

COMIC SCRIPT FORMAT

CLOSET CAMPAIGN #1:

Written by Cole Barrios / © 2024 Toy Garden

ONE

1.1

CLOSE-UP: An otherwise luxurious living room rug, burnt and stained by translucent, acidic green ooze.

VOICE DIARY (EMERSON): "Getting into college has its ups and downs.

1.2

The ooze trails up a couch, over a TV remote, and around an EMPTY BAG OF CHEESY CHIPS (Doritos, but without the copyright).

VOICE DIARY (UP): "Sure, the future of it all is promising. And anything that gets you away from your parents generally goes over pretty well.

VOICE DIARY: "The well-wishes, on the other hand... They're sweet, but it's a **lot**. Calls, texts, visits...

1.3

Four first-year college boys (our [main characters](#)!) stare wide-eyed through their apartment's open door. The door frame is acid-stained.

VOICE DIARY: "Suddenly, every adult in your life has a piece of advice you just **need** to hear.

VOICE DIARY: "'You can sleep when you're older.' 'You should talk to *so-and-so* about *whatever*.' 'The connections you make now can determine the trajectory of your career.' Things of that nature.

1.4

SMALL INSET - EXTREME CU - Emerson's eyes, open wide in surprise and confusion. His brown irises have small, shaky reflections of the messy room in the next panel.

VOICE DIARY: "Some of it's useful. Like going to office hours, or separating your underwear when doing laundry.

1.5

BIG PANEL - WIDE ANGLE - A half-moved-in college dorm living room COVERED in the acidic green ooze. Half-burnt boxes, a lamp smashed into the floor, the burnt rug from earlier, a chair with a melted metal leg—the place is demolished.

VOICE DIARY: "There are some things, though, that you have to figure out on your **own**."

EMERSON (OFF): Well, fuck.

TWO

2.1

WIDE-ANGLE of the same living room, but it's empty, and *much* cleaner.

CAPTION (UP): That Morning...

EMERSON (OFF): Don't worry about it. It's fine, I didn't bring that much anyway.

2.2

[EMERSON "EM" DIAZ](#), a skinny academic, around 19, with wild, mid-tapered dark brown hair and wire-rimmed glasses, walks through the doorway between the living room and his dorm. He's struggling to carry a HEAVY BOX the size of his torso and is holding a PHONE precariously between his head and shoulders.

EMERSON: Okay, you two have fun in Singapore. Bye, mom.

2.3

FULL SHOT: Emerson, hunched over, strains to carry the box. His phone starts to slide out of his weird head-grip. In the background, we can see his corner of the dorm – a medieval tapestry, an [antique writing desk](#), and a pair of [sturdy-looking hooks](#) drilled into the wall by his unmade bed.

EMERSON: ≥geh≤

EMERSON: Love you too.

SFX: **beep**

2.4

LOW ANGLE of Emerson's foot and wincing face as the phone falls onto the toe of one of his well-kept Oxford shoes.

EMERSON: Ow! Shit.

2.5

CUT-IN: Out of reflex, Emerson kicks the phone away.

SFX: **skiiid**

THREE

3.1

CREATURE VISION: It's under the closet. Everything is warped and discolored, like looking into a bubbly, viscous green pool. Emerson's phone bangs into one of the outer closet legs.

NO COPY

3.2

CREATURE VISION: CLOSE IN on the phone as the creature creeps towards it. Emerson's shoes can be seen a little further back.

SFX: ***gloop***

3.3

Back to normal vision. Emerson leans over, gently lowering the box next to his bed, when--

PHONE (j, BIG, OFF): ***AIIEEE!!***

3.4

The scream SFX bleeds into this panel. Emerson jumps back, in full fight or flight mode, and drops the box.

SFX: ***CRASH***

FOUR

4.1

SAME SHOT: Emerson pinching the bridge of his nose as the scream turns out to be a metal song.

