



# OUT OF THE NIGHT

## A SCRIPT FOR A SHORT COMIC

*Lauren Moody*

### PAGE ONE

#### PANEL 1

A cornfield in the dark, stars shining overhead, and a waning moon in the eastern sky making everything stark. Black, blue and white color scheme.

#### PANEL 2

The black silhouette of a large male figure obscures most of the field. Same stark colors. Almost unnoticeably, he holds a knife in one hand.

#### PANEL 3

The body of the man remains a blank, black figure, but two things are clear: his hand, coming up as if to cover the assumed point of view character's mouth, and a now-defined Bowie knife held in the black shape of his other hand.

### PAGE TWO

#### PANEL 1

Splash panel. A middle aged woman, Cecilia, sits up in bed, mouth open as if to scream, one hand to her throat. Her shoulder-length hair is disheveled and

her large nightshirt is soaked with sweat. Streetlights through the blinds light the room in bars: a full bed with the blankets pushed to the foot, a baseball bat propped against the wall next to the bed, worn curtains, equally worn wooden furniture, and a cat asleep on the dresser.

1 CAP: Greenville, southern Illinois.

2 CECILIA (small): \*hkh!\*

### PAGE THREE

#### PANEL 1

Cecilia slumped in bed, eyes wide, hand still at her throat.

1 CAP: My visions never come soon enough for me to help their victims.

#### PANEL 2

Cecilia sitting with her legs over the side of the bed, posture still slumped. Eyes closed this time. Her cat is watching her.

2 CAP: I tried, when I was young. But they always come only minutes before the things I see will happen.

3 CAP: Some psychic I make.

#### PANEL 3

Close up: Cecilia reaches out for the baseball bat next to her bed, hand shaking.

#### PANEL 4

Cecilia uses the bat to lever herself out of bed. She is wearing a long nightshirt and boxers.

#### PANEL 5

Cecilia makes her way down a hallway, her bedroom visible through the open door behind her. The hallway has photographs in frames along the walls, of cats, people and cityscapes.

5 CAP: My visions are triggered by strong, nearby, emotional acts. If I am to face a young girl, dead and bloody, on the morning news, I need a cup of chamomile tea to recapture my sleep.

### PAGE FOUR

#### PANEL 1

POV shot, over the staircase railing and down into a kitchen. On the other side of the rail, on the first floor, is Cecilia's kitchen. It is reminiscent of the field, starkly colored by bars of moonlight through the kitchen window blinds in black, white and blue. The kitchen is of an older style, fifties in form, though the lines are clean and slightly more modern. The room is tidy, uncluttered, and at a square table against one wall the silhouette of a woman with short hair sits facing the staircase. She is leaning on her elbows, cleaning her fingernails with a pocket knife.

#### PANEL 2

Cecilia is halfway down the staircase, both hands gripping the rail, a full wall to her back. She is staring in shock at her kitchen and the woman in it, which we can see now from the opposite side.

1 CECILIA: Who--?

### PANEL 3

The woman, Janet, looks up and brings her face into a bar of light. She has a long face, almost handsome but not quite, and her short hair frames her face with military precision. She is intent and serious.

2 JANET: My name is Janet Detzer. I need to know what you saw.

### PAGE FIVE

#### PANEL 1

Swing around to see both Janet and Cecilia in profile. Neither have moved much.

1 CECILIA: What? Why are you in my house? How did you get in?

2 JANET: I told you. I need to know what you saw.

#### PANEL 2

Cecilia edges down the stairs, her eyes on Janet. There is a phone hanging on the wall next to the bottom of the staircase.

3 CECILIA: I don't know what you're talking about. Please leave.

#### PANEL 3

Cecilia has one hand on the phone handle. Janet is covering that hand with one of hers, looming a little over Cecilia and keeping her from picking up the phone. Cecilia is looking up, terrified, at Janet.

4 JANET: That won't be necessary.

**PANEL 4**

Janet has taken the cordless phone and backed away from Cecilia, who is standing at the bottom of the staircase, still looking terrified.

5 JANET: I'm not going to hurt you. I just want you to tell me what you saw.

6 CECILIA: What I saw? What are you talking about? I was asleep, what could I see except the inside of my eyelids?

**PANEL 5**

Janet wears a small smile.

7 JANET: Stop pretending that things don't go bump in the night. We both know better.

**PANEL 6**

Cecilia is less terrified and more narrow-eyed and suspicious.

8 CECILIA: Things that go bump in the night? Ghosts don't exist.

**PANEL 7**

Janet looks calm, if a little amused. She offers the phone to Cecilia.

9 JANET: No, but psychics do.

## PANEL 1

Cecilia takes the phone from Janet, still suspicious.

1 CECILIA: Why do you want what I saw?

## PANEL 2

Close up on Janet's face. She is cold and serious, closed.

2 JANET: I'm chasing the thing that killed her.

## PANEL 3

Cecilia sits on the stairs, phone held limply in one hand and the other hand on her forehead, shocked. Janet stands in front of her.

3 CECILIA: Christ. I only just woke up from the vision. You're sure she's dead already?

## PANEL 4

Janet kneels in front of Cecilia.

4 JANET: I'm sure. I sensed you having the vision. I was tracking her life energy, and a few minutes later, it went out.

5 CECILIA: You can do that? Sense when psychics are using their powers?

6 JANET: I can. The monster that took the girl, though . . .

## PANEL 5

Janet stands, her face angry. Behind her, Cecilia is in the process of standing. Janet is walking back toward the kitchen table.

7 JANET: He is also a psychic, at least as far as I can tell. No one else has ever been able to hide their life force from me, so I was forced to track the girl's.

## PAGE SEVEN

### PANEL 1

Janet stands behind a chair, gripping the back. Her face is in shadow. In the background, Cecilia is hanging up the phone.

1 CECILIA: Why are you tracking them at all?

2 JANET: Her father hired me to get her back, and kill whatever took her. I can't get her back. I can damn well kill the thing.

### PANEL 2

Cecilia reaches out and flips on the kitchen light. The room is bathed in warm overhead light, suddenly full of soft color. Cecilia looks at Janet.

3 CECILIA: My name's Cecilia. I'll help.