

SOME COMMENTARY

This whole battle with the geeks was really a blast to write. My favorite thing to do creatively is come up with characters, and it's one of the few things Scott delegates almost entirely to me—at least, initially. As things move forward, and we plot a story further, his input shapes the character a LOT. So when we decided to have a scene where Lucia's just gotta beat the snot outta a bunch of people, I was like *great*. My time to *shine*. I used this opportunity to just run wild. From the grandmas to gas station samurai.

This was also the birth of the *gangs* idea. Before this scene, we didn't really know much about Panty's Landing beyond what you saw in the first 100ish pages. Writing this scene brought up this interesting idea of all these gangs, but we didn't really expand on it until revising this scene. Heck, we didn't *reaaaally* expand on it until we were putting together the website, and just writing a ton of lore for Panties Landing. We pushed the gang idea further because it fit so well, and sort of allows endless expansion of the city and the people within it. Also, I grew up nonstop watching *The Warriors*, and so this definitely reminds me a bit of that.

ALSO GRIZZY'S BACK

I was really proud of this page when I wrote it but when he drew it? Fuuuuuucking hell it took it to another level. It's super simple, but super freaking awesome.

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN(six panels)

Panel 1: Shot of a skinny and frail dude. He's got no chin and is completely bald. He's clutching a chain which rattles from how much he's shaking.

Panel 2: Suddenly, Kern appears next to him, bouncing up and down, clearly trying to amp him up.

KERN: Let's do this, dude.

GUY: **What?**

KERN: You and me. Let's take her on.

Panel 3: The geek takes off running.

Panel 4: Just as he starts running forward, arms in the air and ready for a fight, Kern slams his fist into the guy's dick.

SFX: **Diiiiiiiiick-puuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuunch!**

KERN: No kids for you, **idiot!**

Panel 5: Shot of Lucia as all the energy flows out the geek's panties and into hers. It's clear she's about as close as she can be to leveling up.

LUCIA: This feels friggin' **great!**

Panel 6: Having beaten everyone, she jabs her finger in the air, pointing at Bon's castle.

LUCIA: **Bon!**

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN(six panels)

Panel 1: We then cut to Bon, who's desperately trying to do a pushup, sweating all over, struggling intensely. Shelly's sitting next to him, cross-legged and blank-faced, trying to motivate him.

BON: It's clearly **not** a pushup day.

SHELLY: That makes sense.

Panel 2: Bon glares at Humpy—who's sitting on the ground, drinking out of Bon's cup.

BON: What next, **trainer?**

HUMPY: Cardio. Running.

BON: To where?

Panel 3: Bon's now being chased around the room by a chicken that's wildly clucking.

HUMPY: To anywhere.

BON: **Aaaah! Get this thing away from meeeee!**

Panel 4: Bon stops by a window and looks out it. Lucia's screaming outside. The chicken's still glaring at him, angrily clucking.

SFX: Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!

LUCIA(not shown): **--It's over! I'm comin' to kick your ass.**

Panel 4: Shot from outside the window as Bon smudges his face against it. He's banging on the glass like a child throwing a tantrum.

SFX: Bang! Bang! Bang!

BON: No! No! No! I haven't even had my **Rocky** montage yet!

Panel 5: Zoomed out shot of Lucia standing there on the pile of beaten gang-members, looking cocky. Kern's next to her. A cigarette is being flicked off to the side of the panel.

KERN: Couldn't resist **the cliché dramatic moment** before **final showdown**, huh?

LUCIA: At least I didn't give a **speech**.

Panel 6: Popout panel of the cigarette falling.

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN(five panels)

Panel 1: Small panel of Lucia's eyes widening, brows furrowed.