PHONE (j, OFF): ♪♪ AIEEEE! ♪♪ Darkness! ♪♪ AIEEEE! ♪♪ Evil! ♪♪

4.2

Emerson reaches under the closet, fishing for his phone.

EMERSON: ≥sigh≤

EMERSON (small): Stupid.

4.3

Emerson towards us, holding his phone out with two fingers -- it's covered in green goo. Strands of the goo stretch to the floor like cheese in a pizza commercial. Em's face shows a mix of confusion and disgust.

NO COPY

4.4

LOW ANGLE: Emerson's confused face against the floor as he gets on his hands and knees to search under the closet. There's nothing there except more slime.

EMERSON: What the hell...?

4.5

Tight on a paper towel wiping goo off the phone, revealing the CALLING SCREEN: a goofy selfie of Emerson and [RIVER MEI](#), 18, a shorter AMAB non-binary person with wild dyed hair, nose piercings, and a studded leather jacket.

NO COPY

4.6

Emerson puts the cleaned phone up to his ear, grinning. He throws the goopy paper towel into the trash.

EMERSON: Nice ringtone, asshole.

FIVE

5.1

Over a studded leather shoulder, we see the inside of River's [hatchback](#). We also see River's eyes in the rearview mirror -- he's currently putting AVIATORS on and checking himself out. Emerson's name and a goofy profile picture pop up on the [dashboard](#) screen.

EMERSON (PHONE, j): When did you get the chance to mess with my phone?

5.2

River smiles and leans back in their seat, stretching their legs and resting their studded combat boots on the dashboard. This is their introductory shot—make them look awesome!

RIVER: Me? Mess with you? I would **never**!

RIVER: Though, you really should be more careful about leaving your phone unlocked. Cuz others might.

EMERSON (PHONE, j): Dick.

RIVER: Ooh, be careful. You're on speaker. My mom's about to get into the car.

5.4

River pokes his head out of the window.

RIVER: Mom, hurry up!

EMERSON (PHONE, j): Hi Heather, your son's a big stinking pile of--

5.5

River whips his head towards the passenger seat as he slams the mute button on the dashboard.

SFX (CAR DOOR): ***ka-thunk***

SIX

6.1

HEATHER, late 50s, Mom of River, looks upon River's rapid movement with curiosity as she slides into the passenger seat and puts her seatbelt on.

HEATHER*: <What's so funny?*>

RIVER: I'm on the phone with Em.

ASTERISK: *Translated from Chinese.

6.2

SPLIT PANEL WITH 6.3: River's hand on Heather's shoulder, trying and failing to stop her as she gets unnecessarily close to the dashboard and yells into it.

RIVER: <Mom, you're too close.>

HEATHER: Hi Emerson, how--

6.3

SPLIT PANEL WITH 6.2: Emerson, in the process of making his bed, pulls the phone away from his ear and winces at the volume. He grimaces and speaks through his teeth.

HEATHER (PHONE, j, BIG): -- ARE YOU?

EMERSON: ...Hi Heather! I'm excited. I'm almost done unpacking, actually.

EMERSON: How's your knee?

6.4

Heather gives River a big old stink-eye. River looks uncomfortable.

HEATHER It would feel better if I got more rest today.

RIVER (small): Oh, boy.

SEVEN

7.1

Focus on Emerson's phone on the newly-made bed. Nearby, Emerson shoves both arms into the large box, straining to pull something out.

HEATHER(PHONE, j): River waited until the last minute. The whole family had to get up early to help pack.

RIVER (PHONE, j): Mom, stop--

HEATHER (PHONE, j): River, I told you to start packing a **week ago**. I have a **right** to be upset.

EMERSON: I wouldn't compare us too much, Mrs. Mei...

EMERSON: ≥huf≤

7.2

Tight on the WORN MEDIEVAL FLAIL Emerson has in his hands.

EMERSON (OFF): I only brought the bare necessities.

7.3

Heather purses her lips. River's face goes sour.

