

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN(five panels)

Panel 1/2: Flashback time! We're going *way* back in the past, back to Lucia's childhood. Which, surprisingly enough, means we're at Lucky's Home of Clownfoolery. These two panels are almost a "panoramic timelapse" kinda thing.

In the first panel the place looks freaking *awesome*, far different than earlier in the story. The arcade machines are brand new, the animatronics are brand new, and the place is absolutely *poppin'*, packed to the max. Lucky's a cheerful clown here and his wife, Lucia's mom, is wearing a bunny costume. Little Lucia's playing an arcade machine and giggling her head off. Can't be older than four or five.

LUCIA(narration): Up until I was five, life was great. Easy, even.

In the second panel, the place looks a bit more similar to how we saw it earlier. While it's not *as* bad and hasn't been transformed into what it becomes, it is certainly run down and *very* empty. Lucky's sad, and Lucia, a few years older, is also sad. Her mother isn't around, but the bunny animatronic is, and it's broken, sparks shooting out of it. Next to Lucky is a stack of empty beer glasses and he's pointing a knife at Lucia's throat.

LUCIA(narration): Then, on my fifth birthday, mom died. After that, everything went to shit.

LITTLE LUCIA: Dad, mom's broken again!

LUCKY: *Don't you fucking talk about your mother like that!*

LUCKY: ***SHE'S FUCKING FINE!***

Panel 3: Lucia walks away from the only home she's ever known, clutching a poster of a volleyball player spiking a volleyball. It's done up to be super dramatic, with flames spewing out of her fists and everything.

LUCIA(narration): Eventually I couldn't take it anymore—I ran away.

LUCIA(narration): The only thing I brought with me was a picture of **Pillow**, the greatest volleyball player in the world.

LUCIA(narration): **I wanted to be just like her.**

Panel 4: We're in a dingy alleyway you'd probably avoid if walking past. Trash everywhere, graffiti on the walls, etc. Little Lucia's clutching a volleyball, trying to spike it and missing.

LUCIA(narration): Learning how to play was hard.

Panel 5: Lucia, laying on the ground—she fell after missing the spike—looks sad as the volleyball is popped by a group thugs who laugh their asses off as they do it.

LUCIA(narration): Learning how to survive was harder.

Panel 6: Lucia's in a dumpster, clutching the door and carefully looking around to make sure nobody's around. She's written things on the dumpster like "Lucia's Home!" and "Stay away!"

LUCIA(narration): But the worst part?

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT(five panels)

Panel 1: Shot from inside the dumpster. Lucia's sitting atop a pile of trash with a stack of deflated volleyballs next to her. She's got her palms in her hands and is balling her eyes out. On the wall is the poster of Pillow, a bit beat up from all the traveling.

SFX: Bark! Bark!

LUCIA(narration): The worst part was being **alone**.

Panel 2: We cut outside the dumpster. Lucia's holding the door open and peering over the edge at Max, who's very little here, like four. He's bouncing on all fours and, strangely, barking at her like he's a dog.

MAX: Bark!

LUCIA: Uh...hello.

LUCIA(narration): Then I met **Max**, a little kid who believed he was a **dog**.

LUCIA(narration): Apparently he'd been raised by a pack of strays, but he annoyed them, so they lied and told him euthanasia was the greatest candy in the world.

Panel 3: Joke panel of Lucia pointing at Max.

LUCIA: You *aren't* a dog.

MAX: Oh.

LUCIA(narration): I had to teach him that he wasn't a dog, which was weird. But then...

Panel 4: We cut inside the dumpster, where Lucia and Max sit, shoulders together, both smiling. They've got a box of pizza sitting between them, which Max is eating a slice of. Lucia's holding up the poster of Pillow and explaining who she is. Put some mumble-dialogue scratches here to indicate talking.

LUCIA(narration): ...I wasn't alone anymore.

LUCIA(narration): I had...a **friend**.

Panel 5/6: Another double panel, sort of a panoramic like what started this flashback segment but different.

Panel five is the past, closeup of Max as Lucia scrubs his head. He's adorable and smiley and has a face covered in pizza sauce.

Panel six is the present, but still a closeup of Max's face. It's adorable and smiley but illuminated by the red light of Griswold's deathly lasers.

MAX: Red rhymes with bread!

MAX: Bread rhymes with head!

