

WHERE WOLF CHAPTER 1: WILL YOU BE HAVING THE REGULAR?

PAGE ONE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1: We're in College Station, Texas. It's a small town, full of rednecks and (as you might guess) college students - living harmoniously in their shared love of beer, country music, and more beer. It's night. No full moon. Plenty of stars, though. We're in the parking lot of Wolf Pen Creek Park. It's not a fancy park, nothing you'd write home about. Trees, an amphitheater in the background. A trash can with beer cans strewn on the floor beside it. A sign that shows off the rules of the park: No loud music, no swimming, dogs must be on a leash, the park closes at sunset, no beer. Oops. That's all backdrop, though. What's important is the pick-up truck that's parked in the lot, door ajar. It's the only vehicle in the otherwise empty parking lot. Oh, and there's a dead body sticking out from underneath it. Not just any dead body - it's a dead furry! The murdered furry is dressed in a dog costume but all we can see are their legs and a tail, sticking out from underneath the pick-up. While we can't see much more, we can tell that the dead furry has been roughed up something fierce. Are those teeth marks? That's definitely a pool of blood. This furry has been ripped apart by an animal. Woe is the ranger who's going to have to mop this mess up in the morning.

1. CAPTION: WHERE WOLF: CHAPTER ONE - WILL YOU BE HAVING THE REGULAR?

Panel 2: We've zoomed in on the dead furry's legs. We can see even more of the trauma inflicted upon this poor costume enthusiast's soul. Those are definitely teeth marks.

Panel 3: It's an even tighter zoom on the leg - specifically some of the raw gore - all that remains of what was once a limb. Poking out from underneath a plush mascot costume is bone, viscera, gross crap. A fly sits on the wound.

1. GWEN CAPTION: "Are you going to play with your food all night?"

Panel 4: Smash cut to a plate of chicken tenders, drenched in sauce. It's a nice plate, but only OK chicken tenders. You'll forgive the tenders, though - they aren't the house speciality at Olive Garden. Who orders chicken tenders at an Olive Garden? There's a fork laying across the plate, surrendered in defeat. The chicken tenders haven't really been touched, except for a sole bite mark in one of the

tenders, not too dissimilar from the bite mark in the dead furry's leg.

1. LARRY: Maybe.

PAGE TWO (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1: Larry Chaney and Gwen Reed sit at a table in a slightly crowded Olive Garden. I don't want to be sued by Olive Garden so let's avoid any brand logos. There are a few other couples sitting in the restaurant. Maybe a solo diner. Nothing wrong with eating by yourself at a restaurant. A waiter dressed in a black shirt buzzes in the background, refilling somebody's breadsticks. Larry is 35 and a perpetual sad sack. He looks like a less charismatic Jesse Eisenberg. He's dressed in a rumpled guayabera shirt and cargo shorts. He hasn't shaved for a few days, but you'd be forgiven for not noticing. Besides some light scruff, Larry couldn't grow a beard if his life depended on it. He could probably use a haircut, though. He's staring down at his barely-touched chicken tenders, wishing he'd ordered something else. Gwen is better put together, by far. It looks like she's just gotten off work (she's a manager at a hotel) and she's dressed in a smart polo, her hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. Kind of a Kim Wexler type. She's also 35 and she's cheerfully chowing down on the last of her chicken parmigiana. A wine glass sits in front of Gwen. Larry has a glass of diet soda.

1. GWEN: Babe, I've seen you overwhelmed by Cool Ranch Doritos. What made you order the Spicy Alfredo Chicken Tenders?
2. LARRY: I felt the urge to try something different.

Panel 2: Close up on a doubtful Gwen, her expression that of bemusement, with just a tinge of frustration.

1. GWEN: And how's that urge working out for you?

Panel 3: Close up of Larry, his bummer attitude seeping through every pore of his body. He's in a bad mood.

1. LARRY: When Brian asked if we wanted "the regular," I realized I'd become something I don't want to be.

Panel 4: Wide shot of Gwen and Larry at the table, facing each other. Gwen's smile is teasing, Larry has his hands up in the air, a wild manic look of self-righteous idiot rage.