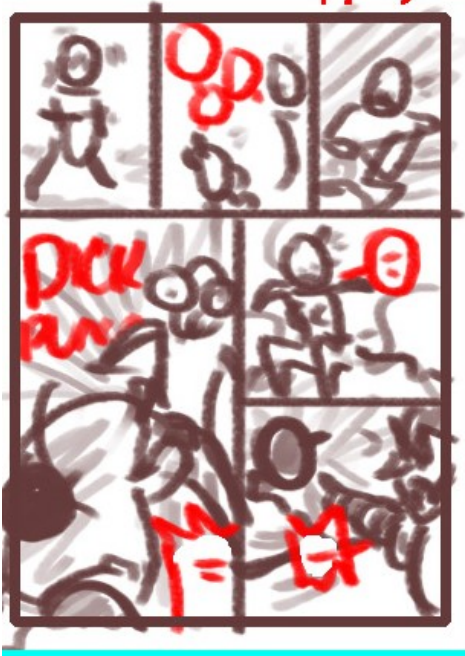
Panel 2: Small panel of Kern's eyes widening.

Panel 3: Shot of a cigarette hitting the ground.

Panel 4: Splash panel. Lucia's whirled around, slamming her forearm into Griswold's.

Panel 5: They glare at each other, with Griswold's face curling into a sickening smirk.
GRISWOLD: **Found you.**

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LET'S DO THIS, DUDE.

WHAT?

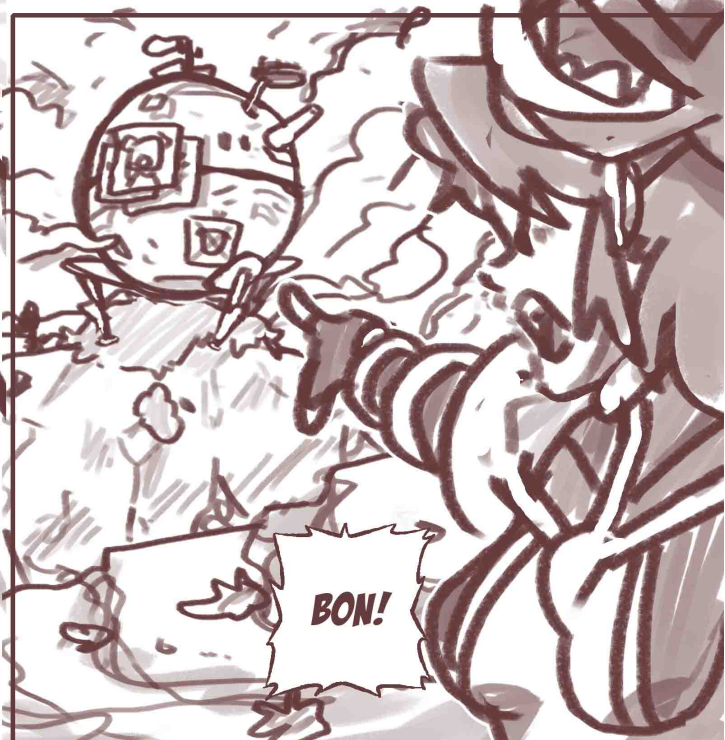
YOU AND ME. LET'S TAKE HER ON.