MAX: Hey, First Friend, what rhymes with head?

Lucia's dialogue is in the middle of the two panels.

LUCIA(narration): A friend I swore I would **die** to protect.

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE(five panels)

Panel 1: We show Lucia's hand seizing the panties tightly. They're now glowing a bright orange, pulsing in and out. She looks more determined than ever.

LUCIA(thinking): *And I ain't dead yet...!*

Panel 2: Shot of the crater. There's a beam shooting out the center of it, where Lucia was. Griswold's looking over his shoulder, confused.

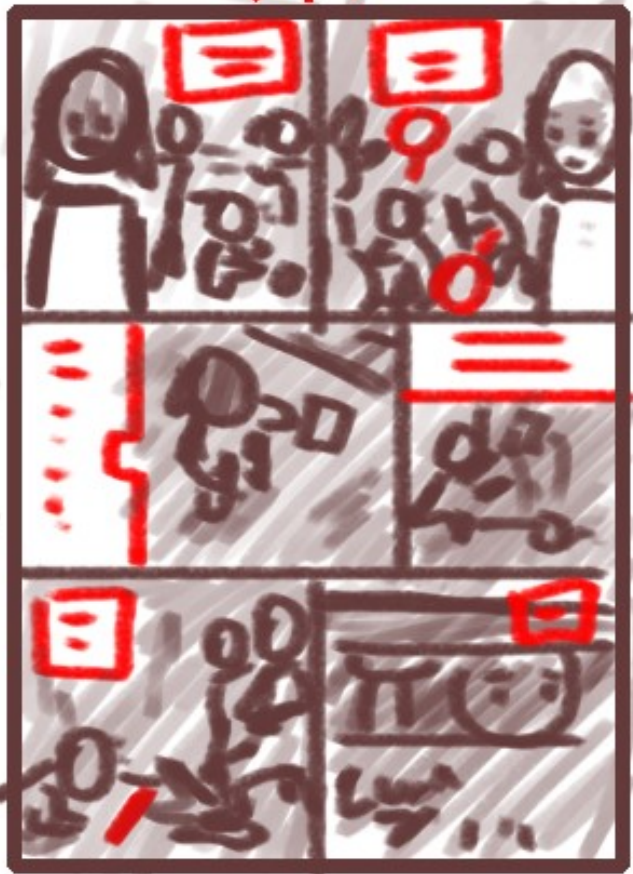
GRISWOLD: *What...?*

Panel 3: Wide shot of the city. There's a huge explosion and chunks of rubble flying everywhere.

SFX: *Booooooooooom!*

Panel 4: Same shot, except it's mostly drowned out by blinding light.

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UP UNTIL I WAS FIVE, LIFE WAS GREAT. EASY, EVEN.

THEN, ON MY FIFTH BIRTHDAY, MOM DIED. AFTER THAT, EVERYTHING WENT TO SHIT.

DAD, MOM'S BROKEN AGAIN!

DON'T YOU FUCKING TALK ABOUT YOUR MOTHER LIKE THAT!

SHE'S FUCKING FINE!

EVENTUALLY I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE-- I RAN AWAY.

THE ONLY THING I BROUGHT WITH ME WAS A PICTURE OF *PILLOW*, THE GREATEST VOLLEYBALL PLAYER IN THE WORLD.

I WANTED TO BE JUST LIKE HER.

LEARNING HOW TO PLAY WAS HARD.

LEARNING HOW TO SURVIVE WAS HARDER.

BUT THE WORST PART?

LUCIA'S HOME

STAY AWAY



THE WORST PART WAS BEING ALONE.

SOB

SOB

SOB

BARK!

BARK!



UH... HELLO.

BARK!

THEN I MET MAX, A LITTLE KID WHO BELIEVED HE WAS A *DOG*. APPARENTLY HE'D BEEN RAISED BY A PACK OF STRAYS, BUT HE ANNOYED THEM, SO THEY LIED AND TOLD HIM EUTHANASIA WAS THE GREATEST CANDY IN THE WORLD.

I HAD TO TEACH HIM THAT HE WASN'T A DOG, WHICH WAS WEIRD, BUT THEN...



YOU AREN'T A DOG.

OH.



...I WASN'T ALONE ANYMORE.

I HAD... A FRIEND.



A FRIEND I SWORE I WOULD *DIE* TO PROTECT.



