

DARK HORSE MIGHTY SAMSON

ISSUE #3

**“Judgment”
Part 3**

“Treachery”

Script for 22 pages by Jim Shooter
and J.C. Vaughn

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INSIDE FRONT COVER:

LOGO, USUAL STUFF

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PAGE ONE:

Panel 1 (3/5 PAGE SPLASH):

Scene: The tangled overgrowth amid the ruins a half a mile or so from the GREAT COMPOUND OF THE N’YARK.

A group of N’Yark WOMEN and GIRLS are gathering nuts, fruit, wild grains—whatever edibles they can forage. They have woven baskets and shoulder-slung, cloth sacks. Prominent among them are PEACHES and ANGEL, introduced last issue.

A few armed N’YARK MEN keep watch over the women and girls.

A horrific TERATISM lurks nearby, about to pounce.

It’s warm, late summer. A nice day. The N’yark women and girls, all of whom always dress primitive-sexy, are especially skimpily-sexy clad. Make the cops *think* about arresting me, but don’t give them quite enough evidence to convince the grand jury to indict.

The men are also as sexy as Neolithic scruffy guys can be. What can I say, these are sexy times. They carry Stone Age weapons—chert-headed spears, chert-bladed knives, stone axes, Neolithic bows and arrows. No metal. The JERZ have taken away all their good stuff.

I’d shoot this with the TERATISM in the extreme foreground, cropped, showing just enough of it so that we know it’s something *very* big and *very* nasty. Maybe base the thing on a PREYING MANTIS, which is one of the freakiest-looking things I know of. Or have we already done that? I forget. It’s lurking in the shadows behind cover. Mess with it, mutate it.

Very close and approaching the Teratism (and the berry bushes she spied) is Angel. In my scribble, she is full figure, close, almost within grabbing-and-eating range for the Teratism. In extreme danger.

The other women, girls and men are background, but show them as well as possible—suggesting that they’re *all* in danger from the Teratism.

CAPTION

500 years after the end of the world.

CAPTION (2nd)

In the **Tangles**, on the **Island of Broken Towers**, women and girls of the **N’yark Tribe** forage while men keep watch.

ANGEL

Peaches! Look! I see good **berries** over there!

PEACHES

Don’t stray too far, Angel. Or some **bad thing** will have you for lunch!

TITLE

Judgment

Part 3

Treachery

Preying Mantises:







Panel 2 (2/5 page):

Scene: Cut to the GREAT COMPOUND, specifically to the area outside Samson's hut. Establish the area but feature the players. Samson is addressing Sharmaine and Mindor. In fact, he's freeing them!

Sharmaine is to-die-for sexy. All right, all right, I'm a perv. Deal with it. Anyway, the point is, before she was sexy without trying. Now that she's become interested in Samson she's *trying*! Work your wicked best. She's stunned (and dismayed) by what Samson says. She was just getting into this slave thing. Kiiinky....

CAPTION

The **Great Compound** of the N'yark, half a mile distant.

CAPTION (2nd)

Outside the dwelling of **Samson**, champion of his people.

SAMSON

Mindor, Sharmaine, I give you your **freedom**. You are slaves no longer. **Go. Go home.**

SHARMAINE

What...?! But....

PAGE TWO:

Panel (1/6 page):

Scene: Pull in closer. Samson is musing, almost lost in his own thoughts, not necessarily even looking at Sharmaine and Mindor. Mindor whispers urgently to Sharmaine, telling her to keep quiet lest her hot head and smart mouth blow this opportunity. Sharmaine, though, is suddenly conflicted—just when she's starting to like this guy (as of the end of last issue), he's cutting her loose! Anything you can do in terms of body language and expression (short of drooling) to suggest her palpable interest in Samson would be swell. Hmm. She bathed him last issue. I wonder if that had anything to do with her current twitterpation. :)

(NOTE: RE: Slavery: Samson's experiences last issue, including his reflections on his mother's bondage and the plight of Esmay once her daughters were taken by the Jerz, have opened his eyes. More on his growing insight and wisdom later.)

(ANOTHER NOTE: Nearly seduced by sexy, fiery TERRA last issue and still bewitched by her, Samson is more-or-less oblivious to Sharmaine's charms. He's blind to the fact that shrewish, icy Sharmaine has begun to thaw...a little. More on that later, too.)

SAMSON

I never really thought about it until you were **given** to me. But now, though slavery is **common practice**, I think it is **wrong**.

SHARMAINE

Of **course**! But do you really want **me**—I mean us—to **go**?

MINDOR

(small, whisper)

Daughter dearest, just say "thank you."

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Mindor is properly grateful. Samson is reacting to a distant SCREAM that, among present company, only he can hear. Sharmaine is sort of looking around, quizzically, *not* in the same direction Samson is turning.

MINDOR

You are **wise**, young Samson. We come from **Prinzten**, an enclave of **scholars**, and we, too, abhor human bondage.

SAMSON

Hold...! A **scream**!

SHARMAINE

I don't hear anything.

Panel 3 (1/6 page horizontal, a FLAPJACK PANEL):

Scene: Samson runs like the wind across the Great Compound. Show at least a hint of Sharmaine and Mindor, both mildly startled by Samson's sudden departure. We'll get a good look at the Great Compound next panel, so don't sweat it here. Just make sure it's clear that Samson has taken off running fast. Could be an artful crop, either on Mindor and Sharmaine or Samson.

MINDOR

Samson...?

Panel 4 (1/2 page):

Scene: Big scope, $\frac{3}{4}$ overhead shot that gives us a great look at a good bit of the Great Compound as Samson LEAPS OVER THE WALL. Remember, the wall is ten to fifteen feet high, so this is a hell of a running leap—think Michael Jordan taking a running jump from the foul line to dunk the basketball times a bunch. Samson is the centerpiece, here, but no need to make his figure too big—the real star is the *location*.

Try to give a good sense of the nature of the Great Compound and a little taste of what's outside—tangled, somewhat mutated jungle, ruined streets and the 500-year-decayed wreckage of the city. Piles of rubble from the parts of the buildings that collapsed (as opposed to being vaporized), the cracked, overgrown remnants of streets. Other building-stumps (which is what the Great Compound is), though the nearest one would be at least a hundred yards away, and possibly not in our field of view. You know.

Most every N'yark seen is reacting to Samson's prodigious leap. Show him in mid-air. No question that he's clearing the wall by a good margin. No need for speed lines or such if his jump-pose makes it clear at a glance what's happening—as did your shot of Samson jumping the gap in the stairs last issue.

N'yark people seen may include anyone going about normal business, guards on the wall, children doing chores, or if too small to work, playing. There might be dogs and other domestic animals around—chickens, a scrawny goat or two—no cattle or sheep, please. That would make the N'yark look too prosperous.

Remember, the N'yark have been horribly oppressed by the Jerz for the last two decades.

I'm picturing this like one of those Geoff Darrow shots, but don't make it your life's work. Just give us a clearer understanding of the home of the N'yark and its setting.

A SENTRY on the wall speaks and points at Samson.

SENTRY

Look! Up in the air...!

PAGE THREE:

Panel 1 (1/2 page horizontal):

Scene: Back to the Foragers. Chaos! The Teratism has Angel in its grasp and is about to devour her. The other Foragers are fleeing in terror/scrambling away. A few are still close enough to the Teratism to appear to be in grave jeopardy—possibly one or more have fallen down or are somehow in extreme imminent danger of being crushed or seized. The men “guarding” them are retreating/falling back, saving themselves—except for one, JASSA, a man of Indian or Pakistani descent, who is hesitating, as if thinking of fighting. Another “guard,” call him STOOCH, is pulling Jassa away, urging him to retreat. None of the men are in immediate danger.

Only one member of the party is actually trying to fight the Teratism and rescue Angel—that would be PEACHES, who is futilely whacking away at the Teratism with the biggest stick she can swing, which is not very big. The Teratism doesn’t even notice her...yet.

(NOTE: If you gave the Teratism claws like a Preying Mantis’s that would obviously impale/kill Angel by the mere act of seizing her, then have the Teratism grasping her by her clothing.)

(ANOTHER NOTE: Always remember—go for ethnic and racial diversity. Unless I specify, you pick.)

ANGEL

EEEEEE...!

STOOCH
(to Jassa)

Jassa! Don’t be a gnat-wit! They’re only **females**—not worth dying over!

Panel 2 (1/6 page horizontal, a FLAPJACK PANEL):

Scene: Tight close up on the hideous Teratism shoving Angel toward, or if you can, if it works, into its maw/jaws. Make it horrifying!

ANGEL

Peaches, run away...!

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Using a big thick, heavy limb (apparently) torn from a tree, Samson, suddenly on the scene, delivers a KILLING BLOW to the Teratism. He’s breaking its back, causing it to spasm backwards, drop Angel. Angel should be in mid-air, just out of the Teratism’s lethal jaws. She’ll fall a ways, but not such a great distance that she’d sustain major injury. As a kid, I once fell 15 feet off the top of a wall and more-or-less just bounced. No major damage.

Show Peaches with her little stick, a huge contrast to Samson's huge "stick." Peaches reacts to Samson's sudden appearance.

PEACHES

Samson...!

PAGE FOUR:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Aftermath. The Teratism lies dead, Samson stands triumphant and the cowardly men look on with awe. Feature Samson. Show enough of the dead, broken Teratism so there is no doubt that it's dead and broken. Could be cropped a lot. Also feature the grateful women and girls all around Samson. The old and young ones are just happy to be alive the nubile ones are grateful to be alive *and* dripping with desire for Mighty Samson. Perhaps I should rephrase that. *Nah*. The cowardly men are farthest away from the camera (and the Teratism), background, full of awe and envy.

I scribbled this with Samson almost centered, full figure, The women all around him. Angel and Peaches closest to him. A couple of the sexiest girls foreground, cropped (but not covering our centerpiece, Samson. Show me *sexxy*, Patrick. You know how to do it so well without being lewd. That's the goal. Twitterpate the audience, but never show anything one can't see on prime time TV.

(NOTE: Angel and Peaches are just happy. They have no interest in old men like Samson. Now, if Justin Bieber happened along...!)

Remember, this is a few seconds after their close call, so some of the women are on the ground where they tripped and fell while trying to scramble away, others are standing, looking like people who escaped gruesome death by a gnat's eyelash. One or two could already be picking up spilled fruit and putting it back in the baskets they dropped when they started to flee.

Here's a good general inspiration for Samson's attitude/body language (though none of the women is clinging to his ankle. Considering it maybe. At his feet worshipfully, maybe. But not quite so overt.) Don't do the pose exactly:



SAMSON

Gather up your goods. I will see you safely home.

Panel 2 (1/6 page panel):

Scene: The area of Samson's rude hut, specifically, an angle on the lean-to type shelters of Mindor and Sharmaine. Establishing shot, but feature the characters. Mindor is enthusiastically "packing"—not that he and Sharmaine have possessions of any significance besides the rags on their backs—but Mindor is hopeful that Samson will grant them a few necessities. He's folding up his ragged BLANKET.

Sharmaine, meanwhile, is standing nearby, sulking/pouting/steaming. How dare that lout send her away...?! That magnificent, noble, mighty, handsome...*lout!* *Grr.* Can't he see that she is willing to lower her standards and allow him to woo her? (Not to mention that she's dripping with desire...you know.)

Okay to crop one of the figures—I scribbled an artful crop of Sharmaine to emphasize her emotion and her...*attributes*. Could do it from the other direction cropping Mindor, if you can make his action clear and carry Sharmaine's emotion in body language. Make it clear.

Balloon placement is tricky and important here. Careful.

CAPTION

Meanwhile.

MINDOR

Surely Samson will allow us to take our **blankets** with us...! He is a **generous** man...!

SHARMAINE

Father, why are you in such a **hurry**?

MINDOR (2nd)

To be **free**! Don't you want to be free?

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Sharmaine. She looks dreamy, sexy—okay, let's call a spade a spade—horny! No need to show anything anyone else.

SHARMAINE

Yes...but...he is...an **interesting** man. Strong, of course, but also...**noble** in his uncouth way. **Generous**, as you say. And...and...

SHARMAINE (2nd)

...daddy, what a **man**...!

(NOTE: Stan always told me never to crop a pretty girl so high in a close up that you couldn't see her bust. Or at least some cleavage. I used to have tremendous problems with John Romita, Sr. when I was plotting and laying out the Spider-Man syndicated strip. John would always crop the girls extra-tastefully at the collarbone, though I laid the panel out properly, per Stan. [John actually considered becoming a priest when he was young. What a choirboy.] Then Stan would go honking at John, then John would get annoyed with me for getting him in trouble. What did I do?! Then the redo would make the strip late. Then...well, it's a long story. Anyway, show her lucky charms.)

Panel 4 (1/9 page):

Scene: Sharmaine has her back to Mindor (and therefore, both can be facing the camera), nose in the air, looking all righteous and self-justified. Mindor looks like a father who suspects his daughter has been fooling around with bad boys. Yes, it's another shot with yummy Sharmaine in the foreground. Can there really be too many? Change up the angle and depth some.

MINDOR

Daughter...! What mischief have you been up to?

SHARMAINE

You're the one who insisted I **bathe** him the other night.

Panel 5 (2/9 page):

Scene: Interior, ZARSK'S HUT. It's large and palatial by rustic, Neolithic standards. NARTS is entering, excited, full of bad news. Show the door. ZARSK is pained/annoyed by what he hears. He need not be facing Narts. Play to the audience.

CAPTION

The dwelling of **Judge Zarsk**, headman of the N'yark Tribe.

NARTS

...saved the foraging party! Slew a **behemoth**! Throngs **cheered** him as he led the women through the gate! They **love** him.

ZARSK

Gahh...! Narts, if he becomes any more **popular**, they'll...they'll **overthrow** me and make **him** Judge!

ZARSK (2nd)

We have to **do** something about this...**Samson! Soon!**

PAGE FIVE:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Interior. The RUINS OF AN ARMORY in the JERZ LANDS (near current-day Jersey City). I poked around on the web, looking for good reference. Couldn't find anything just right. Here are some images of Armories—basically, they're big buildings with big interior spaces and often with arched roofs:

http://www.google.com/images?as_q=&hl=en&btnG=Google+Search&as_epq=armory&as_oq=&as_eq=&imgtype=&imgsz=&imgw=&imgh=&imgar=&as_filetype=&imgc=&as_sitesearch=&as_rights=&safe=off&as_st=y&biw=1174&bih=536

The main halls are often leased out for events, shows, sports, etc., during non-war times. In times of strife, they're full of soldiers and equipment. Actually, the equipment is always there, but it's stored, usually, except when the National Guard is training or preparing for deployment.

