

I'll Remember it All For You

Issue #01: A Whole Life Written on a Door

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CONTENT WARNING!

Child illness and death.

I never do content warnings, and this bummed me the fuck out.

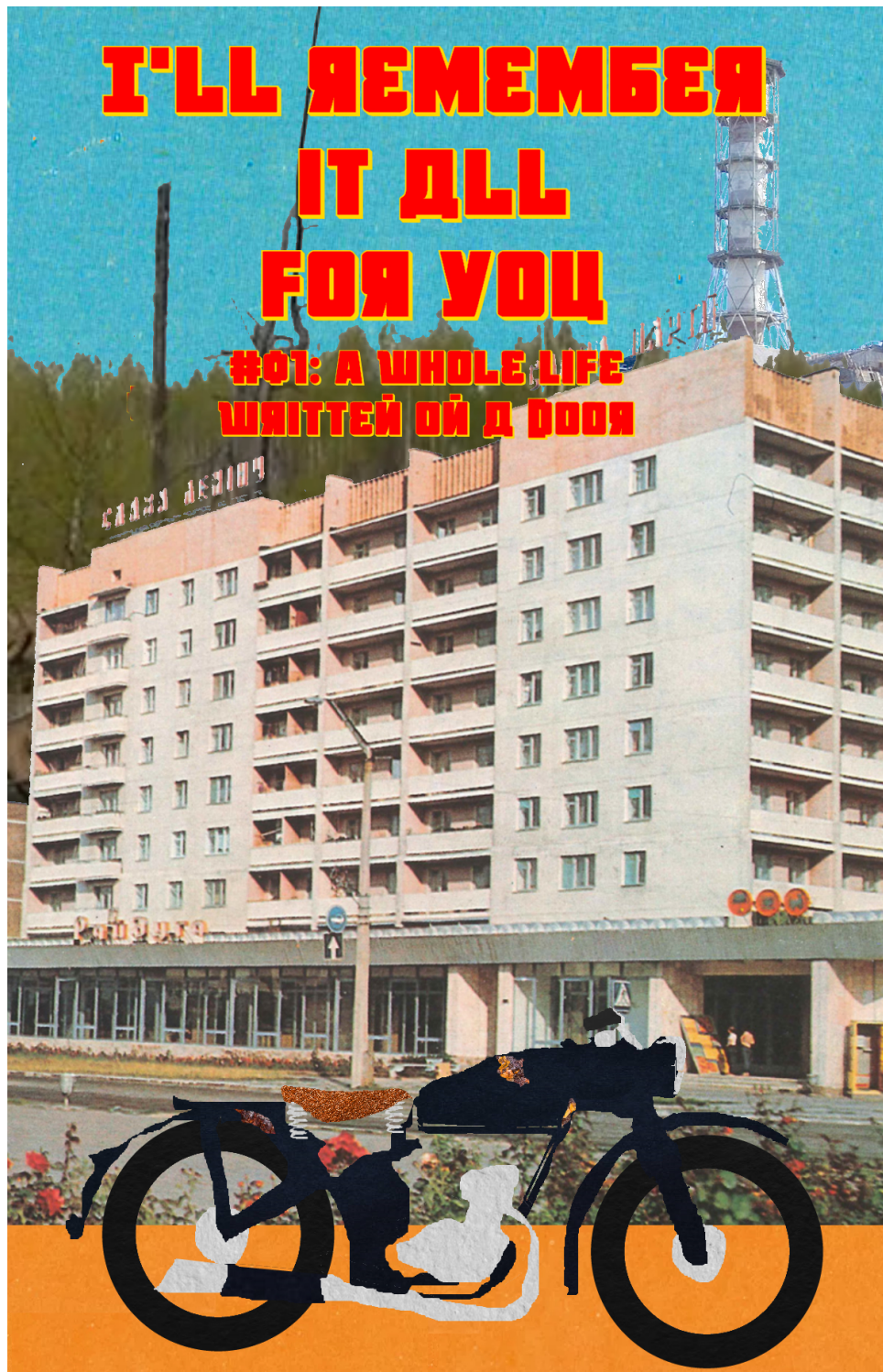
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**I'LL REMEMBER
IT ALL
FOR YOU**

**#01: A WHOLE LIFE
WRITTEN ON A DOOR**



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PAGE 1 (FIVE PANELS)

PAGE 1, Panel 1.

