
SAMPLE SCRIPT 2

VOLUME I

TROUBLE THE WATERS

TONY WARD



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WELCOME TO THE LOCUS.

The following is an excerpt of original script from Volume I, *Trouble the Waters*, Issue 1.

Malcolm Reid is as gentle a soul as one could imagine; a pale and pleasant man who appears to be in his early sixties. Average height, average weight. He is quite neat in his appearance, and somewhat formal in dress, to the point of appearing out of place in the present day.

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PANEL 1. Malcolm is seated (left of frame) at a fine wooden writing desk in the center of a perfectly appointed study of his imagining, writing the following letter to the Companions. Use a quill and inkwell. Narrations appear to the right. His face should suggest resignation, being at peace.

There is a subtle hint to the entire environment that this is illusory (color is very subtly saturated).

1. CAPTION (DATE): 8 November 1999.
2. NARRATION: My Dearest Companions:
3. NARRATION: I hope this last letter finds you well,
4. NARRATION: and do forgive me for what I am sure is
 a state of shock and disquiet among you
 due to what will have transpired by the
 time you read this.
5. NARRATION: My intention is not to impose such
 suffering upon you...
 and I know in time you will return to
 the pastimes and fancies which carry
 you through your days, as we all have
 done in these moments.
7. NARRATION: It is what I **hope** you would do.

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5 P

PANEL 1. Pull back to show more of study, show Malcolm from behind.

1. NARRATION: For me, however, as did so many of our brethren, I have arrived at that dreaded point in our journey when the allure of our calling no longer brings me any joy, or hope.

PANEL 2. Closeup of non-writing hand trembling.

PANEL 3. Malcolm gently places his writing hand on the other to calm it.

PANEL 4. Show Malcolm's face, eyes closed, composing himself.

1. NARRATION: You are doubtless aware of why I would find myself in this position; I am certainly not the first of us to fall victim to the inevitable consequences of succumbing to the temporal.

2. NARRATION: And I, least of all, would have **no** ground on which to condemn any of us; as you know, I have had my share of fleeting assignations over these many, many years.

PANEL 5. Focus on a framed photo of Malcolm and a stout, mirthful man standing together in a Hawaii hotel lobby. They are dressed for travel, holding hands, and clearly enjoying each other's company. Malcolm is gently touching the photo with his fingertips.

1. NARRATION: But then there was **Stephen**.

Stephen is caucasian, somewhat heavy-set, a little shorter than Malcolm. Glasses. The type of man who would seem to be perpetually smiling.

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6 P

PANEL 1. Extreme closeup of photo, focusing on their joined hands.

1. NARRATION: At long last, in what I assumed was wisdom I claimed to have earned in my old age, I felt I could afford to allow myself to love...
2. NARRATION: ...and that the world beyond us would finally permit it.

PANEL 2. Closeup of Malcolm's eye, tearing up.

1. NARRATION: Of all the cardinal errors of our kind, I chose the cruelest.

PANEL 3. Closeup of Malcolm's mouth, now in a slight smile.

1. NARRATION: I wish to impress upon you, however, that I cannot bring myself to regret it,

PANEL 4. The tear reaches the corner of Malcolm's mouth. Smile fades.

1. NARRATION: any more than I could imagine living another day without it.

PANEL 5. Closeup of Stephen in the photo.

1. NARRATION: Stephen was *everything*.
2. NARRATION: Kind. Gentle. Lively. Passionate.
3. NARRATION: He loved each of you, and brought laughter and solace into every room he entered.
4. NARRATION: He loved me, accepted me as I am, as flawed and far-flung from normal as our calling has made me...

continued >

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7 P

PANEL 1. Hospital room; an emaciated Stephen in his last days. Vitals on monitor visible. Malcolm visiting; holding Stephen's hands. Both men are smiling.

