

PAGE ONE (four panels)

Panel 1. Mark sits on the toilet, on his phone, seemingly alone. As you'd expect. The bathroom he's in should be small and cramped.

Panel 2. Suddenly there's a CREAK from beyond the door. It's eerie and spine-chilling. We don't see what's making the noise, that's left up to the imagination of the reader.

SFX: CREAK

Panel 3. Mark looks at the door, with fear in his eyes but overall a relatively calm expression.

ANXIETY (OP): What was that?

Panel 4. Joining Mark now is a literal embodiment of his anxiety. It's identical to him, except for the fact he's better kept and doesn't have Mark's signature dark bags under his eyes. He's squatting beside Mark and also staring at the door.

MARK (small): God's sake —

MARK: What is it now?

ANXIETY: The noise. We don't know what made it. Anything could be waiting behind that door to gobble us up. Anything...

PAGE TWO (five panels)

Panel 1. Mark looks back down at his phone, ignoring whatever made the noise and continuing with his life but Anxiety won't leave. He remains facing the door with wide, worried eyes.

ANXIETY: Mark, it could be a zombie or a –

Panel 2. Mark looks at Anxiety with an expression that says “Did you really just suggest something that stupid?”.

MARK: A zombie? You can't be serious.

Panel 3. As Mark gets up, Anxiety follows his lead and gets up from his squatting position.

ANXIETY: I am. What if the zombie apocalypse started and we've just been in here the whole time clueless to it all.

MARK: Fat Chance.

Panel 4. Mark washes his hands. Anxiety leans back against the wall, to the left of Mark. He's trying his hardest to convince Mark that what he's saying should worry him, but at this point, Mark's grown used to his BS. That doesn't mean Mark is immune though. It's still tiring for him. It still weighs heavy on him and wears him out.

ANXIETY: Seriously! Or maybe- maybe it's like a face-melting alien!

MARK (whisper): You've gotta be kidding me...

ANXIETY: No, seriously! What if there's something out there waiting to kill you. Or us!

Panel 5. Anxiety, with a subtle look of mischievous glee, steps aside as Mark dries his hands on the towel. He knows he's beginning to get to Mark. He can feel it.

ANXIETY: Maybe it's neither of those things...

MARK: Finally.

ANXIETY: Maybe it's a burglar, and if you step out of this door, he might have to make a lethal move.

PAGE THREE (three panels)

Panel 1. Anxiety flashes Mark a caring smile, but he doesn't mean it. He's leaning against the door, blocking Mark's exit.

ANXIETY: I'm just trying to help you, Mark.

ANXIETY: I'm just trying to protect you.

Panel 2. Mark lets out a defeated sigh as he looks at Anxiety. They're face to face now. Anxiety has an awful grin on his face.

Panel 3. Mark drops his head, in defeat. He's tired of Anxiety's games and gags. He's tired of all the BS he's been dragged through, and is continuously dragged through.

MARK: Just move.

MARK (small): Please...

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PAGE FOUR (three panels)

Panel 1. Mark stands alone, now, facing the door. Anxiety has vanished - if only for a moment.

Panel 2. Mark grasps the door handle and it lets out a little SQUEAK as he begins to open the door.

Panel 3. Mark stands in the open doorway to the bathroom. His head is still hung low. He's still feeling defeated, even though he managed to overcome his Anxiety.

(I'd really like for this to be like a big central piece, if possible. I think this scene of him standing defeated in the doorway could look incredible and be incredibly powerful too.)

PAGE FIVE (five panels)

Panel 1. The sun is beginning to set, as Mark returns home. He looks more tired than usual. It's been a long day.

Panel 2. Anxiety points just behind Mark, who's coming down the path towards his house, frantically.

ANXIETY: Mark! Watch Out!

Panel 3. Mark covers his head as he's crouched down: shaking in fear. He didn't clock onto who shouted the warning before listening to it. He thought it was genuine.

Panel 4. Anxiety lets out a hearty laugh at Mark's misery and misfortune.

ANXIETY: Gotcha!

ANXIETY: Man, you should've seen your face. It was hilarious!

Panel 5. Mark looks up at Anxiety with embarrassment and spite in his eyes.

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PAGE SIX (four panels)

Panel 1. We're inside Mark's house now, and he enters through the front door.

Panel 2. Mark hangs his messenger bag up on his coat rack.

Panel 3. He CRASHES against the closed front door, back first. Tears are streaming down his face, but he keeps a stoic look on his face.

SFX: THUD

Panel 4. Mark is now slumped down with his head in his hands and back against the door. There are occasional sniffles from him as he cries.

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PAGE SEVEN (four panels)

Panel 1. The sun rises over the hills, that houses a collection of trees in its forests.

Panel 2. Mark sits up, in bed, and stretches. He's in a somewhat baggy top, and the covers are around waist height.

Panel 3. He sits on the edge of his bed and looks out the window, at the hillside we've just seen.

Panel 4. Mark smiles. He looks truly happy, for the first time in the comic.

PAGE EIGHT (three panels)

Panel 1. Anxiety is standing behind Mark, watching him. He has his arms crossed and a mischievous smirk on his face.

Panel 2. Mark's smile is wiped from his face, as he senses Anxiety's presence.

MARK: What is it now?

Panel 3. Anxiety and Mark face off. They're standing on opposite sides of the bed, but their glares are aimed directly at one another.

ANXIETY: What? Am I not allowed to just check in?

MARK: No. You're not.

ANXIETY: Oh, that's cold.

ANXIETY: I'm just trying to help you out.



PAGE NINE (four panels)

Panel 1. Mark yells at Anxiety, he has tears in his eyes. He's had enough. He's reached breaking point with Anxiety's BS. This was the last straw.

MARK: No!

MARK: You're not though! You're not here to help me!

Panel 2. Anxiety is shocked that Mark's actually retaliating against him. He's sorta hurt by it.

MARK (OP): You do the exact opposite!

MARK (OP): You know that? You don't help. You're actually a huge pain.

Panel 3. Mark wipes away tears from his eyes, as he calms down.

MARK: I have to deal with you, and your nonsense, every day.

MARK: Do you know how tiring that is?

Panel 4. Mark sits back down on the bed. His face is weary. He just wants peace. His back is turned to Anxiety. He's had enough.

ANXIETY: Mark, you know I don't-

MARK: Don't speak. Don't say another goddamn word.

PAGE TEN (three panels)

Panel 1. Mark turns and looks at Anxiety. He still has the same sad, tired, defeated look on his face as he does.

Panel 2. Mark turns back and faces the window. Anxiety slowly vanishes, fading away, from behind him.

Panel 3. Mark smiles as he looks on, watching the sun rise over the hills.

CAPTION: I knew he wasn't gone forever.

CAPTION: But that didn't matter.

CAPTION: He was gone now. It was gone now.

CAPTION: I was free to be happy.