

## Story 1: Romance

### Page 1 - 6 Panels

#### Page 1 Panel 1

Establishing Shot – An apartment building, downtown Atlanta. Night. It's late enough that the city streets are beginning to thin out of traffic.

#### Page 1 Panel 2

Inside the apartment sets a rectangular dinner table with a nice table cloth on it. There are two empty chairs, a pair of mostly empty plates, and a pair of wine glasses, both with very little wine actually still in the glass. A pair of candles light the table, though they have clearly been burning for sometime.

#### Page 1 Panel 3

We follow a trail of clothing towards the bedroom door which is cracked open slightly.

Mark (from inside the bedroom) – Where are you going?

#### Page 1 Panel 4

The bedroom door is now opened and a female form is bending over to pick up the last of her clothing. She clutches it to her body to ensure that none of her naughty bits are exposed (or the shadows hide them, your choice). KRISTY is a thirty-something professional type. Her shoulder length blonde hair is a bit messy and attempts to hide her pretty face, and she is slightly on the thin side (not anorexic thin, but not too curvy either).

Kristy – I have to get dressed and go... you know that.

#### Page 1 Panel 5

Inside the bedroom we can see MARK lying on the bed, he has his head propped up by some extra pillows. He's an attractive, younger man, with dark hair, maybe in his early twenties and well-built (he clearly goes to the gym 4-5 times a week). Mark has a grin on his face, pleased with his earlier effort. Proving this the bed is a mess, sheets, pillows, and comforters strewn about the bed and the floor beside it. Kristy is putting her clothes on near the entrance of the doorway.

Artist Note – There should be a pillow on the bed near the foot of the bed (See Page 2 Panel 3 for relevance).

Mark – I know... I know... still it is early yet.

Page 1 Panel 6

Kristy points at the clock on the nightstand beside the bed. It clearly reads 12:15.

Kristy – For you perhaps, but for me, I'm a bit late.

Kristy (2) - More than that, in fact.

## **Page 2** - 6 Panels

Page 2 Panel 1

Mark reaches across the bed and grabs the clock to begin tinkering with it (it is facing him). Kristy has now sat on the foot of the bed, smiles, and begins to put on her shoes.

Mark – You know, that's what I like about you. You like the facts and figures.

Kristy – I like your figure.

Page 2 Panel 2

Mark has slid up beside Kristy and has put the alarm clock into her lap. The red numbers now flash 10:30.

Mark – See, now it's early yet. So you can stay a little longer.

Page 2 Panel 3

Kristy's hand is gripped around a stray pillow at the end of the bed. She turns and kisses Mark on the lips...

Kristy – I don't think it works that way, Mark.

Page 2 Panel 4

Then smacks him solidly with the pillow.

Page 2 Panel 5

Mark grabs her and playfully pulls her back down on the bed.

Mark – Oh is that right! And how does it work, Kristy?

Page 2 Panel 6

Mark begins tickling her mercilessly. Kristy is thrashing a bit.

Kristy – Stop... hehehehe... it's not fair... hehehe... you're not ticklish.

**Page 3** - 6 Panels

Page 3 Panel 1

Mark has stopped tickling her and the two of them are lying face to face on the bed, Kristy has maneuvered herself on top of Mark.

Mark – You really have to go though, don't you?

Kristy – Yeah, I guess I do.

Kristy (2) - I don't want to but...

Page 3 Panel 2

Mark puts a finger up to her lips to shush her.

Mark – It's ok. I understand.

Page 3 Panel 3

Kristy kisses the finger.

Kristy – One day I won't have to run. I promise.

Mark - I know.

Page 3 Panel 4

Kristy stands up beside the bed and tries to straighten out her dress suit a bit.

Kristy – How do I look?

Mark – Perfect.

Page 3 Panel 5

Mark starts to get up out of bed, but Kristy puts her hand out to stop him.

Mark – I'll walk you down.

Kristy – It's alright, you just get some rest.

Kristy (2) - You've earned it tonight.

Page 3 Panel 6

Kristy leans over and kisses Mark on the lips passionately.

#### **Page 4** - 5 Panels

Page 4 Panel 1

Kristy exits the bedroom with Mark watching after her.

Page 4 Panel 2

Mark notices something (something small, but we can't make out what it is) on the nightstand...

Page 4 Panel 3

And grabs it.

Page 4 Panel 4

Kristy is at the front door as Mark comes out of the bedroom behind her.

Mark – You forgot something.

