

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN(four panels)**

**Panel 1:** Lucia, teeth gritted, fueled by the purest of rages, recklessly charges forward. She doesn't want to strategize or anything like that—she wants to *beat him up*.

LUCIA: Let's dance, Grizzly!

**Panel 2:** She delivers a vicious, wind-creating dropkick to Griswold, aiming for his head. But he's able to block it with his arms by crossing them.

GRISWOLD: For a walking corpse, you're pretty fast.

**Panel 3:** She's then forced to do an incredibly athletic backflip away from Griswold as he holds his hand out, firing a blast at her. It explodes behind her.

GRISWOLD: Let's see **how** fast!

**Panel 4:** Wide shot. Lucia afterimages around the battlefield, dodging blast after blast. She's not panicked or freaking out—her teeth are gritted but aside from that she's calm and composed.

GRISWOLD: We're really **dancing** now, aren't we, Lucia?

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT(four panels)**

**Panel 1:** Closeup of Lucia's face lit by various explosions. Sweat's glistening on her cheeks and pouring off her brow.

LUCIA: I'm gonna gas my ass if I keep this up much longer.

**Panel 2:** Lucia's sick of this shit and has stopped dodging. She's standing her ground, hunched slightly forward, waiting for a blast that's heading straight for her, ripping the ground apart, to get close enough.

LUCIA: C'mon...C'mon...

**Panel 3:** Badass shot. Lucia didn't flinch, didn't run in fear. When the blast got to her she slashed her arm out and smacked it away, sending it flying into the air and exploding.

LUCIA: That's some weak shit, Grizzly.

**Panel 4:** Another badass shot. Griswold's gritting his teeth and Lucia's just appeared behind him. Embers are filling the air as the battlefield has become a darkened, fiery mess. There's smoke everywhere.

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE(four panels)**

**Panel 1:** Griswold whirls around, firing an explosion at the ground. Lucia leaps to the side to dodge it.

**Panel 2:** Griswold uses this time to back up, firing blast after blast at Lucia. But she chases him down, smacking away each blast without a second thought.

**Panel 3:** Thinking fast, she smashes one of the blasts into the ground, propelling herself forward and giving her enough momentum to go soaring straight at Griswold's surprised face.

**Panel 4:** This time her drop-kick slams him straight on, sending him crashing back into a building.

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY(seven panels)**

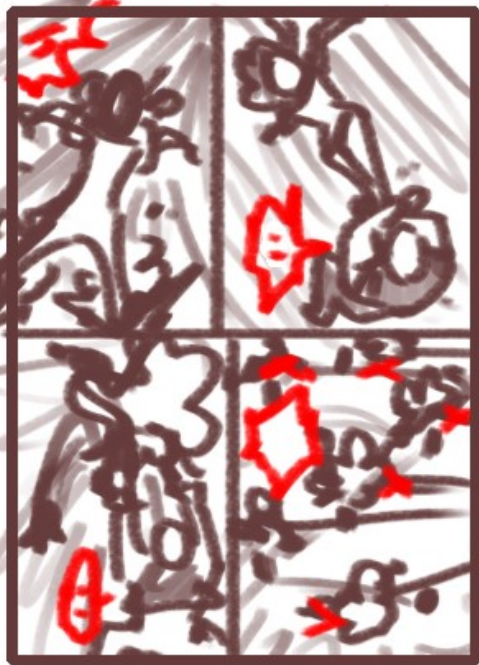
**Panel 1:** Lucia, not wasting a moment, has rushed forward, seized Griswold by the collar of his vest, and begun running up the building, dragging his back through the brick and glass.

**Panel 2:** Having reached the top of the building and jumped just a bit off it, she launches Griswold in the air. This move proves foolhardy, though, as Griswold immediately retaliates, firing a lazer which slams into her, sending her falling backward.

