

# **HEARTBREAK WORLD**

Issue 01

"WAKING UP IN GOD KNOWS WHERE" Part 01

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## PAGE 1

### PANEL 1

From ground level, we're looking at the inside of a house's front door. It could use a good cleaning.

Outside the half-moon window at the top of the door rages a terrible storm. Lightning cuts across a black sky. Trees slash angrily in the wind.

Inside is safe from the tempest without.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

BAM. The door is kicked open toward us, the frame splintering at the lock.

In the darkness outside, silhouetted by a flash of lightning behind her, is a woman. Her hair blows to the side in the gusts of wind. Her foot is still raised from kicking in the door.

The trees behind reach for her.

SFX

CRRRRRAACK!

## PAGE 2

### PANEL 1

She steps through the front door, drenched and powerful. This is J (though the readers won't learn her name just yet).

Her face here is all grit.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

Smaller close-up on her face as she closes the door behind her. The look of pure determination is gone, replaced with one of horrific pain.

J

Gahh!

### PANEL 3

Extremely close-up, her hand clutches the flesh over her heart, like she's clawing to get in and rip out what's hurting her.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 3

### PANEL 1

J stumbles into the bathroom, her hand on the wall groping for the light switch. Sweat pools on her brow.

Whatever she has, it's getting worse.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

She slides open the mirror to reveal the medicine cabinet behind it, filled with a variety of pill bottles of varying sizes and colors.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 3

J shoves her hand into the middle of the bottles, spilling some off to the side and onto the counter, reaching for a particular bottle with an eye-dropper top.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

She twists the cap off in one motion --

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

-- and pulls the bottle to her lips.

Through her fingers, we get a glimpse of the label. We can't read the words, but there's a picture on it of a heart with a jagged tear down the center.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 6

A horrified look on her face, she turns the bottle upside down. Not even a drop falls from it.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 4

### PANEL 1

In an angle from outside the door, J lurches out of the bathroom.

Whatever's killing her is getting the job done quickly.

One hand is still over her heart, clutching at it, and she uses the other to steady herself on the walls.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

J switches on the light in the adjacent room. It's mostly filled with boxes, a bedroom turned storage room.

In the corner of the room is a box with that same broken heart symbol.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 3

She falls to her knees in front of the box, tearing it open before she hits the ground.

Sweat falls from her forehead.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

Close-up of her face. Pain is replaced by something like shock mixed with horror.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

Over her shoulder, we look inside. It's empty.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 5

### PANEL 1

Wide shot from the parking lot of the local Walmart, big and unashamed of what it is.

J stumbles down the center of one of the lanes, feet dragging, arms out to steady herself.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

Smaller, almost an afterthought, it can even be a sub-panel of the previous.

The front windshield of a car parked in the lot splatters with blood.

We don't know why yet.

SFX (SMALL)

Splat.

## PAGE 6

### PANEL 1

J stops in the automatic doors at the entrance as people shove past her angrily.

*(We'll use this panel to establish the "normal" look of the store, lots of people bustling around and that odd blue color every Walmart has inside, before things start changing in the next ones.)*

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

*(This is a note on color, but it tells part of the story: Starting here, everything should have a red tinge that gets darker with each panel.)*

J maneuvers through the aisles, practically shoving an overweight man who gets in her way.

J

Argh!

### PANEL 3

J stumbles towards the big overhead sign that reads "Pharmacy." Between her and there is a maze of people and products.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

One of the medicine aisles. J's bracing herself against the shelves and knocking over a ton of bottles on the way. Right ahead of her, the sign above shows that same picture - the heart broken.

The shelves underneath the sign are blocked from our view by J.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

Wobbly, J stands in front of the shelf, the broken heart sign

right above her head. We don't yet see the shelf or understand the look on her face.

By this panel, things should be quite red.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 6

J clutches her chest.

Redder still.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 7

### PANEL 1

Big. J in front of the shelf where the medicine should be, but it isn't. There isn't a single bottle of it to be seen. Her hand to her heart, the world a bright shade of red, the broken heart sign right above her head.

J  
ARGGGGGGGGGH!