EMERSON (PHONE, j): Meanwhile, River's got a whole drum set.

HEATHER: I still don't know how to feel about that. It seems like such a waste--

7.4

BIG PANEL - expressionist background - River shouting at us and slamming the dashboard--they've finally had enough.

RIVER: **MOM!**

RIVER: <Seriously, can we not do this in front of my **friend**?>

EIGHT

8.1

CREATURE VISION - WORM'S EYE - Everything looks green, warped, and bubbly, like before. The creature (and us, by extension) sees another box dragging behind Emerson's shoes--wait, something in the corner of its sight is bright orange...

PHONE (j, blurry, OFF): you know what?

PHONE (j, blurry, OFF): -- - - - !

8.2

CREATURE VISION - A LOOSE CHIP on the floor of the living room, visible through the doorway. While everything else in its vision gets coated in shades of green, the chip glows neon orange.

SFX: ***gurgle***

8.3

CREATURE VISION: The loose chip is closer. The creature is making a beeline straight for it.

NO COPY

8.4

CREATURE VISION: Closer still. The creature is almost upon it--

SFX: *creak*

8.5

CREATURE VISION: CLOSE-UP of a towering TENNIS SHOE (belonging to [OLIVER XU](#), our incoming main character) stepping out of an open door and right in between the creature and its beloved sustenance. Some of the bubbles in the creature's vision pop with surprise.

SFX: ***T0000M***

NINE

9.1

AERIAL SHOT: River's hatchback blasting down the Pacific Coast Highway on a sunny day--waves beating against the cliffs on one side, lightly shrubbed mountains on the other.

NO COPY

9.2

ANGLE UP: Inside the hatchback, A [SNARE](#) and drumsticks are belted into the passenger seat where Heather was sitting. River is tapping the dashboard with one hand and driving with the other as he blasts down the California highway.

RIVER: I'm sorry you had to hear that.

PHONE (j): It's fine, I'm used to it at this point. Are you doing alright?

RIVER: Heh. Yeah.

9.3

Holding his phone up to his ear, Emerson leans out the doorway.

SFX: ***creak***

EMERSON: Hold on, someone just got here. I'm gonna say hi.

PHONE (j): Ooh, who is it?

9.4

Over Emerson's shoulder and through the doorway, we see a head of shaggy black hair leaning back on the couch.

EMERSON: Not sure. I'll call you back.

TEN

10.1

[OLIVER XU](#), 18, a massive, messy athlete with hazel eyes covered by medium-length shaggy hair, leans deep into the couch, oblivious to his surroundings. He's playing something on his phone. Directly behind him, Emerson walks into the living room.

EMERSON (blurred): Hey man!
PHONE (j): Kyaa! Take that!
EMERSON (blurred): Hey.
EMERSON (blurred): Hello?

10.2

Emerson walks next to Oliver and taps him on the shoulder. Oliver, surprised, looks towards him and smiles sheepishly.

EMERSON: You okay?
OLIVER: Yeah. Sorry.

10.3

VERTICAL panel: Oliver standing up – his MASSIVE frame fills the whole background - and shaking a shocked Emerson's hand. His other hand pulls an earbud out from under his mop of hair.

EMERSON: Uh, all good. You're... Oliver?
OLIVER: Yep! Nice to meet you in person.

10.4

Emerson looks past Oliver into OLIVER AND WESLEY'S ROOM. It's completely empty.

EMERSON: Likewise. Did you need help moving in?

10.5

Oliver gestures smugly towards a TV on the floor next to a duffel bag.

OLIVER: Nope! Got my stuff right here.
Emerson: That's **everything**?

10.6

CLOSE-UP: Oliver's face brightens.

OLIVER: No, actually!

ELEVEN

11.1

Oliver walks back into the apartment, proudly holding out his BRAND NEW TENNIS RACKET.

OLIVER: **Now** I've got everything.

