

Cold Frame, Warm Heart

By

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Page 1 A muted-color double-page spread emphasizing the stark void of space. Sketches attached. Zero-g, so everything 'floats.'

Panel	Description	Dialog
1.1	<p>A small panel in the upper left, inset into the larger two-page spread (panel 2). A low-angled establishing shot of two futuristic astronauts, one male and one female, with helmet-mounted lights. One is leading the other through a field of space debris, though in this panel all that can be seen is the lead astronaut, her hand on a damaged and stripped bracing pole from a ship chassis, grim face barely visible through the helmet's glass. The man carrying a net for scrap trails behind her. Both suits are practical, though not nearly as bulky as modern suits. They also show signs of wear and patched damage; they've seen better days.</p>	
1.2	<p>A spread that stretches across to page 2. All other panels are inset into this panel's stark black background. This is a wide shot of a field of debris. The composition leads to the wrecked and hollow hulk of a multi-tiered battleship centered on page 2, which the tiny figures of the astronauts are entering. Wreckage scarred with burn marks and other battle damage stretches behind and in front of the ruined ship. This is clearly a ship graveyard, the remnants of a battle.</p>	

Panel	Description	Dialog
1.3	The first of a descending series of three vertical panels, depicting the salvager astronauts moving further into the ship graveyard. In this first one, the male astronaut has picked out a small object floating, and is reaching out to show it to the woman; a picture frame or other small data pad.	
1.4	The astronauts, progressively smaller. The woman gestures for the man to leave the piece he pulled, her expression and body language indicating that it's not worth enough.	WOMAN Leave it. You can buy that crap at any port for spare change. MAN Yeah...
1.5	The man leaves the frame pad floating in the foreground as they progress away from the camera into the background. Wreckage partially obscures their figures. The frame's screen is cracked.	

Panel	Description	Dialog
2.1	A long horizontal panel.	
2.2	The focus of the continuation of the spread from page 1; the hollow wreck of a battleship with the two salvagers, dwarfed by the scale of the ship, entering into the shadowed bulk, framed by the lights on their suits.	
2.3	Square panel, inset at the bottom left of the spread. A torso shot of the salvagers. The woman is holding her hand back to pause the man, who is turned slightly but looking in her direction. She is staring intently offscreen.	
2.4	Similarly sized panel on the right. The focus of the astronaut's gaze, the woman's back still partially in the frame. It's an unbroken, sealed airlock, with lights indicating that it's operational.	<p>WOMAN Doesn't look like its been opened in years.</p> <p>MAN (OFFSCREEN) Don't get your hopes up.</p>

Page 3 Abandoned ship's interior. The page border (panel gutter) starts out black like pages 1 & 2, but fades to white as the light in the story changes.

Panel	Description	Dialog
3.1	The airlock, opened, though not to it's full extent. The inside is dimly lit, enough to render their flashlights unhelpful, though the interior is just as drab as the exterior of the ship. The woman has entered the airlock, and the man is hesitantly entering, one hand on the door.	<p>MAN You sure about this?</p> <p>WOMAN Have any better ideas for this junkyard?</p>
3.2	The first SFX of the comic-air hissing into the airlock. The astronauts, squeezed into the airlock together at odd angles, door closed behind them, are looking up in opposite directions at the airlock's vents. There is the first sign of hope in the man's open expression and pose, though the woman is still closed and cautious.	<p>SFX HSSSSSHHHHHH</p> <p>MAN Huh... air checks out as breathable.</p>
3.3	A huge central panel. Artificial light effusives the space; there are no stark shadows. The astronauts, centered in the frame and viewed from above, are again dwarfed, but this time by a massive zero-gravity aquaponics garden, thriving and overrun, a neglected but beautiful floating jungle. The plants are brightly colored, some bearing large colorful flowers, others wide leaves. Small, shimmering hummingbird-like aliens flit between the plants, as fish swim in the vast rows of tanks that the plants are rooted into, barely visible silhouettes under the accumulated algae. The salvagers are transfixed mid-entry by the sight, gazing up in awe.	

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3.4	<p>The final panel. The astronauts' faces, smudged, with mussed and tied-back hair, having removed their helmets to drink in the fresh air and the light. The garden continues behind them, on all walls, vines reaching down and even trailing over the airlock, which has resealed behind them. Both are relieved and respectful of this garden sanctuary, life persevering in an isolated place beyond all expectations.</p>	END