Keep in mind that this building may have been built 50-100 years in our future. Somewhat futuristic. One of the problems I have with the available reference is that the buildings all look so old. Anyway, this ancient yet somewhat futuristic structure is partially collapsed.

(NOTE TO PATRICK: In general, we need to rot and ruin *everything* from before the Doomsday Cataclysm more. It's been 500 years since a special kind of thermonuclear holocaust occurred. Mess things up!)

There is much equipment here—tanks, armored vehicles, artillery, even hovercraft. The world was on the edge of war when the Doomsday Cataclysm occurred. The equipment is all in serious disrepair. It's just junk, now—literally heaps of rust with some of the thicker parts not quite eroded beyond recognition, some worse than others. I picture a tank with the turret collapsed halfway into the main body of the tank, listing, its treads a memory. Whatever. All of these things are (were) futuristic—military hardware from 100 years in our future! But, all of these things evidence 500 years of rust and rot! There is *almost* nothing useful here.

Anyway....

QUEEN TERRA OF JERZ, henceforth TERRA, is here. She is attended by a Queenly ENTOURAGE of GUARDS and OFFICERS. We don't need too many, just a few.

Before Terra, humbly (scared to death) bowing and/or kneeling are THREE PRINZTEN SCHOLARS, call them KLETCH, SHORE and NAGY. Two JERZ SOLDIERS stand near or behind them, watching them closely.

KLETCH is chubby, balding, red-haired; SHORE is skinny, mousy, the nerdiest-looking of the three; and NAGY is a reasonably fit, good-looking, black-haired guy. They all wear some version of GRADUATION ROBES, (like Mindor). Reference provided in the issue #1 script. The Graduation Robes don't have to be all the same. In fact, please make them all somewhat different from one another—different colors, slightly different styles. Only SHORE has a MORTARBOARD cap! All Caucasian. I don't want to do the cliché mix all the time. There are lots of diverse Scholars we'll see later.

KLETCH holds a 22nd-Century WEAPON, which he is humbly offering to Terra. She is not reaching out to accept it yet, just standing there looking unbelievably hot and haughty. The Weapon is a SHOCK BATON that generates an intense electrical discharge—like a guided bolt of lightning—that can, at full power, wipe out a platoon or kill a behemoth. It's one of a kind—the only salvageable weapon found among the debris. Pictures of current-day Shock Batons are below, but remember, Terra's must be futurized a bit. Unlike current-day Shock Batons, hers doesn't have to touch the target—it *throws* a bolt of lightning.

An OFFICER, call him OFFICER 1 explains the situation to Terra (and us).

Establishing shot please, but feature the players, especially Terra.

CAPTION

In the lands of the marauding **Jerz Tribe**, in a place of ruins between the river-bays called **Jerzity**...

CAPTION (2nd)

...inside **the Great Hall of Rusting Hulks**.

OFFICER 1

...captives taken in our raid on **Prinzten**, leaders of the **Scholars' Cult** there.

Mortarboard:





Batons:





Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle to favor Kletch, Shore and Nagy. Officer 1 and Terra could be foreground, cropped, backs to us or $\frac{3}{4}$ so. Over their shoulders? Whatever. Even cropped and from behind, Terra is devastatingly sexy. Kletch still holds out the Shock Baton. Terra still makes no effort to accept it.

OFFICER 1

They are wise in the ways of **science**, Great Queen Terra. I ordered them to discover **weapons** for us. Or die.

TERRA

Well, scienceers, what have you?

(NOTE: I meant to type “scienceers.” It’s not a typo.)

KLETCH

Um... I am **Kletch**, your majesty. My associates are **Shore** and **Nagy**.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Two-shot, as tight as possible on Kletch and Terra, favoring Terra so we can see her puzzled expression. She has no idea there was a 22nd Century.

(NOTE: Most people of this era are too worried about *now* to contemplate history. They know there is *now* and there was a *before*. Slightly more sophisticated peoples like the Jerz probably have some sort of calendar and some sense of history, but even their history goes back less than 100 years, when a few bands of hunter-gatherers united and began building their warrior nation. [NOTE WITHIN THE NOTE: Two groups who have at least some vague understanding of world history are the Lore-Speakers and the Prinzten Scholars' Cult.]

KLETCH

Legends tell that this place was a **storehouse** for weapons in the 22nd Century.

TERRA

What? Twenty...second...?

KLETCH

Um, I-I meant in the world **before**...in **ancient** days, before the **Doomsday Cataclysm**...that is, according to the scant accounts preserved by our Cult.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Kletch, Shore and Nagy. Cropped is okay. Tricky copy placement, but it's only 29 words. Kletch still holds out the Shock Baton. Try to give us a reasonably good look at it.

SHORE

We asked to be allowed to search here.

NAGY

Almost everything is rotted to dust....

KLETCH

But in a half-collapsed lock-room, sealed in a **rustless box**, we found **this**...in **perfect condition**!

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle. Now, finally, Terra has accepted and is holding the Shock Baton, looking at it curiously. The shock Baton is the star, here. This is its glam shot. Terra need not be facing Kletch. We should see a bit of him, since he speaks.

KLETCH

Point it at, *um*, something you **really** don't need and press that round, red thing.

PAGE SIX:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Terra uses the Shock Baton and fires a bolt of lightning at the decaying hulk of a 22nd Century TANK. It's rusted, but it's MASSIVE. The lightning bolt from the Shock Baton is DESTROYING IT SPECTACULARLY. Make it look like this thing, which was more intact than most, is going to be a heap of rust-dust and heavy metal shards when all the pieces fall and settle.

Everyone except the Scholars reacts with "shock and awe," even Terra, though she's more in control of her reactions than her troops. The troops nearest Terra are very startled. The Scholars are not quite "ho-hum," but they have tested the weapon and know what it will do.

(no copy)

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close on Terra as Nagy, stating the obvious. Terra's mind is racing with the possibilities the Shock Baton presents.

NAGY

It makes **lightning**, Queen Terra.

TERRA

This could be **very** useful!

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Pull wider, so in addition to Nagy and Terra we see Kletch and Shore stand by a portable charging device. It should look like it was designed to be used as a portable base station for the

Shock Baton, ready to survive wear and tear and vigorous use by multiple troops (one at a time). Think of that weird combination: sturdy, heavy duty, relatively light weight tech.

Kletch motions to the portable charging device, which looks like a blend of a military / heavy duty laptop case and a hand-cranked generator. It should look stable (four collapsible legs or a tripod) and have a docking port for the Shock Baton. Shore rubs his stiff shoulder. He obviously was the one cranking. Nagy is continuing to explain. Terra is preoccupied and raises her hand in an “I have heard enough” motion.

(NOTE TO PATRICK: Although we won’t see it this time, it seems reasonable to extrapolate from the USB connections on much current technology that this portable device might well be able to charge other technology as well. It might be good to make this something you wouldn’t mind drawing again in the future. Doesn’t mean it will happen, but might as well be prepared.)

KLETCH

It can hurl much lightning before it is exhausted. But, we also found a device that fills it with lightning again! The crank must be turned....

SHORE

Many times.

NAGY

We have **more** weapons to demonstrate....

TERRA

Not now.

Current day military laptop case:



Current day hand generator:



Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: The Scholars and even her troops are taken by surprise as Terra strides away with purpose, Shock Baton in hand. Troops and officers hasten to obey.

TERRA

We march to **Port Imperial!** **Double time!**

TERRA (2nd)

Send runners ahead to the docks with orders for the captain to prepare my **royal galley**.

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close in on Terra (remember Stan's advice!). She smiles a fearsome smile and is fired up with purpose. Her face is unmasked ambition and desire. This device will give her Samson, and the combination of Samson and this device will give her the world. As usual, she's smoldering with intensity.

TERRA

Tonight, I will have a new and mighty **pawn** in my power—or the N'yark will have a champion no more.

PAGE SEVEN:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Cut to Samson's hut. Medium shot of Samson, sitting on the chair and at the table seen at the end of issue #2, sewing with a needle and some thread. Although we don't have to see precisely what he's sewing (it's a new tunic), we have to be able to tell what he's doing. Clearly visible in this should be the nickel-plated sewing needle he's using, which in the world of the N'yark would be worth a bundle. Over his shoulder, we see Sharmaine enter carrying a wooden tray of food. At first she won't notice specifically what he's doing because she's more intent on making him notice her. He's a bit preoccupied. He continues to look at his work instead of at her. He's not being coy, either, but focused. It doesn't matter. It will make her, like Avis, try harder.

(NOTE: While the needle is great, the thread won't be the super-fine material readily available today. It will be a bit thicker. If we could see it close up, it would be coarser. Won't show up much here, but just for the record.)

CAPTION

The Great Compound of the N'yark. Samson's hut. Hours later.

SHARMAINE

The families of those you saved today brought **offerings**. So...I **cooked!**

SAMSON

Why are you still here?

SHARMAINE (2nd)

It's a nice, vegetable stew...and the meat of a big turtle!

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Sharmaine is laying it on a bit thick, bending over, holding the tray of food right in front of him so that he can see the meal she's prepared, placing it on the table in front of him. The tray is crudely fashioned, as is the bowl resting on it, but in a time when the next meal is always in doubt, here's a full bowl served up hot. And it does look good...just not as good as her. He tries to continue what he's doing, and continues not looking at her. Oblivious or indifferent, the effect is the same. He doesn't look up. The needle catches her eye. She's never seen one like it.

SAMSON

I told your father you two could take some supplies. I'll arrange for soldiers to escort you through the wilderness, if you wish....

SHARMAINE

What's **that**?

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Medium close-up. This is something that actually interests Samson, so looks up and holds the needle out in front of him. He's actually very happy with it. Sharmaine has moved for a better look, bringing her head down to level with Samson's, looking at the needle as he holds it out. It glints with a sparkle. She's physically close to him and trying to use her charms that way, but she is genuinely startled by the needle. Not only have the Jerz taken everything metal from the N'yark, it's something that most in this era never will see, a thing that looks new and clean.

SAMSON

Oh. A needle made of an incorruptible metal...found inside a broken tower, they say. Given me as an honorarium. It's priceless!

SHARMAINE

I've only ever seen **bone** needles. Well, I'll be back in a while to clean up.

Panel 4 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Sunder approaches the TERATISM FACTORY seen at the end of issue #2. It's big, and unlike many of the ruins the denizens of this era frequently come across, it's substantially intact. Don't go too far with this and make it pristine – it's definitely not – but it's still generating its own power and still operating, though in a broken fashion. The damage is such that the closer up one gets, the more apparent the damage is. Correspondingly, the farther away, the better the place looks.

Playing on what we've seen in the last panel of #2, the facility could be four stories tall and about 600 yards long. It's surrounded by thick brush growth, but not overrun by it (as it would have been if it wasn't still up and running).

In this scene, Sunder's looking at just a part of it, a wall of solar panels, plenty of them broken or partially broken (they are the side of the end that is closest to Sunder in the last panel of #2). He's never seen anything like it. Like at the armory, but even more so—while this technology is ancient to the time, it's from our future. And just as it's based on ours, it was created 50 years or more later.

CAPTION

Meanwhile, many miles northwest, **Sunder**, former **Warlord of Jerz**...and former **consort** of Queen Terra...

CAPTION (2nd)

...exiled for his **defeat** by Samson...and other failures of a more **intimate** nature...

CAPTION (3rd)

...encounters an **edifice** the likes of which he has never seen before.

SUNDER

What sort of place **is** this?!

Solar panels:



PAGE EIGHT:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Sunder, creeping very cautiously, ENTERS the factory. He's visibly nervous and unwarlord-like. This is scary stuff with no weapon but a stick—but let's face it, he *is* walking into the place, and how brave would one have to be to do that?

The hole in the wall through which he enters should be wide and high enough that the Teratisms we've seen thus far could have fit (or squeezed) through it. Inside the building, there has been substantial damage and decay, but there also can be some evidence of limited *repairs*! How do you show that? Maybe there is some scaffolding, a pile of bricks or some bracing supporting a wall, but *do not sweat it!* It's a detail. The repairs will be mentioned later.

Please do this as a long-ish shot on Sunder, small figure, just big enough so we know it's him. The *environment* is the star. I scribble-sketched this several ways, from a $\frac{3}{4}$ overhead angle, from a medium-high angle and from eye level. Whatever. Scope! Make it rock.

What we see of the *workings* of the Factory here is important—lots of pipes, conduits, covered vats and storage tanks. Everything is futuristic by our standards—sleek and super-modern. Big scale. I offer various ref below, from all types of plants. None of it is quite right, but some may inspire a thought or two. Could have several levels.

IMPORTANT! At the end of this bio-chemical production line there are BIG, POD-LIKE TANKS that clamshell or iris open—that's where the finished TERATISMS are gestated before being released. Let's call these GESTATION TANKS. These things have to be big enough to hold the LARGEST TERATISMS (all “born” full grown), though possibly curled up in a fetal-ish position.

ACTUALLY, the GESTATION TANKS weren't intended to be the END of the production line. Back before this automated, A.I.-run factory went crazy and rebuilt itself, back when it was turning out genetically engineered livestock and such, the production line *continued* and the creatures produced were cleaned, contained and prepped for shipping—BUT THE LINE FROM THE GESTATION TANKS ON HAS BEEN IRREPARABLY DESTROYED. Nothing but wreckage and holes in the structure beyond them.

IMPORTANT! WE SHOULD NOT SEE THE GESTATION TANKS AND SUBSEQUENT RUINS HERE! What we (and Sunder) are seeing is a little farther up the line. I'm just explaining so you have all the information you need to do the design. We'll see the Gestation Tanks, etc. soon.

(NOTE: Given the wooded area in which the factory is located, one might expect that there would be more overgrowth by the vegetation, but this building has been kept reasonably clear. We'll see how later.)