A wide black panel.

White text: "We lost not just a town, but a whole life."

PAGE 1, Panel 2.

NIKOLAI LUZHKOV (33), leans against the threshold of the modest, cluttered kitchen, his back to us. He's dressed in a thick, red sweater and grey trackpants, watching his wife, ANYA LUZHKOV (30), preparing breakfast. She wears a simple polka-dot dress. There's a window behind her with light, floral-print drapes.

CAPTION 1:

May 9, 1987

07:30am

PAGE 1, Panel 3.

Anya looks over towards us, with a smile. The floral drapes billow from the light breeze.

ANYA 1:

Good morning, Nikolai. Do you like the new curtains?

ANYA 2:

Katya was right; white is too... hmmm. Plain.

PAGE 1, Panel 4.

Close on Nikolai's face. His smile can only do so much to hide how tired and worn-out he is.

CAPTION 1:

"Katya didn't hate the curtains because they were plain. She hated white. It scared her. Made her cry."

NIKOLAI 1:

They're lovely, my dear Anya.

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NIKOLAI 2:

I was thinking we could take Katya to the planetarium today. We've saved up enough.

PAGE 1, Panel 5.

All sunniness in Anya has been drained. She's afraid.

ANYA 1:

I don't know, Kolya. Are you sure it would be good for her? You know how she is...

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PAGE 2 (FIVE PANELS)

PAGE 2, Panel 1.

Elsewhere in this little, modest apartment, is KATYA (7), in a short-sleeve floral top and red skirt, is peeking from around her bedroom door, listening to her parents.

CAPTION 1:

“I had no idea she was listening.”

NIKOLAI 1 (OP):

That’s exactly why she needs to see something else. Something different. They have a Vostok exhibit.

PAGE 2, Panel 2.

Katya, now wearing a coat three sizes too big, strikes a proud, little kid pose in the living room.

CAPTION 1:

“I should have known.”

KATYA 1:

Good morning, mama and papa!

PAGE 2, Panel 3.

Her parents look at her, a little dumbstruck.

NIKOLAI 1:

Good morning, sweetheart.

ANYA 1:

Dressed up a bit, huh?

ANYA 2:

Well, wash up. Breakfast is ready.

PAGE 2, Panel 4.

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The family is seated at the dinner table, in the middle of breakfast, with big plates of sausage and pancakes. Katya reaches for the center of the table from her seat, her arm pulling out from her coat sleeve just a bit.

KATYA 1:

More pancakes, please!

PAGE 2, Panel 5.

Close in on Katya's reaching arm that escapes her sleeve. Visible is a small red-black sore on her forearm. Behind her arm, is Nikolai's shocked face, mouth agape.

NIKOLAI 1:

Katya! What is that?!

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PAGE 3 (SIX PANELS)

PAGE 3, Panel 1.

A tiny panel of a close-up on Katya's tiny right arm. It's scabby and circular; a pale red, with a little black around the edges. The caption is across the first four panels.

CAPTION 1:

"They were back. Little spots that appeared, then faded away."

PAGE 3, Panel 2.

Another tiny panel, a close-up of her left shoulder. Another sore.

PAGE 3, Panel 3.

A close-up on her left knee. A sore.

PAGE 3, Panel 4.

A close-up of Nikolai's hand delicately parting her hair. A sore on her scalp.

PAGE 3, Panel 5.

Katya, facing us and her back to her parents, looks even smaller, her eyes welling up with tears. Anya is nearly crying too. Nikolai is crouching and has his arm around Katya's shoulders.

NIKOLAI 1:

Katya, why didn't you say something?

KATYA 1:

They don't hurt, papa. I don't want to be sick...

PAGE 3, Panel 6.

Close in on Nikolai's hand. There are a few blonde strands in his palm.

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PAGE 4 (SIX PANELS)

PAGE 4, Panel 1.

The exterior of a plain, white hospital. It's a nice day out.

CAPTION 1:

City Hospital #3

PAGE 4, Panel 2.

Through the doorframe, we see that Katya lies in a hospital bed, clinging to Anya's arm and crying. There's a NURSE, dressed all in white, looking confused through her mask. Anya looks at the nurse, offering a comforting word.

ANYA 1:

Sorry. It's not your fault.

