

Old Cookies

Page One

Page 1, Panel 1

Day time. The area is a forgotten coastal town near New Orleans, LA. Derelict buildings abandoned for 10 years line the sides of the street. In this small town, this would be Main Street. Two brothers in their 30's, African American, are walking down the middle of the road. They are in black funeral suits. Both men are carrying a shovel each over their shoulders. The man talking in this panel is Shane. He has shovel along the top of his back, arms stretched, like a scarecrow. Shane's head is bent back as if he's talking to the sky. The other brother, Alex, is inspecting the abandoned buildings, seeking out a specific pile of rubble. In Alex's hand is a ripped photo that he's comparing the scenery with. From our perspective, we cannot see the partial image on the photo.

Shane: Just tell me already, Alex. Why did we drive 3 hours after mom's funeral to lug around shovels in this empty town? Fresh Po' boys and sand castles?

Page 1, Panel 2

We are viewing the panel through Alex's eyes. He's stopped in front of a roofless shell of a building. The back wall is missing and sea spray from the near shoreline splashes inside. Alex has the torn photo about shoulder height in front of him. The photo's image contains a glimpse of the building's pristine exterior 40 years ago. A large sign attached to the building's front reads HELEN'S BAKERY. A few children are looking into the sweets displayed in the front window. A teenager on a bike is peddling on the street. The front of his bike and a portion of him are cut off where the photo's tear is. The scene is peaceful. From Alex's perspective this ripped photo is superimposed onto reality. The building in the photo lines up with the derelict building in front of him. Past & Present. A merging of then and now. Mixing of what was and what is.

Alex (off panel): Nope. This place.

Alex (off panel): Mom's first bakery shop.

Page 1, Panel 3

Inside the crumbling building. Shane leans into the door frame hesitant to enter. Alex is in the room's center, bent down to the ground, shovel resting beside him on the floor. One of Alex's hands is flat on the ground as if he is waiting for vibrations or tremors. The other hand is holding the photograph.

Shane: So this is it. Mom used to talk about this place as if it was holy.

Shane: Now look at it. This crumbled building our only inheritance?

Page 1, Panel 4

Alex is standing back up, shovel in hand, staring at a dark mark in the center of the floor. Shane has stepped more into the room, his shovel loose in his hand, still hesitant.

Alex: Come on, Shane. Help me dig.

Alex: Mom buried something beneath where the register used to be.

Page 1, Panel 5

Close-up of Alex's shovel digging into the ground. Perhaps have the SFX between the two dialogue bubbles. Or not.

SFX (shovel hitting the ground): TOK!

Alex (off panel): The sea spray has softened the ground.

Alex (off panel): This shouldn't take long.

Page Two

Page 2, Panel 1

Night. Long-shot similar to Page 1, Panel 2. Alex and Shane are silhouettes peeking through the rubble of the abandoned building. Since no one lives in this area, the street lamps are off. The only light is from the cold moon. A shared small mound of dirt is silhouetted in the far background of them. Maybe include the ocean spray similar to Page 1, Panel 2.

NO DIALOGUE

Page 2, Panel 2

Close-up of 6 feet wide, 1 foot deep hole (2 meters by 1/3 meters). One of the shovels has struck something made of tin. Leaving a dent.

SFX (shovel's tip): KHTK

Page 2, Panel 3

Perhaps bird's eye view perspective, but draw as you see fit. Both brothers are kneeling on the ground, holding the tin cookie box in their hands at the same time. They are looking down inside the tin box at a folded piece of paper. At this point, both brothers are sweaty and dusty from the labor. They have removed their suit jackets hours ago. Both are dressed in white button-up long sleeves.

Shane: Well, this is a big letdown.

Alex: Yep.

Page 2, Panel 4

P.O.V. close-up of the note. We are reading the note from the perspective of the brothers. The bottom portion of the note is covered up by their grimy fingers. An excerpt from this covered bottom section is in the following panel.

Note (feminine free-hand script): Dear boys,

Let's admit, you two never got along. No matter how much I loved you both, you always despised each other that much more. Every pointless brawl, every deceitful lie between you two fractured my already frail heart. Alex, my brave, compassionate fighter. Shane, the architect of a thousand worlds.

Page 2, Panel 5

Both brothers are holding the note raised between them. They are looking at each other, smiling. The remainder of the note is in text boxes with the same feminine handwriting.

Note Excerpt (text box): Goodbye, my sons. I love you. Now, you are each other's guardians.

Note Excerpt (text box): Love, Mom