

SOME COMMENTARY

Ah. *This* part. So, this was where I feel we started to *really* take Panty Bear off the rails. Like, it was definitely adult before this, but in writing, the moment we wrote this chapter it was kinda like “holy shit, we’re really just going for it, huh?” I guess you could say this is when we truly figured out the *tone* we wanted the story to have, and whether consciously or not it definitely spurned a fair bit of revisions later on to earlier parts of the script.

Listen, the animatronic fuck shack is a weird, and probably dumb idea. Whenever I tell people about it, I know it turns them off of the comic. But, to be honest, I think it’s hilarious. I think this whole *sequence* with Jay and Gerald is hilarious. Sure, it’s not the most relevant to the plot and if I could go back, I’d probably introduce them a bit better--re-reading through I realized they just sorta pop-up outta nowhere with little explanation. But dammit, I love these two. They’re hilarious.

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE(four panels)

Panel 1: We cut back to Lucky’s, where Jay and Gerald still are. Jay’s off to the side, on the stage, pants down and butt out as he humps one of the animatronics—a bear. Gerald’s sitting at a table with Lucky, big bottle of whiskey—labeled “TEARS OF JOY”—in front of them. Lucky’s pouring some into a small glass.

SFX: Hump. Hump.

LUCKY: I wish I’d started my own fast food chain instead of an animatronic fuck shack.

GERALD: I getcha. I wish I’d stayed in **law school**.

Panel 2: Profile shot of Gerald and Lucky talking. Lucky’s giving him a blank stare.

LUCKY: You, law school?

GERALD: Yeah. My old man wanted me to be a **cop**.

LUCKY: You really are dumb.

GERALD: Sound just like dad, always settin’ the **bar** high.

LUCKY: I **hate** you.

GERALD: Yep. Definitely sound like dad.

Panel 3: Gerald slams his full-drink down on the table, laughing and causing alcohol to splash everywhere.

GRISWOLD(not shown): Tell me, where can I find Lucia?

GERALD: Haha! **Lucia?** You’re shit outta luck, pal. Bera’s huntin’ her, so why dontcha sit down and--

Panel 4: Suddenly, Bera’s blood-soaked head lands on the table, knocking over the whiskey and spilling it all over Gerald. He doesn’t react to that, though, as he’s out his seat, standing there, terrified. Lucky looks indifferent.

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIX(six panels)

Panel 1: Shot of Gerald, terrified, screaming. Shot of Lucky gesturing over at Jay, who's still going.

GERALD: **Aaaah!**

LUCKY: I take it you don't want sloppy seconds?

Panel 2: Shot of Griswold lighting a cigarette, looking badass.

Panel 3: Griswold blows a puff of smoke into Gerald's face.

GRISWOLD: **Answer my question.**

GERALD: I...uh....I don't...uh...

Panel 4: Lucky looks at Griswold.

LUCKY: She's battling some **grannies** on **Main Street**.

GERALD: How do you know?