11.2

CLOSE-UP - small panel - Emerson stares at the large man incredulously.

NO COPY

11.3

SAME SHOT: Emerson speaking, with a confused expression.

EMERSON: ...How are you gonna sleep?

11.4

CLOSE-UP - small panel - Oliver shrugs.

11.5

TWO-SHOT: Oliver jumps back, startled, as Emerson's phone goes off again. Emerson rolls his eyes.

PHONE (j): ***AIEEEE!!!***

TWELVE [Example Page](#)

12.1

THREE-SHOT: River walks into the apartment as Emerson holds the door open. They're both carrying some of River's equipment. In the background, Oliver pauses the TV and waves at River.

SFX (OFF): *♪♪♪ fighti--*

SFX (TV remote): *click*

RIVER: Thanks, you're a lifesaver.

EMERSON: No problem, dude. Where's your mom?

RIVER: Left her at home.

OLIVER: Hi!

RIVER (small): Which one's the big guy?

12.2

Emerson and River set drum stuff down next to the couch.

EMERSON: River, this is Oliver.

RIVER: Hey man! It's good to put a name to a face. Whatcha up to?

OLIVER: Just watching a show--check it out.

12.3

RIVER'S POV standing next to the couch. Oliver, bag of cheesy chips in hand, taps the remote. Behind his outstretched arm, on the TV, we see four anime characters dressed like cats, dancing.

SFX: *♪♪♪ nya!♪♪♪*

12.4/5/6

THREE-SHOT: Emerson and River's shocked faces are [overly detailed](#). Oliver simply smiles, chip crumbs around his face, completely unaware of TV's effect on his friends. [Example Composition](#).

THIRTEEN

13.1

Oliver pauses the show and springs to his feet. Em and River are still shellshocked.

SFX (OFF): ***KNOCK KNOCK***

OLIVER: I'll get it!

13.2

WIDE SHOT: Oliver flattens himself against the wall as several UNIFORMED MEN (40s) march into the apartment carrying several pieces of fancy wooden furniture toward Oliver & Wesley's Room. Behind them struts [Wesley Eckman](#) (19), a tall, well-dressed white guy with mid-length flowing blonde hair, and blue eyes.

WESLEY: Hi everyone, I hired some help. Hope you don't mind.

13.3

Emerson walks over--he and Wesley raise their arms for a [dap](#). [Example](#).

EMERSON: Hey, no problem. Wesley, right?

WESLEY: Emerson, my man!

13.4

Oliver squints at Wesley, who looks over mid-handshake.

OLIVER: Wait. **You're** Wesley?

WESLEY: Don't you recognize my voice?

OLIVER: Yeah, it's just...

FOURTEEN

14.1

It's midnight in the Xu family home. At a 3/4 view is Oliver in PJs, sitting on a carpeted floor in front of his TV. He's wearing headphones and mashing an XBOX CONTROLLER. The TV is the only light source in the room, and it's glowing bright orange, making Oliver wince.

CAPTION (UP): The Xu Family Home - Weeks ago...

OLIVER (shout): River, take cover!

SFX: **BLAM!**

HEADPHONES (j): I'm down! Em, where **are** you?

14.2

Emerson sits down at his computer, simultaneously putting his headphones on and cramming cheesy chips in his mouth.

EMERSON: Sorry, I'm back. Had to help my dad with something.

HEADPHONES (j): Isn't your dad out of town?

SFX: **crunch**

14.3

Crouching behind cover under heavy fire, a female ninja (Oliver's Avatar), holds a bleeding knight (River's avatar) in her arms. The knight is shouting angrily at an [old buff soldier](#) (Em's avatar), who is standing perfectly still – and decidedly in the line of fire.

KNIGHT (shout): Are you fucking eating chips!?

14.4

The old buff soldier gets shot square in the head and flies back. Having [been healed](#), the knight gets up and pinches his nose.

