

WOLF'S HEAD

PAGE 1: Left - 1 Panel (Full page)

PANEL 1: *Night time. Mid interior shot of a cluttered but cozy bedroom. The Narrator, a university student, dressed in comfy pajamas, sits on her bed. In place of her head, we see that of a crow, layered over the panel like a piece in a scrapbook. She is writing on a laptop which illuminates the scene. Behind her, sprawling across the left of the panel, a universe wheels in the darkness. The voiceover clings to the real world at the panel's right side.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Sometimes, I write like a crow.

NARRATOR (VO)

Words come,

NARRATOR (VO)

In drips,

NARRATOR (VO)

And drops.

PAGE 2: Right - 3 Panels (Pop-outs, drifting over a black background)

PANELS 1, 2 and 3: *Closeup of the items scattered around the narrator's bedroom. Each is clearly meaningful. A family photo, a necklace, a dog-eared hardback novel; The Little Prince.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Shiny pieces of inspiration to hoard in my nest.

NARRATOR (VO)

To keep out the cold.

PAGE 3: Left- 5 Panels (2,1,2)

PANEL 1: *A completely black panel, with the Narrator's voice-over at the centre.*

NARRATOR (VO)
Other times...

PANEL 2: *Closeup of the Narrator, now wearing the head of an owl. Reflected in its wide eyes we see two fantastical worlds, one of islands floating in the sky, and another of starships flying through the void.*

NARRATOR (VO)
I wear the head of an owl.

PANEL 3: *Across the panel a timeline unwinds, seeming to be music notation at some points, film reel at others, before dissolving into near blacked-out diary pages.*

NARRATOR (VO)
Seeing everything.

PANEL 4: *Closeup of a digital alarm clock on the bedside table.*

NARRATOR (VO)
Awake all night.

PANEL 5: *The world flies by below us, the shadow of a winged human the only thing clearly visible.*

NARRATOR (VO)
Gliding silently on wings of lyricism

NARRATOR (VO)
Metaphor at my back like the moon.

NARRATOR (VO)
Motif; captured - a mouse in my talons

PAGE 4: Right - 5 Panels

PANEL 1: *Closeup of the alarm clock, going off at 7am. A hand slams down on the snooze button.*

NARRATOR (VO)
And sometimes, I'm human again.

PANEL 2: *The narrator chaotically dresses herself, seemingly in a rush.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Working.

PANEL 3: *Drinks clink together in a bar, clearly a memory of a past social engagement.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Relaxing

PANEL 4: *The sun rests at the horizon over a cityscape. It is unclear whether it is rising or setting.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Life and death.

PANEL 5: *A top down view of a wake invitation next to the alarm clock. The bedroom door swings closed in the background as the Narrator leaves.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Today it's death. A family member I've never met, but who used to love the village I grew up in.

PAGE 5: Left - 3 Panels

PANEL 1: *POV shot from the perspective of the Narrator. We look across a train station to a crowded platform. The people are indistinct, faces hidden by shadows, hats and facing away from our view.*

NARRATOR (VO)

The platform across from me is crowded; A hundred stories jostling to board and disembark.

NARRATOR (VO)

I wonder what heads they wear?

PANEL 2: *A train screeches into the station, sweeping away the Narrator's next thought.*

NARRATOR (VO - fading to nothing)

Do they-?

PANEL 3: *The interior of a modern train car. Mostly empty. The Narrator looks forlornly out of a window, uncomfortable in her black funeral suit.*

NARRATOR (VO)

The train is quiet at least. No one comes this way because they want to.

PAGE 6: Right - 6 Panels

PANEL 1 (Background): *We follow the narrator's view out of the window to see the countryside sweeping by.*

NARRATOR (VO)

The countryside grows more familiar by the second.

PANEL 2: (Overlaid): *A small monument on a distant hilltop.*

NARRATOR (VO)

The furthest from home I walked alone as a child.

PANEL 3: (Overlaid): *A quiet stream flowing towards and under the railway.*

NARRATOR (VO)

The stream we'd build dams across every summer.

PANEL 4: (Overlaid): *A quiet, dark stand of pine trees, surrounded by a crumbling drystone wall, barely capable of holding the forest inside.*

NARRATOR (VO)

The copse of trees where we'd play as vikings and jedi.

PANEL 5: *The narrator in side-profile, almost silhouetted on the page as she disembarks alone onto a quiet, old platform. A crumbling, stone-built station house stands in the background.*

NARRATOR (VO)

The village station recently reopened.

PANEL 6: *The narrator sees a relative and walks towards them.*

NARRATOR (VO)

I put on my cat's head to hide the pain.

PAGE 7: Left - 4 Panels

PANEL 1: *The narrator walks through the village. Others in funeral garb are heading the same way as her.*

NARRATOR (VO)

You'd be forgiven for thinking there was a village dress code.

PANEL 2: *Someone puts a hand on the narrator's shoulder reassuringly. She is visibly uncomfortable.*

NARRATOR (VO)

People I don't know console me for the death of someone else I don't know.

PANEL 3: *The narrator's attention is drawn by two wake-attendees arguing as they enter the venue; a stone-built village hall with a British flag at half mast.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Funeral politics spill over into the wake.

NARRATOR (VO)

I learn which family members are currently taboo, but never why.

PANEL 3: *The Narrator enters the village hall, conversations bubble in the background, though she is oblivious to them.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Bickering stays politely below the volume of conversation, and I see three links in a chain drinking to the memory of a fourth.

PANEL 4: *People flow through the hall as the Narrator fights her way through, looking for specific people but not finding them yet. Her head is that of a fish.*

NARRATOR (VO)

I feel like a particularly stubborn salmon in a river as I try to find my place. Swimming against the current. Throwing myself at barriers until I slide past.

PAGE 8: Right - 4 Panels

PANEL 1: *Closeup of the Narrator, noticing something across the room.*

NARRATOR (VO)

And then I see them. Sat together at the edge of the storm.

PANEL 2: *Mid shot of the Narrator's Father, depicted with the head of a bear.*

NARRATOR (VO)

My father in his bear's head, ready to leave for hibernation when his social duty is done.

PANEL 3: *Mid shot of the Narrator's Sister, depicted with the head of an otter.*

NARRATOR (VO)

My sister with her otter's head; big eyes and restrained curiosity.

PANEL 4: *A completely black panel, with the narrator's voice-over at its centre.*

NARRATOR (VO)

Lastly. Her.

PAGE 9: Left - 1 Panel

PANEL 1: *A full page panel depicting the Narrator's Mother, wearing the snarling head of a wolf as lightning cracks in a nightmarescape sky behind her.*

NARRATOR (VO)

As with most days she saw me,

NARRATOR (VO)

My mother wore her wolf's head,

NARRATOR (VO)

And spat thunder into the air.