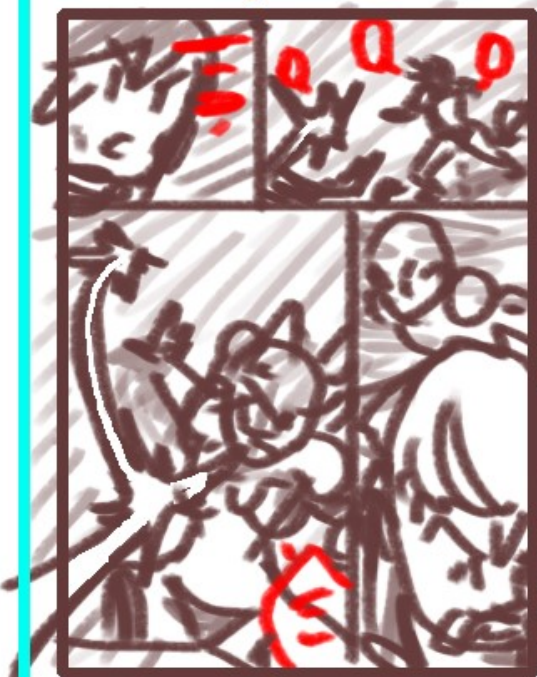
**Panel 3:** *Badass* profile shot. Lucia's sliding down the side of the building she just dragged Griswold up, staring up toward the roof where Griswold stands, arms crossed, unscathed.

GRISWOLD: Your **panties** are nothing compared to my *assless chaps*.

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128



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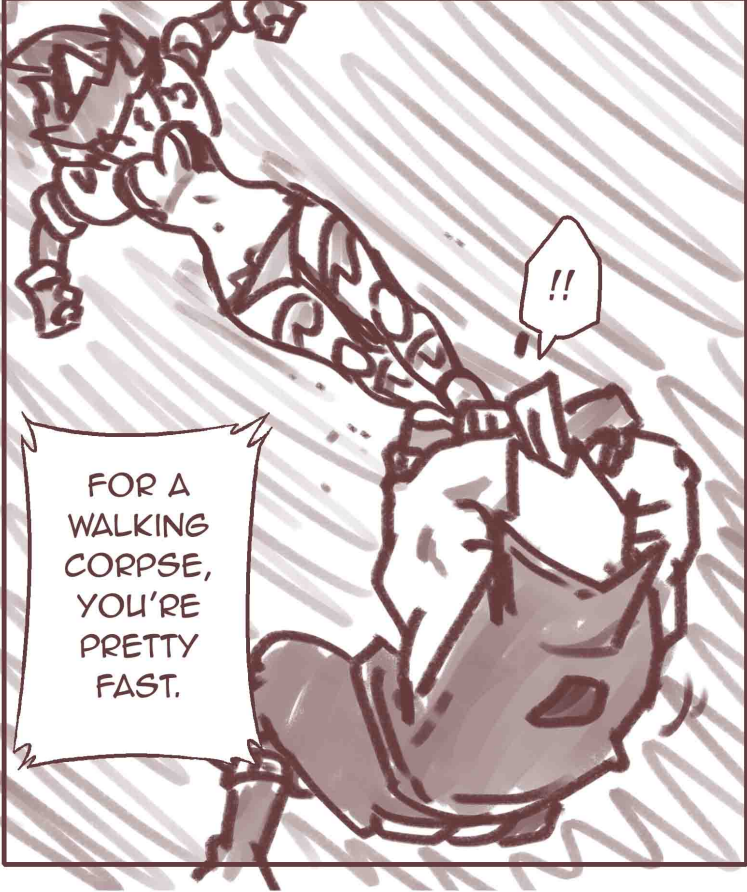


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LET'S DANCE, GRIZZY!