NURSE 1:

?

CAPTION 1:

"She hated white."

PAGE 4, Panel 3.

In a sterile white hallway, an enraged Nikolai argues with a passive, old DOCTOR in a white coat.

NIKOLAI 1:

What did the tests say? What is it?

DOCTOR 1:

Вас это не касается.

PAGE 4, Panel 4.

Nikolai is yelling now.

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NIKOLAI 1:
WHAT?!

NIKOLAI 2:
Whose concern is it, then?! Tell me!

PAGE 4, Panel 5.

The doctor's face is dead even with Nikolai screaming at him.

NIKOLAI 1:
You know what this is! Help her!

DOCTOR 1:
Нет ничего определенного, товарищ.

PAGE 4, Panel 5.

Close on a teary-eyed Katya, she looks towards the doorway of her room.

NIKOLAI 1 (OP):
God damn you, stop lying to me!

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PAGE 5 (FIVE PANELS)

PAGE 5, Panel 1.

Anya lies in bed with Katya, while Nikolai sits on the edge, holding her hand.

CAPTION 1:

“She wanted me to bring something from home - something to cheer her up. I didn’t know what I could possibly tell her.”

PAGE 5, Panel 2.

Close on the three of them, huddled together.

KATYA 1:

Do you think you could bring Anechka?

CAPTION 1:

“Anechka... that damn cat.”

PAGE 5, Page 3.

ANECHKA, a grey and black domestic shorthair, is hiding behind a cabinet, back arched and clearly angry. The apartment we’re in is foreign but eerily familiar. Clearly not the one where they live now, but Soviet, plastered with gaudy wallpaper and cluttered with belongings. The shadow of a man looms over her, and spilled clothes sit on the floor in the foreground.

ANECHKA 1:

HHIISSSSS!!!

SFX 1:

Внимание! Внимание!

Из-за аварии...

CAPTION 1:

“We all got a good scratch trying to stuff her in a suitcase...”

PAGE 5, Panel 4.

Returning to Katya, Anya, and Nikolai huddled together.

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ANYA 1:

Papa will do everything he can.

PAGE 5, Panel 5.

Katya is in the foreground, her head turned to watch her parents on the other side of the doorway, embracing.

ANYA 1:

sobbing

NIKOLAI 1:

I know... I know...

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PAGE 6 (SIX PANELS)

PAGE 6, Panel 1.

Inside Katya's room, Nikolai and Katya argue as we watch from the threshold.

ANYA 1:

“For her?!”

NIKOLAI 1:

Anya, *kohana* --

ANYA 2:

It's for you!

PAGE 6, Panel 2.

Close on Anya.

ANYA 1:

What she needs, is for you to be here.

ANYA 2:

I need you here... I'm not strong enough for this.

PAGE 6, Panel 3.

Anya gathers up toys and dolls for Katya, while Nikolai tries to appeal to her.

NIKOLAI 1:

I'll only be gone a few hours, I promise. Tonight.

NIKOLAI 2:

I'll return before you wake.

PAGE 6, Panel 4.

Close-up of Nikolai.

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NIKOLAI 1:

This is for us.

NIKOLAI 2:

To remember.

PAGE 6, Panel 5.

Anya's eyes well up with tears again.

ANYA 1:

If she wonders where you are for even a moment...

ANYA 2:

I'll never forgive you.

PAGE 6, Panel 6.

A wide shot as the two embrace.

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PAGE 7 (SEVEN PANELS)

PAGE 7, Panel 1.

Wide shot of Nikolai is standing in what looks like a scrapyard, but this is the land around his friend's farm. There is little in the way of modernity here, just some rusted heaps of metal. Looks bucolic in a way that only a grey, Soviet farm can.

CAPTION 1:

"Yaremchuk had a Moskvitch 412. His father waited years for that car. I knew he wouldn't part with it, but I asked anyway."

PAGE 7, Panel 2.

Nikolai is desperately appealing to his friend, YAREMCHUK, who is looking skeptical. He's a ropey man, good with his hands, and wears the same shirt every day.

YAREMCHUK 1:

Kolya, do you have a screw loose? What about looters? Soldiers, *Kolya*. You know what's there.

PAGE 7, Panel 3.

Close on Yaremchuk.

