

**Love Everlasting #1**  
"Chapter 1"  
By Tom King

**PAGE 1:**

PANEL 1: Splash. A generic office in the 50s. JOAN sits at her desk, in agony, tears in her eyes. On the other side of the office, GEORGE and MARLA are embracing, kissing.

CAPTION: I knew it was wrong. He was my boss and my best friend's man. Still, every time I looked over at George I couldn't stop myself from thinking he and I were....

TITLE: Meant to Be!

JOAN (thought balloon): He's everything I ever wanted and everything I can never have!

CREDITS

**PAGE 2:**

PANEL 1: White panel, black writing.

WRITING: After school ended I got up the courage to move from Indiana to New York City and I was rooming with my best friend Marla...

PANEL 2: Night time. JOAN at the dining room table, upset, the "Wanted" section of the newspaper sitting on the table in front of her.

CAPTION: Marla was nice enough to help with the rent as I settled in, but eventually I knew I had to find a job!

JOAN: There's nothing in here for me! Everyone wants experience. What experience do I have?

PANEL 3: MARLA also in the dining room, getting ready for a date, all dressed up, looking in mirror.

MARLA: Joan Peterson, you come to the city for experience!

MARLA: I was just where you were a year ago, no job and no man. Now look at me!

MARLA: George might ask me to marry him tonight!

PANEL 4: MARLA looking at JOAN, showing off her outfit.

CAPTION: I hoped Marla was right, but I couldn't help thinking that the world is so large and not everything always comes out for the best.

MARLA: What do you think? Will he love it!?

PANEL 5: JOAN in her nightgown, brushing her hair.

CAPTION: I couldn't sleep that night. Worry ran through me, up and down. Maybe I can't do this, maybe I should just go back home.

PANEL 6: JOAN looking out the window.

CAPTION: It was nearly midnight when I heard Marla outside talking to George. I knew I probably shouldn't look, but I found myself at the window...

**PAGE 3:**

PANEL 1: View from the window. MARLA and GEORGE kissing by the doorstep.

CAPTION: By the time I saw them, George had Marla in her arms. I wondered what it would be like to be held like that.

PANEL 2: View from the window. But now JOAN and GEORGE are kissing.

CAPTION: And suddenly his lips were on his mine and they were warm and kind.

PANEL 3: JOAN, slightly ashamed, looking away from the window.

CAPTION: I looked away, ashamed of where my mind had taken me.

PANEL 4: Later. MARLA, very happy and energetic coming through JOAN'S door.

CAPTION: I had just managed to get back in bed and close my eyes, when Marla unexpectedly burst into my room, her face still flush.

MARLA: Oh, Joan, I'm so sorry to wake you, but I have just the best news!

PANEL 5: JOAN sitting up in bed, she looks a little tentative, not happy.

CAPTION: I heard the fear in my voice and I hoped Marla didn't notice.

JOAN: Did...did he ask you to marry him?

PANEL 6: MARLA sits on JOAN'S bed, very giddy, happy.

MARLA: Oh no, silly, it's too early for that.

MARLA: But I was telling George all about you and your troubles and George said he needed a new secretary at the office!

PANEL 7: Close on JOAN, a little shocked.

MARLA (OFF): And he said he'd love to hire you!

**PAGE 4:**

PANEL 1: At the generic 50s office: GEORGE, generic handsome white dude shaking JOAN's hand, both of them smiling at each other. GEORGE very confident, JOAN a little shy.

CAPTION: George's handshake was like the man himself: strong, yet welcoming. Though I was very nervous on my first day, he made it all so easy.

PANEL 2: JOAN typing into a typewriter at her desk.

CAPTION: Soon I was hard at work. I knew I wasn't the fastest typist in the pool, but I also knew I could out work anybody else there!

PANEL 3: GEORGE looking over a memo with JOAN standing nervously at the other side of the desk.

CAPTION: Especially if it was to help George...

GEORGE: This is excellent work Miss Peterson. I didn't expect to see it done for days. Well done.

JOAN: Oh, thank you Mr. Huff. It's my pleasure.

PANEL 4: GORGE sitting back in his chair.

GEORGE: Please, call me George. I know you work for me, but we're more than boss and secretary, aren't we?

PANEL 5: JOAN a little surprised. .

CAPTION: With his words, my heart jumped out of my chest and into my throat. I could hardly get even a sound out.

