

PAGE 1 (3 panels)

Panel 1: Blank space with decorative borders starting to form. They slightly resemble human figures.

NARRATION: I think Verona is possessing me.

Panel 2: The bottom of Verona's soft face and neck, illuminated from the front. A shadow from an unseen window divides her into quadrants.

Panel 3: The borders again. Now they more clearly resemble a figure — a thin Girl with long hair, different from the girl inside the panel.

NARRATION: Or rather, I'm possessing her.

PAGE 2 (5 panels)

Panel 1-3: In the center, a panel of Verona from behind as she looks out the window. Behind this panel in filigree is the Girl from the border. The second two sentences of narration frame her half-opened eye.

NARRATION: Each night I wake in her body.

NARRATION: At first, I kept my eyes shut.

NARRATION: I don't anymore.

Panel 4: Close on Verona's face as she presses her lips and nose to the window.

NARRATION: She presses her sweet face against the glass,

Panel 5: View of Verona from outside the window. The seawater crashes into the stone wall of the building below her.

NARRATION: And we stare out across the sea.

PAGE 3 (6 panels)

Panel 1-6: Same view as the last panel on the previous page, growing further and further away across the sea to reveal the town's silhouette, its outline vague and strange in the mist.

In the margin between these two rows of three panels, a close up of the Girl's eyes as if we're looking through her POV.

PAGE 4 (4 panels)

Panel 1: The girl, Verona, and a ferryman are in a small boat headed towards an island in the distance. Verona and the ferryman look ahead, away from the viewer, while the Girl is still looking back at where they came from.

Panel 2-4: The ferryman starts to repeat a rhyme. The Girl turns towards him, and ends up staring at the back of Verona's head.

FERRYMAN: One she takes as wife, the other for a play-thing. Shan't know which until they're tended by the la-dies-in-waiting.

PAGE 5 (4 panels)

Panel 1-2: The Girl stares at Verona from behind. Verona is looking out at the water. The Girl can only see a sliver of her expressionless cheek.

Panel 3: The boat approaches the shore of the small island. A ways from the shore are a long stretch of stone steps leading up towards a foreboding château. Two figures are impaled on ornate pikes at the foot of the steps. Between them are two masked living figures, who are waiting for the boat to dock.

Panel 4: The Girl stumbles ashore clumsily, distracted by the impaled corpses. Verona is already a few paces ahead of her, walking towards the masked women. The ferryman has already begun to row away.

PAGE 6 (5 panels)

Panel 1: Close on the corpses, though the bright sun obscures their faces. They are a man and a woman. The man is in fine clothing. The woman is in a kind of jester's outfit. Her body is significantly more brutalized than the man's.

Panel 2: The Girl's eyes, afraid.

Panel 3: She jogs a little to keep up with Verona and the masked women (the ladies in waiting)

GIRL: Wha — what —

Panel 4: The ladies in waiting stop walking.

GIRL: What did they do to displease her?

Panel 5: The Girl's face, sweaty and afraid.

GIRL: S-so I won't make the same mistake.

PAGE 7 (6 panels)

Panel 1-2: The ladies in waiting look at each other, then continue walking.

Panel 3: Inside the château. A few ladies in waiting (a few more than the original two) are washing the Girl in a spacious washroom. Another lady in waiting approaches with a large hat box in her hands.

Panel 4: This lady in waiting kneels before the Girl while another towel dries the Girl's long hair.

Panel 5: The lady in waiting opens the box. It's too dark to see inside, but a single bell shines in the sparse light.

Panel 6: The Girl's face blanches.

PAGE 8 (7 panels)

Panel 1: Close up of the Girl's feet as she walks. She's wearing pointed jester's shoes.

Panel 2: The bells jingling on her jester's cap.

Panel 3: The Girl is being led down a dark hallway. Each of her hands is held by a lady in waiting. Aside from her hat and shoes, she's dressed in a simple white smock.

Panel 4: A voice from down the hall catches the Girl's attention.

PRINCESS [off panel]: A plump wife!

Panel 5-6: The Girl's POV as she is led towards a large archway.

PRINCESS [off panel]: It's been ages since I've had a plump wife. Oh, but you are what peasant boys beam about, aren't you?

Panel 7: Verona's face. A thumb the size of her entire head squishes one of her cheeks.

PRINCESS: Yes, I see why.

