

PAGE 1

PANEL 1

Spread of Love sitting on the couch watching TV. The TV is old. Nothing HD or fancy. It displays an image of a reporter standing on the steps of City Hall. There are people gathered around. A podium has been erected. The TV reporter talks down the side of the splash. We see Love Bunny comment while struggling with her boot in insets, interspersed.

REPORTER (TV)

I'm reporting live from the steps of city hall, where a podium has been erected in anticipation of this morning's press event.

PANEL 2

Inset. Reverse. Love is sitting on the couch opposite the television. She's watching intently, but is bent over fiddling with one of her (very tall) white boots. I wouldn't call this an "opportunity", per se... but if it were decided we should entice readers by employing some cheesecake, this would be an ideal spot for it.

REPORTER (TV)

Such spectacles have been a rare thing during Mayor Brandon's administration--

PANEL 3

Extreme close on Love's eyes. They're narrow with concentration. Perspiration has broken out on her forehead.

REPORTER (TV)

--But for those of us who witnessed yesterday's heroic deeds, this morning's announcement comes as no surprise.

LOVE BUNNY

Come *on!*

PANEL 4

From Love's POV looking down at her boot, which is only half unlaced.

REPORTER (TV)

Nor will it be the first time
today's honoree has been recognized
with a mayoral commendation.

LOVE BUNNY

Why!? Why so many laces!?

PAGE 2

PANEL 1

Close on the reporter (who looks fuzzy and interlaced by nature of her existing on a TV scree)

REPORTER (TV)

It was only two years ago that he was honored on these very steps by then mayor Michael Galavanti.

PANEL 2

Love watches the TV, frantically untying her shoes.

REPORTER (TV)

Now mayor Brandon is expected to follow suit.

PANEL 3

Love has removed the boot and holds it above her head triumphantly.

LOVE BUNNY

At **last!**

REPORTER (TV)

Only two other--

REPORTER (TV)

Wait! What's that?

PANEL 4

Love's eyes, narrowed this time by rage.

REPORTER (TV)

Yes! Yes it is!

PANEL 5

Focus on the podium over the shoulder of the reporter. We're even more zoomed-in on the TV, so it is exceptionally blurry, but a cluster of person-shaped objects, one wearing head-to-toe blue and yellow, are visible.

REPORTER (TV)

It's **him**, ladies and gentlemen!
Approaching the podium!

PAGE 3

PANEL 1

Big action splash! Love has hurled her boot at the TV and is in a follow-through-action-pose. The TV, for it's part, has been knocked off its stand by the boot. As it tumbles to the ground, the screen happens to be facing us. We see a wavy, static-filled close up of Electric Bill on the it as he accepts his award.

Title, written by, art by, based on, etc.

LOVE BUNNY (BURST)

Ungh!

REPORTER (TV)

It's **Electric B** --*zzt!

F/X

CRACK!

PAGE 4

PANEL 1

Mr. Hell, who's apparently been at work in the kitchen (he's wearing an apron... maybe even a hair net?) sticks his head in, looking distraught.

MR. HELL

Rheeeh?!

PANEL 2

Love hands her head as she walks towards Hell, as if just chastised.

LOVE BUNNY

I know, I know. *I* yelled at *you* for throwing shoes.

PANEL 3

She points an accusing finger at Hell, following behind him as he slithers back into the kitchen.

LOVE BUNNY

But those were *other people's* shoes.

LOVE BUNNY

And besides, I had a *totally* good reason.

PANEL 4

Hell stands at the kitchen counter, cracking eggs with some tentacles, frying something in a pan with others. As a result of his activities, there's a large pile of garbage building up in the sink. Love paces behind him, looking violent. Hell, in as much as it's possible for someone with no eyes, rolls his.

MR. HELL

Hrruh?

LOVE BUNNY

Bill!

MR. HELL

Uhhhng.

LOVE BUNNY

Don't you "Uhhng" me!

PANEL 5

Close on Love. She looks reminiscent, as if she's about to flashback (which, of course, she is).

LOVE BUNNY

You weren't around back then, so you don't know what it was like...

PAGE 5

PANEL 1

Flashback. The living room of Love's apartment two years ago. Bill's pacing back and forth, looking at his watch angrily.

ELECTRIC BILL

Damnit...