YAREMCHUK 1:

Whatever it is you left behind, let it go, my friend. Anya can always get a new necklace. Katya can always get a new doll. Nothing good can possibly come from that place.

PAGE 7, Panel 4.

Close on Nikolai.

NIKOLAI 1: (WHISPER)

Katya... she's sick.

PAGE 7, Panel 5.

Framed by the threshold of a nearby shed, Yaremchuk relents.

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YAREMCHUK 1:

I can't give you the car - I just can't.

YAREMCHUK 2:

But I do have something else you can use.

PAGE 7, Panel 6.

Yaremchuk crouches down by a rusted old Minsk M1A motorcycle. It's black, slightly rusted, and dusty.

YAREMCHUK 1:

The ignition is a little tricky, and the calipers are on their last legs. Fuel's definitely contaminated, but... it should get you--

PAGE 7, Panel 7.

Nikolai, overwhelmed, enthusiastically embraces Yaremchuk, who's very taken aback by the display of emotion.

YAREMCHUK 1:

I... uh, all right. You're welcome?

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PAGE 8 (FOUR PANELS)

PAGE 8, Panel 1.

It's nighttime, the sun has dropped beneath the world, and we see a tight shot of Nikolai's foot knocking away the kickstand.

PAGE 8, Panel 2.

Nikolai's hand clutches and twists the throttle, and the bike coughs and roars to life.

SFX 1:

SPUTTER! CLANK!

SFX 2:

RRRRVVV...! RRRRRRRRVVVV....!

PAGE 8, Panel 3.

Nikolai speeds off on the motorcycle.

PAGE 8, Panel 4.

The highway is illuminated by the moon and framed by pine trees. Lonely and foreboding.

CAPTION 1:

"I'm going for one thing, only. Just one."

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PAGE 9 (FOUR PANELS)

PAGE 9, Panel 1.

A shot of an old apartment door. There are height markers notched up and down and across it, with Cyrillic writing and dates. There's a name: Oleg, with a small cross beneath it.

CAPTION 1:

"That door is our family talisman. Notches as my sister and I grew. Notches when I left for the army. Notches for my daughter. We laid my father on that door."

PAGE 9, Panel 2.

OLEG, an old man dressed in white, lies with his hands crossed on his chest and eyes closed on that notched door.

CAPTION 1:

"My mother said the dead must be laid on the door from their home. Until the coffin arrives. I sat with him the whole night."

PAGE 9, Panel 3.

Back to Nikolai driving. We see his face, his determination. Strapped to the side of the bike, is a large rucksack.

CAPTION 1:

"I will make more notches for Katya. When she's ten. When she goes off to university. When she gets married..."

PAGE 9, Panel 4.

Nikolai passes a huge sign that's overgrown some. There is a green circle that is obscured by the mosses and vines growing over the sign. Cyrillic type reads:

Увага!
Територія радіаційного впливу
Чорнобильська зона
Заборонена територія
Несанкціонований вхід
ЗАБОРОНЕНО
Порушники несуть
адміністративне стягнення та
кримінальна відповідальність
мають відношення до закону
Закони України

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PAGE 10 (SPLASH PANEL)

PAGE 10, Panel 1.

As a lonely motorcycle traverses the winding highway, we at last see the wrecked, behemoth corpse of the Chernobyl power plant as it looms over a forest burned to a sickly, pale red as Nikolai rides alone. A massive wall of concrete panels, the sarcophagus, rests over the blasted hole, and it is surrounded by a framework of metal scaffolding.

CAPTION 1:

“People turned this place into a factory of horrors. Cartoons. But it needs to be understood.”

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PAGE 11(SEVEN PANELS)

PAGE 11, Panel 1.

In the fore and background, a massive graveyard of abandoned machines. Helicopters, military trucks, cranes, motorcycles, armored personnel carriers. And in the middle of it all, Nikolai speeding through on his bike.

PAGE 11, Panel 2.

Nikolai drives through the streets of brutalist apartment blocks and offices.

PAGE 11, Panel 3.

A view from a decrepit ferris wheel as a single headlight illuminates the road ahead.

CAPTION 1:

“I knew I’d have to leave the motorcycle some distance from home...”

PAGE 11, Panel 4.

Nikolai’s foot, astride the Minsk stops...

PAGE 11, Panel 5.

...In an alley between khrushchevka apartment buildings.