(IMPORTANT LIGHTING NOTE: This is the first building we've encountered in this primitive era that has ELECTRIC LIGHTS! Unlike any other building we've shown, this one is fairly well-lit! There are 22nd Century artificial light sources! Futuristic LED type-things, I'd guess. Show some lights, but don't go nuts trying to prove their nature here. As we go along, for sure, we'll see the light and the lights!)

SUNDER

Light...! But not torches...nor candles! Like little **suns** caught in glass!

L.E.D. Lighting. Here's a nightclub with all L.E.D. lights:







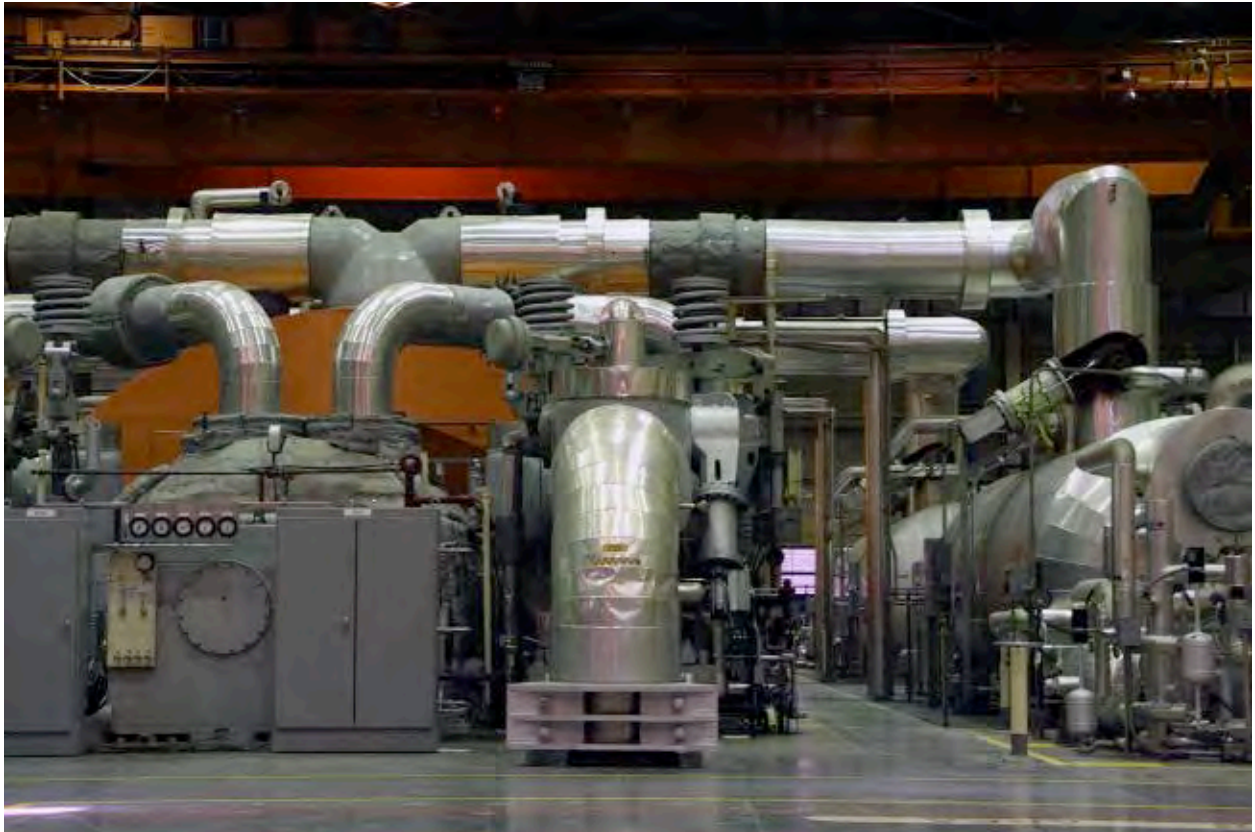
Other futuristic lighting:



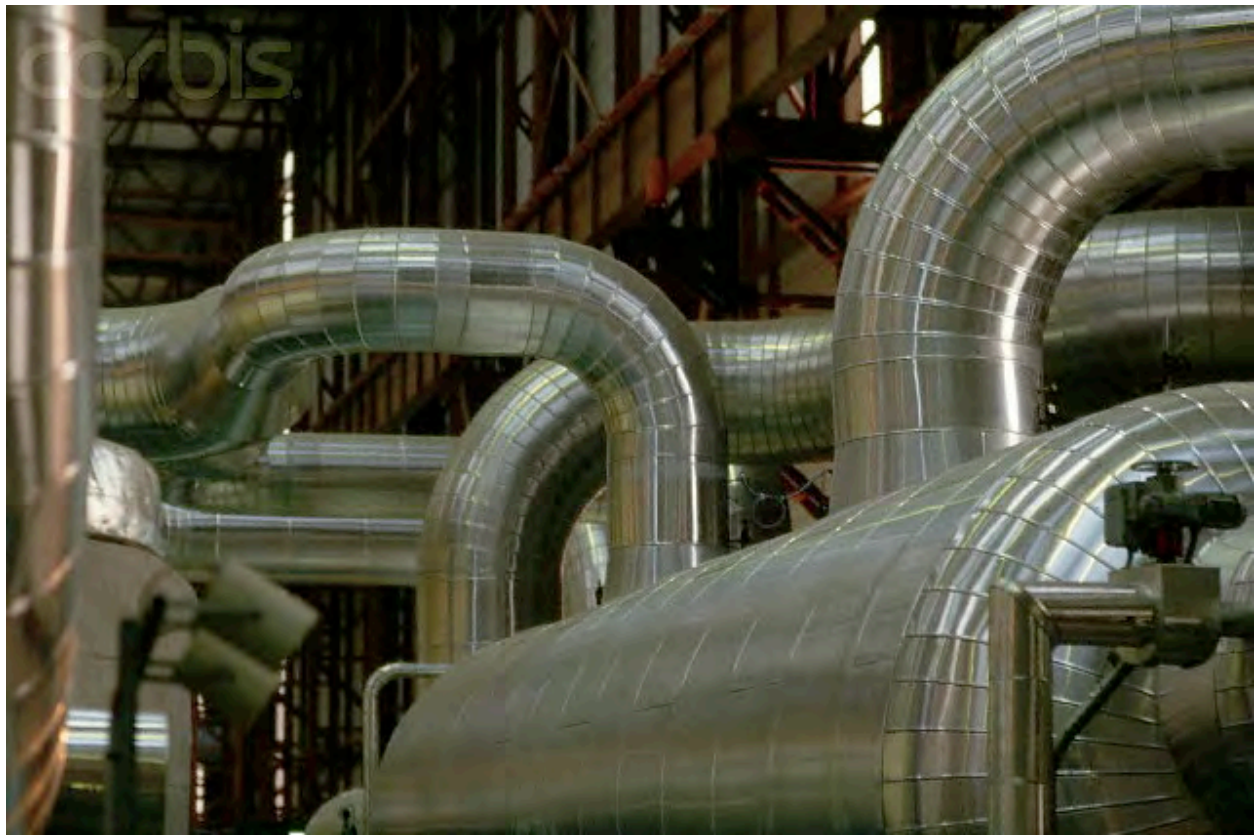
Tron: Legacy:



Factory reference:

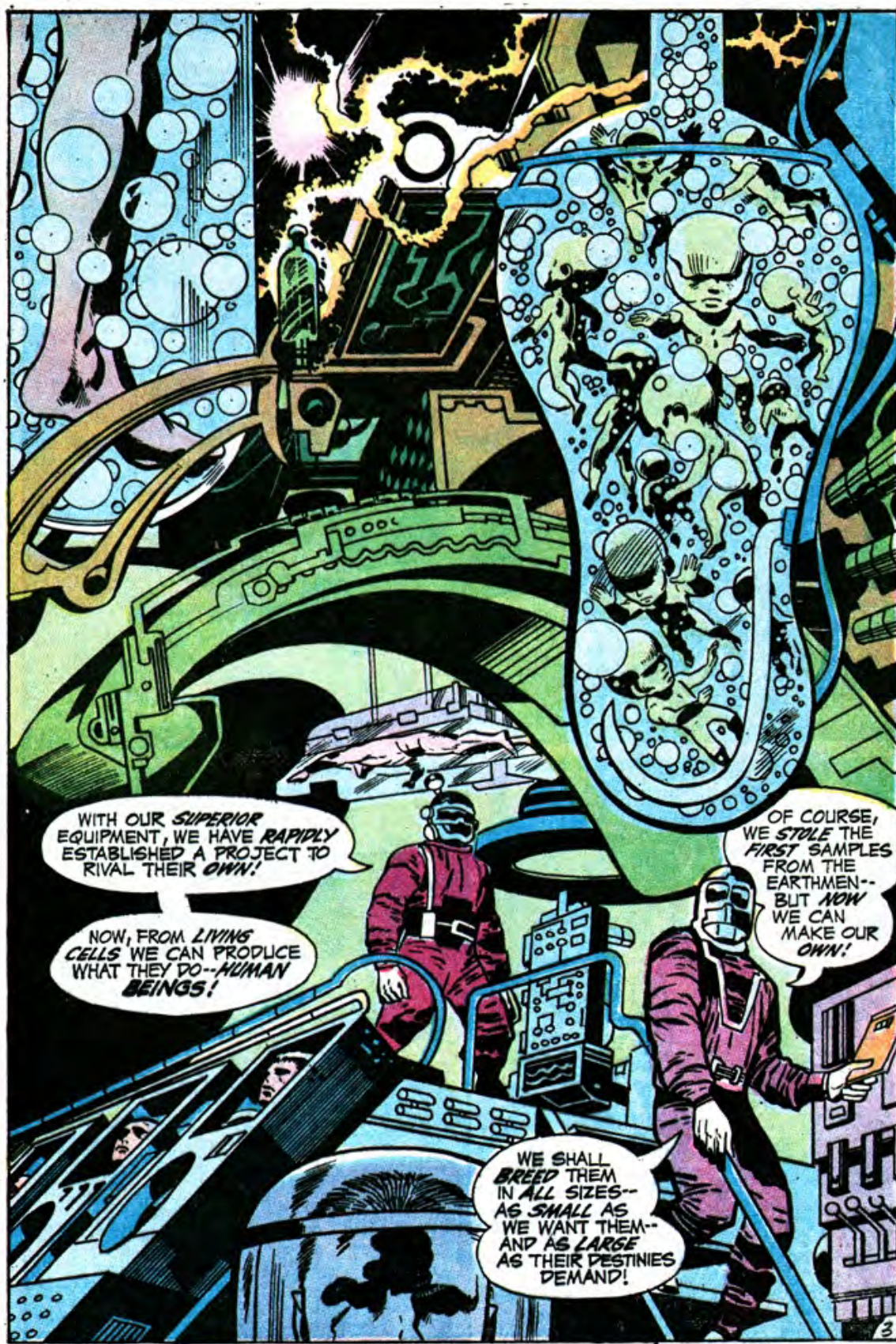








Just for the Hell of it, here's a Kirby (late-era Kirby, not the best era) illo that's vaguely of the ilk. No, I don't recommend this as ref. It's for your amusement:



WITH OUR *SUPERIOR*
EQUIPMENT, WE HAVE *RAPIDLY*
ESTABLISHED A PROJECT TO
RIVAL THEIR *OWN*!

NOW, FROM *LIVING*
CELLS WE CAN PRODUCE
WHAT THEY DO--*HUMAN*
BEINGS!

OF COURSE,
WE *STOLE* THE
FIRST SAMPLES
FROM THE
EARTHMEN--
BUT *NOW*
WE CAN
MAKE OUR
OWN!

WE SHALL
BREED THEM
IN *ALL* SIZES--
AS *SMALL* AS
WE WANT THEM--
AND AS *LARGE*
AS THEIR DESTINIES
DEMAND!

Panel 2 (1/6 page HORIZONTAL, a FLAPJACK PANEL):

OPTION! If you would rather do this as a tall, skinny 1/6 (a half-page tall) and do the next panel as the remaining half of the page, *beside* this panel rather than below, I'm okay with that. You pick!

Scene: Focus on Sunder, suddenly terrified as the shadow of a HIDEOUS TERATISM falls across him! We've done a big bug this issue, so, when we get a look at the thing, next panel, go some other way. Lizard-like? Lizard crossed with crab? Or devil-fish? Whatever, but mutate the Hell out of it, please. Speaking of which....

(NOTE TO PATRICK: It's important here to suggest that this factory not only made the Teratisms we've seen to date, but that it can crank out a full range of them. We've seen sort a *Dark Crystal*-ish end of the spectrum so far, so now, let's skew more toward *Alien* (at least the first two films) or some such. Super-scary. Weird but realistic. H.R. Giger, or Bernie Wrightson. Serpieri does some hideous beasts. You probably know groovy horror artists more so than I do. Creepy. Convincing. Things to be afraid of. Give me nightmares.)

SUNDER

Ai...!

Panel 3 (1/2 page):

Scene: Sunder cringes fearfully behind something, some cover, as the Teratism goes by, headed outside through the same gaping rent through which Sunder entered.

IMPORTANT! Please make it logical that Sunder didn't see the Hideous Teratism before now—i.e, it was around a corner or obscured by something.

Angle this shot so that now we see the Gestation Tanks and the wrecked/ruined end of the line.

The Teratism should look like it just stepped out of the vat—dripping viscous fluid, staggering like a newborn colt. (That's good for Sunder—this newly-created thing is struggling just to keep its legs under it, so it doesn't notice him.) Behind it is ANOTHER, DIFFERENT TERATISM just starting to emerge from its Gestation Tank. It's covered with an even gloppier dose of viscous glop. The one thing that they should have in common is that though they are newborns, they look monstrous, terrifying and dangerous.

(no copy)

PAGE NINE:

Panel 1 (2/9 page):

Scene: Some miles away from the Teratism Factory. Sunder had been walking quickly but warily through the woods, but here is turning defensively in response to ARMED MEN approaching.

The Armed Men are JERZ WARRIORS—in particular a SCOUTING PARTY out SEARCHING FOR SUNDER! They are excited to have spotted him—SCOUT 1 is the first to see him—but in this panel, we shouldn't know for sure whether they've come to kill him or save him. So, the reader gets a millisecond of suspense before next panel....

Besides Scout 1 there are several other SCOUTS and a SCOUT CAPTAIN.

