

## **COMICS SCHOOL SCRIPT:**

This started out horror-romance but went comedy pretty quickly. Style-wise I was thinking a bit Kate Beaton, a bit Brian Lee O'Malley, but anything would work.

### **PAGE ONE**

This is a big full page image. Striking a gothic, mysterious mood. It is a dark night, midnight, clouds covering the moon. We are in a valley at the centre of a great cemetery that extends up hill away from the viewer. There are lots of trees and bushes, it is a wooded cemetery not fancy lined lawns all flat, and the graves are old (19<sup>th</sup> century style, broken columns, crypts). Somewhere near the middle of the frame, perhaps peeking out from behind a tree, is GWENDOLYN. Early 20s, heavy set, brunette. An artistic type so her adornments are about images not value; maybe some piercings or tattoos but they are pictures not just symbols. She's gone past goth and into some thing a bit more like Dr Strange. She's wearing a raincoat or a hoody but with a witcy sensibility. She is in a SNEAKING pose, like she doesn't want to be seen.

Character notes: she's fierce but also too obsessed with stuff. She can't see the wood for the trees.

#### **CAPTION:**

My name is Gwendolyn, and I am in love.

**PAGE TWO:**

4 Panels, a quarter page each. This is a progression of shots. As she closes in on her target and mission, the angles get tighter in.

Panel One:

We are in the woods looking over Gwendolyn's shoulder. Ahead of her is a clearing full of recent graves (so the stones are intact and polished, the grass cut short, but the flowers have faded). It has become run down, unvisited. In the dark, it looks lonely, but not scary. We're close enough to Gwendolyn that we cannot see the shovel she is carrying over shoulder (that will come later).

CAPTION:

My love died a year ago on this very night.

Panel Two:

GWENDOLYN is now out in the clearing. We are close in on her face, again so tight we can't see what she's carrying. There is wind now, in the air, blowing her hair. Her eyes dart to the left of frame, looking for threats.

CAPTION:

He was mauled by chinchillas.

Panel Three:

Now she's at her target. We see her feet (possibly this is from her POV) standing by a grave. The gravestone reads NIGEL BODMIN: MAULED TOO SOON. The wind is throwing a leaf or two. Maybe a speck of rain.

CAPTION:

Since then I have been studying.

CAPTION:

All the magic I could find.

Panel Four:

As before but now we see her shoulders and arms driving the shovel into the earth. The wind is picking up, clouds gathering, drops of rain fall. Pathetic fallacy is in play.

CAPTION:

Tonight I am going to bring him back.

### PAGE THREE

Six panels, 3 rows two columns.

Panel One:

Forced perspective shows GWENDOLYN'S backpack large in front of the camera. Spilling from her bag are Eldritch Tomes and necronomicons and such like. In the middle distance she digs and digs, making a pile of earth. The rain has begun.

CAPTION:

There are lots of books on raising the dead.

Panel Two:

Same shot. One book has fallen slightly over, revealing some pages. Spooky eldritch writing! Also, there are candles in the bag, a lighter/matches, some bottles of fluid we can't identify. In the middle distance, GWENDOLYN is pulling, straining to pull a coffin from the grave.

CAPTION:

This one seems to be pretty legit.

CAPTION:

You need five things:

Panel Three:

GWENDOLYN has opened the coffin and is lifting the body up with her arms around the torso. This is creepy but also a bit funny-awkward. Nigel is mostly withered flesh but not gory. If she notices the putrefaction, she shows no sign that she cares.

In life, NIGEL was a blond haired doofus with a short hipster beard. He's been buried in a black suit, now ragged.

CAPTION:

Body.

Panel Four:

Close up on NIGEL'S withered skull. GWENDOLYN is carefully pricking her finger with a pin and dropping a big red blood drop onto his creepy skull teeth. Her brow wrinkles in concentration more than pain.

CAPTION:

Blood.

Panel Five:

Close up on NIGEL'S right arm and some of his torso. (which is Gwendolyn's left) GWENDOLYN is carefully placing a bird's nest in his hand. It contains three small eggs.

CAPTION:

Birth

Panel Six:

Switch to the other side (these two panels are in fact image cut in half by the central gutter).

GWENDOLYN places a Playstation controller in his left hand. Pushing his fingers around it so it stays.

CAPTION:

Belongings.

**PAGE FOUR:**

One tiny inset, top left. Then one big splash panel. Woo! Exciting that we turned to this page!

Inset:

Extreme CLOSE UP. GWENDOLYN has poured out some gunpowder from a powder bag. She's finishing up a line she's drawn on the ground. With her other hand she's got a lighter, about to strike.