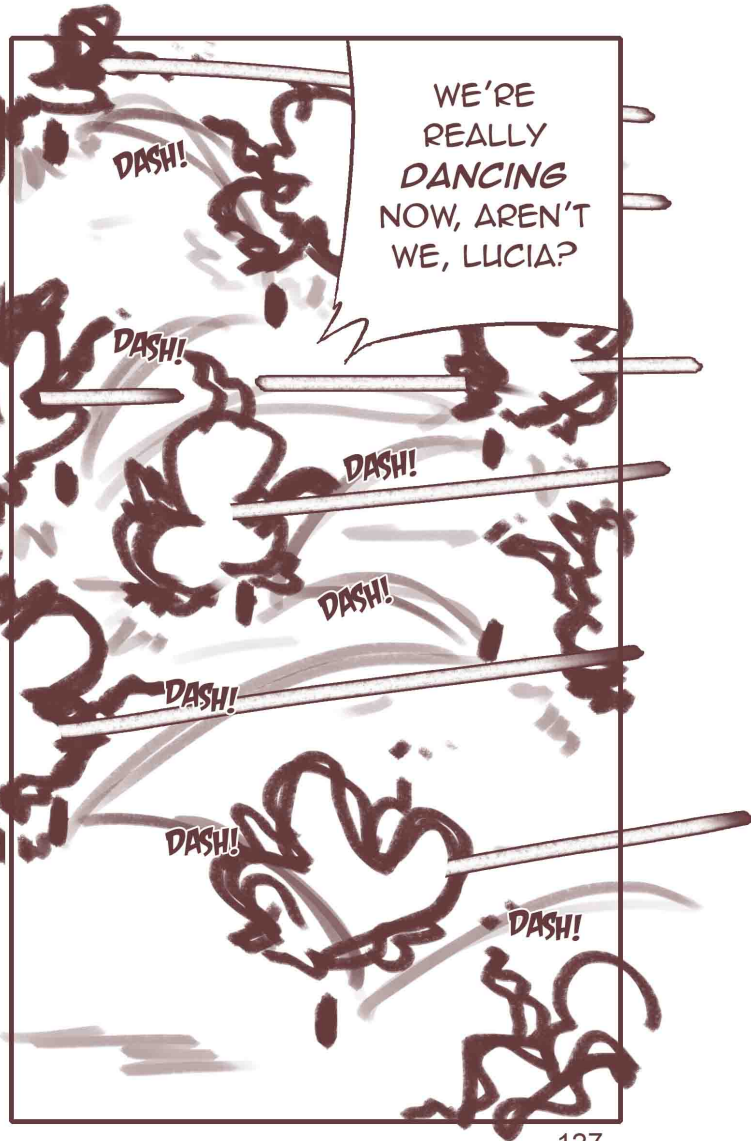


FOR A WALKING CORPSE, YOU'RE PRETTY FAST.

!!



LET'S SEE HOW FAST!



WE'RE REALLY DANCING NOW, AREN'T WE, LUCIA?

DASH!

DASH!

DASH!

DASH!

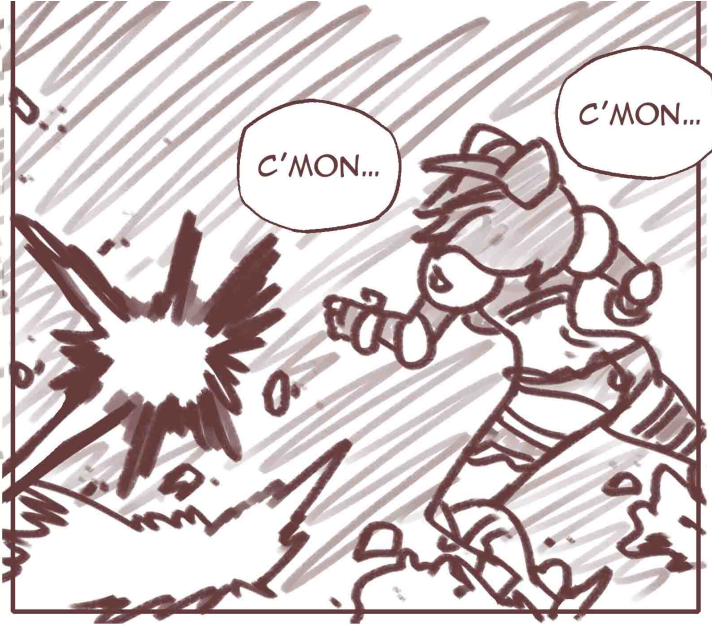
DASH!

DASH!

DASH!

