

SOME COMMENTARY:

I don't really have much commentary for this specific update, but I will say it's interesting rereading the outline and seeing that we didn't even have names for Tubby, Humpy, or Shelly yet. We also didn't have a last name for Lucia, and I don't think we ever planned on giving her one until Scott was drawing the pages and we decided we wanted to do the little intro cards for Max and Lucia, and we were like "damn they need last names." (I probably went back and added it into the script because we've gone through so many revisions, though)

I'm also now realizing that we never used those intro cards again, ha. We probably should've stuck with it, and I think we got the idea for them from Borderlands—though ours were much, much simpler. We love all the little intro cards that play whenever you meet a new character, boss, etc in those games!

OUTLINE

Suddenly the screen goes black, and Hen-Tie looks shocked as Walrus, Turtle, and Camel are now also behind Bon, eagerly watching. Walrus is eating popcorn. When the screen cuts back on, Griswold is shown walking forward, dragging the snake's corpse. It's ripped in half, and though it's dead, it's smiling because it's finally been separated. Bon actually looks a little nervous now for the first time.

"Hey, uh..." he shakes his head. "Your name's Griswold, and you're my personal killing machine, okay?" He then explains the panties to him, and Griswold lets go of the corpse. Only his waist and below is shown, and he doesn't say anything. He simply gives a thumbs up before walking off screen.

PAGE FORTY(five panels)

Panel 1: Bon pulls back, gritting his teeth. In the background, on the screen, Snake #2 looks at Bon. Snake #1 looks at #2.

BON: Just release the experiment.

SNAKE #2: That thing's like, *evil*, dude.

SNAKE #1: So are *we*.

SNAKE #2: We are?

SNAKE #1: I think so. Bon, are we evil?

Panel 2: Tubby appears behind the screen, holding up a bunch of panties.

TUBBY: Can I keep these?

Panel 3: Bon punches the screen so hard it cracks *again*. He's standing up, making a ferociously exaggerated face. Flames lurk behind him, he has blood red eyes, and both his teeth and claws are incredibly sharp and serrated. This causes Tubby to cower, and makes the snakes stop arguing and look at him.

SFX: Crack! Smash!

BON: Release the fucking experiment, or I swear to panties, I'll boil you *both* and serve you to *Tubby*!

Panel 4: At this, Tubby runs away crying, and the snakes look at each other.

TUBBY: Don't hurt meeeee!

Panel 5: Shot of the screen. Snake #1 is dragging Snake #2 away.

SNAKE #1: Guess we better.

SNAKE #2: Hold on, lemme write that—

SNAKE #1: Shut up, idiot.

PAGE FORTY-ONE(five panels)

Panel 1: As they disappear for a few seconds, Bon snatches the beer the waiter brought and takes a drink. Hen-Tie lingers over his shoulder, watching curiously.

SFX: Snatch!

Panel 2: Suddenly, there's a loud screaming from the screen which causes Bon to spit his beer all over it. For this shot, the camera's just behind the screen and a bit above it, so it's being splashed by soda too.

SNAKE #1(not shown): *NOOOOOO!*

SNAKE #2(not shown): *I TOLD YOU IT WAS EVIL, DUDE!*

SNAKE #1(not shown): *BUT WE'RE EVIL, DUUUUUUUUDE!*

Panel 3: Shot of the screen, which is now blank, nothing but static.