PANEL 2

Bill's stalked over to a closed door that he's now knocking on, obnoxiously.

ELECTRIC BILL

LOVE BUNNY!

F/X

Knock knock knock

PANEL 3

On the other side of the door we see Love in the bathroom. She's hunched over something working feverishly.

ELECTRIC BILL (OP)

What are you **doing** in there?

LOVE BUNNY (WHISPER)

Come **on!**

F/X

Knock knock.

PANEL 4

Reverse. We see Love with one foot propped up on the toilet lacing up a tall boot. The other foot is bare. This panel is intentionally reminiscent of her *unlacing* her boot back on page one.

LOVE BUNNY

Why!? Why so many laces!?

PANEL 5

Back outside of the bathroom, Bill's mood hasn't changed.

ELECTRIC BILL

Shift your **tits** into **gear**, L.B.

ELECTRIC BILL

You're going to make me **late** for my
award!

PANEL 6

Love slams open the bathroom door. She's managed to get the one boot laced up, but the other foot is still bare. She's angry and annoyed. Bill's been pushing all her buttons today.

F/X

Slam!

LOVE BUNNY

I'm going to make **us** late for **our**
award.

LOVE BUNNY

We're a **team**. Remember?

PAGE 6

PANEL 1

Bill walks away holding a hand to his forehead.

ELECTRIC BILL

Oh god, please not the "we're a team" speech again.

PANEL 2

He sees something of great interest out of the corner of his eye.

ELECTRIC BILL

What the--!?

PANEL 3

Bill explodes (not literally. I'm not really sure what the extent of his power are, but they probably don't include surviving self-immolation. I only meant to say: "he's making angry faces and yelling").

ELECTRIC BILL

Holy **Christ!**

ELECTRIC BILL

You don't even have your **shoes** on!?

LOVE BUNNY

If you'd stop interrupting--

PANEL 4

He waves her off as he walks away towards the front door.

ELECTRIC BILL

Wow. Nope.

ELECTRIC BILL

You know what? I'm **done**.

LOVE BUNNY

Done?

PANEL 5

Bill is walking down the hall outside of the apartment. Love is half out her front door, chasing after him (in one shoe).

ELECTRIC BILL

Done.

LOVE BUNNY

Wait! Where are you going?

ELECTRIC BILL

To **my** award ceremony.

PAGE 7

PANEL 1

Outside. Bill's already on the sidewalk. Love limps along after him, leaving the front door open behind her.

LOVE BUNNY

Just wait **five minutes**. We'll go **together**.

ELECTRIC BILL

I'm late.

ELECTRIC BILL

I'll fly.

PANEL 2

Love jabs an accusing finger at Bill's back as her plaintive attitude abruptly turns to anger.

LOVE BUNNY (BURST)

Don't you dare!

PANEL 3

From the side. Bill's reached the street and stopped, shoulders sagging slightly, looking towards the sky. Love's closed some of the ground between them but is reacting to a piece of glass she just stepped on with her unbooted foot.

ELECTRIC BILL

sigh.

LOVE BUNNY

So help me, if you fly to that G.D. Ceremony without me, don't bother--

LOVE BUNNY (BURST)

Owww!

PANEL 4

Close on Love, maybe over her shoulder as she lifts up her foot to reveal a piece of glass stuck in her foot.

LOVE BUNNY

Stupid glass.

F/X (OP)

Woosh!

LOVE BUNNY

If you go without me, don't
bother...

PANEL 5

Pull back. Love Bunny, balancing on her one booted foot as
the other one hang injured and bleeding, look up to realize
she's alone. Bill's already flown off into the sky.

LOVE BUNNY

...Coming back?

PAGE 8

PANEL 1

End flashback. Love sits at the kitchen table, maybe in the same pose she was in in the last panel of page 7 so as to suggest continuity? Though while in page 7 she looked hurt and betrayed, now she just looks grumpy and bitter.

Hell has his back to her as each tentacle busies itself mixing stuff in bowels, cracking eggs, etc. The pile of egg shells, milk cartons, empty boxes, etc. In the sink has grown higher since Love started reminiscing.

LOVE BUNNY

I mean, you don't know what it's
like.

LOVE BUNNY

You don't have a stupidly mean ex
making you look dumb all the time.

