at the artist's discretion.

Student 1: Motherfucker brought a gun! Onto our campus!

Student 2: We need to make a statement here...

Student 3: Let's fuck his shit up.

PAGE 20 (Four panels)

Panel 1: View from Operative Two's P.O.V. He is now flat on this back as Students 1 and 2 from the previous panel loom over him, fists clenched, looking to administer a beat-down

Student 1: Take your "second amendment solutions" and cram them back up your ass!

Student 2: Fucking right-wing trog!

Panel 2: Fatima and Medea, now huddled under the table they were occupying before.

Fatima: Now might be a good time for that discreet exit we discussed.

Panel 3: A slightly different fight scene taking place with Operative One, who's successfully managed to connect with Student 3 on a left hook (SFX: chock!)

Panel 4: Thorne, still sitting in her place, her pupils dilated, a goofy smile on her face. Indicate (perhaps) the amazing drug trip with squeans. In the background, place some flying object (mug, chair) to indicate that things are turning into a big, out-of-control brawl.

Thorne: Whee...

PAGE 21 (Four panels)

Panel 1: SPECIAL AGENTS SMITH and ONG putting things into the back trunk of their government-issue sedan, as they are packing up to leave Pleasant Prairie. They wear surprised expressions as they hear an announcement over their radio.

Police Dispatcher (radio balloon coming from out of panel) ...emergency request for all law enforcement assistance...riot at Gnosis College...

Panel 2: Smith and Ong, viewed as through the windscreen of their sedan. They're driving somewhere urgently...indicated through a red flasher light they've activated on their dash.

Panel 3: OPERATIVE THREE, a character in a hoodie, but whose design is otherwise up to the artist, pulls hoodie on while making his way through the rioting crowd in the Gadget.

Panel 4: "Over-the-shoulder" view of Operative Three, who has managed to get out of the Gadget and is now looking across campus. We might see a tiny fleeting glimpse of the back of Medea's head as we do so.

PAGE 22 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Fatima and Medea jogging along a campus path, away from the Gadget.

Fatima: Not too much further now...

Operative Three (out-of-panel, jagged-lined balloon):
FREEZE!

Panel 2: Fatima and Medea's P.O.V. up the path. Operative Three has followed them and has a submachine gun trained on them.

Operative Three: Put your hands up where I can see them!

Panel 3: Medea and Fatima their hands up. Out of the panel, Special Agents Smith and Ong are arriving in the opposite direction with a squeal of tires (SFX: SCREEE!)

Medea: Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh...

Panel 4: View of the front of Smith and Ong's sedan. They are covering behind open car doors, sidearms drawn and pointed at the view of the panel.

Smith: Federal officers! Put your weapon down, now!

PAGE 23 (Single panel page)

Single panel: "Crane shot" showing the ticklish tactical situation -- Operative Three with his drawn submachine gun pointing at Medea and Fatima, who are standing back to back with their hands raised in the middle of the panel, on the other side of which is Smith and Ong's sedan, where they remain in position, their guns drawn.

Medea: Well. Isn't this nice.

PAGE 24 (Four panels)

Panel 1: Thorne sits slumped in her chair in the Gadget, looking a little the worse for wear as her high has just worn off. In one hand she is clutching the business card seen

Thorne: <<...groan...>>

Panel 2: Thorne's P.O.V. An extreme close-up of the business card seen on P. 17, held in her hand. Across the bottom of the panel is a crawl -- a feature of Thorne's vision, which is modified Ghost in the Shell like to accept incoming transmissions. (Unfortunately I have been unable to find a good online visual reference for one of these, but if you're uncertain as to what to do let me know and I'll try cribbing one off DVD or something.) The crawl should read (in some sort of computer-like script OP3: HAVE A STANDOFF WITH L.E. ADVISE...

Panel 3: Operative Three's P.O.V. which is also modified to look a bit like he sees the world through television. He's looking at the armed standoff of P. 23 from his own perspective. He has a crawl at the bottom of his vision as well THORNE: STAND DOWN AND SURRENDER WILL SORT OUT

Panel 4: Thorne's P.O.V. There are two police officers facing her, wearing riot gear. Police Officer 1 speaks. The crawl across Thorne's vision reads: OP3: ACK

Police Officer 1: Ma'am, we have orders to bring you out of here.

PAGE 25 (Three panels)

Panel 1: Ong and Smith about to get back into their car.

Ong: Can't believe you surrendered everyone in that standoff to that woman, Special Agent Smith.

Smith: I learned very early in my career there's no future in battling these national security creeps, Special Agent Ong.

Smith: They have very special plans for the world.

Panel 2: Ong, pausing before getting into her car. She has her head cocked listening to singing in the distance (song lyric with notes as SFX: ...and now begins the final drama, in the streets and in the fields...)

Ong: Are those riot arrestees...singing, Special Agent Smith?

Panel 3: Smith, about to get in, his face wearing a wry grin. The song continues in the background (song lyric with notes as SFX: ...we stand unbowed before their armor, we defy their guns and shields!)

Smith: Who says today's students are all apathetic, Special Agent Ong?

PAGE 26 (Three panels)

Panel 1: Taylor Chase is sitting in PROFESSOR REBECCA WAITE'S kitchen, where the table is set for breakfast. He is reading the PLEASANT PRAIRIE REPUBLICAN-SENTINEL, which has a large headline STUDENT RIOT! LITTLE MICHIO is out of the panel.

Taylor: "Two dead in possible arson murder-suicide." What the hell?

Little Michiko: Let me see! Let me see!

Panel 2 Little Michiko sits in a chair next to Taylor, who has placed the newspaper on the table. Little Michiko has her arms crossed and a cranky expression, like an angry Piyoko.

Taylor: I'm not sure that this is appropriate for a little kid..

Little Michiko: I'm not a "little kid."

Taylor: What are you then?

Little Michiko: Ask me sometime and I'll explain it to you.

Panel 3: Professor Waite has sat down next to Taylor

Waite: Well, at least it looks like things might be working out for your "not friends."

PAGE 27 (Single panel page, color)

Single panel: View "from above" in a laboratory. Thorne kneels naked on a mat, with her suit and other equipment spread out before her. Fatima and Medea stand each to one side of her, wearing white coats. On a lab bench the hologram thing stands displaying IRIS BROCKMAN.

Thorne: I want more...please...what is "fair?"

Iris (radio balloon coming from hologram): Well, Madam, it is like this...

END.