

HOOKS

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PAGE ONE — 5 PANELS:

Panel 1: Father Hennepin with arms outstretched in worship.

1. CAPTION: Saint Anthony Falls.
Minneapolis, Minnesota. Late 1600s.
2. CAPTION: This is how it works sometimes. Real discovery be damned.
3. CAPTION: Who marketed it best? Who was ruthless enough to say this belonged to them?
4. CAPTION: Father Hennepin *discovered* the Falls and named it after Saint Anthony of Padua, the patron saint of lost things, lost people, and amputees.

Panel 2: A Minneapolis vista.

1. CAPTION: No one cares who was first. They only care about who was left standing.
2. CAPTION: The water that ran over St. Anthony Falls to the Mississippi River provided a huge amount of hydropower.
3. CAPTION: The city and its yellow clay bricks were built around power.

Panel 3: St. Anthony Falls surrounded by industry.

1. CAPTION: Mills sprang up and a city grew.
2. CAPTION: Every job had its own set of hazards.
3. CAPTION: Sharp blades, rushing water, log jams, saw dust fires.

Panel 4: A sweeping vista of Minnesota farmland.

1. CAPTION: The amber waves needed for an exploding population grew with industry.
2. CAPTION: As did the hazards.

3. CAPTION: Threshers, grain elevator fires, pesticides, frostbite.

Panel 5: Washburn Mill.

1. CAPTION: Flour milling provided bread to that growing populace.

2. CAPTION: Minneapolis became the flour milling capital of the world.

3. CAPTION: Heavy grindstones, explosive dust, Emphysema, long falls.

PAGE TWO — FOUR PANELS:

Panel 1: World War I image.

1. CAPTION: And then came World War I with its bullets, land mines and shrapnel.

2. CAPTION: New ways to kill.

3. CAPTION: New ways to die.

Panel 2: Soldiers standing in trenches.

1. CAPTION: A lot of doughboys were lost.

Panel 3: A soldier in the field, holding a rifle and wearing a gas mask. Inset of Pillsbury Doughboy.

1. CAPTION: Much later, a Minneapolis flour mill gained one.

Panel 4: Wounded soldiers.

1. CAPTION: The soldiers who did return came back injured, changed, hailed as heroes.

2. CAPTION: PTSD, unnamed and unknown, took root under bandages and medals.

3. CAPTION: Outside it just looked like depression, alcoholism, domestic abuse, suicide...

PAGE THREE — FOUR PANELS:

Panel 1 & 2: Images from prosthetic limb factory. Captions split between the two.

1. CAPTION: The artificial limb and prosthetics business already had a large supply of customers from the flour mills, logging, railroads and farms.
2. CAPTION: Business grew.
3. CAPTION: To meet demand, new manufacturers flourished.
4. CAPTION: Minneapolis became the artificial limb capital of the world.

Panel 3: Outside artificial limb factory.

1. CAPTION: The government set up The Limb Lab and, for the first time, limbs were made by medical professionals rather than craftsmen.
2. CAPTION: Still, many amputees thought the clunky limbs got in the way more than they helped.
3. CAPTION: A limb allowance from the government encouraged the use of artificial limbs.
4. CAPTION: The government wanted to avoid the now familiar sight of amputee veterans with pinned sleeves and pant legs.

Panel 4: Family photo of a family with missing limbs.

1. CAPTION: Between industry and war and industry and war...
2. CAPTION: it wasn't uncommon to have an uncle, a mother, a sibling, a brother-in-law who lost something.

PAGE FOUR — FOUR PANELS:

Panel 1 & 2: Minneapolis. Then a cereal box. Logos and mascots. Captions split between the first three panels in places, driving home the connection.

1. CAPTION: Later.
2. CAPTION: Automation. Consolidation. Most of the flour mills were rolled into larger conglomerates, jobs sent elsewhere.
3. CAPTION: Same with the city's other hazardous jobs.
4. CAPTION: Though, the milling connection never departed.

5. CAPTION: Where flour mills once provided jobs, helped buy homes and claimed limbs, breakfast cereal took hold.

Panel 3: A row of Minneapolis homes sporting large antenna, visible proof from the street that television had taken hold.

1. CAPTION: The TV Station's call letters were WSCO*. Of course, it too had a milling connection.

2. CAPTION: *The Wabasha Coburn Milling Co.

3. CAPTION: Former mills paying to advertise with former mills in order to sell products from former mills to the descendants of former mill employees.

Panel 4: Vlad in full make-up on the set of "The Silver Scream."

1. CAPTION: This was the formula of the new robber barons, watching a nation abandon factories for corporate headquarters.

2. VLAD: I'm Vlad and horror movies of ze 'Silver Scream' is brought to you by Ding Dong Hot Dogs.

3. VLAD: Stop talking and put zat Ding Dong in yoor mouth.

PAGE FIVE — ONE PANEL

Panel 1/TITLE PAGE: Flash Forward. CLIFFORD stands miserably, near a couch in his shabby trailer. The room is dark and cold. This is CLIFFORD after the incident with GUNTHER in the trailer park. GUNTHER, the trailer park boy, isn't seen in the image, but CLIFFORD — who has lost his arms and has hooks for hands — is covered in blood. It's pooling at his feet. There's a bloody piece of cloth hanging from one of his hooks. It almost looks like a piece of meat dangling from the shimmering metal.