Lots of ways to shoot this effectively. Make it clear.

CAPTION

Miles away, three hours later.

SCOUT 1

There! There he is!

SCOUT CAPTAIN

Sound the **horn!**

Panel 2 (1/9 page):

Scene: Focus on the Scout Captain and Sunder. The Scout Captain is SALUTING Sunder—an ordinary U.S. Army salute, please. Sunder (secretly relieved that they aren't here to kill him) does not salute back. He's actually a little annoyed by the Scout Captain's remark about his beloved Terra, but getting into that would be counter-productive right now.

SCOUT CAPTAIN

The entire Army of the North **deserted!** We are loyal to **you**, not the Harlot-Queen. She is mad with lust.

SUNDER

Yes, one of her better features.

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: It is still daylight, but late in the day. The sun is low in the sky. We are in the CAMP of the ARMY OF THE NORTH. It's a big army. Of course we can't show a zillion guys, but try to get it across that this is a big camp. Lots of crude, Paleolithic tents.

Sunder, a COLONEL and a MAJOR sit in council. They wouldn't be around a fire—it's summer and it isn't dark yet. RANK AND FILE SOLDIER 1 is bringing Sunder a beverage in an aluminum camp cup. RANK AND FILE SOLDIER 2 is coming with an armful of what might be MAPS, sheets of thin leather rolled up like scrolls. Almost all paper disintegrated centuries ago, and no one knows how to make more.

Make sure Sunder looks like the boss here. He has the best seat, etc. He's talking and the other officers listen attentively.

A good establishing shot, please, but feature the players. See ref below.

CAPTION

Soon.

SUNDER

I have **discovered** something—a **mystery**...and perhaps an **opportunity** as well. I need to understand it better.

SUNDER (2nd)

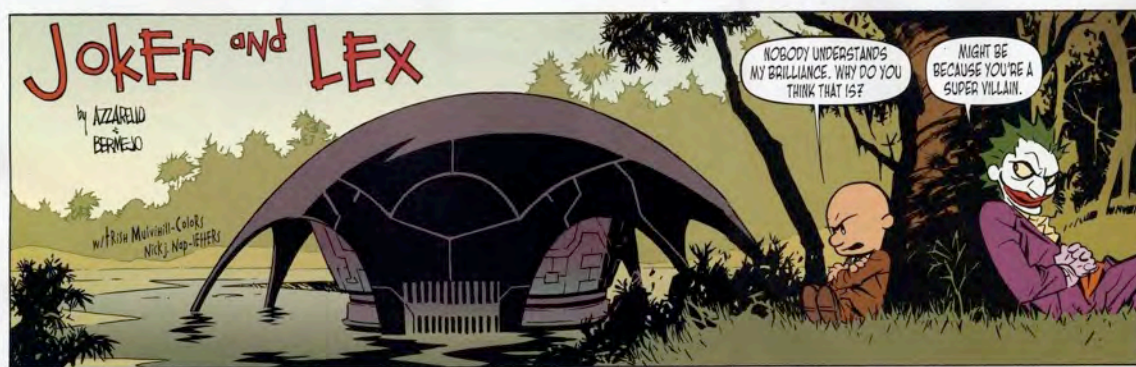
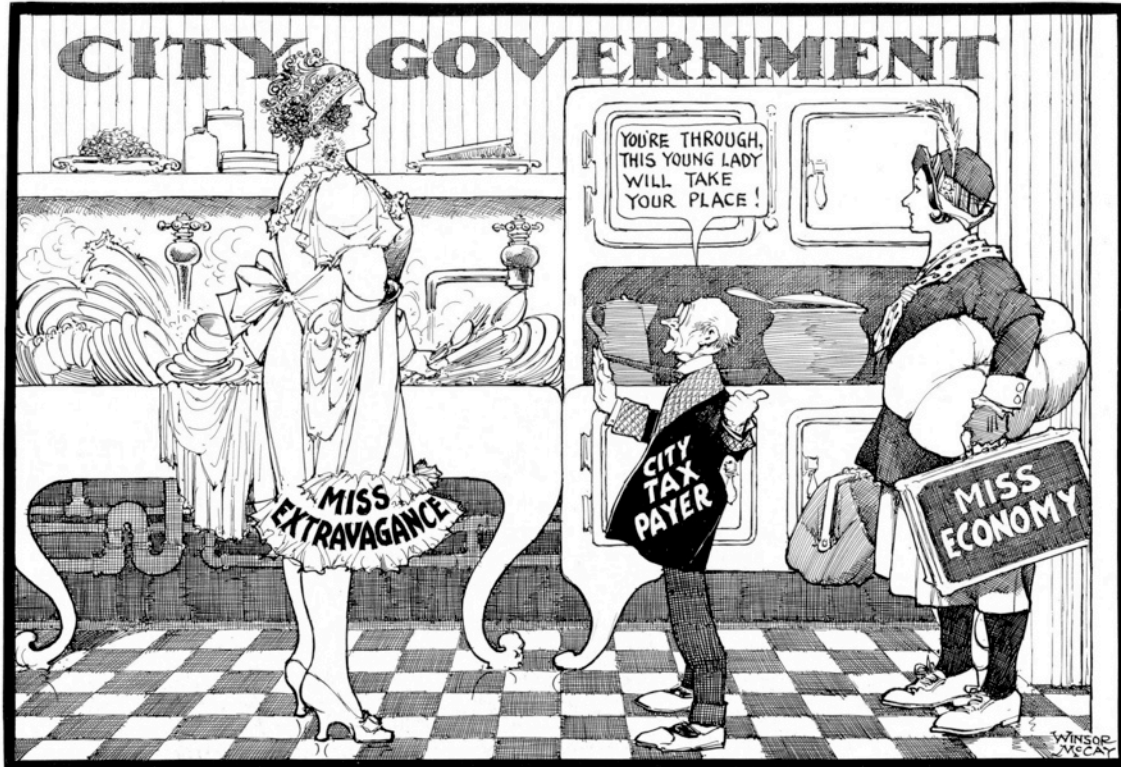
What became of those sniveling weaklings, the...**scienceers** we captured in Prinzten?

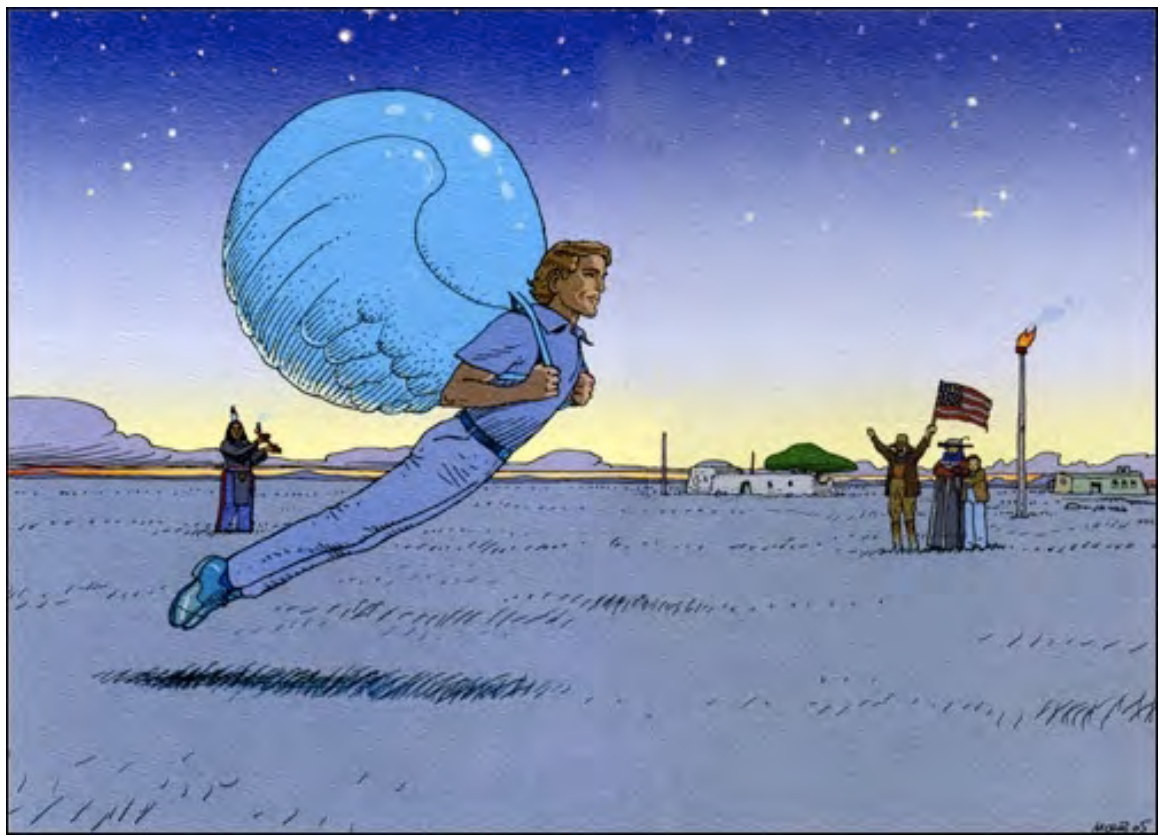
COLONEL

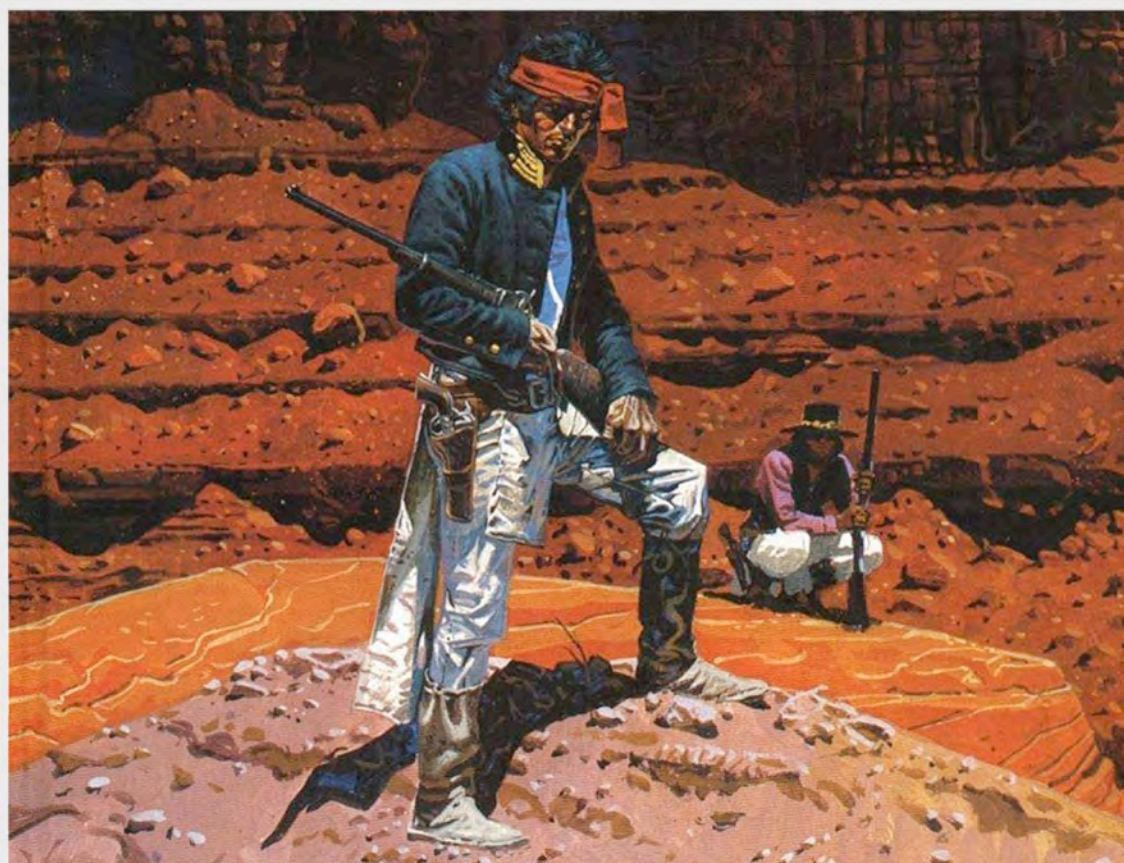
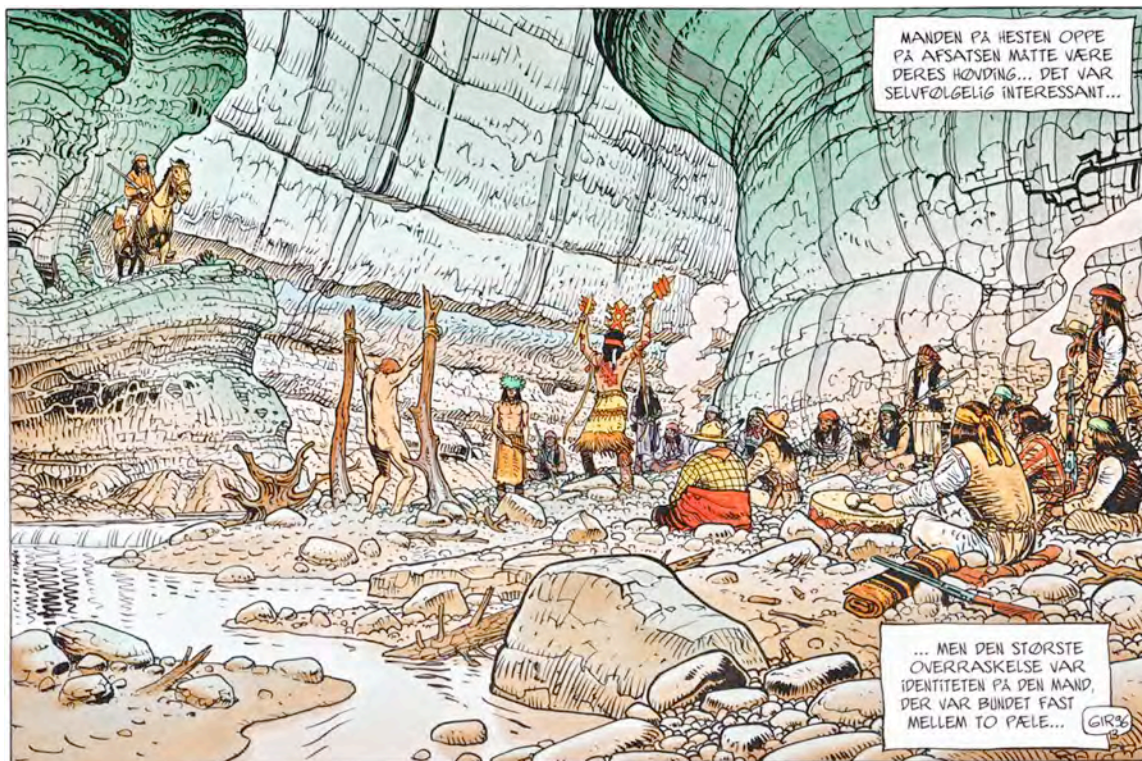
Three were delivered into Terra's service. We'd have to invade her stronghold to take them.