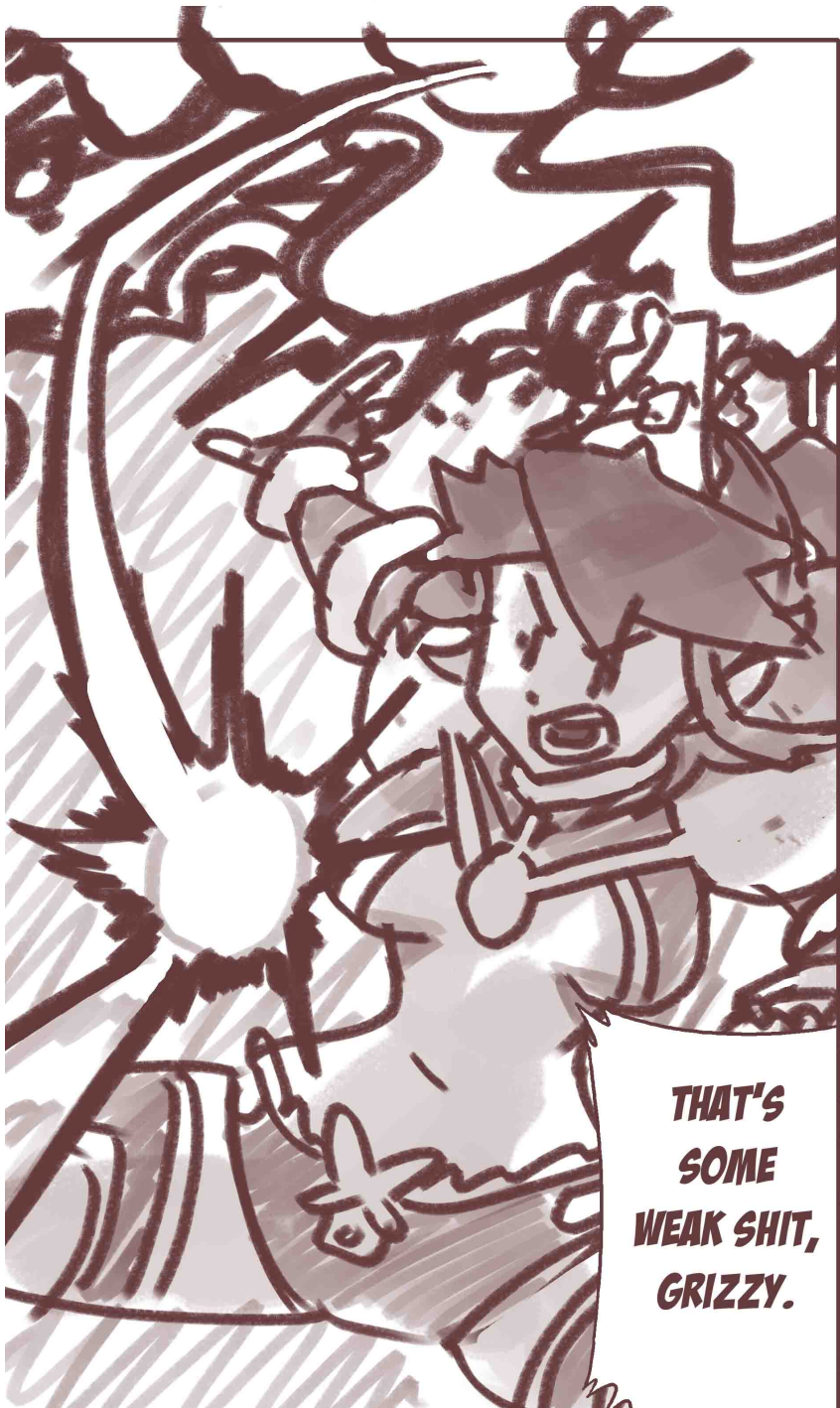


I'M GONNA  
GAS MY  
ASS IF I KEEP  
THIS UP MUCH  
LONGER.



C'MON...

C'MON...



**THAT'S  
SOME  
WEAK SHIT,  
GRIZZY.**