Mark (2) - **He** might notice if you don't have it.

Page 4 Panel 5

Close up on Mark's hand as he opens it up to reveal a wedding band.

## Story 2: Rage

### Page 1 – 5 Panels

#### Page 1 Panel 1

Inside of an apartment building. A small amount of moonlight drifts in from the windows at one end of the dining area. Mark, an attractive, dark haired man in his early twenties, well built (he clearly goes to the gym 4-5 times a week) is wearing boxers and a t-shirt standing in front of the refrigerator, grabbing a water bottle, has turned his head to look over to the door to the apartment.

Beyond him rests a dinner table, nice table cloth, a pair of mostly empty plates, two chairs, and a pair of wine glasses, both with very little wine actually still in the glass. Two candles, extinguished, but burnt very low, are the centerpiece of the table.

SFX – Knock.

#### Page 1 Panel 2

Mark smiles as he goes to open door.

SFX – Knock.

Mark – Did you forget something, babe?

#### Page 1 Panel 3

In the open doorway, standing in the hall is CHARLIE, an out of shape, late thirties, suffering from male pattern baldness, brute of a man. Charlie's face betrays that he has clearly been drinking recently. His right hand is clenched into a fist and is cocked back ready to deliver a blow.

Mark is surprised by the identity of the person standing in front of him.

Mark – Charlie?

#### Page 1 Panel 4

Mark lies flat on his back just inside the doorway of the apartment. The light from the hallway illuminates his form.

Charlie – My dear brother...

Mark – What the...

Page 1 Panel 5

Charlie is leaning over Mark tearing at his t-shirt, face full of rage.

Charlie – Get up!

**Page 2 - 6 Panels**

Page 2 Panel 1

Mark tries to scramble away from the crazed larger man, but Charlie won't let go of his shirt and it begins to tear.

Mark – Let go of me!

Page 2 Panel 2

The shirt has torn leaving Mark with only part of his shirt on, the other piece hangs in Charlie's hand. Mark tries to regain his footing.

Charlie – My wife!

Charlie (2) – How could you!?!

Mark – Let me explain!

Page 2 Panel 3

Charlie charges the smaller man and they tumble over the back of the couch, crashing down on the other side.

Page 2 Panel 4

Charlie is on top of Mark and begins raining a series of blows down upon his brother.

Charlie – Did you think I wouldn't find out?

Page 2 Panel 5

More fists smashing down.

Charlie – Did you have a good time laughing at me?

Page 2 Panel 6

Yet more fists smashing down.

Charlie – Well who’s laughing now?

**Page 3** - 6 Panels

Page 3 Panel 1

Charlie rises off of Mark, whose face is bloodied, teeth are broken, and stands up.

Charlie – I practically raised you! And this is how you repay me.

Page 3 Panel 2

Charlie reaches behind his back as Mark coughs up blood and bile.

Mark – Mmm srry.

Charlie – Oh, now you’re sorry? Any other man who did this to me...

Charlie (2) – I’d have to kill him.

Page 3 Panel 3

Charlie reveals the gun he has and aims it at his brother’s face. Tears are flowing out of Charlie. Mark raises a hand.

Mark – Plse dn’t.

Charlie – Any other man who was...

Charlie – Not my brother...

Page 3 Panel 4

The gun fires.

SFX – BOOM.

Page 3 Panel 5

Charlie looks down upon the shattered face of his brother.

Page 3 Panel 6

The gun slips out of his hand onto the floor.

Charlie – Oh god.

**Page 4** - 5 Panels

Page 4 Panel 1

Charlie drops to his knees beside the dead man. Assaulted by his grief, tears flow freely from his eyes.

Charlie – What did I do? I only... I didn't...

Page 4 Panel 2

Charlie cradles the bloodied head of Mark against him.

Charlie – You made me do this. You made me do it.

Page 4 Panel 3

Charlie continues rocking slightly as his attention is caught by the gun he dropped.

Charlie – I'm so sorry.

Page 4 Panel 4

Charlie grabs the gun in his hand.

Charlie – I'm so sorry, Mark.

SFX – BOOM.

Page 4 Panel 5

Black panel, a smoking gun, and a limp hand beside it.



## Story 3: Death

### Page 1 - 6 Panels

#### Page 1 Panel 1

Establishing Shot – Cemetery. Afternoon, but overcast and a little rain proceeds to fall from the sky.

A group of figures stand around a pair of grave sites as two coffins are being lowered into their final resting places.

