

Story and script: Diorgo Jonkers  
diorgo@gmail.com  
28 March 2018

**Colour note:** The present day scenes have subdued colours while the flashbacks have bright colours.

**PAGE ONE** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Afternoon. In a small bedroom. Dawn (68 years old) lies on her bed. She stares off into the distance, deep in thought. A pair of false teeth lie in a glass on a pedestal next to the bed. A certificate and a diploma hang on the wall, both are framed.

TITLE:  
Entropy Calling

**Panel 2:** Dawn looks at the false teeth in the glass.

**Panel 3:** Close-up of the teeth in the glass.

**Panel 4:** A flashback. Dawn is six years old. She sits on the floor in her bedroom. Three colourful unicorns (toys) lie on the floor in front of her. One unicorn has a plaster stuck to its back. There is a first aid kit on the floor, and a half-eaten cupcake on a side plate. Dawn rubs her cheek.

**PAGE TWO** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Dawn's hand is in her mouth, wiggling a loose tooth.

CAP:

One of the most unique feelings in the world is wiggling your loose tooth.

**Panel 2:** Close-up of her face. She pulls out the tooth.

CAP:

And then feeling it break free.

SFX (soft):

Crack

**Panel 3:** Close-up of the rotten tooth in her hand.

CAP:

A part of me. Decayed. Lost forever.

**Panel 4:** Focus on the half-eaten cupcake on the plate. The plate is on the floor.

CAP:

It chewed its last meal.

**PAGE THREE** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Back to the present day. Dawn (68 again) sits in a small kitchen, by a small table. She bites into half a sandwich. The other half of the sandwich is on a side plate on the table.

CAP:  
One day I'll unknowingly eat my last meal.

**Panel 2:** Close-up of the side plate on the table. An ant walks towards the plate.

CAP:  
Ants and worms will dine on my corpse.

**Panel 3:** Close-up of the ant carrying away a crumb of bread.

CAP:  
My brain and a lifetime of memories will be nourishment for maggots.

**Panel 4:** She stands by the sink. She washes the dishes, which consist of the side plate, a cup and saucer, and a spoon.

CAP:  
Will my last thought be noble? Or self-centred?

**PAGE FOUR** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Focus on the certificate and diploma hanging on the wall in her bedroom. The text on both are out of focus. The only clear text is "Certificate in Project Management" and "Diploma in Nursing".

CAP:

How many trophies will my ego have amassed?

**Panel 2:** Flashback. Dawn (seven years old) smiles broadly. She holds a third place ribbon. The ribbon is yellow.

**Panel 3:** She kneels before a box of toys in her bedroom. She ties the ribbon to a doll. The toy box is a medium-sized, repurposed cardboard box, filled with various toys.

CAP:

How many things will I own when I die?

**Panel 4:** A drawing stuck to a fridge. It is of Dawn and her parents. Her name is written at the bottom of the drawing.

CAP:

I'll leave behind tangible facets of my identity.

**PAGE FIVE** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Back to the present day. Dawn (68 again) in her bedroom, she holds a photo of her and her parents. In the photo she is nine years old.

CAP:  
Reminders to those who knew me.

**Panel 2:** Close-up of the photo.

**Panel 3:** Extreme close-up of the photo. Focus on Dawn's face.

**Panel 4:** Extreme close-up of the photo. Focus on Dawn's eyes.

**PAGE SIX** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Flashback. Similar to previous panel, but Dawn's real eyes. She is nine years old. The night sky, including stars, reflects in her eyes. Please note: There is no moon on any of the panels on this page.

CAP:

Someday my soul will escape the prison of my eyes.

**Panel 2:** Same angle as previous panel, but further away. Dawn stands on the grass in their yard. She looks up at the night sky.

**Panel 3:** Further away and angled so we see the horizon. Most of the panel is filled with the night sky. She stares up at the sky.

**Panel 4:** Focus on the night sky. Dawn (the girl) is off-panel. There is a dark spot in the sky where there are no stars. The rest of the sky is filled with stars.

CAP:

One day entropy will come calling.

**PAGE SEVEN** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Back to the present day. Night-time. Dawn (68 again) picks up an old shoebox from the bottom of her wardrobe.

CAP:

But not today.

**Panel 2:** She kneels on the floor. She opens the box.

**Panel 3:** She sits on the floor. Three unicorns (toys) lie on the floor. They are old and time-worn. One unicorn's horn is missing. An old, scuffed first aid kit lies on the floor. The kit is open. The unicorns and kit are the same ones from earlier on.

**Panel 4:** She holds a unicorn in her hand. She looks at it and smiles.

CAP:

No, today I care for sick unicorns.