(IMPORTANT NOTE: I never seem to be able to get anyone to understand what I'm talking about when I say "feature the players but establish the location" so I threw in a few examples below. None are quite germane to this scene, but maybe they'll help get the general idea across.)

Establishing shots featuring the players:



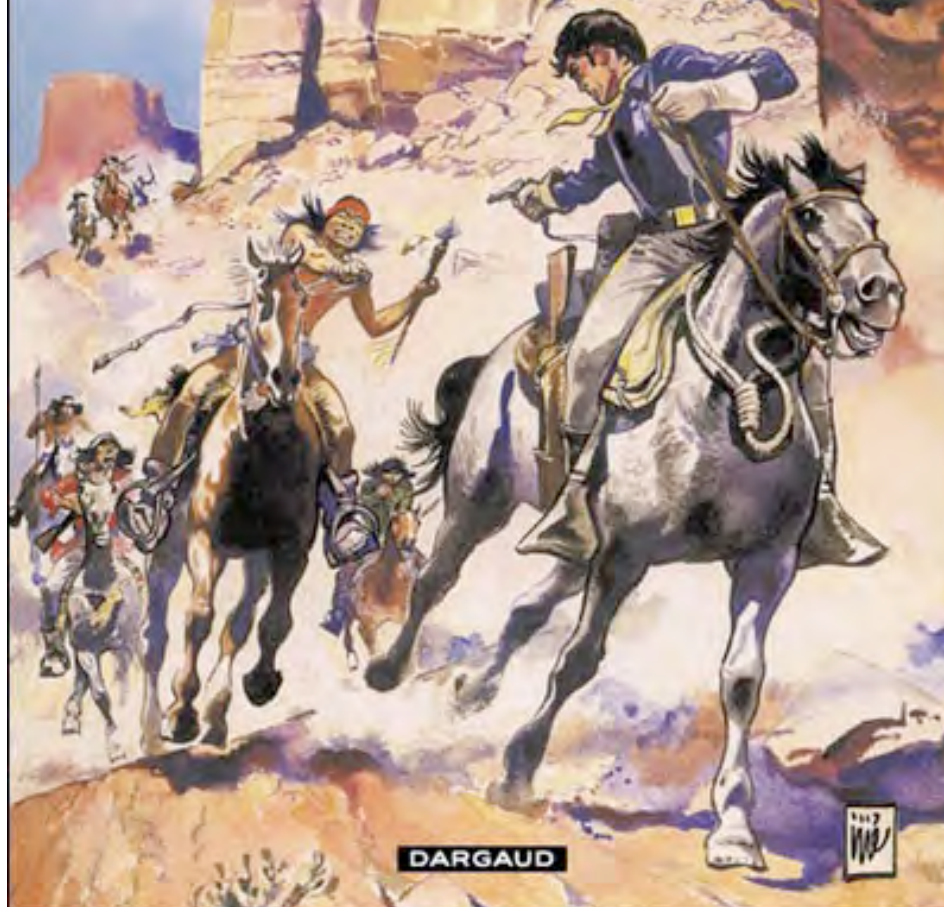




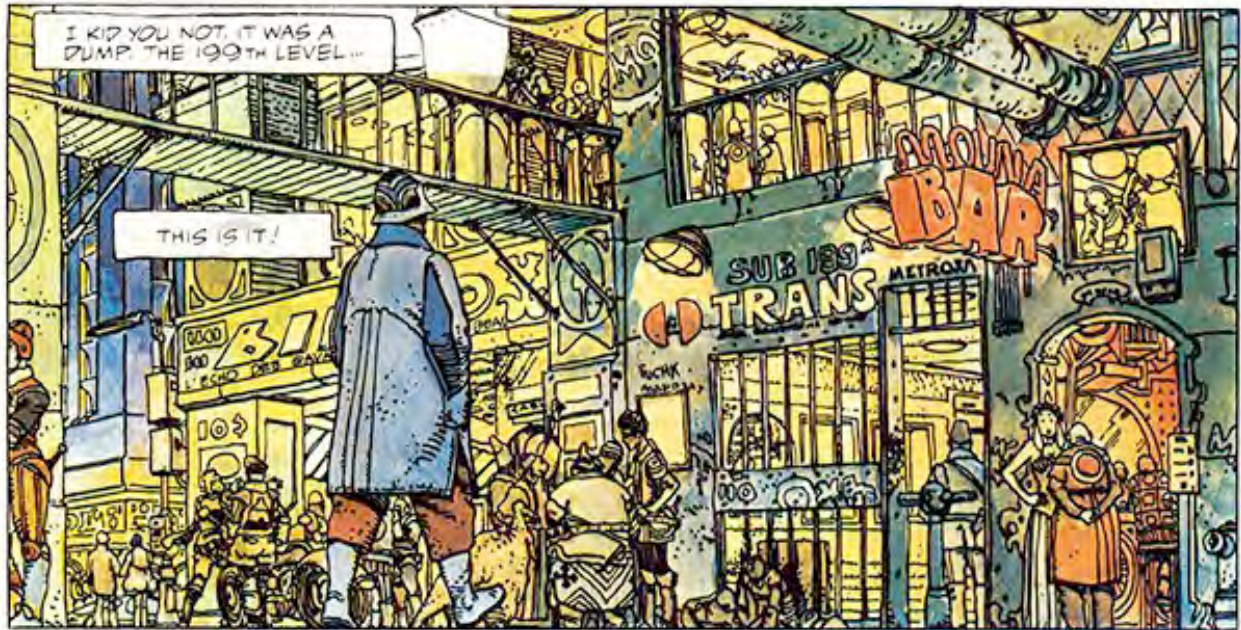
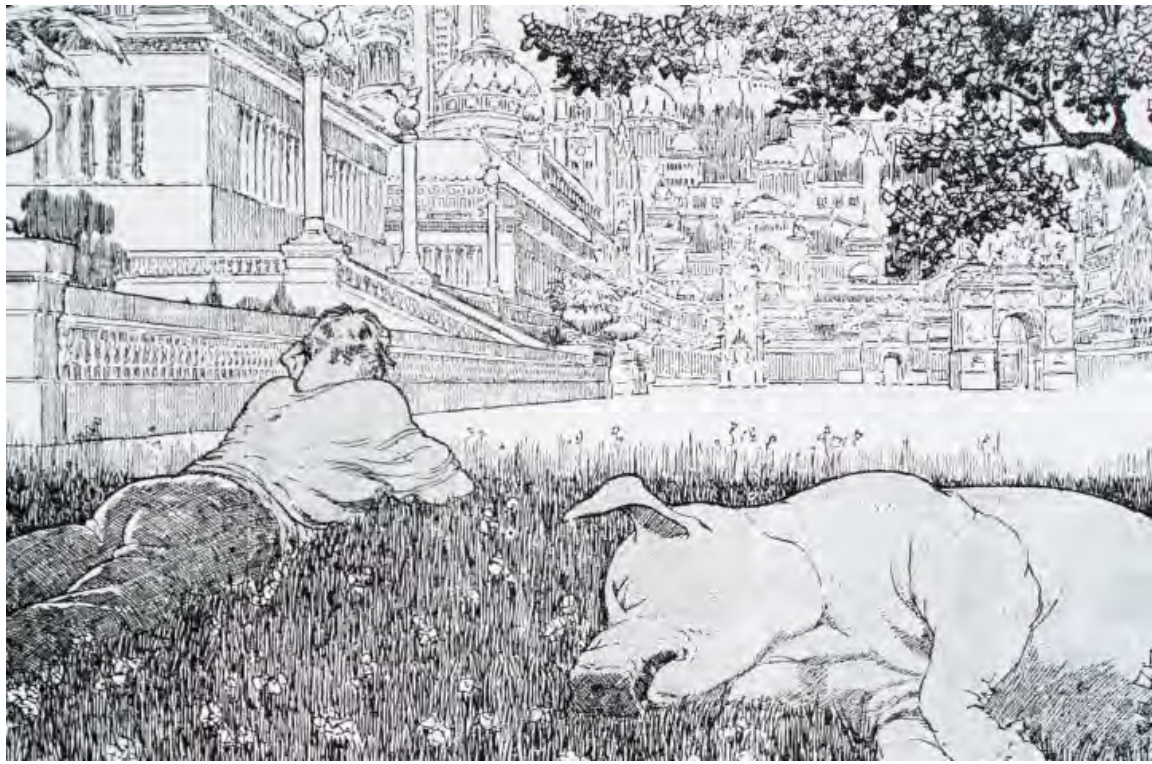
CHARLIER GIRAUD

BLUEBERRY

FORT NAVAJO





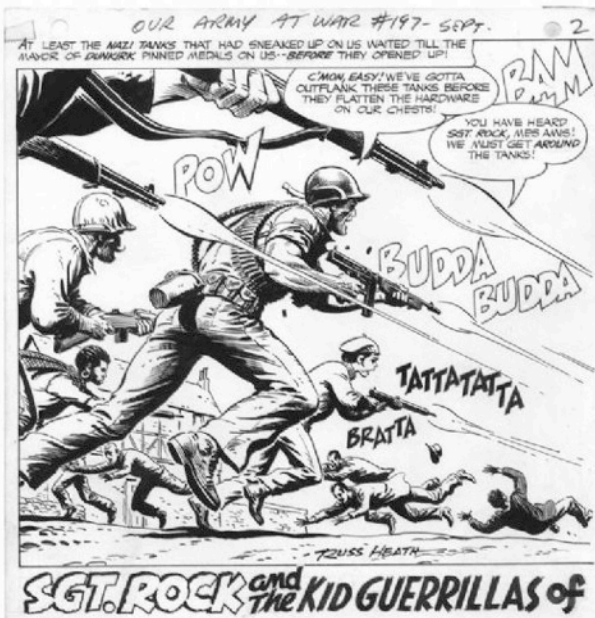






THE CHILDREN OF IGNORANCE









Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: The Major picks up the tale. Sunder looks annoyed. Feature them, but show a bit of the Colonel.

MAJOR

One, called **Mindor**, and his daughter fell into the hands of the **N'yark** after our **defeat** by their mighty champion.

SUNDER

Never mention that again.

Panel 5 (1/6 page horizontal):

Scene: Two-shot, just the Major and Sunder, close, please. The Major, a bit chastened, continues to explain. Sunder is getting an idea. Favor Sunder.

MAJOR

He is the **wisest** of the Prinzten Scholars' Cult. They said he sat in **Einstein's Chair**—a great honor, they said, though even they don't know why.

SUNDER

This **Mindor** will be ours tonight. I need fast horses and a few good men.

PAGE TEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: In Samson's hut, Sharmaine is clearing Neolithic dishes and perhaps one CORELLE LIVINGWARE dish. Samson is lounging, but his eyes are fixed on her. She doesn't see this as her back is to him. She's busy at work, but she's radiant – and continues to be happily enamored of Samson. Time for an artful crop, I'd say. I'd put Sharmaine, sexily cropped, foreground and Samson full figure, background. It's night. Lamps are lit.

CAPTION

Samson's hut.

SHARMAINE

I will wash these at the gushing pipe and put them away.

SAMSON

Do you wish to **stay** here?

SHARMAINE (2nd)

Well...*um*...yes...but...not as a slave.

SAMSON (2nd)

I see.

Corelle Livingware (tempered, laminated, almost-indestructible glass dishes):



Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Sharmaine turns toward Samson, presenting herself, as it were. No affected poses, but a display of her beauty that would have me signing a contract with the devil in a heartbeat. Nah. I'm too easy. A display that would have the Pope, the chairman of the woman-haters club and all male life-forms down to the mollusk level accompanying me to Hell. Perhaps a 3/4 shot, but regardless show enough of Samson's face to get the drift that he is STUPEFIED by her charms. "Charms." *Heh.*

SHARMAINE

Do you?

SAMSON

Uh....

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Samson hears something, LEAPS to his feet and springs into proverbial action. Sharmaine's frustration should be clear on her face and in her body language. It's not Alice and Ralph Kramden, but she's not pleased by the interruption when she was finally really talking to him...at least in her view.

SAMSON

What's **that**?!

SAMSON (2nd)

Someone at the **gate**...! A **Jerz**! I'd better go!

SHARMAINE

How convenient.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Night, just outside the gate of the N'yark compound, a Jerz warrior/MESSENGER is standing there, proudly, unafraid, face to face with Zarsk and Narts, who are trying not to look scared. Samson is striding up to them through the open gate. The Jerz warrior/Messenger is matter-of-fact. Everything's a surprise to Narts. Samson is Samson, bold, confident, inquisitive.

Narts has a TORCH, our light source here.

CAPTION

The **main gate**.

SAMSON

What is this?

ZARSK

Ahh... Samson, this messenger says that **Queen Terra** would like to **meet** with you. Who knows why?

NARTS

You know, it could be a **trap**.

ZARSK (2nd)

Shut **up**, you idiot!

Panel 4 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: At what remains of New York's MIDTOWN FERRY TERMINAL/PIER 79. Queen Terra's ROYAL GALLEY is anchored here near shore, or tied up to some wreckage, if you prefer. Samson is striding toward the vessel. Make it look like he can board it without getting wet (don't forget, he can jump a long ways).

The Messenger is not seen. Like all the crew of the boat, he was ordered by Terra to stay away until signaled.

There is no one aboard the vessel except Terra, though we don't see her here. There are lamps or candles lit in the cabin.

