

CAN YOU SEE US?

by Tyler C Clark

22-page comic script (6-page excerpt)

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CHARACTER NOTES

RUTH: Starting her senior year of high school, getting ready to apply to BYU, Ruth fits the mold of a dutiful Mormon daughter—with one notable exception: when she's screaming into a microphone on stage in her queercore punk band.

Ruth is a deeply unhappy person, but she's learned to bury her emotions in a place deep down in her gut. Singing is her only release.

ART NOTES

There's an opportunity here to experiment with color here—kind of like they do in *Rainbow in the Dark*, but not quite to that extreme. I'm picturing muted colors when Ruth is at church contrasted with bright exuberant colors at her punk rock shows. I think the smog, as well as the poltergeist that lives inside of it, are both very muted in color as well, creating a thematic link between the conformity of the religious community and the horror of disappearance into obscurity.

PAGE ONE — FIVE PANELS

PANEL ONE

Late at night. A group of friends, all in their late-teens, early twenties, step out of Velour, a crowded concert venue in Provo, UT. They have smiles on their faces. They're dressed for a rock show.

PANEL TWO

Two of the young men break off from the group, waving goodbye to the rest and walking down the street. Body language should indicate familiarity.

PANEL THREE

Wide shot. Follow these two young men to a mostly empty parking lot under the harsh yellow of a street light. Sharp light and shadows. A bank of fog drifts at the edge of the parking lot.

PANEL FOUR

Medium shot. One of these young men spins his keys around his finger.

PANEL FIVE

Close up of the second guy. Maybe he bites his lip or cocks an eyebrow. In any case, they are very clearly flirting with each other.

PAGE TWO — FOUR PANELS

PANEL ONE

A large panel. The young men make out against their car. They kiss deeply, arms around each other.

PANEL TWO

Zoomed out slightly, that smog has crept in closer, reaching tendrils out at the young couple.

PANEL THREE

The smog creeps in even closer, beginning to wrap like a tentacle or a claw around one of the guy's legs.

PANEL FOUR

Close up of the men kissing. One of them opens his eyes, shocked.

PAGE THREE — FOUR PANELS

PANEL ONE

The guy who was being touched by the fog spins around.

PANEL TWO

The two guys look out over an empty parking lot—even the fog is gone. Nothing but sharp yellow cones of light and a couple cars. The rest is darkness.

PANEL THREE

The one who spun around looks scared. The other looks confused.

PANEL FOUR

The one who was scared now looks a bit sheepish. They both laugh it off.

PAGE FOUR — SPLASH PAGE, TITLE

PANEL ONE

The fog monster attacks. Hooks made of fog sink into one of the young men in his arms and legs, lifting him off the ground. There are milky white blind eyes in the mist, gazing wide and unseeing, expressionless. The man screams and tries to reach out for help even as he's hauled away. Blood spurts and stains his clothes.

1. TITLE: **CAN YOU SEE US?**

2. CREDITS

PAGE FIVE — FOUR PANELS

PANEL ONE

The man who wasn't attacked tries to reach out for the other, but slips from his grasp.

PANEL TWO

The one who was attacked is swallowed up in the fog.

PANEL FOUR

The fog pulls away, vanishing as quickly as it appeared.

PANEL FIVE

The other man is left, on his knees in an empty parking lot, shocked and scared.

PAGE SIX — FIVE PANELS

PANEL ONE

RUTH sits in a church pew surrounded by dull, passive faces. She sits with good posture. She wears very conservative clothes that don't reveal any skin: a button up shirt and long skirt. She has a soft smile on her face that looks pasted there. Her eyes are cold and sad.

1. CAP - RUTH: My name is Ruth Kimball...

2. CAP - RUTH: ... and I hate my life.

PANEL TWO

(Panels two, three, and four could be arranged like a triptych across the middle of the page.)
Close up on RUTH's face, facing page-left. Sweat mingles with her tears. She wears bold makeup and her hair is done up in a big pompadour and braided along the sides.

3. CAP - RUTH: The only time I don't...

PANEL THREE

Medium shot of RUTH standing on stage. She plays a bass guitar, surrounded by band members. There is *passion* in RUTH's stance, and in her face: intense concentration, catharsis. RUTH and her bandmates wear punk attire: bondage leather, revealing clothes, ripped pants, metal studs, etc.

4. CAP - RUTH: ... is when I give myself permission...

PANEL FOUR

Another close up of RUTH's face, this one facing page-right. There is an almost meditative ecstasy on her face.

4. CAP - RUTH: ... to be my true self.

PANEL FIVE

Back in the church pew, RUTH bows her head, making herself small.

5. CAP - RUTH: But the thought of living full-time in that space, of stepping wholly and completely into that version of myself?

6. CAP - RUTH: That's the scariest thing I could possibly imagine.