

[Panel 1: Extreme wide shot. We open in an abandoned building. Two workers are walking on a dark floor of the building. The one in the back is called JOE and the one in the front is BOB. We can't see their expressions from where we're looking.

Light is coming from the windows. On the ground lie rocks, rubble, bits of paper and a wire, connecting to explosives placed in the building.]

JOE: Did you finish placing the charges, Bob?

BOB: Hm?

BOB: Oh yeah... yeah, I did.

[Panel 2: Extreme wide shot. JOE and BOB are still walking around the floor, continuing their conversation.]

JOE: Something wrong, Bob? You're not usually a talkative guy, but you've been more quiet than normal.

BOB: Oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking...

BOB: You know, the people who lived here. And all the memories they made here...

BOB: Doesn't that ever cross your mind?

[Panel 3: Extreme wide shot. The two still walk along. In the foreground of the panel, however, some ghosts start appearing. These are the, let's say, residues of memories people made in this building. For us, they seem like something that happened from the past. JOE and BOB don't seem to notice them, though. The ghosts are of a couple and their baby. The mother is holding the baby's hands, whilst the latter tries to step. The father stands in front of them is encouraging her, gesturing that she can do it.]

JOE: Jesus Christ, is that what was plaguing you? You had me worried for nothing.

JOE: And why are you thinking about this now? We're demolishers! We've been doing this for years!!

BOB: I know, I know. But it just occurred to me. What we're doing is demolishing buildings. But also everything that has ever happened here, right?

[Panel 4: Extreme wide shot. BOB and JOE go down a large staircase. In the foreground, another memory is playing. Two women are kissing each other passionately, with tears streaming down their eyes.]

JOE: Well, yeah, I mean... we are. But look on the bright side.

JOE: We're tearing down this place, so this new building can be build here, housing new people.

BOB: They're condos, Joe. For the rich. Something the people who lived here can never pay.

BOB: Or us, for that matter.

[Panel 5: Extreme wide shot. The two of them arrive on the ground floor. On the foreground, another memory is playing. This time, it's a birthday party of an elderly woman. There's cake with a candle burning in front of her, and the moved grandma is surrounded by her family members who are singing merrily.]

JOE: For god's sake, Bob! What do you want me to say? Heck, what do you want me to do?

JOE: It's our job. And we need to do this, or otherwise we are the ones getting kicked out of our place!

BOB: I know! But... that doesn't mean it's a shame, does it?

[Panel 6: Extreme wide shot. BOB and JOE exit the building. Out of the exit door, a blinding light is shining, making the two look like silhouettes, casting their shadows on the floor. JOE has put his arm on BOB'S shoulder as a gesture of comfort and understanding. The two are also accompanied by the memory ghosts, who are also leaving the building. We see a couple with their kid in the middle holding his hand, another couple clasping hands. A man who is waving back at someone in the building. And a single mother being enthusiastically pulled by their son.]

JOE: ...

JOE: No, Bob. I guess it doesn't.

JOE: Let's blow this joint, okay?

[Panel 7: Full shot of the building, filling the panel. The building is being detonated. Huge clouds of smoke are coming out of the windows. The foundation is starting to crumble. Everything has ended.]

For the lay-out of this page, I imagined the first six panels to be equally-sized squares and then panel 7 be a long column. Like a 9-panel page, but with the last third being one huge panel.