



Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang!

Rob Schrab , Mondy Carter , Dan Harmon

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) ➔

Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang!

Rob Schrab , Mondy Carter , Dan Harmon

Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang! Rob Schrab , Mondy Carter , Dan Harmon
In the world of *Scud*, bullets are cheaper than human life. Corner vending machines provide any weapon you might need. The most popular weapons are Scud disposable assassins: Robot hitmen that self-destruct when they kill their target. This volume follows Scud 1373, assigned to take out a hideous female man-eater named Jeff. While fighting the indestructible Jeff, Scud discovers his infamous warning panel in a bathroom mirror. Realizing that to kill Jeff is to kill himself, Scud blows off her arms and legs and hospitalizes her. Her life support bills will have to be paid, and Scud will have to find more work to stay alive.

Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang! Details

Date : Published August 6th 2008 by Image Comics (first published August 5th 2008)

ISBN : 9781582406855

Author : Rob Schrab , Mondy Carter , Dan Harmon

Format : Paperback 786 pages

Genre : Sequential Art, Comics, Graphic Novels, Fiction, Science Fiction, Humor, Comic Book, Fantasy, Action, Graphic Novels Comics, Comedy

 [Download Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang! ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang! ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang! Rob Schrab , Mondy Carter , Dan Harmon

From Reader Review Scud: The Disposable Assassin - The Whole Shebang! for online ebook

Chris says

Well, that was weird.

It was interesting seeing the differences in the story as it was written in three large blocks. The overall concept was pretty great and unique and it's interesting seeing a young Dan Harmon's early writing.

It was a weird and unique journey, but I did enjoy it, although the artwork was a little difficult to follow in some of the earlier chapters, it all came together by the end.

Paulie Streeter says

I used to know of Scud as an old video game, this is my first encounter with Rob Schrab's comic work; and this book is an epic comic collection. The art and lettering have a lot of variety; the story ranges from comedic, to action packed, to profound, and has a tendency to use a combination of these elements at times. Great book. Favs of this book: zombie cyborg dinosaurs, Mess and Drywall to name few.

Nicholas Karpuk says

To best recreate the feeling of reading the entirety of SCUD in one sitting, I suggest snorting one of those wacky giant pixie sticks and chasing it with one of those disgusting Mountain-Dew-brand energy drinks.

It's an indie comic in a way that many indie comics really aren't. It's genuinely a story that would never pass a mainstream editor. Partly its unwillingness of Schrab to ever really slow down and explain the incredibly elaborate scenarios, and partly the unpleasantness of some of the situations.

At times it comes off as a bit sophomoric or amateurish. There are elements of SCUD that could have composed an entire series in their own right, but many concepts don't extend past a single issue before Schrab gets bored and moves on. And at times the dialogue comes off as weird personal diatribes rather than something the character would actually say, as though the creator is chatting with you through the pages. The worst embodiment of these tendencies is the chief antagonist, Jeff, who speaks almost entirely through obnoxious catch phrases.

It also extends to the artwork, which at times feels rushed, and other times hyperactively detailed in a way that makes it hard to know where to focus the eye or how to proceed through the page.

But the breathless energy is hard to deny. Its a long reckless odyssey that's hard to compare to few things beyond Johnny the Homicidal Maniac, mostly because it goes to similar ridiculous extremes, with the character traveling through time and into Heaven and Hell, though SCUD does so in a much more abbreviated fashion.

If there's a way to read SCUD, it's definitely this edition. It truly does feel like a graphic novel, a long, zany

adventure. It's by no means a brilliant work, but the audacity kept me reading.

Rosa says

This was great totally irreverent and funny. The story is incredibly entertaining. Scud is a robot designed to wreak revenge for you and then blow up upon completion of said revenge, so there is no evidence. The only thing is that Scud is very self aware and he doesn't want to blow up. So you follow his adventures as he tries to earn money and keep his target alive. My only complaint is that action scenes can be very busy and tend to be difficult to follow.

Chris says

Scud really took me by surprise. I picked it up on a whim based on my love of two things: the rough, anything-goes attitude of late 80s/90s indie comics (reference point: Love & Rockets remains one of my all-time favorites), and my affinity for the writing of Dan Harmon (who co-wrote Scud along with series creator and artist Rob Schrab). I'm glad I did, because it turned out to be one of the funniest, most inventive, daring comics I've read in quite a while.

The basic idea is this: In the future, people can hire a Scud robot (from a vending machine, no less) as a hired hitman to kill the person/creature/alien of their choice. After the target is destroyed, the Scud self-destructs...no muss, no fuss. Unless, of course, the Scud finds out about that whole self-destruction thing before it kills its target...

