



HOW TO CATCH A CONFIDENCE

By Sarah Butler (Drawings by Nicole Mollett)

Original Script Sent to Nicole to translate into Graphic Novel;

So, working with the theme of confidence... I was thinking about 3 characters who are going off to hunt for the elusive creature called 'confidence'.

Ideas for scenes/narrative:

Narrative: *Many have searched for the creature commonly called The Confidence – only some have succeeded...*

3 scenes (preparation for hunt) Three characters

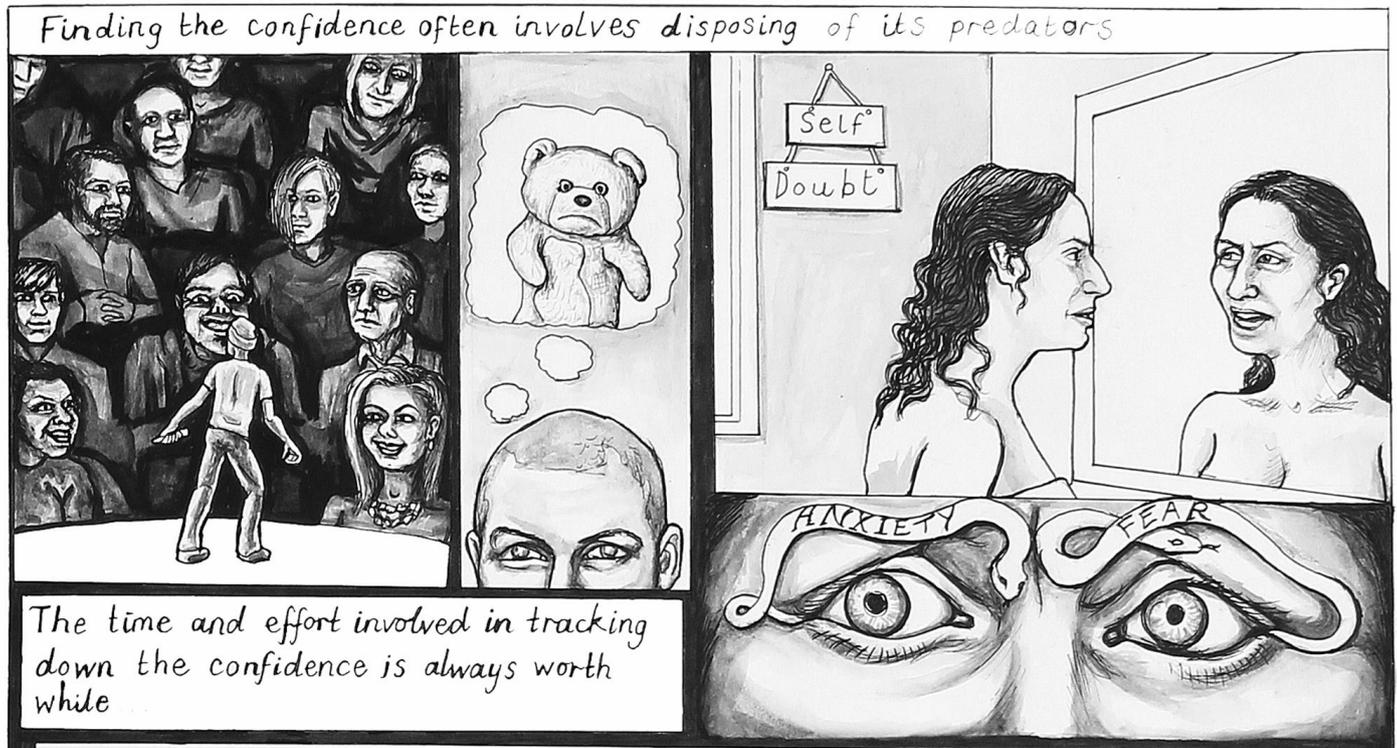
1. one packs/wants to take money, the other thinks they need the right words, the other wants to take a safety net
2. Discussing tactics: a: We'll need to coax it out, gently. b: no, the best thing is just to pretend you can see it and then it'll give up and come out. c: ???!
3. Where to look: a: We should head straight for the big cities. b: It likes to live in beautiful places. c: ???!

Narrative: *And so our intrepid explorers set out, hoping to see, if not catch, at least one confidence...*

Series of scenes without dialogue (?) with headings:

1. Patience, it seems, is important

2. Even the most unpromising of habitats can provide a home for The Confidence
3. Sometimes entirely different creatures masquerade as confidences
4. The Confidence is a powerful creature
5. It can also be fragile