1. GWEN: A big boy who finishes everything on his plate?
2. LARRY: I don't want to be on a first-name basis, "knows my regular-dish" relationship with my Olive Garden server.

PAGE THREE (NINE PANELS)

Panel 1: Larry's rage has died down. His shoulders are slumped in defeat.

1. LARRY: I just don't like the idea of being so predictable. Especially not when it comes to what I'm ordering at Olive Garden.

Panel 2: Gwen proudly points to her plate of devoured chicken parmigiana with one hand and Larry's uneaten plate of spicy chicken tenders with the other.

1. GWEN: We eat here every Wednesday. I always get the chicken parmigiana, you always get the spaghetti and meatballs. Brian's not a mind-reader, he's just good at his job.

Panel 3: Larry waves off Gwen's point with a flick of his hand.

1. LARRY: And why exactly is it that we eat here every Wednesday anyway?

Panel 4: Gwen's face is deadpan.

1. GWEN: Because Olive Garden is the best restaurant in the world.

Panel 5: Larry hasn't noticed Gwen's reaction. He's off on a rant, his hands starting to return to the air, exaggerated punctuations to the point he's making.

1. LARRY: Gwen, you and I are too cool for Olive Garden!

Panel 6: Gwen's counting off on her fingers all the ways Larry's dead wrong about his self-proclaimed wild card lifestyle.

1. GWEN: You drink Budweiser. You own every Dave Matthews Band album. Your favorite movie is The Shawshank Redemption. You're not too cool for Olive Garden.

Panel 7: Larry's look is that of defeat.

1. LARRY: But...

Panel 8: Gwen gives Larry an exceedingly patient look. She's not exactly swooning over the dude, but she made up her mind a long time ago that she's willing to put up with his bullshit.

1. GWEN: But I like you that way. Not every gal wants a Five Cheese Ziti al Forno for a partner. Some of us prefer to date chicken parmigiana.

Panel 9: Larry pokes at his chicken tenders with a fork.

1. LARRY: I'm not a chicken parmigiana...

PAGE FOUR (SEVEN PANELS)

Panel 1: Gwen and Larry sit in silence at their table. Gwen takes a sip from her glass of wine. Larry is moping.

Panel 2: Larry's still drinking from her glass of wine. Larry has perked up, a look of hope on his face. He really thinks he's going to excite Gwen with his impending suggestion.

1. LARRY: What if we left?
2. GWEN: We still need the check.

Panel 3: Larry leans forward, really getting into his idea. Gwen has set her glass of wine down on the table, her arms are crossed over her chest. She knows what's coming.

1. LARRY: No, I mean what if we went somewhere else?
2. GWEN: If you're that fired up about it, I guess we could try Johnny Carinos next week.

Panel 4: A tight close-up of Larry's face. This is a life-and-death response - the most important thing he'll ever say.

1. LARRY: Fuck Johnny Carinos.

Panel 5: A tight close-up of Gwen's face. She's smiling, caught in an unplanned laugh. The dude got her.

1. GWEN: Ha. Fair. OG for life.

Panel 6: A wide shot of Larry and Gwen sitting at the table. Larry's almost standing up out of his chair, he's so excited. Gwen has her head in her face. Her amusement has evaporated.

1. LARRY: Let's quit our jobs tomorrow, get in our car, and drive someplace new. We could be in another state by dinnertime.
2. GWEN: I'm tired. I'm ready to go home. Can we please save your quarter-life crisis for another night? I have to open in the morning.

Panel 7: Larry is standing up now and pointing at Gwen, a triumphant look on his face. The restaurant is all looking at the crazy person who is putting on a spectacle. Larry doesn't notice, doesn't realize, he's become the center of attention. Gwen is mortified.

1. LARRY: That's what I'm talking about! You hate your job and I hate mine. What are we still doing in Texas?
2. GWEN: Please sit down.

PAGE FIVE (EIGHT PANELS)

Panel 1: Larry has sat back down in his chair. He's leaning back, his eyes closed, imagining all the options that await him and his girlfriend, not noticing the fact that her mood has shifted most foul. Gwen is no longer amused. She's starting to get pissed.