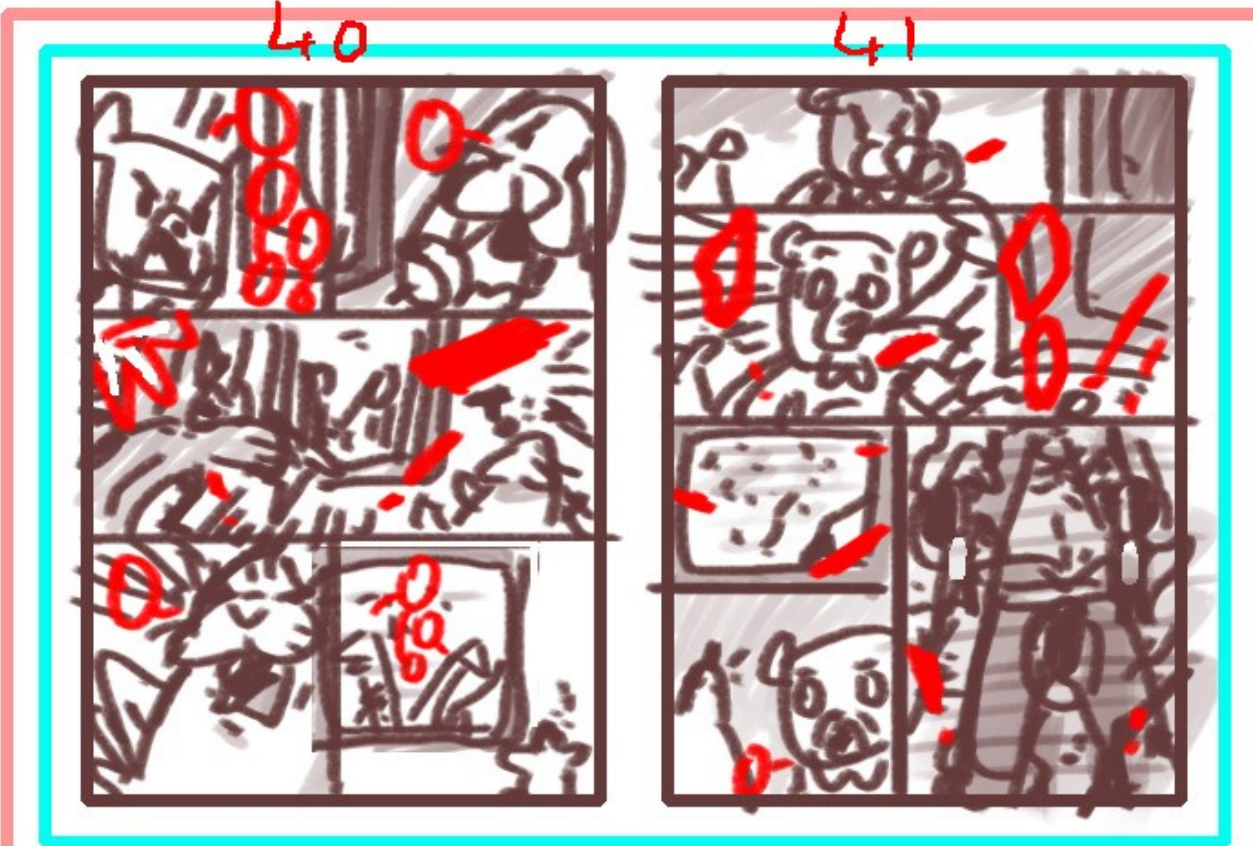
Panel 4: The screen cuts back on, and Bon drops the bottle, letting it shatter. We can't see what's on the screen, just its light over Bon and Hen-tie's shocked faces.

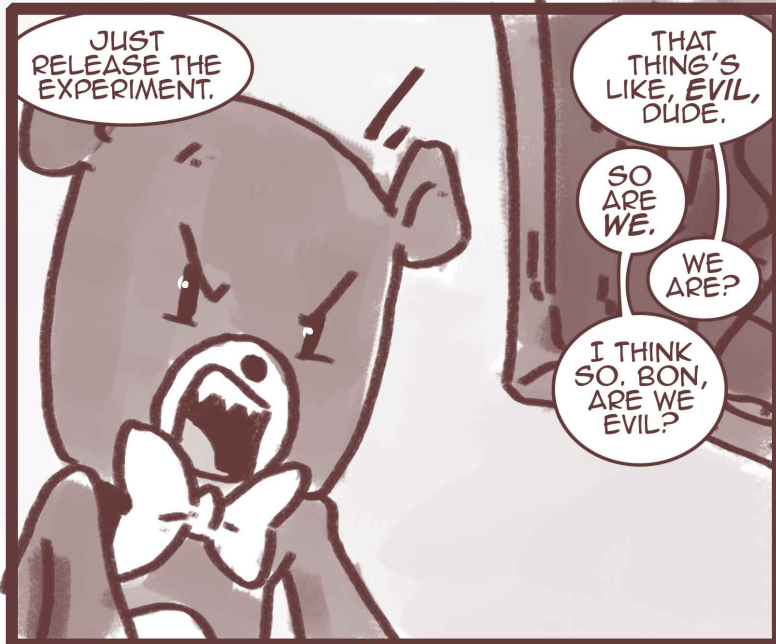
SFX: Shatter!

BON: Holy shit...

Panel 5: We now show the screen. The lab's been completely destroyed, acid holes on the floor, wires sparking from the ceiling. In the middle of the mess stands GRISWOLD, who's soaked in blood. We can only see him from the waist down, but he's clutching the snake—or, well, *part* of it. The creature's been ripped in half, but in death it's smiling because it's finally been separated.

STORYBOARDS





JUST RELEASE THE EXPERIMENT.

THAT THING'S LIKE, EVIL, DUDE.