JOAN (small): Oh.

PANEL 6: GEORGE with a little awkward smile.

GEORGE: You know, because of Marla.

GEORGE: And is it all right, if I call you Joan?

**PAGE 5:**

PANEL 1: JOAN walking out of the office, her head bent down, hiding tears.

CAPTION: Marla! Of course Marla! What was I thinking!? Why was I so anxious in there!? He's just my boss! There's nothing more.

CAPTION: And yet...

PANEL 2: GEORGE at the office helping JOAN put on her coat.

CAPTION: Every day that went by, every time I saw him, I couldn't help but feel something.

PANEL 3: GEORGE and JOAN leaning over a desk, looking at some papers, with their hands on the desk, for support, almost touching.

CAPTION: It was as if there was a string attached to both of us and when we were apart the string pulled at me, and and everything was tense.

PANEL 4: JOAN looks over at GEORGE lovingly.

CAPTION: And when we were together, the string relaxed and everything was just as it should be. Everything was just perfect.

PANEL 5: MARLA hitting a tennis ball on an outdoor court.

CAPTION: I tried my best not to think about it. But whatever I did, it seemed everything would point again to George.

MARLA: I can't play too late today, I have a big date tonight.

PANEL 6: JOAN hitting the ball back.

JOAN: Oh? I'm supposed to meet George back at the office tonight after his flight gets in, to work on the Miller file for tomorrow.

JOAN: I didn't think he'd have time to go out.

PANEL 7: MARLA hitting the ball again.

MARLA: Oh, this isn't George. This is Jack.

MARLA: He's a really neat guy I've been seeing.

MARLA: I'm going out with George on Saturday.

**PAGE 6:**

PANEL 1: In the office, GEORGE handing JOAN a paper.

CAPTION: That night we were alone in the office.

GEORGE: I really appreciate you coming back into the office, Miss Peterson.

GEORGE: You're a life saver.

PANEL 2: JOAN leaning into him.

JOAN: Don't you remember?

JOAN: It's Joan now.

PANEL 3: They kiss.

CAPTION: As his lips fell on mine I thought this must be another dream and I let myself flow into it, knowing I would soon wake.

PANEL 4: GEORGE turns away from her in shame.

CAPTION: But it was all too real!

GEORGE: I'm so sorry...I shouldn't have...

GEORGE: I'm a fool!

PANEL 5: Later. JOAN in bed, crying into her pillow.

CAPTION: I tussled and turned all night. My head was flooded with guilt and longing. I knew it was wrong! And just as much, I knew I needed more!

JOAN: Oh, George! George! George!

**PAGE 7:**

PANEL 1: JOAN in her room packing her bags.

CAPTION: Days passed and then weeks and then months. In the world, I was a good secretary and a good roommate. In my heart, I was dying.

PANEL 2: MARLA comes into her room.

CAPTION: Finally, I admitted defeat. I had fought the city as best as I could and the city had won. It was time to go home!

MARLA: Joan, what are you doing?

PANEL 3: JOAN looking away, tears in her eyes.

JOAN: I'm leaving!

JOAN: I thought I was meant to come here! I thought I was bigger than whatever destiny all those people back home had planned for me!

JOAN: But I was wrong! There are some places you just belong and you should just stay there!

PANEL 4: MARLA goes up to her, putting her arms around her.

MARLA: But you can't leave now, you'll miss my wedding!

MARLA: He finally asked me! And I said yes!

PANEL 5: JOAN pulls away from the hug.

CAPTION: And there it was, the final blow. Even in retreat, the army kept coming.

JOAN: That's amazing. I wish you and George all the best.

JOAN: May you have the happiness so...so few of us get.

PANEL 6: MARLA smiling.

CAPTION: But then. But then! But then!!!

MARLA: George? We broke up weeks ago. I think he's in love with someone else.

MARLA: No, this is Jack! He's so sharp, I can't believe I get to be with him!



**PAGE 8:**

PANEL 1: JOAN standing in GEORGE'S office.

CAPTION: The big city is a tough place, don't let anyone tell you different.

JOAN: You wanted to see me Mr. Huff?

JOAN: I mean, George.

PANEL 2: GEORGE walking up to her.

CAPTION: But just because it's tough doesn't mean you're not tougher.

GEORGE: Yes, Joan, I had something very important to tell you.

PANEL 3: GEORGE about to kiss her.

CAPTION: Take it from me. I lived there.