KNIGHT: Great. We're screwed. Let's just

SFX: **VRRRRRRR**

FOURTEEN

14.1

BIG PANEL: A [uncharacteristically ripped banana](#) wearing a suit and carrying a rocket launcher in one arm blasts in on an obnoxiously pink motorcycle.

BANANA: NOT FUCKING YET!

14.2

In real life, River raises a hand to shield his eyes from his computer screen, which is covered in virtual explosions

SFX: ***BOOM***

RIVER: Holy shit.

14.3

The banana man cackles maniacally, now carrying and firing two machine guns at the same time (kinda [like this](#), but from the front).

BANANA: AHAHAHAHAHAHA!

14.4

Oliver watches the screen, dumbfounded.

NO COPY

FIFTEEN

15.1

Back in the present day, at the apartment, Oliver stares at Wesley with the same stupefied expression. Wesley raises his eyebrows at Oliver, mildly amused.

OLIVER: You're more put-together than I expected.

WESLEY: Funnily enough, this isn't the first time I've heard that.

15.2

Wesley walks over to River, who shifts uncomfortably on the couch, unable to tear his eyes away from the horror he witnessed on the TV.

WESLEY: Hey! Are you River?

RIVER: Hey, yeah, nice to meet you.

15.3

Wesley picks up the remote and unpauses the TV. River reaches towards him in vain.

WESLEY: What were you guys watching?

RIVER: Wait, **NO!**

15.4

Wesley's face becomes shellshocked like Em and River's face on [12.4](#)

NO COPY

SIXTEEN [Example Paneling](#)

16.1

WIDE SHOT: The guys sit around the couch, with River in the middle and Oliver at one end. The apartment is a lot more furnished, now sporting a rug, a coffee table, a lamp, some chairs, and a BAG OF CHEESY CHIPS. Emerson looks over at River.

SFX (UP): ***gurgle***

EMERSON: Do you guys wanna grab dinner?

RIVER: I'm down. What are y'all feeling? Pizza? Indian?

OLIVER: Ooh, let's grab Japanese.

16.2

Everyone stares at Oliver uncomfortably.

NO COPY

16.3

River holds up their phone, and the guys lean over to get a good look at it.

EMERSON: ...Sure. I could go for some ramen.

RIVER: What about this place? Four and a half stars.

EMERSON: That looks phenomenal.

OLIVER: Let's do it!

WESLEY: What about burgers?

16.4

River, Oliver, and Emerson walk towards the door. River has his hand on the doorknob, even. Wesley remains seated on the couch.

OLIVER: Meh.

EMERSON: Had one yesterday.

WESLEY: River, what about you?

RIVER: Honestly, ramen sounds really good right now.

WESLEY: I'd really rather burgers.

EMERSON: Okay, well, we'd rather ramen.

16.5

Wesley leans back on the couch, a little smug. The other three roommates silently side-eye each other.

WESLEY: Alright. I'll just go by myself, then.

SEVENTEEN [Example Paneling](#)

17.1

Wesley, River, and Emerson are sitting in a booth by the window. Wesley is looking through a menu and Emerson is glaring out the window. Between the two, River stares at the table, sweating.

NO COPY

17.2

EXTREME CU - small inset - Emerson catches something out of the corner of his eye.

NO COPY

17.3

CUT-IN: Emerson's elbow nudging River's arm.

SFX: ***rustle***

17.4

THREE-SHOT - Wesley smirking, River is stifling a laugh, and Emerson is intrigued. All three are leaning in, heavily interested in what lies before them.

RIVER: He seems so peaceful. Do you think he's sleeping?

WESLEY: No, he's gotta be texting someone.

RIVER: Damn, **already**?

EMERSON: I saw a tennis racket. Maybe he's watching a game.

17.5

MEDIUM - Oliver, across the booth, leaning forward with his forehead resting on the table. Emerson and Wesley slide forward two FIVE-DOLLAR BILLS.

WESLEY (OFF): Huh. How long has it been since we ordered?