PAGE 11, Panel 6

In the dark alleyway, Nikolai, now carrying the rucksack, presses against the wall, and watches around the corner. There are two SOLDIERS carrying guns.

CAPTION 1:

“The further into town I got, the more soldiers I saw.”

SOLDIER 1:

Мне чертовски скучно. У тебя есть водка?

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PAGE 11, Panel 7.

Nikolai dashes across the street. In the distance, the Soldier can be seen, his head cocked.

SOLDIER 1:

?

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PAGE 12 (FIVE PANELS)

PAGE 12, Panel 1.

Nikolai is now pressed up against the threshold of the entrance to an apartment building, half-hidden by shadows.

NIKOLAI 1:

Phew

PAGE 12 Panel 2.

From the POV of inside the building, Nikolai simply pushes the boarded-up building door open.

NIKOLAI 1:

Not locked? Strange...

PAGE 12, Panel 3.

Inside the near-black building, illuminated only by the moonlight, Nikolai stands at suite 113, and puts his hand on the outside of the door.

CAPTION 1:

“An advantage of having lived on the first floor; not so many stairs.”

PAGE 12, Panel 4.

The end of the crowbar smashes the door handle apart.

SFX 1:

BAM!

PAGE 12, Panel 5.

A pair of hands pry the door out of the threshold from inside the suite.

SFX 1:

KA-CHUNK!

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PAGE 13 (EIGHT PANELS)

PAGE 13, Panel 1.

Nikolai's hand on the well-worn notches and contours of his door.

PAGE 13, Panel 2.

His hand has moved, dragging a smeared palm print in the dust.

PAGE 13, Panel 3.

A close-up of Nikolai's face, softened to tears and grief

CAPTION 1:

"Home..."

PAGE 13, Panel 4.

He looks around in the darkened apartment as best as he can at the modest Soviet hovel, family ephemera scattered, and overtaken by dust and cobwebs.

CAPTION 1:

"Everything there, a bitter memory. A reminder of what we lost."

PAGE 13, Panel 5.

A child's doll; a little nurse that looks like she's been stomped on, caked in dust and repurposed into a roost for spiders.

PAGE 13, Panel 6.

The same shot of the cabinet from earlier, behind which Anechka hid. Only now, there is a bullet hole in the wall and dried blood.

PAGE 13, Panel 7.

A close-up of the side of Nikolai's face. He's distracted by something off-page.

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CAPTION 1:

“I wanted to bring it all to her. But...”

NIKOLAI 1:

?

PAGE 13, Panel 8.

A hand wielding a Makarov pistol strikes Nikolai on the temple from behind. His face is pure pain.

SFX 1:

CRACK!

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PAGE 14 (SIX PANELS)

PAGE 14, Panel 1.

Nikolai is doubled over, with his hand on his forehead, blood leaking through his fingers.

CAPTION 1:

“I should have known...”

PAGE 14, Panel 2.

Facing us is a group of three young LOOTERS. They're dirty, hardened men in filthy and ill-fitting clothes. The leader is pointing his pistol at Nikolai.

LEAD LOOTER 1:

This place is ours!

PAGE 14, Panel 3.

Nikolai cowers.

LANKY LOOTER 1:

What should we do? We can't let him go to the soldiers.

NIKOLAI 1:

Please... please.

PAGE 14, Panel 4.

Nikolai holds one hand on his throbbing head, the other is up and splayed, appealing. Begging.

NIKOLAI 1:

Please. My daughter...

NIKOLAI 2:

I just need my door. That's all.

PAGE 14, Panel 5.

The lead looter is taken aback by this information, his gun a little lower.

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PAGE 14, Panel 6.

The looter looks ashamed, his gun dropped to his side.

LEAD LOOTER 1:

Comrade, I... I'm sorry.

CAPTION 1:

“They understood immediately. There were no notches on my door for them, but after April 26, 1986, we were all part of a new family.”

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PAGE 15 (FIVE PANELS)

PAGE 15, Panel 1.

The lead looter tucks his gun into his coat.

LEAD LOOTER 1:

Kirill, here. He's got a little one, too.

LANKY LOOTER 1:

Little Pasha...

LEAD LOOTER 1:

Sorry about the, uh...

PAGE 15, Panel 2.

