

# ANDREW FOLEY

BIO

Forum held August 6, 2005 at Happy Harbor Comics

**A**ndrew Foley drew his first comic on a neighbouring family's carpet at the age of seven, and hasn't stopped creating comics since.

He attended the Alberta College of Art before it was called the Alberta College of Art and Design, majoring in Drawing. He graduated with distinction, the most distinct thing about him being the white tablecloth he wore as a cape to receive his diploma.

After Art College, he ran his own painting studio, producing works that were shown in galleries, museums, and private collections across Alberta.

Painting remains one of his passions, but he realized his talent as an artist was far exceeded by his ambition, and so he moved into writing, attempting to break into the comics industry just as it began a contraction period that lasted several years.

Undeterred by the numerous rejections, Andrew relentlessly pursued his goal of becoming a professional comic creator. He thinks he's almost there. He's thought that for a few years, now.

His first published work, an eight-page story he wrote and drew entitled "Cal's Trick", appeared in *THE COMBUSTIBLE MUSE* anthology and then in *REVOLVING HAMMER*, both published by independent comics company Cyberosia Publishing.

His first paid comic work was as a submission editor for online comics company UnboundComics.com. He edited four issues of the *REMOTE VIEWS* anthology for Unbound, working with creators such as Antony Johnston, Vatche Mavlian, Brett Weldele, and Scott Mooney.



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His first paid comic writing work was for Platinum Studios, owner of the “Men In Black” franchise. Andrew's work for Platinum is ongoing and includes editing duties, as well as writing or co-writing credits on such diverse titles as AGE OF KINGS, JEST CAUSE, RETURN OF THE WRAITH, CRIMSON ROSE, and THREADS.

Andrew's first major comic work to make it to actual shelves was the 142-page graphic novel PARTING WAYS, with art by one-time REMOTE VIEWS creator Scott Mooney and Nick Craine. Published by Speakeasy Comics, PARTING WAYS received numerous critical accolades, being called, among other things, one of the Ten Essential Comics of 2005 by Marc Mason of MoviePoopShoot.com and “one of the most satisfying comics experiences I've had this year” by The Fourth Rail's Randy Lander.

Andrew maintains an active online presence, frequently posting about comics, life and whatever else crosses his mind on his LiveJournal (<http://andrew6.livejournal.com/>). He also writes SKEWED PERSPECTIVES, an irregular series of comic reviews for the Happy Harbor Website ([happyharborcomics.com](http://happyharborcomics.com)) and shares a website with his wife, AndrewandTiina.com (two I's in “Tiina”), which will be updated shortly after Andrew gets around to writing the new copy Tiina's been bugging him to write for the last three weeks.

If everything goes according to plan, Andrew should have three new projects he's involved with available in their various markets in 2006: the 100-page graphic novel COWBOYS & ALIENS, from Platinum Studios, the educational manga book ORION Volume Four: Deception, edited by Marv Wolfman and published by Harcourt Inc.'s Steck Vaughn imprint, and DONE TO DEATH, a five-issue satirical vampire epic from Markosia Entertainment, with art by Fiona Staples. Information about DONE TO DEATH can be found at Markosia's messageboards: <http://markosia.org.uk/forum/>

Andrew lives in Edmonton, Alberta, with his lovely and talented wife, graphic designer Tiina Andreacos, two lovely but utterly useless cats, and a chunky dog that can sing.



behind him and to the right. Both are flashing their shields at the man in the bed.

4 STAHL: MR. CARMICHAEL? I'M DETECTIVE STAHL, THIS IS MY PARTNER, DETECTIVE ORTON.

5 ORTON: WE'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT STEVE PARKER.

### PANEL 3

From Jeff's POV, an upshot of the two cops, who've come to stand on either side of the bed. They look down at us, their faces studiously blank.