Of the 6 figures that stand huddled under umbrellas only 2 are off on their own. Of note are KRISTY, a thirty-something professional type wearing a black funeral dress. She has shoulder length hair that lays flat and wet from the rain. She is a bit on the thin side (not anorexic, but not too curvy either). In one of her hands is an umbrella.

RILEY, a thirty-something, military type, buzz cut, standing very straight, but content to let the rain wash over him, and the minister who stands opposite everyone else – umbrella in one hand and the bible, now closed, in the other.

Minister – Ashes to ashes...

#### Page 1 Panel 2

Shot of the pair of coffins lowering into the ground.

Minister – Dust to dust...

#### Page 1 Panel 3

The procession begins to move away from the grave sites, leaving only Riley and Kristy. The rain helps hide the tears that flow out of each of them.

#### Page 1 Panel 4

In between the two graves, Kristy sinks down to her knees, the umbrella drooping in her hand, allowing the rain to begin falling on her face. Luckily for her, the tears have long since made a mockery of her makeup.

The headstones on the graves read:

Charlie Stine  
1969 – 2007  
Husband, Brother  
He will be missed.

And

Mark Stine  
1982 – 2007  
Brother  
Gone too soon.

Kristy (almost a whisper) – I'm so sorry.

Page 1 Panel 5

Kristy digs her hands into the soft, wet dirt along side the graves.

Kristy (almost a whisper) – I never meant...

Page 1 Panel 6

Kristy turns her head to look at Riley, still standing straight and narrow.

Kristy – I never wanted this.

Kristy (2) (almost a whisper) – I loved them.

Kristy (3) (almost a whisper) - I loved them both.

## **Page 2** – 5 Panels

Riley cocks his head slightly to look up to the heavens. Kristy has turned back away from him, her hands still kneading the dirt.

Riley – You know they can't hear you right now.

Page 2 Panel 2

Kristy looks back as Riley continues to stare skyward.

Kristy – What?

Riley – They can't hear you right now.

Page 2 Panel 3

Kristy looks at Riley rather confused.

Kristy – What does that mean?

Riley – They're too busy fighting it out...

Riley (2) – Up there.

Page 2 Panel 4

Riley leans over to help Kristy to her feet, holding her arm with one hand while grabbing the umbrella with the other.

Kristy – I don't understand.

Riley – They always fought. Always competed.

Riley (2) – You were just the latest trophy.

Page 2 Panel 5

Kristy withdraws her arm from Riley angrily.

Kristy – So I'm a trophy now.

Riley – I'm just telling you how it always was.

**Page 3** – 6 Panels

Page 3 Panel 1

Riley hands her back the umbrella, as she looks more confused than angry at his question.

Riley – They ever tell you about Jordan Smythe?

Kristy – No.

Page 3 Panel 2

Riley and Kristy stand side by side facing the gravestones.

Riley – Of course not, it was just something else for them, a private laugh.

Page 3 Panel 3

Close up on Kristy.

Kristy – I don't follow.

Page 3 Panel 4

Riley points at the two graves.

Riley – She was a girl I was dating.

Riley (2) – That I was in love with.

Riley (3) – So imagine my surprise when I came home to find Mark and her in bed together.

Page 3 Panel 5

Riley turns to face Kristy.

Riley – Even better was the fact that Charlie had set the whole thing up.

Riley (2) – To protect me.

Riley (3) – To shame me.

Riley (4) – What a joke.

Kristy – Oh my god.

Page 3 Panel 6

Riley points at Kristy.

Riley – That's why I haven't had anything to do with either of them.

Riley (2) – That's why I missed you and Charlie's wedding.

## **Page 4** - 4 Panels

Page 4 Panel 1

Riley points at the two graves while Kristy covers her mouth.

Riley – It doesn't matter anymore. None of this really matter anymore.

Kristy – Cough.

Page 4 Panel 2

Riley notices the cough and cocks his head at Kristy.

Riley – I didn't mean to unload on you... all that...

Kristy – It's... it's a lot to try and sort through.

Kristy (2) – Cough.

Page 4 Panel 3

Riley extends his hand and Kristy takes it.

Riley – We should probably get out of this weather. I don't think it's going to let up any time soon.

Riley (2) – Coffee?

Kristy – Yes.

Page 4 Panel 4

As the two of them walk away from the graves, Riley looks up to the heavens one last time, a smile spread across his face, and his mouth whispering the words...

Riley (a whisper) – Gotcha.