1. LARRY: Let's move someplace new. Chicago. New York. Rio De Janeiro. The possibilities are never ending.

Panel 2: Close up of Gwen. Okay, she's not quite as mad as she was letting on. She's used to Larry's crap by now, after all. But she's still not ready to run off with her boyfriend to another city. Her eyebrow is cocked. She's humoring the dude. Her mistake.

1. GWEN: Kinda like a certain Italian restaurant's pasta bowl?

Panel 3: Wide shot of Gwen and Larry. Gwen has her hand up, waving over the waiter. Larry is still focused on himself and his dreams, not even noticing the fact that Gwen is making plans to leave.

1. GWEN: Brian?
2. LARRY: Personally, I wanna move to Australia. It's like I always say: Good enough for the Hemsworth brothers, good enough for me.

Panel 4: The waiter is handing Gwen the check. Her attention is only partially focused on Larry as she smiles to the waiter with a "I'm really sorry for my idiot boyfriend" expression.

1. GWEN: You're no Hemsworth brother and you can't drive to Australia.

Panel 5: Close-up of Larry. He knows he's about to get in trouble for the truths that will soon come out.

1. LARRY: We could drive to the airport.

Panel 6. The waiter has left, the bill in front of Gwen. She's fishing through her purse for her wallet to pay for dinner. She's not even looking at Larry.

1. GWEN: If you can afford a plane ticket to Australia, why am I the one paying for dinner tonight?

Panel 7: Larry is full on apologetic. He's been a bad, bad boy and he knows he's about to get yelled at.

1. LARRY: What if, hypothetically, I'd spent the last year stashing away some money?

Panel 8: Gwen has stopped looking in her purse. All her attention is focused on Larry.

1. GWEN: What are you talking about?
2. LARRY: Like, say, thirteen hundred dollars?

PAGE SIX (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1: Wide shot of Larry and Gwen. Larry is leaning back, away from Gwen. Gwen is full-on rage! Any amusement she previously had in her partner's man-child behavior has evaporated.

1. GWEN: Dude! I had to ask my parents to help with rent last month.
2. LARRY: David and Patricia are the best. You're so lucky. We're so lucky.

Panel 2: Close-up of Gwen. Steam coming from her ears. Not-literally. Or maybe literally. Have fun.

1. GWEN: I hate you so much right now.

Panel 3: Larry has his hands up in the air. He sure loves to talk with his hands, doesn't he. He's waving them around wildly, trying to make his case for what he did. He's failing.

1. LARRY: But I did it for us! We're going to need that stash of cash when it's time to set up our new lives in Australia. Boomerangs aren't cheap, you know.

Panel 4: Wide shot of Larry and Gwen. She's disappointed in herself for having dated this idiot for so long. He's a self-satisfied smug bastard for having answers to all of Gwen's concerns.

1. GWEN: You need more than \$1,300 to move to another country, dipshit. You need stuff besides money!
2. LARRY: Oh, yeah? Like what?
3. GWEN: Like a visa?

Panel 5: Close-up of Larry, his face a self-satisfied smirk. What an asshole!

1. LARRY: How hard can it be to immigrate to a former penal colony?

PAGE SEVEN (SEVEN PANELS)

Panel 1: Gwen has sat her purse on the table. She has made the mistake of trying to engage Larry in his silliness. She points a finger at Larry, as if trying to zap him. Larry leans back, hands behind his head, proud of himself.

1. GWEN: Ugh, fine, let's imagine a scenario where you did move to Australia. What then? What's your big plan?
2. LARRY: Who cares? Plans are your kink. I'd figure it out when I got there.

Panel 2: Larry leans forward and gives Gwen the biggest puppy dog eye look he can muster.

1. LARRY: Gwen, baby, will you move to Australia with me?

Panel 3: Gwen returns Larry's puppy dog look with a look of flat, unamused disappointment. She's done with this conversation.

1. GWEN: No.

Panel 4: Larry is surprised. He actually thought he was making progress. What a dummy!