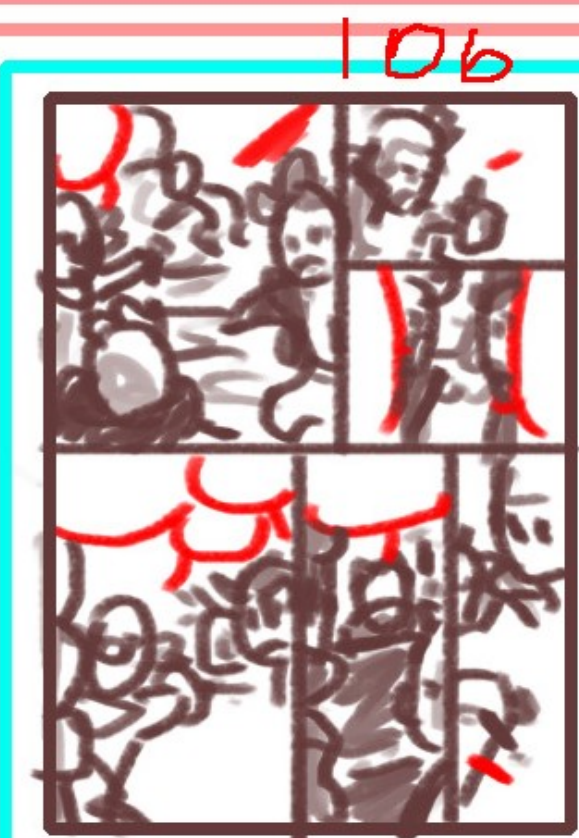
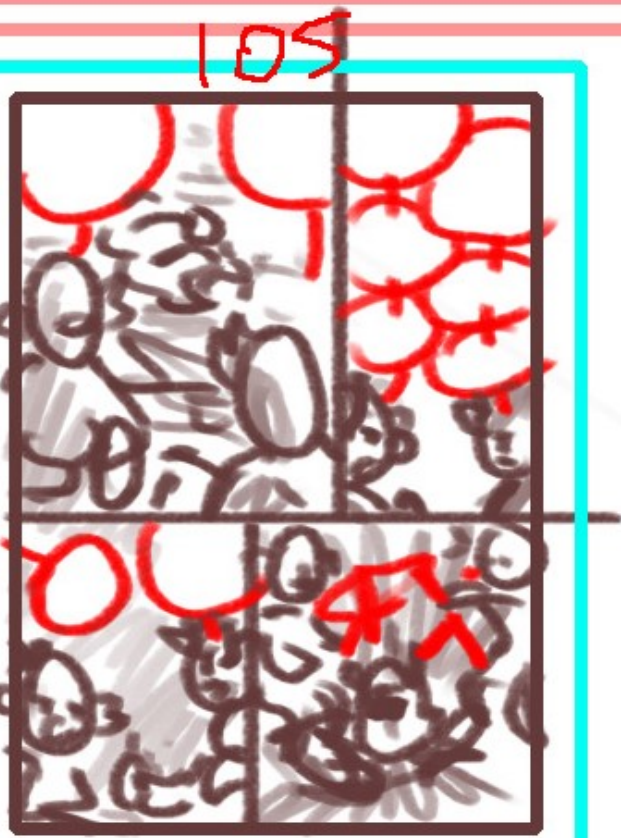
LUCKY: TV. They're broadcasting her every move.

Panel 5: As quickly as he came, Griswold turns around, walking away from the table, flicking his cigarette behind him.

