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PANEL 1

Full page landscape. View from behind Skingirl (maybe she's out of focus) as she stares up at the demon Enzo, who stands at the top of the cliff, reciting (poorly) Yeats' "These Are the Clouds". In mid-distance, left, the river of blood flows out and around the cliff. In the left far distance, we see smokestacks, shadowy factories spilling smoke into the air.

ENZO, in his demonic persona, resembles a chambered nautilus with three holes. Out of two sprout chicken feet, the last is a spiral of razor sharp teeth, the center of the nautilus spiral is a single, red eye (but he's open to interpretation). The idea is he's a real creative demon who likes to put some style into his disguises (and style in Hell is absurd, animal, grotesque, odd juxtapositions).

All around Skingirl, at the foot of the cliff, piles of bones, skulls and viscera. As if Enzo has been snacking.

ENZO (SEPARATE BALLOONS, SQUIGGLY)
...Till that be...Till that be...

FUCK!

Theweaklayhandonwhatthestronghasdone,
Till that be...

ENZO (SEPARATE FROM OTHER BALLOONS,
FLOATING DOWN TOWARD SKINGIRL)

JESUS CHRIST!

...

What's your name, fleshy one?

SKINGIRL

...

ENZO

HA! Yes, I know...I know...I'm a cruel

bitch, mmyes. You won't have a name, of course. aHaHa!

...myes...it was funnier when I had an audience, but you can see what's become of them.

Yes. Mmmmmmmmm. You're lost and can't remember, yes? Well, as you can see, we're undergoing a bit of a...how to put this...an EPOCH OF FLUX! Mmmmmmyes, plenty of flux here. Not so for my demonic siblings. Bit of a shitshow, if you ask me. Mmmmmmyes.