GEORGE: You can no longer be my secretary!

JOAN: Oh no!

PANEL 4: They kiss.

CAPTION: And I loved there.

GEORGE: Because now you'll be my wife!

JOAN: George! My George...

**PAGE 9:**

PANEL 1: Big panel. JOAN and KIT white dude with maybe a goatee who is not George, hair slightly longer, young Bob Dylan-ish type) in an ally in back of a coffee house. RICK is a “cool folk singer” and has a guitar slung over his back and JOAN is now wearing more early 70s hippie kind of clothes. They are kissing passionately.

CAPTION: Though I loved him, I couldn't stay. I was the good girl, the good daughter who would marry the man her parents chose. And Rick was just a down and out singer from the Village. After this I knew I'd run, but first I had to have...

TITLE: One Last Kiss

JOAN (thought balloon): This is the end, this has to be the end. But why I can't leave!?

CREDITS

PANEL 2: A fancy house in the suburbs.

CAPTION: I was born and raised on Crescent Creek an hour outside of the city where father worked every day.

PANEL 3: JOAN and her father sitting at a fancy dining room table. FATHER is in a suit reading the newspaper, smoking a pipe. JOAN is in a respectable outfit for a rich debutant at breakfast.

FATHER: Joan Peterson, promise me one thing.

JOAN: Yes Daddy.

**PAGE 10:**

PANEL 1: FATHER puts down the paper. As JOAN stands up with her dishes.

FATHER: I keep reading about these downtown hoodlums getting all the kids riled up with their new music. You promise me to stay away from that type.

PANEL 2: JOAN gently kissing her father on the head.

JOAN: Oh, Daddy, you have nothing to worry about.

JOAN: Who do you think I am?

PANEL 3: Later, night, JOAN sneaking out of the window of her house. She is now dressed in a much more “hip” 70s outfit.

CAPTION: I hated to lie to father, but I couldn't bear to break his heart and tell him that I'd already been sneaking out at night and going “downtown”

PANEL 4: JOAN walking down the streets of the village in the her hip outfit.

CAPTION: He just didn't understand what it was like in the village where you could be free of all the burdens of money and

CAPTION: Wait

PANEL 5: JOAN sitting down at a concert show.

CAPTION: It wasn't like Crescent Creek where everything that happened could be so simply predicted. Here it seemed like each night might bring a twist of fate!

CAPTION: George

CAPTION: Where's

**PAGE 11:**

PANEL 1: KIT, the folk singer strumming his guitar on his stage singing.

CAPTION: And that night my fate certainly twisted! For that was that night I first laid eyes on Kit!

KIT: Hello, I'm Kit Myers. Thank you for coming out.

KIT: This song is called "When The Luck Runs Out."

KIT: I hope you dig it.

PANEL 2: JOAN in her seat, entranced by the song.

FLOATING BALLOON (MUSIC): There'll be hangin' and bangin' and shuffling and bustling..

FLOATING BALLOON (MUSIC): There'll be killin' and thrillin' and dying and lying...

FLOATING BALLOON (MUSIC): They'll allllll come on boooooard and give out their shooout

PANEL 3: Close on KIT singing.

KIT (singing): When the luuuuck runs out.

PANEL 4: JOAN waiting at an ally in the back entrance.

CAPTION: If I stayed out too late, I'd miss the last train back to Crescent Creek, but somehow I found myself waiting behind the club, hoping...

PANEL 5: Close on JOAN, she looks vexed.

JOAN (small): George?

JOAN (small): Did...didn't I marry George?

PANEL 6: KIT emerges from the back door, smiling.

CAPTION: And just when I was getting ready to run, the door swung open and there he was, a smile on his face that seemed to fly right to my heart.

KIT: Well, who are you beautiful?

KIT: Should you be here?

**PAGE 12:**

PANEL 1: A late night dinner, JOAN and KIT laughing as they eat.

CAPTION: We talked all night. He was inspiring and interesting. Unlike any man you might meet at the Crescent Creek country club on a Sunday golf trip.

KIT: If you read Kierkegaard you'd know that there is a whole new world available to you if you just commit to it.

JOAN: Oh, wow, I'll definitely pick that up.

PANEL 2: JOAN and KIT kissing in front of an arriving train.

CAPTION: A whole night together and all we did was talk. It wasn't until the light of morning, when the trains were running again that he at last took me in his arms and I felt his lips on mine.

