

The **SECRET** **DIARY** of *Bettie Page*

CHAPTER FOUR:
BETTIE AND THE BEAST

IT HAD BEEN A LONG NIGHT. ANY NIGHT WHERE YOU GET SURROUNDED BY CROWDS OF ZOMBIES-- TWICE!-- IS A LONG NIGHT.

THE FIRST BUNCH WERE FILM EXTRAS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SOME CRAZY MIND-CONTROL GADGET.

I DIDN'T HEAR ONE OF THOSE MACHINES HUMMING...SO THIS SECOND BUNCH WEREN'T UNDER THE INFLUENCE...THEY WERE VOLUNTEER ZOMBIES.

MUCH MORE TERRIFYING.

PROFESSOR ELROY BENWAY, DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, PHYSICIST, WARRIOR AND SPEAKER OF THE SKY SCIENCE.

WELL, I'VE BEEN SCARED BEFORE, AND I'VE BEEN SURROUNDED BEFORE, AND I'VE SURVIVED. THESE HALLOWEEN CHARACTERS WEREN'T GOING TO BEAT ME.

FINALLY! IT'S SUCH A THRILL TO MEET YOU, PROFESSOR!



IF ONLY YOU'D JUST INVITED ME OVER A LITTLE EARLIER WE COULD HAVE AVOIDED A LOT OF RUMPUUS.



ME AND LYSSA HERE...WE'VE BEEN CHASING OUR TAILS ALL NIGHT, AND IT WAS ALL A WASTE OF TIME AND ENERGY, OVER A SILLY MISUNDERSTANDING.



IS THAT SO?

POOR DAN OBERT IS IN THE MORGUE, YOU DISRUPTED THE FIELD TEST OF THE BENWAY WAVE MODULATOR AND IT WAS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE FOR HOURS.



WAS?

OFFICER CALLAHAN...HE HELPED YOU GET IT BACK, RIGHT?



WHY... YES.

HE'S STILL A LITTLE SORE FROM WHERE YOU KICKED HIM.





I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO CROWD THESE NICE LADIES SO CLOSELY, MY SONS.



KEEP GRABBING ME AND YOU'LL SEE HOW "NICE" I AM.

THANKS, PROFESSOR. YOUR HELPERS HAVE STRONG HANDS; WE WERE STARTING TO BRUISE.



MY APOLOGIES, I MAY HAVE MISJUDGED YOU.

NO SWEAT, DOC. I'VE ONLY JUST STARTED READING YOUR BOOK, AND IT'S PERFECTLY FASCINATING.



YOU'RE INTERESTED IN SKY SCIENCE?

OF COURSE! IT'S THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE! YOU'RE THE PROPHET FOR THE NEXT STEP OF MAN'S EVOLUTION!

YOU'D THINK AN EDUCATED MAN, A MAN OF THE WORLD, WOULD SEE THROUGH SUCH BUNK.



YOU'D THINK THAT...UNLESS YOU SPENT ANY TIME AROUND "GENIUSES", THEY'RE NEVER SUSPICIOUS OF FLATTERY. GOD BLESS THEM.

YOU'RE A REMARKABLY PERCEPTIVE YOUNG WOMAN. PERHAPS YOU CAN BE OF SOME HELP IN MY CRUSADE...

GOSH...THAT WOULD BE SUCH AN HONOR, PROFESSOR. I CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN COOKING UP HERE, AND DO MY PART FOR HUMAN DESTINY!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. C'MON, BETTIE. THIS IS SUCH A CLICHÉ. THE BAD GUY IS GOING TO LAY OUT HIS ENTIRE PLOT?

I'M TELLING YOU...IN 1951? THIS WAS A THING BAD GUYS STILL DID. DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. ASK DOC SAVAGE. ASK IAN FLEMING. IT ONLY BECAME A CLICHÉ BECAUSE IT HAPPENED ALL THE TIME BACK THEN.

AND SOMETIMES IT CAME WITH COCKTAILS.



MANHATTANS OKAY WITH YOU LADIES?

SURE THING, CALLAHAN. SORRY ABOUT THE KICK.



IF THE PROFESSOR SAYS IT'S BYGONES, IT'S BYGONES.

THANKS, BUDDY, YOU'RE A GOOD EGG.

...AND I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT SORRY ABOUT SCRAMBLING YOURS.



THAT THING IN THE BACKYARD... I SAW IT FLY.

YOU DID! A LOT OF LOS ANGELES DID, TONIGHT.



YOU TOOK IT. FROM PACIFIC AEROSPACE TECHNOLOGIES.

YOU STOLE RICK'S WIFE AND HIS SPACESHIP.