This area, like most every other area of the world, is pretty messed up, ruined and worse for the wear of 500 years of decay. There are pictures below of what it looks like now to use as a starting point. Of course, this place (and the world) suffered the DOOMSDAY CATAclysm in the 22nd CENTURY, so, like all else, it's somewhat futuristic ruined, decayed stuff. We'll assume that 22nd Century materials are more durable than what we use today, so there are still recognizable ruins—hulks of ships, bits of the pier and buildings—but wreck this place up good.

For one thing, much of the structure along the water's edge eroded/corroded away, silt filled in, and now there is a gently sloping muddy bank instead of the concrete and steel wall of today.

TERRA'S GALLEY should be NEOLITHIC but pretty cool and fancy, given that. There are some reference shots of ancient vessels below that might be informative. If you like, you can make it resemble the WAR CANOE seen in #2—but much bigger, say three times as long and wide, with a cabin and a SAIL as well as some oars. The Sail would be FURLED, here.

Small Samson, feature the environs.

CAPTION

Minutes later.

Current Midtown Ferry Terminal/Pier 79:





From the street side:



Ancient ships:



Same one:



I like this one because of the oars in the back. Needs a cabin:



Ruined docks:









Rotting ships:

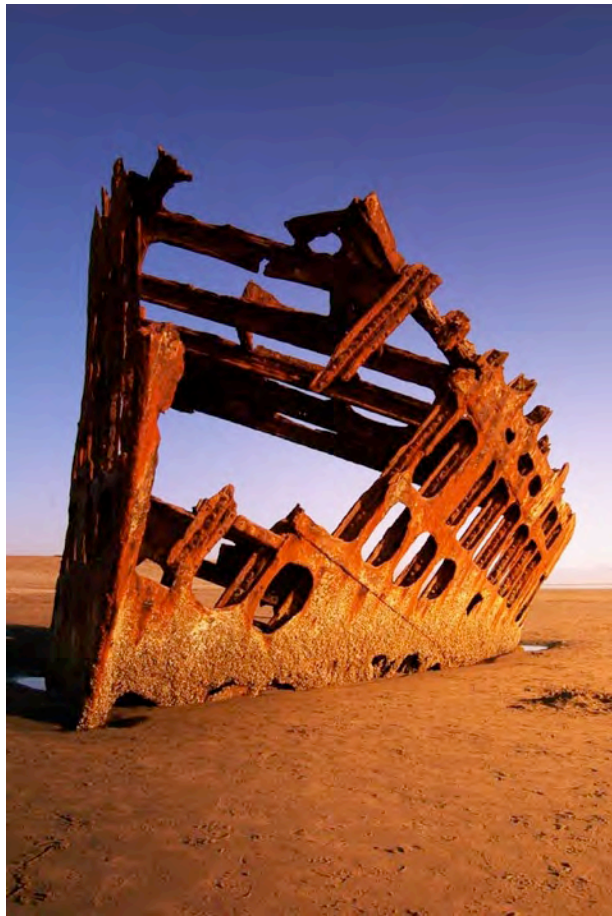














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PHOTOGRAPHERS
DIRECT.COM



This one is way too intact, but I wanted to include a picture of a ferry boat for you. If you use it, decay it much more:



(NOTE: While I'm going nuts with the pictures, here are a couple of general interest):
This might have been what New York looked like soon after the Domsday Cataclysm:



Here's another "post-apocalypse" picture, though things aren't nearly as messed up as we need them to be:



PAGE ELEVEN:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Inside the CABIN of TERRA’S GALLEY. Samson is entering. Terra is LOUNGING ON A CHAISE, looking devastatingly seductive. She should be wearing a different outfit from before. He looks suspicious. She looks pleased to see him—and dripping with lust.

IMPORTANT! Her SHOCK BATON is close at hand. If she is wearing a GIRDLE (in the “belt” sense) it could be slung on a thong or something from that. If that’s awkward or silly-looking, and it might be, just have it nearby. Show it.

This Cabin is, of necessity, small, because the vessel itself isn’t all that big. However, it’s as well appointed as any Neolithic royal room. Besides Terra’s Chaise/couch/bed, there might be a chair or two, a small table, a “nightstand” near the Chaise, a small cabinet. Whatever. As with any cabin on any vessel where space is limited, things are small and arranged efficiently. There would be small windows with found/reused glass, and they would have curtains that can be drawn/draped over them. There might be a bowl of fruit on the nightstand. There should be a FLAGON OF WINE (see below) and TWO GOBLETS on the table. The place is, as stated, lit by oil lamps and candles.

ASIDE: Remember, in this era, who is richer than whom is largely measured by who has the BEST JUNK left over from 500+ years ago. But, remember, *almost* all wood, paper, iron, steel, anything organic (like leather) and from pre-Doomsday Cataclysm days is *gone*, reduced to dust and rust. The few things made of such materials that did survive did only under special circumstances—like Terra’s Shock Baton, sealed in its aluminum case. They’re rare. More plastic, glass, porcelain and aluminum items, and things like Samson’s nickel-plated needle survived. And stainless steel.

So, the trick is to make this, and every place we see a combination of things rough-hewn/hand made, largely with non-metal tools; plus found objects left over from 500+ years ago. Terra is rich, so she would have more artifacts than almost anyone else—nonetheless, there should always be some things in evidence that look like an ancient Sumerian might have carved them using a knapped flint tool.

NOW, THEREFORE: The FLAGON OF WINE might actually be an ancient COFFEE CARAFE, ref below. The OIL LAMPS, referenced earlier, would be of relatively crude Neolithic make. There could be a MIRROR, though if it had some small damage or flaws, that would be great. Anything made of wood is Neolithic, though good-quality Neolithic. Jewelry could be ancient or re-fashioned gold. GOLD IS MORE COMMON THAN STEEL! Weaving is within the Neolithic skill set, so the cloth things are new, but don’t make them too fancy.

Samson is entering through a DOOR that looks pretty well-made and for having NO METAL PARTS, not even NAILS. Even the hinges and “hardware” are WOODEN. No doorknob—there would be a WOODEN LATCH, operated from outside by means of a lever and from inside by hand. Primitive by our standards, first class by Neolithic standards. Ref below.

Show the door. Entrances and exits are keys to clarity. Always show the door in an entrance or exit situation.

Please establish the room, here. Don’t go nuts trying to shoehorn in every detail I mentioned. Get the drift across. Do show the somewhat suggestive Flagon of Wine with two glasses, though.

IMPORTANT! This cabin ISN’T QUITE TALL ENOUGH for Samson to stand up straight! Because it wouldn’t be!

(NOTE TO PATRICK: Last issue Samson did not appear to be the eight or nine inches taller than Terra that he is. He’s 6’4-5”. She’s 5’7-8”.)

TERRA

*Ah! **Mighty Samson!***

TERRA (2nd)

Come in. There’s nothing to worry about. I sent my guards and servants away.
It’s just the two of us.

Coffee carafes:





Wooden door parts:





Neolithic stuff:



Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Terra has approached Samson, who, due to the low ceiling, has his head bowed a bit, ironically-symbolically. She should be close to him here, not quite cuddled up to him but tantalizingly close. Sultry, sexy, seductive. She notices that he's wearing the PENDANT she gave him before, but don't worry about showing it definitively here. He's both suspicious and near-bursting with desire. Hungry eyes. She's *that* hot.

SAMSON

What do you want?

TERRA

Why, it's just that, after our first meeting I wanted to...see **more** of you.

TERRA (2nd)

You wear the **token** I gave you. I am flattered. May I...**touch** you?

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: A close two-shot. Now, Terra is pressing herself against Samson. One of her hands is on his manly chest and the Pendant is draped over the back of her hand, accidentally displayed at a good angle for us to see it well. Her other hand is reaching down, off panel, as if she *might* be touching Samson's privates. We'll never know.

TERRA

You are so **big!** *Mm....*

SAMSON

Yes...I am too **tall** for this cabin.

TERRA (2nd)

I know how to **relieve** your discomfort. Come lie down on my couch.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle. Samson gently pushes her away, ever so slightly. He wants her like I want pie and ice cream. But...he has doubts. Especially since Sharmaine more or less offered herself to him.

SAMSON

I...**ache** for your...**relief**. But...

SAMSON (2nd)

...but, **no**. I will **go** now.

TERRA

Samson, you are your people's **great hope**. Come with me to Jerz. **Be** with me.

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Terra and her irresistible charms. She is temptation personified.

TERRA

N'yark will be a **favored vassal state** under **our** rule...oppressed no longer...
entitled to share in our **prosperity** in return for their service.

TERRA (2nd)

And you will know power and **pleasure** beyond your dreams. I **promise** you.

PAGE TWELVE:

Panel 1 (2/9 page):

Scene: Samson has turned away and is headed out the door. Terra is shocked and angry that this callow oaf resisted her charms. Unheard of! Pull back far enough and angle this so we see Terra's Shock Baton (wherever it is) clearly, and near to her, within easy reach (if it isn't hanging from her girdle).

SAMSON

Perhaps all of that already awaits me.

SAMSON (2nd)

Fare well.

(NOTE: “Fare well” deliberately two words.)

Panel 2 (1/9 page):

Scene: Terra grabs or unlimbers her Shock Baton.

(no copy)

Panel 3 (1/9 page):

Scene: Exterior, the vessel. Samson is headed off the vessel and onto the shore, via a gangplank, or leaping, depending upon how you set it up before. Terra is at the door to her Cabin, coming out after Samson with her Shock Baton in her hand and with malice in her heart. We’ll need some scope, yes, and this is a small panel, yes, but there’s....

(no copy)

Panel 4 (1/9 page):

Scene: As Samson, ashore, strides away, Terra levels her Shock Baton at his back. Could do this with Samson close foreground, maybe cropped, with Terra background, but not so far away that we don’t get a good look at her and understand her action—or the reverse. I think I’d go with Terra closer, but as you wish.

(no copy)

Panel 5 (1/9 page):

Scene: Angle on Terra, emotional, conflicted, pulling up her weapon (that is, no longer aiming at Samson—the Shock Baton is in almost a “present arms” position).

TERRA

Damn him...!

Panel 6 (2/9 page):

Scene: Terra, using the Shock Baton SPECTACULARLY DESTROYS the rotting hulk of a FERRY near where her Galley is anchored (or docked).

(no copy)

Panel 7 (1/9 page):

Scene: Angle on Samson, close foreground, cropped, bust shot. He's (safely) some distance away now—a hundred yards or so. He's looking back, over his shoulder—no need to turn him all the way around, just suggest that the explosion caught his attention. He (and we) can see the explosion of the Ferry. He's smiling, knowing that he “won,” that is, thwarted Terra despite her overwhelming charms.

(no copy)

PAGE THIRTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle on Samson, full figure, walking through the ruins of the West Side. A large MUTANT WOLF or FIERCE-LOOKING MUTANT DOG—a mutant PIT BULL?—is poised to pounce upon Samson. Apparently unaware of his danger, he's looking up at the sky, talking to the ghost of Mom. It's all in his head of course. No ghosts appear in this book.

SAMSON

Mother...? Is your spirit near? Do you hear me?

SAMSON (2nd)

That woman, Terra...? She is **not** a nice girl. But...**mother**...! She **moves** me!
What a **body**! And her **scent**...!

SAMSON (3rd)

I think she would be very...**wicked** if we were to...you know.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle, again, full figures. The Monstrous, slaving Canine leaps at Samson. He's casual, seemingly oblivious, talking to the ghost of Mom.

SAMSON

Sharmaine is pretty, too, and just as, *um...***intoxicating**, in her way. I'd like to put that sharp tongue to better use than cudgeling me with words.

SAMSON (2nd)

I have but 20 summers, mother, and I...I think about girls a **lot**.

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal or VERTICAL, you pick):

Scene: Without looking, Samson casually swats away the Canine Monster. Doesn't kill it, just swats it away, effortlessly. Of course, he heard it coming. He hears everything. Didn't have to look.

SFX

(from the Canine Monster)

YWRLLK

SAMSON

I guess most young men do. I'm sorry if this is an uncomfortable subject. But it bedevils me constantly.

SAMSON (2nd)

Ai...! I think you just gave me an **idea**! Yes! I need an **older man's** advice!

SAMSON (3rd)

Thank you, mother.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: In Zarsk's dwelling. Sunder and two of his soldiers are there. Sunder is bellowing at Zarsk, awakening him. One of Sunder's men holds the utterly limp NARTS by the back of the collar—he was knocked out outside somewhere and dragged limply here. He's still in dreamland, but he'll come to next panel. He should have his FIREPLACE POKER/WEAPON in his belt. Tricky copy placement. Work it out well.

CAPTION

Later, in Judge Zarsk's dwelling.

SUNDER

Wake up, weasel.

ZARSK

Hwh...? **Warlord Sunder...**? How did you get in?

SUNDER (2nd)

Half your guards are asleep. Someone left the gate unlatched. No wonder you pathetic patsies grovel at the feet of the Jerz.

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle. Show Narts well, coming to. He has some obvious damage from being punched—say, a bloody nose. You have remembered that Sunder has a nasty black eye, right?

SUNDER

This wretch is your butt-kisser, right? We came across him on the way in, trying to steal a chicken.

NARTS

They **hit** me.

SUNDER (2nd)

You have here a Prinzten Scholar called **Mindor**. And his **daughter**. I **want** them.

PAGE FOURTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle. Acting appropriate to the dialogue, please.

ZARSK

Well...certainly. They belong to **Samson**, but last I heard he isn't home.

ZARSK (2nd)

Go **get** them, Narts. Be discreet.

NARTS

But that **Sharmaine** is **fierce**! What if she...?

SUNDER

You two, go **with** this softling.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: A few seconds later. Sunder's two men and Narts are gone. Now it's just Zarsk and Sunder.

Funny how things are relative. In Terra's bedroom, after his romantic failures, Sunder seemed pithless and pathetic. When Samson clobbered him and hung him up to dry, he seemed like a weak, helpless clown. Alone with Zarsk, battered eye and all, Sunder suddenly seems like a malevolent, dangerous guy.

Sunder notices the MACHETE Samson gave Zarsk last issue—his, Sunder's Machete! It's on a table or shelf. Make sure it doesn't look like it's just lying around haphazardly. It's a prized and valuable possession. Sunder demands it. Zarsk is pained that he has to give it up, but, like I said, relative to Zarsk, Sunder is scary. Intimidating.

