

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN(six panels)

Panel 1: Bon sighs, rubbing his temples. Snake #1 nods, already cheerful again.

BON: You idiots are killing my buzz. Is my suit done?

SNAKE #1: Certainly is, dude!

Panel 2: Snake #1 reaches out, pressing a button on the control panel with his face. Bon watches the burst of smoke as a piece of the floor slides away. Bon waits, curious and excited. Hen-Tie lingers in the back, head still down.

Panel 3: Closeup of Bon's face. He's tapping his paws together, looking incredibly excited. In the background Hen-Tie's covering her nose, gagging.

BON: It's **perfect**.

Panel 4: Hen-Tie slips out a different door than they came in, shameful look on her face.

HEN-TIE: I don't know *what* perfect is anymore...

HEN-TIE: ...Just that *I'm* far from it.

Panel 5: Wide shot. It's nighttime and Hen-Tie's outside the castle on a balcony. It's clear much drinking and partying has been done here as there are panties, beer bottles, dead bodies, etc scattered around.

HEN-TIE: Bon, Kern...

HEN-TIE: I love them both and feel like neither of them love me...

HEN-TIE: What even **is** love!

Panel 6: Shot of Hen-Tie stopping in the middle of the balcony, hearts in her eyes and clutching her wings together, amazed. Remember those two birds from earlier? The "Jus' keep suckin'" birds? They're in front of her, but we can't see them—just a volley of feathers and on the wall, their shadows. They're, uh, doing something, but it's so peculiar you can't tell what.

BIRD(not shown): You tongue that tail feather, you nasty bird!

BIRD #2(not shown): I'm *you're* nasty bird!

HEN-TIE: *That's* love.

BIRD(not shown): Wait, there's a cock watching us!

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT(six panels)

Panel 1: Hen-Tie's leaning on the balcony, two birds in front of her, wearing a wide smile. They're both staring at her, confused, and their feathers are ruffled.

HEN-TIE: Hen, actually!

HEN-TIE: Tell me, how did you two lovebirds meet?

BIRD: She sucks beak, I eat tailfeather—we was made for each other, y'know?

Panel 2: Hen-Tie drops onto her butt, somber, and chugs a beer from the hand of a dead dude next to her. The male bird's standing in front of her, trying to console her by patting her leg. The female bird has taken off, frustrated.

HEN-TIE: I wish I had something like that...

HEN-TIE: I just need help, Mr. Birdie!

BIRD: I mean, I ain't no vulture but I'll eat dat ass.

BIRD #2: You cheating **bastard!**

Panel 3: A picture of Kern, Bon, and Hen-Tie that she's holding out to show the bird—he's freaking blown away by this.

HEN-TIE: I don't know if you've met these two--

BIRD: --I'm literally part of the Panty Mafia.

HEN-TIE: Well, they're my lovers--

BIRD: --Holy shit, Bon and Kern are birdin' the same chick?

BIRD: I gotta blog my beak off about that.

Panel 4: Hen-Tie throws her hand down in frustration and the bird shrugs. Put a note above the bird which says "He gets a pay raise every time he compliments Bon's genitals."

HEN-TIE: What do I do!?

BIRD: Just pick Bon. For one, he's the leader, and two, he has a magnum dong.

HEN-TIE: I don't care about magnum dongs...

HEN-TIE: I care about dongs of *love*...

Panel 5: Hen-Tie drops the photograph on the ground and walks away. The photograph is in the foreground. The bird begins humping the dead guy's mouth.

HEN-TIE: But I guess I don't have much of a choice, do I?

HEN-TIE: I betrayed Kern, and he's a jerk anyway, so if I want a daddy...

BIRD: Hey, there's still saliva in here!

Panel 6: Closeup of Bon's smug mug in the photo Hen-Tie dropped.

