

THE CEMETERY

written by

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The panel descriptions and the number of panels on each page present a basic structure for the story. If you wish to tweak them a bit, go for it. You are the visual artist, after all. I would, however, like to preserve the flow of the individual pages, the story beats on them, and what happens before and after a page turn.

PAGE 1 - PANELS: 3

PANEL 1

We are at a CEMETERY. It is late in the afternoon, the sky is softly turning from blue to orange while the sun is getting low. It's an old school cemetery, with newer and older graves and headstones mixed together, with trees, crows, and with melancholy in the air.

PANEL 2

SIMILAR PANEL. In the background, in the middle of the field of headstones, a MAN is standing. He is young, maybe 25 to 30, dressed in black. He looks like somebody that would visit a cemetery just to soak up some atmosphere for his goth poetry.

NARRATION I like **cemeteries**.

PANEL 3

SIMILAR PANEL, now the MAN is CLOSER.

NARRATION They are **quiet**.
Peaceful.
You can get lost within them.
Within their **stories**.

PAGE TURN

PAGE 2 - PANELS: 4

On this page, we see a series of CLOSE-UPS on different HEADSTONES. We are looking at them like from over the MAN's shoulder, though he doesn't have to even be visible in the panels. What IS visible, however, is his long SHADOW cast on the headstones.

PANEL 1

The first headstone has a picture of young newlyweds on it. Though the headstone looks new, the picture is old, probably from the 70's or 80's. There is one dead bunch of flowers on the grave. Somebody's been here recently, but they didn't bother to maintain the grave regularly. The headstone reads:

DAVID & JULIE DAVENPORT, LOVING HUSBAND AND WIFE, JULY 10th 1956 -
DECEMBER 13th 2022, MARCH 24th 1959 - DECEMBER 20th 2022

NARRATION Stories of **companionship** and **love**, linked with a
strong bond lasting until the **very end**.

PANEL 2

The second headstone is very old, with a black & white picture of a very young man in a uniform. No flowers, no candles. Nobody's been here for a very long time. The headstone reads:

WILLIAM GRAY, SON, BROTHER, HERO, SEPTEMBER 28th 1926 - NOVEMBER 16th
1944

NARRATION Stories of **tragedy, heartbreak**, and the **meaningless**
cruelty of life.

PANEL 3

The third grave is older than the first one, but newer than the second one. It has a picture of a smiling woman in her late thirties on it. There are candles and lots of fresh flowers in vases. This grave has consistently been taken care of. The headstone reads:

ANGELA THOMAS, THE KINDEST PERSON IN THE WORLD, MAY 1st 1968 - AUGUST 9th
2009

NARRATION But also stories of **friendship, community**, and
dedication.

PANEL 4

SIMILAR PANEL, but now the gravestone is covered not only with the MAN's shadow, but also with another one.

NARRATION **Of care**.

PAGE 3 - PANELS: 4

PANEL 1

In a type of a WIDE SHOT, we see the MAN standing in front of the grave, while an OLD WOMAN with a watering can in her hand is now standing beside him, like she is waiting form him to move.

PANEL 2

SIMILAR PANEL, but now the MAN moves out of the way so that the OLD WOMAN can approach the headstone and to attend the flowers.

PANEL 3

THE OLD WOMAN is now watering the flowers on the grave while the MAN is walking away.

NARRATION

The stories of those who care for your **memory** after you're gone. So that you won't be **forgotten**.

So that they can have a way of **expressing** how **important** you were to them while you were still here.

PANEL 4

The MAN is again standing in the middle of the field of headstones, but now with his back to us, looking at the SUNSET. The sky now turns even more orange.

NARRATION

Cemeteries bare a **testimony** of who you were and what you meant to people around you.

Of how they knew you and respected you so much that they were willing to **preserve** your memory.

PAGE TURN

PAGE 4 - PANELS: 3

PANEL 1

SIMILAR PANEL. The sun is low, the sky is turning dark orange. There is nobody here apart from the MAN, looking at the sunset. The crows are flying away.

NARRATION I guess I like cemeteries because I **envy** all of that.

 Because not everybody can have that **luxury**.

PANEL 2

SIMILAR PANEL, but it is now even darker. The MAN is still standing there, but a part of him is now turning into a dark mist, blowing away in the wind.

NARRATION Because you can't be **remembered in death...**

PANEL 3

SIMILAR PANEL, even darker (it's almost night). We now see only a slight part of the MAN, an echo of his former self. The rest has been turned into a dark mist, blowing away into nothingness.

NARRATION ...if nobody cared enough to **know you in life**.

THE END