The reprieve is brief, as the butt of a rifle smashes through the kitchen window.

CAPTION 1:

"A disadvantage of living on the first floor...

SFX 1:

SMASH!

PAGE 15, Panel 3.

A SOLDIER shines his flashlight inside, and barks angrily.

SOLDIER 1:

Kto tam?!

PAGE 15, Panel 4.

Outside the building, SOLDIERS and a UAZ-3150 military truck. One soldier is pointing his flashlight into Nikolai's apartment, an AK-47 slung over his shoulder. Another holding an SKS carbine. A third, stands in the back of the truck, cradling a light machine gun. A fourth sits in the driver's seat.

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SOLDIER 1:

Покажи себя!

PAGE 15, Panel 5.

Back inside, Nikolai and the looters press themselves to the wall, either side of the empty doorframe, the beam from the flashlight probing the abandoned apartment.

LEAD LOOTER 1: (WHISPER)

We have to get out of here!

NIKOLAI 1: (WHISPER)

I can't leave without it!

PAGE 16 (EIGHT PANELS)

PAGE 16, Panel 1.

Close on the Looter.

LEAD LOOTER 1:

The back door, we cut the lock on it. That's your best option.

LEAD LOOTER 2:

You got a car?

PAGE 16, Panel 2.

Close on Nikolai.

NIKOLAI 1:

Thank you.

NIKOLAI 2:

And, uh... yes.

PAGE 16, Panel 3.

A shot of Nikolai running awkwardly, carrying his precious door.

PAGE 16, Panel 4.

He trips.

NIKOLAI 1:

Layno!

PAGE 16, Panel 5.

Back in the alley, Nikolai is quickly strapping the door to the back of the motorcycle, perpendicular to the body and resting on the rear fender.

PAGE 16, Panel 6.

Nikolai cranks the transmission, the door secured at the back.

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SFX 1:
CLANK!

SFX 2:
SPUTTER!

NIKOLAI 1:
Come on... come on!

PAGE 16, Panel 7.

The motorcycle ROARS to life and Nikolai takes off. Behind him, far in the distance, the soldier yells!

SOLDIER 1:
Стой!! Стой!! Или я буду стрелять!!

SFX 1:
VRRRRRRR!

PAGE 16, Panel 8.

Nikolai takes off at a clip, a mix of relief, fear, and giddiness on his face. Tears stream from his eyes and trail off away off his face. Far behind him, the distinct crackle of an AK; bullets flash by in yellow streaks, one streak taking tiny splinters of the door with it.

NIKOLAI 1:
Haha! НАНАНАНА!

SFX 1:
ТАКТАКТАК!

SFX 2:
FWIP!

SFX 3:
FWIP!

SFX 4:
FWIP!

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PAGE 16 (FOUR PANELS)

PAGE 16, Panel 1.

A head-on shot of Nikolai driving the motorcycle, the pock-marked door looking only slightly ridiculous behind him. There's a childishness to his gleeful expression. The sun is just rising.

CAPTION 1:

"I laugh when I think about that moment, driving back to Kyiv. Just because I did this, it seemed like everything would be okay. Salvation in an old scratched-up piece of wood."

PAGE 16, Panel 2.

Back at the scrap metal farm, Yaremchuk drinks from a tin cup, and sprays down the motorcycle with a hose.

CAPTION 1:

"For his troubles, I gave Yaremchuk a bottle of vodka. He said it tasted better than what they gave him for clearing that damn roof..."

PAGE 16, Panel 3.

Yaremchuk is in a hospital, standing and wheeling an oxygen tank, looking much thinner and his hair has become patchy and wispy.

CAPTION 1:

"He's sick now, of course. Like so many. A thousand roubles and a certificate of heroism for the inconvenience."

PAGE 16, Panel 4.

Nikolai standing in his and Anya's living room, looking worse for wear. The wound on his head angry, red, and bloody. He offers a tired smile.

PAGE 16, Panel 5.

Close on Anya.

ANYA 1:

Nikolai...

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PAGE 16, Panel 6.

Anya's hand colliding with Nikolai's face.

SFX 1:

SMACK!

PAGE 16, Panel 7.

The two of them embrace.

PAGE 16, Panel 8.

The image is only half-finished, faded to white. Nikolai shows Katya the recovered door, pointing at the notches. She looks with wonder. She's pale, dark circles under her eyes.