CAPTION:

And (bold) BRIMSTONE (bold)

Splash panel:

Aerial View, looking down at the whole clearing. Around the grave and in the lawn beside it, the brimstone has been fashioned to be an AWESOME FUCKING SKULL, which is now ON FIRE. This is clearly a cool summoning spell. GWENDOLYN stands defiantly beside it.

CAPTION:

Also known as gunpowder.

**PAGE FIVE:**

Four panels, quarter page each. All of these have the same shot because NIGEL (and the reader) is slowly becoming aware that GWENDOLYN is looking on expectantly.

Mid shot. To the left, on the ground is the coffin, open, the corpse shuffled into an approximate sitting position. Floppy. To the right, kind of towering over it and looking down is GWENDOLYN. Staring, kind of unblinkingly. Expectantly, but also WTF because she doesn't have any idea what this part is going to look like.

Panel One:

A wibbly wobbly blue over-lay image of the body (but unclothed) rises up from the ground, starting to hover over the body. NIGEL is still a ghost here so maybe his dialogue bubble or the font is all ghostly.

NIGEL:

Woooah!

Panel Two:

As before but now the ghost is "in place" like it was lining itself up with the body. NIGEL (now the corpse)'s eyes blink open wide. He appears more "life like" too.

SFX:

BLINK!

NIGEL:

Woah!! I'm in my body!

Panel Three:

As before, but he's moving his arms around like "woah look at what I can do"

NIGEL:

Haha...sick!

Panel Four:

As before but he's stopped moving his arms because he's noticed GWENDOLYN. He's stopped still and is staring up at her.

NIGEL:

Oh...hi. Hey.

CAPTION:

Oh crap I didn't think of anything cool to say.

**PAGE SIX**

Four quarter panels again. Continuing the conversation but we'll mess around with camera angles some more.

Panel One:

Closer in on NIGEL, a mid shot, just his upper body and head. He's put on the spot, not sure what to say. So is she.

GWENDOLYN: (from off)

Oh. Hey.

NIGEL:

So...like how are you?

GWENDOLYN: (off)

Uh...good

Panel Two:

Two shot, just their heads. NIGEL to the left looking up, GWENDOLYN to the right looking down. She's boggling like "WHY IS HE BEING SO WEIRD"

NIGEL:

Uhuh. (nodding) What have you been up to?

GWENDOLYN:

Um... like...bringing you back from the dead. And stuff.

Panel Three:

Back to as we were for Panel One.

NIGEL:

That's cool.

NIGEL:

That's cool.

NIGEL:

You look great.

Panel Four:

Pulling out back to the whole tableau: coffin, grave site, the grass, shovel. A spooky dialogue balloon is coming out of the ground somewhere, cutting off the conversation.

NIGEL:

So, like are you seeing anyone-

GHOST VOICE:

Nigel?

**PAGE SEVEN:**

Four quarters again. Mostly the same scene.

Exactly the same image, but a ghostly figure of a HOT BABE is drifting up into the scene. She is wearing a sheet around her in the “I just got out of our SEX BED” style.

BABE:

Who are you talking to?

NIGEL:

Ahaha...no-one babe.

Panel Two:

As before. BABE is now drifting off to the left of panel. Who knows where to. Perhaps fading away slightly. NIGEL is looking back at GWENDOLYN with enough self awareness to be a little embarrassed. GWENDOLYN has morphed into full open eyed terror.

BABE:

Come back to bed.

NIGEL:

Yeah, sure, coming.

Panel Three:

As before, but we've panned a little bit left, so GWENDOLYN is slowly dominating the frame. She's now moving away from embarrassment and horror to self loathing. NIGEL is now pulling his ghost out of his body somehow – he's rising up and drifting off to the left, following BABE. He's looking like hey this is cool, everything is fine.

NIGEL:

So ....

NIGEL:

...I should go

Panel Four:

We're now panned further right so it's just GWENDOLYN in frame, standing by the grave. Behind her the fire still burns, her backpack and shovel are in shot. She's still embarrassed and sick to her stomach but there's now a hint of blind rage in her eyes. Uninhabited, NIGEL's body slumps. NIGEL's head pokes back in from the left.

NIGEL:

You look great.

**PAGE EIGHT:**

White space all over. Middle of the page is a single frame, about the size of the previous quarters.

Panel:

Zoomed in more on GWENDOLYN at a mid-shot. Behind her, we see NIGEL's BODY has fallen out of the coffin onto the ground face down. Her arms are raised in the air, her mouth open. Rage is beginning to find verbal form. She raised him from the dead and and and and

GWENDOLYN:

OH MY GOD!

GWENDOLYN:

WHAT AN ASSHOLE!

CAPTION: (different font from previous captions, carved on a grave stone which is in the middle distance, in the bottom right corner)

End.