1. LARRY: Didn't have to think long, did you?

Panel 5: Gwen is dreaming of a giant ugly cane toad. It sits in her imagination, illustrated in a bubble above her head. She points to the cane toad as all the proof she needs that Larry's an idiot.

1. GWEN: There are more poisonous animals in Australia than anywhere else in the world. Poisonous toads, Larry. I don't fuck with regular toads and I really don't fuck with poisonous ones.

Panel 6: Larry waves off Gwen's cane toad concerns.

1. LARRY: Okay, get this: We don't touch any toads when we get to Australia. Problem solved.

Panel 7: Gwen rolls her eyes. Larry has a finger up in the air, making a big production of his response.

1. GWEN: What would we do for money?

2. LARRY: The same thing we're doing here, but, after a long day at the office, we'd get to put a shrimp on the barbie.

PAGE EIGHT (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1: Close-up of Gwen, her eyes are closed, her patience is finally at an end.

1. GWEN: Goddamnit, Larry.

Panel 2: Larry is completely serious for once. No trace of playfulness on his face. He's being as sincere as the dude is capable of being. Gwen is surprised at Larry's seriousness. She thought he was doing a bit but finally realizes Larry's proposal is legit.

1. LARRY: Gwen. I'm doing it. I've written my resignation letter - printed, signed and ready to hand to Claude. I quit my job tomorrow.

Panel 3: Gwen opens her eyes, giving Larry a look that's 80 percent concern, 10 percent frustration, 10 percent disappointment.

1. GWEN: You're serious?

Panel 4: Close up of Larry. The smirk is back. He couldn't resist making the lame joke.

1. LARRY: Baby, when it comes to Australia, I'm Yahoo Serious*.
2. CAPTION AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE (old school Marvel Comics Style): *Google it!

Panel 5: Wide shot of Larry and Gwen. Gwen is standing up, purse slung over her shoulder. She's handing Larry the check. Larry is lost in his dreams.

1. LARRY: Like The Rescuers before me, I'm headed down under. I can't wait to pet some koalas and learn how to play the didgeridoo.
2. GWEN: I'm going to wait in the car. You can pay for dinner.

PAGE NINE (SEVEN PANELS)

Panel 1: We're in the newsroom of the College Station Examiner, specifically the cramped office of Claude Rains, Managing Editor. A modest wooden bookcase looms in one corner of the office, cluttered with trophies and books and a solitary whiskey bottle. There are photos of Claude and Texas celebrities such as Chuck Norris, Willie Nelson and George H.W. Bush on the wall. Newspapers are everywhere: Stacked on the floor. Stacked on the desk. Draped over the chair that sits across from Claude's desk. Larry sits in that chair, letter of resignation in hand. He looks tiny compared to the big-as-Texas personality of Claude Rains. Claude is sitting behind his desk, his feet propped up on the desk. He's wearing cowboy boots, naturally. The rest of his wardrobe consists of jeans, a western shirt, a bolo tie and a big ol' mustache. Claude is in his 60s and has a Sam Elliott meets Joe Bob Briggs vibe going on.

1. CLAUDE: Are you breaking up with me?

Panel 2: Tight close-up on Larry. He's genuinely apologetic. He looks up to Claude like a father. Claude tolerates Larry like a nephew.

1. LARRY: Sorry, Claude. I quit. Effective immediately.

Panel 3: Tight close-up Claude. His eyebrows are raised in mock concern.

1. CLAUDE: Are you dying?

Panel 4: Tight close-up on Larry. He attempts to crack a smile.

1. LARRY: Yes. A terminal case of ennui.

Panel 5: Wide shot of Claude and Larry. Claude points to a whisky bottle sitting on the bookshelf, nestled among the trophies.

1. CLAUDE: There's a cure. Take two shots and call me in the morning. But before you self-medicate, I need the Daughters of the Republic of Texas benefit luncheon story on my desk. Print deadline's in an hour.

Panel 6: Close-up of Larry. He's exasperated.

1. LARRY: That's what I'm talking about! How am I supposed to stretch a story about a room full of old white women celebrating even older white women into 800 words?

Panel 7: Claude gets up to grab the whiskey bottle from his shelf.

