

## **PAGE SIXTY(five panels)**

**Panel 1:** Lucia leaps forward, high into the air. Her fist's reared back, clutching the volleyball, which has freshly appeared in her hands, magic swelling around it.

LUCIA: I wouldn't be so sure, ass—

**Panel 2:** Wide shot as Griswold silences her, catching her by the face.

GRISWOLD: Pathetic.

**Panel 3:** Closeup of her face. Through his fingers, we can see her wide, fearful eyes.

**Panel 4:** Profile shot of Griswold. His smirk's gone—now he just looks pissed.

GRISWOLD: This is what he's after?

**Panel 5:** Kern's looking at his wrist even though he doesn't have a watch.

KERN: Three seconds. It took her three seconds to lose.

## **PAGE SIXTY-ONE(five panels)**

**Panel 1:** Griswold then rears back, slamming Lucia back-first into the ground, which crumbles around her as she makes a face of absolute pain.

SFX: Slam!

**Panel 2:** Zoomed in shot as he slams her *again*.

SFX: Slam!

**Panel 3:** Closeup of his face, smashing SFX.

SFX: Slam!

**Panel 4:** This is a profile shot of Griswold slamming Lucia again except they're both entirely blacked out, as are the crumbled bits of debris flying around them. In the background, Max goes to run forward, but Kern stops him by grabbing his hand, shaking his head.

MAX: Sis!

KERN: We can't do anything, kiddo.

**Panel 5:** Griswold holds her up for a minute, staring at her.

GRISWOLD: Tch. I'll show him they're *useless*.

60



61