KIT: Oh, Joan.

PANEL 3: JOAN riding the train looking out the window.

CAPTION: They were so different from George's lips

JOAN: Wait who's George? I've never kissed George. I didn't marry George.

JOAN: We were...

PANEL 4: A PORTER asking for a ticket.

PORTER: Ticket ma'am?

PANEL 5: JOAN looking up, stunned, tense.

JOAN: I...

PANEL 6: PORTER talking to JOAN, JOAN about to explode.

PORTER: You're ticket ma'am.

PORTER: How far are you headed?

PANEL 7: JOAN breaks her façade for the first time and screams at the camera.

JOAN (screaming): I'm not in love with George! I don't know who the #%#@ George is!!

JOAN (screaming): I love Kit!!

**PAGE 13:**

PANEL 1: KIT and JOAN holding hands, walking in the Village.

CAPTION: I started to see Kit whenever I could get away from Crescent Creek. We shared our ambitions and our dreams.

KIT: I don't want to just live the plastic life, Joan, I want to make a difference, you dig?

JOAN: I feel the same way.

PANEL 2: JOAN back stage at a concert watching KIT on the stage.

CAPTION: Soon I was watching his every one of his performances on stage, in awe of how he poured himself into his music and lyrics.

PANEL 3: KIT singing on stage from JOAN POV

CAPTION: Who cares if he wasn't rich or from Connecticut or approved of by Daddy. He was true and real and that was the most important thing.

PANEL 4: KIT and JOAN with their arms around each other.

KIT: I've never felt like this before, Joan. I've never said this before. Joan, I love you.

JOAN: Kit, oh my Kit. I love you too!

PANEL 5: They kiss.

CAPTION: Days went by where I didn't even think about George or Marla or the office or the apartment or Indiana or

**PAGE 14:**

PANEL 1: JOAN and KIT holding hands at a restaurant.

CAPTION: Then came the night that changed everything.

KIT: There's something I have to ask you, Joan, something important.

JOAN: You know how much I love you, George. You can ask me anything.

FATHER (off): Joan!?

PANEL 2: FATHER at the same restaurant standing by the table, pissed. JOAN is surprised. KIT is looking at JOAN, curious.

JOAN: Father, wait, no, I can explain...

FATHER: We will talk about this when you get home young lady!

FATHER: Which I expect will be sooner rather than later!

KIT: Who...

PANEL 3: FATHER walks away, JOAN collapses in tears, KIT still confused.

JOAN: Oh no!

KIT: Who's George?

PANEL 4: Back in a fancy living room in the fancy house, FATHER is yelling at JOAN.

CAPTION: Father and I fought for hours that night. I told him I loved Kit and he just couldn't hear me. He used a tone with me I'd never heard before.

FATHER: I have plans for you! Big plans! And I find you in that neighborhood with some little street rat singer. Can't you see what you're doing!? You're ruining your life!

PANEL 5: JOAN again crying into her pillow.

CAPTION: I went to bed in tears, knowing that I would never see George again.

CAPTION: No, I mean....I...I mean I went to bed in tears, knowing that I would never see Kit again. Kit. Not George.

CAPTION: I don't know George.

**PAGE 15:**

PANEL 1: FATHER and JOAN the next day.

CAPTION: The next day at breakfast I resolved to tell Father I was through with Kit, that I could reject love, but when I spoke, the wrong words just came out!

JOAN: Father, I know I disappointed you, but I just need you to understand I'm in love...

SFX: Ding

PANEL 2: JOAN and FATHER walking to the door.

FATHER: I'd hoped a good night's rest could get that nonsense out of your mind, Joan.

FATHER: I don't know who that is at the door, but as soon as they are gone we will continue this conversation and we will talk about your inheritance!

PANEL 3: FATHER opening the door.

FATHER: Love, love, love, what do you young people even know about...

PANEL 4: KIT standing in the door, now dressed very preppy, when some flowers in his hand.

FATHER (off, small): Love?

KIT: Hello Mr. Peterson, I'm Kit Harris, I think you know my father.

KIT: I've come to ask your daughter something.

PANEL 5: A surprised FATHER.

FATHER: You...you're...Mitt Harris's son!? The Mitt Harris who's a partner at my firm?!

FATHER: Why, he's one of the best men I know!