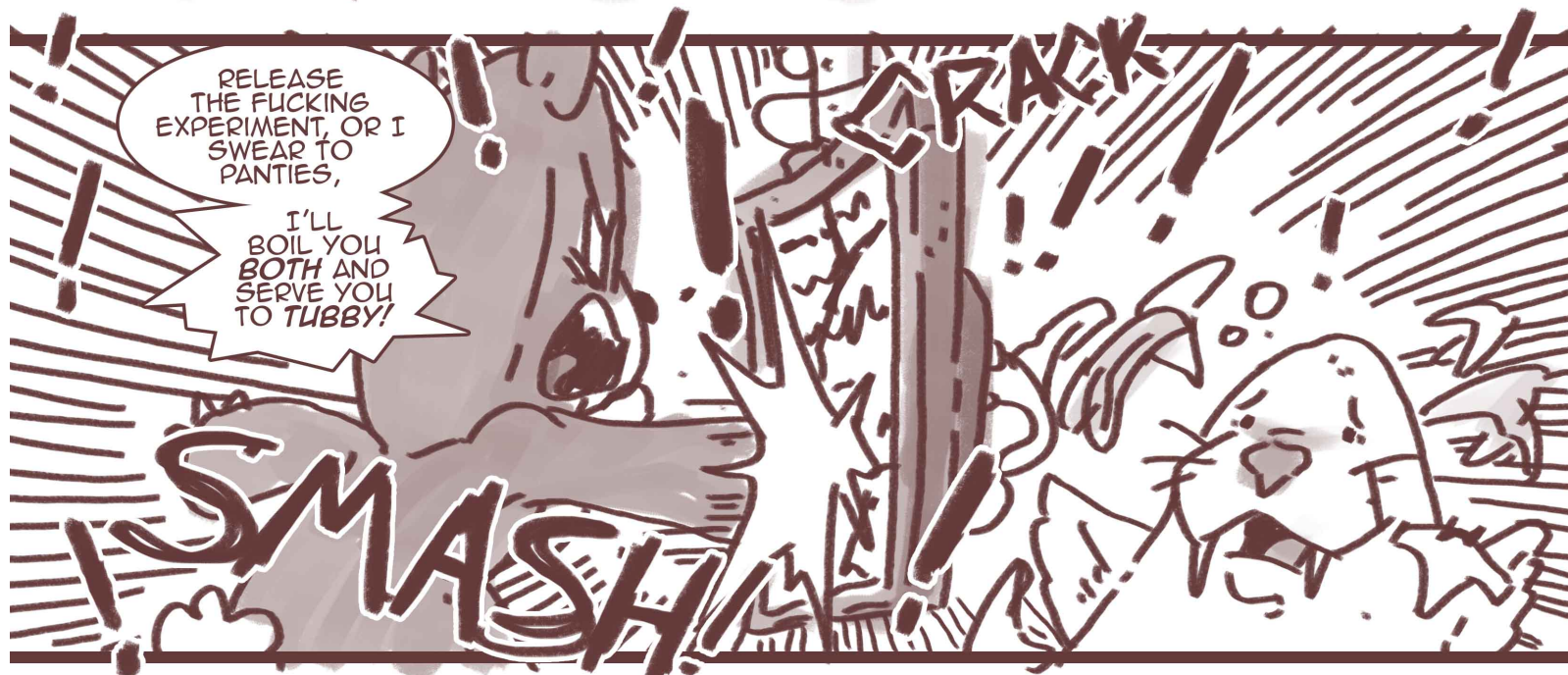
SO ARE WE.

WE ARE?

I THINK SO. BON, ARE WE EVIL?



CAN I KEEP THESE?

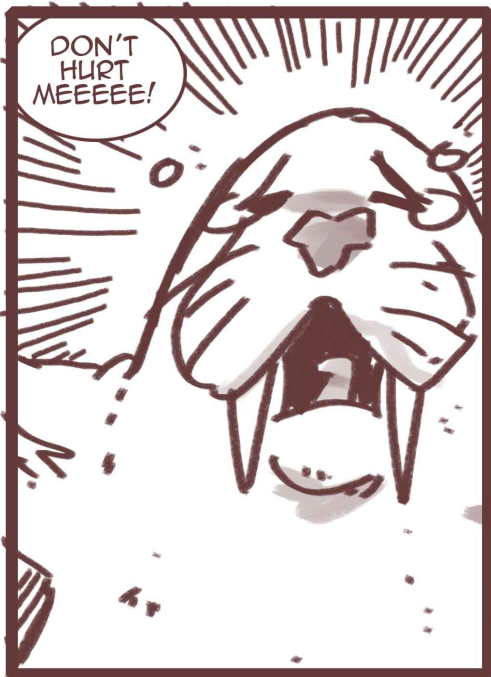


RELEASE THE FUCKING EXPERIMENT, OR I SWEAR TO PANTIES,

I'LL BOIL YOU BOTH AND SERVE YOU TO TUBBY!

CRACK!

SMASH!



DON'T HURT MEEEEEE!



GUESS WE BETTER.

HOLD ON, LEMME WRITE THAT--

SHUT UP, IDIOT.

