

PAGE FORTY-TWO(four panels)

Panel 1: We cut back to Bon, who's shaking. Hen-Tie leans forward, whispering in his ear.

HEN-TIE: *Say something.*

BON: Right.

Panel 2: Bon nervously leans toward the screen, twiddling his fingers. This shot is from *inside* the screen, so it should look sorta static-y.

BON: Uh...your name's Griswold, and you're the strongest being alive. You were built to serve to serve as my personal killing machine.

BON: My brother's stolen a special pair of panties. So, uh, go retrieve them.

Panel 3: Shot of Griswold. He's a towering, muscular man in biker gear who looks like Hulk Hogan. He has a handle-bar mustache, leather boots, and a bandana. Also on the back of his jacket it says "*BON'S BABY*" with some hearts around it.

GRISWOLD: You don't *need* those panties. You have me.

Panel 4: Bon, rubbing his fingers, nervously continues.

BON: Well, uh, actually, I *do*. They're really strong—

GRISWOLD: So am I.

PAGE FORTY-THREE(four panels)

Panel 1: Bon furrows his brow, pointing at the screen—which Griswold’s walked off of, so we just see the destroyed lab. He’s flicked a cigarette behind him, though, and that’s in the middle of the panel.

SFX: Flick!

BON: I can easily destroy you, Griswold, so do what you’re told.

GRISWOLD(not shown): I’ll do what needs done.

Panel 2: The screen is static, and Bon’s facing away from is now, swiping a bead of sweat off his face. Hen-Tie makes a blank face.

BON: Phew. That went well.

HEN-TIE: He destroyed our lab.

BON: Hen-Tie, babe, do me a favor—travel with him, and if he gets outta hand, call me.

Panel 3: Shot of Hen-Tie nodding, looking incredibly determined.

Panel 4: Camera in front of Hen-Tie as she wobbles away, yanking her panties up, determined. In the background, Bon spins back toward his table.

HEN-TIE(thinking): *Sorry Kern, but Bon’s my new daddy...*

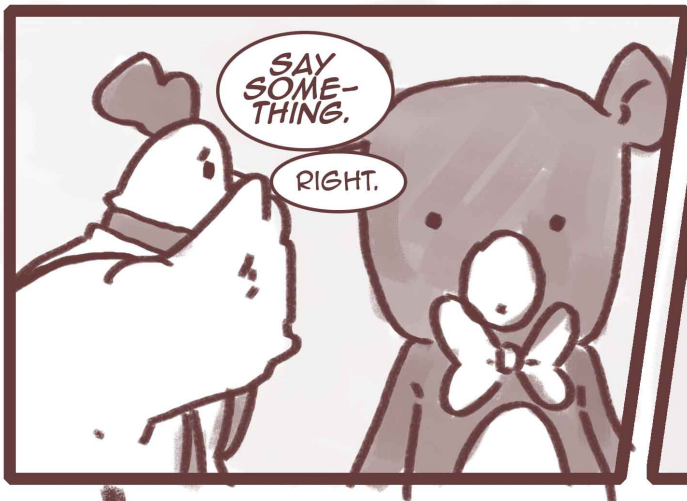
BON: All right, ready to play?

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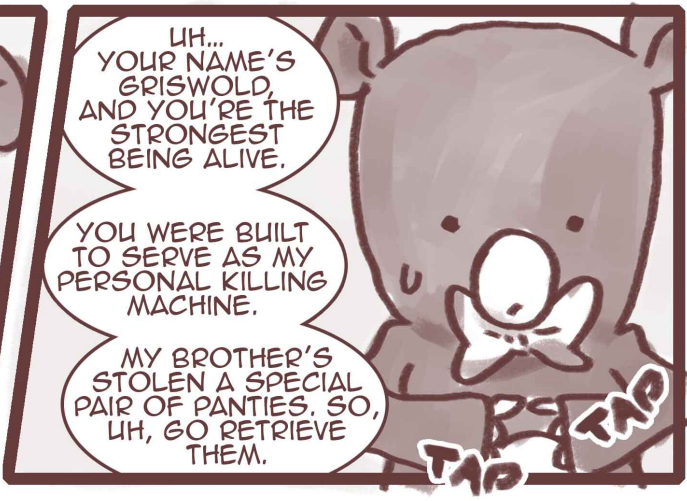
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SAY SOMETHING.

RIGHT.