RIVER (OFF): Like, half an **hour**.

WESLEY (OFF): My money's on a girl.

EMERSON (OFF): You're on.

EIGHTEEN

18.1

River, in the background, not-so-subtly takes a peek under the table at Oliver's phone, in the foreground, playing something like [Honkai Impact](#).

WESLEY (UP): Well?

RIVER: I mean, technically, it's a girl?

EMERSON (UP): **Technically?** What?

RIVER: Do 2D women count?

18.2

Above the table, Emerson and Wesley debate each other as their hands do a tug-of-war with the five dollars, pulling it against the table. The bottom half of the server walks up to the table with TREMBLING legs.

WESLEY: It's not tennis...

EMERSON: Okay, but I feel like the spirit of your bet doesn't exactly align with--

SERVER (UP): Gentlemen.

18.3/4/5/6 (split panels)

Tight on the orders - small, horizontal panels - The server gives Wesley a quarter pounder, medium fries and a drink. River gets a Cheeseburger and fries. Emerson gets two burgers and a drink. Oliver peeks out from behind an actual mountain of cheeseburgers.

NINETEEN

19.1

The boys walk in a line (reminiscent of the Beatle's Abbey Road album cover) through an old, rickety apartment hallway – cracks on the walls, dim lighting, dried up wood flooring, the whole nine yards. Wesley is walking in front, Emerson is turned back a bit to show a meme to Oliver, who is smiling and rubbing his stomach, and River is yawning and stretching.

RIVER: I can't believe you ordered that much.

EMERSON: The poor chefs.

WESLEY: Must be why it took so long to serve everything.

19.2

Oliver burps.

OLIVER: Worth it.

19.3

TIGHT on River's hand putting keys in the door. His keychain has a few small charms: a flaming sword, an AC/DC logo, and a BLACKPINK logo.

RIVER: Do you usually eat that--

19.4

BIG PANEL: The four boys standing in the doorway, apartment #105, silhouetted against the catastrophe from page 1 inside the apartment. Essentially a 180 of [Panel 1.3](#).

NO COPY

TWENTY

20.1

A fantasy SLIME the size of a basketball sits on the couch, which now sports several acid stains. The [chip from earlier](#) floats through its body.

EMERSON (OFF): Well, fuck.

20.2

The apartment is in shambles, to put it lightly. The rug is disintegrated, there's junk falling out of open boxes, and the green acidic ooze is dripping from every corner of the house--even the ceiling.

20.3

We see Wesley in the living room, distraught, with his hands pulling at his hair. Behind him walks Emerson, similarly upset and on the verge of tears. River, still at the door, raises his eyebrows and smiles slightly. Oliver's eyes are bright with excitement.

WESLEY: My RUG!

EMERSON: The **security** deposit...

RIVER (small): Sick.

20.4

Oliver confidently walks past the other guys, straight towards the slime. He grabs his racket off the table by the door without looking.

OLIVER: Don't worry, I got this.

TWENTY-ONE & TWENTY TWO [Example Paneling](#)

Using a cinematic two-page variable panel shape style similar to [Something is Killing the Children](#).

21-22.1

The tennis racket slams into the slime, splitting it in half and splattering goop everywhere.

SFX: **SPLAT**

21-22.2

The halves reform into two football-sized slimes.

SFX: **gloop**

21-22.3

Close-up of Emerson's face as he realizes what's going on.

EMERSON: They're splitting.

21-22.4

The small slimes zoom past Oliver and into the foreground. Oliver spins around, arm outstretched in the midground. In the background, River begins to walk towards the slimes, but Emerson grabs him by the arm.

OLIVER: **Hey!**

EMERSON: Hold up, guys!

21-22.5

River turns to Emerson and pulls back, confused. Wesley, distracted, watches Oliver chasing the slimes in the background.

EMERSON: Chopping it isn't working, we have to catch it! There should be some trash bags around here—

21-22.6

Wesley bent over, rolling up his rug. Emerson is glaring at him.

