

Weird Wax

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Panel One: Establishing shot of the Midnight Record Store. An empty city street with two large buildings on either side of a small, unassuming rectangular building. All the other buildings on the street are closed with the lights off while the MRS sits shining light onto the lonely streets. An open sign in the front door of MRS as a bored looking clerk sits behind a desk watching a hyper-violent b-movie on a small CRT television.

Panel Two: Zoom into MRS and get a close up of the clerk. On his black button-down shirt is a name tag reading Frankie Nightmare. He lights a cigarette as the doorbell rings off panel.

Panel Three: Frankie barley looks up from his screen as he half-heartedly welcomes the potential customer.

Frankie Nightmare (FN): Hello and welcome to the Midnight Record Store, the only record store open all night long. We buy, we sell, and most importantly we listen...how can I help you today? (sigh)

Panel Four: Frankie looks up at the customer and immediately does a double take, his eyes widen as the strange figure walks in.

Panel Five: The customer is a cloaked figure in deep red robes, his eyes shine an eerie light onto the store walls as he looks up and down the aisles. A small briefcase in his right-hand rattles quietly, the letters DOV are stamped on the side.

Panel Six: The customer walks up to the counter as Frankie composes himself. Frankie ashes his cigarette.

FN: Hello mister...creepy eyes, um how can I uh help you...?

Mystery Man (MM): Hello young man, I wasss wondering, if you would be interested in purchasssing these albumssss. They are very rare you ssssee and I'm sssure you could get a good priccce.

Panel Seven: The cloaked figure delicately places the briefcase on the counter.

Panel Eight: A sinister hiss escapes from the briefcase as the man flicks the two locks keeping it closed. A red mist pours out of the case.

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Panel One: The Mystery Man turns the case toward Frankie. The first record on the pile in the case has a screaming face of death on the cover, flames in the background spell out the words HATE IS MY NAME!

Panel Two: Frankie looks disinterestedly at the case, taking a drag of his cigarette.

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Panel Three: Frankie looks up from the case and makes eye contact with the man.

FN: You really shouldn't transport them like that.

MM: What?

Panel Four: Frankie pulls the top record out of the case and begins to flip it and examine it in his hands.

FN: The records, you shouldn't leave them horizontal. The weight of the records on top of one and other warps them.

MM: I...I'm sorry?

FN: No big deal, just don't leave'm like this.

Panel Five: The Mystery Man meets Frankie's eyes, perplexed at first, then regains his composure. He begins to ask about these obviously cursed records.

MM: Okay...Sssso do you believe thessse recordsss will fetch a fair priccce.

FN: I'll give you 16 bucks and a loyalty card.

MM: What!

Panel Six: The Mystery Man looks shocked and insulted by the offer.

MM: Thesssse records are esssily...

FN: Okay, before we start haggiling would you please cut it out with the long ssss sound. It's super distracting.

MM: I don't know what you sssspeak of.

FN: And the forcing s-words into all your sentences, just stop it.

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Panel One: Frankie gives the Mystery Man the annoyed glair.

Panel Two: The Mystery Man looks up confident.

Panel Three: The Mystery Man looks down, dejected.

MM: Fine, I'll talk normally.

Panel Four: Frankie, with one hand, flips through the other records in the case, with the other hand he ashes his cigarette into a skull shaped ashtray on the counter. One of the records begins whispering eldritch incantations, another one of them has snakes slithering out of it as Frankie's hand brushes over it

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MM: These records are all extremely rare and hard to come by, but I am willing to sell them to you for a FAIR price.

FN: Which would be?

MM: 30 dollars per record.

FN: No fuckin chance.

Panel Five: The Mystery Man burst into an angry rant. His whole face becomes a picture of anger, with his features, ever so slightly, become more demonic.

MM: What, do you know how rare these records are! How dang-or um difficult these were to get my hands on! They are easily worth 100 times more than I am offering! How dare you insult me so!

FN: Yeah, I can tell they are very difficult to get your hands on...cause I've never fuckin heard of any of these bands before.

Panel Six: Frankie holds up some of the records and points at them and begins to argue with the Mystery Man. The Mystery Man holds his ground, but he obviously knows he doesn't really have an argument.

FN: How the hell am I supposed to sell a record that nobodies ever heard of? Huh? And most of these don't even have a sleeve, just wax on cardboard. Hello scratches! Nobody has ever heard of "I Am Plague" or "Your Death Is My Lubricant"!

Panel Seven: Frankie puts the records on the desk and looks at the Mystery Man, who looks semi-embarrassed, is kicking his feet like a child being told off.

FN: You come in here with scratched up nobody records and demand money! Not cool dude.

MM: Yes...well I'm sorry for the...insult.

FN: Yeah, it's a respect thing you know, I mean you don't treat people like that, especially when you want something from them.

MM: Yes...is \$16 still on the table?

Panel Eight: A mirror shot of the first panel of the MRS pouring light onto the street.

FN: Yeah sure. Do you have change?