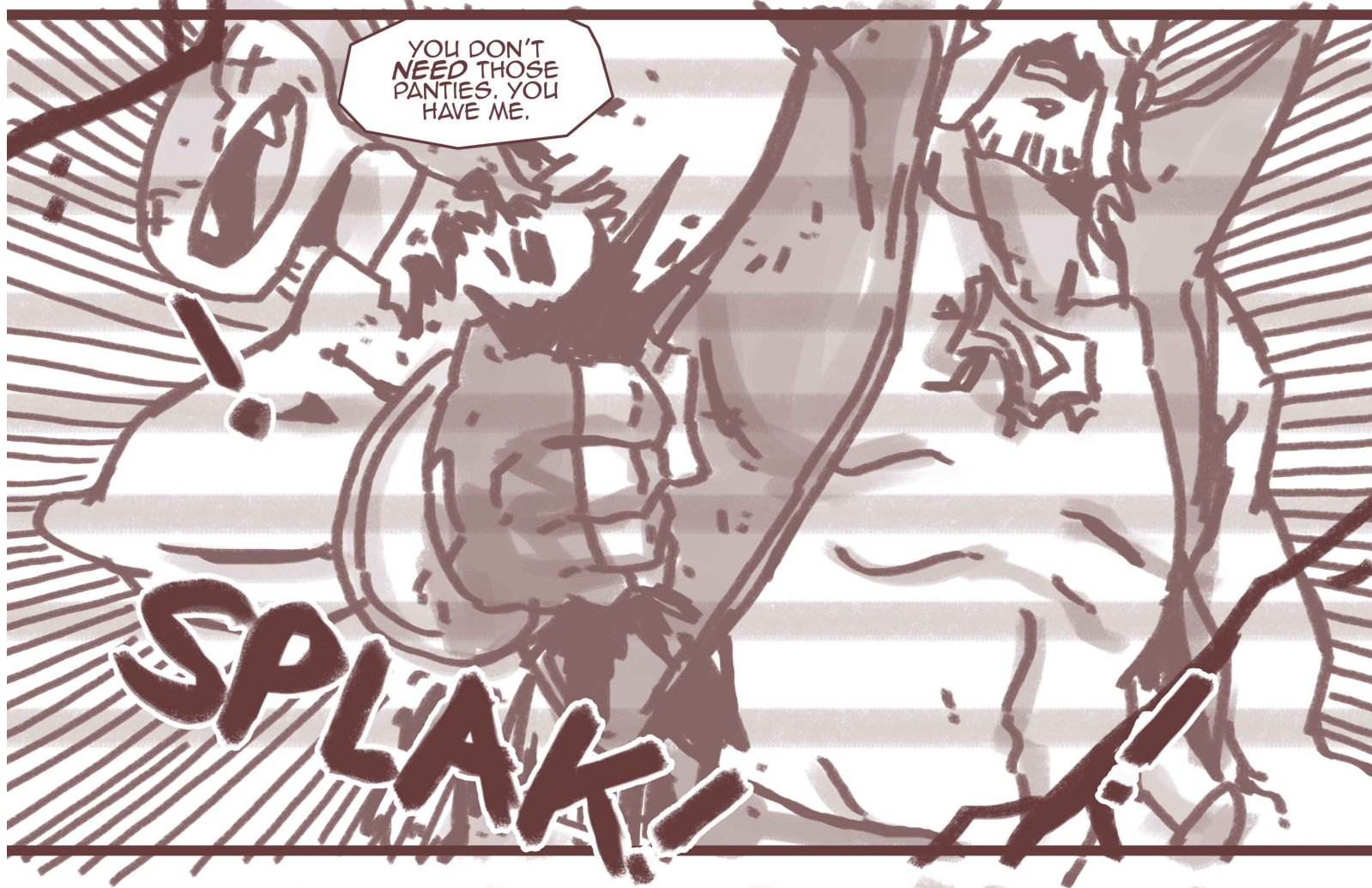


UH... YOUR NAME'S GRISWOLD, AND YOU'RE THE STRONGEST BEING ALIVE.

YOU WERE BUILT TO SERVE AS MY PERSONAL KILLING MACHINE.

MY BROTHER'S STOLEN A SPECIAL PAIR OF PANTIES. SO, UH, GO RETRIEVE THEM.

TAP TAP TAP



YOU DON'T NEED THOSE PANTIES. YOU HAVE ME.

SPLAK!



WELL, UH, ACTUALLY, I DO. THEY'RE REALLY STRONG—

SO AM I.

