

PAGE FIFTY-TWO(four panels)

Panel 1: We cut to Griswold and Hen-Tie driving through the city. The car has an open roof, and looks like something from *Mad Max*. The thing's rusted and spiky. There are a *lot* of panty skulls on it. The radio's playing loudly.

RADIO: *PAAAAANTY. PAAAAANTY.*

Panel 2: Zoom in. Show Griswold behind the wheel, eyes forward and focused. The sun's glinting off his glasses in a badass way. Hen-Tie's in the passenger seat, arm draped over the door, staring at the buildings, bobbing her head to the music as they cruise by. Between them's a small electronic screen.

RADIO: *PANTY LIKE A ROCKSTAR.*

Panel 3: Shot from over Hen-Tie's shoulder as she reaches out, turning the radio down and looking over at Griswold. The screen can be seen. It reads: "*I HATE THIS SONG, ASSHOLES.*"

RADIO: *PANTY LIKE A ROCK, Panty like a rockstar...*

HEN-TIE: So, what's it like being a robot?

Panel 4: Griswold doesn't look at her.

GRISWOLD: What's it like being an *annoying rooster*?

PAGE FIFTY-THREE(six panels)

Panel 1: Shot of Hen-Tie shaking, nervously tapping her wings together. In the background the screen reads: “*BURN, ASSHOLE.*”

HEN-TIE: Hen, actually. The artist screwed up when drawing me, ha...

Panel 2: Shot of Griswold staring blankly ahead.

Panel 3: Hen-Tie nervously waits for a reply.

Panel 4: Griswold doesn't respond, so Hen-Tie taps her wings together, rocking her head back and forth, softly singing.

HEN-TIE: *Panty like a rock, panty like a rockstar—*

GRISWOLD(Not looking at her): *Stop.*

HEN-TIE: Yeah. Right. Sorry.

Panel 5: Hen-Tie looks to the side, shaking her head.

HEN-TIE(thinking): *Geeez. This daddy's mean.*

Panel 6: She's looking down now, eyes wide and confused because she has an erection.

HEN-TIE: I'm confused.

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