

PAGE NINETY-THREE(three panels)

Panel 1: Wide shot. We cut to a Chuck E. Cheese-esque place. It's very large, and has a triangle shaped roof. At the top there's a giant glowing clown head wearing a huge, teeth-showing smile. Except, well, it's missing most its teeth—some of which lay on the roof—and one of its eyes is popped out its skull, dangling by a spring. Both glow bright red. The main sign reads "Lucky's Home of Clownfoolery." There's another one, far smaller and made out of a 2x4 board. It's nailed in above the door, and written in sharpie, it says "ADULTS ONLY." It's clear the place isn't thriving.

Panel 2: Wide shot. We cut inside, where the place is even *more* wrecked. Off in the back, there's a stage with a bunch of beat up animatronics on it. Chairs and tables are in front of it, but most have been knocked over. Back by the door, there's a long bar. To one side of it's the exit, and to the other's a room that says "FUN AND GAMES." A clown named LUCKY stands behind the bar, his makeup painted into a sad face as he rubs a glass. In front of him, hunched over the bar, are two dudes. Let's call them JAY and GERALD. Gerald's pretty calm and collected, while Jay looks jumpy, twitching all over, one eye always bigger than the other

Panel 3: Camera against the long bar table. It's incredibly busted-up, with dozens of holes in it. One of which, the one closest to the camera, has a rat poking out of it. In the background, Lucky's cleaning a mug, and Gerald's shaking his head.

GERALD: What a shit-hole.

LUCKY: Thanks. Really appreciate it.

PAGE NINETY-FOUR(five panels)

Panel 1: Jay presses a knife against Lucky's throat, smirking. Lucky looks down at the knife, uncaring. This shot's through one of the bar's security camera's, which is cracked.

JAY: Don't get smart with us, punk.

LUCKY: Go ahead, kill me. Not like I'm really alive, away.

Panel 2: Jay and Gerald look at each other, confused. Lucky, seeming bored, sets the glass down.

LUCKY: Listen, if you wanna pork an animatronic, it's twenty bucks.

Panel 3: Gerald makes a disgusted face, while Jay looks back, rubbing his crotch. Lucky nods toward Jay.

SFX: Rub. Rub.

GERALD: That ain't what we're after!

LUCKY: Many people share my fetish.

Panel 4: Gerald notices Jay.

Panel 5: Gerald conks Jay on the back of the head.

GERALD: Get your brain out your dick, assbutt!

PAGE NINETY-FIVE(five panels)

Panel 1: Jay clutches his head, looking hurt.

JAY: But the bunny's kinda cute.

Panel 2: Suddenly, there's a knife against Jay's throat.

Panel 3: When they look over, Lucky's giving them a menacing glare. He suddenly looks *terrifying*.

LUCKY: The bunny's *mine*.

Panel 4: Gerald pulls out a gun, putting it to Lucky's head. It's got an orange tip, clearly a toy. For this shot, the camera's just behind the hammer of the gun, which Gerald is pulling back.

GERALD: Listen, buddy. A lot of bad people come through here—

JAY: —Like us!—

GERALD: —Yeah. You hear anything 'bout Lucia or Kern, you tell us, got it?

Panel 5: Before Lucky can reply, the ground begins to shake, causing their eyes to widen.

SFX: Shake. Shake.

PAGE NINETY-SIX(five panels)

Panel 1: Gerald and Jay look terrified, with Jay going so far as to toss his knife into the air and duck down, covering his head. Gerald points his toy gun toward the doorway.

GERALD: What the hell?

JAY: Earthquake!

Panel 2: Lucky, cheek in palm, other hand using the knife to carve into the bar table, shakes his head.

LUCKY: Nah, something worse. We gotta find *some* way to move this plot along.

Panel 3: We're given a shot of the doorway, and for a second, nothing happens. We just hear Bera's voice...

BERA: More panties...

Panel 4: We then show Bera for a single panel, walking past the doorway.

BERA: ...Griswold...

Panel 5: We then show his wrecking balls ripping through the street behind him as he walks.

BERA: ...He gets me more panties...

PAGE NINETY-SEVEN(three panels)

Panel 1: With him gone, Gerald and Jay look at each other, terrified.

GERALD: Who the...?

Panel 2: Lucky grabs a glass from the ceiling, pulling it down and wiping it off. In the background there's a scary drawing of Bera going full rage mode, shouting and screaming.