CAPTION 1:

"Katya... no. No, I can't do this."

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PAGE 17 (FOUR PANELS)

PAGE 17, Panel 1.

Nikolai sits in front of us in a cushioned chair. He looks a little older, a little more weathered. Shocks of grey in his hair. He smokes, and his body language shows he is on defense.

NIKOLAI 1:

This is too much. I can't talk about it, anymore.

PAGE 17, Panel 2.

He takes a drag of his cigarette. And says nothing.

PAGE 17, Panel 3.

He holds his cigarette low and picks at something on his pant leg.

NIKOLAI 1:

Anya wants me to quit. Why?

PAGE 17, Panel 4.

Nikolai looks at us. There's an intensity in his gaze.

NIKOLAI 1:

That's it. I can't go on. My heart is telling me: this is an act of betrayal.

NIKOLAI 2:

Because I have to describe her as if she was just anyone.

NIKOLAI 3:

Describe her agony... No more.

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PAGE 18 (TWO PANELS)

PAGE 18, Panel 1.

A large black panel.

PAGE 18, Panel 2.

A large black panel with white text: "No. No. I want to testify. Write this down."

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PAGE 19 (SIX PANELS)

PAGE 19, Panel 1.

Katya is deteriorating. She's more pale, her eyes dull, her hair is gone. Nikolai and Anya sit with on her bed. Katya has a toy doll and plays with Anya. The same pained smile is stretched on all their faces.

NIKOLAI 1:

"We put on brave faces, all of us. Even Katya. She shouldn't have had to. She shouldn't have to be brave. She was so afraid."

PAGE 19, Panel 2.

Katya is standing, supported by Anya, as Nikolai marks her height against the door he's managed to bring into the hospital.

ANYA 1:

You're getting so tall, Katya!

CAPTION 1:

"I wanted one more. One more notch to prove she exists."

PAGE 19, Panel 3.

It's nighttime, and Anya is pulling up Katya's sheets. Katya has her doll tucked into bed with her. She speaks and Anya can barely hold back.

KATYA 1:

Mommy, I want to live, I'm only little.

ANYA 1:

I know, *kvitochka*. I know.

PAGE 19, Panel 4.

A wide shot of the ward Katya's in. There are six other GIRLS, also sick. Bedridden. Bald.

CAPTION 1:

"Seven bald little girls in her ward. Can you imagine that?"

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PAGE 19, Panel 5.

Inside their apartment, the recovered door propped up against the wall. Anya is weeping, her face in her hand. Nikolai is broken.

ANYA 1:

If only she would just die, rather than going through this torture!

ANYA 2:

If only I could die. I don't want to see this.

PAGE 19, Panel 6.

A black panel.

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PAGE 20 (THREE PANELS)

PAGE 20, Panel 1.

The black gives way to a crack of white.

PAGE 20, Panel 2.

More white. It's a door swinging open.

PAGE 20, Panel 3.

The white is replaced by the door. Notches and Cyrillic and dates. So many little cuts into the wood.

CAPTION 1:

“A whole life... written on a door.”

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PAGE 21 (FIVE PANELS)

PAGE 21, Panel 1.

Katya, so frail and small, is laid atop the door, dressed in white. Eyes closed, in white, her doll beside her.

CAPTION 1:

“We put her on the door. On the door my father once lay on.”

PAGE 21, Panel 2.

Nikolai and Anya, dressed in black and holding one another, surrounded by FAMILY.

PAGE 21, Panel 3.

In a cemetery, surrounded by headstones and monuments on a cold, dreary morning. A procession has gathered, dressed in black, and led by an Orthodox PRIEST carrying a censer. The coffin they carry is held by four people.

CAPTION 1:

“They brought the little coffin. It was so tiny, like the box for a large doll. Like a box.”

PAGE 21, Panel 4.

Nikolai and Anya stand alone in the cemetery. Alone.

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PAGE 22, (TWO PANELS)

PAGE 22, Panel 1.

Older Nikolai, still seated, cigarette still smoldering, looks at us.

NIKOLAI 1:

Write it down. You record it at least. My daughter's name was Katya.

NIKOLAI 2:

My little Katya. She was seven years old when she died.

PAGE 22, Panel 2.

A black panel. White text: For Nikolai and Katya.