### PANEL 2

Time slows as J begins falling forward.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 3

Tighter than the last.

Down, down, down she goes.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

Tighter on her head.

She's falling, and her look is almost peaceful. The moment before the final end of pain.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

Tighter on her head again.

... As it bounces off the empty shelf that was in front of her. A spray of blood shoots from the wound created.

SFX  
THUNK.

### PANEL 6

Black.

*(And I suppose it's probably worth mentioning, this is where the red tint we've been using ends.*

*For now.)*

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 8

### PANEL 1

The all-black panel from the bottom of the previous page carries over here and stays around long enough to let us know that some time has passed.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

We see through J's perspective as she begins to regain consciousness.

It's a little blurry, but in the corner of the room she's in is some balloons and an arrangement of flowers.

Everything else is bright white.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 3

Tight on J's face as she struggles to open her eyes.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

The flowers and balloons again, this time in focus. They're wilted and dying.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

Wider on J. She's in a hospital bed. She tries to push herself up on her arms, her eyes rolling back in her head from the effort.

Around her forehead is a white bandage, with a small spot of red near the temple.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 6

J drops back to the bed, unmoving.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 9

### PANEL 1

Full page shot of J unconscious on the bed in a private hospital room. Across from her is a small TV showing an anchor at a news desk. He looks fraught.

The wilted flowers and balloons sit on a table to her right. There's a set of double doors behind them that leads out to a small balcony.

A closet to J's left is open, with her clothes folded neatly on a shelf.

The window at the top of the door to the hallway is painted a bright red from the outside.

The machines monitoring J's health all start lighting up at once.

SFX

Beep. Beep. Beeeeeeeeeeeeeep.

## PAGE 10

### PANEL 1

J opens her eyes surrounded by brilliant white.

All around her is a perfect emptiness of anything.

NO DIALOGUE.

### PANEL 2

There's nothing ahead of her. Just that beautiful, blank white.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 3

J closes her eyes and breathes in, a smile spreading across her face.

She's finally found tranquility.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

She opens her eyes again and the smile is gone.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

Straight ahead of her, framed dead center, almost glowing, is a man. He's beautiful, his blue eyes gleaming, his lips curled into a perfect smile.

Dark blue business suit, perfectly knotted tie, silver clip in just the right spot.

In his hands, held out to her like a prize, are some very dead flowers. Like the ones in the hotel room.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 6

J opens her mouth, about to speak. The flowers are right at the

tip of her nose and wilting down past her chin.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 11

### PANEL 1

Then instead of speaking, she presses her face into the man's in a forced and passionless kiss, the dead flowers surrounding them. Even her eyes go wide with surprise about doing it.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

As we pull back wider, we now see that the bright white expanse they were in is now the hospital bed and they're covered by the white sheets.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 3

She takes his hand and begins to slide it up her hospital gown. He seems to be fighting against her.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

Tight on his face. The smile is gone and replaced with a total lack of expression.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

Her hand continues to force his between her legs.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 6

His face is still unreadable. Uninterested, even.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 7

Her eyes go wide, this time from something other than shock.

NO DIALOGUE

## PAGE 12

### PANEL 1

J sits up in the bed all at once, hair matted with sweat, her hospital gown clinging to her. Her breath is ragged and quick.

The bandage around her head should've been changed days ago, the dried blood having reached that brownish color.

And he was just a dream.

J

Gasp!

### PANEL 2

J presses her palms into her forehead and closes her eyes.

CAPTION

Okay. Fuck.

CAPTION

I haven't had a hangover this bad since  
--

### PANEL 3

She unwraps part of the bandage from her head and stares at the dried blood stain.

CAPTION

Okay, so maybe not a hangover.

### PANEL 4

J pulls at the rest of the bandage. It sticks to the dried blood on her head, so she really has to pull.

CAPTION

Just need a quick minute to clear my  
head.

### PANEL 5

J sits up, her bare legs hanging over the edge of the bed. She takes the heart rate monitor off her finger.

CAPTION

Just a minute to --

PANEL 6

Small. Close on the heart rate machine. Completely off.

CAPTION

Huh.