LUCKY: Bera, Panty Hunter Extraordinaire. *Loves* killing people, so I'd stay outta his way if I were you.

Panel 3: Gerald and Jay gulp.

SFX: **Gulp.**

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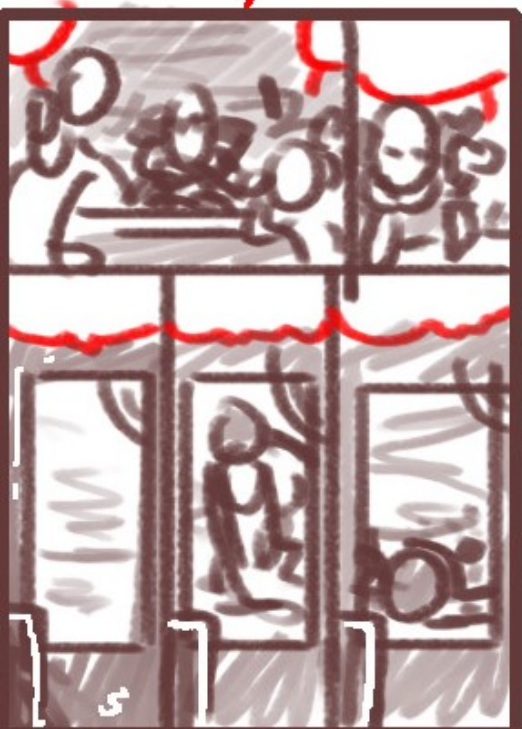
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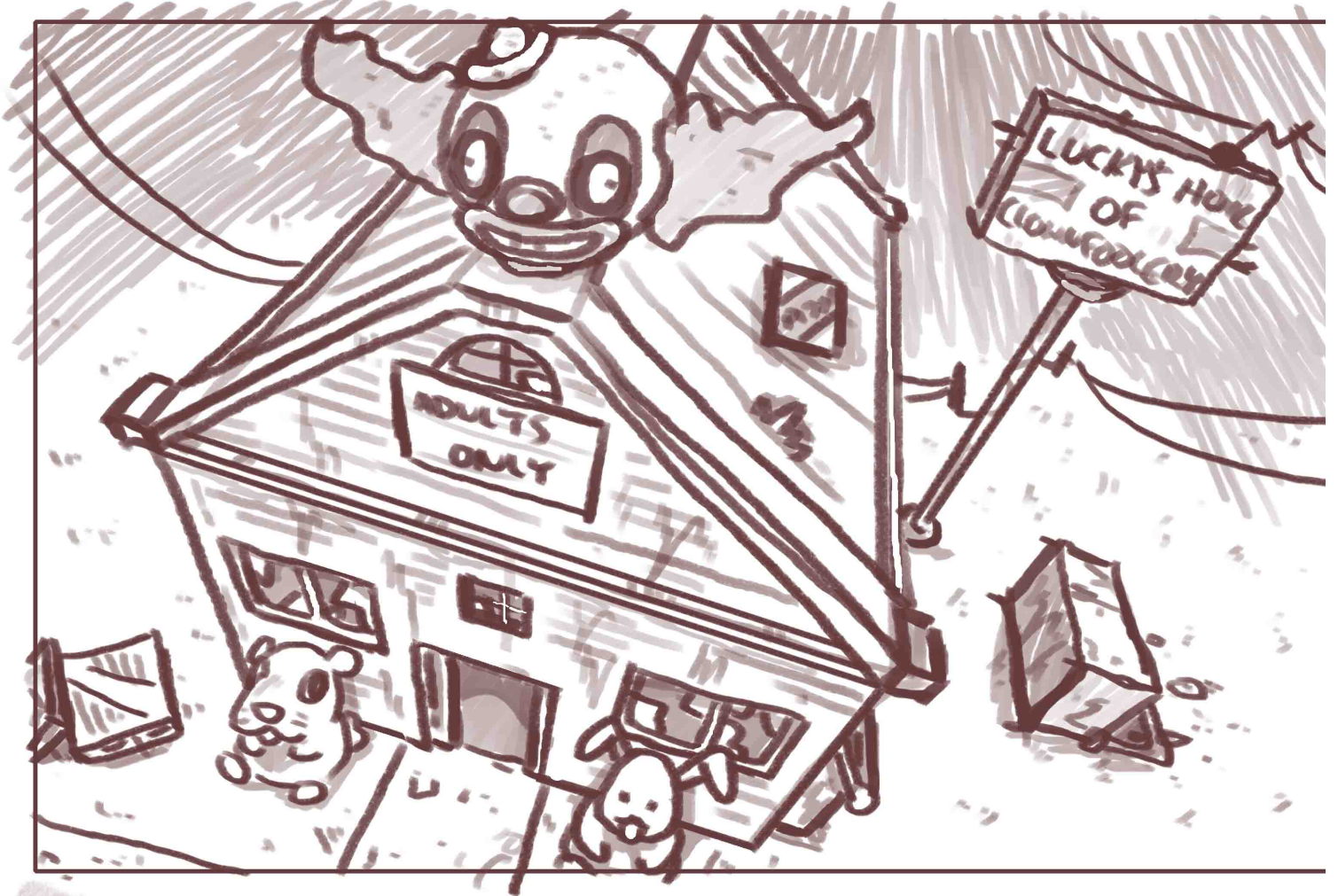