DICK PUNCH

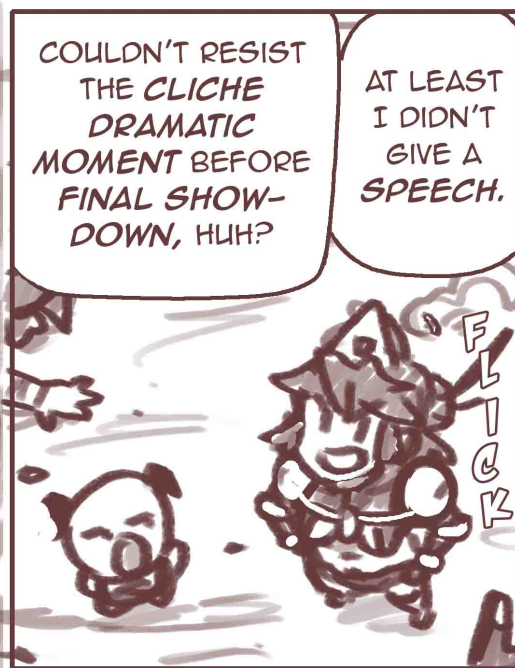
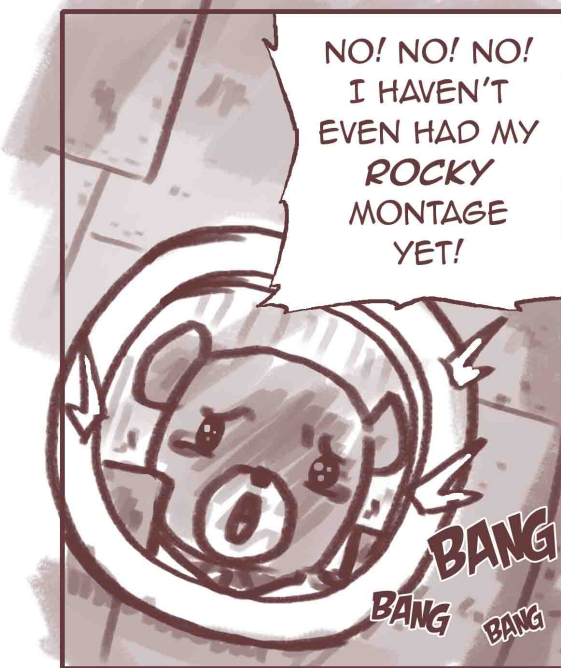
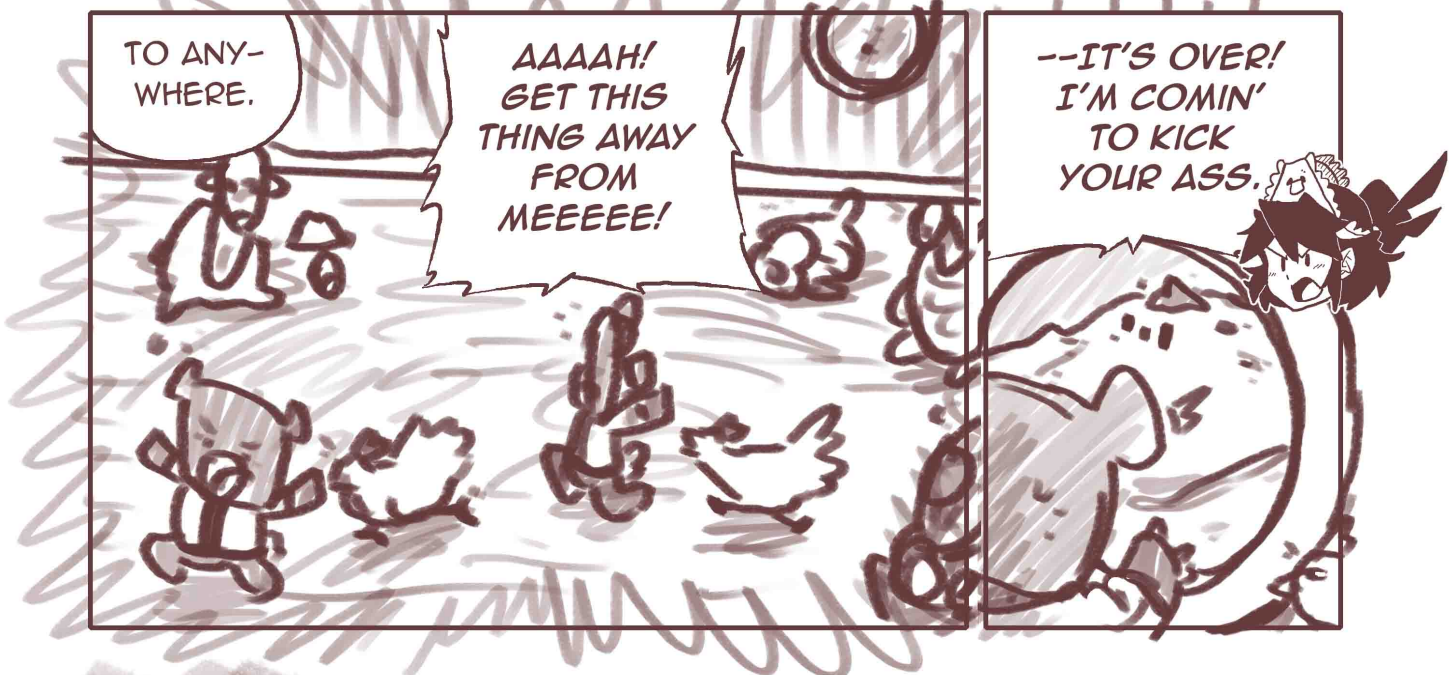