CLIFFORD's trailer is a mess and he's wearing dirty, stained clothes. His sock puppets, GOOPHY GOPHER and DUDLEY THE DRAGON, are seated on the couch. They look sentient, as though they're laughing at CLIFFORD. Both puppets have tears and holes from being worn over CLIFFORD's hooks. Once polished and pristine, they're in just as bad of shape as CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD's eyes are dead and hollow, his face illuminated by the glow of a TV we can't see. The only other light is sunlight coming through the cracks of the drawn blinds. The couch has tears in the armrests from his hooks. TV dinner trays are piled near the sink. Unopened mail sits on the ground. On the coffee table sit three books, "Macbeth," a Sherlock Holmes anthology, and Jim Thompson's *The Killer Inside Me*. The Shakespeare is on top.

It's an incredibly stark contrast to the next page, where things are bright and promising, full of hope.

1. CAPTION: The formula worked.
1. CAPTION: But still, every job had its own set of hazards.
2. CAPTION: HOOKS. (Title page, etc.)

PAGE SIX — FOUR PANELS

Panel 1: Present day. Close-up on CLIFFORD's hand sticking a metal applicator into makeup. His hand is visible, showing he has his hands and we are in a time before his hooks, but the tool in his hand also echoes his hands being replaced by a tool later on.

1. CAPTION: Earlier.
2. SFX: TAP TAP TAP
3. CLIFFORD (O.S.): Sandy, it's always open.

Panel 2: SANDY JESSUP, the show's stage manager who functions as CLIFFORD's second-in-command, pokes her head into the dressing room. We can't see it yet from this angle, but CLIFFORD's dressing room contains a beat-up old piano; a small, shoddy homemade puppet theater; a vase with fresh flowers on the vanity; and a pile of books that includes "Hamlet," a collection of *Edgar Allen Poe* stories, Winston S. Churchill's *The Gathering Storm*, and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein: or, the Modern Prometheus*.

1. SANDY: We're ready for you.

Panel 3: CLIFFORD's back. He's in a "director's chair" style chair that says "CLIFFORD." He's applying makeup in the vanity mirror.

1. CLIFFORD: Just putting on the finishing touches. How do I look?
2. CAPTION: Before every show, CLIFFORD got ready by himself.
3. CAPTION: It's a small thing, but doing it himself was a point of pride.
4. CAPTION: It also fits his show's budget.

Panel 4: CLIFFORD looks into the dressing room vanity, smiling. The way his face is illuminated by the bulbs on the mirror echoes the image of him we just saw from the

future. Inset pictures of his voice exercises that make him look kind of silly, further drawing out that contrast. He's goofy and totally embedded in this "showbiz" life. The final dialogue bubble is particularly important. It's his mantra. He says this to himself before every show to remind himself who he is and why he does this.

1. CLIFFORD: Bababababa. Brrrr. Brrrr.
2. CLIFFORD: Mmm. Mmm. Ma ma ma ma ma ma.
3. CLIFFORD: Whether the weather is cold or whether the weather is hot, we'll be together whatever the weather, whether we like it or not.
4. CAPTION: The routine he learned from his mentor.
5. CLIFFORD: Ok, Clifford. Trust yourself. Trust the kids. Leave it out there.
6. CAPTION: The mantra is his own.

PAGE SEVEN — FIVE PANELS:

Panel 1: CLIFFORD, smiling, begins the walk from his dressing room to the stage. There's a certain ritual to this walk. He's comfortable and at home with the people around him and the adrenaline rush of the whole crew scrambling to make the show happen. SANDY walks with CLIFFORD.

1. CAPTION: There's a ritual to the walk.
2. SANDY: Did you see the change to the Pogo routine?
3. CAPTION: He thrives on the pre-show chaos.
4. CLIFFORD: Have *him* ready. I'll ad-lib.

Panel 2: CLIFFORD is still walking to the stage He's approaching the curtain. There are a couple people milling around. VERNON, Clifford's agent; SANDY; and a person in a bear suit. Despite the chaos, Clifford's attention is directed to SANDY.

1. SANDY: Break a leg, Cliff.
2. VERNON: We got that fancy camera from News. Kids'll think they can lick the sweat off your face through the TV.

Panel 3: They're no longer in motion. CLIFFORD stands in the last spot he'll be before the kids can see him. VERNON and SANDY are still there, at CLIFFORD's side. VERNON is being ignored. This is the final breath before the plunge.

1. VERNON: Don't forget, we have THAT meeting with the station tomorrow. IT'S IMPORTANT.

2. CLIFFORD (to Sandy): How are the kids today?

3. VERNON (unheard): Hello?

3. SANDY: Same as always.

4. SANDY: So excited the studio's going to have water damage from their pee.

Panel 4: Same position. VERNON is still being ignored. He's frustrated that he can't get CLIFFORD's attention. CLIFFORD is giving SANDY a smirk that shows he doesn't approve of the joke but is amused anyhow.

1. VERNON: Quick, before you go out. I have a joke.

2. VERNON: Knock Knock.

3. CLIFFORD (O.S.): Who's there?

4. VERNON: Don.

5. CLIFFORD (O.S.): Don who?

Panel 5: VERNON close-up. VERNON looks pissed.

1. VERNON: Don be late this time, please.