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THANKS.
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DON'T GET SMART WITH US, PUNK.

GO AHEAD, KILL ME. NOT LIKE I'M REALLY ALIVE, AWAY.



LISTEN, IF YOU WANNA PORK AN ANIMATRONIC, IT'S TWENTY BUCKS.

MANY PEOPLE SHARE MY FETISH.

THAT AIN'T WHAT WE'RE AFTER!

GET YOUR BRAIN OUT YOUR DICK, ASSBUTT!

BUT THE
BUNNY'S
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CUTE.

THE BUNNY'S MINE.

LISTEN, BUDDY. A LOT
OF *BAD PEOPLE* COME
THROUGH HERE--

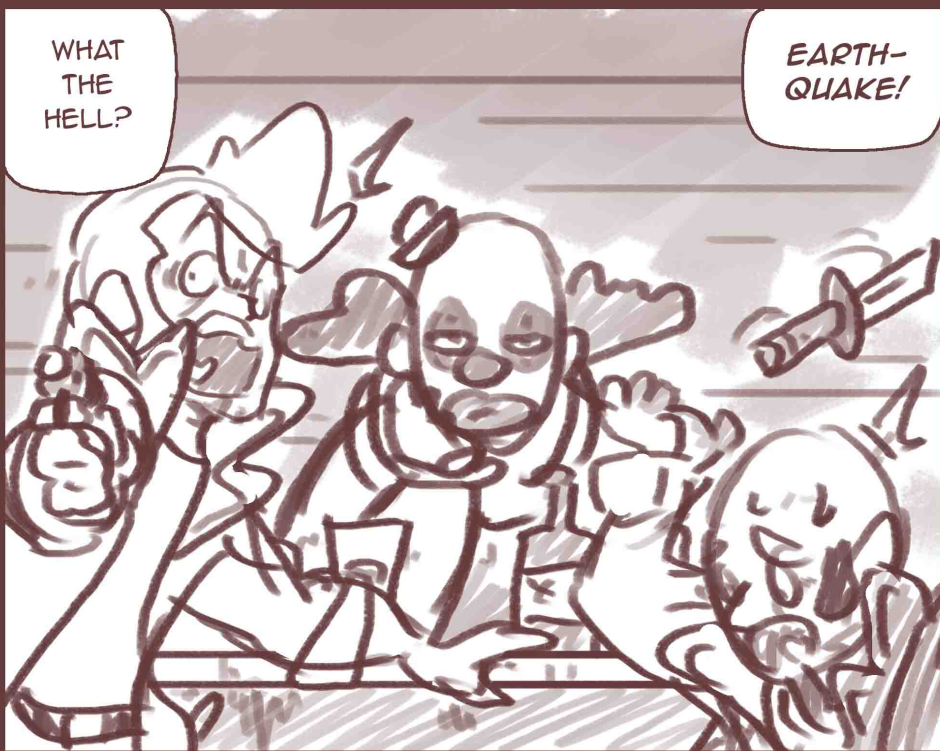
--LIKE
US!--

--YEAH.
YOU HEAR
ANYTHING
'BOUT
LUCIA OR
KERN, YOU
TELL US,
GOT IT?

WHAT THE HELL?

EARTH-QUAKE!

NAH, SOMETHING WORSE. WE GOTTA FIND *SOME* WAY TO MOVE THIS PLOT ALONG.



MORE PANTIES...


...GRISWOLD...

...HE GETS ME MORE PANTIES...





WHO
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GULP