The titular Scud discovering this fact about itself (and subsequent efforts to cripple its target while carefully keeping it on life support) is really just the jumping off point for a stream-of-consciousness joyride that involves zombie T-Rexs, Ben Franklin as a menacing witch doctor villain, the four horsemen of the apocalypse, Mafia robots, robot-human sex, bionic giraffes, and a sidekick that has every item in existence contained within his zippered body named Drywall. What's amazing is that the series (which consists of the original 20 issue run, plus a 4 issue finale done 10 or so years later) contains all of these insane ideas and still manages to not only make sense, but be transcendently hilarious and, at times, heartfelt. It also looks fantastic - i'd say 75% of the book is action set pieces, and they never get old thanks in large part to Schrab's never-ending arsenal of really cool ideas for fight scenes.

One warning: This is a "rough around the edges" kind of story - be prepared for a bunch of typos and some really wild jumping around in the plot in the last few issues of the original run. I actually found it to be part of the charm, but I recognize that it isn't for everyone. But if that doesn't scare you off...give it a try. It's the most fun I've had reading a book so far this year.

Patrick says

I started reading this comic back in the 90's. I loved this collected omnibus, not only because I loved the story, but because it now has the end of the storyarc that was left hanging so long ago....

Michael Gonzalez says

On the surface, this is the type of writing I usually hate. Gonzo and surreal for the sake of being weird...until you get to the fourth or fifth chapter and start to notice that all of the things that seemed so random are starting to knit together.

SCUD is, as the title says, a disposable assassin. You buy him from a vending machine, tell him who to kill, and after the job he self-destructs. This model becomes self-aware on his first mission, and opts to keep his victim alive so that he, too, may continue living. What could have easily turned into a sitcom-level trope becomes a key plot point as the story turns from a paint-by-numbers comic plot into epic odyssey. There are too many twists and turns to make sense of without experiencing it directly.

SCUD is easily the archetype for everything an independent comic should be: artistically simple at times, needlessly complex at others (I would have given up as an artist if asked to draw the character Jeff more than once), full of typos, flying by the seat of its pants. And yet it all works. It lampoons comics while placing them on a pedestal.

The characters make the story sing. One of the especially deep backstories revolves around the sidekick. Drywall is perhaps the most lovable second-banana in comics history, and I actually found myself genuinely caring whether or not he'd make it through to the end.

The core theme of lost love and heartbreak and the resilience of the human spirit (which is odd when so very few humans are involved in the story) really resonates without becoming too maudlin or sappy. Do yourself a favor and find a copy of SCUD.

Jonah says

I had a weird middle of the night insomnia last night, and since I couldn't concentrate on anything requiring more than 30% of my normal energy, I decided to wrap up this complete comic saga. The series began in 1993-4, then took a 10 year break in 1998 before returning for a 4 issue wrap up last year. I didn't follow the series back then, but found this reasonably priced collected of all the issues after getting a recommendation from the Onion AV Club.

While the plot is completely wild and takes surreal and unexpected twists and turns, the art of Scud is incredibly... well the best word for it is f*cked up. I have never had a comic book come close to giving me a headache after reading it, but Scud leans on the side of explosions more explosion, and frames that emphasize kinetic energy more than being legible.

But there is a heart to this story, about a robot assassin who comes from a vending machine and is designed to self-destruct once his primary target has been destroyed. Only Scud decides he doesn't want to die, so he keeps his nearly-dead target alive while doing mercenary work to pay for his target's hospital bills.

But don't worry too much about the story... what's important is that every page you turn will be a drawing of some creature or crazy world that you have no past context to visually comprehend. Even by the standards of fantastical comic books, the jarring and creative imagery really kept this book riveting. Highly recommended, as a graphic novel and as art.

Erik says

I borrowed it from my friend Zach. It was awesome.

Jordan Bethea says

Ridiculous, exciting, baffling, endearing. The whole collection finally came back in print so I could get one.

Jared Millet says

Put simply, the words "batshit insane" are not batshit insane enough to describe *Scud: The Disposable Assassin*. I always thought I was missing out by not following these comics in their original run, but it's nice to have them all in one volume. I was familiar with the basic premise - a robot assassin programmed to self-destruct when he kills his target instead decides to keep his first victim alive to prolong his own existence - but I had no idea that the world Scud inhabits was so incredibly weird that a computerized killbot would be the everyman character.

There's the crime boss giraffe with the flying saucer for a head. There's the arch-nemesis with mouths in her knees, a giant electric plug for a head, and a fully articulate giant squid grafted to her torso. And Benjamin Franklin, resurrected as an evil necromancer.

The problem in the early chapters is that Rob Schrab's creations are so bizarre it's not entirely clear what you're looking at from one panel to the next. As the comic progresses, either Schrab got better as a cartoonist or I just went a little off-kilter from filling my mind with this stuff. Either way, what shocked me most was that by the huge apocalyptic battle at the end (which is huge and apocalyptic in a way no mainstream comic except for *Savage Dragon* would have the guts to pull off) I actually cared about all these crazy characters. Who'da thunk?