PANEL 2

Profile of Mr. Hell as he pauses momentarily in his baking endeavor. He looks wistful, thinking of something long, long ago.

LOVE BUNNY (OP)

I mean, can you imagine if you had a
girlfriend that was, like, bent on
the destruction of your ego?

PANEL 3

The same shot, only now there are some tendrils of dark smoke in the from. Hell has stopped looking wistful and no looks curious as he sniffs the smoke.

LOVE BUNNY (OP)

Mr. Hell?

F/X

sniff sniff

PANEL 4

Mr. Hell has dropped everything and is running towards the oven, which is the source of the smoke.

MR. HELL (BURST)

Eeeeeeeeee!

PANEL 5

From inside the oven. In the foreground we see a stack of perfectly browned french toast. In the background (the door of the oven) we see Mr. Hell looking in anxiously.

MR. HELL

Reh?

PANEL 6

Same. Hell breaths a sigh of relief, maybe wiping his brow with a spare tentacle as he reaches in to lift out the tray of toast.

MR. HELL

pshew!

PAGE 9

PANEL 1

Mr. Hell proudly approaches the kitchen table with his pristine stack of french toast. Love sits up in her chair, relationship woes forgotten for the moment.

LOVE BUNNY
French toast!?

MR. HELL
Urrr.

PANEL 2

Love Bunny from the front. Mr. Hell is setting a large plate full of toast in front of her. She's taken up knife and fork. The huge pile of dishes, trash, etc. in the sink is probably visible in the background.

LOVE BUNNY
Thank you, Mr. Hell!

LOVE BUNNY
Aren't **you** going to have any?

MR. HELL
Rheh ungh uh.

PANEL 3

Several large chunks of toast have already disappeared off Love's plate. Her cheeks are filled up like a chipmunk's as she point's her fork at Mr. Hell.

LOVE BUNNY
But don't forget we're a crime-
fighting **team**.

LOVE BUNNY
We **both** need to keep our strength
up.

PANEL 4

Love sets her (empty!) plate in the sink while planting a little kiss on Mr. Hell's "cheek". If he had blood, he'd be blushing.

LOVE BUNNY

So be sure to eat something.

MR. HELL

Urgglegah.

PANEL 5

Hell watches as Love walks out of the kitchen.

PANEL SIX

He turns back to the huge stack of dirty dishes, egg shells, boxes, etc. that fill the sink. He's looking at them rather lustily.

MR. HELL

mrr.

PANEL 6

Un-hinging his jaw as only an Eater like Mr. Hell can, he launches himself at the garbage in the sink, intent on devouring it all.

MR. HELL (BURST)

Gwaaaah!

PAGE 10

PANEL 1

Some time later, back in the living room, Love and Hell are both laid back on the couch in an attempt to ease the pressure on their distended stomachs. Love has her legs up on the coffee table. Mr. Hell probably has some tentacles up there as well. Mr. Hell's on the left and "speaks" first. Love bunny's response should bein the same shape/font as Mr. Hell's balloon.

MR. HELL

Urrrrgh...

LOVE BUNNY

Urrrrgh...

PANEL 2

Love Bunny grabs at her noticeably larger stomach.

LOVE BUNNY

Uh. I've got a food baby.

LOVE BUNNY

I'll have to kick evil keister for a **week** to work this off.

MR. HELL

Urr.

PANEL 3

The phone rings! Love looks off panel excitedly in the direction of the ringing.

F/X (OP)

dee dee doo deet!

LOVE BUNNY

The Love Line!

PANEL 4

Love waves her hands in the air like a flipped turtle trying to righten itself. Far out of reach, the phone rings on.

F/X (OP)

dee dee doo deet!

LOVE BUNNY

Too... fat...

LOVE BUNNY

Can't... stand...

PANEL 5

Close on Hell. He's smiling his ghastly, eager to help smile.

MR. HELL

Rhee!

PANEL 6

Love has face-planted the floor, limbs akimbo. Mr. Hell's tentacles linger behind her -- he apparently pushed her off the sofa (too hard). He has a horrified "oops" expression on his face.

F/X (OP)

dee dee doo deet!

PAGE 11

PANEL 1

Love crawls along the floor on all fours towards the phone. A tentacle snakes past her.

