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PANEL 1

Close-up on Lady Whispers face, half-looking over her shoulder, eyes narrow with cunning.

LADY WHISPER

(thinking)

Hey... Maybe I can use her momentum to
tip backwards...

PANEL 2

Same row as Panel 1, but could be wider to show more of the action. Lady Whisper manages to fall on her back, shattering the chair and freeing her hands from their bonds. Forrester is projected past Lady Whisper, eyes wide with surprise.

LADY WHISPER

(shouting)

YES!

SFX

(near breaking chair)

CRACK

FORRESTER

WAAH!

PANEL 3

Lady Whisper is headed for the door (left) while the thugs are starting after her and (at right) Forrester is lying on the floor, rubbing the back of his head and wincing in pain.

LADY WHISPER

(thinking)

FREEDOM!

THUG

STOP!

FORRESTER

Ow...

PANEL 4

Zoom on on Lady Whisper's hand on the door handle. It's locked.

SFX

(near door handle, small font)
rattle rattle

LADY WHISPER

(thinking; from above panel)

Uh oh...

(cont'd)

Locked!

PANEL 5

Wide panel. At left, Lady Whisper (with a placating smile) is facing off a half-dozen thugs; some are carrying ropes, some are rolling up their sleeves, some are punching into the palm of the second hand. All are ready to subdue their prey. At right, Forrester is back on his feet, crossing his arms over his (big!) chest.

LADY WHISPER

We can talk about this, yes?

THUG

We done talking, missy.

FORRESTER

Of COURSE we locked the door.

FORRESTER

We're not AMATEURS.