Word of advice: when you read this, tap into your inner Mel Blanc. You'll want him doing the voices.

Adelaide Metzger says

"Why won't you just let me die?" --Scud

Heartbreak. Struggle. Abandonment. Sacrifice.

The quote above says it all without giving away spoilers for *Scud: The Disposable Assassin* but still teases light of the damp, heavy curtain of metaphor that this masterpiece represents.

Growing up in a sheltered home I'm only just now getting to know who Scud and Rob Schrab are thanks to my twin who found out about the comic on a very early and hilarious version of Rick and Morty (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gL1kL...>). I couldn't understand why my twin was begging me to read

the comic since the art and imagination of the concept is flat out obscure and kind of demented. After reading the first 6 or so issues I had trouble keeping interest since the strangeness of Schrab's creativity is far from my cup of tea. But I sucked it up one sleepless night and continued to read where I left off. Once I hit the halfway point (Drywall Unzipped arc)...

I could not put it down.

The backstory for the character of Drywall put me in tears--especially when it was brought full circle in the finale. But the metaphor for what Scud is and what his journey represents just shocks me to my core. I've never read anything that was connected to the author's/artist's soul so strongly. According to the forward of this particular edition, Schrab's wife, Kate, explains the story behind Scud the robot assassin revealing that Schrab started the series after getting rejected by a girl he fancied. The story and characters soon consumed his life and he forgot about her until a second love interest came into play. When that woman dumped him (for reasons unsaid) Schrab lost all creativity and went on a 13 year hiatus. Then he met Kate and finished the series. It may not sound like the usual woes of finding *the one* when dealing with relationships, but once you actually get into the plot and characters of *Scud* you'll understand the beauty behind the bizarre.

Yes, *Scud: The Disposable Assassin* is strange and violent and even crude at times, but behind all the robo-sex, insanity, and bloody action this piece of heartache from the soul of a heart-broken artist represents why all creatives do what they do. We write, draw, paint, sing, dance, and build to express our emotions in a way that justifies our heart's projection in an attempt to get the world to understand the same way we do. I dropped a star because I don't really see myself reading this again and I was weirded-out multiple times during the adventure. But that doesn't phase out my understanding of such broken emotions that Rob Schrab had to go through.

Give it a chance. You WILL be surprised and possibly brought to tears like I was.

j says

Holy crap. This might be the coolest comic book ever created. If I had read it at age 14, I think my head would have exploded.

Here is a list of cool things in this book:

- Robot assassins (obv.)
- Robot assassins *dressed in gangster tuxes*
- Robot assassins that look like Go-Bots (I need to stop listing all the cool robots)
- Zombie dinosaurs
- Zombie zoo animals
- Voo-doo Ben Franklin, leader of a zombie army (see above)
- Thug with dog for a head (an entire dog)
- Giraffe that shoots lasers
- Robot Satan
- Angels revolting against God via robot assassins
- Two guns at once
- Four guns at once
- Gun that shoots ravenous piranhas
- Space werewolf

- Intergalactic rocking horse
- Woman/robot sex
- Low-gravity drag race
- Sentient bull with chainsaw horns
- Gateway to hell, opened via modem and blood sacrifice
- Fun sound effects ("Grab!" "Steal!" "Kick!" "Dead!" "Gross!")
- Swearing

There are some not cool things too, like occasionally it meanders episodically and the story kind of wobbles in the end, but I really like the zombie dinosaurs, so I am giving it 5 stars.

Tim says

As I'm currently reading only black and white comics I wanted to revisit one of my favorites. Even better than I remember. The story goes a little off the rails sometimes but Rob Schrab is such a brilliant artist and imaginative writer I couldn't care less. I won't wait 5+ years to revisit again.

Dan says

Scud: The Disposable Assassin was an independent comic book that came out when I was in high school. The series ran for 20 issues, had a 9 issues spin off called "La Cosa Nostroid," a one off on the back story to Drywall (Scud's side-kick), a 2 issue story of Drywall and Oswald, and a 4 issue series about other disposable assassins. There were 2 video games, and rumors of movies. The thing is, the franchise, despite being a relatively successful series, just ended out of nowhere. Scud's girlfriend had just been chopped up and left to die, and Scud instructed to kill the earth.

This was an epic cliffhanger that was one of my first real experiences with disappointment. I was left wondering what the hell happened to this comic and the guys who made it. They also had a comedy group, "the dead alewives" that did the skit, now a famous internet meme of a bunch of kids hanging around playing dungeons and dragons and getting side tracked on stuff like snacks.