Orton, on the right, is holding an 8x10 mugshot of a glum STEVE PARKER up for us to look at. Steve's a husky fellow, in his late thirties, clean-shaven with a full head of black hair (in the mugshot, anyway.) A diagonal scar runs across the length of his forehead.

6 JEFF: (O/P) I DON'T KNOW ANY STEVE PARKER.

7 ORTON: HE WAS PROBABLY USING AN ALIAS. THIS IS HIM. LOOK FAMILIAR?

### PANEL 4

Head and shoulders shot of Jeff, his features contorted in bitterness. >From this angle, we can't see his physical deficiencies.

8 JEFF: HE TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS CHARLES. CHARLES HERLIHY.

9 ORTON: (O/P) HE LIED.

10 JEFF: YEAH, HE SURE DID...

### PANEL 5

Tight on Parker's mugshot. He glares out of the photo at us.

Chapter 1

- 11 ORTON: (O/P) PARKER'S KILLED SEVENTEEN PEOPLE WE KNOW OF.
- 12 STAHL: (O/P) KILLED AND EATEN THEM. NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER.
- 13 ORTON: (O/P, CONNECTED TO PREVIOUS DIALOGUE) YOU'RE THE FIRST TO GET PAST HIM ALIVE.
- 14 JEFF: (FROM BOTTOM OF THE PANEL) WELL...

**PAGE 2**

**PANEL 1 (BIG)**

Angled downshot past the two cops, to Jeff, lying in bed, legs amputated at different points above the knee, left arm gone from the bicep down, three-fingered right hand at his side. All his wounds are bandaged tight. He glares at Orton, obviously not finding a bright side to his survival.

- 1 JEFF: ...I GUESS THAT MAKES ME **LUCKY**, DOESN'T IT?

- 2 TITLE: **FIT FOR A KING**

**PANEL 2**

Head and shoulders profile of a grim Stahl, looking down at Jeff, lying off-panel to the right.

- 3 STAHL: THE DOCTOR SAYS WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK TO YOU FOR LONG.
- 4 STAHL: BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW: WE'RE GONNA GET THIS GUY.

**PANEL 3**

Close-up of an equally grim Jeff, his eyes alight with sinister purpose.

- 5 JEFF: I JUST HOPE I FIND HIM FIRST.



**PANEL 4**

Head and shoulders rear view of Parker, head turned to look back out of the panel at the source of the voice.

If we couldn't before, we now get a decent view of Steve Parker as he currently is. He's still fairly burly, but his hair's not nearly as thick as it once was. He's grown a thick black mustache and beard, which would make him all but unrecognizable, if it wasn't for the distinctive scar on his forehead. The cannibal's expression is vaguely confused as he turns to look at the source of this unexpected voice from the past.

4 PARKER:                   EH?

**PANEL 5**

Close-up on Parker, his eyes wide as he realizes exactly who it is that's talking to him.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL 6**

The chopped firewood has fallen from Parker's hands and is landing on the ground at his feet.

NO DIALOGUE

**PAGE 4**

**PANEL 1**

Past a rear head and shoulders view of Parker, to Jeff, who's sitting in a mechanized wheelchair that's apparently trundled all the way down the gravel road in the background. Jeff's holding a pistol in his three-fingered hand. He doesn't have any prosthetics. He doesn't look at all happy to see the man who killed seventeen other people.

1 PARKER:                   JEFF?

2 PARKER: IS THAT--REALLY YOU?

**PANEL 2**

Tight on the gun, held clumsily in a hand two fingers short of what the kind of hand it was intended for.

3 JEFF: (FROM ABOVE PANEL) IT'S ME, ALL RIGHT.

**PANEL 3**

Medium side view of the scene. Parker has left the pile of wood in front of the cabin door on the left side of the panel and is moving towards Jeff, sitting with his gun on the right. Both of Parker's arms are extended towards Jeff--his expression, strangely enough, isn't fearful at all, even though this guy he's eaten part of has a gun held in part that didn't get consumed.

