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**PAGE ONE** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** In a bedroom. Tiffany, 20 years old, sits on an unmade bed and hugs her knees. She has black hair and wears a grey tracksuit and sneakers. She stares off into the distance and is deep in thought. A lampshade covered lamp casts a dark shadow into one of the room's corners. The bathroom door is ajar. There are no windows.

CAP:  
Day 1

TITLE:  
Sum Of Three

**Panel 2:** She turns her gaze to the dark corner.

**Panel 3:** Her POV of the corner.

TIFFANY (OP):  
I can see you standing there in the dark. You're the me I'm trying to escape. But you're always a few steps behind.

**Panel 4:** Her POV of the slightly opened bathroom door. The bright light from the bathroom is almost blinding.

TIFFANY (OP):  
I can also see you standing there in the light. You're the me I want to be. Sometimes you're unclear.

**PAGE TWO** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** In a living room. Tiffany, 25 years old, sits on a couch and watches TV. Her legs are on the couch and she wears the same tracksuit but barefoot. Her hair is longer than before. The couch is wide enough for three people. A small, empty packet of peanuts lies on the couch next to her. There are no windows.

CAP:  
Day 2

**Panel 2:** She looks at the empty packet of peanuts on the couch.

**Panel 3:** Her POV of the packet.

TIFFANY (thought):  
I'm caught in the middle. Trapped between my past and future. A pendulum going nowhere.

**Panel 4:** In a kitchen. Tiffany, 35 years old, stands before an open fridge. She wears the same tracksuit and sneakers. Her hair is cut different from before. There's a microwave on a counter. There's also a table with three chairs. There are no windows.

CAP:  
Day 3

**Panel 5:** She takes a meal out of the microwave.

**PAGE THREE** (six panels)

**Panel 1:** She eats the meal at the kitchen table. Two empty chairs flank her.

**Panel 2:** Similar to previous panel but zoomed in.

TIFFANY (thought):  
You're still there. I hoped I outgrew you by now.

**Panel 3:** View of the meal on the table. She cuts a piece of meat.

TIFFANY (thought):  
Sometimes you hide. Sometimes a moth beneath my skin. And sometimes a worm at the centre of my bone marrow.

**Panel 4:** Similar to previous panel. The knife and fork lie on the plate, and the piece of meat is still on the fork. Her trembling fists are clenched tight.

TIFFANY (thought):  
Hidden but always there. Clinging on like a child afraid to drown. You're my pain. My loneliness. My abnormality. I need to move on.

**Panel 5:** In a bathroom. Tiffany, 50 years old and wrapped in a towel, sits on the edge of an empty bath. She uses a smaller towel to dry her hair, which is streaked with grey strands. A grey tracksuit lies on top of a small laundry basket. More grey tracksuits lie in the basket. There are no windows.

CAP:  
Day 4

**Panel 6:** Closer view of her as she dries her hair.

TIFFANY (thought):  
Are you still there? The person I want to be.

**PAGE FOUR** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** She throws the hair-drying towel on to the basket.

TIFFANY (thought):

Are you surrounded by friends? Are you successful?

**Panel 2:** She stares off into the distance.

TIFFANY (thought):

Are you happy?

**Panel 3:** Same bedroom as before. Tiffany, 70 years old, sits on the edge of the unmade bed. She wears the same tracksuit and sneakers. Her shoulder-length hair is thin and grey.

CAP:

Day 5

**Panel 4:** Her POV of her hands held before her.

TIFFANY (thought):

I'm not the me I wanted to be. My hands are wrinkled and my back hurts.

**Panel 5:** She puts her head in her hands.

TIFFANY (thought):

I'm caught in the middle. Trapped between my past and death. An abacus about to shatter.

**PAGE FIVE** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** In a stark room. Tiffany, still 70, wears a plastic suit similar to a hazmat suit but it has no hood. She stands before a horizontal metal pod. The pod is big enough to hold a grown person, and its lid is open. There's a glass window in the lid. A man, Billy the pod's operator, stands next to Tiffany. A woman Noreen stands nearby. There's a closed door behind them. There are no windows.

CAP:  
Day 6

**Panel 2:** Billy helps Tiffany climb into the pod.

**Panel 3:** She lies in the pod. He smiles at her.

BILLY:  
Don't worry, it's the last time you're getting into this thing.

**Panel 4:** He closes the pod's lid.

**PAGE SIX** (six panels)

**Panel 1:** View from above looking down at the pod. Through the pod's window we see Tiffany lying inside.

**Panel 2:** Similar to previous panel. A bright light flashes in the pod. The pod makes a low hum.

SFX:  
Hhhmmmmm

**Panel 3:** Similar to previous panel. Tiffany grows younger. She is 50. Her grey hair grows slightly longer and starts to turn black.

SFX:  
Mmmmmmm

**Panel 4:** Similar to previous panel. Tiffany is 30 and her slightly longer hair is completely black.

SFX:  
Mmmmmmmmm

**Panel 5:** Similar to previous panel. She is 20 and her hair's slightly longer.

SFX:  
Mmmmmmmmm

**Panel 6:** Similar to previous panel. She is 12 and her hair's slightly longer.

SFX:  
Mmm--

**PAGE SEVEN** (six panels)

**Panel 1:** The pod's lid opens. Tiffany is 12 and her suit is too big for her.

**Panel 2:** Billy helps her get out of the pod. Noreen moves closer to them.

NOREEN:  
How do you feel, dear?

TIFFANY:  
I'm tired, but OK. When can I go home?

**Panel 3:** Noreen looks at her.

NOREEN:  
Your schizophrenia should be cured by the rapid ageing and de-ageing process. But we'd like to observe you for two more days.

**Panel 4:** She smiles at Tiffany.

NOREEN:  
Your parents called, and they're excited about seeing you soon. Go change so long then we can have a chat.

**Panel 5:** Tiffany walks awkwardly through the door due to the oversized suit. She holds the suit up at her hips to prevent the long legs dragging on the floor.

**Panel 6:** Tiffany is gone. Noreen looks at Billy.

NOREEN:  
Poor thing...

**PAGE EIGHT** (six panels)

**Panel 1:** In the same bedroom as before. Tiffany, still 12, sits on the edge of the bed. She's wearing a grey tracksuit and sneakers, but smaller than what she wore before. She struggles to open a small packet of peanuts.

CAP/NOREEN:

"...she believed she was visited by past and future versions of herself..."

**Panel 2:** The packet rips open. Peanuts fly in all directions.

CAP/NOREEN:

"...who travelled through rips in time."

**Panel 3:** She picks up peanuts from the floor.

CAP/NOREEN:

"Even though it was a delusion, I sometimes wondered..."

**Panel 4:** She picks up a peanut in the dark corner.

CAP/NOREEN:

"...if she ever visited them."

**Panel 5:** She stands in the dark corner. She's barely visible in the shadow.

**Panel 6:** Same as previous panel.

OTHER TIFFANY (OP):

I can see you standing there in the dark. You're the me I'm trying to escape. But you're always a few steps behind.