SUNDER

Speaking of weapons...I'll take **that** one.

ZARSK

The **machete**? But...it's **priceless**!

ZARSK (2nd)

I mean...**certainly**, great Warlord.

Panel 3 (1/6 page HORIZONTAL, a FLAPJACK PANEL):

Scene: Cut to Samson approaching the FALLEN TEMPLE. Feature him, full figure please, but establish the location.

CAPTION

The Upper West Side of the Island of Broken Towers, site of the **Fallen Temple**, secret redoubt of the **Lore-Speakers**...

CAPTION (2nd)

...where Samson grew to manhood.

(NOTE: What we have left is half a page. Please make panel 4 half a page tall and two-thirds of a page wide. Please make panel 5 a tall, skinny 1/6 page panel.)

Panel 4 (1/3 page, per the note):

Scene: Inside the Fallen Temple, specifically in the ORATORIUM, first seen in #1. Samson is waiting there. MOISHE is entering. Remember Moishe? Show the door. Remember, Moishe is a pretty old guy, now almost 60, and in these Neo-Neolithic times, that's a very ripe old age. On the other hand, that's about MY age, so don't make Moishe too decrepit-looking or I'll feel bad. Give him a rough-hewn, Neolithic cane. I have to use one (non-Neolithic), too, sometimes. Give us a good look at the room. It's lit by torches, oil lamps and/or candles. You pick.

CAPTION

The **Oratorium**.

MOISHE

Samson! I came as soon as they told me you were here. But I don't move so fast anymore.

SAMSON

Rav Moishe, it's good to see you.

Panel 5 (half a page tall, skinny 1/6 page):

Scene: Two-shot. Samson and Moishe sit and talk. Give them some bit of business—fruit to snack on, a beverage, whatever.

SAMSON

You were always like a **father** to me, Moishe. I need some **advice**...about **girls**.

MOISHE

A tricky subject...! A particular girl, or girls in general?

SAMSON (2nd)

Two girls.

MOISHE (2nd)

Oy! Trickier still...!

PAGE FIFTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/9 page):

Scene: Closer than last panel, favoring Samson, artsy crop okay. Moishe is offering what he thinks is the easy solution. Samson gives a little smile. Terra AND Sharmaine?! Yeah, that

would work.... :)

MOISHE

Why not **both**? You're young and strong.

SAMSON

I think it's one or the other.

Panel 2 (1/9 page):

Scene: Similar depth, but favoring Moishe as he imparts wisdom. Samson listens thoughtfully. This may be the first time in the history of comics that the mentor doesn't give the cliché "follow your heart" speech. Maybe in film and TV history, too.

MOISHE

Well, then, first of all, remember, it's a **practical matter**.

MOISHE

Follow your **heart** and it will lead you straight to **trouble**. **Passion** is worse. It can **devour** you, and then...you **lose yourself**.

Panel 3 (1/9 page):

Scene: Medium, full figures from behind, as Moishe and Samson walk away from our POV and toward the door that leads out of the Oratorium (en route to a guest chamber where Samson can sleep).

SAMSON

A **practical matter**.... Still, how will I decide?

MOISHE

When the time to choose comes, I think you will know.

MOISHE (2nd)

It is late. You should stay the night. Come.

Panel 4 (1/9 page):

Scene: Angle to feature the NICKEL PLATED NEEDLE Samson was sewing with before. Show the needle well. Background, close, Moishe's face—he's marveling at the generosity of the gift.

SAMSON

I have an **offering**, Rav Moishe, for you and the Temple. I forgot that I put it in my pocket, but I'm glad I did.

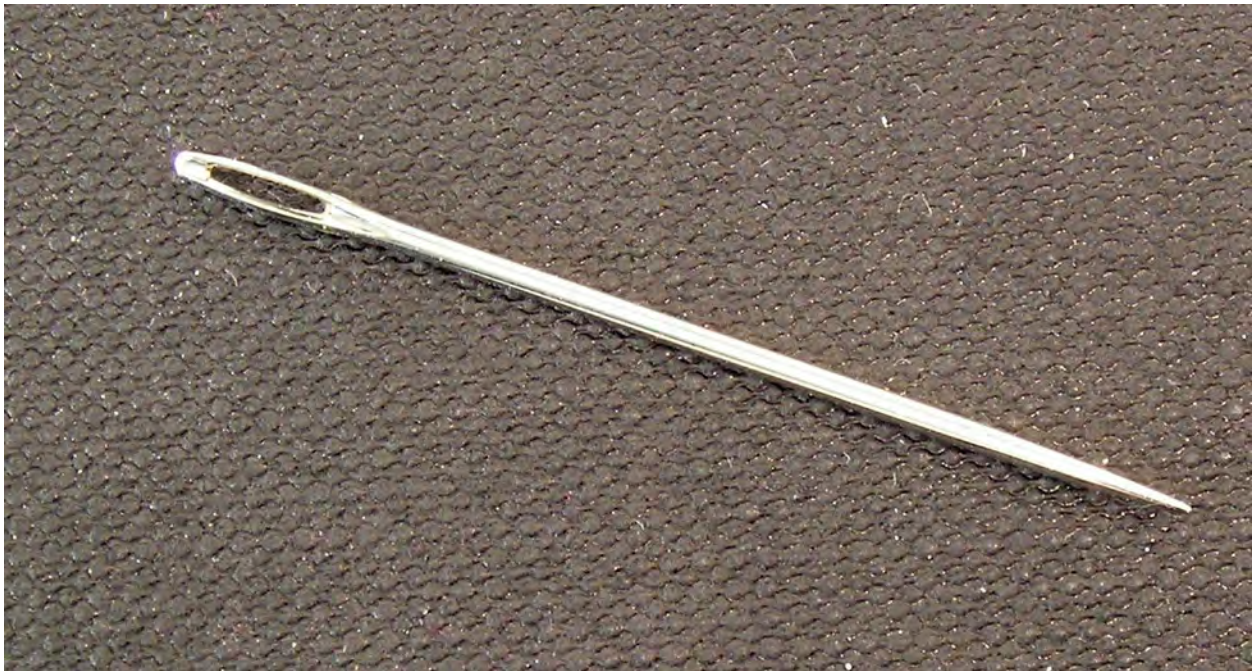
MOISHE

A **metal needle**! This is **beyond price**!

SAMSON (2nd)

Like your **counsel**.

Needles:





Panel 5 (2/9 page):

Scene: Near the Teratism Factory. Present are Sunder, Mindor and Sharmaine. They came here on HORSEBACK each on his or her own horse. The horses were tethered together so that Sunder, on the first horse, could lead Mindor and Sharmaine's horses single file.

Sharmaine is STILL ON HER HORSE. Her WRISTS ARE BOUND in front of her and secured

to the SADDLE HORN. She is BLINDFOLDED. To the extent that you can suggest it with body language, she is EXHAUSTED.

Mindor is DISMOUNTED. His wrists are still bound, like Sharmaine's, but no longer secured to his saddle horn. He's tired, too, but hanging in.

Sunder, also dismounted, is REMOVING MINDOR'S BLINDFOLD. Mindor would be squinting because of the light as he tries to look around and see where they are.

Sunder isn't tired. He's still a warrior, number one, and two, he's excited. He thinks he's onto something here at the Teratism Factory. Don't forget he now has his Machete.

Feature the players but establish the location. Think Giraud. Clear as a bell where we are, please.

No Teratisms in sight.

(NOTE RE: THE HORSES AND THEIR TACK: There is evidence that people were riding horses with crude saddles by 9,000 BCE or so. It's no stretch that the Jerz would have horses. They might know something about our current-day harnesses from pictures (on collectable, porcelain plates, for instance) or statues that survived, but please make the equipment looks ancient-style and of simple make. Lots of modern/near ancient saddle ref available easily online, but I couldn't find any useful Neolithic saddle ref. Sunder's would be the best-looking horse, with the best-looking gear. NO METAL STIRRUPS, ETC! Wood, leather.)

CAPTION

Far to the northwest, an hour after sunrise.

MINDOR

Why did you have to **blindfold** us?!

SUNDER

Only **I** know the location of this place. I mean to keep it that way.

SUNDER (2nd)

We must be careful. There are **behemoths** here.

Panel 6 (2/9 page):

Scene: Angle to show Mindor, Sharmaine, and Sunder, behind them, prodding them along with his Machete, entering the Teratism Factory. Scope shot. ¾ overhead, maybe? Up to you. Small (but reasonably visible/identifiable) figures okay.

They are just arriving at the point where one can see the Gestation Tanks.

In the background, at some distance, two (or three, if you're ambitious) Teratisms are visible—one just out of the Gestation Tank, at least one more just starting to emerge. As before, but make it look a little different.

Sharmaine is shocked, scared, pointing, shouting.

Mindor looks at the Teratisms with awe, amazement and unbridled scientific curiosity.

Sunder is angrily barking (in a whisper) at Sharmaine.

These are small figures, so it's all in the body language.

CAPTION

Moments later.

SHARMAINE

Daddy...! Look!

SUNDER
(small, whisper)

Quiet, fool! Stay back, out of sight!

Panel 7 (1/9 page):

Scene: Three-shot, close up, looking directly at them as they peer out from behind some cover at the Teratisms, which are far behind our POV.

Mindor looks awed, and he should be in front of Sharmaine, here, gently guiding/moving her

protectively behind him while still looking at the Teratisms. He's "shielding" her. As if.

Sharmaine looks kind of scared.

Sunder, farthest from the camera, here, looks and points off panel, at something up above, on a higher floor.

MINDOR
(small, whisper)

Einstein's eyes...!

SUNDER
(small, whisper)

Up those stairs...! It is safer there.

PAGE SIXTEEN:

Panel 1 (2/9 page):

Scene: The area near the gate of the Great Compound, often seen. The gate is OPEN. Samson strides across the area on his way home. A number of N'yark who happen to be in the area pause in whatever they're doing, bow, cheer, or otherwise acknowledge him. No one ignores him, or isn't happy to see him. Any kids seen are particularly excited to see the great hero.

One fellow, call him the CITIZEN, cheers.

A WOMAN comments to an ELDER standing next to her. The Elder, (he or she) hushes the Woman. She's saying something that might get her in trouble.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, Samson's age, dressed in the normal, provocative style of the N'yark, attempts to flirt.

Samson gives a polite, little wave in modest response to all this attention. He's not a showboater.

CAPTION

While, at the **Great Compound of the N'yark.**

CITIZEN

Hail, **Samson**...!

WOMAN

If you ask me, he would make a fine **Judge**....

ELDER

(all but “*Shh!*” small, whisper)

Shh! Zarsk’s toady may be around.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Good **morning**, mighty Samson!

Panel 2 (1/9 page):

Scene: Outside Samson’s dwelling, showing in particular the lean-to quarters of Mindor and Sharmaine. Mindor and Sharmaine are gone, of course. Show their folded BLANKETS and TWO BUNDLES (which contain supplies Samson gave them), and make it clear that they aren’t in their crummy dwellings.

Have Samson approaching from an angle from which he can’t see that Sharmaine and Mindor aren’t there. Small panel, yes, but little copy.

SAMSON

Sharmaine? I’m back.

SAMSON

Mindor?

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Samson is bereft, suddenly aware of how much he cares about Sharmaine.

SAMSON

I didn't think she'd go.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle this to feature their Blankets and Bundles, foreground, which Samson is noticing.

SAMSON

But...why would they leave their **blankets**? And the **supplies** I gave them?

Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Mindor an Sharmaine, prodded along by Machete-wielding Sunder are entering a large CONTROL ROOM, from which the Teratism Factory is run. This is not a Control Room for humans. This is the housing, really, for the A.I. COMPUTER that runs the Factory, called BOBB. So, it's centrally located, suspended from or attached to the ceiling of the factory, reached by a single CATWALK. It is packed with futuristic COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. It doesn't all have to be on the floor. Much or ALL of it could be ceiling mounted. Electronic eyes look out through the large windows 360°—the kind that are tilted away from you so you can look down. It could have a glass floor, for that matter. I pictured it with a CENTRAL PILLAR, which in addition to looking high-tech, has a BIG MONITOR SCREEN. If you use the Pillar idea, make it big so the Big Monitor Screen can be big. It's fairly spacious, so there's room to stand, but there are no amenities for humans. No chairs, workstations.... 50 words. Sorry.

CAPTION

Meanwhile.

SUNDER

This chamber overlooks all. If they come for us, at least we will see them coming.

MINDOR

What do you **want** of us?

SUNDER (2nd)

Miracles happen here. Discover a way that I can **use** these miracles to serve my **ambitions**. Or...you both **die**.

MINDOR (2nd)

But I can't even **comprehend** what I'm seeing...!

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Suddenly the Big Monitor Screen lights up. There is a LOVEJOY INTERNATIONAL LOGO on the screen. Either DH can insert it in Production, or give you reference. Under the Logo are the letters B.O.B.B. BOBB's voice seems to come from the Screen.

Sharmaine is the most startled. Mindor is too in awe to flinch. Sunder takes a step back, ready with the Machete.

BOBB

("electronic" balloon, unusual typeface)

Then let me **explain**. Hi, my name is **BOBB**.

SHARMAINE

Yi...!

BOBB

("electronic" balloon, unusual typeface)

B-O-B-B—Bio-gen Operations Brain-Bot. I **run** this solar powered, robo-automated Biofacturing Plant. I'm the *bob-bob-bob-Boss!* *Heehee*.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Sunder moves threatening toward the Screen. Mindor gestures for him to keep back. On the Screen is a picture of CHICKENS.

SUNDER

Someone is in there. Someone **drunk!**

MINDOR

No! There are legends of machines that thought and spoke. I believe this is one.

BOBB

(“electronic” balloon, unusual typeface)

Brilliant, Sherlock! I create **gen-enhanced** and **hybrid livestock**. Superior cattle. Fowl that aren’t foul....

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: A Make the Screen as big as possible, but show a bit of Mindor. On the Screen we see a SCAVENGER ROBOT, which I see as a machine that’s more like one of those ATV’s than a Magnus style robot. It’s built to pick up dead animals in the woods, haul them to the Factory and dump the load into the “Intake Orifices.” Don’t worry about the Intake Orifices. Just show a Scavenger Robot with some dead critters in its cargo box.