4 PARKER: MY GOD.

5 PARKER: I NEVER THOUGHT--

**PANEL 4**

Close medium twoshot--Parker has thrown both his arms around Jeff and is hugging him tight. Jeff's head is pulled back, revolted by the embrace, though not for the reasons the reader might suspect.

6 PARKER: I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN.

**PANEL 5**

Head and shoulders twoshot--a rear view of Parker, hugging Jeff tight, and a frontal view of Jeff, looking at Parker in disgust.

7 JEFF: DON'T--

**PAGE 5**

**PANEL 1**

Medium shot. With his good arm, Jeff has angrily pushed himself away from Parker, with such violence that the mechanized wheelchair has begun to tip over--Jeff is about to spill out of the chair to the ground. He's still got the pistol in his hand.

Parker seems legitimately confused by Jeff's reaction to him.

1 JEFF: (BURST) ***I SAID DON'T!***

**PANEL 2**

A medium downshot of Jeff, hitting the ground hard. The impact has jarred the pistol from his fingers.

2 JEFF: NN

**PANEL 3**

Deep focus. In the foreground, we've got Jeff, lying awkwardly on the ground, his mutilated hand stretched out towards the gun in the extreme foreground. Beyond Jeff, in the BG, we can see Parker, setting the wheelchair back upright.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL 4**

Close medium twoshot. Parker has picked up the squirming Jeff (with the gun back in hand) and is about to put him back in his wheelchair. Jeff's clearly furious about being in a position where he has to let the man who betrayed him help him.

3 PARKER: LET ME HELP--

4 JEFF: HELP? ***HELP?***

5 JEFF: IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU I WOULDN'T ***NEED*** HELP, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

**PAGE 6**

**PANEL 1**

Close medium side twoshot. Jeff, back in his chair on the right, is flailing around, venting his anger. Parker eyes the pistol in Jeff's hands warily, not sure exactly what Jeff's going to do next.

- 1 JEFF:                   **LOOK AT WHAT I'VE BECOME!**
- 2 JEFF:                   (CONNECTED) **LOOK WHAT YOU TURNED  
ME INTO!**
- 3 PARKER:               HEY, JUST, JUST CALM DOWN--

**PANEL 2**

A close-up of Jeff, face contorted with emotion, tears streaming down his cheeks.

- 4 JEFF:                   I WILL NOT CALM DOWN!
- 5 JEFF:                   YOU MADE PROMISES TO ME, AND,  
AND--

**PANEL 3**

Head and shoulders shot of Parker, who looks like he could burst into tears himself.

- 6 PARKER:               I KNOW. I'M SO SORRY, I JUST--

**PANEL 4**

Head and shoulders profile of Jeff, looking up at Parker off-panel. His eyes are wide with emotion, spit shoots out of his mouth as he demands answers to the questions he's carried with him for three years.

- 7 JEFF:                   JUST WHAT?
- 8 JEFF:                   IT SEEMED TO BE GOING **SO WELL,**  
IT WAS SO--SO PERFECT...

**PANEL 5**

Medium side twoshot. Jeff, on the right has bowed his head, unable to look at Parker as he admits to his deepest emotions. Parker, on the right, stands a few feet in front of Jeff, his hands open, his expression earnest.

9 JEFF: I NEVER FELT SO CLOSE TO SOMEONE BEFORE.

10 PARKER: ME, NEITHER. REALLY.

11 PARKER: YOU WERE A PART OF ME. I REALLY MEAN THAT.

**PAGE SEVEN**

**PANEL 1**

Head and shoulders shot of Jeff, looking up at Parker, off-panel.

1 JEFF: THEN HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? HOW COULD YOU LET ME GO ON?

2 JEFF: YOU CAN EAT SEVENTEEN OTHER PEOPLE, BUT **I'M** NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

**PANEL 2**

Close medium twoshot. Parker is kneeling in front of Jeff, one hand reaching up to stroke his lover's cheek. Parker's smiling a rueful smile--he thought Jeff understood. Jeff looks into Parker's face, his eyes wide, desperate to understand.