**PAGE 16:**

PANEL 1: KIT walking toward a shy JOAN

CAPTION: Though he was talking to my father, Kit's eyes locked on mine.

KIT: Yeah, I don't like to tell people about my dad, I'm afraid they'll judge me by how I grew up or the house I live in.

KIT: I want people to see me the way I am.

KIT: The way Joan sees me.

PANEL 2: KIT coming up to JOAN

KIT: I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I was a coward. I was afraid you wouldn't love me and I was afraid...you wouldn't...well, you wouldn't agree to be my wife!

PANEL 3: JOAN embraces him.

CAPTION: This was it, the moment I'd waited my whole life for, the man I needed, the arms I needed, the lips I needed, the life I needed...

JOAN: Oh, Kit don't you know, with me...

JOAN: You're luck will never run out!

PANEL 4: JOAN and KIT kissing, FATHER looking on smiling.

CAPTION: And it was all a #%@%ing lie.

FATHER: Mitt Harris's kid! Huh! Well I'll be a monkey's...

**PAGE 17:**

PANEL 1: Splash. In the 1880s In front of an old Cowboy Ranch. CHAD and BILL, two clean cut cowboys, one with blond hair, one with brown hair, are fighting in the dirt in front of the porch. On the porch, wearing 1870s clothing is JOAN is dramatically reach out out to them.

CAPTION: Ever since I was a girl and he was a boy I knew I'd marry Chad Hestle, son of the town Sheriff. It was my fate and I was happy to embrace it. But one day my father hired a new Ranch hand, Bill Harper, and suddenly it felt like fate had other plans, that maybe there just had to be a...

TITLE: Fight For Love!

JOAN (thought balloon): No! Chad! Bill! They'll kill each other. I need to help one them! But which one!?

CREDITS

**PAGE 18:**

PANEL 1: Inside the ranch. JOAN in a period outfit coming down the stairs.

CAPTION: It was just another day on our humble Maricopa Ranch. I expected to do my cleaning and cooking and then take Dusty on a ride through the plain.

FATHER (off): Joan! Joan darling, I got a fellow here you ought to meet!

PANEL 2: Inside the Ranch, at the bottom of the stairs. FATHER (a different father), dressed in a cowboy ranch style introducing a handsome cow hand, BILL.

CAPTION: Just another day.

FATHER: Joan, this is Bill Harper our new Ranch hand. And Bill is is my daughter Miss Joan Peterson, soon to be Mrs. Joan Hestle whenever good old Chad gets around to it.

BILL: Howdy, ma'am. Pleasure to meet you.

PANEL 3: JOAN looking worried at the top of the stairs.

CAPTION: Just another day.

JOAN: I...what...

JOAN: George...what happened to George...and Kit, there was...what about Kit?

JOAN: Is he still singing!?

PANEL 4: JOAN's father looking confused.

CAPTION: Just another day.

FATHER: Joan, I don't quite understand the shake of your spurs honey?

FATHER: This is Bill. I don't know any George or Kit. What's the matter here, hon?

PANEL 5: BILL coming up a bit to JOAN

CAPTION: Just another day.

BILL: Is there something I could help with, ma'am.

BILL: Girl as fit and pretty as you shouldn't have to be all bothered. Not while I'm here.

PANEL 6: JOAN looking stunned as handsome BILL approaches her.

CAPTION: Just another day.

BILL: I can see why this Chad fellow had to fall hard for you. Can't say I'm anything but jealous.

**PAGE 19:**

PANEL 1: JOAN busting out the door at the front of the ranch.

JOAN (screaming): Get away from me!

CHAD (OFF): Joan?

PANEL 2: Handsome cowboy CHAD is waiting on his horse, he's holding another horse for JOAN, he looks a little confused.

CHAD: I had heard that a new hand had come to the house and I thought maybe you'd like to go on an early ride with me Joan.

PANEL 3: JOAN getting on the horse ignoring CHAD.

CHAD: Did ya' hear me there, Joan, I thought you and I might go for a ride. Maybe there's a very special question I'd like to ask you...

PANEL 4: JOAN on the horse, leading it away from CHAD.

CHAD: Joan?

CHAD: Joan, is there something wrong?

PANEL 5: JOAN riding her horse off, away from CHAD into the desert. CHAD small in the background.

CHAD (yelling): Joan!?

CHAD (yelling): Joan, where you running to!?

**PAGE 20:**

ART NOTE: widescreen panels.