1. CLAUDE: Use a lot of adjectives.

PAGE TEN (TEN PANELS)

Panel 1: Larry tries to argue his case, Claude ignores him - pouring whiskey into a cup of coffee that had been sitting on his desk.

Panel 2: Larry tries to give Claude the letter of recommendation he's been holding. Claude sits back down in his chair, sipping his spiked coffee.

1. LARRY: I've written my last article for the Examiner. I'm sure my presence will be missed at all the quarterly luncheons but I've got a world to see and I'm moving to Australia.
2. CLAUDE: You're not moving to Australia.
3. LARRY: Don't try and talk me out of this. You respect me too much to do that.

Panel 3: Claude gives Larry a bemused look, a half-smile on his face.

1. CLAUDE: You have a very high opinion of my opinion of you.

Panel 4: Claude sets down the coffee and leans in to Larry, a gotcha look on his face.

1. CLAUDE: What do you even know about Australia?
2. LARRY: Stuff. I know stuff.

Panel 5: Close-up of Claude.

1. CLAUDE: What's the capital?

Panel 6: Close-up of Larry.

1. LARRY: Sydney.

Panel 7: Close-up of Claude.

1. CLAUDE: Melbourne. What type of money do they use?

Panel 8: Close-up of Larry.

1. LARRY: Pounds?

Panel 9: Close-up of Claude.

1. CLAUDE: Dollars. Do you even have a passport?

Panel 10: Larry gives his boss a sheepish look.

1. LARRY: I went to Canada when I was twelve. I'm sure I'm still in the system.

PAGE ELEVEN (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1: Claude resumes his position at the desk, boots up, leaning back. Larry looks smug, proud of his joke.

1. CLAUDE: Sloppy work, per usual. You're a child, Larry - constantly in need of somebody to hold your hand and help you do the work.
2. LARRY: Hold the hands of a lot of children, do you?

Panel 2: Claude points up to the sky, at his invisible creator. Larry rolls his eyes.

1. CLAUDE: But that's why God spoke to me when you came looking for a job. "This boy is going to need somebody to look out for him." God won't let me let you move to Australia.
2. LARRY: I didn't realize you had such a close relationship with God. Can you ask him to write me a letter of recommendation?

Panel 3: Claude is not amused.

Panel 4: Larry throws his hands up in the air in defeat. He knows he's been bested with logic.

1. LARRY: Alright, so I'm not ready to get on a plane and fly to Australia tomorrow. I'm still quitting. I can't write any more of the disposable garbage you keep assigning me.

Panel 5: Claude sets his coffee mug down, a smile on his face.

1. CLAUDE: Ah, so that's what this is about.

Panel 6: Larry protests. Claude is way off base.

1. LARRY: No! This is about my desire to wear a bush hat to work and greet my neighbors with a hearty "G'Day, mate!" every morning.

PAGE TWELVE (EIGHT PANELS)

Panel 1: Claude looks genuinely sympathetic to Larry's frustration. Larry points to Claude's bookcase and trophies.

1. CLAUDE: Look, I know you're tired of working on the features desk but I have enough crime reporters. I need you on the community beat. We all have to pay our dues.
2. LARRY: Don't bullshit me about paying dues, Claude! They teach classes in journalism school about the stories you broke in your twenties. Meanwhile, I'm stuck writing about cat shows.

Panel 2: Claude offers Larry a slice of consolation. He seems genuine in his compliment.

1. CLAUDE: Hey, that piece you wrote on the College Station Cat Club's Annual Fur Ball was great! In only a few graphs, you really humanized those flea bags. Gave 'em real pathos.

Panel 3: Claude is super proud of his joke.

1. CLAUDE: Or should I say.. pur-thos.

Panel 4: Larry is not amused.

Panel 5: Claude is angry that his joke did not receive even a polite laugh.

1. CLAUDE: Fuck you! That was a funny joke!

Panel 6: Wide shot of Larry and Claude talking. Claude is sincere, trying to get through to the man-child he has working for him. Larry has picked up one of the newspapers and is pointing to it as proof of his constant humiliation.