LOVE BUNNY

I'm coming! I'm coming!

PANEL 2

Love sits on the floor next to the table with the phone. The tentacle has taken the receiver off the hook and has it hovering near her ear.

LOVE BUNNY

Hello?

OFFICER JOHN (TELEPHONE)

Love Bunny?

PANEL 3

Officers John and Leonard are taking cover, their backs to a squad car. It's not exactly clear what they are taking cover from, but there is a lot of win and debris rushing over the top of the car. John is using a cell phone.

LOVE BUNNY (TELEPHONE)

Officer John? How **are** you?!

OFFICER JOHN

Um... Well... I've ben better.

OFFICER LEONARD (WHISPER)

Ask about the demon!

PANEL 4

John holds a hand up to silence Leonard.

OFFICER JOHN

I'm sorry to bother you, but we're in a... a **situation** here.

OFFICER LEONARD (WHISPER)

Her partner... whas-his-name...

PANEL 5

Love Bunny looks disappointed and more than a little bit ill.

OFFICER JOHN (TELEPHONE)

It's a... a ***dimensional disturbance***
thingee. In the warehouse district--

LOVE BUNNY

You need me for a ***mission? Now?***

PANEL 6

John looks awkward, tugging at his collar with a finger.

LOVE BUNNY (TELEPHONE)

Normally I'd be all over it... but I
just ate, like, my weight in eggy
bread, so--

OFFICER JOHN

Oh! Um... well...

PAGE 12

PANEL 1

John is gesturing wildly as if trying to explain his way out of asking two girls to the same dance.

OFFICER JOHN

I mean, *of course* you're welcome to come.

OFFICER JOHN

And you *know* we always like to see you...

OFFICER LEONARD (WHISPER)

The deee-mohn!

PANEL 2

Love Bunny looks *very* non-plussed.

OFFICER JOHN (TELEPHONE)

...But we were actually calling for *Mr. Hell*.

PANEL 3

Same. Love just sits there not saying anything.

PANEL 4

Back at the scene, John looks concerned as no reply is forthcoming. Leonard is huddled over him anxiously awaiting Love Bunny's answer.

PANEL 5

John is smiling, relieved. He's giving a thumbs-up to Leonard who is making a little "yes!" fist-pump.

LOVE BUNNY (TELEPHONE)

Fine.

LOVE BUNNY (TELEPHONE)

He'll be there in ten minutes.

F/X

CLICK!

PANEL 6

Love is standing next to the table with the phone squirting

the greater portion of a bottle of SPF 89 sunblock into her hands. Her expression is resigned. Mr. Hell, peaking over the back of the couch, looks concerned.

LOVE BUNNY

Well, let's get you oiled up.

LOVE BUNNY

It's time for **yet another** sidekick to upstage me.

PAGE 13

PANEL 1

Love and Hell are squeezed into the bunny-mobile racing down the highway (all other cars on the road are racing in the opposite direction). They're in costume, Love with her ears and Hell with his hat. The car is small and it's a tight fit for Hell. There are bits of tentacle sticking out of every odd crack and crevasse.

PANEL 2

From the front, we see inside the car and get a better view of exactly how cramped quarters are. Love is looking straight ahead at the road, determined and angry. Hell is doing his honest best to make a skull look sympathetic.

PANEL 3

Same, only now Mr. Hell has broken the silence. Love rolls her eyes a little.

MR. HELL

Unngah.

LOVE BUNNY

sigh.

LOVE BUNNY

I know. I'm not mad at *you*.

PANEL 4

We see the car from above as it continues to drive towards the disaster ahead. Huge ghostbusters-like clouds swirl over the warehouses.

LOVE BUNNY (IN CAR)

It's just...

LOVE BUNNY (IN CAR)

Bill *totally* humped me over, but at least that took *years*.

PANEL 5

Love props her elbow on the door, cheek in hand, depressed.

LOVE BUNNY

It's only been *six months* and you're

ready to leave me.

LOVE BUNNY

I'm not your **partner**. I'm just good
enough **for now**.

PANEL 6

Outside one of the warehouses we see Leonard and John's squad car, the officers themselves still crouched defensively behind it. The bunny-mobile has pulled to a stop near it.

MR. HELL (IN CAR)

Ree? Aaa ga rrr ga gaah!