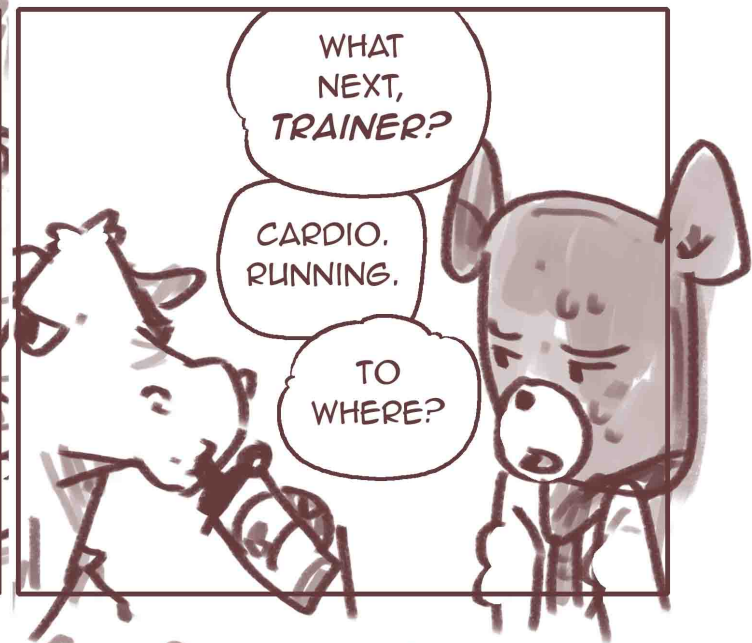
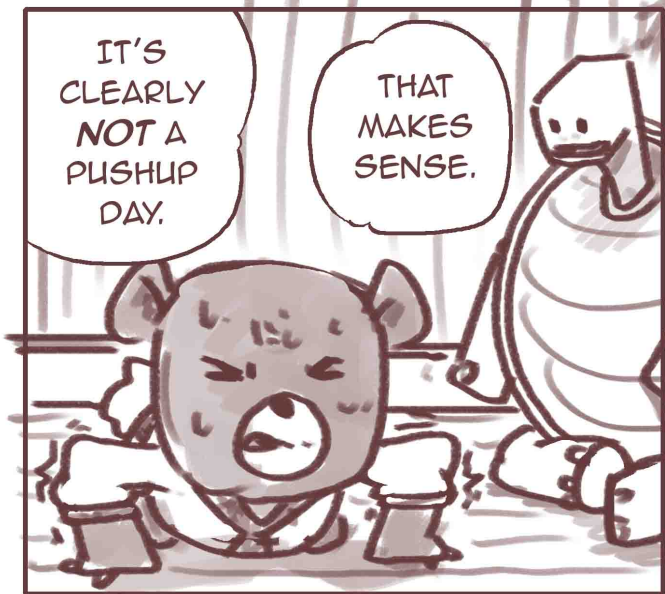


THIS FEELS FRIGGIN' GREAT!



BON!

NO KIDS FOR YOU, IDIOT!





**FOUND
YOU.**