1. CLAUDE: Look, I know what you do isn't as glamorous as covering the mean streets of College Station but don't sell yourself short. Someone has to write up the good news too.
2. LARRY: If what I'm doing is so important, how come my stories are always buried behind the funnies?

Panel 7: Claude is dreamy, thinking about his beloved fat cat.

1. CLAUDE: Because Garfield sells newspapers! Oh that cat and his dislike of Mondays...

Panel 8: Larry cuts through Claude's nostalgia and slaps his resignation letter on Claude's desk.

1. LARRY: I'm done! I quit!

PAGE THIRTEEN (EIGHT PANELS)

Panel 1: Claude tries to hand the resignation letter back to Larry. Larry doesn't take back the letter. He eyes Claude suspiciously.

1. CLAUDE: What if I make you a deal?
2. LARRY: What kind of deal?

Panel 2: Claude crumbles up the resignation letter into a ball.

1. CLAUDE: Get me that Daughters of the Republic of Texas story within the hour and I'll throw you a bone.

Panel 3: Claude throws the letter into a trashcan in the corner of the office. He thinks he's Michael Jordan.

1. CLAUDE: You're pals with The Ghoul, right?

Panel 4: Larry's eyebrow goes up. He doesn't like where this conversation is going.

1. LARRY: Dr. Larson? I guess we're friendly.

Panel 5: Claude picks up a small stack of papers from his desk and hands them to Larry. Larry beams with excitement, eagerly reaching for the papers.

1. CLAUDE: Good. Carlos De La Santos needs help with a story. He's running all over town chasing leads and needs somebody to talk with the Medical Examiner about a body that came in this morning.
2. LARRY: I'm your man!
3. CLAUDE: It's real paint-by-numbers shit. Carlos already has the questions all typed up. All you need to do is get a few quotes to him by five.

Panel 6: Claude sits back down, already moving on from the conversation and getting back to work. Larry has his nose in the papers, reading Carlos' questions.

1. LARRY: I'll get them to him by 4:59 PM!
2. CLAUDE: This is an un-fuck-up-able task and, as long as you don't somehow manage to fuck up the un-fuck-up-able, it's a first step in proving you have what it takes to run with the big boys.

Panel 7: Larry looks up from the pages, a hungry look in his eyes.

1. LARRY: Do I get a co-byline?

Panel 8: Claude flashes Larry a furious look. This conversation is over.

1. CLAUDE: Why the fuck are you still in my office?

PAGE FOURTEEN (SEVEN PANELS)

Panel 1: We're in the College Station morgue. Larry stands to one corner - as far as he can get from the dead body that's covered by a sheet on the gurney at the center of the room. Note: This dead body will be revealed to be the dead furry from the beginning of the story, so keep that in mind when establishing what the shape of the body should be - it's got a snout! A second gurney is unoccupied. Larry is very uncomfortable being in the same room with a dead body. Standing closer to the dead body and eating a sandwich (what a cliché!) is Dr. Nathaniel Larson, M.E.. Dr. Nate is a portly 50 year old man sporting salt and pepper hair. He looks like Stephen King meets Wayne Knight. He speaks with his mouth still partially full of food. A pair of glasses hang from a chain around his neck.

1. DR. NATE: And what do I owe the pleasure of a visit from the distinguished Larry Chaney? Come to apologize for missing movie night at Casa Larson last weekend?

Panel 2: Close up of Larry. He's sheepish, rubbing the back of his head with one hand while shrugging.

1. LARRY: I'm sorry. I had, uh, there were things.

Panel 3: Dr. Nate sets his sandwich down on his desk near his computer. On the computer screen is an Instagram account, showing Larry with a bunch of selfies with and without Gwen.

1. DR. NATE: Oh, I get it. You're a very busy young man.

Panel 4: Dr. Nate has walked over to Larry and puts a hand on his shoulder. Larry squirms to move away. He's creeped out by Dr. Nate.

1. DR. NATE: It's a shame you missed the films, though. You would have really liked them.
2. LARRY: Oh, yeah? What did you end up watching?