LOVE BUNNY (IN CAR)

Oh yeah? **Bill** said the **same thing**.

PAGE 14

PANEL 1

Love is walking from the bunny-mobile towards John and Leonard (still couched down using their squad car for cover from whatever is in the warehouse). She's jutting a thumb over her shoulder, oblivious to any danger while the officers gesture wildly for her to get down. Hell is having trouble squeezing himself out of the car -- his door is open but he hasn't quite spilled out yet.

LOVE BUNNY

Hey, guys. I brought Mr--

OFFICER JOHN

Careful, LB!

OFFICER LEONARD

For the love of god, **get down.**

PANEL 2

LOVE BUNNY

Come on. **Really?**

PANEL 3

LOVE BUNNY

I'd like to just get this over with.
I have laundry to do and--

OFFICER LEONARD

You have **no idea** the forces we're
dealing with here, Lovebunny.

PANEL 4

LOVE BUNNY

Oh?

LOVE BUNNY

'Cause it looks like multiple
dimensional disturbances caused by a
magical portal to hell somewhere in

that warehouse.

PANEL 5

Beat.

PANEL 6

LOVE BUNNY

Geeze guys, it looks just like that
old house where I found Mr. Hell.

LOVE BUNNY

I'm not, like, a **total** idiot.

PANEL 7

Shrug

PAGE 15

PANEL 1

From inside the dark and mysterious warehouse we see a barred door leading to the outside. There's probably a thin crack of light visible along its edges.

LOVE BUNNY (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)
grumble grumble Stupid boys...

LOVE BUNNY (BURST)
Hiiiiiiii--

PANEL 2

Same, except Love has kicked down the door in truly spectacular fashion. She is, sometimes, a big goof. But if there's one thing she knows, it's how to kick.

LOVE BUNNY (BURST)
Yaaa!

LOVE BUNNY
Hmm.

PANEL 3

Love steps into the warehouse, searching about for demons. This effect might be helped by giving her a flashlight or something. Or maybe she has utili-ears with little lights on the ends of them!? Whatever. If you decide she's got some sort of lighting device, show her clicking it on here.

LOVE BUNNY
Place looks abandoned. Where are all the workers?

PANEL 4

Back at the doorway, we see Hell is just now catching up. He's sniffing the air.

LOVE BUNNY (OP)
Hellooo? Anybody here?

MR. HELL
snif sniff

PANEL 5

Close on Hell. He's smelled something that frightens him --

his eye (sockets) are wide with alarm.

MR. HELL

snif sniff

MR. HELL

Rungh?!

PANEL 6

Mr. Hell is pulling at Lovebunny's shoulder, pointing back at the door with some free tentacles. Love is trying to trudge forward anyway, swatting him off.

MR. HELL

Mnem, mmem, mmem!

LOVE BUNNY

No, Mr. Hell. We can't leave. We have to find out what happened to the people here.

PAGE 16

PANEL 1

Love searches for the source of a spooky voice. Hell is practically trying to crawl into his hat, he's so intent on hiding. In the extreme foreground, a hint of a tentacle sneaks into the bottom of the frame.

LOVE BUNNY

There should be workers and forklifts and stuff. Where'd they all go?

SPOOKY VOICE (OP)

Where did they *go*? How *ignorant*.

MR. HELL

Eek!

PANEL 2

Reverse. The voice seems to be coming from everywhere! LB has spun around and is looking in the other direction. Hell is now just a little ball of tentacles with a hat. In the foreground here we see one or two tentacles, these entering the panel from the top.

SPOOKY VOICE (OP)

Little girl, don't you know where someone *goes* isn't half as important as where she's *from*?

PANEL 3

Close on Love. Her eyes are shifty as she tries to track down the speaker.

SPOOKY VOICE (OP)

Take *me*, for example.

PANEL 4

Over Love's shoulder. A shadowy figure has stepped out of the darkness in front of her. Its silhouette looks like a larger Mr. Hell.

SPOOKY VOICE

I *go* merely where I *must* to consume my next tasty meal of mortals.

SPOOKY VOICE

But where I'm *from*...

PANEL 5

The figure is Mrs. Hell! She has lunged out at LB clearly in an attempt to startle her, but Love is used to demons from hell, and is rather nonplused. Mrs. Hell looks like Mr. Hell, except that she is larger, has one fewer tentacle, and is wearing lipstick.