1. SFX: (beeps)
2. NARRATION: I **beg** your forgiveness, my friends, for this egregious breach of your trust and security, and I **assure** you there is no reason to fear.
3. NARRATION: I shared the Locus with him two days before he succumbed to his illness. As gallant as he attempted to be in the face of death, his fear was evident and troubling.

PANEL 2. Right portion of previous shot. Stephen is now unconscious. Malcolm is clearly fatigued. Room is darker.

1. SFX: beep beep beep
2. NARRATION: I shared our existence with him to give him a thing to **dream** of; a face of existence on which he could at least fantasize as a distraction.

PANEL 3. Same as previous. Malcolm looks up in defeat at the monitor, which is now flatlining.

1. SFX: beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
2. NARRATION: Furthermore, I **loved** him. I trusted Stephen to accept this part of me, as he had every other facet of my being, and to love and honor me as he so eloquently promised he would that morning in Maui.

PANEL 4. Same as previous. Room lights off. Stephen is clearly dead. Malcolm sobs silently, face buried in hands.

1. NARRATION: To my delight, my deepest delight, **he did**, and took this secret into death with him.

PANEL 5. We see the letter in his handwriting:

"As I have stumbled along in the three weeks since, I have come to the conclusion that my *joie de vivre*— in the most literal and crucial sense— died with him. It is not the immediacy or recklessness of despair that propels me to quit the Locus, as it was for Viktor."

PANEL 6. Right-side view of Malcolm, writing.

1. NARRATION: I have, to be succinct, decided I do not wish to exist as we do without his love to sustain me.

PANEL 7. Same as previous, but color and detail are beginning to fade.

1. NARRATION: And, for this reason, I must **resign** myself from the Locus...

2. NARRATION: and embrace the **consequences** I shall incur.

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3 P

PANEL 1. Wide shot of the Grand Canyon.

1. NARRATION: I have considered much of my time with Stephen;
the places we would visit, always careful to avoid the rancor of the less enlightened...
and settled on the Grand Canyon;
I am sure you are aware of this by now.
2. NARRATION: It was singularly fulfilling for us;
the immensity of it, the grandeur; the monumental accomplishment of a small trickle and endless years' toil to carve out its own place in the world.
3. NARRATION: It always reminded me of **you**.
4. NARRATION: I wish to spend the final fleeting moments of my life here...
embracing it in a way **only** the Locus could permit a man to do.

PANEL 2. An ornate octagonal fountain, in a secluded courtyard, daylight.

1. NARRATION: My love and gratitude to you all, and my sincerest wishes for the one chosen to succeed me.
2. NARRATION: My fountain is unharmed, and it would be **fascinating** to know if a future Companion might be able to make use of it.

PANEL 3. Side view, Malcolm rising from his chair.

1. NARRATION: **Now, I must go walking.**

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4 P

TWO-PAGE SPREAD

PANEL 1. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. Closeup of desktop. Malcolm rises from the fading shape of his desk, touches a hand to the letter as a last tangible gesture of affection.

PANEL 2. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. Front view. Malcolm then closes his eyes—

PANEL 3. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. A vision of the sky high above the Grand Canyon—

PANEL 4. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. Side view. Malcolm walks determinedly toward the fading study wall—

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4 P

TWO-PAGE SPREAD

PANEL 1. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. repeat the Canyon scene (pg6, pn2)

PANEL 2. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. and, reaching the wall, Malcolm walks through it as if it were a mere projection—

PANEL 3. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. Repeat Canyon. The silhouette of Malcolm stepping into the Canyon sky—

PANEL 4. $\frac{1}{4}$ W, full H. Repeat previous. Malcolm's silhouette plummeting into the depths below.

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3 P

PANEL 1. Unframed. Back in what was the "study," now a shapeless white void. All is gone save the letter, which floats to the ground.

PANEL 2. Unframed. The letter's bottom edge finds the ground.

PANEL 3. Framed. Focus on letter; the signature reads:

Sincerely,

Malcolm