

## Some Sum

### **Page Layout**

Three by three grid. Preferably with no gutters or, instead, thin black lines between panels. The first column has the property outside of the house including a tree about as tall as the two story house and a glimpse of the backyard on the ground level. Column 2 is the left portion of the house. Column 3 is the middle portion. The right portion of the house is not needed and should be implied. This should add to the feeling of incompleteness and vacancy. If you notice, the story begins and ends in winter alluding that both panels occur in the same/present time.

\* Note to Letterer – Panels 1-8 are text box voice overs. Panel 9 are dialogue bubbles.

### **Panel 1**

Winter. Dusk. Top of the Maple tree that's beside the house. Barren branches covered in snow clumps.

Narrator (V.O.): This is my home.

### **Panel 2**

Autumn. Night. The sky is full of stars. Three girls lay on their backs on the roof looking up at the stars. They are all teenagers, around 13 or 14. One of them is pointing to the sky, one eye closed for better precision. Another is eating candy and has several wrappers around her. The third girl is in the fetal position trying to sleep. All the girls are dressed in jackets and jeans. No hats or gloves. The one trying to sleep is the narrator.

Narrator (V.O.): Where Hannah, Shelly, and I tried counting every star in the sky.

### **Panel 3**

Summer. Day. More than half of the roof is missing shingles. A teenage boy, age 17, is shirtless adding a new row of shingles to the roof. He is clean shaven with short hair. If you didn't know, shingles are added by rows, starting at the bottom and working your way up. So for this panel, the bottom half is done and the top half of the roof is exposed. A couple slabs of shingles rest randomly on the roof.

Narrator (V.O.): It's the first place I saw Justin Hurst, my first of many one and only loves.

### **Panel 4**

Autumn. Day. Somewhat foggy. Middle section of the Maple tree. Leaves are turning colors and some branches are empty. Perhaps include a scurrying squirrel along the tree. The important focus of the panel is a 10 year old boy in free fall, back toward the ground, after missing a branch while climbing. He is wearing a jacket. His baseball hat fell off and is in free fall as well. Look of shock on his young face.

Narrator (V.O.): Here is where cousin Jimmy broke his arm on Thanksgiving.

**Panel 5**

Spring. Night. Left side of the house. One of the two second floor windows. We can see inside the window. This is the grandmother's old bedroom. A lit flashlight sits on a nightstand, illuminating the far wall. Near the flashlight, Grandma Mary is forming shapes with her fingers to create a shadow puppet on the far wall. Since this is the narrator's memory, the shadow on the wall is more intricate and detailed than would be possible with only your arthritic fingers. The narrator is around 5, sitting on the bed laughing.

Narrator (V.O.): The place Grandma Mary moved after dad heard rumors at the retirement home. I'll always cherish those brief years.

**Panel 6**

Summer. Dusk. Middle of the house. The other second floor window. We are viewing the narrator's bedroom. The window is open, and two 19 year old girls are hoisting up one of the narrator's inventions: a pulley hammock. The thing is made of bed sheets tied together at the ends. The girls are pulling up one side each of the bed sheets. Hanging outside several feet below the window is the middle bed sheet filled with beer bottles. This is the hammock portion of the pulley hammock. One of the girls is the narrator. The other is one of the two other girls from Panel 2.

SFX (all around the bedsheets): CLIK. CLICK. CLINCK. CLINK.

**Panel 7**

Summer. Day. Ground level. The remainder of the tree. Green grass. There is a gap between the tree and the house that begins in Panel 8. In the gap, we can glimpse the backyard. There's a child's birthday party occurring. Several children sit around a small table with adults standing behind them. One chair around the table is empty and a plastic tiara lays in front of the seat. Also in front of the seat is a birthday cake with seven candles. The candles are smoking as if they were recently blown out. A girl next to the cake is smiling with her hands in the air in triumph.

Narrator (V.O.): And over there, Margaret Dawson stole my birthday wish after I told her that her hair was stupid.

Narrator (V.O.): Bitch.

**Panel 8**

Spring. Raining. First floor bay windows on the left side of the house. This is where the living room would be except the bay windows are boarded up. Dead vines are crawling from the brown grass to the protruding window frame. The boarded windows and side of the house are weathered and worn. The house has been abandoned for 3 years, but looks like it has abandoned for 10 years.

Narrator (V.O.): After all those years, this is the place that made me ME. Even after we moved and couldn't sell it.

**Panel 9**

Winter. Dusk. Open field covered in snow where the door and the remainder of the house should be. We can see the setting sun. The narrator is in her early 40's in gloves and scarf. She is bent down in the middle of the field poking in the snow to see if it is real. This page has shown us her memories, but in the present, she cannot believe that the house is gone and only this snowy field is all that remains. Some thin trees can be seen in the distance.

Narrator (V.O.): Now. It is gone.

Narrator (V.O.): Time to move forward.