MRS. HELL (BURST)

...is *hell*!

LOVE BUNNY

Um, no duh!

LOVE BUNNY

And I'm gonna send you *back* there unless you spit out *all* the people you ate *right now*.

PAGE 17

PANEL 1

Mrs. Hell draws herself up, haughtily staring down at Love, tentacles on her hips.

MRS. HELL

Impudent chit! If I hadn't just gorged, I would devour your--

LOVE BUNNY

Hey! How come you can talk?

PANEL 2

Mrs. Hell crosses her tentacles, turning her head to the side dismissively.

It's important to note that Mr. Hell is probably visible here somewhere and in the following page of panels. But whenever he is, he's as far from Mrs. Hell as is practical and has his hat in between her and his face. He doesn't want to be recognized.

MRS. HELL

I don't have the brain of a monkey.

MRS. HELL

Of the two of us, I should say **your** use of language is the more surprising.

PANEL 3

Love pops a thumb over her shoulder pointing at Mr. Hell who, for his part, is cowering in the corner, hat pulled over his face. Mrs. Hell jabs an accusing tentacle at Love.

LOVE BUNNY

But my friend here doesn't say much...

MRS.HELL

Then you should stick to your own kind, Miss Fingers. He's clearly already taken.

PANEL 4

Mrs. Hell shrugs(?) offhandedly. Love looks mildly horrified.

LOVE BUNNY

Taken!?

MRS. HELL

Is it not a *wedding-night* tradition
to rip the *throats* from your males?

PANEL 5

Love covers her mouth in shock. Mrs. Hell cocks her hips,
giving Love her best "girlfriend, *please!*" pose.

LOVE BUNNY

Eww! That's *barbaric!*

MRS. HELL

You clearly know *nothing* about men.

PAGE 18

PANEL 1

Mrs. Hell gets a little misty reminiscing on better days...

MRS. HELL

Ah, I still remember my first
ripping.

MRS. HELL

The candlelight...

MRS. HELL

The soft gurgling sobs...

PANEL 2

...only to mood-swing right into furious anger. Love recoils
from her a little.

MRS. HELL

And then the little runt **left** me!
Me! Oh, the **shame!**

LOVE BUNNY

Good for him. You're a **monster!**

PANEL 3

Mrs. Hell has taken a swing at Love Bunny with one of her
tentacles sending our hero flying off towards a dark corner
of the warehouse.

MRS. HELL

I wouldn't talk, pink meat.

LOVE BUNNY

Ooof!

PANEL 4

Mr. Hell watches as Love collides into a pile of crates at
the far side of the room.

MR. HELL

Reunhg?

F/X

CRASH!

PANEL 5

Mr. Hell flips out, dropping his hat and attacking Mrs. Hell.
This should be totally fierce.

MR. HELL
yyyah rhungh iiee!

MRS. HELL
What?!

PANEL 6

Mrs. Hell, using her superior size and reach is just barely
managing to fend off the thrashing Mr. Hell.

MRS. HELL
You dare to fight one of your own?
Over a worm-monkey? Who are--

PANEL 7

Close on Mrs. Hell's face as recognition settles over her.

MRS. HELL
Norbert?!

PAGE 19

PANEL 1

Hell fight! Mr. and Mrs. are going at it for more or less the entire page. A few important points here. First, female eaters are larger than the males, and Mr. Hell was the runt of his brood besides. Thus Mrs. Hell has a sizable advantage over her estranged husband. Also: Mrs. Hell tends to use her longer, stronger tentacles to do most of the fighting while talking with her mouth. Mr. Hell, on the other hand, bites! Go nuts.

MRS. HELL

Norbert! Source of unbearable shame!

MRS. HELL

I'd **hoped** you were **dead**. Did you know that?

PANEL 2

More fighting.

MRS. HELL

But you were cowering **here!** With **worms!** You pathetic disappointment of a--

MRS. HELL (BURST)

Aaaah!

PANEL 3

More fighting.

MRS. HELL

You think it was bad before? The **beatings?** The **humiliation?**

PANEL 4

At this point, Mr. Hell should have slipped out of Mrs. Hell's grasp.