HEN-TIE: **...It's gotta be Bon.**

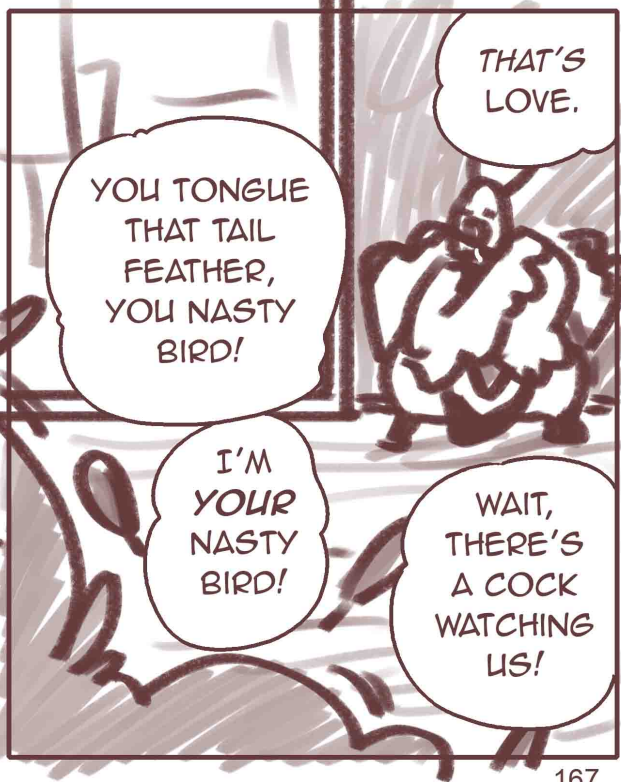
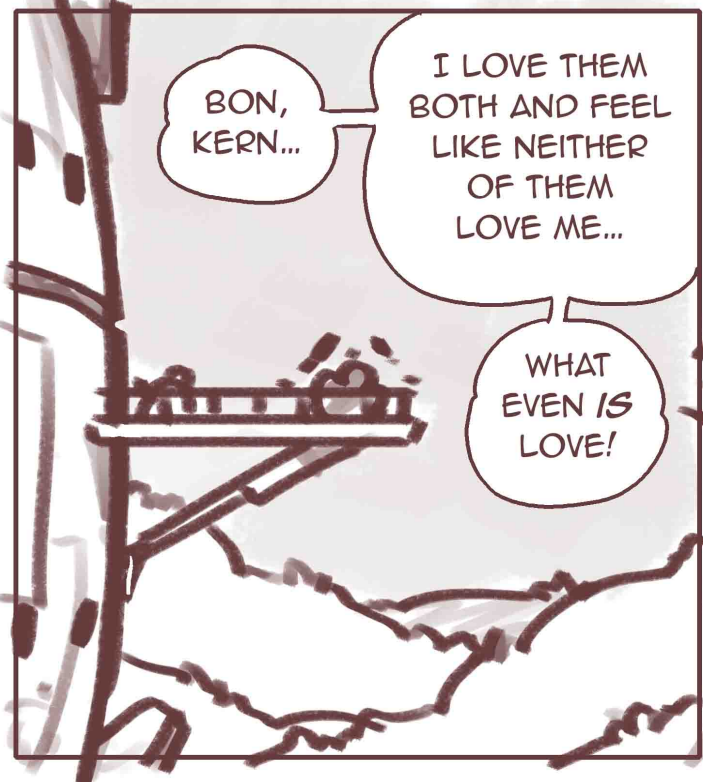
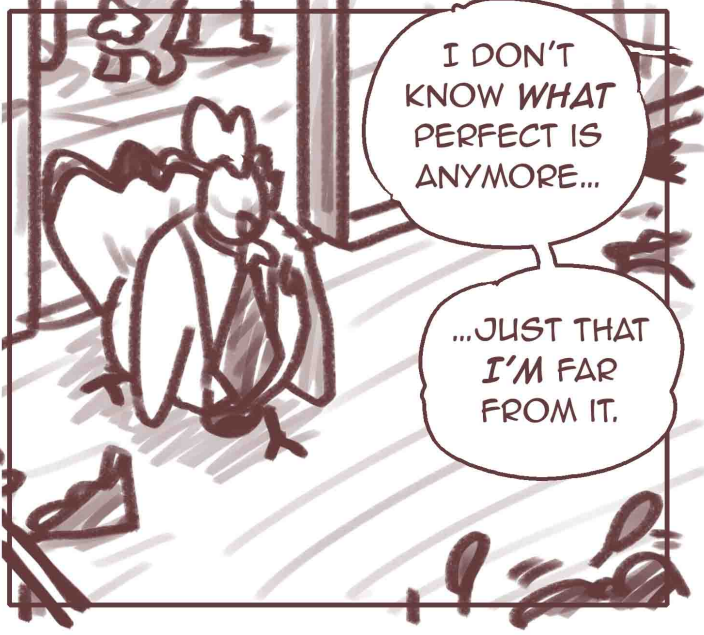
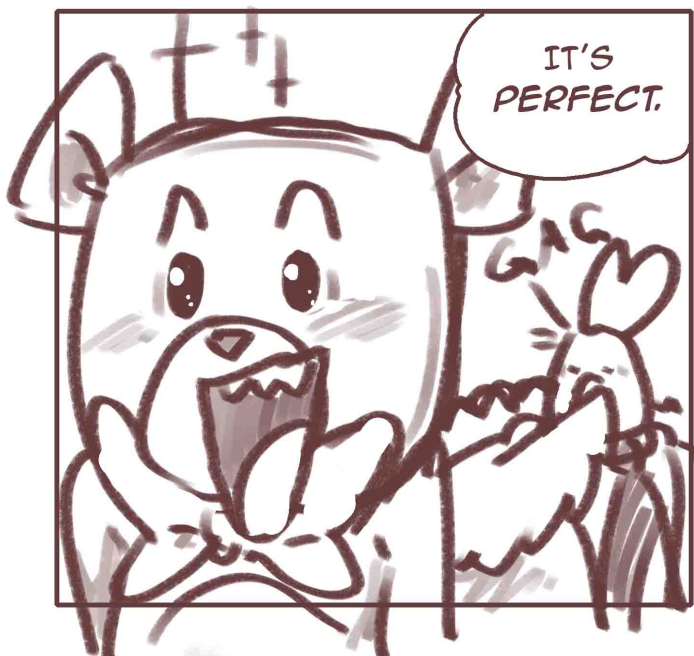
KERN(not shown): **FUCKING BON!**