Over the years, I saw news of these guys. Rob Schrab had made the movie "Monster House." They also got involved with Jack Black, and made the TV show pilot for "Heat Vision and Jack" (also now a famous internet meme.) And when that got shot down they made the excellent Channel 101, a website/internet community of online shows where the users/community vote on which series they want to see continued. The last I had heard from Rob Schrab, was when I noticed his name as a producer credit on "The Sarah Silverman Show." While all this stuff (save The Sarah Silverman Show) was high quality stupidity, I didn't like any of it as much as Scud. And while I was still disappointed that he never finished his original project, I understood that Schrab had moved on, and I had to respect that.

Then I heard that not only was Schrab going to wrap it all up, he was going to re-release the whole series as one huge graphic novel. This is that huge graphic novel.

This is what it says it is "The Whole Shebang" of Scud. The original 20 episodes, plus the 4 that end the series, as well as the one off "Drywall: Unzipped" spin off.

Scud takes place in a surreal future, that is somehow perpetually experiencing the biblical rapture. High technology mixes with sorcery, and hilarity ensues. The world has grown completely insane: there are alien invasions, mutations on a large scale, technology advances extremely rapidly, there are cults that worship testosterone, capitalism runs rampant, crime and violence are out of control. In this world, disposable robot assassins can be purchased from vending machines on the corner. These robots self destruct when they kill their targets, destroying the evidence of who ordered the hit. The most popular brand is "Scud Co." Our story begins when a manager at a mannequin factory purchases our protagonist to kill a she-monster named "Jeff," who speaks only in media clips, and has been killing the workers at the factory. While battling the monster, Scud sees the warning on his back that he will self destruct after terminating his target. His self-defense programming kicks in and instead of killing the target he blows off all her arms and legs and puts her on life support. He then becomes a hit man to make money to pay the hospital bills. He ties in with the robot mafia who are locked in battle with Voodoo Ben, a reincarnation of Ben Franklin who mixes science a sorcery to create his own cybernetic zombie mafia. The book follows Scud as he just tries to keep on living.

Along the way, scud ties in with several friends: Tony Tasty, the leader of the robot mafia. Drywall, a bag of carpet that holds an extra-dimensional pocket containing a vast grid of 12x12 square rooms (with walls made of drywall) where he stores stuff he pilfers from around him. Oswald, one of the previous models of Scud Co disposable assassins. and Sussidio, a femme fatale sent to kill Scud, who instead falls in love with him.

Now, I do not want to sound pretentious, but Scud is an excellent piece of literature. This whole comic series, despite being science fiction parody, touches on many different themes. Scud is a the ultimate nobody. He is literally disposable, one of many other, just like him, meant for one other purpose and nothing beyond that. Yet, against all odds, and even exact copies of himself and more advanced later models, he wins time and time again. He is the ultimate triumph over his own station in life. He is an anti-hero, his only goal is to make enough money to keep his target alive so he won't die. Yet, despite himself, he always keeps doing the right thing in the situations he gets himself into. Exceptional beyond expectations, and moral and good in the face of all opposition, Scud represents the triumph of the everyman against insurmountable obstacles to the contrary.

While rereading the old issues of Scud, I was struck by how "90s" it was. It reminded me of a quote my uncle Charles once made "that is what fashion is, something that looks exceptionally cool for one period of time and looks totally stupid at any other time." Scud didn't look stupid, but it was a little corny. However, the themes of media sampling, and media recycling show up time and time again. The characters out-right quote other media. Jeff speaks only in media clips. The story references other plots though out. The whole comic is a big game of lets combine all this cool stuff from pop culture: robots, zombies, mafia, hit-men, giant robots, dinosaurs, aliens, and mutants. Voodoo Ben even out right says that they are living in a world where everything has already been invented. The 90s were a time when samples and media recycling was the hot thing in art and music. Scud reflects this in both form and content.

There are also a whole bunch of religious themes that I'm not going to get into.

I do not think that the influence of Scud should be overlooked. While reading this, I realized that the world portrayed in Scud, is like an ultraviolent version of the future in Matt Groening's "Futurama." I'm not saying that "Futurama" is a Scud rip off. I am saying that they are tapping the same zeitgeist, and Scud got there a little bit sooner. I honestly think that Scud paved the way for the likes of futurama, as well as the whole hyper surreal, chock full of attitude cartoons that they show on adult swim, and other such media outlets.

The art in this, while not exceptional in its technical aspects, is very stylized and works very well for the story. The pop-art style nicely reflects the themes of media recycling and reference, that repeatedly come up in the comic. This is a great example of the form of media echoing the theme/message (my GF tells me that this is some sort of state of the art in French Literature, but as a Math/CS dude, I don't really know much

about that.)

I read this book because I loved Scud: The Disposable Assassin Comics when I was a teenager. I really wanted to know how the story ends.

I am happy with how it all ends up.