EMERSON: Dude, what are you **doing**?!

WESLEY: Gotta get this out of here while the slimes are distracted!

21-22.7

Oliver swings the racket at the floor wildly. The smaller slimes are too fast for him.

SFX: **thud**

SFX: **thud**

SFX: **thud**

21-22.8

River frantically dives for a slime, catching it in a trash bag.

RIVER: Holy crap I got one!

21-22.9

SMALL INSET - The slime melts a hole through the trash bag.

TWENTY-THREE

23.1

Two first-year women (these characters will be relevant to the story later, so let's make them memorable) stare at the ceiling, listening to the shouts and thumping noises. The first raises an eyebrow. The second has a disgusted expression.

SFX: ***thud***

SFX: ***thud***

SFX: ***thud***

FRESHMAN GIRL 1: Damn, already?

23.2

Emerson, trash bag in one hand, pulls at his hair with the other, fully panicking. Wesley continues rolling up his rug. River shouts at them from the other side of the room. Oliver notices them all panicking and stops what he is doing.

RIVER: Em, trash bags aren't **working**. What do we do? What do we **DO**?

EMERSON: Oh god oh god oh god--

23.3

Emerson and Wesley face each other in a shouting match. Oliver is walking up to them.

EMERSON: Wesley--fuck the rug, **help** us!

OLIVER (small): Guys.

WESLEY: Hell no. Do you have any idea how much this costs?

OLIVER: Hey.

EMERSON: I couldn't give less of a--

23.4

Oliver calmly steps in between Emerson and Wesley, who look like they're about to throw hands.

OLIVER: **GUYS!**

TWENTY-FOUR

24.1

Oliver stares at Wesley expectantly as Emerson storms off behind him, towards River.

EMERSON: Whatever, man.

24.2

Realization dawns on Wesley's face as he stares down at his half-rolled-up carpet.

NO COPY

24.3

Wesley jogs over to join Emerson and River.

WESLEY: Wait, I have an idea.

24.4

Wesley is pitching an idea. Emerson looks into it while River looks mildly put off. Oliver joins them.

WESLEY: This is gonna sound fucked up, but have you ever thrown salt on a snail before?

RIVER: Dude, what?

EMERSON: Could work.

RIVER: Did we even bring salt?

24.5

The four roommates look at each other. River scratches his head.

OLIVER: I mean, I brought Cheesy Chips.

EMERSON: Definitely sodium in those.

RIVER: Worth a try.

24.6

The roommates hide behind the couch as the slime creeps up to a small pile of chips.

TWENTY-FIVE

25.1

The slime fades from a bright green to a neon orange, like the chips. It glorps up the remaining crumbs.

OLIVER (OFF): Damn, that's it? Lame.

RIVER (OFF): It seems to really like those chips, though.

25.2

Behind the couch, the four converse. Emerson is lost in thought.

EMERSON: Maybe we can use them as bait?

OLIVER: Need something to hold them in.

WESLEY: I brought cooking pots.

25.3

River props the pot on its side as Wesley dumps chips into it. River's face is incredulous, while Wesley's is blasé. Behind them, Emerson is comforting a depressed Oliver.

RIVER: Just out of curiosity--you brought pots, but no **salt**?

WESLEY: Don't blame me, that was my butler's job.

RIVER: You have a **butler**?

WESLEY: I mean, I **had** one. Couldn't exactly pack him up and bring him to college.

OLIVER (small): My Cheesy Chips...

25.4

One slime slides in..

25.4

The second slime slides halfway in. River crouches in the background, enveloped in shadow, with a mischievous grin.

TWENTY-SIX [Example Paneling](#)

26.1

INSET for 26.2 - River SLAMS the lid over the pot.

RIVER: Gotcha, bitch!

SFX: **WHAM**

26.2

BIG horizontal panel - Wesley bangs the door open. Oliver sprints out the door with the heavy pot. Emerson and River pull up the rear.

