

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.