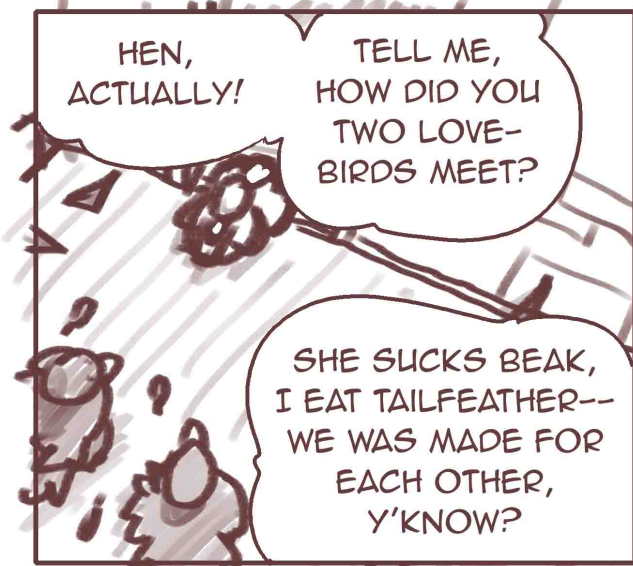
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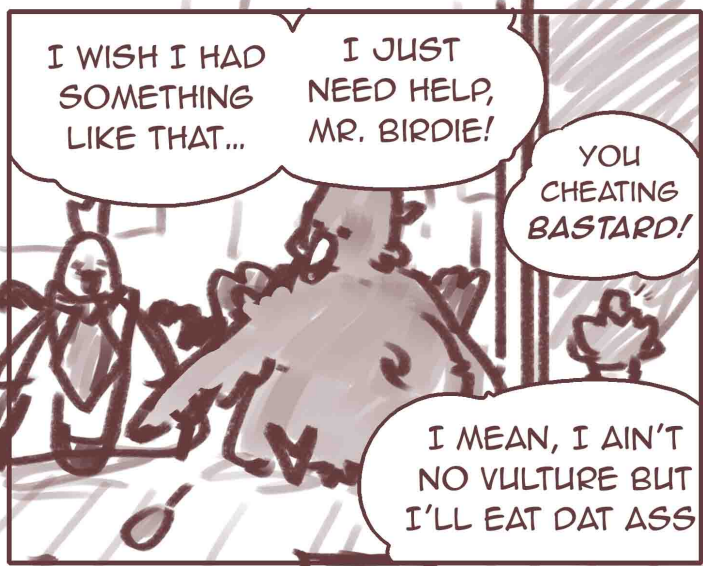




HEN, ACTUALLY!

TELL ME, HOW DID YOU TWO LOVE-BIRDS MEET?

SHE SUCKS BEAK, I EAT TAILFEATHER-- WE WAS MADE FOR EACH OTHER, Y'KNOW?