PAGE 9 (4 panels)

Panel 1: Big panel. The princess's room. The princess lounges on a daybed in front of a row of tall windows. She is a giant — likely taller than the room itself. Verona is already there. She is also dressed plainly, but with a sheer veil. She is standing on the edge of the princess's bed as the princess strokes her face with her hand. The princess is completely enraptured with her.

Panel 2: The princess notices the Girl has entered with the ladies. Panel 3: She smiles sheepishly.

PRINCESS: Forgive me.

Panel 4: The Girl looks up at the princess in horrified wonder as she speaks. The ladies in waiting have let go of her hands and now flank her on either side.

PRINCESS: They were not fully honest with you on the mainland. My mother may be Queen of All Blood, but I have a shameful distaste for it.

PAGE 10 (7 panels)

Panel 1: The princess smiles again, warmly.

PRINCESS: Keep that a secret, won't you?

Panel 2: The Girl looks confused.

GIRL: I-I don't —

Panel 3: She's hit in the face, hard.

Panel 4: The Girl collapses to her knees. Blood gushes from her freshly broken nose. One of the ladies in waiting has hit her. Verona stares on. The princess has covered her eyes.

PAGE 11 (3 panels)

Panel 1: The Princess covers her mouth, nauseous. She's trembling.

PRINCESS: You...You are not for me.

Panel 2: The Girl turns to look behind her.

Panel 3: The ladies. One has lowered herself to offer the Girl a hand.

PAGE 12 (full page)

The Girl's face, in a scold's bridle. She is bloody, and her eyes are wide. A maid's hand tilts her chin upwards.

PAGE 13 (5 panels)

Panel 1: The Girl is inside a dungeon-like room. Several ladies in waiting — far more than we've seen — sleep in a pile of plush pillows and blankets. Everything inside the room looks like it was once very fine, but has been tattered and stained. Light seeps in from small windows at the top of the wall.

One of the ladies is awake. She kneels in front of the Girl and pours wine over her face. The Girl cups her palms to catch what falls from her chin.

NARRATION: During the day they sleep and I sleep.

NARRATION: Sometimes I'm fed.

Panel 2: A pile of hot coals.

NARRATION: At night I'm made to dance.

Panel 3: The Girl dances on the coals. The ladies in waiting are unmasked. They're drinking, laughing at the Girl. Maybe one can be playing a lute or something.

NARRATION: My body dances and dances.

Panel 4: The Girl's face. Her face is flung back, her eyes wide and unreadable as she dances wildly.

NARRATION: But my mind slips away

Panel 5: The windows of the princess's bedchamber. The sky outside is full of stars.

NARRATION: And finds Verona.

PAGE 14 (6 panels)

Panel 1: (part of the border) The Girl leans against the middle panel like she's eavesdropping.

NARRATION: At first, I am still and quiet.

Panel 2: Center of the page. Verona is seated at a dinner table piled high with expensive looking food. The princess stands behind her, grinning.

Panel 3: (part of the border) The girl leans over into the middle panel and plucks a grape from the table. She's chewing like she's already eating.

NARRATION: Then I am less so.

Panel 4: Close on Verona's arm, her fingers twitching limply in the air. Though the panel is too tight to see exactly what's happening, Verona is laying on a bed. We don't see much of her body, but her dress is askew.

NARRATION: My arms move in her arms

Panel 5: Continued from previous panel. Verona's leg is hiked up over the princess's bare shoulder.

NARRATION: I stretch my toes inside her feet.

Panel 6: Verona's head on the pillow. Her face is turned and cut off by the edge of the panel, but a single tear crosses her cheek.

NARRATION: Though I know she must feel it, (text on bottom of the page, outside of the panel)

NARRATION: She doesn't push me away.

PAGE 15 (2 panels)

Panel 1: The Girl and Verona are tucked together inside the silhouette of a brain. They fit neatly like puzzle pieces. The girl's head is nestled in Verona's lap.

NARRATION: Did you mean to save me, Verona?

NARRATION Broken, I'll rest in your soft bed.

Panel 2: The girl, looking up at Verona.

NARRATION: When I die, I'll run to you

PAGE 16 (3 panels)

Panel 1: Verona's face, smiling down at the girl. Her expression is hard to see, as there is a bright light behind her.

NARRATION: And I'll fade softly into your warmth.

Panel 2: beat panel

Panel 3: A lady in waiting shakes the Girl's shoulder to wake her up.