MRS. HELL

Just **wait** until I get you home again. You don't **know** humili--

MRS. HELL

--Whoops!

PANEL 5

More fighting. Actually, to be precise, we should probably call it grappling.

MRS. HELL

Slippery, aren't you?

MRS. HELL

And **why** do you smell like coconuts?!

PANEL 6

Mrs. Hell has Mr. Hell dead-to-rights in some sort of lock or hold. Were they human (and cast in the roles of "Hacksaw" Jim Dugan and the Junk Yard Dog), I would say she gets him in a "sleeper". Maybe she just has many tentacles coiled around his neck and is holding him up? At any rate, Mr. Hell struggles, but weakly.

MR. HELL (WEAK)

Ruh ruh rnaagh!

MRS. HELL

Oh **do** give it up, dear.

MRS. HELL

No one understands a **word** you say.

LOVE BUNNY (OP)

I do!

PAGE 20

PANEL 1

Tight on Love, risen from a bunch of broken crates that she apparently crashed into. Her ears are lopsided, her hair matted. Her uniform is torn. She looks angry and she holds one of her boots in her right hand.

LOVE BUNNY

He says he wants a divorce!

PANEL 2

Love throws her boot skyward, not like *I* might throw a shoe, but like a major league pitcher hurls a speedball. She puts some heat on it.

PANEL 3

The boot pierces a painted skylight somewhere above Mr. and Mrs. Hell's heads. It shatters...

PANEL 4

...And light comes streaming in, drenching the two demons. Mr. Hell covers his eyes, squinting a little, but the effect on Mrs. Hell is much more profound. She immediately shrieks...

MRS. HELL

Ahhh! It **burns!**

PANEL 5

And begins to melt.

MRS. HELL

Noo... Help... My **looove!**

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PANEL 1

Mr. Hell watches her dissolve, a conflicted look on his skull-face.

F/X

Herp. blup. bup.

MR. HELL

Mreh?

PANEL 2

Mr. Hell has turned to walk away from the smoldering pile of goo behind him. Love Bunny is in the background, running to him.

MR. HELL

Mrrr.

F/X

bup. bup. bup.

LOVE BUNNY

Mr. Hell, **wait!** Are you ok?

PANEL 3

Reverse. We see Love chasing Hell's back. She's running over the shattered glass of the skylight with one unbooted foot.

LOVE BUNNY

Please wait, Mr. Hell. I'm sorry I--

LOVE BUNNY (BURST)

Owch!

PANEL 4

Close on Love's upturned foot. It has a piece of glass stuck in it. This should be very reminiscent of the panel when she was chasing after Bill.

LOVE BUNNY (OP)

Stupid glass!

PANEL 5

Close on Love. Her head snaps up as if suddenly remembering something.

F/X

gasp

LOVE BUNNY

Wait!

PANEL 6

Pull back a little. Love spins around as if to peruse Mr. Hell, only to find his boney face only inches from her own.

LOVE BUNNY

Mr. Hell, Wai-- oh!

MR. HELL

Rhee?

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PANEL 1

Mr. Hell scoops Love up in his tentacles so she doesn't have to walk on her injured foot. Think *Officer and a Gentleman*.

LOVE BUNNY

Mr. Hell! You came back for me!

MR. HELL

Urt ooos.

LOVE BUNNY

We're a pretty good team after all, huh?

MR. HELL

Rungh.

PANEL 2

Love reclines in his "arms".

LOVE BUNNY

I'm sorry your wife was a total B.

MR. HELL

Rungh.

LOVE BUNNY

Together forever?

MR. HELL

Rungh!

PANEL 3

In the background, we see Hell carry Love out through the same door they came in. In the the foreground, there's a huge bubbling pile of goo. There are indistinguishable lumps in it.

LOVE BUNNY

Good!

PANEL 4

A hand shoots dramatically up from the goo!

PANEL 5

Three or four warehouse workers are emerging from the goo in various stages of recovering -- some standing, some kneeling. One who's standing is holding his arms out to his sides, looking at his hands as he talks to one of the guys still flat on his back.

WAREHOUSE WORKER 1

So... Is everyone else here covered
in goo?

WAREHOUSE WORKER 2

Yeah.

WAREHOUSE WORKER 1

Yeah. You know what? I'm moving.