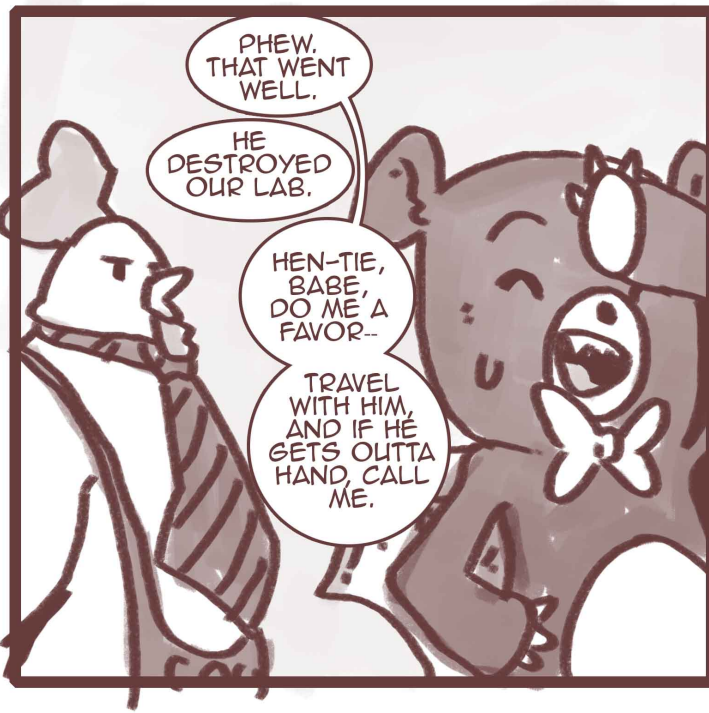
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I CAN EASILY DESTROY YOU, GRISWOLD, SO DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.

I'LL DO WHAT NEEDS DONE.

FLICK



PHEW. THAT WENT WELL.

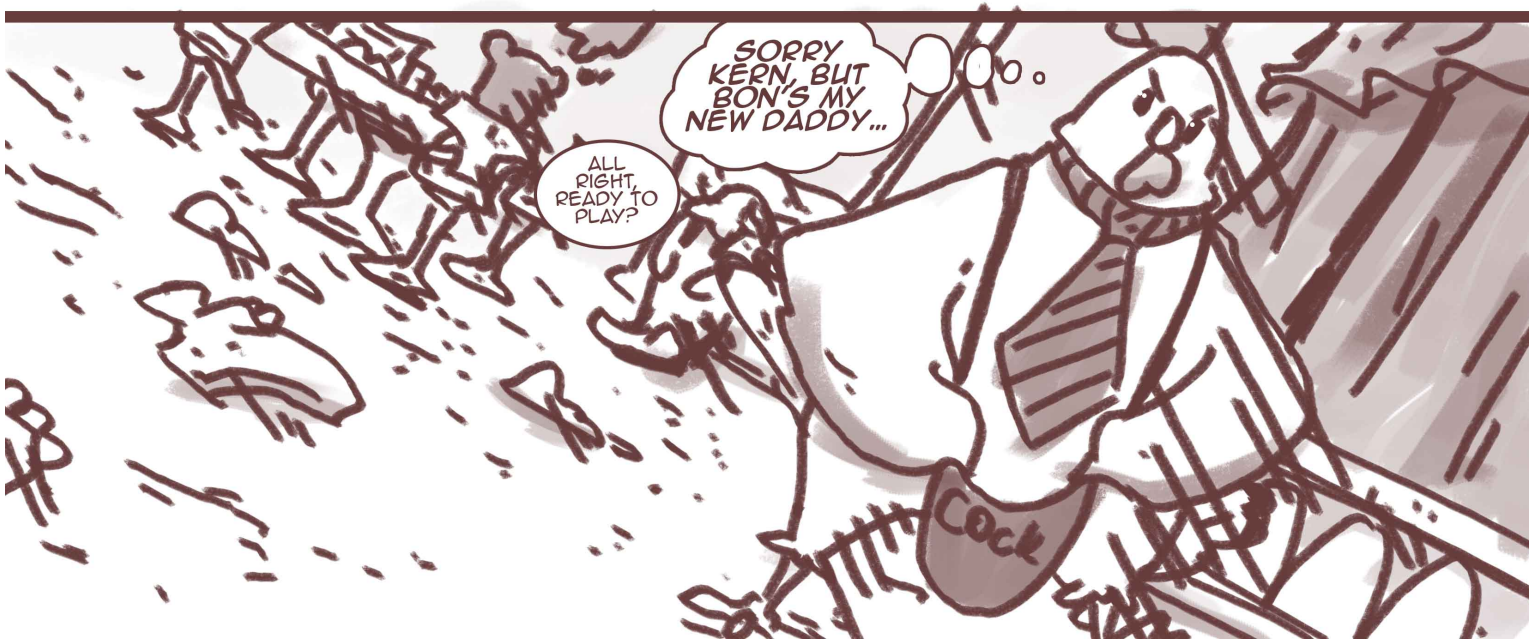
HE DESTROYED OUR LAB.

HEN-TIE, BABE, DO ME A FAVOR--

TRAVEL WITH HIM, AND IF HE GETS OUTTA HAND, CALL ME.



NOO



SORRY KERN, BUT BON'S MY NEW DADDY...

ALL RIGHT, READY TO PLAY?

Cock