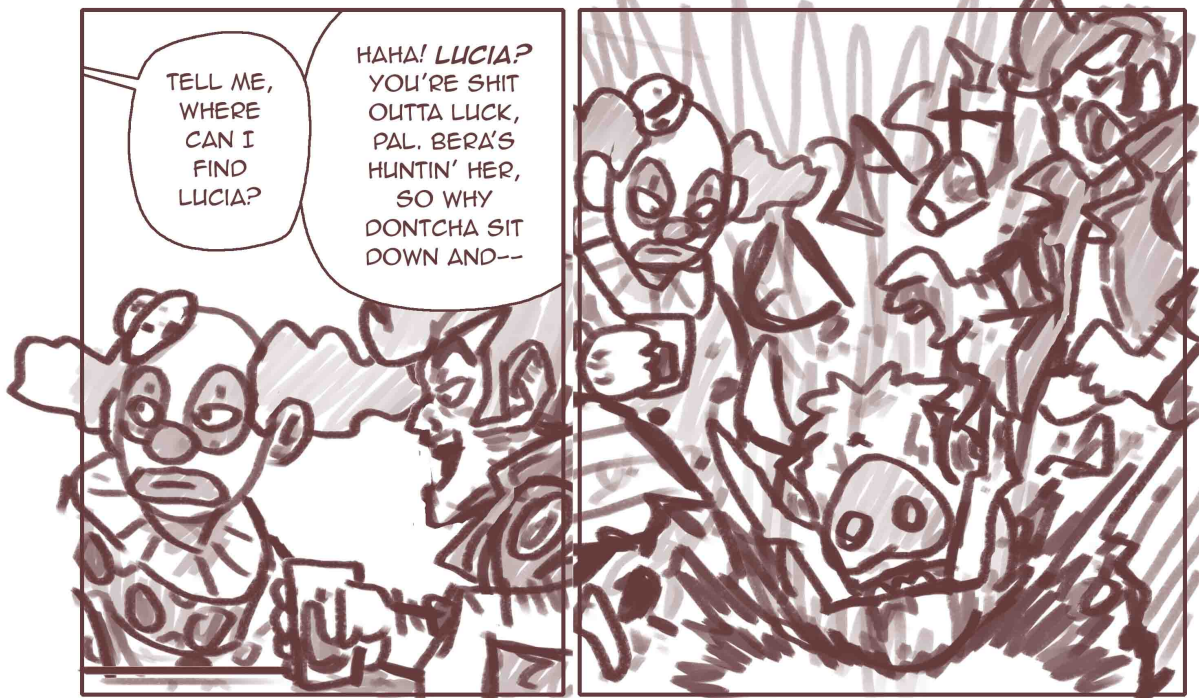
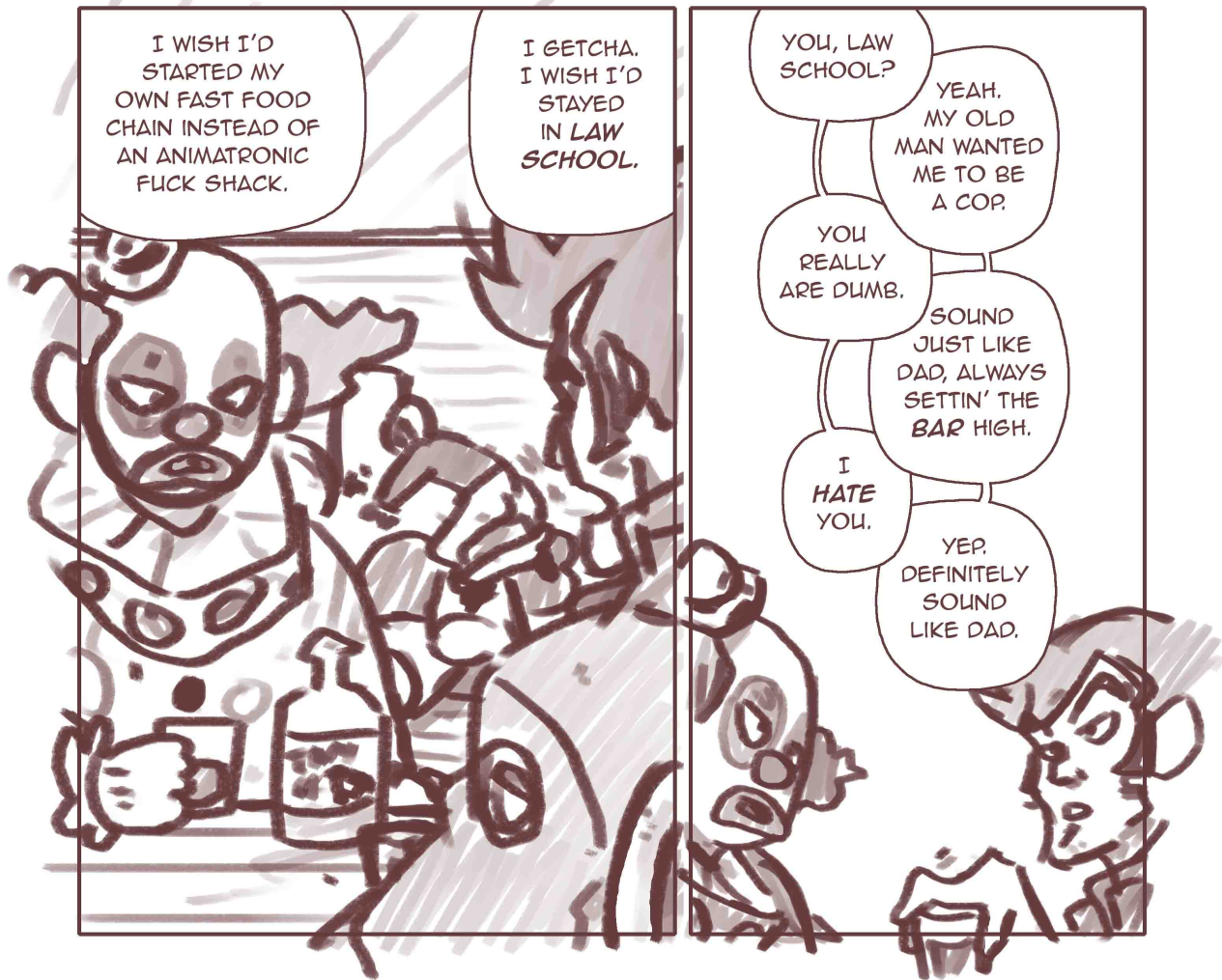
GRISWOLD: Thank you, gentlemen.

