

Ghosted
Chi Laughlin

PAGE 1 (SIX PANELS)

TITLE: Ghosted

NOTE: The key for the execution of this story is that Chi is essentially carrying on a conversation with someone who's not there. Composition, body language, performance--even the tails on the word balloons--should indicate that another person is there in the panel with him. I guess the best way to describe it would be that it's as if this story were written and drawn with that person included in each panel, and then we went back through and removed them.

Page 1, Panel 1.

Wide establishing shot as CHI walks through Prospect Park in Brooklyn. In the panels that follow, we might see a few other people around, but only in the background as part of the scenery: couples walking hand-in-hand, an isolated jogger or two, somebody walking a dog, maybe a cyclist. It's a pleasant, if overcast, autumn afternoon and the fallen leaves are scattered along the footpath. Chi wears a top coat and a scarf that blows lightly in the wind.

CHI 1:

I'm not trying to upset you, okay? I just didn't think you'd react like this. I'm sorry.

Page 1, Panel 2.

Medium wide shot.

VOICE 2:

Fuck you!

VOICE 3:

I'm sick of feeling this way. You're always pissing me off and I'm tired of it.

Page 1, Panel 3.

Medium close shot on Chi, his head bowed slightly, pleading with the person standing next to him.

VOICE 4:

I don't ever want to see you again.

CHI 5:

I'm sorry.

Page 1, Panel 4.

Close two shot, favoring the empty space where the voice should be.

VOICE 6:

You're pathetic.

Page 1, Panel 5.

Tight on Chi, hurt by the words.

Page 1, Panel 6.

Wide on Chi and the voice. Chi's shocked. Where in the world does this comment come from?

VOICE 7:

And don't you dare put me into one of your stories.

CHI 8:

What???

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PAGE 2 (EIGHT PANELS)

Page 2, Panel 1.

Medium two shot. Chi is holding out his hands in a sort of “Who? Me?” effort to show his innocence.

VOICE 1:

I know you. You’d pick and choose what you say about me and you’d make me look like a horrible person.

CHI 2:

I wouldn’t do that.

Page 2, Panel 2.

Medium close shot, favoring Chi, but he’s pushed back on his heels, as if the voice is cowing him to the edge of the panel.

VOICE 3:

You know that’s something you’d do. You don’t even care about other people at all unless you can use them for your stupid fucking stories.

Page 2, Panel 3.

Close on Chi, that last comment landing like a kick in the gut, partly because it’s a horrible accusation and partly because, wow...maybe it’s true. Who knows? He puts his head down, letting it sink in.

Page 2, Panel 4.

Wide on Chi, walking along a footpath, dejected.

Page 2, Panel 5.

Close up on Chi. From this point on, the composition should shift. Instead of allowing for the empty space where another person should be, we’re just seeing Chi alone at the park, talking to himself.

CHI 4:

I promise.

Page 2, Panel 6.

Medium low angle on Chi, alone in the frame, hugging himself against a sudden chill. The wind whips the edge of his scarf out to one side.

CHI 5:

You'll never show up in any of my stories.

Page 2, Panel 7.

Wide shot from behind Chi, looking out across a pond. It's evening now and starting to get dark.

Page 2, Panel 8.

Extreme Wide. Chi walking alone with the pond in the foreground. Except for him, the park is empty.

CHI 6:

Not even this one.

CAPTION 7:

End.