

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.