PANEL 1: JOAN'S horse on the left side of the panel, running to the right, full throttle through the plain. Morning sun.

CAPTION: I rode in no particular direction and I rode hard.

PANEL 2: JOAN and her horse running hard, now a more to the middle of the panel, it's night.

CAPTION: Though I tried to keep focused on the terrain ahead, my thoughts turned again and again to George and Kit and Bill and Chad...

PANEL 3: JOAN and her horse riding hard now on the middle right of the panel, it's day again.

CAPTION: I saw my life as three women flowing together, like creeks meeting in a river.

CAPTION: And somehow I felt like I had fallen in that water, that it was rushing over me, and when I opened my mouth to scream it all came in and I knew I was drowned.

PANEL 4: JOAN and her horse riding hard now on the right of the panel, it's night again.

CAPTION: Days and nights passed, I cannot recall how many.

CAPTION: I encountered no one and kept riding.

**PAGE 21:**

PANEL 1: JOAN walking now, through a long dry desert, a hot sun baring down on her. She is exhausted, on her last legs.

CAPTION: At some point Dusty could take no more and fell beneath me. Using a knife I cut the beast's throat, not wanting to leave it suffering.

CAPTION: I walked from then on.

PANEL 2: JOAN falls down on her knees.

CAPTION: What water and food I had I doled out in humble portions, but the journey was endless and my supplies were not.

PANEL 3: JOAN collapses on the plain.

CAPTION: Eventually, the pain in my feet came into my legs and my back and my head, and I fell to the broiling desert floor.

PANEL 4: lying on the ground, defeated, tears in her eyes.

CAPTION: Though the sun shined down bright, the world crept to black.

PANEL 5: JOAN from the first story lying in her bed in the same position as PANEL 4

CAPTION: I slept.

PANEL 6: JOAN from the second story lying in her bed in the same position as panels 4 and 5

CAPTION: I dreamed.

**PAGE 22:**

PANEL 1: JOAN waking up next to a campfire in the forest. There's a blanket under her. Night.

CAPTION: When I woke, I was next to a fire lying on a thick blanket. There were trees above me. I couldn't remember seeing trees for days.

PANEL 2: The camera pulls back and we see a COWBOY dressed in cowboy clothes with a handkerchief pulled across his face, like an old back robber, a mask. He's got a knife out and he's cutting a piece of sausage. Besides the mask, he looks young and fit and handsome.

CAPTION: And I was not alone.

PANEL 3: COWBOY eating the meat off the knife.

COWBOY: You Joan Peterson?

PANEL 4: JOAN getting up.

JOAN: I don't know you.

JOAN: Where the hell you come from?

PANEL 5: The COWBOY cutting some more meat.

COWBOY: I got a message for a Miss Joan Peterson.

MAN: If you would please confirm that is your moniker, I would happily deliver said message and be on my good way.

PANEL 6: JOAN standing by the fire.

JOAN: Well, I'm Joan Peterson.

JOAN: What's your damn message?

**PAGE 23:**

PANEL 1: COWBOY chewing, looking straight.

CAPTION: As he hesitated, I took a moment to consider him in the firelight.

PANEL 2: COWBOY throws his knife into the ground in front of him.

CAPTION: There was something familiar to me in his face.

PANEL 3: COWBOY stands.

CAPTION: Something kind and warm.

PANEL 4: COWBOY and JOAN facing each other.

MAN: Miss Joan Peterson.

MAN: She would like you to know...

PANEL 5: The man draws his gun. JOAN screams, puts up her hand toward the COWBOY.

MAN: Love is everlasting.

JOAN: No!

PANEL 6: Close on the gun going off.

SFX: BLAM



**PAGE 24:**

PANEL 1: Big panel. A hospital bed in 1964. A sick man is sitting up, kissing JOAN his nurse.

CAPTION: Hal came to our hospital to die. He'd given up all hope to fight the disease ravaging his body. That's when I met him, that's when I discovered that I too could be...

TITLE: Sick With Love!

CREDITS

ART NOTE: Next three panels are all in a row beneath panel 1.

PANEL 2: JOAN adjusting her nurse hat in her mirror.

CAPTION: When I got ready for work that day I had no idea that I would meet

PANEL 3: JOAN stares into the mirror.

No dialogue

PANEL 4: JOAN puts her hands in her face.

JOAN: Ah #%@#

WRITING: To be continued.

