

**Douglas' Story**  
**A 6 page comics script**

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**Page 1**

**Panel 1**

A six-year-old kid sits at a dinner table; fork in hand, playing with his hastily arranged and unimaginative dinner. He stares out of the window while his drunken pa rants.

**Off-panel voice:**

AND WHEN THEY COME YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.  
YOU'LL ALL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!

**Off-panel voice:**

MARK MY WORDS.

**Panel 2**

Pull out to show a Casablanca fan's eye view of the dinner table.

The kid is still staring out of the window. His mum is smoking while poking her food with a knife. The kid's older sister is made up like a seventeen year old Christina Aguilera.

Pa himself is a sight to behold - unshaven and wearing a stained string vest, he spits food everywhere as he talks. A trusty can of beer is comfortably within arm's reach.

**Pa:**

MARK MY BLOODY WORDS. YOU KIDS HAVE NO IDEA!

**Pa:**

TELL 'EM ALICE!

**Panel 3**

Try to draw the most disinterested expression you can here, Mr Noble...

Close-up on Alice – the mother – this woman really just couldn't give a shit. She has nothing to live for. She hasn't smiled in almost a decade.

**Alice:**

LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER, CHILDREN. HE KNOWS WHAT  
HE'S TALKING ABOUT.

**Panel 4**

Close up on the drunken, food-spitting thing that spawned the two youngsters currently trapped at the table. He gesticulates with a fork full of unidentifiable, but obviously unappetising food.

**Pa:**

IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED WORKING DOWN  
THE FACTORY IT'S THIS...

**Pa:**

LIFE IS THERE TO BE RELISHED. EVERY LIP-SMACKING,  
HEART WRENCHING MOMENT OF IT.

**Pa:**

AND WHEN THOSE BOMBS COME... OH BOY! OH BOY –  
YOU'LL ALL SEE THEN!

## Page 2

### Panel 1

Close-up of the kid.

Startled, he turns away from a window, through which we can see some countryside scene.

#### Off-panel voice:

ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT IS THAT TREE. YOU SHOULD BE PUTTING SOME THOUGHT TO WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH YOURSELF! LIKE YOUR FATHER. HE'S A FINE WORKER.

### Panel 2

Pull out to show that we've changed scene. A tall, painfully thin male teacher, dressed in a tweed three-piece suit, is chastising the kid as he sits at an old wooden school desk.

#### Caption:

MY FATHER IS.

#### Caption:

A FINE WORKER.

#### Caption:

BUT IS THAT REALLY WHAT THIS LIFE IS ALL ABOUT?

### Panel 3

The kid sits by a tree stump. It is burnt, black and dead.

#### Caption:

I WAS BUT ONE WINTER OLD THE LAST TIME THIS TREE FLOWERED.

#### Caption:

DEADENED BY A SINGLE GOLDEN FLASH FROM THE SKIES.

### Panel 4

He gets up and walks away, his head hanging low. In the background we see the hill atop which sits the stump. The horizon bends as if this was a photo taken by a wide angled lens.

#### Caption:

AND IT STILL MANAGES TO HAVE MORE LIFE IN IT THAN ANY OF US.

**Page 3**

**Panel 1**

The bony teacher talks with Pa.  
Pa is no better dressed than before.

**Teacher:**

HE'S A CLEVER LAD, MR FARADAY, FAR CLEVERER THAN HIS SIX YEARS, BUT HE LACKS...

**Pa:**

THE FEAR OF THE BOMBS.

**Panel 2**

Close-up o' the teacher, looking kind of baffled.

**Teacher:**

BOMBS?

**Panel 3**

Close-up of Pa, angered that he has to explain himself further.

**Pa:**

THE BOMBS, MAN. ARE YOU A SIMPLETON? THE BOMBS THAT WILL WASH US ALL AWAY WITH THEIR FIERY WRATH.

**Pa:**

WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU TEACHING IN THAT DAMNED SCHOOL IF NOT TO FEAR THE BOMBS?!?

**Panel 4**

The teacher looks embarrassed. Pa is angrier still.

**Teacher:**

IS THAT WHAT THE MINISTER HAS BEEN TELLING YOU WORKERS DOWN AT THE FACTORY? THAT THERE WILL BE BOMBS?

**Pa:**

AYE. IT IS. AND FOR GOOD REASON.

**Teacher:**

I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT WE HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT –

**Panel 5**

Pa erupts like Mt St Helens – he grabs the teacher by his lapels.  
His eyes bulge and a vein in his neck threatens to explode.

**Pa:**

IF I HAD KNOWN YOU WERE A BLOODY HEATHEN MY  
CHILDREN WOULD HAVE NEVER SET FOOT IN YOUR  
WICKED SCHOOLHOUSE. I WOULD BE WITHIN MY RIGHTS  
TO BEAT THE VERY SOUL OUT OF YOU THIS VERY SECOND!

## Page 4

### Panel 1

Back at the dinner table. Pa is still talking shite. The kid still looks out of the window.

**Caption:**

I COULD SPEND ALL DAY.

**Caption:**

JUST LOOKING AT IT.

**Pa:**

AND SO I ASKED THE MINISTER, WHAT SHOULD WE DO ABOUT THE UNBELIEVERS?

**Pa:**

AND HE SAID 'THEY'LL BE BURNT LIKE THE REST OF US SO THERE'S NO POINT STAINING OUR IMMORTAL SOULS WITH THE SIN OF ANGER'.

### Panel 2

The kid gets up from his dinner table and walk towards the door. Outside the driving rain batters against the window.

**Caption:**

TRYING TO GLEAN SOME MEANING FROM IT.

**Pa:**

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, BOY?

### Panel 3

The kid leaves the old wooden house and marches through the rain towards the hill.

**Pa (balloon tail coming from inside the house):**

GET RIGHT BACK HERE THIS INSTANT!

**Caption:**

WHY ARE WE HERE?

### Panel 4

The kid strides towards the tree. He is sodden with rain.

**Panel 5**

He falls to his knees, shuts his eyes tight and hugs the black stump. The rain bounces off him and the flat top of the dead tree.

**Caption:**

WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

**SFX (small letters):**

WHEEEEEEEEE -

## **Page 5**

### **Panel 1**

There is a massive 'Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee' SFX across and through all of the panels and gutters on this page.

Close up of the bomb as it falls towards the wee town that the kid lives in. It has a nuclear symbol painted on the side of it and looks like something from a 1950's US information/'reds under the bed' film.

### **Panel 2**

The town is now a bit closer... We can see the factory steam billowing out of its gigantic, gnarly chimney. And the schoolhouse, maybe...

### **Panel 3**

Our distance from the town stays the same from here on, but the bomb falls further from the reader.

### **Panel 4**

The bomb is further still. We can see people, very far away, converging in the town square - staring up at the sky.

### **Panel 5**

The bomb is just moments away from hitting.

### **Panel 6**

No panel borders or picture – just a gap where panel 6 should be.

## **Page 6**

### **Panel 1**

Burnt Earth. Nothing going on. The noxious clouds darken the sky.

**Caption (in a typewriter font):**  
TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

### **Panel 2**

Same panel, but with a different cloud formation.

### **Panel 3**

Again with different clouds and a sun high in the sky. A green shoot (yes, I know this is black and white but an artist can see colour anywhere, my friend!) emerges from the crusty ground.

### **Panel 4**

Same panel again, but with a clear sky. The shoot has flowered and we can see that it will eventually become a tree. The ground around it remains arid and barren.

**Caption:**  
I COULD SIT HERE ALL DAY.

**The End**