NO COPY

26.3

INSET for 26.4 - The roommates skitter down a flight of stairs hauling the pot of slimes.

NO COPY

26.4

BIG horizontal panel - The roommates sprint down the lower floor's hallway. Hearing the commotion, a few neighbors poke their heads outside to see what's up, including one of the women from [23.1](#).

NO COPY

26.5

INSET for 26.4 - River sheepishly waves at the woman from 23.1--there's a small moment of connection. She's smiling, but confused.

NO COPY

26.6

BIG horizontal panel - River is holding the pot lid as Oliver and Emerson dump the slimes into a storm drain. Wesley tosses cheesy chips into the drain.

SFX: *splash*

26.7, 26.8, 26.9

INSETS for 26.6 - CLOSE-UP views of River's worried face, Wesley's hands tossing chips in the drain, and finally, the slimes slipping into the drain.

NO COPY

TWENTY-SEVEN

27.1

Thin horizontal panel - Birds-eye view - in varying stages of exhaustion, the roommates sit on the curb, lie on the ground, or lean against a signpost, and breathe a collective sigh of relief.

VOICE DIARY (EMERSON): "And learn we did.

27.2

Zoom in - Four Shot - Still in their resting positions, the roommates begin chatting without looking at each other, as guys tend to do.

VOICE DIARY: "Honestly, these were the parts I treasured the most.

RIVER: Where did that thing even come from?

OLIVER: I think it was a slime?

RIVER: From, like, videogames?

RIVER: Huh.

EMERSON: Hey, Wesley...

27.3

Close in on Emerson and Wesley.

VOICE DIARY: "The calm once the storm had passed. The bits. The bonding.

EMERSON: My bad for snapping at you. That wasn't cool.

WESLEY: All good. Truth be told, I wasn't being very helpful.

WESLEY: Ah, shit.

EMERSON: What's up?

WESLEY: We have to clean everything up.

27.4

The same four-shot as 27.2, with one big difference -- the guys all get incredibly depressed.

VOICE DIARY: "The feeling of impending dread from having to clean up.

TWENTY-EIGHT

28.1

The roommates deep-clean the living room, meaning vacuuming, toothbrush scrubbing, re-painting, and carpet cleaning.

VOICE DIARY: "The strength we found to carry on with our normal lives. The stress outside of, you know, monsters.

SFX: *vvvvvvvvvvvvvvvv*

28.2

Out of the corner of his eye, Oliver spots a soft glow coming from inside Em and River's room.

OLIVER: Guys...

28.3

The roommates congregate around the closet in Em and River's room. The door is slightly ajar, and something inside of it is glowing. Oliver grabs a handle to open it.

VOICE DIARY: "To be honest...

WESLEY: Is this some kinda internal lighting thing?

EMERSON: Like in a fridge? I don't think so. Didn't see it glowing earlier.

RIVER: Oliver, wait--

TWENTY-NINE

29.1

FULL PAGE - From inside the closet, facing the roommates: everyone is blasted by blindingly bright orange and blue light. They are all horrified by what they see beyond the closet doors.

VOICE DIARY: "it was **a lot**.

RIVER: Fuuuuuuck.

WESLEY: Is that--

EMERSON: That's a **dragon**.

THIRTY

30.1

Oliver closes the closet door. Everyone keeps their horrified expressions from the previous panel.

NO COPY

30.2

SAME SHOT - Everyone looks towards River, who speaks:

RIVER: So... I brought my Switch.

WESLEY: You got Mario Party?

30.3

Big panel - The roommates play Mario Party on the couch. Oliver takes up half of the couch with his broad frame. River sits on the floor eating cheesy chips. Emerson and Wesley argue playfully. Behind the couch, Em & River's room has a slight glow to it.

VOICE DIARY: "I'd do it all again in a heartbeat."

EMERSON: My star!

To be continued.