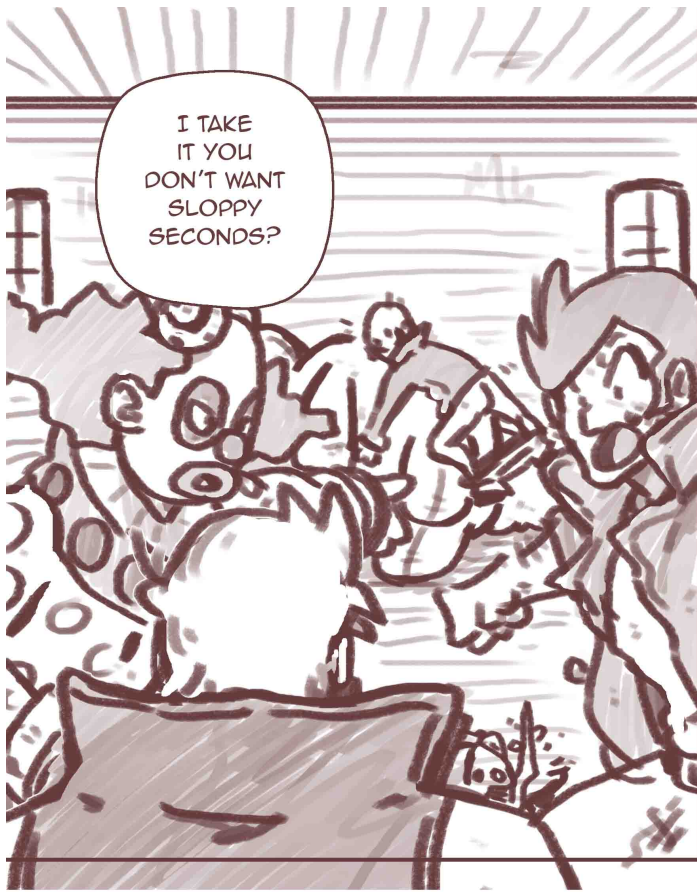
Panel 6: It lands right on Gerald's alcohol soaked chest.

STORYBOARDS

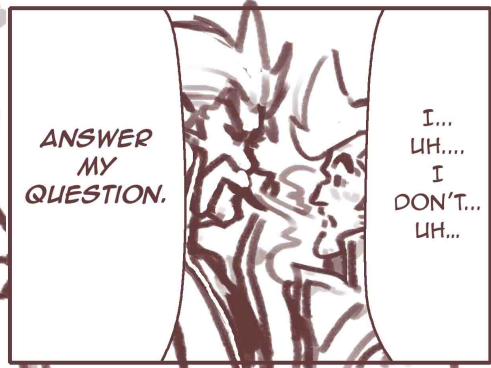


PENCILS





I TAKE IT YOU DON'T WANT SLOPPY SECONDS?



ANSWER MY QUESTION.

I... UH... I DON'T... UH...



SHE'S BATTLING SOME GRANNIES ON MAIN STREET.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

TV. THEY'RE BROADCASTING HER EVERY MOVE.



THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN.