PANEL 7

Smaller. Close on J's face as it screws up in confusion.

CAPTION

That's weird.

## PAGE 13

### PANEL 1

J pushes herself from the bed to her feet. For a moment, it looks like she'll be able to stand.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 2

Same shot, but now J's completely out of the frame.

SFX

WHUMP!

CAPTION

Oh my god. Owwwwwww.

### PANEL 3

Same shot again, the bed at the very bottom. J climbs back up it like an adventurer up Kilimanjaro.

Her torso is on the bed so far.

CAPTION

If I'm in a hospital, where's a --

J (SMALL)

N -- \*cough\* nurse!

### PANEL 4

J gets back to a sitting position on the bed and looks all the worse for the wear.

CAPTION

Throat tastes like sandpaper.

J

Nurse!

### PANEL 5

She turns to look where the door is. We can't quite see it and she probably can't either.

CAPTION

Huh. No one's coming.

PANEL 6

J presses the "nurse call" button on the rail of her bed.

SFX

Press

PANEL 7

Back to the doorway again.

Still nothing.

CAPTION

Huh.

PANEL 8

Small. J rapidly presses the button over and over again.

SFX

Press press press press press press  
press

## PAGE 14

### PANEL 1

J pushes herself to her feet again. Still wobbly.

CAPTION

Okay, if I just take my ti--

### PANEL 2

Same framing as before, but again, J fell. It might be too jokey, but maybe have just her feet sticking up from the bottom of the panel.

SFX

WHUMP!

CAPTION

Goddamn it.

### PANEL 3

Tight on the bedsheets as J grasps at them to pull herself back up. On her face is that same determination we first met her with.

CAPTION

Well, the Lord helps those who helps themselves.

### PANEL 4

Small and tight just on J's lips. The left corner turns up into a wry smile.

CAPTION

Yeah. Riiiiight.

### PANEL 5

J back on her feet. She's around the foot of the bed, using one arm to balance on the footboard and the other out like a tightrope walker.

CAPTION

Can't imagine walking's something I never learned.

PANEL 6

She turns back to the flowers and balloons. Wilted and dying.

CAPTION

Begs the question: how long have I been  
here?

PANEL 7

She touches the wound on her head again. Winces.

CAPTION

And -- how'd I get this?

## PAGE 15

### PANEL 1

Full-page panel. J makes it to the nook in the room that leads to the hospital door. From above and behind her, and slightly off-level, we see what she sees -

The door to the hallway with the window painted bright red.

It's different from before though. Someone's written in the red with their finger, "STAY INSIDE".

A line trails down from the E to the bottom of the window.

CAPTION

Okay. Maybe one more:

CAPTION

What the fuck is that about?

## PAGE 16

### PANEL 1

J walks away from the door, still steadying herself.

CAPTION

Okay.

### PANEL 2

She walks back to the door, steadying herself again.

She touches the outside of the window.

CAPTION

Okay, um.

CAPTION

That's not blood, right? That can't be blood.

### PANEL 3

Walks away again, having to steady herself less. Stretching her legs.

CAPTION

Could be good advice though.

### PANEL 4

J stands next to the door, looking at the writing in the window. Her hands on her hips.

NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 5

J grabs the handle of the door and pulls.

CAPTION

Why do I get the feeling I've never been one to take good advice?

## PAGE 17

### PANEL 1

As J pulls the door open, a CORPSE falls inside, right at her feet. It must have been leaning on the door.

Blood stains the man's entire chest from the inside of his scrubs.

Maybe too small to notice, but let's be sure to color the pointer finger of the man's right hand in red too. He was the one writing on the window.

CAPTION

Holy shit!

### PANEL 2

Her hand covers her mouth as she looks down at the body.

CAPTION

Okay. Okay um.

### PANEL 3

J scurries past him out into the hallway. Expansive, we see on both sides of her. And either way, it's all blood and bodies.

Blood paints the walls, corpses line the floors.

It's a mass murder scene but with no obvious reason why.

CAPTION

What the fuck happened?