Panel 5: Dr. Nate has moved behind Larry and is trying to give him a shoulder rub. Friendly - overly friendly to be sure - but not sexual. Dr. Nate is not a sex creep, per se, he just has no concept of personal space or societal barriers. He whispers the answer into Larry's ear.

1. DR. NATE: Human Centipede uno, dos and tres.

Panel 6: Larry has broken free of Dr. Nate's back-rub and is facing the M.E. - his hands raised as a shield, to establish personal space.

1. LARRY: They made three Human Centipede movies?

Panel 7: Close up of smiling Dr. Nate.

1. DR. NATE: How could they not?

PAGE FIFTEEN (TEN PANELS)

Panel 1: Wide shot of Larry establishing even greater space from Dr. Nate. He has inadvertently found himself butt-up against the dead body, still covered by a sheet. Dr. Nate leans against a cabinet, pleased with making Larry uncomfortable. It's a game for him.

1. LARRY: That's, um, wow. I'm sorry I missed out. I'm sure there will be other movie nights, though. So, Carlos sent me-
2. DR. NATE: How about tonight?

Panel 2: Larry tries to play dumb.

1. LARRY: What about tonight?

Panel 3: Dr. Nate chews on his finger nails.

1. DR. NATE: How about another movie night? Tonight.

Panel 4: Larry realizes what he's leaning against and hops away from the body. Dr. Nate starts to cross the room, to get closer to Larry and the body.

1. LARRY: Tonight, huh?
2. DR. NATE: Guess what Blu-ray I got in the mail?
3. LARRY: The Zapruder film?

Panel 5: Dr. Nate is gleeful, rubbing his hands together in excitement just thinking about his new treasure. Larry looks ill.

1. DR. NATE: My uncut copy of Cannibal Holocaust finally came in! It's a classic! The Citizen Kane of Italian gut-muncher cinema.

Panel 6: Dr. Nate is talking about the movie like another man might talk about an attractive woman or a juicy hamburger. His mouth is practically watering.

1. DR. NATE: The director was actually put on trial because of how gruesome the movie was. Can you believe that?

Panel 7: Larry holds up the notes Claude gave him and points to them.

1. DR. NATE: So, tonight? Let's say eight?
2. LARRY: Tonight's bad. I've got this, uh, deadline and there's... other things. But another night! I promise.

Panel 8: Dr. Nate is pouting. Larry looks mortified, like he is actually afraid his life might be in danger.

1. DR. NATE: You and your promises. One day I'm going to tie you up with duct tape and hold you to those promises.

Panel 9: Larry has the questions from the interview in his hand and he's sorting through them, his gaze away from Dr. Nate.

1. LARRY: So, anyway, I believe Carlos phoned ahead?

Panel 10: Dr. Nate has walked behind the body on the gurney. His hands are gripping the sheet. He's preparing to rip off the sheet and expose the victim.

1. DR. NATE: Yes, yes, he said you'd be stopping by to ask a few questions about my new chum Kurt Milligan. Have you met Kurt?

PAGE SIXTEEN (SPLASH PAGE)

Dr. Nate has ripped the sheet off the body on the gurney. It's horrible! A dog mascot is lying on the gurney and he looks like he's been fed through a wood chipper. Not every limb is attached. A rib cage sticks out through the chest, exposing a hollow cavity. The mask has a big hole ripped through one side of it, exposing a single eye and part of the cheek. The eye is frozen in sheer terror. The costume itself is not a cheap homemade affair. It looks like something purchased off the internet. It kind of looks like Scruff McGruff. He's not wearing a trench coat (he's not wearing any clothing over the costume) but the color and general dogginess of the costume resembles the former Crime Dog mascot. Oh, and the mascot costume has a dick and balls - human shaped. But we don't see that because there's a black CENSORED bar over the furry's junk. Dr. Nate is all smiles as he exposes the horror under the sheet. Larry is agast. If this was a color comic, he'd be green.

1. SFX: "SWOOOSH!" (cloth being ripped off dramatically)
2. DR. NATE: Larry Chaney, Kurt Milligan. Kurt Milligan, Larry Chaney.