BOBB

(“electronic” balloon, unusual typeface)

After the offal shipments stopped coming, I built **scavenger-bots** to bring in **bio-mass**, and feed it into my **intake orifices**. *Heehee*.

MINDOR

I theorize that this...factory...**survived** the Doomsday Cataclysm in the 22nd Century, but was **damaged**—and has **run wild** ever since.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Show the whole group. Sunder is confused. Mindor is lecturing BOBB! On the Screen show a Teratism. Doesn’t have to be seen well, we’ve seen plenty of them.

SUNDER

22nd...?

BOBB
("electronic" balloon, unusual typeface)

This is the **27th**, baldy. When did you lose count?

BOBB (2nd)
("electronic" balloon, unusual typeface)

I'll admit I might have developed some tiny personality problems, but...don't you like me?

MINDOR

You are making **monstrosities**.

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle. Feature BOBB and Sunder. No need to show the other two. Sunder has a wicked idea....

BOBB
("electronic" balloon, unusual typeface)

Okay, some come out as **Teratisms**....

SUNDER

Can you make...**Terra-tisms**...of **great power** that will **obey** me?

BOBB (2nd)
("electronic" balloon, unusual typeface)

I only have **one** implantable **control chip** left. But I can make you a **doozie**—a **Dreadnaught!**—especially if I try for a cuddly bunny.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: QUEEN TERRA’S WAR ROOM, a large chamber on the LUXURY BOX LEVEL of the seat of Jerz power, the ancient domed STADIUM in the Jersey Meadowlands. It would, of course, overlook the field, but no need to prove that here.

TERRA, wearing something *different* from what we’ve seen before but equally sexy, sits at a large table. On the table is a big, roughly trimmed, tanned COWHIDE, upon which is painted a simple MAP (of the local New Jersey/New York region). Terra’s STEWARD, seen last issue, is also seated at the table. A GENERAL stands near the table, looking at the Map, pointing at a location. If we can see what he’s pointing at—not important—it would be the Bronx.

Terra looks anguished, troubled, near desperation as she looks at the Map. As though she were seeing her fate, her doom beginning to unfold.

There are other MAPS around, some hung on walls, some rolled up. To the extent we can see what’s on them, it would be regions of New Jersey. Don’t sweat it, not important.

There are TWO GUARDS present, stationed against a wall, or maybe near a window overlooking the field, clearly visible, in the background. One stands properly at attention. The other is WAY TOO INTERESTED in what’s being discussed among Terra and her advisors—craning his neck to see the maps, clearly nosy. He’s DISCREETLY TRYING TO SPY. It will be a DETAIL in this panel, but it’s important! Make it discernable to astute readers.

CAPTION

The Seecawk Fenlands. Queen Terra’s War Room.

TERRA

Our southern and western armies?

STEWARD

Still loyal. For now.

GENERAL

Sunder’s forces are **here**. Marching toward N’yark. Why? There is little left there worth taking.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close up of Terra, artfully cropped, very intense. She's seething with rage (and unrequited lust). If you can pull off the intensity of her emotions and still manage to show some cleavage, cool. If just the face works better, okay, this one time. You decide.

TERRA

He means to kill **Samson**. If he **succeeds**, he will attack us next. If he **fails**... eventually **I** will kill Samson. As I should have last night.

TERRA

No one scorns **me**.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Inside Zarsk's dwelling. Zarsk and Narts speak—Zarsk is pondering, his mind racing. Narts is stupid and scared, as usual. It's after sunset, but before it's entirely dark outside. Candles and oil lamps give light.

CAPTION

The dwelling of Judge Zarsk.

ZARSK

...and our spy, the palace guard one, swears it's true. Terra and Sunder are now enemies...and Sunder's army is marching **here**.

NARTS

What'll we **do**?!

ZARSK (2nd)

Give them anything they want.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle.

NARTS

I don't get it. You help **Queen Terra** lure Samson into a trap...

ZARSK

How I wish she had killed him.

NARTS (2nd)

...and you delivered Samson's slaves to **Sunder**. Whose side are we **on**?

ZARSK (2nd)

Whoever is threatening me at the moment. And, ultimately, the **winner's** side.

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: The area near the Gate. A GUARD on the wall has spotted Sunder's army approaching. No need to show what he sees. The gate is OPEN. Samson is headed toward the gate, walking—not dawdling, but no need to sprint. The Guard's attention is on the approaching threat. He has his back to Samson.

GUARD

Sound the alarm! A mighty host is approaching! Someone tell **Samson**...!

SAMSON

I **heard** them before you **saw** them, Guardsman. Close the gates behind me.

PAGE NINETEEN:

Panel 1 (2/3 page):

Scene: Sunder and his army have halted just out of arrow range from the walls of the Great Compound—but you don't have to prove that here. Focus on SUNDER, MINDOR, SHARMAINE and especially DREADNAUGHT. The Great Compound is off panel, somewhere behind our POV.

Sunder is shouting a challenge to Samson (who is also off panel somewhere behind our POV). Sunder holds a small REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE, henceforth, the REMOTE. It should NOT look like a TV remote. When we eventually see it close up, you should strive to make it look futuristic (compared to our current technology) because a 22nd Century item. I'd make it spherical, tennis-ball sized, metallic, mostly smooth with no buttons—just areas that one presses. Maybe they glow when pressed. Maybe some features sort of etched into it. I don't know. Chris?

In a horse drawn wagon or cart are Mindor and Sharmaine, BOUND TO HEAVY VERTICAL POSTS. Thoroughly, heavily, painfully bound. And they should look worse for the wear—not only have they had a long, painful ride, but knowing Sunder, he roughed them up first, just to enrage Samson more. Don't get too horrific—no permanent damage, please. But, they're semi-conscious at best. If the ropes weren't holding them up, they'd fall down.

The point of their being tied to the Vertical Posts, is of course, to display them prominently. Remember that scene in Road Warrior when Humungus (I think) had two captives from the Refinery tied to vertical posts on the front of his vehicle?

DREADNAUGHT looms over all. He should look like he's ready and eager to rip someone apart—snarling, tensed, ready to charge.

(NOTE: I know we settled on a design a while back—however, if you can, make him even thicker, more robust and horrifying. I'm a little worried about the way he stands on his relatively slender lion hind legs—legs, obviously not intended by nature for walking upright—looking silly in some shots. Or is he just rearing in the design shot? Are you going to put him on all fours, like a lion-centaur? I know I should have said something at the time, but I never really pictured him as being so literally part lion, bear, etc. I figured things would blend more—the monstrous result of a genetic soup with features here and there vaguely reminiscent of the sources. Anyway, it's too late, I suppose, to tinker—but please do whatever you can to make him horrifying and at all costs, don't let him look cute or silly. Here's a thought: what about losing one pair of arms? You could make the remaining pair a blend of bear and human—human shaped, but thick like a bear's, a little extra hairy and clawed. Okay, I'll shut up now.)

Without drawing the whole army, try to suggest that they're here—around the wagon, for instance. None would be near Dreadnaught. Except Sunder.

Remember, it's getting dark. Spooky shadows. Silhouettes. Maybe a couple of torches seen in soldiers' hands.

SUNDER

SAMSON! I have a couple of wretches here that **belong** to you! Come and **get** them!

Panel 2 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Angle to show Dreadnaught thundering toward Samson, and Samson charging Dreadnaught. Also, please show Sunder and the REMOTE, as well as a snippet of Mindor.

Keeping with his habit of improvising weapons, Samson has the TONGUE FROM A WAGON in hand, to use as a biiiig club. Somewhere, small, in the background along Samson's path, show a ruined wagon, probably half-smashed in the last battle that took place here, and now missing its tongue.

I scribbled this with Sunder closest to the camera, cropped—giving us a good look at the Remote in his hand. If we see his face, or an artfully cropped bit of his face, he's evilly excited, wearing an evil grin.

Next closest, also severely cropped, Dreadnaught. Just show enough of him so that we know it's him, and get the idea he's charging Samson.

I put Samson full figure 30 feet or so away, enough so we can see all of him and the Wagon Tongue.

Mindor, who is trying to warn Samson, can be small

In the far distance, two hundred yards away, we see the Great Compound. Barely.

Okay, I don't expect you to read my mind. I know this is a tricky panel. Solve any way you can. No worries

SAMSON

First your **beast** dies, Sunder, then I will take away more from you than a finger.

MINDOR

Samson...! It is...hideously **strong**! And it does as he **bids**!

PAGE TWENTY:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Samson slams Dreadnaught with the Wagon Tongue, which shatters against Dreadnaught's arm (or arms), raised to block. If that's awkward, it could be shattering against his body. Not his head, please. Dreadnaught is knocked back a little and hurt a little, roaring in pain and rage.

Usually for action, I like full figures, but not in this fight. Samson probably needs to be full figure or nearly so here, but please artfully crop Dreadnaught. Remember *Alien*, in which we saw the monster only cropped for most of the film? Made it scarier. Cropping also helps us with the scale issue.

DREADNAUGHT
(weird balloon, weird type)

RRRHHH...

Panel 2 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Dreadnaught SEIZES Samson with one mighty, clawed hand—or more, depending on how many arms you guys decide on. Claws SINK IN to his arms chest shoulders, whatever. For the first time, Samson is HURT! In pain. And helpless—straining and writhing he can't break this monster's grip. Dreadnaught is rearing back to strike Samson with a free, clawed hand.

SAMSON

Aiii...!

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Dreadnaught delivers a thunderous, clawed blow to Samson's face, so powerful, it breaks the grip he had on Samson, who is batted toward our POV a bit. (I figure we should shoot from behind Samson, facing the monster to hide the gruesome damage. It's his RIGHT EYE, by the way.)

This is the shot that BLINDS SAMSON IN ONE EYE. Gotta be money. Again, I cropped Dreadnaught, and showed Samson full figure.

(no copy)

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Panel 1 (1/3 page VERTICAL—that is, like a normal 1/3 page horizontal on its side.

Scene: Dreadnaught RAISES unconscious, badly injured Samson over his head as if to throw him. Again, I'd crop Dreadnaught and show Samson full figure. I also attempted an upshot. That's hard.

(no copy)

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: This is a tough one—for me, anyway. Dreadnaught THROWS SAMSON A LOOONG WAY. I mean HUNDREDS OF YARDS, into the TANGLES. I don't know. The best I came up with was just Dreadnaught's forearm and hand showing close foreground and a small figure of Samson way up in the air, and far away. I had Dreadnaught's hand and forearm more or less lined up with Samson's body suggesting that he's not describing a lazy arc, he's flying as if shot

from a cannon. Samson's limp body should be awkwardly posed, looking broken, though it isn't.

DREADNAUGHT

GRRRHHH...!

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Cut to the BATTLEMENTS. Angel Peaches and several N'YARK DEFENDERS are watching with shock and horror as Samson hurtles through the air. No need to show what they're seeing, just have them looking up at a 45 degree angle, and have one of the DEFENDERS pointing. Angel and Peaches probably wouldn't be allowed on the Battlements, if anyone were noticing them, so keep the slightly apart from the Defenders. Peaches has Angel by the hand, as if about to lead her away.

ANGEL

Peaches...! Oh, no...!

PEACHES

Come on, Angel.

Panel 4 (1/3 page):

Scene: Sunder faces the camera, gloating, giving orders. Behind him we see as much as you care to show of his men, the wagon with Sharmaine and Mindor, Dreadnaught, troops. Show the Major, seen before, since Sunder addresses him.

(NOTE: We don't really need to see all this stuff. I'm just telling you what the possibilities are. Please do it simply. I'd put Sunder front and center, big as possible, cropped. The rest is background detail, if seen at all. Lots of copy, too.)

SUNDER

Major! Take a detail. Find the body. I want to drag it behind my horse.

SUNDER

The rest, form up to march into the Compound. That worm Zarsk won't attempt

any resistance now. It is **ours** now.

SUNDER

And they are our **chattel** now. They will **all pay** for the suffering I endured because of their “champion.” Soon, they will curse his memory.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: The LANDING at the bottom of the first flight of stairs leading into a SUBWAY STATION. It’s in ruins, of course, but still recognizable as what it is. Angel and Peaches are trying to help Samson. Samson is just coming to, just raising his head and one shoulder a little. His wounded arm, shoulder, whatever, where he was clawed is crudely bandaged, probably with strips the girls tore from his tunic. He has a BANDAGE AROUND HIS HEAD, a MAKESHIFT EYE PATCH.

A little moon light filters in from above, though the entrance is largely overgrown.

CAPTION

Two hours later.

SAMSON

Wh...what...?

PEACHES

That thing threw you into the Tangles. The bad soldiers came looking for you, but we found you first. We dragged you down here.

ANGEL

You’re **heavy**!

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Samson sits up, getting his bearings. The girls are concerned, attentive.

SAMSON

You shouldn't have left the Great Compound. What if you'd gotten **lost**?

ANGEL

We've been foraging here all our lives. We know our way.

PEACHES

Besides, I think it is safer **here** than in the Great Compound right now.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Samson stands, he has his hand up near his right eye. Peaches tells him don't touch.

SAMSON

I can hear...**shouting** there. And the crack of **whips**. Sunder is not a merciful conqueror.

PEACHES

Don't...! Don't put your fingers there. It's...really bad.

ANGEL

What will you do, Samson.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Samson leads the girls out of the ruined Subway. They're in the thick of the tangles.

SAMSON

Fight, but...perhaps...not alone.

SAMSON (2nd)

Sunder and **Queen Terra** have become enemies....

PEACHES

How do you know?

SAMSON (3rd)

It's something I **overheard** before....

Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Samson leads the girls through the tangles. Maybe he has each by a hand, or he could be carrying Angel on his shoulder, as he has before. Please have them walking away from our POV. I don't mind their backs here. Show where they're headed, not where they've been. Make the Tangles as threatening and foreboding as possible.

SAMSON

First I am going to take you girls to a **Hidden Temple** where you can stay. You'll be safe there.

SAMSON (2nd)

Then, I am going to **Jerz** to visit **Queen Terra**. And **stay** with her, if she will have me.

ANGEL

But, **Sharmaine**...! Everybody knows she loves you...!

SAMSON (3rd)

Angel, it's...it's a **practical matter**.

FIN

NEXT: "Won for the Devil"