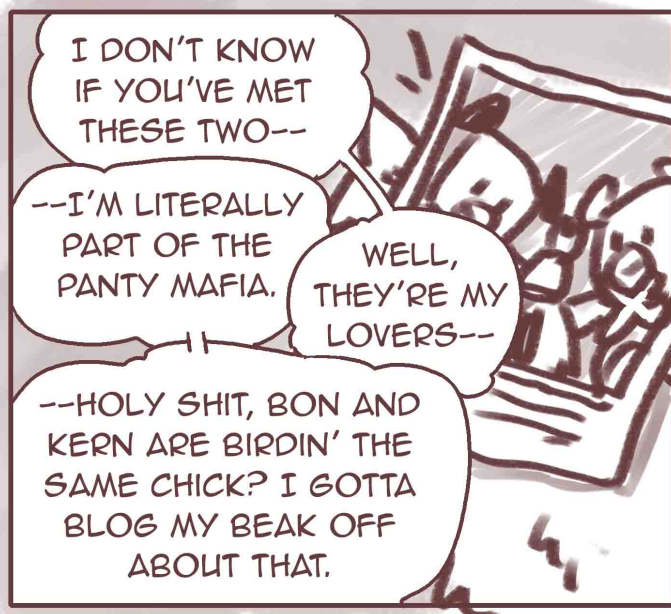


I WISH I HAD SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

I JUST NEED HELP, MR. BIRDIE!

YOU CHEATING BASTARD!

I MEAN, I AIN'T NO VULTURE BUT I'LL EAT DAT ASS

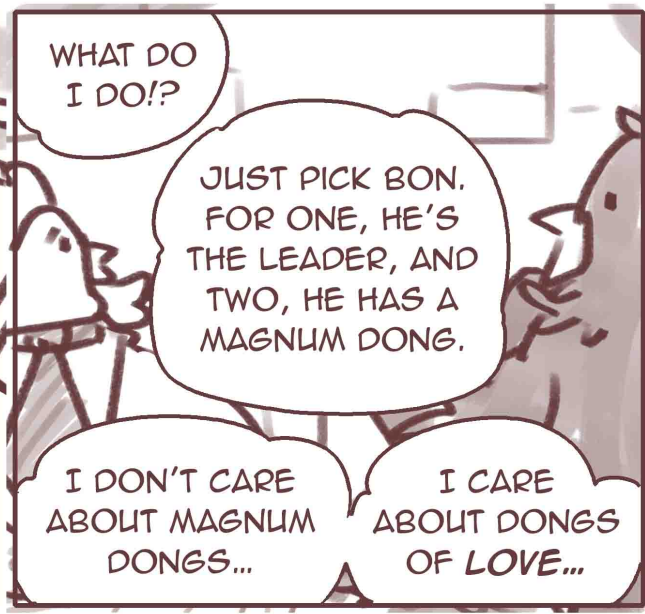


I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE MET THESE TWO--

--I'M LITERALLY PART OF THE PANTY MAFIA.

WELL, THEY'RE MY LOVERS--

--HOLY SHIT, BON AND KERN ARE BIRDIN' THE SAME CHICK? I GOTTA BLOG MY BEAK OFF ABOUT THAT.

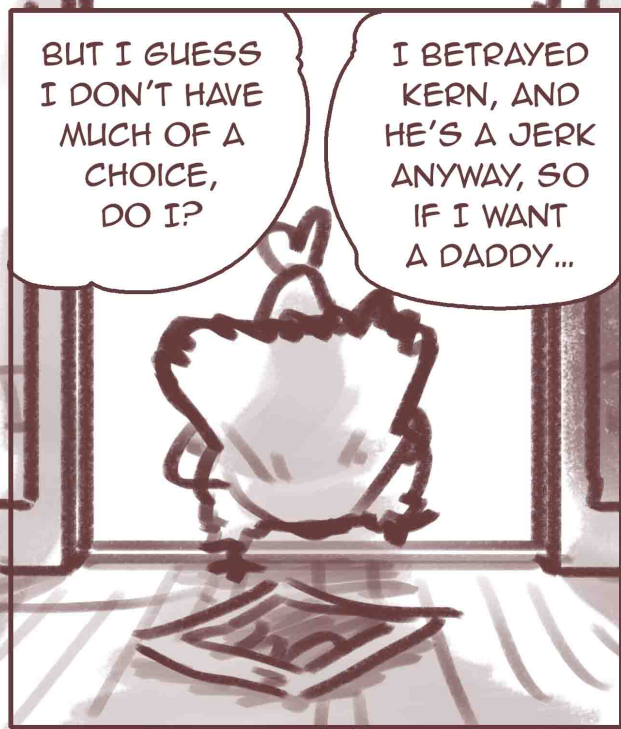


WHAT DO I DO!?

JUST PICK BON. FOR ONE, HE'S THE LEADER, AND TWO, HE HAS A MAGNUM DONG.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT MAGNUM DONGS...

I CARE ABOUT DONGS OF LOVE...



BUT I GUESS I DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE, DO I?

I BETRAYED KERN, AND HE'S A JERK ANYWAY, SO IF I WANT A DADDY...



...IT'S GOTTA BE BON.