PAGE SEVENTEEN (SPLASH PAGE)

Same exact layout as the previous page, except Larry has vomited all over the floor. He's still bent over, wiping his mouth clean with one hand. Dr. Nate is locked in the same gleeful expression as Page Sixteen.

1. SFX: "BLAURGH!" (sound of Larry puking)
2. LARRY - Jesus, Dr. Nate. What happened to... Wait. What's he wearing?

PAGE EIGHTEEN (EIGHT PANELS)

Panel 1: Dr. Nate's gleeful expression has been replaced with annoyance. He realizes he's going to have to clean up Larry's vomit. Larry is standing up-right again. He still looks ill.

1. DR. NATE: Well, it's a bit difficult to tell based on the wretched conditions of the remains.

Panel 2: Dr. Nate stares almost lovingly down at the dead mascot. If Larry wasn't there he might actually be stroking the corpse's cheek.

1. DR. NATE: But it appears to be a dog mascot costume, wouldn't you say?

Panel 3: Larry wipes vomit from his mouth. His eyes are glued to the body.

1. LARRY: What a way to go. But do most mascot costumes come with anatomically correct genitalia?

Panel 4: Close up of the CENSORED bar covering the dog's dick and balls.

Panel 5: Dr. Nate lifts up the CENSORED bar to peer underneath. We can't see what he's looking at but Dr. Nate seems really engrossed in the furry genitalia.

1. DR. NATE: You know, I really can't say. I'm not too familiar with sportsball. I was always more of a theater kid.

Panel 6: Dr. Nate has picked up the head of the mascot. Turns out it wasn't attached too tightly to the rest of the corpse. He holds it in one ungloved hand, replicating Hamlet's famous pose.

1. DR. NATE: Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

Panel 7: Larry looks like he's going to throw up again.

Panel 8: Dr. Nate winds back his arm, as if he's going to throw the head at Larry.

1. DR. NATE: Here, catch.

PAGE NINETEEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1: Larry's eyes are wide, his hands are held up as if prepared to spike the head if it's thrown at him.

1. LARRY: Put the poor guy's head down!

Panel 2: Dr. Nate has sat the head back down on the table.

1. DR. NATE: I was only kidding. I would never dream of disrespecting a visitor to my morgue like that - especially a dead one.

Panel 3: Dr. Nate walks over to Larry

1. DR. NATE: You see, a corpse is a sacred thing. One day even you, young Larry, will find yourself on my silver slab and I promise I will treat your body with the utmost reverence.

Panel 4: Dr. Nate puts a hand - the same one that was just moments ago holding the head of a dead mascot - on Larry's shoulder. Larry's eyes are focused on the hand. Blood and bits of gore are dripping from the M.E.'s fingers. Larry is on the verge of vomiting.

1. DR. NATE: Utmost, Larry. Utmost.

Panel 5: Larry vomits all over Dr. Nate's shoes.

PAGE TWENTY (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1: Larry is standing up again, a little vomit drips from his chin. He wipes it off with one of his hands. Dr. Nate looks down at his vomit-covered shoes.

1. LARRY: So, Dr. Nate, what happened to the guy?

Panel 2: Dr. Nate walks over to a roll of paper towels on the desk and takes it with one hand.

1. DR. NATE: Well, based on the massive bite wounds, I'd say Kurt Milligan's death was the result of your standard, run-of-the-mill wolf attack.

Panel 3: This gets Larry's attention. He stares, mouth agape at the M.E.

1. LARRY: Excuse me?

Panel 4: Dr. Nate is bent over, wiping vomit from his shoes.

1. DR. NATE: Wolf attack, Larry. It seems that, after a due amount of huffing, puffing, and blowing down of houses, the Big Bad Wolf decided to gobble up Kurt Milligan.

Panel 5: Dr. Nate looks up from his shoes at Larry, a gleeful grin on his face.

1. DR. NATE: The kid was wolfed down by a wolf.

Panel 6: Tight close-up on Larry's face. It's a mixture of shock, with just a slight tinge of disbelief.

1. LARRY: Woof.

2. CAPTION: TO BE CONTINUED!