3 PARKER: "NOT GOOD ENOUGH"--?

4 PARKER: IS THAT WHAT YOU THOUGHT? OH, BABY, I'M SO SORRY, THAT WASN'T IT, THAT WASN'T IT AT ALL...

**PANEL 3**

From Jeff's point of view, a mildly elevated close medium downshot of Parker, looking up to us with mournful eyes, almost on the edge of tears. He's speaking from the heart, here.

5 PARKER:                   WHEN YOU FIRST CONTACTED ME, I  
                                  THOUGHT--I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D BE  
                                  LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.

6 PARKER:                   WE'D MEET, I'D MAKE SURE YOU  
                                  REALLY WANTED WHAT I HAD TO  
                                  OFFER, I'D EAT YOU, AND THAT'D  
                                  BE IT.

**PANEL 4**

Close-up of a stunned Jeff. This is the last thing he expected to hear, and he really can't believe he's hearing it--not because he doesn't think Parker loves him, but because if Parker loved him, Parker would've eaten him like he wanted.

7 PARKER:                   (O/P FROM BELOW) BUT, THE BETTER  
                                  WE GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER, THE  
                                  MORE OF YOU I TASTED...I JUST  
                                  COULDN'T DO IT. I COULD NEVER  
                                  KILL YOU...

8 PARKER:                   (O/P FROM BELOW) ...I **LOVE** YOU.

**PANEL 5**

Head and shoulders profile twoshot of Jeff, on the left, and Parker, on the right, almost nose to nose, intimately close to each other. Jeff's pulling himself together, girding himself for what he's about to do. Parker's happy to see the man he loves again, not really realizing what's about to happen next. Tears have begun to stream down the bearded man's cheeks now, too.

9 JEFF:                     IF YOU LOVE ME, IF YOU REALLY  
                                  LOVE ME--

10 PARKER:                  I DO, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH--

**PANEL 6**

Tight on Jeff's three-fingered hand, raising the gun...

11 JEFF:                   --THEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO  
                                  DO--

**PAGE 8**

**PANEL 1**

Close-up of Parker, blood spattering across his horrified face, his eyes wide. His mouth is open in a yell of terror, too late to stop Jeff from doing what he came here to do.

1 PARKER:                   (burst) **NO!**

2 SFX:                       **BLAM!**

**PANEL 2**

Downshot of the scene. The force of the pistol shot to his forehead took Jeff out of his chair again. Parker is on his knees, cradling Jeff's body in his arms, his body trembling with grief.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL 3**

A head and shoulders shot of Jeff, for the first time in this story with a slight smile on his face, and a bloody hole in his head.

We can't tell from this shot, but he's lying on a large butcher block, and a good portion of his body below the neck has been amputated.

If we have colour in this story, we'll have gone from cold, exterior hues, to the yellow-orange firelight colours of inside Parker's cabin.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL 4**

Pull back to reveal a downshot of Jeff's body, on the huge butcher block, stained brown from dried and drying blood, with lots of nicks and cuts in it. Jeff's naked; his right arm is completely gone, now, along with a good portion of his body below the clavicle. A bunch of well-used butcher knives lie on a metal stand beside the butcher block.

NO DIALOGUE

**PANEL 5**

Parker sits at his dinner table, which has been set for a romantic dinner for one. Candles burning, a bottle of wine, Parker's dressed in a silk shirt and dress pants now, his beard trimmed clean. He's using his fork and a steak knife to cut into the forearm and three-fingered hand on his dinner plate, which have been sauteed with onions and red peppers. A framed photograph of Jeff sits on the table across from Parker.

The cabin isn't that big. In the background, beyond this romantic scene, we can see the remains of Jeff's body, lying on the butcher block in the kitchen.

Parker looks miserable.

3 CAPTION:                   THE END.