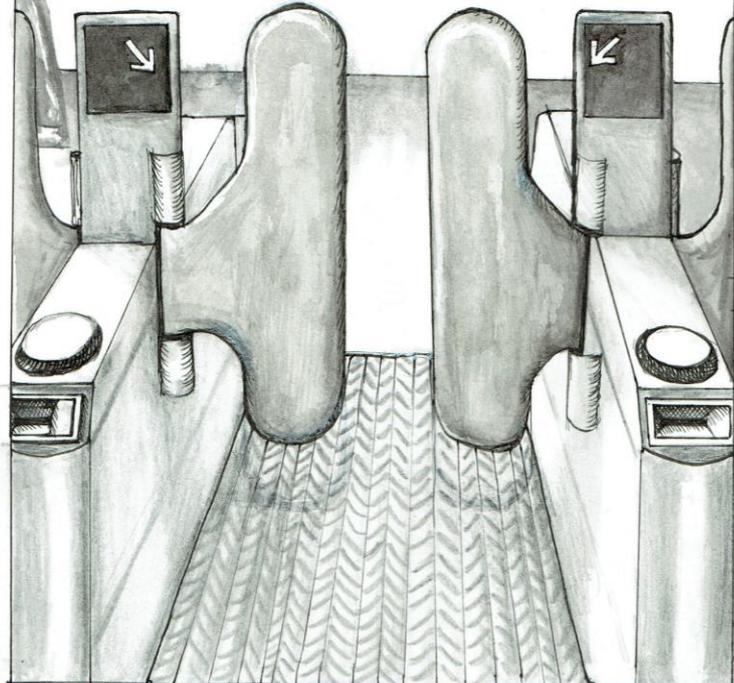


Close up of section of 'How to Catch a Confidence', this part was made to show the enemies of confidence, e.g. stage-fright/shyness, insecurity, Self-doubt, Anxiety, fear.

A DREAM DATES

A Story by Jennifer Bibby & N Mollett

Abi made her way out of the station
 It's like they don't want anyone to be here, but it's not as bad as some



Her family had lived in Luton town for generations.



They worked hard hand making hats, owning shops & putting

IT ANGERED HER HOW SHE HAD TO LAUGH OFF JOKES ABOUT HER HOMETOWN

OR PROTEST THAT IT ISN'T REALLY THAT BAD

SHE HAD LIVED HERE HER WHOLE LIFE

FALLEN IN LOVE

IN LUTON

MAD H

A Dream Date

By Jennifer Bibby, drawn by Nicole Mollett 2018

Original text sent to Nicole by Jennifer;

Abi swiped her ticket through the barrier and headed out of the station. Her heart always sank a little to see its uncared for, dilapidated state, as if it was an apology of a place and they didn't really want anyone to come to Luton. It angered her how she had to laugh off jokes about her home town, or protest that it really wasn't as bad as everyone believed. She'd lived here her whole life, her family had lived in the area for generations, making hats, owning shops, falling in love and putting down roots. Why should she feel ashamed for coming from such a thriving, changing place?

She made her way through commuters in their sharp suits, phones still clutched to their ears as they wrapped up business calls on their way home, none of them stopping to even notice Luton. Abi checked her own phone; she was meant to be meeting James at the George 2nd for a drink or two but she was feeling fractious and in no mood to small talk her way around whatever was irking her. James wasn't even her boyfriend, just a guy she'd met on line who she had been seeing for the past few weeks. Their kisses hadn't quite blurred the lines from dating to commitment yet.

Abi stopped to stow her phone in her bag and looked up at the big sparkly 'If you can dream it, you can do it' mantra that was attached the hat factory wall. A slogan that seemed to be lost on most people rushing past it. What was her dream?

Every evening for the past week Abi had seen him lingering by the corner of the hat factory. OK, there was nothing strange about lingering but the man seemed a little pale and was dressed in a well worn but looked after three piece suit with a flat cap on his head. Abi gave him a variety of looks as she walked past but he didn't seem to notice her. Come to that, no-one else seemed to realise he was there either. Surely if there was a historical film being made she would have read about it, or there'd be film crews littering the place and people stopping for selfies?

This particular evening the light was strange, tinged with pink, bathing the area in a surreal rosy light. The air was heavy, cloying, as if the sky was squatting down on her. Abi unwound her scarf and unzipped her coat a little bit. The man was waiting there, in the same position he was always in. Abi made her way to the George 2nd and stood by the door way. As she swept her eyes up and down the street she realised there was no-one else around. The hairs on the backs of her hands pricked up, the air rippled around her and her ears began to ring. What on earth? Abi squeezed her eyes shut and when she opened them the street before her was transformed. Gone were the bright lights, the neon signs, the outside bar benches and the takeaways. The air around her buzzed with a different kind of bustle; one that was industrious, that smelt of plaited straw. What on earth was going on? Abi's hand dropped to her side, still clutching her mobile phone as she watched a woman hurry around the corner from Guildford street. Her long hair swept up in a messy bun on the top of her head, her hand clutching her long skirt as she skittered along the pavement. She drew to a halt in front of the young man, one hand on her chest as she caught her breath, the other moving through the air as she tried to explain something to him; something that Abi could not hear.

Abi shivered. This was not a film, but a reunion from a time long past. She lifted her phone, she should take a photograph, her Dad loved a ghost story. However, she froze as she tapped in her passcode, struck by the urgent beauty of the couple, as he grasped her hands, bent his head and whispered a reassurance in her ear. They began to move away, in the direction of the station. No! Abi silently protested, don't go! She rushed along behind them, but they had vanished and around her Luton transformed itself back into all of its twenty first century glory.

'Abi?' She turned around, James was half hanging out the door of the George the 2nd. 'Did you just?' She trailed off. She could tell from his face that no, he hadn't seen anything. 'Nothing.' Abi slipped her phone back into her pocket and raised herself on tip toes to kiss his cheek. 'But I will need a large glass of red.'

Preliminary Sketch by Nicole to show layout of story;