CAPTION

And if so many people died --

### PANEL 4

Angle from the other end of the hall, J very small in the background, turning back to her hospital room. A door slides open.

CAPTION

Why am I still alive?

SFX

Crrrrrrreeeeek.

PANEL 5

Back to J, she's looking at the wall right outside of her room. In a slot on the wall is a medical chart on a metal clipboard.

Past her, the door that was sliding open is now wide.

CAPTION

A lot of questions.

## PAGE 18

### PANEL 1

J picks up her chart from off the wall.

A MAN emerges from the open door at the end of the hallway. We see him in the space between J and the chart she's holding.

She still doesn't see him.

CAPTION

Need some answers.

CAPTION

Need to know what the --

### PANEL 2

She looks up to see the man running at her. His arms are flailing in the air and his face is pure terror.

CAPTION

Fuck -- ?

### PANEL 3

J reacts quick enough to turn on her heel and run, the man in hot pursuit behind her.

She's got her chart tucked under her arm and panic all across her face.

CAPTION

Ohmygodohmygodohmygod.

## PAGE 19

### PANEL 1

J skids around the corner in the hallway crashing into the wall, still not steady enough on her feet to be in the middle of this chase scene.

Behind her, the man is closing in.

#### CAPTION

Is this him? Did he do this?

### PANEL 2

J knocks over an abandoned medicine cart behind her to slow the man down.

#### CAPTION

What's he going to do to me?!

### PANEL 3

The man clears the cart in one jump. His arm is outstretched, almost touching J.

#### NO DIALOGUE

### PANEL 4

J turns another corner and skids to a stop. It's a dead end.

A little too much emphasis on the dead, with all the bodies piled up down there.

#### CAPTION

Shit. Shit shit.

## PAGE 20

### PANEL 1

All at once, the man collides into her, pinning her up against the wall and stopping with his face inches from hers.

She's terrified. He's something unidentifiable.

SFX

WHAM!

MAN

Arrrrrrrrrgh!

### PANEL 2

J pulls her chart up between him and her, and this is important, the paperwork side of the chart faces him.

She's flinching in terror. His nose is practically to her cheek.

MAN (SMALL)

Help me.

### PANEL 3

And then the Man's chest EXPLODES outward in a spray of blood and tissue, covering J and the chart.

SFX

SPLAT!

### PANEL 4

The man drops out of frame, leaving J up against the wall, blood covering her, the chart, and the wall behind her.

She's pulled the chart down so we can see her face, which was shielded from the blast.

CAPTION

If this is the end of the world --

## PAGE 21

### PANEL 1

Slowly, gingerly, she steps over the man. There's an outline of her, in blood, on the wall behind where she was just standing.

#### CAPTION

And unless things are different outside here, it looks like it's going to be --

### PANEL 2

Bracing herself on the walls, she starts back toward her hospital room.

Again, not to overemphasize it, but the halls should be filled with a good deal of carnage. This was a lively place before everything happened.

#### CAPTION

I should probably tell you my story.

#### CAPTION

While I can.

#### CAPTION

In case there's someone left to remember.

### PANEL 3

J turns the corner into the hallway with her room. She's even more unstable than before.

She hugs her chart to her chest like it's the last thing in the world that she has.

#### CAPTION

And I would. I swear I want to.

### PANEL 4

Dragging him by his legs, and trying not to throw up, J moves the corpse from the entrance to her hospital room.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 5

J enters her room and closes the door with her back.

CAPTION

There's just one problem.

PANEL 6

A shot of the medical chart as J looks at it. It's covered in the man's blood and most of it illegible.

The only thing she can see on the whole thing, under the "First Name" column, is the letter J.

CAPTION

Just one tiny, inconsequential problem.

## PAGE 22

### PANEL 1

Full-page panel of J sitting against the door, the chart on her knees. Covered in blood. Wilted flowers in the foreground, if you can arrange it.

Pure despair.

#### CAPTION

I can't remember a thing about who I was  
or what I did before I woke up in this  
hospital.

### PANEL 2

Small, inside the previous panel. J tilts her head back to look at the door, her eyes wide with terror, as --

#### SFX

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

#### CAPTION

To be continued...